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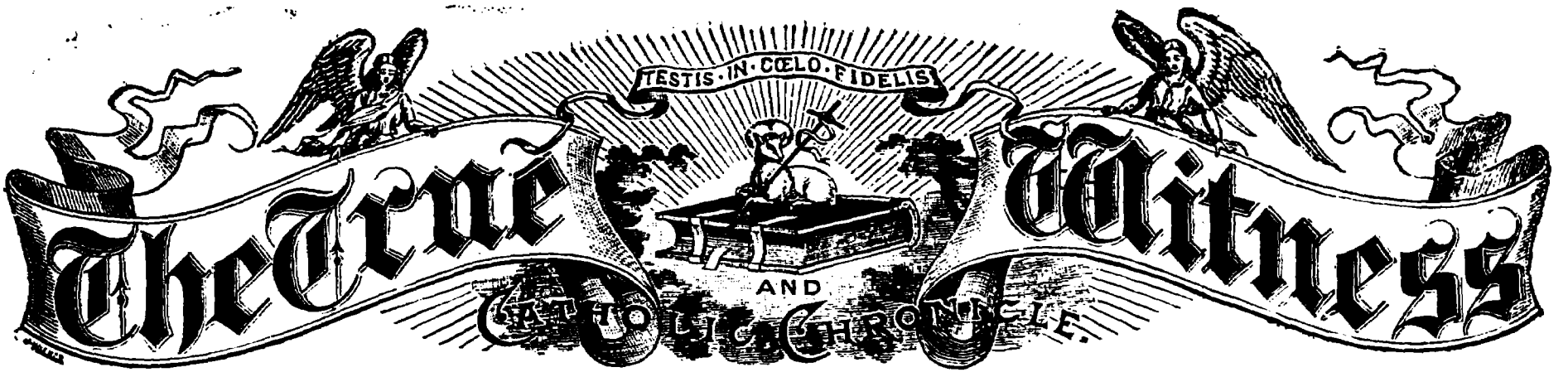
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

"AMERICA, daughter and sister of England," is a line in Swinburne's recent effusion. The Boston Pilot, referring to this extraordinary verse—more extraordinary from the pen of such a world-famed poet—very quaintly remarks: "So long as we remain within the prohibited degrees of kin and cannot get married, it is all right; but it is confusing for Uncle Sam to be daughter and sister at once to the individual whom he only knows as John Bull."

AT BRIDGETON, New Jersey a number of madmen—some fifty in all—have formed a suicide club. It was organized on the 22nd February. A cigar dealer, John Pierce, was elected president, and one Edward Cummings was appointed secretary. The reports from that locality say that they paraded the streets, each wearing a red ribbon with the skull and cross-bones upon it. Each year, on Washington's birthday a supper is given, and the member who draws the black-ball must die within the year. The first supper took place on Thursday last. We cannot see what ghouliah attraction there can be for any sane man in this suicide association, nor can we understand what reasoning they adopt to induce people to believe that there is some possible benefit to result from such madness. If these men are insane they should be locked up in some asylum; the State should see to it. On the other hand, if they claim to be sane, the course to be adopted by the authorities seems to us quite obvious. Before any one of these fools is allowed to put his crazy project into execution, the law should interfere, and the State should arrest them all—Pierce, Cummings and the other forty-eight—on a charge of conspiracy to take human life. If we mistake not the statutes of New Jersey would accommodate them with from seven to fourteen years in the State prison, where they might carry out their suicidal mania, if they saw fit, without incurring the danger of having it become contagious amongst the weak-minded citizens of the world. We would advise the authorities over there to put their law into immediate execution, and it might serve to rob such organizations of the tinsel of romance that seems to be their special attraction. Prison walls, gaol board, a pile of stones and a hammer are very good antidotes to a suicidal mania; we suggest the trial of them at once.

THE GRAND ORANGE LODGE of Belfast has called a meeting of the Unionists to take place on March 2, in the Ulster Hall of that city, when they will formally declare their opposition to Home Rule. The manifesto contains the following very peculiar language, especially coming from such "loyal" men as the Ulster Orangemen. "We demand either union with Great Britain or complete separation from Great Britain. We would accept the latter sorrowfully but courage-

ously, as the only alternative left to a deserted and betrayed people, but we would resist to the death any attempt to force upon us a bastard combination of the two." We learn also that these "very liberal-minded," "non-bigotted," and "loyal" gentlemen have arranged that all opponents of Home Rule shall "simultaneously withdraw their deposits from the Post Office savings banks and purchase arms to be used in case physical force should become necessary to prevent the assertion of Irish Home Rule in Ulster. Enquiries are already being made with a view to contracts for a supply of the latest improved weapons, and an Orange Club at Dungannon has received an offer from a Birmingham factory of 1,000 Martini rifles." It would be almost a pity not to give these boasters a chance of learning how really weak they are when standing out against the power of Great Britain. The power that held Catholic Ireland in cruel subjugation during a whole century, despite the appeals of the sympathizing nations and the frowns of every lover of justice, is not likely to shiver in presence of a handful of Orange bigots, even though armed to the teeth, now that the world at large smiles its approval upon the act of tardy justice soon to be consummated. Ulstermen need not think, for a moment, that they are going to frighten the British Government under the present circumstances. We would be ready to wager that the day upon which the Irish Legislature would be established, all the foam would vanish from the boasters' cup and no more submissive and "loyal" men in all the Empire would be found than these same Ulster Orangemen. Their bark is worse than their bite. The only difficulty with them is that they could not understand a kindness nor appreciate real "British fair-play." It would be more galling to them to receive even-handed justice from the Nationalist Legislature than to be the victims of a tyranny. They would prefer to suffer any injustice rather than to be forced to acknowledge the error of their ways. And yet such is the bitter cup they will have to drink to the dregs. Their heads will yet burn with the coals of kindness and justice that the hands of a Nationalist Government will heap upon them.

A DESPATCH from New York, dated 25th February, reads as follows: "The National League of America to-night issued an address to Irishmen, which is signed by the president, secretary and treasurer, and in part is as follows: Irishmen we ask you not to be deceived by these Home Rule measures. It is absolutely unworthy of the traditions and the genius of the people. A sovereign Parliament in Ireland, with complete control over her own affairs and not subject to the caprice of English parties should alone be acceptable to the Irish people."

What is the matter with the "National League of America?" The members of that great body should reflect that they are living in the United States and not in Ireland. They should remember that the failure of this bill, through any lack of support at home and abroad, will leave Ireland without a hope for the next fifty years to come. They should also consider that it is the Irish at home that would suffer in consequence, not the

members of the National League in America. No matter how the Bill fares the Irish in the United States will be no worse or no better off as far as they are individually concerned; but, if, because a radical measure cannot be obtained, they are to discourage and refuse aid to the present gigantic move, then the people of Ireland must suffer the loss of every hope and suffer it just as the doors of Liberty's antechambers were being flung open. It is very unfair to Gladstone, to the Home Rule Party in the British House, and to the Irish cause, to throw any cold water upon it at this juncture.

AMONG the features of the Home Rule Bill, not previously detailed in these columns, are the electoral apportionment and membership of the College Green Parliament, in the following manner:—

"In the event of the passage of the Home Rule Bill it is provided that the Irish Legislature shall be summoned to meet on the first Tuesday in September, 1894; whereupon the Irish representatives in the English Parliament shall immediately vacate the 103 seats now occupied by them and make way for eighty successors, to be elected from the counties and boroughs on the following scale of apportionments:—

Counties Carlow, Fermanagh, Kildare, Kilkenny, King's, Longford, Louth, Queen's, Waterford, Westmeath, Wicklow, 1 each.....	11
Boroughs Galway, Kilkenny, Limerick, Derry, Newry, Waterford, 1 each.....	6
Counties Armagh, Cavan, Clare, Dublin, Leitrim, Limerick, Londonderry, Meath, Monaghan, Roscommon, Sligo, Wexford, 2 each.....	24
Borough of Cork.....	2
Counties Antrim, Donegal, Down, Galway, Kerry, Mayo, Tipperary, Tyrone, 3 each.....	24
Boroughs Belfast, Dublin, 4 each.....	8
County Cork.....	8
Total.....	80

The Lower House shall consist of 103 members, practically representing the present Irish contingent in the British House of Commons.

The Upper House shall consist of forty-eight members chosen from the following counties and boroughs:—

Counties Armagh, Carlow, Cavan, Clare, Cork (West Riding), Donegal, Fermanagh, Kerry, Kildare, Kilkenny, King's, Leitrim & Sligo, Londonderry, Longford, Louth, Mayo, Meath, Monaghan, Queen's, Roscommon, Tyrone, Waterford, Westmeath, Wexford, Wicklow, 1 each.....	25
Borough of Cork.....	1
Counties Galway, Limerick, Tipperary, 2 each.....	6
Boroughs Dublin, Belfast 2 each.....	4
Counties Antrim, Cork (East Riding), Down, Dublin, 3 each.....	12
Total.....	48

All voters at elections for the Upper House must have a property qualification to the value of \$100 in real estate owned or occupied by them. The members of that House are chosen for eight years; half of the number to retire every fourth year and the vacancies to be filled by new elections."

ARCHBISHOP CROKE has made an appeal to the Irish parties to unite in a grand convention on the eighth of March, to consider the Home Rule Bill. He says the convention can only be effective, if all Irish members of Parliament, who are Home Rulers, join heart and soul. He ridicules the proposal to hold a separate Parnellite convention on that day. It is evident that the leading minds in Ireland

are anxious for the cementing of both factions of the Home Rule party, and it will be worse than disloyal to the cause of Ireland if any interest whatsoever, is permitted to interfere in that united action.

THIS HAS BEEN an exceedingly cold winter, but there have been many more severe ones in Canada. The coldest winter the world ever knew, we are told, occurred in 1435. "The season was not only cold beyond endurance, but it lasted unusually long. In a large portion of middle and western Germany the frost was so severe during the month of May that skaters used the ice and on May 12 sleighs were generally used. On St. John's day, June 24, the windows were frozen and no vestige of vegetation was to be seen. Spring was ushered in during the last days of June." This may seem an extraordinary or even exaggerated report; yet the editor of this paper has seen, here in Canada, almost as severe a spring. On the sixth of May 1884, at the head waters of the Canadian Black River, he, in company with Mr. John S. Poupore, brother of the ex-M.P.P. for Pontiac, crossed a two mile lake on the ice, the source of the Moose creek, with two spans of horses, six sleighs, which latter were loaded with a whole black smithing outfit, six barrels of pork, ten of flour, a number of boom-chains and a ton of hay. On the fifteenth May, that year, the ice was still solid in the mouth of the Victoria creek. If such was the case in northern Canada, it is not surprising that in Germany a similar state of temperature existed in 1435.

MR. REED HOLMDEN, of Ottawa, has commenced the publication of a *Civil Service Review*. Its first number under his editorship appeared on last Saturday. It is a fortnightly, devoted to the interests of the service. It was high time that such an organ should appear. While there is very much to criticise in the service and in some of its members, yet the whole body has ever labored under a great disadvantage. They had no mouthpiece to voice their interests, and the honest, hardworking, worthy citizens who are members of the service have always had to bear the burden of the faults committed by the few. We have known Mr. Holmden for years; his journalistic experiences are very extensive, and his abilities are adequate to any post in realm of newspaperdom. He is at once a clever and conscientious writer, and one who is fearless and exact in all that he pens. We wish him every possible success in his new enterprise.

IT IS THUS the Protestant editor of the *Arena*, after unmercifully scoring the A.P.A., expresses himself with regard to that fanatical society:

"If the organizers of the societies of revamped Know-nothingism can find any warrant for their conduct, either in the scriptures or the conduct of their fellow citizens of Catholic faith, we will cheerfully take back our words. If they can't they should go to the end of the earth and get somebody to push them off."

I WILL GO TO THE ALTAR OF GOD.

In the night-time I groaned on my bed,
I felt, O my Father, Thy rod;
I felt Thy beauty and truth;
In the morning I rose and said,
"I will go to the altar of God—
To God, Who rejoiceth my youth."

I arose, and knelt under the sign
Of Him Who the wine-press had trod,
Where it shone like a ruby sooth;
And my soul drank the holocaust wine,
As I knelt at the altar of God—
"O God, Who rejoiceth my youth."

Despair not, O sorrowing friend!
Down, down on the stone or the sod;
To our Father, all mercy and truth,
Cry aloud, "I repent! I amend!
I will go to the altar of God—
To God, Who rejoiceth my youth."

T. D. MCGEE.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

THE CHURCH AND MODERN CONDITIONS.

Ritualism, Methodism and Salvationism.
Discussed—The Upper, Middle
and Lower Classes.

That I am about to discuss a somewhat burning question I am perfectly well aware; also that there may be something invidious—or apparently so—in the fact that a convert should undertake to offer suggestions to those whose happiness it has been to be Catholic all their lives. I can only say that the experience of my life as a Protestant may, perhaps, be of some use to me in the present case; possibly, also to those to whom this article may prove to be of interest. Further, though I may not hope to convince those who think differently on this subject, I trust that what I may write will present matters in a somewhat clearer light, or at least in a new one, and so make the discussion to that extent, more direct, and the final conclusion by so much the more easily reached.

What then do we understand by "modern conditions?" They may be defined as religious, social, political and scientific. To those better able to deal with them, I am well content to leave the three last; I wish to draw particular attention—chiefly from my own experience—to modern religious conditions, and to the relation in which the church stands in regard to them. It is concerning these conditions and these relations that I am anxious, with all diffidence, to offer some suggestions, to be taken for what they are worth. I may, and probably shall, expose myself to a charge of "Liberalism"; I can only shelter myself behind the many great names against whom the same reproach—if reproach it really be—has been so often brought.

It is necessary, at the outset, to define clearly the terms employed—"modern religious conditions." It is easy enough to form a general idea concerning them; but a more exact conception is required for our present purpose. Therefore, of the many and various phases of the religious conditions of the present time, I wish to select the three that are most marked and prominent—Ritualism, Methodism and Salvationism. The first appeals chiefly to what are known as the "upper classes"; the second, under various names and forms, to the "middle classes"; the third to the "lower orders"; the dwellers in the slums. These distinctions refer, principally, to England; but are true of all countries with an English-speaking Protestant population; they are, more or less, general; but, for our present purpose, they are sufficiently exact.

With Ritualism we are all, Catholics and converts, tolerably familiar. It is, at the present time, the "active principle" of Anglicanism; it has leavened the church of England with a new and vigorous "ecclesiasticism." Though chiefly appealing to the educated upper classes, it has met with a large measure of success among the very poor in the large cities, especially in London. It is, of all forms of Protestantism, the most formidable and dangerous opponent of the True Church, since it satisfies, for many men and women, that craving for dogmatic, authoritative teaching, and for gorgeous ritual, which it is the mission of the Catholic Church, and of her alone, to satisfy perfectly, fully, and by right divine. It is the method used for the advancement of the "church"—as they understand it—by men keenly alive to the requirements of modern religious conditions. It is a method which has

beyond any possibility of question, met with a large measure of success, against unbelief, indifference, "Protestantism"—in the cruder sense,—victories which it well deserves; but also—unfortunately—against the Catholic Church herself, however reluctant we may be to admit it.

Wherein does this "method" of Ritualism consist? First, and primarily, in most intense, most earnest, most unwavering, self-denying zeal; in unquestioning conviction. Such zeal, and such conviction, exemplified by corresponding actions, must ensure success, no matter how sorely misapplied, how grievously misdirected. Therefore, only by the zeal and earnestness which now, and at all times, have been the glory of the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church, can the zeal and earnestness of the Ritualist be counteracted and outweighed. But even as the Ritualist, with a wise spirit of adaptability—"Liberalism," if we choose to call it so—studies to take advantage of every method, ancient, modern,—if only good, that he "may by all means save some"—as he conceives salvation—so must, if I may be allowed to say so—the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church, adapt themselves, as far as possible, to modern conditions. Possession of the true faith for ourselves is not enough; the Ritualist is, above all, close,—a missionary to his fellow churchmen, to "Dissenters," even to "Romanists"; the possession of "Catholic truth"—as he knows it—impels him to make it known to his friends and neighbors. That is to say, that he acts up to his firm belief in his saving necessity of "Catholic doctrine and practice." No matter how hopeless the task may seem, no matter how bitter the opposition, even to deprivation and imprisonment, the Ritualist never shrinks from his labor of preaching to others "Catholic truth." Is there not, in all this, a lesson which might be studied, possibly followed, by those who know the truth? Not a mimed, imperfect, partial truth, but truth itself?

What are the special methods employed by the Ritualist in this mission, not to the heathen, but to his "fellow Christians" of all denominations, a mission carried on "opportune impertune," among those who are willing to receive him, and among those who oppose him strenuously? A mission which exposes him to suspicion, to obliquity, to petty persecution, to physical violence, but which he pursues, year in and year out with a zeal and an earnest devotion which bring him very near to the Master whom he serves to the best of his ability to the utmost of the light that is given him. He realizes fully the vital importance of his mission, weighs accurately the difficulties that it entails; is eager to adopt the best methods in order to further its advancement. With such a mission, such motives, and such willingness to employ the most suitable means possible, what are the methods which he deliberately chooses, in preference to all others?

Clear, definite, dogmatic, authoritative teaching; a sacramental system, penance, the authority of "the Church." All this in an age, and in a country which is absolutely hostile to "sacerdotalism," to "extremes" of any kind. All this, in a communion which, like the people to whose spiritual wants it ministers, discourages "extreme teaching," and approves, before all things, of "safe moderation." More than this; he typifies his teaching with a corresponding ritual, in spite of episcopal opposition, of imprisonment, of persecution. He not only believes himself to a "priest"; proclaims himself a "priest" in spite all hostility, a "Catholic priest" in a Protestant country, his preaching, and by his vestments. A "Catholic priest" in a "Catholic Church" standing as a true and faultless "middle point" between "Dissent" and "Rome."

Nor is he content with teaching and ritual inside the church,—the communion and the building. He carries both, his "Catholic truth" and his ritual, in solemn procession through the streets and lanes of city and country. "John Bull" hates "Popery" but he loves a "show"; the one repels, the other attracts him; he listens to the preaching for the sake of watching the procession. Through the slums of the "East End" of London, with banners, crosses, choristers, incense, the ritualist marches, undaunted by jeers, by stones, by mob-violence. "They have their reward." The average Briton respects any man who has the courage of his opinions, however "unfashionable" they may be, to-day,—with

rare exceptions—any religious procession, Catholic or Protestant, can pass unmolested, through any English city, under due regulations. His the Ritualist who has led the way, will the Catholic be slow to follow?

Is it necessary to define more clearly the methods by which all this has been accomplished? What means have enabled the Ritualists to overcome the "respectable" moderation of a state Church, to make converts from the various "schools" of Protestantism, to change popular opposition to ritual, "sacerdotalism," and processions into popular toleration, if not approval? Catholic doctrines, Catholic ritual, Catholic processions; zeal and earnestness worthy of a true priesthood and the cause of truth itself; willingness to adapt himself and his methods to the various requirements of modern religious conditions. If Protestant heretics have accomplished so much by means of methods stolen from the Catholic Church, who shall say what might be accomplished by Catholics, using the methods that belong to them?

How do the "Methodists"—to use a generic name—reach the "middle classes," highly respectable, intensely bigoted, narrow, and suspicious of all "clerical" influence? Again, by a willingness to adapt their methods to the requirements of the conditions; by earnest zeal, by perseverance under difficulty, by close, personal intercourse,—social as well as religious—between ministers and people. More than this: a Methodist minister or layman, will stand at a street-corner, with true and noble moral courage, with intense, burning conviction, with heroic self-forgetfulness, and preach to a chance audience, in spite of indifference, of opposition, of physical violence. A "Methodist" minister will go and live for years in a village or district, where before there had been but a handful of his sect, or even none at all; and by patient, unremitting labor, in poverty and social inferiority, in almost hopeless conditions, will build up a "church," or rather "chapel." Who first taught him his system of "classes" which are "guilds" and "sodalities" under another name? Who first set him the example of zeal, earnestness, and courage; who first preached in city, streets and country lanes? Who first went out into villages to build up congregations out of apparently hopeless materials? Was it not the preaching Friar, the Jesuit, the Passionist? Are not all these methods originally Catholic? If a Methodist can use them with success, among toil-worn villagers, money-coining shopkeepers, among slum-dwellers,—who shall measure their success when employed by those by whom they were first devised?

The "Salvation Army" which appeals, chiefly, to the very lowest, and least religious of the "masses" in large cities, is, as has been proved by those competent to decide, a close and deliberate imitation of the methods of the Preaching Orders of the Middle Ages. That the "Army," with its autocratic, personal head, its organized methods, its zealous, earnest, obedient workers has met with a large measure of success, cannot be denied. It is the latest, and most modern of all modern methods of dealing with modern religious conditions. It has fulfilled

TO BRACE UP the system after "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and used-up, the best thing in the world is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you \$500 in cash."

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

filled, and is fulfilling, the task for which it was skilfully designed; it has reached, as no other Protestant instrumentality could reach, the very lowest of the population, the "white heathens" of "Darkest England."

It is modern, and yet as old as the early Middle Ages, intensely Protestant, yet carefully modelled on Catholic examples; that is to say, the "Salvation Army" are doing to-day, for Protestantism, by Catholic methods, what the Preaching Orders, who devised those methods, did for the Church, and are still doing, especially in foreign missions. But, if among the heathen in our midst, the "Salvation Army" can accomplish so great a work, who can venture to set limits to the success of those to whom those methods are due, when employed in the same work, and among the same people? It is not,—so it seems to me,—necessary to say very much as to the relation in which the Church stands as regards those modern conditions of the religious life of men and women, and as regards the Protestant methods of dealing with those conditions. God forbid that I should even to seem to say anything that might be understood as criticizing the methods of the Catholic Church with reference to these matters. Moreover, I am not sufficiently familiar with them by experience to make me to say anything, even were I inclined to do so.

But of Protestant methods, Ritualistic, Methodist, Salvationist, I may fairly claim something, seeing that most of my life has been passed among them. I know that the methods they employ are—each in its own way—Catholic, that this very fact ensures to them a measure of success, against unbelief, and against the Catholic Church, which unbelievers and "conservative Catholics" find it difficult to realize, even if they are not unwilling to admit.

That is to say, that by Catholic doctrines and Catholic ritual the Ritualists have kept and are keeping thousands of souls,—to whom such doctrines and such ritual are a spiritual necessity,—from entering the Catholic Church. By Catholic processions, used for the advancement of heresy, they have familiarized Protestants with the beauty of Catholic customs; have drawn, and are drawing thousands into the fold of their false "Catholicism." If they have met with success what shall hinder the success of Catholics when using the methods that are theirs of right, and theirs only?

So with the methods employed by Salvationists and by Methodists. The Methodist in England draws away from nominal communion with the State Church, the wavering and the indifferent, the same Methodist in Catholic Canada, draws away from nominal communion with the True Church, the disobedient, the careless and the lax Catholics. The methods they employ are Catholic, misdirected and misapplied; is there any reason why those to whom those methods owe their origin, their adaptability, their real perfection should not direct and apply them to the good of the Church? Is our zeal less than that of the Methodists?

The "Salvationists" are the Franciscans and Dominicans of modern Protestant religious conditions. Their success is chiefly due to causes similar to those which ensured it to those Preaching Orders whose methods they imitate so closely; zeal, organization, obedience, utter disregard of the opinions of "respectable moderation," a determination to do all, and bear all, for the sake of Him whom they serve. If Ritualist, Methodist, Salvationist can do so much, shall not the Church whose methods they have stolen do infinitely more with her own methods?

FRANCIS W. GREY.

FROM THE FAR NORTH.

In northern climates people are very subject to colds, but the natural remedy is also produced in the same climate. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c. and 50c.

A waiter was told by a countryman to "bring something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them around his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully a moment, and then broke out, "Well, I like your samples, now bring on your dinner."

Hood's Sarsaparilla positively cures even when all others fail. It has a record of successes unequalled by any other medicine.

BE KIND.

Oh, who can measure kindness
Or estimate its worth?
'Tis the strongest link which binds us
Together here on earth.

No riches can obtain it,
However vast they be,
'Tis lovely without telling
When found in purity.

It is the willing service
Of love within the heart,
Which rises all unbidden
And hath no counterpart;

The healing touch in sickness,
The loving words we speak
In moments of deep sorrow,
When we to comfort seek.

The poorest of God's creatures
Full often doth possess,
In overflowing measure,
The power to help and bless.

THE GOSPEL AND APOCALYPSE OF PETER.

BY DR. J. E. GASQUET.

Documents belongs to the first ages of Christianity continue to be discovered in such abundance as to suggest a providential design in their being withheld until our own day. The apology of Aristides was almost immediately followed by a very early apocryphal correspondence between St. Paul and the Corinthians, found both at Milan and Leon; and this in turn has been succeeded by a much more important discovery, made in the following circumstances. The French Government, as is well-known, maintains at Cairo a "Mission Archeologique" to examine the antiquities that abound in Egypt. In the course of his investigations, the Director, M. Bouriant, opened the tomb of a medieval monk at Akhmin, and found in it two Greek manuscripts. One of these was a ready-reckoner for the use of trades-men, but the other—a small parchment volume—proved of greater interest. Two-thirds of it consisted of extracts from the apocryphal Book of Enoch, which for the first time supplied a considerable part of the original text, hitherto only known in an Ethiopic translation. The remaining eight pages were found to contain fragments of a Gospel and of an apocalyptic vision; and it is to these that the attention of students has been chiefly directed.

Several monographs have appeared on the subject during the last few months in this country and on the continent; among which Father Lucas's very able and scholarly article in *The Month* should be particularly mentioned here. Within the last few weeks, Professor Harnack has published an edition of these fragments, illustrated from his great knowledge of Early Christian literature, and containing many suggestions from other scholars, as well as a popular account in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. The time seems, therefore, to have arrived for bringing the chief results of so much research before the general reader.

1. The Gospel fragment professes to be written by "Simon Peter," and it therefore at once suggests that it is a portion of that apocryphal "Gospel of Peter," which has long been lost, but of which there are a few scanty notices in Origen and Eusebius. The former writer quotes it as stating that the brethren of Our Lord were the sons of St. Joseph by a previous marriage; while the latter includes it among the spurious works which were the production of heretics. He has also preserved a letter of Serapion, Bishop of Antioch, at the beginning of the third century, from which it seems that the book was used by the Catholics of a town in Cilicia. Serapion at first permitted it, but on closer examination found it to contain much that favored these heretics whom "we call Decetæ," and condemned it.

The fragment is only a small part of the Gospel, in length equal to about sixty-four verses. It begins abruptly with Pilate's washing his hands, and ends eight days after the Resurrection at the Sea of Galilee. The narrative which it contains differs considerably from the Canonical Gospels; the chief points of divergence being the following: Pilate is acquitted of all complicity in our Lord's death, the whole responsibility being thrown upon the Jews and on Herod, who appears as His Judge. He is represented as silent on the Cross—"as one suffering naught"—until the last moment. His bones are ordered not to be broken, "in order that He might die in torments." At the last moment the Lord is said to have cried aloud; "my strength, my strength, hast thou forsaken me?" "and having said this, He was taken up." When he was taken

down from the Cross the earth quaked; His body was delivered by the Jews to Joseph, and after burial they asked Pilate for a guard. The centurion of this guard is named Petronius. The elders watched the grave with the soldiers and on the morning of the Lord's day they saw the heaven's open and two men descend. The stone rolled away from the door and the two men entered, presently issuing forth with a third whom they supported. "A cross followed them, and the head of the two reached unto heaven, but the head of him whom they lead overtopped the heavens. And they heard a voice from the heavens saying: Hast thou preached obedience unto them that sleep?" And from the cross was heard: "Yea." Soon the heavens were seen to open again, and a man descended and entered the grave. Mary Magdalen came with her friends early on the same morning to the grave; but being told by the angel that the Lord had risen, they were frightened and fled. No manifestation of our Lord is recorded, but the Apostles are said to have returned in sadness into his own home, on the "last day of unleavened bread"—a week after the Crucifixion.

The manuscript ends in the middle of a sentence: "There I, Simon Peter and Andrew, my brother, took our nets, and went away to the sea; and there was with us Levi, the son of Alphacus, when the Lord"

With these exceptions the narrative before is evidently drawn from the Evangelists. The extracts are quite recognizable, though they are combined very unintelligently; and the order is sometimes inverted, and details are added to strengthen the account, often with a total absence of probability. The work was evidently intended for readers who were unacquainted with Jewish customs, these being explained, sometimes incorrectly. All critics appear to be agreed that this Gospel is not to be put on a level with the four Evangelists; and it is its testimony to their antiquity which gives it its chief value. Harnack's conclusion is that the closest relationship of the fragment is to St. Mark; the most remote to St. Matthew. Its testimony to St. John is, of course, the most interesting point; and he fully brings out the numerous points common to both. In order to escape from the result that the fragment must have been compiled by some one who classed the fourth Evangelist with the other three, he has recourse to the unverifiable hypothesis that both are derived from some common source, of which nothing is known. I need not dwell on a fallacy which has been so often exposed by apologists.

Granted, however, that the fragment before us uses St. John as canonical, the amount of value to be attached to its evidence will depend on its date. This Harnack, with most other critics, is disposed to put as early as about A.D. 120; believing it to have been used by St. Justin as one of the sources of the *Life* of our Lord. Father Lucas' article seems to me, however, to have made this very doubtful. He shows with great learning that the type of heresy favoured by this pseudo-Peter arose some half a century later; moreover, it is exceedingly improbable that St. Justin would have relied on a work that is so much opposed to the spirit and the letter of the four Gospels. On the other hand, the points of contact between his works and the pseudo-Peter are so numerous and remarkable that they cannot be explained away. It seems to me most likely—and this is borne out by a close examination of the parallel passages—that St. Justin quoted an earlier and simpler edition of this Gospel than the fragment thus discovered belongs to. The history of the Clementines, and of the spurious Gospels and Acts, proves abundantly that the test of all such extra canonical works was peculiarly liable to corruption by heretics, who introduced such alterations and additions as favoured their own dogmas. On this view of the case there would remain a sufficient number of passages, in which St. Justin quotes the fragment, and the fragment quotes St. John, to make it highly probable this is the earliest witness to the canonicity of the fourth Gospel.

It is not possible in the space at my disposal to dwell on the many points of interest which the Gospel of Peter raises. I will only mention one, because we are likely to have it brought forward more prominently by Rationalists. Harnack urges that the account given of the resurrection, of which I have given a summary, shows that there was an early history of

that period, without any mention of Our Lord's appearing, at least during the first week, and that the Evangelists' narratives of His apparitions are therefore additions. It is obvious to reply that no weight can be attached to the account given by a writer who has throughout surprised and altered his authorities at his pleasure. In this particular case only one of the appearances of the risen Christ—that to St. Thomas—seems to be excluded by the pseudo-Peter; there is merely a gap in the narrative between the flight of the women from the sepulchre and the last day of unleavened bread, during which the others took place.

2. The second fragment discovered is anonymous, though evidently written in the person of one of the Apostles. It is, however, proved to be part of the long-lost Apocalypse of Peter, from a passage which is quoted from that book by Clement of Alexandria. This "Revelation" was held in much higher esteem in the primitive church than the so-called Gospel of Peter, though it was finally excluded from the Canon of the New Testament. Its contents justify this preference, as far as can be judged from the portion preserved—34 verses, nearly one half of the whole book. It consists almost entirely of "visions on the mountain," in which our Lord shows the twelve disciples the glory and happiness of the just and the punishment inflicted on the wicked. The latter, in particular, are described with much of the minutness and power of Dante, as varying for different classes of sinners. The most interesting point in the whole fragment is the name given to the just in heaven, as "your high-priests," evidently, as Harnack remarks, to teach the intercession of the saints before God. The whole has a much more simple and archaic character than the Gospel, with which it very favorably contrasts.—*The London Tablet*, Feb. 4, 1893.

DOMESTIC READING.

It is better to serve God than to govern the world.

Keep yourself faithfully in the presence of God.

Death, life, sickness, health—all come to us by the order of Providence.

We must know how to learn before we can teach, and we must learn to obey before we can guide.

God's mercy is greater than our infirmities. The most precious blood of Jesus is greater than our sins.

There is no surer sign of a heart which knows the love of God and its own sinfulness than a spirit of joy.

We should always regard others as better, superior to ourselves, and comply willingly with their wishes.

Holiness consists not in doing uncommon things, but in doing all common things with an uncommon fervor.

Experience is a flannel waistcoat that we do not think of putting on till we have caught cold.

Let us always and everywhere cling to our Faith and believe humbly and firmly all that it teaches.

When you are tempted have recourse to God immediately without reasoning with the temptation.

The last virtue of the egoist is the necessity for weaving some ray of altruism to cover his selfishness.

Let us not speak either good or evil of ourselves. To speak evil of ourselves sometimes serves to nourish pride.

He who always walks in the presence of God, will never commit sin, but will preserve his innocence and become a great saint.

BAD BLOOD CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for bad blood and find it, without exception, the best purifying tonic in use. A short time ago two very large and painful boils came on the back of my neck, B. B. B. completely drove them away. SAMUEL BLAIN, Toronto Junction.

Mr. Knox: "Ethel, it is perfectly imbecile your trying to give yourself the airs of a prima donna every time George calls." Ethel Knox: "Why, papa? What can you mean?" Mr. Knox: "I heard you say farewell at least sixty-five times last night."

FOR SPRAINS AND BRUISES.

No other remedy cures sprains, bruises, cuts, wounds, chilblains, sore throat, rheumatism, etc., so promptly as Haggard's Yellow Oil. It is an old standard remedy that has given perfect satisfaction for 30 years.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. P. HOWARD, OF OTTAWA.

It is with deep regret and sympathy that we record the unexpected death of a truly good man and worthy citizen, in the person of Mr. P. Howard, of Ottawa. It is thus one of that city's papers tells the sad story of the mournful event:

"It will be learned with pain by a wide circle of friends and relatives that Mr. P. Howard, one of Ottawa's well known and highly respected citizens expired this forenoon most unexpectedly, with only a few alarming symptoms of warning to his surrounding friends. The melancholy occurrence took place at the residence of his only son, Mr. John P. Howard, of the post office accountant's branch, 230 Stewart street. Mr. Howard had been complaining slightly since Tuesday last, but no such sad termination was anticipated. The deceased gentleman had been moving about his room as usual when he suddenly became faint and lay down. His appearance prepared his friends for the worst, and a message was sent for his son who arrived just in time to see the end. Heart disease was pronounced to be the cause of death. Mr. Howard came to this city from Pembroke where he had been a successful business gentleman for some years, and was spending the evening of his life in the quiet company of his son and unmarried daughter. He was 65 years of age, and predeceased by his wife some years ago. It is only a short time since Mr. John P. lost his wife, and much sympathy is extended to him and his sister in this double bereavement."

We may add that a grand requiem service was held in the Ottawa University Chapel, after which the remains were conveyed to the Notre Dame cemetery. The pall-bearers were Prof. Gasmacher, P. Baskerville, M. J. Gorman, J. Jeffrey, M. Brady, Jno. Gorman, E. P. Stanton and C. D. Doncette, all of whom were very intimate friends of the deceased gentleman.

THE TRUE WITNESS can heartily sympathize with the relatives of the deceased gentleman, especially as we know of the severe blows that have been struck by Death's Angel in that family circle, and of the high merits and fine qualities of heart and mind that rendered the deceased Mr. Howard a cherished friend by all who knew him and an object of deep affection for those more intimately acquainted with him. The successive strokes of sorrow that have come to Mr. John P. Howard would forcibly recall those words of Denis F. McCarthy:—

"As the smith in the dark, sullen smithy,
Striketh fast on the anvil below,
Thus fate, on the heart once so burning,
Struck rapidly blow after blow."

But we of the olden Faith believe that there is an unbroken communion of spirit between those who remain on earth and the souls of the departed; basing ourselves upon that strong reliance in a union hereafter, and an assurance of the power, even for the present, of mutual assistance, we pray that his soul may rest in peace, for, as the poet wrote:

"Naught can avail him now but prayer;
Miserere Domine!"

IN GLASS.

That's the way Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets come. And it's a more important point than you think. It keeps them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes.

They're put up in a better way, and they act in a better way, than the huge, old-fashioned pills. No gripping, no violence, no reaction afterwards that sometimes leaves you worse off than before. In that way they cure permanently, Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved and cured.

They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—the smallest in size, the easiest to take, and the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

There's nothing likely to be "just as good."

Let us not speak either good or evil of ourselves. To speak evil of ourselves sometimes serves to nourish pride.

Holloway's Pills are admirably adapted for the cure of diseases incidental to females. At different periods of life women are subject to complaints which require a peculiar medicine, and it is now an indisputable fact that there is none so suitable for such complaints as Holloway's Pills. They are invaluable to females of all ages, young or old, married or single. They purify the blood, regulate the secretions, correct all suspended functions, give tone to the stomach, and clear the complexion. The first approach of disordered action should be met with appropriate doses of these Pills; whilst taking them no restriction need be placed over the patient. They contain nothing which can possibly prove injurious to the system. They act by purifying the blood and regulating every organ.

YATES AND BLAKE.

Mr. Edmund Yates, the notorious author of court gossip and editor of the *World*, gives his readers the following piece of criticism:—

"Mr. Blake owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Chamberlain. Had he not had the good fortune to follow the member for West Birmingham, it is pretty certain that very little that was good would have been heard of his maiden effort in the House of Commons. One is loath to interfere with a reputation made in the Dominion Parliament, but in common justice to the public a statement, rendered necessary by the hysterical eulogies of the Irish members of Parliament, should be put forth as to what sort of speaker this man from Canada really is. He is a gauche student, painfully dull. He took immense pains over his effort on Friday, but the speech was contemptible to hear, unbearable to read; in fact, if Irishmen had not given him and ovation—an honor, by the way, which they seem determined to render dangerously cheap, as Mr. Gladstone will know ere long—he would hardly be noticed except as a curious novelty."

It is somewhat refreshing to read such a criticism upon a man like Edward Blake, and by such a man as Edmund Yates. The gentleman whose business it is to pick up and deal out, for the amusement or information of the curious, every tit-bit of court gossip, the details of the Queen's programme, the intentions of the members of the royal family, the latest remarks of some lady-in-waiting, or the most recent joke of the master-of-the-hounds; this Mr. Yates whose anti-Irish bigotry is so red hot that it confuses his poor brain to a degree that he mixes up the events of the world at large with the important performances in the Osborne kitchen or the Sanderham stables; this Mr. Yates is the person who rises to criticise the Hon. Edward Blake. Yes, to criticise a man who, by his innate ability, his commanding talents and his powerful energies has arisen to the first rank in the legal and political circles of this Dominion, and who, with the poor advantages of a colonial training, has leaped, at one bound, unto the very highest plane of Imperial distinction. Blake has done in one short half year what Yates could not have done in four centuries, were they at his disposal. Start Yates in Toronto on an equal footing with Blake, and the latter would eventually have reached the high station he now occupies in the eyes of the world, as well as in the arena of Imperial politics, while Yates would at, best, have never made a reputation extending beyond the limits of our Dominion. Start Yates and Blake with the same advantages, in London, that the editor of *The World* possessed, and Blake would have been Premier of England fully a decade ago.

This elegant court reporter, but very indifferent parliamentary critic, says that had Blake not followed Chamberlain "very little that was good would have been heard of his maiden effort." It is unfortunate for Yates and the few, very few, narrow creatures of his caliber that Blake got an opportunity of firing his *impromptu* shots into the ranks of the blue-blooded Tories. It was very lucky for Blake, and the cause he upholds, that he had the chance of riddling "Brumegem Joe" with the gattling gun of his eloquence. What Yates seems to despise is exactly the circumstance which adds most to Blake's merit: the ability with which he, a mere colonial statesman, handled the great Joe. Chamberlain, and without gloves or preparation. But how very ridiculous the narrow-minded, and mentally distorted, are willing to become, provided they are enabled to strike a blow, (even below the belt) at one they envy and hate.

Here is how Yates characterizes Blake's style of speaking! All ye in Canada, who have ever heard the Hon. Edward, read attentively! All ye, in America or England who have read the unanimous and powerful eulogy of the British press upon his first effort in the House of

Commons, pay attention to Yates! "He is a gauche student, painfully dull." How does Yates know whether Blake is an apt or dull student, whether it takes him an hour or a day to learn a subject or solve a problem? He could not have been a dull student who, in such a short space of time, and with so much to occupy his mind otherwise, had reached the very highest round in the legal ladder, and whose grasp of Imperial laws and systems was so exact, even after scarcely any study. What is a "gauche student?" Does he mean "left-handed?" We think Blake's speech was such a genuine Irish *Coutougue* to the anti-Home Rulers, that Mr. Yates feels his ears burning yet from the effects.

Yates goes on to say: "He took immense pains over his effort on Friday, but the speech was contemptible to hear, unbearable to read." Great Caesar's ghost! How in the name of all Parnassus could the man have "taken immense pains over his effort," when it was an impromptu reply, delivered immediately on Mr. Chamberlain resuming his seat? Does not Yates tell us so himself? If the London court-pet would only try to look honestly at the matter he would ask himself this: "If Blake's maiden effort, delivered on the heels of Chamberlain's speech, and consequently unprepared, is such a splendid success, what must he not produce when he does "take immense pains with his speeches?" Yates says it was "contemptible to hear," and all the press of London, and all the statesmen and critics, Tory as well as Liberal, are unanimous in saying that it was the very best speech ever made in the House on the subject. Yates says "it is unbearable to read;" because it is too convincing, and Yates don't want facts, logic and beauty of diction combined in a defence of "the abominable Irish."

It is well for Yates that he has his WORLD in which to disapprove of Edward Blake and to criticise him; for on the other hand Blake has the WHOLE WORLD of civilization to admire, honor, praise and immortalize his work, his talents and his magnificent eloquence. Yates' WORLD is a poor, cold-hearted, miserably bigotted paper, with a circulation of ten thousand or so; Blake's WORLD is a large, warm-souled, broad-minded race of men, coming from all ends of the earth, and numbering several millions. Yates and his WORLD, in one scale—you have a pigmy and a pea; Blake and his WORLD, in the other scale,—you have a giant and a generation of men.

WE WERE AMUSED by the following extract from one of our American contemporaries. It at once recalls a saying of the immortal Liberator, and gives us an idea of the late Lord Beaconsfield's views with regard to his Satanic Majesty.

The tendency of modern thought to deride the personality of the devil, gives a living interest to the testimony of the man who was said by O'Connell to be descended from the impudent thief, Lord Beaconsfield, in his novel, "Endymion," says of the want of faith in the existence of the "evil one": "If the personality of Satan be not a vital principle of our religion, I do not know what it is. You think it is safe, and I dare say it is fashionable to fall into this lax and really thoughtless discrimination between what is and what is not to be believed. It is not good taste to believe in the devil. . . . Now mark me; you and I are young men—you are a very young man. This is the year of grace, 1839. If these loose thoughts, which you have heedlessly taken up, prevail in this country for a generation or so—five and twenty or thirty years—we meet together again, and I shall have to convince you that there is a God."

SPRING is coming on and it is probable that in its train will come the panthom of Asiatic cholera that threatened this continent last autumn. If preparations were not made last summer to meet and strangle that scourge before it could touch our soil, it is high time that every precaution would now be taken to protect the country against it. It is not when the "Phantom's on the Threshold,"

that the authorities should awaken to the necessity of means to drive it back. Not only is there danger from incoming vessels, but we have a native peril in our midst—the unhealthy condition of houses, streets, and premises. A word should be sufficient to give a key-note to the guardians of the city's health as well as the city's peace. There is no false alarm in the cry of "cholera;" it lurks around the cities and sea-ports of Europe, and may start forth at the opening of navigation with redoubled strength.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Meeting of Irish Societies to Decide Upon the Route of the Procession

A meeting of the representatives of the various Irish societies was held at St. Patrick's hall last evening. Among those present were Jas. O'Shaughnessy and Samuel Cross, St. Patrick's Society; Thos. Latimore and J. J. Costigan, St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society; John Power and A. Jones, Irish Catholic Benefit Society; J. J. Ryan, and M. J. Stack, Catholic Young Men's Society; Edward Halley and D. Gallery, Young Irishmen's Literary & Benefit Association; P. Kennedy, M. L. A., and John Kilfeather, St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society; P. T. O'Brien and Thos. Sullivan, St. Ann's Young Men's Society; Thomas Kane and Thomas Phelan, St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society; J. P. Heffernan and E. J. Hunt, St. Mary's Young Men's Society; Mr. Robert Warren, secretary, and others. The Rev. Father Quinlivan, of St. Patrick's, presided, and opened the meeting by a short address, in course of which he expressed his great pleasure at meeting the representatives of the various societies and dwelt upon various matters which affected them as Irish Catholics and citizens. Mr. P. Kennedy, M. L. A., also made a short address. It was unanimously decided to hold the procession this year as formerly, and suggestions were made towards making the event worthy of the occasion. The route of procession was chosen as follows: The societies will form on Victoria square, Radegonde street, at 9 a.m., and proceed to St. Patrick's church. After High Mass the societies will muster on Lagauchetiere and Radegonde streets, and proceed by Victoria square, St. Antoine, Chatham, Notre Dame, Seigneurs, Centre, Wellington, McCord, Ottawa, Colborne and Notre Dame to St. Patrick's hall on McGill street.

Mr. James Milloy, of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. society, was elected marshal-in-chief for the occasion. Invitations were ordered to be extended to the Huckmen's union, Shamrock Lacrosse club and Holy Name society of St. Mary's. The various societies were requested to invite the C.M.B.A. and Foresters within their districts to join in with them on the occasion. Appropriate remarks were made by Messrs. P. Kennedy, M.L.A.; P. T. O'Brien, Thomas Kane, John Power, J. J. Ryan, A. Jones, Ed. Halley and others. A vote of thanks to the rev. chairman was carried unanimously and the proceedings were brought to a close.

United Concert of St. Patrick's Society and Catholic Young Men's Society in the Windsor Hall.

This year the national celebration of March 17th will be observed with a display perhaps surpassing anything witnessed in Montreal in former years. One of the principal features of the evening will be the Concert and Lecture given in the Windsor Hall by the Catholic Young Men's Society aided by St. Patrick's Society, and the combination of these two societies will certainly give both strength and tone to the great Concert.

The programme will consist of the leading professional talent of Canada and some of the best amateur talent of Montreal—among them Miss Ella Walker, Sir Donald A. Smith's protegee; Miss M. Hollinshead; Mrs. J. G. H. Bergeron, wife of the Deputy Speaker. Miss Bertha O'Reilly of Ottawa, graduate of the New England Conservatory of Boston, and at present teacher in the Canadian College of Music, and superintendent of musical instruction in Lord Stanley's family in Ottawa, will render some choice selections of her own on the occasion. Also Miss McNauley, Miss O'Brien, and others. Among the gentlemen who will take part will be Mr. H. C. St. Pierre, Q.C.; W. E. Burgess, ventriloquist and humorist; Mr. W. Sullivan, Mr. H. O'Brien, Mr. W. Simpson, Mr. Charlie O'Brien, Mr. Bolger, Mr. J. C. Dixon, D.S., and others.

Rev. Father Doyle, the famous Paullist Missionary and Lecturer, of New York, will give a lecture appropriate to the day. Hon. J. J. Curran, and Mr. J. J. Ryan, the two presidents, will preside jointly. Mr. Curran will open the concert and Mr. Ryan will close it. The tickets have begun to sell rapidly already, though the plan is not publicly opened yet, but can be seen at St. Patrick's priests' house.

Capital Punishment.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—Allow me to say that with the general argument of your article on this subject I am entirely in accord, but that you seem to have overlooked the principal quotation from Scripture in favor of capital punishment, namely, Genesis ix. 6. "Quicumque effudit humanum sanguinem fundetur sanguis illius"—"Whoso sheddeth human blood his blood shall be shed." I am not a theologian, but unless that command be abrogated by the "Ego autem dico vobis" ("But I say to you:") of St. Matt. v. it must, I think, remain in force. Surely, also, the words of St. Paul concerning the temporal magistrate that "he beareth not the sword in vain" [i.e., the power of inflicting death] would seem to support his contention.

FRANCIS W. GRAY.

Feb. 26, 1893.
(The foregoing was received as we closed our forms; we will refer to it next week in our Editorial Notes.—Ed. T. W.)

C. M. B. A.

Lachine branch of the above association on Friday night renounced their allegiance to the Grand Council of Quebec, of which they formed part, and returned in a body to the Grand Council of Canada, voting entire confidence in the latter. The great majority of Quebec province, according to official figures, are with the Grand Council of Canada. The assessments for the ensuing year in connection with the Grand Council of Canada will, it is expected, not exceed fourteen, owing to having separation from the United States. Last year the assessments in connection with the Supreme of the United States, numbered twenty.

The Late Mr. P. Kearney.

ROXTON FALLS, Feb. 23d, 1893.—Mr. P. Kearney, died this a. m., after a brief illness. Mr. Kearney was one of the oldest merchants in Canada, having immigrated to this Province in 1844. He first established his business in Pointe Claire then in Roxton Falls, where he had carried on business successfully for over 35 years. Mr. P. Kearney was well-known among the mercantile men of Montreal. He leaves a wife and ten children. R. I. P.

The Late Major Alexander Daly.

Scarcely ever have we been called upon to record a death that more surprised and more grieved us than that which took place in this city, on the 24th February, when the long and useful life of Major Alexander Daly closed forever. Mr. Daly was in his 86th year, and only a few weeks ago he called upon us, and appeared full of life and energy, "ready," as he said, "to face ten years more of life." It may be remembered by our readers that last September we gave a sketch of Mr. Daly's life, on the occasion of his sending to the Chicago World's Fair the original compass used by Jacques Cartier on his second visit to Canada. Only the other day the deceased told us of his intended trip to the Great Exhibition and of all the projects he had formed for the amusement of his many friends and relatives over there.

Here is an exemplification of the saying: "Man proposes, but God disposes." Mr. Daly had been a surveyor and one of the early pioneers of this section of the country. He was long connected with the "Woods and Forest branch" of the Crown Lands Department. It was during those earlier days that he became a major in the local militia of the Province, and during one of his exploring and surveying expeditions he became possessor of the historical relic above mentioned. He was a sincere and devout Catholic; a man of upright character and very sterling qualities. He loved to go over again the story of the earlier times upon the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and many a tale he could tell of pioneer bush life and of the prominent men of half a century ago, who have long since preceded him on the way to eternity. He was kind-hearted in the extreme, and very fond of reading, antiquities, relics, and every thing that might serve to better illustrate and perpetuate the history of Canada. Early in January he called at our office and gave us a fund of information about the principal personages who figured in the early history of this portion of Canada. Even then he had the appearance of a man whose lease of life was renewed for several years to come. Yet, strange to say, he remarked to us that he felt anxious to tell all these reminiscences in case he should be summoned away before he expected" and these interesting facts would be buried with him. One would almost think that "Coming events cast their shadows before." However, that long and useful life is closed, and we can but express our sincere sympathy for his relatives and friends, while we pay our humble tribute to the memory of a good, honest and faithful man. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from 791 St. James street, to the Dalhousie square station, thence to Rawdon, Que., where the interment ceremony was performed. Truly, pointing to that grave in the little Catholic cemetery of the country village, where so much of his earlier life was spent, the passer-by could say:

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,"

And while his remains moulder in the pretty church yard, we, who are of his Faith, and who knew him well, can say: "May his soul enjoy eternal peace!"

Ordinations.

At the Academie St. Denis on Saturday morning Monsignor Fabre, assisted by Rev. Canon Martin, of the Archeveche, and Rev. Abbe Chevrier, P.P.S., conferred the order of priesthood on Rev. Mr. Alexandre Perron, of Uphamby, and the diaconate on Messrs. Placide Desrochers, of Joliette, and P. H. Perron, S.J. The brother of the new priest, Rev. Father Modestus-Alban, of Longueuil college, was present during the ceremonies.

Ecclesiastical Changes

Monsignor Fabre has made the following changes in the vicariats-forains: No. 6 vicariat will consist of the parishes of Estant Jesus du Mile End, St. Jean Baptiste and St. Louis, together with the Bon Pasteur and Mont St. Louis, which have been detached from No. 2 vicariat. Rev. Canon Trepannier, chaplain of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, has been named vicar-forain of the new vicariat. No. 15 vicariat will in future comprise the parishes of Lacombe, St. Isidore, St. Constant and St. Francois Xavier of Caughnawaga.

THOMAS IRWIN.

SCOTCH-IRISHISM AND ITS ORIGIN.

The Poet of the Early Nation—The Great Change in His Ideas—Blaming in Old Age the Heroes of His Youth.

"The most wearisome times" say a travelling friend "is that of expectancy." The phrase was a curious one, and rather puzzling in its meaning. The word expectancy had on one occasion brushed up the ire of six gray beards against an insurance company. I was loath to plead ignorance of an ordinary looking sentence in my mother-tongue, and would have much rather preferred, to do as so many American critics are wont to call it a "happy phrase with a mystical meaning" only clear to my all-absorbing ego. Criticism comes by art, curiosity by nature. Flout as you will nature is more natural than art, hence you will not wonder that my curiosity tempted me to ask. Sir what do you mean by such a phrase. The mantle of Bishop has not fallen on me, and without it, how do you expect me to translate into plain speech your Emersonian riddles. "Ah" says the friend "that of expectancy" means simply this, when you have finished your business in a town, packed up your things, paid your hotel-bills it is most wearisome to loiter around hotel-corridors, or idly gaze at the passers through the big glass window, until train or boat time." The author of the phrase, strange, as it may seem, was a commercial traveller. In our democratic way by the curtailment of an adjective, a process having the sanction of the high priest of transcendentalism, my friend was a drummer. I believe the word was taken from an analogy between them and the woodpecker. It is well known that bird will drum a tree, as long as there is a chance for a grub, while drummers drum as long as there is a chance for an order. Our young land likes that kind of perseverance, which hostile critics have termed brazen impudence. A fig for your critics: the drummer was right.

THE TIME OF EXPECTANCY

is most wearisome, as I found in Dublin. I wished a dozen times for the Liverpool boat, but if wishes were horses beggars might ride. I had an invitation to visit Mr. Eugene Davis and a party of literary young Irishmen at the Angel by two. As it was only nine, breakfast over, and a Patrick Henry blown into curling blue smoke, now and then relieved with pray, the effect of a prolonged puff, what was I to do. Sticking my hands in my trousers' pockets and leaning against a strong pillar, it was as a sweet singer sung:

"A frightful ordeal, but yet
Dire evils pass, if boldly met."

As I was about to boldly meet this one by walking into the rain, a little playful shadow on the opposite wall hove in view. "Coming events cast their shadows before," for soon a little tattered rosy-faced urchin, with roguish gray eyes, slid up to me, saying, "I say, Mister, isn't your name Lecky?" It is, my little man. "Well, here's a letter from Mr.——" I slipped a coin in his dumpy little sooty hand. He puffed out his apple cheeks, curved his dainty mouth, and whistled "Shan O'Farrell." I watched the little prints of his bare feet on the winter mud, and turning to a glum-looking Unionist, said, there's your conquerors, there's hope for Ireland yet. The Unionist, cur-like, snarled. Afterwards, I learned that he was a land agent. The grunt was native to his class. Tearing the envelope I found a letter from an Irish novelist, whose friendship is one of the most treasured gifts of my Irish journey. It read: "Tynan glad to meet you; make date. Irwin alive; copy-holder for Times. I believe he has abandoned his early convictions. Do not know him intimately; but send letter of T. C., introducing you." The Tynan here referred to is the poetess, whose volume of poems entitled "Sham-rocks," made us expect so much.

WHO IS IRWIN?

It is the aim of this paper to tell. Thomas Caulfield Irwin was of that canny race that inhabit Ulster, a race that has supplied more than the average share of intellect to every Irish movement. Some superficial writers have called these northern people Scotch-Irish, a meaningless term. A horde of senseless bigots in the States have a peculiar fondness for the term. Every year they fondle it in

convention with strange speeches. How any safe historian can make anything out of the people of Ulster, save Irishmen, the present writer is at a loss to know. These bigots adduce their names, but from a list lying before me it is safe to say that not one of them in every ten can claim an ancestry from the land of cakes and broom. Some of the names are hardly Celtic in their origin, but let it be borne in mind that such names as Tower, Greenfield, Kiln, Hood-house, Grove, Burndale were begun on Irish soil. The process is a curious one, and as I have never met with a description of it, even at the cost of a little delay, in my subject I will describe it. In the North of Ireland, as most of the Scotch-Irish should know, there is a prevalent custom, the origin of many of their curiously constructed names. When a young girl is unfortunate enough to become a mother, the offspring of her shame is wrapped in woollens and placed in wicker baskets and then deposited in some frequented place. The discovered babe is called after the place where it was found. If in a grass field, Greenfield; if in one covered with snow, Whitfield; if by a lime-kiln, Kiln; and, as the hedge schoolmaster said of the stars seen by one of his pupils during a sound thrashing. "These, sir, can be made *ad infinitum*." These curiously-named children are sent to the work-houses, and, after a time,

FARMED OUT.

to Baptists, Wesleyans, etc., and by them inoculated with those bizarre notions of Christianity, that bigots take for charity. Crossing the Atlantic, they found Scotch-Irish families, hence the meetings in our land every year, and the denunciation of all things Irish. This pride of Scotch Irishism is something akin to that described by the witty farcist.

"Although it had fifty hobbles to ride
Had really no foundation;
But like the fabrics that gossips devise,—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four story size,—
Was merely a fancy creation."

Irwin was born in Warrensport Co. Down, May 4, 1823. His father was a well to do physician, if one may credit an American biographic sketch of the poet. "He joined the Nation during the days of Davis, and was a valued contribution" is another sentence extracted from the same source. So the man whose memory might give many a bit of news to be treasured by after time, was really alive, a few steps from my hotel. The letter of T. C. another brother of the tuneful quill would surely make the old man thaw to the young American. That my grandfather was born a few miles from his native town, and had often been his father's companion in his country drives, was noted as a good second point to make, if the letter was a failure. But toning my frieze coat to my neck, I whistled "Marching through Georgia," to cheer me, and set out to find T. C. Irwin. A few minutes walk and I stood at the cashier's desk in the office of the Irish Times. An amiable red-headed, weak-eyed young man, twitched his scrub-growth of beard, and in a usual drawl informed me that

"UP STAIRS AND A TURN TO THE LEFT GETS HIM."

This information was copious; it wanted to be localized. Up stairs I went, with my heart in a little flurry, to see the poet. A workman, with a white apron, curiously eyed me. "Is Mr. Irwin here?" "Aye, that the old fellow holding copy," rejoined the workman, and passed on. Little respect me thought for a bard, but prophets are ignored at home, and familiarity breeds contempt. To the "old fellow" I went and handed him my note. While he reads let me snap my kodax. This is the picture. Head large, forehead expansive; eyes, large, keen and snapping; face, oval commonplace and covered with a few weeks growth of bristling scrubby down; head thatched with long, unkempt, straggling hair. His height and form are not given in the picture as he was seated in a crouched position on a rickety bamboo-chair. Perhaps, owing to the oscillatory nature of his sitting apparatus, he dared not move, fearful that his dignity as an Irish poet, might come to the ground, in the presence of an American globe trotter. The letter made him smile. "I hardly know this T. C.," said the bard. "I thought he was your friend," I mildly answered. "Young man," said the bard, "when you are as old as I am, that word friend will not be so lightly used, it is a sacred word." I nodded assent to the wisdom of this ancient man. Youth has many faults, impulsiveness is one of the

most attractive. It is the most dangerous, mutters a blue-sticking. Madam, danger is an attraction. Why do you chatter so much of the valor of the Light Brigade while other charges are unnoticed. "The Light Brigade is more attractive," why? "It was more dangerous." With that impulsiveness that gives to youth a charm, and to old age a nervous shock,

I SILENCED THE POET

in the midst of a monologue that seemed to sweetly tinkle in his ears. "What do you think of Parnell?" His eyes snapped, and the mouth took on a curious curve. Said I to that inner self, Lecky, the old warrior will cleave you to the ground for such an insolent interruption of his garrulous monologue. Do you not know that the sweetest music in some ears is the music played by choice on their own mouth organs? "Sir," said the knight of poetry, "I am not here to answer such questions." A long silence and the bard has forgiven by youth. "Parnell is a poor figure. What does he mean? He has no talent; followed by a troop of course fellows, he will to destroy the little guarantee of safety that our present condition warrants." "But, Mr. Irwin, did you not belong to the Nation in the paling days, when it was a preaching total separatist of the extreme type." "I say," said the bard, steadying himself on his rickety foundation, "the Nation was an intellectual movement, whose doctrines were noble and generous." And then, with charming naivete, "I had the honor to edit that paper for years. This new movement is not in the line laid down by us. It means bloodshed, confusion, the wrecking of homes." "To me, Mr. Irwin, it means peace and happiness, the consummation of this new movement. You say it is not on the lines of the Nation. Time change, aims change, men change. The means of one age will not fit the one succeeding. We grow, the garments of the child will not fit the man. The Nation was of its time, and apt in that time. Time is not as the sphinx, standing always in the same place. Your Nation, with its fiery articles in a kind of maddening prose, its wild, untrammelled songs, would be

OUT OF PLACE IN OUR TIME.

We have lived down the spasmodic school in poetry and the physical force school in revolution. I believe, sir, we are wiser than our fathers, but whether you concede this or not, you will admit that—

New men, new lights:
And the father's code the sons may never brook.

What is liberty now were license then;
Their freedom our yoke would be.
And each new decade must have new men
To determine its liberty.

He scratched his hairless skull and muttered something about "destroyers of his country." What a pitiable sight to see the young, generous poet dwindled into an old foggy, recanting the best work of his life, and blaming men, who would have been his heroes in his manhood. I pitied him. I always pity a man that sickness and poverty have driven into the pessimists' camp. Irwin spent the best part of his life for his country, and the callous jade deserted him in old age. He went to the enemy for bread and not for love.

Enthusiasts who have plenty of money cannot understand how a man may, in old age, wear lightly the toggerly of youth. If they were reduced to stony crust and water for some years, they would discover that the stomach plays leading lady in the comedy of life. Fill it well with haunches of meat juicy and sweet, with port or XXX wash it down, and your Orsini and other long-haired "protectors of society" would become models for a Peace League. Confusion in this world is made by men whose stomachs are empty, and who like Micawber, are waiting for something to turn up, in order that they may fill them. The bard was equally averse to talk of the men and things that were of his time. They had flown from his memory, while mandlin arguments for the stability of the Union remained. How true that—

"Memory locks her chaff in bins
And throws away the grain."

Of his own poetry he was full. Most poets are. He was never weary of reading his poems, a practice that the

Philestines abhor. In this respect, Plato must rank as one of them. In his dream of a Republic he banished bards, and the only real reason one may conjecture their practice of waylaying the unsuspecting traveller, by reading tragedies, comedies, lyric bursts, etc., fresh from their anvil. Irwin held that poetry was his life-play, and

"If you choose to play—is my principle?
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize be it what it will."

Poor fellow his prize sought for in five or six little books of verse, has been harsh old age under the rule of that hideous hag poverty. The way of most Irish singers has been a via dolorosa and for none more than the subject of this sketch. The country that refuses to assuage his ills by bread, may cover his grave with marble, for such is the fickleness of men.

WALTER LECKY.

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

City Clerk's Office, City Hall, Montreal, March 5th 1892. Dr. Laviolette, Montreal. My Dear Doctor. Your Syrup of Turpentine is without a doubt a marvellous remedy, one whose absolute efficacy will certainly not be long in becoming generally known. I was suffering for several days from acute bronchitis which caused weakening fits of coughing day and night, to such an extent that I was entirely unable to sleep and it became almost an impossibility for me to attend to my business. After having tried various remedies without any relief, I bought a bottle of your Syrup of Turpentine and in two days there remained not the slightest trace of my bronchitis. I may add that I address you this attestation of my own accord and without having been asked for it by any one. Your sincerely, RENE BAUSET.

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Cardinal Gibbons will celebrate his silver episcopal jubilee on Aug. 16.

The Peter's Pence collection in the archdiocese of Cincinnati amounted to \$7,000.

The archbishops and bishops of Brazil have issued a joint letter, emphatic in its tone, in favor of the restoration of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See.

The pilgrimage for Jerusalem in connection with the Eucharistic Congress, will start from Marseilles on April 12th. Inquiries may be addressed to the secretary's office, 8, Rue Francois Ier, Paris.

The Pope has created something of a stir in Church and Government circles in Rome by cancelling an order, which has been long in vogue, prohibiting Italian army officers in uniform from visiting the observatory at the Vatican.

It is announced that Mgr. Satolli, the Papal delegate, and Cardinal Gibbons are to visit Toledo, O., with a view to adjusting the differences that have long existed between the several Catholic clergymen of that city on the separate school question.

Hon. James Campbell, the last survivor of President Pierce's Cabinet of 1853, died a few days ago in Philadelphia, aged eighty-two years. He was the only Irish Catholic who ever occupied a Cabinet position. This was the only Cabinet which never had a change.

There are now in the United States half a dozen bishops and several hundred priests who were educated at the missionary college of All Hallows, near Dublin, Ireland. It is proposed to organize them into an alumni association and have a reunion at Chicago during the World's Fair.

General de Leo, who will officially convey to the Pope the congratulations of the Emperor of Germany on the occasion of his Holiness's Episcopal Jubilee, has always been regarded as the confidential man of the Catholic Centre Party, and the future Catholic candidate for the high office of Chancellor of the German Empire.

The occasion of the marriage of the Princess Marie of Edinburgh at Sigmaringen, the German Emperor held a long conversation with the Benedictine, Father Walter, the mitred abbot of Beuren, and drank to his health at the banquet. The King of Roumania conferred on the abbot the Roumanian Order of the Crown.

"Long live the Pope of the working men!" was one of the acclamations which greeted Leo XIII, on a recent semi-public appearance in Rome, and one which shows that the Italian wage earners are as well acquainted as the rest of the world with the signal benefits which His Holiness, by his famous encyclical "On the Condition of Labor," bestowed upon the laboring classes of the whole world.

A gentleman who lately had occasion to call at the residence of President-elect Cleveland, in New York, says that the place of honor, on the wall at the head of the main drawing room, was occupied by a beautiful bronze plaque of the Madonna and Child. It is a fine, artistic piece of work, well harmonizing with the tasteful surroundings. Under it was a Florentine chair, on the back of which is a profile of Savonarola.

An international exhibition of Catholic art is proposed for London, in 1895, the place to be the site of the great Catholic cathedral of Westminster. It is thought that monasteries, churches, private chapels and collections belonging to devout Catholics can be reckoned on to furnish many interesting objects for such an exhibition. Not only are Great Britain and Ireland, but the continent also is expected to contribute.

Some of the gifts presented to the Holy Father on the occasion of such events as he is now commemorating are odd enough. At the time of his golden sacerdotal jubilee he received, among other things, a bicycle and a sewing machine; and already this year he has had a couple of shawls presented to him. The shawls in question, though, are magnificent ones, embroidered in gold, and His Holiness will doubtless find some use for them. What the givers expected the aged Pontiff to do with a bicycle or a sewing machine, though, is rather hard to see.

Bishop Keane scored a number of remarkable successes during his recent visit to Boston and vicinity, and won un-

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qualified praise from the daily press for the admirable tact and wisdom he displayed in the addresses which he delivered thereabouts. His biggest triumph occurred at Cambridge, where he was introduced to his audience by President Eliot of Harvard, who, in a characteristically manly way, paid a merited tribute to the Catholic church for its zeal in the cause of education.

The Very Rev. Father Martin, the General of the Jesuits, after leaving England passed through Holland. At Mestricht, where the Society of Jesus has its chief house in Holland, he received an ovation from the Catholics of the town, and many of the Dutch Jesuits were assembled at the college to greet him. The address of welcome was read by a notable man, Father Van Gestel, who was an advocate before he entered the Jesuit novitiate, and whose works on jurisprudence are used as text books in the Protestant University of Groningen.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

Who is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets
Braving storm and earthquake shock?
Who is she her arms extending,
Blessing thus a world restored,
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

As the moon its splendour borrows
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Draws His Church her sacred light;
Touched by His, her hands have healing,
Bread of life, absolving key:
Christ incarnate is her Bridegroom;
The Spirit hers, His temple she—
Hers the kingdom, hers the scepter!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth, whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Empires rise and sink like billows,
Vanish and are seen no more;
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks their wild uproar.
Hers the household all-embracing,
Hers the vine that shadows earth;
Rest thy children, mighty Mother,
Safe the stranger at thy hearth.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth, whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Like her Bridegroom, heavenly, human,
Crowned and militant in one,
Chanting nature's great assumption
And the abusement of the Son,
Her Magnificats, her dirges,
Harmonize the jarring years;
Hands that fling to heaven the censor
Wipe away the orphan tears.
Hers the kingdom, hers the scepter!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

AUBREY DE VERE.

A SUCCESSFUL JOB.

"Bill," said the piano merchant to the man who swept the office, "I want you to go down the street and tune a piano for a family. They're in a great hurry or I wouldn't ask you to do it, but the regular tuner has gone for the day."
"I can't tune pianos," replied the man.
"Oh, yes, you can," said the dealer cheerfully. "Just open the lid and you'll see a lot of keys. Give 'em a few twists so as to tighten the wires, thump on the keyboard like a crazy man for fifteen minutes, charge them four dollars, and then come back in time to put the coal in."
And the sweeper did it. That evening the daughter of the house remarked to her fiance:
"How charmingly he tuned it! I was never able to play Wagner's music so deliciously."—*New York Herald*,

The Catholic Population of Our Indian Empire.

Through the courtesy of Mr. F. A. Baines, Census Commissioner for India, we are enabled to give our readers, from the hitherto unpublished returns of the census of 1891, a complete statement of the number of Catholics, Native, Eurasian and European, in our Indian Empire—which politically includes Burma, but excludes Ceylon. Of course the French and Portuguese territories are also excluded from the British census. The following table gives all those who returned themselves as Roman Catholics in the last census:—

	ROMAN CATHOLICS BY CENSUS, 1891.			
	Total	Europeans	Europe-Asians	Natives
Ajmer.....	598	203	244	151
Assam.....	734	101	181	452
Bengal.....	89,796	5,552	6,182	78,196
Berar.....	541	56	69	41
Bombay, Suid and Aden.....	118,364	7,087	4,655	106,622
Burivia.....	24,542	2,500	4,193	17,759
Central Provinces.....	5,336	1,094	768	3,475
Coorg.....	2,588	16	112	2,460
Madras.....	565,159	5,601	18,507	549,051
N. W. P. and Oudh.....	10,313	6,850	1,589	1,944
Panjab.....	7,054	5,331	643	1,080
Quetta.....	607	571	35	91
Audamans.....	57	12	8	37
Hyderabad.....	10,274	1,743	929	8,102
Baroda.....	238	30	50	218
Mysore.....	26,518	1,410	17,57	23,312
Rajputana.....	589	153	149	36
Central India.....	1,574	635	240	739
Bombay States.....	5,916	90	158	6,065
Madras States.....	442,861	90	535	442,239
Central Province States.....	211	11	44	157
Bengal States.....	323	9	16	296
N. W. Province Panjab.....	11	9	2	2
Shanoutford.....	59	34	13	13
	19	11	2	6
Provinces.....	1,315,263	35,645	36,089	1,243,529
Native States.....	825,807	31,907	32,213	761,687
Native States.....	489,156	3,738	3,816	481,622

It will be observed that the upper part of the table gives the numbers divided among the various provinces and states seriatim, the lower part gives the same returns divided into the two sections of British Provinces and Native States.

The census of 1891 returned the total number of Catholics at 963,059; but as Sir William Hunter shewed (Gazette of India vol. vi., page 265), this was erroneous by about 100,000 Serian Catholics being omitted, so that the real total should have been 1,063,059. Our ten year's increase has been, therefore, close upon 300,000 all told.

It is more interesting to observe that the official census shows that we have really under-estimated our strength. An esteemed correspondent has made a careful and minute comparison with the statistics published by the Madras Catholic Directory of 1892 and the Propaganda annual *Missiones Catholicae* of the same year; and he finds that our two Catholic hand-books actually under-state our numbers by something like 57,000. Our ecclesiastical authorities, therefore, cannot be accused of exaggerating our strength.

Our readers will probably remember that the 1891 census has given 302,127 Catholics for Ceylon. Of the number of Catholics in the purely French and Portuguese possessions (whose entire population is about 800,000), we find, in careful calculation that the total is 308,262. As India ecclesiastically embraces Ceylon, but excludes Burma, we may, by exchanging the figures for the two

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countries, conclude that the total Catholic population in charge of the Indian hierarchy is about 1,592,729, plus the Catholics of French and Portuguese India, or altogether 1,900,991.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions*.

HOW SHE KNEW.

AGENT—Mawning, ma'am; Don't you want your children's lives insured? The lady next door has insured every one of hers.

Mother—I knew that before I got acquainted with her.

Agent—How so?

Mother—Because she allows them to play on the railroad track, and walk on the pond in a thaw, and hang half way out of a third-story window, and make mud-pies in the middle of the street when there is a runaway team coming, and hang by their heels over a bridge, and play with matches. How do I know? Why, I can tell by the lines around her mouth and the steel-like glitter of her eye that she would poison them if she dared. Now, you can clear out of here!—*John Spotton, in Wade's Fibre and Fabric*.

Immaculate Virgin, chosen from all eternity by the great and all-holy Father who consecrated you, with your holy and well-beloved Son, and the Holy Spirit the Comforter, in you is the fullness of grace and every good.—*St. Francis of Assisi*.

Labor, calling, profession, scholarship, and artificial and arbitrary distinctions of all sorts, are incidents and accidents of life and pass away. It is only manhood that remains, and it is only by manhood that man is to be measured.—*J. G. Holland*.

The mother's yearning, that completed type of the life in another life, which is the essence of real human love, feels the presence of the cherished child, even in the base, degraded man.—*George Eliot*.

No! No! No!

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266 St. James Street and at Stations.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Several deaths from cholera have occurred in Marseilles.

The destruction of property by floods in Australia will amount to \$15,000,000.

The trial of Hugh O'Donnell for murder, was begun at Pittsburgh last week.

An earthquake has destroyed all the buildings on the island of Samothreki, in the Aegean Sea.

The French Chamber of Deputies, by 315 to 186, voted confidence in the Ministry Thursday.

Me. de Lesseps says that her husband is dying and may never hear of the adverse sentence against him.

President Harrison has sent a message to the Senate recommending the annexation of the Sandwich Islands.

In mid-ocean a storm struck the steamer Pomeranian, and twelve of the passengers and crew were swept overboard.

Madam Lattes, a snake-charmer, during a performance at Hamilton, O., was nearly strangled by a monster serpent that encircled her neck.

M. Eiffel, Fontaine and Colta have appealed against the findings of the Chamber of Indictments committing them for trial on the charge of corrupting public officials.

The St. Petersburg Novoe Vremya says it is doubtless a fact that at the conclusion of the treaties between Russia and the United States the two former Powers undertook to abstain from assisting any opponent of the United States.

Mr. Blaine's will was presented for probate at Augusta, Me., last week. With the exception of bequests of \$50 each to his children, and \$25 each to his grandchildren, barring Marie Nevins' son, he leaves all his property to his wife.

A family named Tiechtenborg, consisting of husband, wife and two children, living near Sioux City, Iowa, are victims of trichinosis poisoning. The father is expected to die momentarily, and the two children cannot live. The woman will probably recover. They ate pork sausage improperly cooked.

Dr. C. O. Probet, secretary of the Ohio State Board of Health, asks the co-operation of the local Protestant pastors' union in abolishing the use of the same cup in the administration of Communion wine. He says that the common use of a cup furnishes the most certain and dangerous method of transmitting disease.

Three trains conveying 534 English pilgrims, have just reached Rome to congratulate the Pope on his episcopal jubilee. The party has the Duke of Norfolk as its lay head, and is accompanied by the Bishop of Nottingham as chief chaplain. On Friday they arrived in Rome, where they were met by Cardinal Vaughan, who introduced them to the Pope.

Engineers have been making surveys of Alaska for New York and British capitalists, to establish a branch there of an all-rail line around the world. Two-thirds of the distance of the contemplated route in Siberia was surveyed twelve years ago. The route would be extended to Africa by bridging the Suez Canal.

The name of five members of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet are: Walter G. Gresham, of Illinois, Secretary of State; John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury; Daniel S. Lamont, of New York, Secretary of War; Wilson S. Bissel, of Buffalo, Postmaster-General; Hoke Smith, of Georgia, Secretary of the Interior.

Although it is a dozen years now since Bishop Dubuis, the predecessor of Bishop Gallagher in the Galveston diocese, sent his resignation of that See to Rome, it was only last month that the resignation was formally accepted and a new title found for him. Mgr. Dubuis is now titular Bishop of Arca, in partibus, and as soon as he was transferred thither, the title of Bishop of Galveston was conferred on Dr. Gallagher.

An alarm of fire, attended with tragic results, occurred in Leipzig, Germany, Wednesday night. Schaeffer's restaurant was thronged with people about midnight, that being the time when many returning from the theatres and concerts had stopped to take supper. Suddenly some one cried "Fire." The throng of men and women immediately started to escape. A wild panic prevailed, and everybody made a rush to get through the only place of egress, a

narrow passage way. This was soon blocked by a struggling mass of people, who prevented each other from escaping. Women shrieked and fainted, and even men were helpless in the frantic struggle. Those who fell were immediately trampled upon and had the life crushed out of them, and others were jammed against the walls. When at length brought back to their senses, it was found that six persons had been killed in the panic and perhaps fatally injured. The fire which had caused the panic was a comparatively slight affair.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

The Address to the English Pilgrims That Was Read in All the Catholic Churches of England.

The appended translation of the address of the clergy and laity of England to the Holy Father, which (in accordance with a resolution of the Bishops' annual meeting of May 11th, 1892) is to be presented to His Holiness on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee, was read at the churches and chapels throughout England. The address runs as follows:

Most Holy Father:—The desire to celebrate a solemn jubilee in honor of the fiftieth year of your Episcopal consecration, draws to Rome, from all parts of the world, a large number of pilgrims anxious to offer their congratulations to Your Holiness, and to manifest at the same time their sincere sentiments of fidelity to the See of St. Peter and of veneration for your sacred person. We Catholics of England, forming as we do only a small contingent of your most numerous family, are second to none in our loyalty and devotion to the Vicar of Christ, and therefore we have organized this pilgrimage in order to offer to Your Holiness the expression of our best wishes for your happiness on the most auspicious occasion. It is now fifteen years since you first occupied the See of Peter, and during that time the whole world has admired the prudence and courage of your rule; and the Catholic Church throughout the universe has listened with reverence and applause to the many and most important encyclicals issued by you, whether on social subjects and the constitution of Christian society or relating to holiness of life and the private duties of the Christian family.

But, besides the most grave motives, common to all, there are special ties which bind us Catholics of England to Rome and to Your Holiness. One of your predecessors in the Roman Pontificate, the glorious St. Gregory the Great, was deservedly styled by Bede "the Apostle of England" because he was the first to undertake the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons from paganism. He it was that planted the Church amongst the English, and the Metropolitan See of Canterbury, whose Archbishop for upwards of nine centuries postulated and received the Pallium from the Roman Pontiffs, thereby making solemn acknowledgment that the Church in England derived its origin and jurisdiction from the Church of Rome. During those many centuries, pilgrimages were frequently undertaken from England to Rome by persons of all grades, ecclesiastical and secular, sometimes for devotion, and sometimes in order to submit to the supreme judgment of the Holy See matters of Church discipline and grave and important ecclesiastical causes. To record one instance among many, it is now more than a thousand years since, in the year 847, one of your illustrious predecessors, bearing the same name as Your Holiness, Saint Leo IV., graciously and with great pomp received a numerous deputation, consisting of all grades of society, from the kingdom of Wessex, in England, and at the earnest request of Ethelwulf, their king, confirmed young Alfred, the King's youngest son, a boy of seven years old, adopted him for his son, and foretold his future elevation to the throne.

After the schism of King Henry VIII. in the sixteenth century, and subsequently under Elizabeth and her successors, the Catholics in England who remained faithful to the Holy See were subjected for more than two centuries to a most cruel persecution. In those awful times the care and watchfulness of the Roman Pontiffs were more than ever solicitous for the needs of the suffering Catholics. The venerable College of St. Thomas in Rome and the other seminaries founded in various parts of Catholic Europe were the work of their Apostolic care. From these went forth those generous priests and confessors who, at the cost of endless suffering and of their very lives, kept alive the smouldering embers of the Faith in England. It is one of the glories of your pontificate to have raised to the honors of the altar Blessed John Fisher, Cardinal, Blessed Thomas More, and over fifty other glorious heroes who shed their blood in England for the Catholic Faith, and in testimony of their fidelity to the Roman Pontiff, Head of the Church and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Those sad times have passed, and at the present day Catholics are not only free from persecution in England, but throughout the extent of the vast Empire of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria the Catholic Church enjoys the fullest liberty. The return of peace has caused no diminution in the fostering care of the Supreme Pontiffs for our country. Pope Pius IX., of glorious and salutary memory, established once more the Hierarchy in England, as St. Gregory had formerly done; and through the Church of Rome he restored in the nineteenth century that continuity of Apostolic succession which had been broken in England in the sixteenth. The Pallium which the Archbishop of Westminster receives from the Roman Pontiff, and which recently your Holiness was graciously pleased to send to our newly-appointed Metropolitan, testifies that the Catholic Church of England is this day as fully united to the Roman Pontiff as it was in the days of St. Augustine, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas. As Pius IX., re-established in England the Hierarchy, so you, Holy Father, by regulations full of wisdom, have made provision for the due course of ecclesiastical discipline, so that the constitutions which have emanated from you in this respect have not only proved highly satisfactory in our country, but have served as a model for similar regulations throughout the Church.

The revered names of Cardinals Weld, and Acton, and Wiseman, and Manning, and

Howard, and Newman, call to mind the affection which Roman Pontiffs have borne to our country; and of this you, Most Holy Father, have even now given a new pledge, by graciously raising to the sublime dignity of Cardinal of Holy Church our Metropolitan, Archbishop Vaughan, of Westminster, a Prelate who, by reason of his personal qualities, of family traditions, and of the many labors undertaken by him for the Church during a long episcopate, is regarded by all as a worthy representative of the loyalty and devotion cherished by the Catholics of England towards the See of Peter, and towards the venerated Pontiff who occupies it at the present day amidst universal applause.

Whilst for these, and for many other favors granted to our country by you and your predecessors, we tender to you, Most Holy Father, our most sincere thanks, and whilst we warmly re-iterate you on your Jubilee, it would have been to us an additional happiness if we had been able also to congratulate you on the improved state of the surroundings of the Holy See. But we grieve to notice that the rights of the Holy See are still violated, and that your personal liberty, so necessary for the government of the Universal Church, is still subject to unworthy restraint. You, Most Holy Father, with Apostolic courage have not ceased to protest against such injustices. We join our protest to yours, ready as we are to do anything in our power to help to remedy these evils; and we earnestly pray God that, to the many glories which have dignified your Pontificate, He may be graciously pleased to add the crowning one of blessing your efforts and prolonging your years, so that you may witness in your days the triumph of justice and of peace.

Lastly, we humbly place at your feet the offerings which we have collected in honor of your Jubilee, and, prostrate before you, Most Holy Father, we beg of you to grant to all of us, clergy and laity, and to our whole nation, your Paternal and Apostolic Benediction.

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. D. Colquhoun, Q.C., County Court Judge, was presented with white gloves at Newry Quarter Sessions on Tuesday, Jan. 31st, there being no criminal cases for hearing.

The zealous parish priest of Carnacon, Rev. Father O'Donohoe, has opened up negotiations on behalf of the tenants on the Ballintubber property with the landlord, Mr. George Moore, with a view to its purchase.

The Most Rev. Dr. MacRedmond has left the Bishop's house, Ashline, Ennis, to join the pilgrimage to Rome. His Lordship takes with him as an offering to His Holiness, from the Catholics of the Diocese, a sum of £1,050.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel has generously contributed a sum of £20 towards the funds of St. Vincent de Paul Society, Thurles. A collection was made from house to house in aid of the funds by the Rev. Father Hickey, C.C., and others, and proved a very great success.

The death is announced at the Convent of Mercy, Ennis, of Sister Mary Gertrude, sister of Mr. J. T. Lingard, J. P., in her sixty-fifth year. She had been an invalid for the past eighteen years. The Bishop of Killaloe presided at the Requiem service, and there was a very large number of clergymen present.

At a large and representative public meeting held at Nenagh, under the presidency of the Very Rev. Dr. White, P.P., V. G., a resolution was passed expressing disapproval of the compromise lately made regarding the admission of certain Christian schools to the benefits of the Education Endowment, which injuriously affects towns like Nenagh, and deciding to lay their views before Mr. Morley.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, made a tour of East Donegal with the priests of the division recently, and gave the pledge to very many, over 3,000 names having been enrolled in the parishes of Taughboyne, All Saints, Raymochy, Raphoe, and Convoys. At Drumkeen Chapel there were seven hundred names enrolled, when His Lordship delivered an eloquent address.

A great shock was experienced by his many friends on hearing of the death of the Very Rev. Canon Donnelly, which event took place rather suddenly on Monday, Jan. 30th. The Rev. gentleman had celebrated Mass and given Benediction on Sunday, and that evening he got ill and never rallied. Apoplexy was the cause of his death. The Very Rev. Canon had been for twenty years parish priest of Magherafelt, and was much esteemed. Father Donnelly has left many works to attest his zeal. He had attained his seventy-second. R. I. P.

A CURE FOR DYSPESIA.

Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Purifiers is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with best results.

A man never realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through his house in the dark.—Etoile Belge.

THE DEAR MOTHERS

OF CANADA!

ONE WHO SUFFERED

POINTS OUT THE WAY TO LIFE!

The Great Deliverer

Is Unfailing and Sure!

Try It Weary And Suffering Mother!

Heaven bless the dear mothers of Canada; they suffer silently and patiently, sometimes for years. Many endeavor to shake off the toils of disease and suffering through the use of the numberless patent nostrums with which the country is now flooded. All such efforts are futile and ineffectual; these medicines have neither power nor virtue, and the use of them means waste of time and increased suffering.



MRS. C. HUMBLE.

The wise and prudent, like Mrs. C. Humble, of Brockville, Ont., always make use of Paine's Celery Compound, woman's friend and benefactor. This grand remedy is the greatest boon ever given to frail, weak, exhausted and overworked women.

Mrs. Humble writes as follows:—"For about a year past I have been in a terribly poor state of health brought on by overwork, caring for a family of small children. I was so nervous and completely unstrung that to sleep or rest seemed impossible. My husband often remarked, that I had become a different woman from what I used to be. It would be impossible for me to find words to tell you how much I suffered both in body and mind.

Only two weeks ago I decided to procure a bottle of your Paine's Celery Compound; and now, before the first bottle is all done, I am quite restored to my former good health; I can sleep easily, and feel no inconvenience from eating regularly a full meal. I am thankful that I heard of the God-given remedy for nervousness, sleeplessness and general run-down state into which so many of humanity like myself have fallen.

You are at liberty to make use of these statements as you choose. I only wish every poor sickly, nervous, and tired woman would cast off all doubt as to the efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound to restore quickly and surely to perfect health.

MRS. C. HUMBLE.

THE MERRY JESTERS.

Bessie—He was very impudent. He put his arm around me twice.

Jessie—Humph! He must have had a very long arm.—Puck.

He (fondly)—My love has no end.

She (quickly)—Hasn't it? Well, you want to make a limit mighty quick. Let it end with me and go no further.—Vogue.

Don't attempt to drown your sorrow in drink; you will find that sorrow can swim.—Texas Siftin'.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.

Headache arises from constipation, bad blood, dyspepsia or liver complaint. As B.B.H. cures all these complaints it is naturally the most successful headache cure existing. Once the cause is removed the headache vanishes.

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WEDNESDAY.....MARCH 1, 1893

PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEES.

There is one point in connection with the Parliamentary proceedings at Ottawa, to which we wish to call special attention. It is well known that a good deal of the most important work of each session finds its accomplishment in the labors of the different standing committees, appointed by both Houses for the purpose of examining into, and reporting upon, the various knotty and tangled questions relating to legislation and the public service, that, from time to time, crop up. Of these useful bodies, there is none whose duties are of a more responsible nature, or whose actions more nearly concern the vital interests of the country, than that having charge of the public accounts. We cannot but remember how, two sessions ago, this committee, roused to abnormal activity, through the representations of the press and the charges made by members of the House, was the means of unearthing irregularities and abuses among government officials, that by their magnitude and number, the wide-spread venality and corruption in high places they revealed, struck the community with consternation and horror, causing honest and patriotic Canadians to hang their heads in shame, and tremble for the safety, the stability of their institutions. Whatever disposition might exist, in some quarters, to screen the offenders, there was but one feeling, one universal wish expressed by the people and the press of the country, that the work of detection and excision should go on until a thorough reformation had been effected. This laudable wish, however, has unfortunately not been realized. The sudden energy displayed in ferretting out and prosecuting the offenders, proved to be spasmodic and transitory—subsiding as rapidly as it had been called into existence. What was the cause of this regrettable result? The epidemic of feverish, puritanic zeal that at that time had seized the Parliamentary committees, having expended itself—in the reactionary languor that followed, they were led delusively to dream that all the cases requiring their attention had been exhausted; or that, having made "examples" of a few of the unmasked delinquents, these would be sufficient to deter others, for all time to come, from venturing on similar courses? If so, we can assure them that in both cases, they were egregiously mistaken. Not only were all the actual malefactors not discovered; but on others, who as yet could boast a blameless record, the effect of the disclosures made and the

punishments inflicted was, there is reason to fear, anything but a deterrent one. In any large body, constituted as is the Civil Service at Ottawa, there must always be a number, greater or smaller, of potential characters, who, if they have not lapsed from the paths of rectitude, have been prevented from doing so only by the absence of temptation or opportunity, the lack of ingenuity to devise and the courage to put into effect ways and means, for the indulgence of their lawless propensities. To such the revelations made of the methods pursued by so many plunderers of the public treasury, would furnish the very hints they required for putting their own evil designs into practice; while the light penalty inflicted on those of the misdemeanants who had been punished at all, and the complete immunity enjoyed by others—especially the higher officials—from any punishment whatever, would still embolden them to imitate examples they were naturally so much inclined to follow. Indeed, from what has come to our knowledge, we are forced to the conclusion that some of these novices, in the arts of over-reaching and double-dealing, have succeeded not only in faithfully copying their models, but in several cases have even gone beyond them.

It is possible, however, that the committee investigations have been interrupted because of some other means or agencies the Government and Parliament may have in contemplation for regulating and supervising the public service. In point of fact, a Civil Service Commission was appointed, which, after making some inquiries and submitting a report, disappeared from the scene,—and that, as far as we are aware, has been the end of the matter. And now a bill is before the House, providing for the creation of a supervisor of the service, who would certainly require to be Argus-eyed and Balaerus-armed to exercise all the vigilance and discharge all the duties, that the position, with its Herculean tasks and responsibilities, must demand of him. Meantime, the reprehensible practices that had been going on for years, unsuspected by the country, and that, perhaps, would never have been brought to light without the inquisitions of Parliamentary committees, are flourishing as rampantly as ever. That we do not exaggerate the matter, the following few statements of facts will serve to show:

In a certain department an extra employee does work to the amount of \$150. He is requested by his superior officer to make out an account, and also a receipt, for that amount, in duplicate. Both accounts are paid—the proceeds of one going into the pocket of the superior officer, those of the other being received by the subordinate, whose name appears in the published returns for two sums of \$150 each—entered, however, under two different votes, in different sections of the blue book, in order the better to cover up the fraud. The poor employee in all probability never learns to what "base uses" his name has been applied—the study of blue books not being in his line—or, if the matter should come to his knowledge, he carefully refrains from making any allusion to it—fearing the wrath of his superior, and the inevitable dismissal which would follow.

Again, an item in the Public Accounts represents a party of the name, say of J. Smith, as an employee in the department, receiving pay at the rate of \$2.00 a day. No such person exists; no work has ever been done for the money paid. A relative of the Deputy Minister, however, under this fictitious name, for

fictitious services, regularly appropriates the cash—the only real thing about the whole rascally transaction.

And most of all—because, in this case, the blackest inhumanity is joined to the meanest chicanery—a poor woman, the deserving widow of a worthy civil servant, who died in harness, is refused pay for work actually done, on the plea that, not having passed the examination, she is not entitled to it. The money is nevertheless, drawn and safely deposited in the yawning pocket of the ogreish deputy head of the department. This may seem incredible, but the fact can be vouched for.

We pause here, though not by any means at the end of our list. This last outrage should of itself be sufficient to arouse the authorities to immediate and vigorous action. If the dark recesses, the crooked labyrinths of the Civil Service at Ottawa, come to be explored, many such acts of cruelty, oppression, injustice and fraud, now carefully covered up, would be revealed. The Government and Parliament owe it to themselves and the people of whose interests they are guardians, to the respectable, upright and faithful members of the service—and we are glad to know there are many such—in maintenance of their self-respect, in vindication of their rights as men and their privileges as free-born citizens, to see that an effectual stop is put to such disgraceful proceedings, and the possibility of having them repeated, forever removed. This at present can be done only through the action of the Public Accounts and other Parliamentary Committees. Let the work of investigation, that was so unwisely and unwarrantedly discontinued, be at once resumed, and all who have charges to make, be encouraged to make them, free from intimidation and without fear of consequences; let these charges be considered carefully and judged impartially, and let swift and condign punishment be meted out to the guilty, without regard to the position of the offender, his race, religion, political influence or party services. Such a course alone can satisfy the demands of justice and the requirements of the public service.

JOHN KNOX.

There is no more classic city in the British Isles than old Edinburgh; there is no more picturesque city in the world. The sixteenth century seems to stare at the nineteenth across the High Street, and the modern improvements of our electric age stare back at the relics of medievalism in every quarter of the town from the Cowgate to the Castle. In presence of Arthur's Seat, and commanding a prospect the equal of which is not in Europe, both for natural variety and historic memories, the Scotch Capital resembles a huge turtle. Its head is the Castle: its back bone is the High street, and all the ribs run down from it, on either side, in the form of allies or wynds. The history of Edinburgh is rich and romantic. It has witnessed many a scene that history has forgotten but which lives in the traditions of good "Auld Reekie." Scott has immortalized many a spot in and around the Capital. What tragedies have been enacted upon that stage: what persecutions have been witnessed from those ancient windows; what royalty and beauty; what poverty and rags; what pageants of princes and tartaned chieftains; what border forays; what highland and lowland feuds; what deeds of blood and acts of mad fanaticism; how many blows struck "by the saints of God;" what frenzied enthusiasm of misguided covenanters; what scenes in Holyrood! But of all the spots

in Edinburgh to which traditions cling and of which stories are told, the most conspicuous and most memorable is that house on the High Street, from the window of which John Knox thundred forth his curses upon the Catholic Faith, or that place in the Canongate where he incited his frantic followers to all kinds of outrage and religious persecution.

It appears that the fervid Protestants of Bonnie Scotland are seriously thinking of erecting a grand monument, in some conspicuous place in Edinburgh, to the memory of John Knox. This is not at all wonderful, and will probably be carried into execution during the course of the coming summer. At first sight we might be led to suppose that the building of a monument to the memory of the great Papist-killer of the sixteenth century would be a menace to the good Catholics of Edinburgh, and an insult to their Faith. It might be so intended; but it would fail in both objects. We agree with the *Liverpool Catholic Times* when it expresses the opinion that such a tribute to John Knox might serve a very good purpose.

Had the Roman, or Italian, anticlericals and infidels never erected a statue to that monster of immorality and apostate of the worst order, Giordano Bruno, perhaps not one in five thousand would have ever inquired into the life of the man, or asked who he was. But the enemies of the Church, in order to insult the Vicar of Christ, rescued Bruno's name from the oblivion into which it had sunk, merely to hold it up to the contemplation and criticism of the world, therefore to a thorough examination into the life and works of that idol of the sectaries. As a result the character of Bruno was revealed in all its deformity and blackness, and the monument intended to perpetuate his fame has become a lasting memorial of his iniquities and corruption.

So it is with that of John Knox. Let the good and enthusiastic Protestants of Edinburgh, or of all Scotland, undertake to immortalize, in marble, the founder of the most intolerant of all heresies, and the moment their work commences, the Catholics, as well as Protestants of other denominations, will be stimulated to study the history of the fire-brand preacher of the days of old. Decidedly the Catholics of Scotland are amongst the most fervent and steadfast children of the Church; they have suffered countless persecutions for their Faith, and they have been silent upon the subject; they have travelled a *via dolorosa* of affliction for the sake of the truth within them; and they have passed through a fiery furnace, protected by the angel of God that watches over the destinies of the Church in Scotland. This movement on the part of their bitter opponents may stimulate them to study well the life and works—public and private—of John Knox, and then to awaken, even in Protestants, a desire to read up the true history of this hero of the hour. "It would be the first step to the conversion of the Scottish people that they should be induced to carefully learn the history of John Knox and his times, and revise their traditional ideas as to the rebellion of that era." This remark is taken from the *Catholic Times*.

Not only might the movement in question lead to some more light being cast upon the darkness of Knox's story and the blackness of that age's history, but the good Catholics of Edinburgh might be prompted to out do their fellow-citizens of Protestant persuasion, and to erect a fitting monument to the the martyred Queen Mary. "Catholics have everything to gain and nothing to lose from a comparison of the characters, principles and aims of Scotch Catholics

of the sixteenth century and those of their enemies." Contrast the characters of the turbulent and vicious-spirited John Knox, and the beautiful, loving and loveable, but so sadly unfortunate and basely betrayed, Mary Queen of Scots. That one contrast alone will suffice; if studied well it should serve to convert all Scotland to the Catholic Faith.

IMMIGRATION.

From Ottawa despatches we learn that the Government has decided upon landing all the immigrant passengers during the coming season, at Quebec instead of at Montreal, as heretofore. The enactment applies to third class passengers only and has no reference to the intermediate or the cabin passengers. The reason given by the Government for this change is the lack of proper accommodation in Montreal. Quebec is provided with a good immigrant shed, which it is intended to utilize next season. Montreal, on the other hand, is not so well equipped. Still, we have a good, serviceable building on Commissioners street, adjacent to the wharves, in which from 50 to 100 persons can be accommodated at a time. The case here is not nearly as bad as represented. We know that as many as 150 were sheltered there at one time. The building requires furnishing, more bedsteads and such like necessaries. Moreover, we have no doubt but that the newly-appointed agent will exert himself considerably this year in putting everything in good order for the better reception of the trans-Atlantic immigrants.

A suggestion has been made that if the Government, or the Montreal City Council, would erect a few temporary sheds on the wharf, in which to shelter the immigrants during the very short time that they are obliged to remain in that locality, it would suffice for all requirements. It is well known that last summer the two great railway lines contended with each other to have the immigrants transferred to their respective depots as rapidly as possible. The G. T. R. has had busses expressly built for that purpose, while the C.P.R. station is in the vicinity of the wharves, and the transfer is very short.

When we state that Quebec is provided with a good immigration shed we said about all that can be advanced in its favor. Ninety per cent, if not more, of the immigrants are obliged to come to Montreal, which is the great distributing centre, the place whence they radiate in all directions to their respective destinations. They are consequently obliged to come to this city by rail, if they are landed in the former. Just imagine the inconvenience and expense of two unnecessary trans-shipments. To be hustled out in Quebec; then into the cars; to be finally transferred from the cars to the depot sheds or platform in Montreal, to await another change to whatever train is to take them to their ultimate destination. On the face of it the arrangement cannot be in the interests of the immigrants; decidedly it is for the benefit of the steamship companies and the railway lines. This is so obvious that all argument or explanation would be superfluous. The scheme instead of facilitating the transporting of the immigrants only retards it; and instead of decreasing merely augments cost and expenses.

The fact that Quebec has a good immigrant shed (and nothing else) seems to us to weigh lightly in the balance against the hardships which will have to be endured by the poor strangers landing on our shores. To illustrate, let us take a family consisting of a man, wife and four children. They are bound for

Montreal, or for some place west, to reach which they must come by way of this city. And this, we repeat, is the case of over ninety per cent. of the immigrants. Not one in a thousand goes east of Quebec. These people are put off at Quebec and are obliged to take train for Montreal. The inconvenience and extra cost of this double transferring of the family and the baggage is evidently not taken into consideration. Now, let us suppose the members of this family are received into the immigrant shed at Quebec, what provision is made for their maintenance? None whatsoever. The Government will incur no expense for the provisions and other necessaries. The immigrants are deprived of the two or three meals that the steamship company would have had to give them on the way to Montreal, and the company is that much ahead, while it escapes all responsibility for them.

We may be asked, "Who is to blame for this lack of adequate accommodations in Montreal?" The answer is a lengthy one, and would require considerable explanation. But we may briefly say: the Government, the Montreal Board of Trade, the City Council, the National and Benevolent societies that profess to look after immigrants, and all citizens who claim to take an active part in these matters. We think that it is the duty of all who are interested in preventing the port of Montreal from being thus degraded by such a blow to unite in protesting and strongly petitioning the Government to reconsider the matter before effect is given to the Order-in-Council. Also, they should ask that suitable immigration buildings should be erected in some convenient locality in Montreal. Unless prompt action be taken it will be too late for this season's work. Quebec seems to have taken advantage of Montreal's apathy in these matters, and has certainly profited to the detriment of this, the natural chief port of the Dominion. But we must remember that Quebec has had an advantage over Montreal; she had two resident Ministers of the Crown, who were lavish in their patronage of the Ancient Capital. Take, for example, the immense sums spent on her Harbor Improvements, which included, of course, the immigrant sheds. Montreal's representative should have been made aware, by the city, of the necessity of having the moneys that were expended for Quebec immigration facilities equally divided and a fair share of that patronage given to this, the more important port. But that was not done; and, now, the next best thing would be for our City Council, our Board of Trade, and our leading and interested citizens to do all in their power—with the aid of their different representatives in Ottawa—to check a measure that will decidedly degrade Montreal to a second class port.

We have no further comment to make. We have pointed out the danger, signalled the cause, suggested the preventative, and can merely await to see whether any action will be taken in the premises.

TWO GRAND CHARACTERS, two magnificent figures upon the rim of the nineteenth century, two monuments of genius upon which "forty centuries" to come will gaze: Leo XIII and Gladstone. The Pope had a long talk with Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Logue on the subject of Home Rule and the Queen's speech. In the course of the conversation Leo said: "Gladstone and I, although the two oldest leaders, have the youngest ideas." He is perfectly right and many generations may come and pass before the world will behold two such personages shining during the same period.

NON-INTOXICANT.

The Quebec Legislature has decided that lager beer is not an intoxicant: it contains only four per cent. of alcohol. In future, as far as this province is concerned, a person cannot, according to law, get drunk on lager beer, because that liquor is legally a non-intoxicant. It takes much longer for lager beer to produce an intoxicant effect than for ordinary ale or beer. Consequently, we must consider that this widely-used beverage is not an intoxicant. Next summer it may be sold in the parks on Sunday; men may go there and drink kegs full of it; they may stagger home sick, broken up, incoherent in language, zig-zag in gait; but they cannot get drunk upon it, because the law has declared that lager beer is not an intoxicant. Three or four glasses of ordinary beer will suffice to set some men drunk; the same persons could swallow ten or twelve glasses of lager before a similar effect would take place. Still the result is the same. On one occasion a man got drunk in an hour; on the next occasion it took him six hours to get drunk; in the first case he drank Dow's ale, in the second he swilled lager beer; on the former he was intoxicated, on the latter (the law says) he was sober.

Just follow this rare piece of legislation to its logical conclusion, or rather through all the ramifications of a labyrinth of reasonings ending in countless ridiculous conclusions, and try to be serious: you will find it a difficult task if you have any sense of the ludicrous. Every person knows, if not from experience at least from observation, that larger beer not only intoxicates, but brutalizes a man to a fearful degree. But the law of Quebec says that it is not an intoxicant. Some fine Sunday, during the coming summer, a man goes into one of the parks, spends the whole afternoon there, drinks ten or twelve glasses of larger, reels out upon the street, shouts and "breaks the peace" in some way or other. The law says he is not drunk, because he only drank larger beer, which is (legally-speaking) a non-intoxicant. The man cannot possibly be drunk. The neighbors may think he is, his wife and family may feel that he is, but the law says he is not in that state. Now, while this legally sober man is tearing along the street, a policeman undertakes to arrest him. To the human and fallible eyes of the poor officer the man is in a dangerous state of intoxication, and as a consequence he is "pulled in." This is evidently an illegal arrest. That man should have been allowed to go his ways; he could not be drunk: he had merely filled himself with a heavy load of lager, which the law says is a non-intoxicant.

In all justice that man should have an action of damages, not only for false arrest, but also for defamation of character against all who might have helped in spreading the injurious report that he was drunk on Sunday. The law that arrests him is the same that declares him innocent—because it has declared what he drank to be a non-intoxicant. If not exactly the same article of the law, at least both are upon the same statutes.

But it has been argued that, because it takes so long to become intoxicated with lager beer, that the liquor is a non-intoxicant. A pretty reasoning indeed! Provided the same result follows, what matter does it make—as far as the fact of ultimate intoxication is concerned—whether it takes one hour or four, five glasses or ten to produce that state? Reasoning upon the same line let us see at what conclusion we would arrive in the case of poison? Here is a drug that contains eighty per cent. of a deadly poison; here is another that only contains four per cent. of the same destruc-

tive material. One dose of the former will suffice to kill a person almost instantaneously; of the latter it would require several doses and constantly administered during a long period of time. A man administers a draught of the eighty per cent. poisonous drug, and his victim dies in a few hours: the man is arrested, tried for murder, found guilty and hanged. But another person, somewhat warned by the fate of the first one, administers the poison in the four per cent. form. It takes him full six months or a year before his victim dies. Meanwhile the legislature declares that the drug in question is not a poison, because it only contains four per cent. of poisonous matter. That man should not be tried for murder. It is true he succeeded in killing the one that he wished to get rid of, but he did not use a poison. (The law declared it was not one), and it took him a very long time—compared to the other—to accomplish his purpose.

We might go on *ad infinitum* with such like comparisons; but we think that we have said sufficient to clearly demonstrate the absurdity of a law that declares a liquor to be a non-intoxicant when hundreds upon hundreds, all over this Continent (especially in the summer time) go home blind drunk, or at best muddled from the effects of lager beer. The moment that this small hole is left unplugged in the dike that protects us from a Zadder Zee of alcoholism, we may expect to find the stronger intoxicants flowing in upon the land that is sought to be protected. What is to prevent ale and beer being sold from lager beer bottles? who is going to undertake the detection? what safeguard against swaggering drunkards upon the days when the public parks are frequented? The brutalized drinkers that cannot get liquor elsewhere will flock to the lager beer stand and fill themselves to the utmost. There is no intoxicant half as debasing as that same lager. It requires so much more of it to produce the exhilarating alcoholic effects that it over-loads the stomach and arouses the bile of the worse passions—anger, blasphemy, immorality. The man drunk with lager, or only semi-intoxicated, is very prone to loud talk, to quarrelling, to ugliness, and to the ungovernable passions that are still more dangerous to others than to himself. These are facts well known to every lager drinker, to every hotel-man, to every bartender, to every person who has observed carefully the effects of different liquors upon different characters. However, all that goes for nothing, since the Legislature has declared that lager beer is a non-intoxicant.

IT HAS BEEN denied, time and again by the anti-clericals, that the Jews and Masons of Italy hold the country by the throat, and are complete masters of the government. Italy is supposed to be a Catholic country, one of the most Catholic in the world. Its capital is the centre of the Catholic Faith, its population—or the great majority thereof—kneel at the altars of our Church. Italy contains thirty million people. In the whole country, from the Alps to the heel of the great boot, there are only twenty-five thousand Jews. Notwithstanding all this there are twenty Jewish members in the Chamber of Deputies, nearly one member for every thousand Jews. The rest of the population has about one member for every two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. All of these Jewish deputies—or mostly all—are Freemasons. The vast majority of the other deputies consists of Masons and members of secret organizations, freethinkers, atheists, all—without exception—enemies of the Church and the Pope.

FATHER MATT.

Oh! the golden days, the happy days,
The sunny days of youth,
When my heart was glad, and a simple lad
I walked in the paths of truth.
No worldly cares distracted my prayers
The Searcher of Hearts knows that,
When I hurried kneel, and repentant felt
At the feet of Father Matt.

The Soggarth Aroon in the leafy June
Of life-time watches his sheep;
And in winter years he dries the tears
Of the weary eyes that ween,
He gave us hope when the jill and rope
Laid the manhood of Ireland flat
'Neath the tyrant's heel, but the beau ideal
Of a soggarth is Father Matt.

His tongue so mild, first taught me, a child,
The truths of our Holy Creed;
He taught in the time of my youth and prime,
" 'Tis best for our land to bleed."
Let knives despise my coat of frieze
And my seedy earthen hat;
Thank Heaven I know, all my spirit I owe
To the teachings of Father Matt.

Friend of the poor, o'er the dreary moor,
How oft has he trudged on foot
When winter howled and black night scowled
To bring joy to the poor man's hut.
Ye starved and weak whose hearts must break
To pumper some lordling's brat;
Oh! what would you do, if God gave you
No Shepherds like Father Matt?

No gorgeous feast for this pious priest
At some despot's sumptuous board;
No gracious nod for this man of God
From some tyrant robber lord;
No sparkling wine for this meek divine,
No banquet of stolen fat,
But a homely meal on a board of deal
Is relished by Father Matt.

No flickering flame, no feeble frame
Nor foot by the yawning grave,
But a ruddy cheek and a fine physique
And a spirit more than brave,
And first in the race glows his salutary face
For the goal we're driving at—
To free the slave and our souls to save
Is the mission of Father Matt.

Green are thy hills loved land of hills
And soft are thy spreading fields;
But a robber band from a foreign land
Eats the fruit that our labor yields,
Would we be freed from the vampire's greed
Away with all idle chat
And up let us do, our soggarths are true
And trusted like Father Matt.

St. Louis, Nov. 20, 1892.

JERE. FINNAN.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXI.

"The youngest little boy, sir!" exclaimed Sally Cavanagh, as she clasped her treasure to her bosom—as if she could hide it there—and looked imploringly into the face of the poor-house official.

But it was no use: she should comply with the rules.

The children followed the official into a long corridor. Before the door closed behind them, they turned round to take a last look at their mother, and as they did so, their little hearts died within them. Surely something horrible is going to happen to them! For their mother stretches out her hands towards them with a look of despair, as if she saw a bottomless pit yawn and swallow them up before her eyes. Poor, terror-stricken children! Miserable, heart-broken mother!

"This way, good woman," said the matron. And Sally Cavanagh followed her mechanically.

She is stretched upon a pallet in the crowded dormitory. She knows not whether she is asleep or awake; she has such horrid, horrid visions. She hears angry voices around her calling upon somebody to keep quiet and let them rest. Then the horrid visions again; and then the voices angrier and louder than before. Then a hand is laid on her forehead, and a voice whispers close to her ear: "My poor woman, they are getting angry with you for preventing them from sleeping."

"What!" exclaimed poor Sally Cavanagh, bewildered—"Oh! was it ravin' I was?"

"Yes, you talk of your husband, and children, and the youngest little boy, and Mr. Brian. But try and rest now, and I'll sit here near you."

"But the night is very cold: you'd be perished."

"Oh, no, I have my quilt on my shoulders"

"Your quilt? Shure you aren't one of the paupers?"

"I am," was the reply, in a whisper, but with a strange distinctness.

"Your speech is like a lady's. And your hand—oh, how silky and slender it is; and soft, like an infant's. Are you married?"

"Yes—but—but he's dead!" and the word came with a choking sob.

"The Lord be merciful to his soul."
"Thank you—thank you, though I cannot join you in your prayer."

"Why so?"
"I am a Protestant. But I believe I do pray for him,—in my heart."

"Must you stay long in the poor-house?"
"No—I hope not."

"You have friends to go to?"
"Yes; I have friends to go to." And now there was something like gladness in her voice.

"Maybe they're not in this country though?"
"No; they're in Heaven."

A faint moonbeam at that moment enabled Sally Cavanagh to see the face of her companion. It was wan, and worn, and beautiful. The eyes were turned upwards, and seemed to look into the Heaven of which she spoke. Sally thought it was like the face of a saint. Sitting up in her bed, she wound her arms round the slight waist, and drawing the fragile form close to her, rested the pale head on her bosom. And Sally Cavanagh, forgetting her own great misery, wept for the woes of a sister in misfortune.

CHAPTER XXII.

There was a letter from America for Sally Cavanagh, directed to Brian Purcell's care. He went to the work-house himself with it,—but poor Sally was delirious, raving of her husband, and her children, and the youngest little boy. How a mother's heart will yearn for her youngest little boy!

Sally Cavanagh had brain fever. Brian tried to learn something of her children, but failed. There was such a mass of misery, he could not find out these particular atoms. He saw great piles of little rough coffins, though; and Brian shook his head sadly. He opened the letter and read it. It told of hardship, and sickness, and disappointment. But Connor Shea had employment at last "out westward," and was saving every shilling. And with God's help he'd be able to keep his word, and send for them "before the oats was out." In the meantime, he'd send a few pounds as soon as he'd hear from her. And poor, honest, unsuspecting Connor Shea concluded with kind remembrance to the neighbors—"not forgetting Mr. Brian"—and he (Connor) often thought of the night at the old Finger-post. [Brian sometimes thought of that night, too.] In a post-script, Connor said that Neddy was going on first-rate with his friend the school-master, and that he sent his love to all.

"Where am I?" Sally Cavanagh asked faintly.

"You must not talk—'tis the doctor's orders," replied the nurse.

Another day and night wore on. Then she knew it was the doctor who was feeling her pulse. She struggled a long time to speak, but was not able to utter a word. But when she saw the doctor turning away, despair appeared to give her strength, and with an effort she cried—"The—children!"

"You must keep very quiet," said the doctor kindly; "you are after getting over a bad fever; and the children are quite well."

Another, and another, and another day. And now she could understand her position clearly. They assured her that when she was strong enough she should see her children—the youngest little boy and all. "Oh, that was all she wanted,—just to see them from the window for one minute, and sure she'd be strong enough for that to-morrow, at any rate." But when to-morrow, and to-morrow, and a week passed, and they were still putting her off, a terrible dread took possession of her. The doctor, seeing this, whispered to the nurse that if she did not rest better that night, the truth should be broken to her. But having heard the children in the work-house were all marched out daily at a certain hour for air and exercise, Sally Cavanagh stole from the fever hospital, and hid herself in a clump of evergreens by which the children were to pass. She crouched down upon her knees and elbows, watching and listening intently. They are coming! They pass within a few feet of the evergreens! Her very breathing is suspended. Not a face in that long line of pauper boys escapes her scrutiny. But Corney is not there, nor Tommy, nor Nickey. Sally Cavanagh feels an almost irrepressible impulse to scream aloud; but by a strong effort she resists it, and it passes away in a shudder. She resists her forehead—it is burning—

upon the damp clay under the evergreens, and remains motionless, she knows not how long. She is roused by the plodding tread of the pauper boys on their return. She watches them again, but now not anxiously, but with a dull, unconscious gaze.

Again she is roused. A piercing light burns in her dark eyes, and her nostrils quiver. The pauper girls are coming now. She raises herself upon her hands as if she were about to spring forward. It is—it is poor Norah's yellow hair. She does spring forward. She seizes the child by the shoulders, and, holding her at arm's length, stares into a face that never wore a smile; no, never,—since the day she was born. But it is not poor Norah, and Sally Cavanagh appears turned into stone as the procession of pauper girls moves past.

But is it not a sight to make one shudder? Is there not something horrible in the bare idea of many hundreds of children's faces without one smile among them? Yet we assure the reader we have seen this unnatural sight.

Another thought smote upon the heart of Sally Cavanagh, and she was roused again.

She sees two men placing coffins upon a car. There is a child's coffin amongst them; and as the men stoop to lift it from the ground they are pushed violently aside. She tears off the lid, and the bright rays of the setting sun fall upon the little ghastly corpse. But it is not her child. The priest, who was coming from the hospital, approached and spoke soothingly to the poor distracted mother.

"Where are they?" she asked.

"In Heaven,—with the saints in Heaven," replied the priest.

"Norah—an' Corney—an' Tommy and Nickey?—an' the youngest little boy?—are they all dead?"

"Yes; they're all dead!"

"And buried?"—she added, with a bewildered look.

"And buried—and gone to a better world," said the priest.

She looked distractedly about her, till her eyes rested on a blue mountain, ten miles away. She bent a long, piercing gaze upon the mountain. And then, uttering a wild shriek that rung through every corner of the "palace of poverty," and made the good priest turn pale, the broken-hearted woman rushed through the gate, her hands stretched out towards the mountain.

Sally Cavanagh was a maniac.

CHAPTER XXIII.

By the side of the larch grove above the "high field" was Kate Purcell's favorite walk. The place commanded a view of the peaceful valley, and from it she could look down at the home she loved, and feel that her mother's eyes were often fondly turned towards her. Besides, the "short cut" from Coolbawn led through the larch grove, and Brian found his sister almost every evening waiting to open the gate—the fastening of which was on the field side—as he returned from his farm.

Dear she loved that old home, where her life had glided on so sweetly, that, looking back, it seemed like one calm summer day. Yet Kate Purcell had made up her mind to leave that beloved home—and forever—never, never to see it more! Her heart was ready to break at the thought; but her resolution was taken. She only waited to see Brian's wife fill her place in the family circle, and thenceforward her place would be by the bedside of disease, and want, and vice, or perhaps among the heaps of dead and dying upon the battle field. Though to most persons Kate Purcell appeared cold, there was an amount of enthusiasm in her nature of which even those who knew her best had no suspicion. Except her brother, she had seen but one man who came up to her idea of what a man ought to be. But he was poor, and had a mother and four young sisters dependent upon him. She would remember him and pray for him. She was proud to think of his love for her; but both felt the necessity of laying down their love at the shrine of duty. We believe more sacrifices of this kind are made in Ireland than in any other country in the world. The reason why is evident enough.

Kate Purcell continued to gaze so long and so fondly upon the home of her childhood, that Fanny O'Gorman looked up laughingly into her face, and began humming the air of "Home, sweet Home."

"You have guessed what I was thinking of, Fanny," said she.

"And yet you are going to leave it, Kate."

"I am," said Kate, "and I feel it deeply. But what I find hardest to bear is, that those I love most must leave it. Oh! if I could fancy you all—I mean if I could fancy them all still happy in that dear old home, my heart would be light indeed. But Brian tells me they must leave it, and that is what makes me unhappy."

"But may be, Kate, they need not go. Indeed I know that must be so, for I never saw Mr. Purcell so cheerful as he has been latterly."

"Ah! Fanny, if you knew my father as well as I do, you'd see that he is only trying to look cheerful—trying to deceive even himself."

"I believe," said Fanny, "that people who live in towns are not so attached to their homes as people who live in the country. Yet I have never forgotten the house we lived in before mamma died."

"Is it possible you can remember your mother, Fanny?"

"Oh, so well! though I was not two years old when she died."

"Well, I believe, Fanny, that we who live in the country are more attached to our homes than you who live in the towns and cities. And feeling how easily we can be driven from them, makes us cling the more fondly to them. How well I can now understand the misery of the poor people who are every day flying in such numbers from this country."

"Oh! I remarked them at every station," said Fanny, "when I was coming down. And oh! Kate, it is so awful to see men sobbing and shedding tears. Why cannot they live at home?"

"We have it explained in different ways," replied Kate. "But I believe Brian's explanation is the true one. The people are going because our rulers wish to get rid of them."

They walked to the end of the grove and back again in silence.

"Isn't it strange," said Fanny, innocently, as they turned round at the other end, "that I like Ballycorrig better than our own place?"

"Do you?" said Kate, placing her arm round Fanny's waist. "That is strange, indeed."

Brian happened to be a little earlier than usual this evening. When he did not find Kate and Fanny at the gate, he thought something prevented them from taking their customary walk. They were within a few yards of him, but he could not see them through the thick white-thorn hedge. He brought his horse close to the gate, and leaning over it, attempted to undo the hasp without dismounting. When Kate and Fanny heard him, they hastened towards him,—Kate's arm still around Fanny's waist. The horse took fright at their sudden appearance. They were startled by a great clattering of hoofs as he plunged and reared; they saw Brian struggle for a moment as he hung upon the gate, and then fall heavily over it into a field. Fortunately when the horse wheeled round the stirrup leather came off. Otherwise, as his foot caught in the iron, he might have been seriously injured.

Brian, though slightly stunned, was on his feet in a moment. He was about going back into the grove to catch the horse, when his sister called to him.

(To be continued.)

Indispensable.—There are some simple remedies indispensable in every family. Among these, the experience of years assures us, should be recorded Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER. For both internal and external application we have found it of great value; especially can we recommend it for colds, rheumatism, or fresh wounds and bruises.—*Christian Era.*

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LEO XIII.

[To commemorate the Golden Jubilee of his Episcopal Consecration.]

POET.

I.

God gave to him a poet's dreamful mind—
Lit by the stars of fancy, and as bright
As his own sunny south, radiant with light—

PRIEST AND PRELATE.

II.

Anointed priest in manhood's dawning years,
He tolled with zeal in the field of the Lord;
Over his flock keeping true watch and ward,

PONTIFF.

III.

Lumen in celo! Lo! you skies, aglow,
Shine down—as Sinai's saintly summits
Shone—
Where Leo sits transfigured on his throne,

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Univers.)

The Pope's Maestro di Camer, Mgr. di Azevedo, has been named an officer of the Legion of Honor by the French Government.

Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, arrived at Rome on Saturday, and is sojourning at the French Seminary at Santa Chiara.

It is semi-officially rumoured that Queen Victoria will send a diplomatist (probably His Grace of Norfolk) to express her good wishes on the Episcopal Jubilee of Leo XIII. That is well.

There has been an assembly of the Sacred Congregation of Rites for the discussion of the miracles of the Venerable Sister Martinengo, a Brescian Capuchin proposed for beatification.

A solemn anniversary service was celebrated on Tuesday for the soul of the late immortal Pío Nono. Numbers of the Roman nobility assisted on the invitation of Prince Ruspoli.

Mgr. Tripapi, Prefect of the Vatican Archives, has sent to the Chicago Exhibition a splendid album, entitled, "Specimina Paleographica Registorum Pontificum ab Innocentio III. ad Urbanum V."

Mgr. Cappelletti, titular Bishop of Tiberiade, and Father Rodrigo, of St. Francis de Paul of the Calced Carmelites, have been named Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics.

A brief to the Jesuit Father Demania, Prefect of Studies at the Gregorian University, is published in the Osservatore Romano, in which the Pope highly commends the published books and the teaching of the Professor, principally with regard to the angelic doctrines.

Cardinal Zigliara is lying grievously ill at Rome. The prayers of the faithful are earnestly requested that the Sacred College may be spared a fresh loss. His Eminence is a native of Corsica, and was born in 1833. He belongs to the Order of Preachers, and was created and proclaimed Cardinal on the 12th of May, 1879. He is Prefect of the Congregation of Studies.

Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, intends to receive the English pilgrims at the railway station on their arrival at Rome, and to act as their volunteer cicerone throughout their visit. His Grace is in high favour at the Vatican,

and it may be confidently expected that every honor within the power of the ecclesiastical authorities to bestow will be freely lavished on those who are happy enough to join in the tribute of devotedness of the Holy Father.

The Holy Father has recently given audience to Cardinal Logue; Cardinal Kremetz, who presented a clerical and lay deputation from Cologne; the Bishops of Nevers, of Ruvo, and Bitonto; the titular Bishop of Litra, who is also Vicar-Apostolic of Gibraltar; the Bishop of Amelia, and Father Martinelli, Procurator-General of the Redemptorists, with priests of the Congregation, who came with their offerings; and likewise to Field-Marshal Forinyak and his wife. The Field-Marshal represented the Archbishop Joseph, Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian Honveds.

The Embassy destined by the King of the Belgians to carry his homage to the Pontiff is of choice selection. The head of it is the Prince de Lione, who pursued his studies more than thirty years ago in the Catholic University of Dublin. He is son to the eminent statesman who represented his nation in Paris, London, and Russia, and at Gaeta during Pío Nono's exile, and was afterwards President of the Belgian Senate, and is the husband of the daughter of the Duke de Dondeauville. He served in the Pontifical Guides with his brother Edward during the campaign in Umbria, and the Marches in 1860. He is accompanied by Baron Leon Bethune, secretary of the Council of State for Congo, who will be able to afford the Holy Father every information concerning the progress of Catholicity in that new region of Africa opened up to civilization. The Mission is completed by a gentleman with a proud Catholic name, Count John de Merode, aide-de-camp to His Majesty Leopold III.

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, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. (12-13-c-o-w)

A BUNDLE OF ODD THINGS.

In the Alaska mines potatoes sell for fifty cents each and tobacco for \$16 a plug.

An average of 26,000 letters are posted without addresses in England every day.

Eighty of the Popes are honored as saints, thirty-one as martyrs and forty-three as confessors.

About 5,000 words in the English language have no rhyme to them. These include such important words as honor, virtue, gulf, month and echo.

One of the scenic novelties in a London pantomime is a "tableau curtain of crystal prisms," held together by 24 miles of wire and illuminated by electric lights. It is said to be marvelously effective.

In the Probate Court of Boston the other day in a contested will case, one of the counsel presented a typewritten hypothetical question eighty-four pages long and which consumed three hours in reading.

Over 100 persons condemned to death are now in Greece awaiting execution of their sentence. The population of the country is hardly 2,000,000. Nine people were guillotined in five days just before Christmas.

A young man of Winamac loved two girls. He loved one just as much as the other, and the other as much as the one. So he set them to cooking a competitive civil service dinner and married the one who got the highest average percentage.

Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public prove that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in Wasting Diseases and Consumption. 31-2

We cannot, in the universal imbecility, indecision and indolence of men, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on this strong and ready actor, who took occasion by the beard and showed us how much may be accomplished by the mere

force of such virtues as all men possess in less degree; namely, by punctuality, by personal attention, by courage and thoroughness.—Emerson.

The grave is not deep; it is the gleaming foot-mark of an angel who seeks us. . . . When the hand of death sends his arrow at the head of man, he bends his head in anticipation and the arrow merely takes off the crown of thorns from his brow.—Jean Paul Richter.

PRIZE REBUS



A PRIZE FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep and can't tell where to find it. The publishers of OUR YOUNG PEOPLE will give \$150 in Gold to the first person who can find the sheep in the above rebus. \$50 in Cash to the second. \$25 in Cash to the third. A Gold Watch (finest movement) to the fourth. A fine Gold Silver Watch to the next three. A pair of handsome Pearl Opera Glasses to the next. A handsome Gold Scarf Pin to the next two. To the last correct answer received will be given a fine Gold Watch. To the next three correct answers from the last will be given each a handsome Gold Brooch with winner's name engraved on them; and for every other correct answer a handsome prize will be given. CONDITIONS:—Each Contestant is to cut out the Rebus, make a cross with pencil or ink on the sheep, and send same to us with thirty-five cents in stamps (or thirty-five cents in silver) for one year's subscription to OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, one of the best monthlies for the money published in Canada. It is a large, popular 16-page journal, handsomely illustrated. We make this great offer expressly to gain new subscribers to OUR YOUNG PEOPLE. Every prize given away advertises our splendid journal. We can afford to spend the money to do it. Remember that for 35 cents you get this excellent paper one year, and a handsome prize also, and if you are among the first you are sure of one of the big prizes. We guarantee satisfaction, and do just as we advertise. We give below the names and addresses of the leading prize-winners in our last competition: Mr. P. Coots, 107 Peter St., Toronto, \$100 in cash; May Applugh, 20 James St. N., Hamilton, Ont., Gold Watch; Ada Kinnear, 188 Crawford St., Toronto, Silver Watch; Chas. Atchison, 21 Maria St., Ottawa, Ont.; Five o'clock Tea Set; Miss M. Ross, 309 Nepean St., Ottawa, Ont., Music Box; Adèle Veina, 53 Champlain St., Quebec, Que.; Simplex Typewriter; Thos. Lloyd, 316 Thames St., London, Ont., Gold Ring; Miss H. Toft, 861 St. Denis St., Montreal, Que.; Gold Ring; W. Holleau, box 340, Fredericton, N. B., \$5 in Gold; Olive Elmslie, care of J. Elmslie, Lachine Locks, Que., \$5 in Gold; Mrs. Wm. Bauden, 925 Dorchester St., Montreal, Que., Gold Brooch; Archie Hill, Y.M.C.A. Rooms, St. Thomas, Ont., Gold Brooch; Gerald E. Bullock, Coaticook, Que., Gold Brooch; Leo Egan, 223 Smith St., Windsor, Man., Gold Brooch; Mrs. Capt. Marshall, Albert St., Kingston, Ont., Gold Brooch; Edith Meyer, box 55, Berlin, Ont., Gold Brooch; Minnie Nicholson, Pinnacle St., Belleville, Ont., Gold Brooch; M. McCowan, 35 Courcel St., Montreal, Que., Gold Brooch; Mrs. M. R. Burlingham, box 301 Pleton, Ont., Gold Brooch; Ed. Draudson, care of Jno. Stokes, Cammore, N.W.T., Gold Brooch. And the following 20 names have each been awarded a beautiful Souvenir Spoon: Laura Campbell, 890 King St. W., Toronto; Minnie Hayward, box 135, Ingersoll, Ont.; Lily Strang, Goderich, Ont.; Mrs. W. Smith, 4 College St., Port Hope, Ont.; Maggie Spiers, 60 Murray St., Brampton, Ont.; Lizzie A. Joy, Petrolia, Ont.; H.E. Groves, Arrprior, Ont.; Lillie Conson, box 525, Guelph, Ont.; Florence Hoople, Leamington, Ont.; Duncan McAlpine, Alvington, Ont.; E. W. McQuay, Owen Sound, Ont.; Alice M. Proutt, Howmanville, Ont.; Bert Archer, Hawkesville, Ont.; Geo. Whitcombe, box 401, Woodstock, Ont.; Mrs. Thos. Lynn, box 109, Orangeville, Ont.; J. F. Mason, Woodbridge, Ont.; Ethel Westcott, box 231, Dresden, Ont.; Thomas Sample, Tiverton, Ont.; James Edwards, Concession St., Galt, Ont.; Hattie Ringrose, Whitlington, Ont. One hundred other special prizes were given away. For want of space we are unable to give the names. Answer to-day, and enclose thirty-five cents, and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address, OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, King Street West, Toronto, Can.

FIRESIDE FAVORITES.

Renew every day your resolution of aiming at perfection.

It is God Himself who speaks to us, when noble thoughts inspire us.

The last virtue of the egotist is the necessity for weaving some ray of altruism to cover his selfishness.

More hopeful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human piety that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

Greatness is to take the common things of life and to walk truly among them. Happiness is a great love and much serving.

There is nothing better calculated to display the truth in an excellent light than a clear and simple statements of facts.—St. Bernard.

There are many things which seem to us misfortunes, and which we call such, which we would consider graces, if we understood the designs of God.

Go through the whole Scriptures and thou shalt find the servants of God, men and women, all walking through the path of suffering.—St. Antoninus.

If their be merit in saving the life of a neighbor about to die, how much more will there not be in saving his soul, which will live eternally in heaven?—St. Bede.

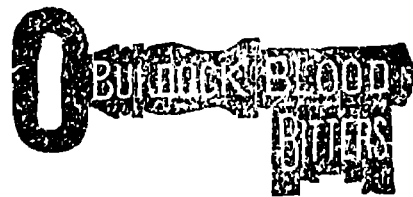
The more we complain of our trials the heavier our burden grows; if, on the contrary, we humbly and lovingly bear them, the burden becomes light and agreeable.

Exempt from original sin, the beautiful soul of Mary never stopped, but flew unceasingly towards God, loved him unceasingly and believed unwaveringly in His love.

One man is made of agate, another of oak, one of slate, another of clay. The education of the first is polishing; of the second, seasoning; of the third, ridding; of the fourth, moulding.—Ruskin.

My idea of complete happiness is to possess all the love of my husband's heart, to feel that I am necessary to him, to know that my influence over him is for good, and that I can spur him on to make further efforts in his profession. When he is depressed and dissatisfied, to be able to bring him true sympathy and comfort. In short, to be my husband's sweetheart, wife and friend in one. This is my idea of complete happiness.

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.

For Sale by all Dealers. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

Christoforo Columbo—Polly O'Neil. I've Heard from the Man in the Moon. Right Smart Sort of a Girl. They Are—I Don't Think. I'm in Love with the Man in the Moon. The Very Best Girl I Know. I Loved You Better than You Know. The Girl Next Door to Me. Oh Mamma, It's Just Like Love. She's Got You By the End of the Nose. The Old Brass Knocker on the Door. The Sun's My Only Beau. He Must be a Man of Decent Height. The Mermaid's in Love With Me. Johnny's Got the Shutters Up. Frame Mother's Picture. Parodies on the following songs: My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon, Sally in our Alley, Marguerite, Recitations on Mother's Own Baking and Only Willie, Column of Eud Men's Gags, Jokes and Countdowns. The above Songs and Parodies are to be had in KELLY'S SONGSTER, No. 48. For sale at all Newsdealers, or Mailed on receipt of Two Three Cent Stamps. (Mention this paper). P. Kelly, Song Publisher, Box 926, Montreal, Can.

Halton County Miracles!

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN A RAILWAY STATION.

The Stories of Two Men and a Woman—Health and Happiness Restored When Friends Were in Despair—“While There is Life There is Hope”—Statements Carefully Verified by “The Templar.”

The Templar, Hamilton, Ont.

It was a bitter cold night in January, the wind was blowing a gale with a heavy snow falling. Such was the night that The Templar representative, accompanied by a lady friend from Michigan were being driven swiftly through the darkness toward the Northern station at Burlington, Ontario. On entering the waiting-room our attention was immediately attracted by four persons who were earnestly, and even excitedly, discussing some facts of great importance. One of the party, evidently a well-to-do young farmer, was talking in a clear tenor voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all the fifteen or twenty persons in the room. “Just think of such remarkable cures,” said the young man, as he continued speaking, “my cousin, a young lady, was sick for nearly fifteen years. I think that for several years previous to that she suffered from rheumatism, and it finally became chronic. “But did she not try any of the numerous remedies advertised, nor any of our doctors,” interrupted an elderly and well-dressed lady. “Oh, yes, most unfortunately both,” said the young man, who then named several well known physicians who had in turn treated this young lady, but in spite of all efforts she continued year after year to grow worse. She became helpless, and had to be waited on like an infant. Last autumn she decided to try Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills, with the result that she is now able to attend to her household duties. Then the young farmer continued to interest all present by telling them of cases after case. “There was my brother Mevin,” he remarked, “who caught a severe cold while travelling apples. Inflammatory rheumatism set in and for several months he was in a critical condition. His fingers were badly drawn up and his limbs were stiff as crowbars. He could not allow any person to touch his body, and had to be turned in bed by the use of sheets and blankets. He took Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills and was soon sufficiently recovered to be out of doors.”

A shrill whistle and “All-aboard,” ended our pleasant experience. Some of the parties found seats in our car, and to our astonishment seemed to continue the conversation.

Somehow newspaper men are given to be curious, and in their daily search after news, quickly see a striking first-page article in their paper. The world of to-day owes a debt of gratitude to them for searching out and presenting to the public in readable form great and important discoveries, told in plain truth, especially for their benefit.

A few days ago an opportunity presented itself, and the writer determined to investigate the cases, and if substantiated with a reasonable amount of testimony, to publish them. Upon inquiry I learned that the young man whose conversation had interested us was a Mr. William Long, and on making his acquaintance and explaining the cause of visiting him, asked what proof he could furnish in support of the several cures referred to by himself on a certain occasion, effected by using Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills.

“Yes,” he replied, “I have no hesitancy in re-affirming all you heard me say, and as positive proof I will take the trouble to go with you and interview the several parties.”

Mr. Melvin Long lives in Nelson township, county of Halton, about two and a half miles north of Burlington. He is a pleasant gentleman to meet, and an excellent conversationalist. After a brief introduction he was asked if his wonderful recovery from inflammatory rheumatism was not exaggerated. “No,” he replied, “I do not consider it so, my case, while of not long duration, was unusually severe. Life is sweet at any price, all that a man hath will he give for his life, and when one’s life is fast ebbing out and all human skill to prevent it avails nothing! as those whose endeared to us by all the sacred ties of this life, watch hour after hour, night and day for months at your bedside, and see the fatal end drawing near, I say in the midst of such despair, a kind Providence sends a new lease of life through Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills, and I am spared to enjoy life with my family, my health being perfectly restored. Is this not wonderful? Can you, sir, quote a reasonable price for such a blessing? Would it be human for me not to praise the remedy that cured me?”

At the request of the reporter Mr. Long related the story of his illness. “About the middle of last October, while I was barrelling some apples one wet, chilly day, I contracted a severe cold, and rheumatism immediately followed. At first I paid but little attention to the stiffness of my limbs or the pains of my body. But in a few days I was confined to my room. Mrs. Long had from the beginning applied several extensively advertised rheumatic remedies, without any result. Then they were dropped, and I was given into experienced hands for treatment, and for nearly two months all that medical science is master of did not give an hour’s relief. My mother and my wife were constant in their attendance upon me day and night. My body was poulticed and blistered until it was nearly cooked. Hot cloths and blankets by the score were wrapped around me for the purpose of giving relief to my tortured body. My legs were stiff and helpless and sore as bolts. The pains in my back and shoulders were most terrible. I could not move myself, my strength had entirely left, and whenever they attempted to turn my body, which had to be done by the use of sheets or blankets, it caused great suffering. It seemed as though I would have to give up the battle for life; for daily I was growing weaker and my condition worse. There was not even a ray of hope, except that it might be said that while there is life there is hope. After two months of such untold suffering, we learned that a cousin of mine who had been afflicted by inflammatory rheumatism for about fifteen years was being cured by taking Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills. My wife immediately procured some, and in spite of all advice to the contrary insisted that I should take them. She discontinued all other remedies and administered the pills.

In about a week’s time my condition began to improve, and in the following two weeks improvement was more noticeable. I continued the use of the Pink Pills and gained in strength and flesh. The use of my limbs was restored. My health is now as good as ever it was, without even a trace of my recent sickness. There is no doubt but that I owe my life to Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills.”

Mr. Long’s parents were both present, a venerable looking old couple, who have lived in the County of Halton for a number of years. They cheerfully bore witness to what had been said, adding that these pills were the most wonderful remedy of the age. When all else failed they had saved their son’s life.

We next sought an interview with Mr. Long’s cousin and were rewarded with unqualified proof of the facts that she had been a helpless cripple for many years from inflammatory rheumatism. The very best physicians in the province had treated her without success, and her case was pronounced a hopeless one. She is now almost entirely cured through the use of Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills. The family, however, were not willing that the case should be made prominent by publicity. Should there be any “doubting Thomases” they can secure the lady’s name and all the particulars by addressing the office of The Templar.

On returning to the village of Burlington we sought an interview with Mr. Frank McGuire, whom we had been told had been a great sufferer from asthma. Mr. McGuire is very well known throughout this section of the country. He is a typical son of “Old Ireland,” having been born in Dublin in the year 1841, and came to Canada 1860. Mr. McGuire told his story as follows:—“It is not less than seventeen years since I became afflicted with asthma. Of course it was not so serious at first, but three or four years later it became chronic. As is the case generally when a fellow is ailing, he is always ready to try what is most recommended. Sure, sir, there are scores of remedies thrust upon an innocent public, that would not cure a fellow half as much as a good coat of Dublin whitewash. Well, sir, I want to tell you that for fifteen years my sufferings had not been relieved by any preparation or treatment that I have used. I have travelled from ocean to ocean, from north to south in search of health or relief. Nights have been like months. I remember when I was living for a short time with Mr. C. E. Kerns, in this county, my disease was very bad. I could not lie down, and had to rest sitting up. My continual efforts in gasping for breath, together with the hawking and spitting, disturbed the house. It seemed as though all portals on earth I was the most miserable. Night after night I sat in a chair choking and gasping for breath, any ambition to live longer would fall me, and death with all its terrors would have been welcomed. Really, sir, for many years I have not cared whether I lived or died. My life was one of continual suffering and wretchedness. Some months ago a friend called to see me. I was astonished to meet him, for he had been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism for years. He told me that Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills had cured him. I immediately procured some, and they have been the greatest blessing of my life. Instead of being compelled to sit behind the stove all night in a chair, suffering and disturbing the entire household, I now retire to my room as others do, and sleep sweet, fresh and sound. My health is wonderfully improved and my appetite good. Altogether I am just about twenty years younger than I was three months ago. My friends are astonished at my wonderful improvement. Why, sir, I feel like a new man, and it is all due to Pink Pills. I wish to give the proprietors of Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills an honest testimonial of the great value of this medicine.”

Mr. T. A. LePatourel, druggist, was next seen. He said he was very well acquainted with Mr. McGuire, and knew of his many years of suffering. He had sold him Pink Pills and was delighted to see such a miraculous change in his health and appearance for the better. “Is there much demand for Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills here?” asked the reporter. “Yes,” was the reply, “the demand is both steady and increasing. I sell a very large number.”

Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus’ dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, the after effects of influenza, influenza and severe colds, nervous headache, the nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom. These pills arising from humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building anew the blood, enabling the system to successfully resist disease. Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills stand known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a rosy, healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams’ Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm’s trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Bear in mind that Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

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

The Ladies’ Home Journal.

Mr. Howells is most certainly to be congratulated upon the felicity of description, and cleverness of expression, with which he is depicting the Bohemian artist life of New York City in his latest novel, “The Coast of Bohemia.” This charming story is one of the most noticeable of the many features of the March Ladies’ Home Journal. Miss Dickens’ reminiscences of her famous father are made particularly interesting by some touching allusions to his visit to the United States. Miss Harriet Ogden Morrison, the American expert on ecclesiastical embroideries, contributes several original designs for Advent and Lenten church hangings, as well as several suggestions for funeral palls. Edward W. Bok discusses the problem “Does Poetry Pay?” and John Lam-

bert Payne gives a delightful essay on “The Secret of Happy Marriages.” Mrs. Hamilton Mott gives in detail a description hostesses. “Afternoon Tea,” from which much practical information may be gleaned by intending hostesses. Lucy Hamilton Hooper contributes a sketch, with portrait, of “The First Lady of France,” Madame Carnot, and Grace Wassell is equally happy in her delineation of “The Author of Bottles, Baby.” Women who know little of the exigencies of business life, and women who have money to invest, will find the article on “Bank Rules and Requirements” and “Investment in Stocks and Bonds” of great value. The children are remembered in a full page of Palmer Cox’s inimitable “Brownies,” and the young people with a trio of “Games for March’s Evenings.” A dainty love story, “Between Love and Creed,” by Sara Parr, illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens, and several pretty poems, will delight the hearts of all women, as will their æsthetic souls be pleased by Barnes-Bruce’s “Ideas in Artistic Needlework” and Mrs. Mallon’s illustrated pages of “Special Styles in Bodices” and “Dainty Morning Gowns.” Miss Parloa discusses “The Division of the Family Income,” and Miss Hooper talks intelligently of the “Dressing of Unusual Figures.” Eben E. Rexford tells of the care of “Greenhouse and Window Plants,” Elizabeth Robinson Scovill writes of how the children are to be cared for “Before They Go to School,” and Maude Haywood of “Modeling in Clay.” Altogether, the March Journal, with its artistic cover, and its admirable contents, cannot fail to please its monthly audience of many thousands. The Ladies’ Home Journal is published by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, for Ten Cents per number and One Dollar per year.

A VALUABLE HINT.

When you are attacked by cough or cold do not delay but commence at once to use Hagar’s Pectoral Balsam. This old standard remedy removes all irritation, loosens the phlegm, and heals the mucous surfaces, curing coughs and colds of all kinds.

ST. PATRICK’S DAY SOUVENIRS, 1893.

—20— HOME RULE SONGS



And ONE COMPLETE STORY! The finest collection of Old Irish National Songs. Only : : 15 : : Cents.

HOME RULE Badge, - - 25c. GOD SAVE IRELAND Badge, 25c.

JAMES MCARAN, BOOKSELLER, 2090 Notre Dame Street West, MONTREAL, P. Q. Any of the above sent on receipt of price.

The High Speed Family Knitter Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from home-spun or factory wool or cotton yarn. The most practical knitter on the market. A hand in operation it is Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid, and easy to use. For particulars, send for circulars. Price 50 cents. J. E. GEAPHART, Clearfield, Pa. Canadian address, Cardon & Geaphart, Dundas, Ont.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate, Fine Lamps, Rodgers’ Table Cutlery, Spoons and Forks, All quality, Choice Selections and Low Prices. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. WATSON & DICKSON, 1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter. [Late 53 St. Salviae.]

M. Emmanuel - Champigneulle

PARIS. BAR LE DUC. FRANCE. FIGURE WINDOWS) FOR CHURCHES. STATUARY (Approved by His Holiness Pope Pius IX., Brief 1865. Gold Medals at all the Universal Expositions. Grand Prix d’Honneur, Rome, 1870. AGENTS IN AMERICA: CASTLE & SON, 20 UNIVERSITY ST., - MONTREAL. Also for JOHN TAYLOR & CO., England, BELL FOUNDERS.

SLEIGHS AND CARIOLES

Of all kinds. Pony Sleighs of all sizes. Speeding Sleighs. Very Light Driving Sleighs, Family Sleighs, Express and Delivery Sleighs, Farmers’ Sleighs. Hundreds to choose from. Modern Styles, nicely finished. Comfortable, good, cheap. Special discounts to Cash buyers, customers at a distance and on all mail orders.

It Will Pay You to Remember the Place

LATIMER,

592, 594, 596 St. Paul St. MONTREAL.

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE,

Dividend No. 113.

The Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a semi-annual dividend of Three per cent. for the last six months has been declared on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the office of the Bank on and after Monday, the 6th March next. The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, both days inclusive. By order of the Board of Directors. J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier. Montreal, 23th January, 1893. 20-4

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE,

NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of the Banque du Peuple will be held at the office of the Bank, St. James street, on Monday, the 6th March next, at 3 o’clock p.m., in conformity with the 16th and 17th clauses of the Act of Incorporation. By order of the Board of Directors. J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier. Montreal, 23th January, 1893. 29-4

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING EPPS’S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

“By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our Breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors’ bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—“Civil Service Gazette.” Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. 10-13caw-93)

Advertise in THE TRUE WITNESS, and your trade will increase.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

UTENSILS THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY KITCHEN.

A four-bladed chopping knife.
 A sink scraper of rubber and tin, being a shovel and cleaner combined.
 A clothes sprinkler—a hollow cup made of brass, perforated on the bottom, filled with lamb's wool, and having a wooden handle. The cover has one central perforation to let in air. With one of these a fine spray is evenly distributed over the clothes.
 The "Sir Humphrey Davy" bread-toaster, for use over gas. A wire gauze separates the bread from the flame.
 A wire bread or cake cooler. Pies, bread or cake allowed to cool on this never become steam soaked or soggy underneath.

Hand-made wooden spoons of all sizes. Part of them, for beating cake, should be perforated with two or three long slits.

Hard wood boards, for use in cutting meat and vegetables.

A canvas bag and wooden mallet, to use in crushing ice for the family freezer.

A bristle napkin brush for the laundry to use on the fringes of doilies, tray napkins, or anything with a fringe.

A wire frying basket.

A steam cooker with tube which conveyed all odors of cabbage, onions, or other food cooked therein, into the range, and thus up the chimney.

A French cook's knife, with raised handle, to chop green herbs, vegetables, etc., on a flat board.

A good steel paring knife, one that will bear sharpening if needed.

Measuring cups, each holding half a pint; part divided into quarters, and part into thirds. We consider these almost indispensable to every kitchen.

Granite iron ware utensils of all kinds—especially sauce-pans, stewpans, and double boilers.

HOW TO SEW ON BUTTONS.

Of course every woman imagines that she knows all about sewing on buttons. But there are some little wrinkles that may be a revelation to the majority after all. A very bright woman says: "When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through so that the knot will not be on the right side. That leaves it under the button and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process.

"Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button so that all your thread will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wearing of the button hole.

"It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't if you use my method of sewing."

CHARM IN AMERICAN WOMEN.

Matthew Arnold once said that almost everybody acknowledged the existence of a charm in an American woman—"a charm which you find in almost all of them, wherever you go." The charm he attributes to a perfectly natural manner—"a manner neither self-conscious, artificial nor constrained." Furthermore, he considers that the manner has become inseparable to American women in general, because, unlike their English sisters, they know no presence of a class above them critically inclined. Circles may exist, he admits, but the average American woman is as happy and unconcerned as if this were far from being the case.

Strongly Endorsed,

The advertising of Hood's Sarsaparilla appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people, because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation. They tell the story—HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

A Strong Bid—Mrs. Strongmind: Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—Please, mum, I made a solemn vow twenty years ago, that I'd never do a stroke of work till the women was paid the same wages as men.—New York Weekly.



Mrs. H. D. West of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

\$200 Worth

Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with Erysipelas

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Four bottles has done more for me than \$200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known." Mrs. H. D. WEST, Church Street, Cornwallis, N. S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, 25c.

SAFE
 BRISTOL'S
 SUGAR-COATED
 VEGETABLE
 PILLS
 PROMPT

EASY TO TAKE
 INFALLIBLE

DR. WOOD'S
 Norway Pine
 Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

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 pine syrup.

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 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, ETC.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—

Patent Spring	4.25 @ 4.35
Patent Winter	4.10 @ 4.25
Straight Roller	3.50 @ 3.75
Extra	3.10 @ 3.25
Superfine	2.70 @ 2.90
Flour	2.35 @ 2.50
City Strong Bakers	4.00 @ 4.25
Manitoba Bakers	3.50 @ 4.15
Ontario bags—extra	1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers	1.80 @ 1.85
Superfine	1.30 @ 1.45
Flour	1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—The prices of car lots range from \$3.80 to \$3.95 for rolled oats. Jobbing prices are quoted as follows: Rolled and granulated \$4.00 to \$4.10; Standard \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated \$2.00 to \$2.05, and standard \$1.90 to \$1.95.

Mill Feed.—To-day \$17.00 could be got for a car on track. Ontario mills are getting \$31.50 in the West. Mouille is quoted at \$21.00 to \$23.00.

Wheat—Manitoba wheat is also easier and quoted at 82c to 84c, No. 2 hard is offered at 84c. North Bay with 83c bid, which is 1c lower than last week.

Corn.—At 64c to 65c duty paid.

Peas.—Here the market is quiet at 78c to 74c.

Oats.—In this market prices are steady at 33c to 34c per \$115, sales of 8 to 10 carloads being reported at within that range for No. 2.

Barley.—The market is quiet at 50c to 53c for malting grades, and 40c. to 42c. for feed.

Malt.—We quote 65c. to 70c. as to quality and size of lot.

Rye.—Prices nominal at 60c. to 63c.

Buckwheat.—Prices are nominal at 50c to 51c per 48 lbs.

Seeds.—Canadian timothy is quoted at \$3.00 per bus. of 45 lbs., and Western is quoted at \$2.75 to \$2.80 per bushel. Red clover is steady at \$7.50 to \$8.00 per bushel of 60 lbs., white \$8.40 to \$8.50 per bus. Flax seed steady at \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl.	\$21.00 @ 21.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.	20.00 @ 21.50
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.	20.00 @ 20.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.	23.00 @ 23.50
India mess beef, per tierce	10.00 @ 10.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.	13.00 @ 14.00
Hams, city cured, per lb.	13 @ 14c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.	13 @ 14c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.	10 @ 12c
Bacon, per lb.	12 @ 13c
Shoulders, per lb.	11 @ 11c

Dressed Hogs.—Quoted easier at \$8.00 to \$8.70. Packers are said to have paid \$8.50 in the West recently.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:—

Creamery choice fall	22c to 23c.
do good to fine	21c to 22c.
Eastern Township dairy, choice fall	21c to 22c.
do do good to fine	20c to 20c.
Morrisburg & Brockville	20c to 22c.
Western	18c to 20c.

About 1c to 2c may be added to above prices for choice selections of single tubs.

Roll Butter.—From 18c to 21c for Western, and Morrisburg at 20c to 22c.

Cheese.—Last sales were made at 11c for choice white, and colored is quoted at 11c to 11c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Fresh stock has sold at 32c to 33, while Montreal lined, which are getting low down in stock, are firm at 25c.

Beans.—At \$1.35 to \$1.50 as to quantity, with good ordinary at \$1.10 to \$1.20.

Honey.—Dark buckwheat extracted at 6c to 7c. Fine choice this 7c. to 9c. Bright comb 12c., and we quote 10c to 13c as to quality and quantity.

Hops.—We quote 18c to 21c as to quality.

Hay.—In this market we quote \$9.10 to \$9.50 for No. 2 and \$10.50 to \$11.00 for No. 1.

Ashes.—At \$1.25 to \$1.35 for first pots and \$3.65 seconds. Pearls quiet at \$5.20.

FRUITS.

Lemons.—Fancy Messina, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per case; common to good, \$1.25 to \$2.00.

Dried Fruit.—Dried apples, 5c. to 6c.; evaporated, 8c. to 10c.; evaporated peaches, 20c to 21c; apricots, 21c to 22c; crystallized figs, in 5-lb boxes, at from 90c to \$1.00; do apricots, 90c to \$1.00 per box of 5-lbs.

Oranges.—A slight advance in Floridas, which are quoted at \$3.75 to \$4.00, Valencia \$3.75 to \$4.00, Messina \$2.25, Manderines and Tangerines \$2.50 to \$4.25 as to kind and quality. Bitter Oranges \$3.50 to \$4.00 per case.

Dates.—At 5c. to 5c. per lb.

Figs.—We quote 9c. to 12c. per lb.

Grape Fruit.—At from \$3.00 to \$4.00.

Grapes.—A few kegs may be picked up on this market at about \$7.75 to \$8.00.

Cocoanuts.—Bags of 100 selling at \$4.00 to \$4.50.

Cranberries.—Sales were brisk at from \$5.00 to \$7.00 per bbl.

Pineapples.—At from 15c to 20c and from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per dozen.

Onions.—Sales of Spanish in crates being made at 90c to \$1.00, while red and yellow in barrels bring from \$2.50 to \$2.75.

Potatoes.—At from 90c to \$1.00 per bag of 90 lbs.

FISH AND OIL.

Oils.—Cod oil is also firmer, the sale of a lot of Gaspe having transpired at 38c, and is now held at 40c. Newfoundland cod liver oil is quoted at 41c to 42c.

Pickled Fish.—We quote \$3.75 to \$4.00 for shore and \$4.25 to \$4.50 for Labrador. Green cod No. 1 sold at \$8.50 to \$7.00, large being scarce quoted at \$7.50 to \$8.00. Dry cod is quiet but steady at \$4.50 to \$4.75, with sales of case cod at \$5.00.

Frozen Fish.—Tommy cods have sold at \$1.75 to \$1.80 per bbl. Dore 7c to 8c. Had-dock 3c to 4c.

Smoked Fish.—Yarmouth bloaters \$1.25 per box of 60; smoked herring 12c per box; boness cod fish 5c to 7c, and fish 8c to 4c.



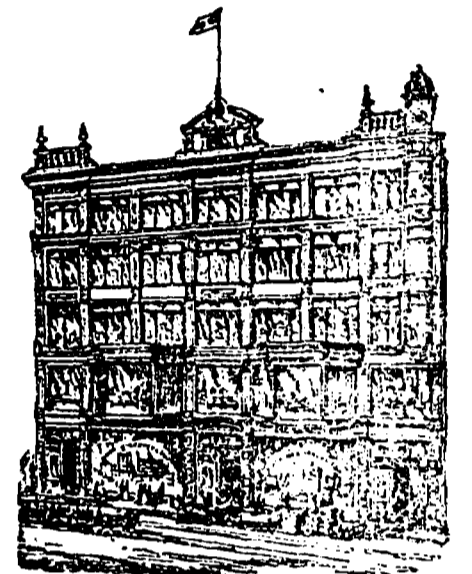
EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to old age attest their wonderful, unending and incomparable efficacy.

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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 Bed 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 cannot 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:

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 1849, 1851 & 1853
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 162.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Dollma Marin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Adelard Lanthier, latter, has this day instituted an action on separation de biens against her said husband.

Montreal, 7th February, 1893.

BEAUDIN & CARDINAL,
 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 127. Dame M. S. Josephine Brosseau, of Montreal, authorized to enter an justice, Plaintiff, vs. Pierre Thomas Brosseau, of Montreal, Defendant, and Octave Damontet, of Laprairie, Tiers-Saisi. An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 26th January, 1893.

L. CONRAD PELLETIER,
 Attorney for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 1932. Dame Annie Beauclump, of Montreal authorized to enter an justice, Plaintiff, vs. Adonias Dunsereau, of Montreal, Confectioner Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 26th January, 1893.

L. CONRAD PELLETIER,
 Attorney for Plaintiff.

UGANDA.

UGANDA. By Philo-Africanus. Oriental University Institute, Woking, 1893.

In this able pamphlet, reprinted from the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review*, we think we can detect the hand of an earnest and devout Protestant friend of foreign missions, and one whose name commands widespread respect, as being usually well informed. It is by far the fairest statement of the ugly Uganda business from the Protestant side that we have yet seen. It is so difficult to disentangle the exact truth amid the contradictory testimonies in this painful affair that for some time we have thought it well to observe silence on the matter. The entirely unbiassed estimate of Philo-Africanus is all the more gratifying, after the wholesale condemnation of the evidence of Bishop Hirth and the Catholic missionaries, and the general eulogiums of Captain Lugard. The writer is pretty severe, indeed, upon some aspects of our Catholic missions and upon the "chauvinism" of at least some French missionaries who have "always la France" on the brain,—a fact we have ourselves had to admit.—adding:—The British, Spanish, Italian, Belgian, German, Roman Catholic (missionaries), never give any trouble.

But his condemnation of the methods of the Protestant Church Missionary Society and of much of Captain Lugard's proceedings is far more scathing,—stronger indeed than anything we have ever written. Nor is he sparing in his criticisms of the East Africa Company. "The less that morality is talked about since the agents of the East Africa Company entered Uganda the better." And he quotes the Rev. Horace Walker, "an admitted authority," who said in October 20th 1892:—

When slaves are seen going through that country in large numbers, I am ashamed to say that it is very often for the purpose of taking provisions from Mombasa to the British East Africa Company's headquarters in Uganda.

But the most telling of all the evidence Philo-Africanus adduces is that of another Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Edward Conybeare, who wrote in the *Guardian* (Nov. 11th, 1892) as follows:—

The extent to which here at home we have shut our eyes to the horrors in Uganda is shown by the letter of Bishop Smythe in your current issue. My account of what took place seems to him almost incredible—too ghastly to be true. But, as I mentioned, I took care to say nothing which was not from our own English and Protestant sources. Had I gone to the other side, yet more fearful tales would be brought forward, tales of the outrage and torture of Catholic women for refusing to deny their faith. These charges are brought against us by Monsignor Hirth, and have never, so far as I have seen, been contradicted. But as our side have said nothing about them, I said nothing about them either, confiding myself to the reports of our own authorities, civil and ecclesiastical. In these reports the account of the massacre is to be found only too plainly; given sometimes with *secretly veiled* *glare*, sometimes barely narrated, never with *one word of pity for the victims or regret at so deep a stain of Christian blood in our course*. And this is where the disgrace to our boasted Christianity lies—not nearly so much in the deed itself (horrible though it was) as in the spirit with which we have greeted the tidings. Captain Williams was but carrying out relentlessly the relentless orders of his superior officer to make the Catholics submit at all costs.

But Captain Lugard alone speaks of the proceedings as "deplorable." No diocesan conference, no church newspaper echoes that word. No—the murdered women and children, were connected with the "Italian Mission," and therefore beyond the pale of Anglican sympathy. No wonder that Roman Catholics say that we have shown what reality we attach to our claims to be Catholic also. Even the Israelites, at the most barbarous period of their history, knew better. Where they had slaughtered down the Benjaminites (richly deserved as the slaughter was) they felt the horror of their deed, and prayed for forgiveness. We seem not even to feel that we need pardon for our brethren's blood. We do not ask for it, and we shall not get it. Have Mr. Hirth, or the "White Fathers," or the French Catholic journals said anything as to this? Philo-Africanus says, "Reverse the position, and imagine a French officer having treated Protestant baptised converts in this fashion"; what would the English press and platform said?

"Up to this time," says Philo-Africanus, "the British have shed no Mahometan or Pagan, only Roman Catholic blood in these spheres"; and declares "I really am reluctant to describe what took place at the Island of Sesse in my own words for fear of being charged with exaggeration." He therefore again quotes the Rev. Mr. Conybeare (*Guardian* Oct. 22) who, among other things says "on the computation—I wish I could say the admission—of our Protestant informants, several defenceless fugitives, chiefly now combatants were thus massacred. Can we hope for God's blessing on our doings in Uganda while we allow such a deed to pass unrepented?"

Philo-Africanus elsewhere declares publicly, respecting the Protestant mission, and referring to a letter of one of their number, the Rev. Cyril Gordon, "we gather from his utterances the spirit of the mission: it wishes for religious and political supremacy by the help of British military power."

In conclusion we quote a pertinent question of the writer: "Where, they (the Protestant religious papers) say, can more competent witnesses be found than Captain Lugard, and the British missionaries? Is the evidence of Bishop Hirth and his French colleagues not to be taken?"

If it be possible to speak of satisfaction in so sad a business, we confess to a feeling of satisfaction that at least a non-Catholic writer admits what we have long felt, viz:—that it is preposterous to suppose that Bishop Hirth and his devoted Catholic missionary priests have been engaged in a conspiracy of monstrous falsehood.

We thank Philo-Africanus for his manly and generous words.—From *Illustrated Catholic Mission*.

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

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Wear a pair of our
SHELL CORDOVAN BOOTS,
And You
WILL NOT HAVE WET FEET.
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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, KIDNEY, and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to those 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 actually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into 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
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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 the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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To Continue Until January 1, 1895.
Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

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

Attested as follows:
We do hereby certify that we supervised the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person managed and controlled the Drawings themselves, and that the same were conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.

Ed. E. [Signature]
J. F. [Signature]
M. [Signature]
Commissioners

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

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
JNO. H. CONNOR, Pres. State National Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank.
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At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
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CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$75,000

100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.
LIST OF PRIZES:
1 PRIZE OF \$75,000 is \$75,000
1 PRIZE OF 20,000 is 20,000
1 PRIZE OF 10,000 is 10,000
1 PRIZE OF 5,000 is 5,000
2 PRIZES OF 2,500 are 5,000
5 PRIZES OF 1,000 are 5,000
25 PRIZES OF 300 are 7,500
100 PRIZES OF 200 are 20,000
200 PRIZES OF 100 are 20,000
300 PRIZES OF 50 are 15,000
500 PRIZES OF 25 are 12,500

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Address PAUL CONRAD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Give full address and make signature plain.

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

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PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$1,750.00.

LIST OF PRIZES

Table with 3 columns: Prize description, Prize value, and Capital prize value. Includes 1 Prize worth \$3,750.00, 1 do 1,250.50, etc.

Approximation Prizes

Table with 3 columns: Prize description, Prize value, and Capital prize value. Includes 100 do 8.25, 100 do 3.75, etc.

3134 Prizes worth.....\$13,185.00

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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 26th. 1885.

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, 18th 1886.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

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



The finest quality of Bells for Churches, Churches, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices.
BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY,
The VAN DUZEN & TIFF CO., Cincinnati, O.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS, CHIMES & PEALS in the World
PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN)
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.



MENEELY & COMPANY,
WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS
Favorably known to the public since 1828. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells, also, Chimes and Peals.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S
Self-Raising Flour

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

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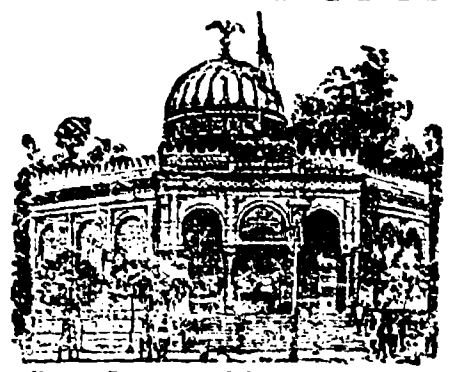
L.D.S., D.D.S.

Surgeon-Dentist

1694 Notre Dame Street.

Preservation of the Natural Teeth and painless extraction. Dorsenaia Laughing Gas, Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial work guaranteed satisfactory.
TELEPHONE 2515. [G-17-90]

MEXICAN



Mesaque Pavilion, City of Mexico, where drawings take place.

LOTTERY OF THE Beneficencia Publica (PUBLIC CHARITY)

ESTABLISHED IN 1678 IN THE CITY OF MEXICO, AND The Only Lottery Protected by the Mexican National Government.

And in nowise connected with any other Company using the same name.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING WILL BE HELD IN THE Mesaque Pavilion in the City of Mexico THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1893.

THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING \$60,000.00

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme before selling a single ticket, and receive the following: (1) First Prize, \$60,000; (2) Second Prize, \$20,000; (3) Third Prize, \$10,000; (4) Fourth Prize, \$5,000; (5) Fifth Prize, \$2,500; (6) Sixth Prize, \$1,000; (7) Seventh Prize, \$500; (8) Eighth Prize, \$250; (9) Ninth Prize, \$100; (10) Tenth Prize, \$50; (11) Eleventh Prize, \$25; (12) Twelfth Prize, \$10; (13) Thirteenth Prize, \$5; (14) Fourteenth Prize, \$2.50; (15) Fifteenth Prize, \$1.00; (16) Sixteenth Prize, \$0.50; (17) Seventeenth Prize, \$0.25; (18) Eighteenth Prize, \$0.10; (19) Nineteenth Prize, \$0.05; (20) Twentieth Prize, \$0.025.

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

PRICE OF TICKETS—U. S. Currency.

Wholes, \$4; Halves, \$2; Quarters, \$1.

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Prize value. Includes 1 Capital Prize of \$60,000, 1 Capital Prize of \$20,000, etc.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Prize value. Includes 100 Prizes of \$80, approximating to \$80,000 prize, \$8,000; 100 Prizes of \$40, approximating to \$40,000 prize, 4,000; etc.

All Prizes sold in the United States fully paid in U. S. Currency. Agents wanted everywhere.

Remit by ordinary letter, containing MONEY ORDER issued by all Express Companies, or New York Exchange.
Currency must invariably be sent Registered.

Address, U. BASSETI, CITY OF MEXICO MEXICO

Established 1850.
J. H. WALKER

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Engraver & Designer

181 St. James St

MONTREAL.
Guardian Ins. Co's Building.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that an application will be made to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act to revive "An Act to Incorporate the Equity Insurance Company," being Chapter 103 of 50 and 51 Victoria; and to amend the same by changing the name thereof to "The St. Lawrence Insurance Company."

Montreal, 10th January, 1893.

A. W. GRENIER,

Solicitor for Applicants.

DOHERTY & SICOTTE,
(Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY.)

Advocates: and : Barristers,
180 ST. JAMES STREET,
City and District Bank Building

That comfortable and satisfied feeling IS PRODUCED



It feeds and fattens. Stimulates and sustains. Benefits and builds up. Strengthens and satisfies.

A COMPLETE FOOD.

McGALE'S FOR . . .
BUTTERNUT
—PILLS—
25 cents per box.
By Mail on Receipt of Price.
B. E. McGALE,
CHEMIST &c.,
2123 NOTRE DAME ST.,
MONTREAL.

**Sick Headache,
Foul Stomach,
Biliousness,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

IRISH NEWS.

Continued from seventh page.

A tardy but well deserved tribute is at length to be paid to the memory of one to whom Catholic Ireland is largely indebted. A preliminary meeting has been held in Newcastle West in furtherance of a movement to erect a suitable memorial of the late Mgr. O'Brien, Dean of Limerick, and founder of that most valuable Catholic organization, the Young Men's Society.

During the Retreat given at the Curragh in November the Rev. Dr. Redman suggested, amongst other devotions, the formation of a Guard of Honor to the Most Holy Sacrament. In response to the suggestion a meeting of members was held recently in the chaplain's room, and the Guard of Honor formally inaugurated and the members enrolled. The object of the Guard is to ensure that no day shall pass without a soldier paying an hour's visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

The death of the Very Rev. Father Edward, O.S.F., took place in the Franciscan Monastery, Killarney, on Saturday morning, Jan. 28th. The deceased was born at Ostend, Belgium, on the 14th of February, 1841. He joined the Recollect Franciscans in 1859, and was ordained priest in 1864. His life as a priest of God was spent amongst the good Catholics of Kerry, and his missionary labors were largely extended in the south of Ireland, where he was well known and deservedly respected by everyone with whom he came in contact, irrespective of class or creed.

By the death, announced in the Freeman's Journal, of Jan. 31st, of Brother Ginivan, the Jesuits of Gardiner street, Dublin, have lost probably the oldest member attached to the entire Order. Brother Ginivan was a native of Kilworth, County Cork, was born there on February 7, 1793; he was therefore entitled to be ranked as one of the centenarians of the day. To members of the Order, and to past pupils of the Clongowood and Tullabeg Colleges of the Order, Brother Ginivan was well known. He was in his fortieth year when he became attached to the Order, having been received by Father Peter Kenny, well-known in his day. His end was peace. I.P.

The full text of the Chief Baron's amended resolution, the Rev. David Humphreys, C. C., writes, brings out in bold relief its injustice towards the Christian Brothers' Schools and the Catholics who support them. No Christian school can receive State aid if a single Protestant pupil has attended it within a year. If a Christian school, supported exclusively by Irish Catholics, has given educational hospitality to a Protestant pupil within a year, it is *ipso facto* excluded from a grant of State money. This is religious equality with a vengeance. And what makes this more intolerant is that in some places the Protestants, having had no school of their own, have been obliged to rely exclusively of the Christian Brothers' Schools for their education.

At Ballinderry, on the shores of Lough Derg, between Borrisokane and Nenagh, there died on Thursday, Jan. 26, a most remarkable man named Connor Ryan. He was born in 1780, and had been an eye-witness of many stirring scenes during the 98 period. He was a United Irishman, and fought in engagements with detachments of the English army at Cappewhite, Cullohill, and Monasterivan, his company having been intercepted by the enemy in these places when marching to assist the Irish forces in Wexford. As he was in his 113 year it

will scarcely be credited that about six years ago he, unaided, built the house in which he thenceforward resided up to the date of his death. Some of his neighbors put on the roof, but he since put on thutch several times himself, the last occasion being something less than twelve months ago. He walked to Terryglass, a distance of one mile and a half, each Sunday to assist at Mass, and he worked at basket-making up to within three months of his death. He only predeceased his wife one day. She would have been 100 years old if she had lived until next March.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. They who use it - Live. For sale by all druggists. 25 cents per bottle.

There is a Catholicity of heart and soul that brings people into sweet union, and, without yielding an iota of their convictions, they feel as one. Such was the Catholicity of Jesus Christ himself, when he proposed to the orthodox Jews and to the whole orthodox world for all ages, the charitable example of an heretical Good Samaritan.

YOUR HEALTH!

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN
TRY

The D. L. EMULSION

It Will Make You Eat.
Will Tone Your Nerves.
Will Make You Strong.
Will Make You Feel Like
Yourself Again.

FOR CHRONIC COUGH IT
IS ALMOST SPECIFIC.

In all Pulmonary Diseases with emaciation, as well as with spitting of blood, the effects of this remedy are very marked.

50c. AND \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.
BE SURE YOU GET THE "D. & L."

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 121. W. H. Miller et al., Plaintiffs, vs. H. J. Beaman, Defendant. On the tenth of March, 1898, at eight of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of the said Defendant, No. 33 Mackay street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of one piano and household furniture. Terms cash. C. T. JETTE, B.S.C. Montreal, 25th February, 1898.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

New Mantles!

New Jackets!

—JUST RECEIVED—

Another shipment of Novelties in
Mantles and Jackets.

AT S. CARSLY'S.

MANTLES.

Ladies' Circular Wraps, from \$3.75
Long Ulsters with three Capes, \$5.
Short Tweed Jackets from \$1.50
New Capes with Silk Facings \$3.
Misses' New Jackets, Braided \$5.25

LINENS.

Butchers' Linen, 39 in. wide, 16c yd.
Linen Huckaback Towellings, 27 inches,
18c yard.
Heavy Bleached Table Damask, 58 in.,
26c yard.
Fringed Table Cloths, Red Border, 2 yds
long, 88c each.
Red and White Sideboard Covers 47c ea.

DRESS GOODS.

Main and Fancy Colored Fabrics 8c yd.
All-wool Colored Serges 13c yd.
New Tweed Effects, double width 38c yd
New Tweed Effects, double width 18c yd
Handsome Dress Patterns \$5.95 ea

CURTAINS.

Roman Stripe Curtains \$1.25 pr
Nottingham Lace Curtains 68c pr
Colored Scrim for Curtains 8c yd
Warm Comforters from 55c ea
Silk Como Rugs from 90c ea

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Boys' Nap Cloth Reefers from \$1.75
Boys' Serge Sailor Suits from 81c
Boys' Tweed Overcoats from \$1.25
Boys' Tweed Suits from \$ 1.95
Boys' Rubber Coats from \$1.50

GLOVES.

Children's Cashmere Cuff Gloves 15c pair
Ladies' Cashmere Cuff do 25c pair
4-Button Tan Kid Gloves 35c pair
4-Button Tan Swede Gloves. 45c pair
Paris Castor Gloves in White and Tan
65c pair

PRINTS.

Fancy Washing Prints 5½c yd
Light Washing Prints 8½c yd
New Verona Challies 7c yd
New Crinkled Zephyrs 11c yd
Half Mourning Prints 11½c yd

Ladies' Outfitting.

Ladies' Chemises and Drawers, 17c ea
Ladies' Night Dresses 35c ea
Reversible Cloth Wrappers 1.40 ea
Ladies' Fancy Striped Skirts 67c ea
Coloured Wool Breakfast Shawls 30c ea

MILLINERY.

Ladies' Untrimmed Felt Bonnets 10c ea
Ladies' Untrimmed Felt Hats 25c ea
Misses' Trimmed Felt Hats 50c ea
Fancy Wings at 25 p. c. off

Men's Furnishings.

Men's Heavy Wool Socks 7c pr
Winter Undershirts and Drawers 25c ea
4-Ply Linen Collars 2c ea
Colored Regatta Shirts 50 ea
Knitted Wool Gloves 15c pr

COSTUMES.

Ladies' Skirts, with Materials for Waist,
from \$3.50 ea
Children's Dresses, from 50c ea
Ladies' Jerseys, from 50c ea
Ladies' Silk Blouses, from \$1.25 ea
Ladies' Fall Costumes, imported Half
Price

Trimmings.

Art Fringes, Cotton 5c yd
Silk Art Fringes 10c yd
Colored Silk Dress Trimmings 10c yd
Black Jet Dress Trimmings 10c yd
Silk and Jet Mantle Ornaments 5c ea

Ladies' Hosiery.

Ladies' Black Woollen Hose 19c pr
Ladies' Ribbed Black Cash. Hose 25c pr
Ladies' Plain Black Cashmere Hose 23 pr
Ladies' Ribbed Wool Vests 37c ea
Gray Merino Vests (Long Sleeves) 44c ea

House Furnishings.

New Furniture Cottons from 7½c yd
Double width Furniture Coverings from
35c yd
Curtain Poles with Brass fittings 20c ea
Good sized White Blankets, \$1.75 pr
Chenille and Cloth Table Covers 53c ea

S. CARSLY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

KNABE PIANOS

The Recognized Standard of Modern
Piano Manufacture.

BALTIMORE. WASHINGTON. NEW YORK.
WILLIS & CO., Sole Agents.
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F. KELLY,

Ruling, Binding and Embossing

774 Craig Street,

MONTREAL.

2G



T. C. O'BRIEN,

231 ST. LAWRENCE ST.,
(Near St. Catherine.)

Have just received my New Stock of the
best lines of Shoes, including

Ladies', Children's and Men's Wear.
GREAT BARGAINS. GOOD VALUE.
82-26

St. Hyacinthe Items.

The Bishop of St. Hyacinthe has conferred the priesthood on Rev. Fathers Gill and Brouseau, of the order of Freres Precheurs. Rev. Brother Athanase, provincial of the convent of the Sacred Heart at St. Hyacinthe, has just completed the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession.