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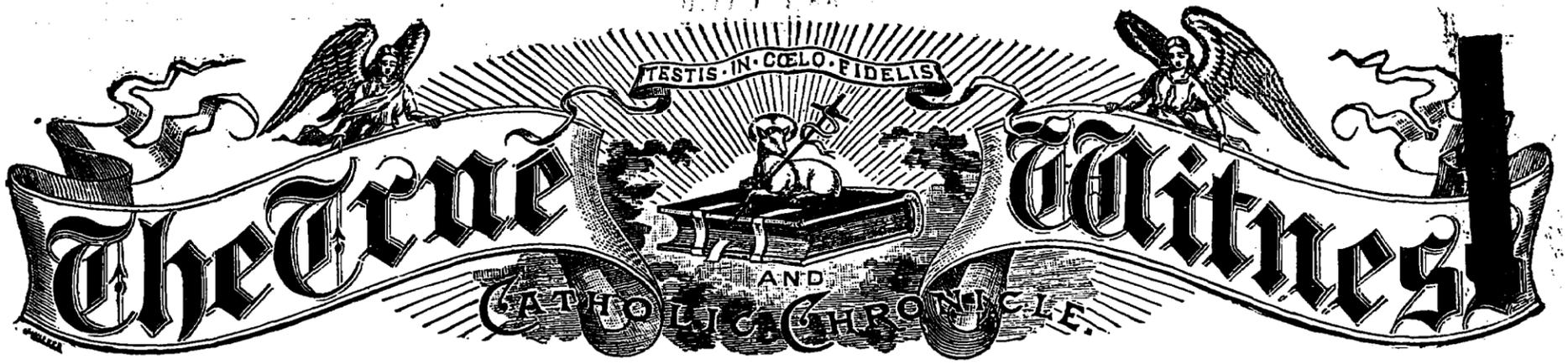
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Catholic Record had a very clever editorial a couple of weeks ago on the subject of "Doctrinal Reaction," in which it gives an "evidence of the gradual return of Presbyterians toward the ancient faith." It is in the form of a mourning card issued by the family of Argyll on the occasion of the death of the Duchess. The fact of such a card being issued is indeed a sign that the Presbyterians are getting nearer to Rome than are the Anglicans. The card is as follows:

"Jesu, Mercy! Mary, Pray! Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Amelia Marie, Duchess of Argyll, who, born on the Feast of St. Victor, April 12th, 1893, died on the Octave of the Holy Innocents, January 4th, 1894. R.I.P." (Several Latin verses from Revelations follow.)

Imagine an Argyll—a staunch follower of John Knox—calling upon the Blessed Virgin to pray for the soul of a departed one, and making use of the Latin language!

OUR Masonic friends have been having a grand time on the occasion of the first official visit of the Grand Master to a Montreal Lodge. Most Worshipful Brother J. P. Noyes, Grand Master Grand Lodge of Quebec, A. F. and A. M., delivered a very peculiar address, in which he unfolded the "teachings of Freemasonry." Occupying the position that he does, Mr. Noyes must know whersof he speaks. If so he has proven, beyond a question, that the principle upon which Freemasonry is based is a negative one. That which is negative must be destructive of all that is positive. Therefore, if we are to take the Grand Master's words in the sense in which English-speaking people understand that language, and not as figurative, we must conclude that the aim of Masonry is a negation. He disclaims any sympathy with Patrons of Industry, P. P. Aists, and similar bodies, and sums up his definition of the society's work by saying that:

"It makes war upon neither man nor society; it offers no temporal advantages for an alliance with it; it solicits neither influence nor adherence; it attacks no man's religious faith; it dictates to no man his line of political action; it makes no parade of its objects; in fact, to sum it up in a few words, it avoids all officious interference or meddling with external matters, but, on the other hand, it scrupulously minds its own business."

Now, if these be "all the teachings of Freemasonry" we claim that either Mr. Noyes has purposely misstated them, or else they are purely negative. A society that is neither political, national, or religious in its aims and in its principles must be either a blank, or else antagonistic to all institutions, be they of the domain of the state or of the Church. It can only be a huge void, and "nature abhors a vacuum."

SPEAKING of Freemasonry we might as well take the symbols and pass-words as the evidences of its purposes. What do

they all indicate? The compass, the trowel, the mortar, the square, the measure; the calling of God the Great Architect, the terms used in the different conventional passes; all bespeak an object—that of building. The building of an edifice is the aim, the work, the purpose of Freemasonry. In order to erect a building you must have the ground whereon to lay the foundation. That ground has been occupied by the Catholic Church during long centuries. Christ built his temple upon that ground. In order then to secure the site for the proposed temple of Masonry it is necessary to begin by tearing down the institution that already covers it. Therefore is it that their work, during the past century, has been that of demolishing; until they shall have entirely destroyed the Church they cannot expect to begin the erection of their own edifice. And as the Church is indestructible they will never commence their building. This system is consequently a vast negation.

MISS M. E. BRADDON, the now famous English novelist, has joined the Catholic Church. Miss Braddon is the writer of "Lady Andley's Secret," and a number of other very popular stories. In private life she is Mrs. Maxwell, wife of a well-known publisher. It appears that the Church is having an influence upon the novelists, for two others of that profession—Mr. F. Austey and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin—have recently become Catholics. This is a good hopeful indication in the direction of Catholic literature.

A MAN named Ravenne, a professor of languages at the University of Rheims, was guilty of a most fearful act of sacrilege. He received the Holy Communion and then cast the Host on the ground under the feet of a priest who was passing. It is probable that the man was not right in his mind; he may have become insane, or partially so, from over study. However, the tribunal of Rheims condemned him to six months imprisonment, and it is probable before his term expires it will be known whether he is sane or not. A wise course that of the Court.

REFERRING to the tax exemptions on church property in Montreal, La Minerve recently published some interesting statistics. "According to the census the non-Catholics being less than one-fourth of the whole population, the value of their churches should be only one-fourth of the total value of all the temples. But as a matter of fact, out of eighty churches, nineteen only are Roman Catholic, their value being \$3,335,660, while the total value of the sixty-one non-Catholic churches is \$2,911,660. This means that, while being only twenty-five per cent of the population, the Protestants have forty-seven per cent of the tax exemption on churches." In the case of the schools the disproportion is still in favor of Protestants. The total value of Catholic schools is \$4,481,090, and that of Protestant schools \$2,335,200. Here,

instead of 25 per cent of exemptions, according to their numbers, they have 34 1/2 per cent. In the charitable institutions the value of the Catholic property is \$1,001,900, and that of non-Catholic property is \$1,569,000. Seventy-two per cent for Catholics and twenty-eight per cent for Protestants. A fair enough division. The object of these statements is not complain that Protestants have more than their share of exemptions, but to show that no injustice is done them in the matter. The Daily Witness reproduced those figures.

WE HAVE been asked if the use of bells in churches dates from before the reformation. St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, is supposed to have introduced the use of bells in the year of Our Lord 100. All over Christendom they were used in churches and monasteries during the first centuries. In France they were used as early as the year 550; and Benedict, Abbot of Yearmouth, imported them from Italy into England in 680. So that even in Western Europe the use of bells in churches was in practice a thousand years before the Reformation.

WE NOTICE by our American Catholic exchanges that Rev. Father Phelan, editor of the *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, Mo., has got into hot water with the bishop of his diocese, and that his ecclesiastical superior has issued a somewhat strong circular against the paper. We have not asked what were the differences between the bishop and the priest editor; no matter what they were, we are of opinion that they could have been settled without the necessity of so much publicity; nor do we deem it wise on the part of the press to make such a rumpus about the affair. We cannot see what good is to result from a trumpeting over the land of the misunderstanding, which is more a private matter between Father Phelan and the Bishop than a question that effects the Catholic world of the United States. It would have been far more agreeable to all parties concerned, and far more beneficial to the cause of Catholic journalism, had the differences been amicably settled without recourse to denunciations *de part et d'autre*.

The last number of the *Ave Maria* is highly instructive and deeply interesting. It is wonderful how the spirit of pure Catholic journalism is manifested in this publication. Miss Loughead is again "among the Bohemians" and her sketch of this week is a very attractive account of "The Ways of Bohemia." Maurice Francis Egan, as usual brim-full of timely lessons and attractive illustrations, has his page of "Sunday Nights with Friends." There is a splendid number of extracts from different standard works, under the heading "Readings from Remembered Books." We are under the impression that the selections are made by the reverend editor; the title and the quality of the material both indicate his careful and

choice discrimination. There is also a couple of pages of music, the "Regina Coeli," music by F. J. Liscombe, which adds to the value of a most valuable issue.

MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR has been elected a member of the Carlton club, London, and was chosen in preference to numbers of gentlemen whose names were ahead of his on the list. Mr. Astor has published this news to the world in his own paper. He did not happen, however, to state that he bought his way into the club by subscribing to the Conservative party's parliamentary fund; nor did he make it known that his millions were useful to the club, while he—being the legal possessor of the money—was deemed worthy of toleration. His money could not secure him the social standing he sought in New York, so he has taken it over to London to pave a way to a seat at some lord's table, and to buy a nod from some titled public man, in the corridors of the House. Yet Mr. Astor, with his paper, his magazine, and his ticket to the club, cannot see that he is looked upon as an intruder and that he is playing the part of the *parvenu*. As a sample of his sagacity we take the following from his paper. The heading is, "Irish misgovernment—the United States' municipal degradation." "The Irish have shown by their administration of municipal affairs of certain American cities that they are dangerous to civilization, and Home Rule for Ireland would ruin the United Kingdom. The Irish ought to be kept down." Hurrah for Astor! He is truly a STAR! Stripped of the glitter that his gold imparts he would be a shooting-star—fired out of the States for his snobbery, and out of England for his effrontery.

THERE seems to be a likelihood that the question of Home Rule for Scotland is going to assume very important proportions. It is an evidence that the spirit which has dictated a measure of justice for Ireland is one that belongs to every nation in the world. In our St. Patrick's Day issue we took occasion to point out that the cause of Home Rule is a safe one, because it is in accord with the great democratic movement that is sweeping over civilization and that it must be the outcome of that demand for "Government for the people by the people," which is gaining daily headway in all lands. The establishment of the principle of Home Rule for one country is a recognition of its justice, and we in Canada, who enjoy its benefits, feel that the day will come when every section of the great Empire will have its legislative autonomy.

THE notorious Coxey and his industrial army go marching on to Washington. It may be a freak of eccentricity on the part of the man from Massillon; or it may be a well-laid plan to excite the sympathies of the public, but be the motive what ever it may, one thing certain it is an infallible sign of the hard condition to which a vast number of America's citizens are reduced in consequence of the financial crisis that has recently weighed upon the neighboring Republic.

"IN DARKEST ENGLAND."

A Paper Prepared for the Reading Circle.

A recent number of an English magazine contains an article from the pen of a well known writer, in which he bewails what he terms a wanton waste of the people's heritage. The common people, he says, live amid scenes that attract pilgrims from the uttermost ends of the earth, while they themselves scarcely lift their eyes to see the shrines in the daily presence of which they live. And furthermore, he affirms that the people are not to blame, for nothing is done to teach them that they ever had a past, and so they live their hum-drum lives, without the consolation that the contemplation of a glorious past would afford, rich with memories of religion, poetry and romance.

England possesses a holy land of her own, but seven out of every ten of her people know it not; they seem to have a knowledge of certain names famous in the past,—Elizabeth, Cromwell, King David and Abraham,—and even these are but imperfectly realized. But as regards the glories of their country they might as well be Comanche, Indians or miners in Arizona. What an admission of failure, coming as it does from the pen of a brilliant Protestant writer, who, seeing events as they are and having the courage of his convictions, is not afraid to lift up his voice against wrong and injustice in whatever forms they exist, and when the far seeing and brilliant mind of such a man acknowledges (involuntary though it may be) the inability of Protestantism to elevate the masses from the depth of their ignorance in "Darkest England," surely we of the faith of Edward the Confessor will find encouragement to work with renewed vigor in prayer and alms-giving that this harvest may be soon gathered into the vineyard of the Lord. Let us hope and pray, and by the sign that Charlemagne saw shall we conquer in our battle with ages of prejudice and hatred.

But to come back to our subject. If the people are not to blame for this waste of the wealth of King Demos, this want of interest in all that a nation should hold in reverence, who or what is responsible, some cause must be assigned for this desolation.

Let us pierce the mists of the past, and alas! too easily can we discern by the lurid light of the so-called reformation, the reason for this national apathy. The monasteries demolished, the records destroyed, the record keepers (the patient monks) robbed and plundered, and to-day what have we to replace these convents and monasteries where holy men and women tended to the wants of our suffering Lord in the persons of the poor, the sick and the desolate. What have we but that blot on the page of English civilization—the workhouse!

Henry the Eighth, fallen from his high estate of Defender of the Faith to the plunderer of the faithful, his example followed by his infamous daughter, the "Good Queen Bess" of Protestant annals. The followers of these royal vandals, in their blind hatred of all things Christian and Catholic, even went so far as to endeavor to suppress the festival of the birth of our Redeemer, and the people, old and young, deprived of their customary greetings to the Christ-child, cried out in their anguish and desolation, No Christmas! No Christmas!

And to-day, centuries later, a voice from a people deprived of their heritage as they were deprived of their faith, cries out in their sorrow, No History! No History! Deprived of her Faith, for England was never apostate. No, a thousand times no. Protestant she may have been under the force of circumstances, apostate never; and as at the present time, one after another of brilliant minds in quick succession, seeking truth, find shelter in the fold of the one Church true and Apostolic, so may we soon expect to see England take her place among the nations proud of being acknowledged as an elder daughter of the Church.

Now what is proposed as a panacea for this national ill, this waste of history. Nothing more or less than a leaf out of the past, the revival of the pilgrimage. How strange this must sound in the ears of our separated brethren. Revival of the pilgrimage in the land of the open

Bible, the land of a people ignorant of the fame and very name of their Saints and heroes, a land with history untold and songs unsung. Surely,

"God's justice is o'er it all,
He probes for motives,
He waits for years,
To Him no moment is mean or small,
His scales are turned
By the weight of tears."

The pilgrimage, the learned Englishman goes on to say was a favorable factor in social and religious functions and always had a religious sanction and in proposing this revival he says it must be secure the end in view (the education of the people), a pilgrimage and not an excursion, for according to Tolstoi there is as much difference between a pilgrimage and an excursion as there is between a pilgrim and a tramp.

Yes, by all means revive the pilgrimage in its true Catholic and Christian sense, and when the prayers of the guild of our Lady of Ransom are answered and England once more bears the proud title of "Our Lady's Dowry," and the Te Deums of her pilgrims ascend from the shrines of her Confessors, Martyrs and Saints, then will her national memory be restored. Then will she awaken to a knowledge of her glorious heritage. Then, and not till then, will the reproach be removed that she lived for ages unmoved in an atmosphere "Thick with the purple mists of centuries and of song."

S. SUTHERLAND.

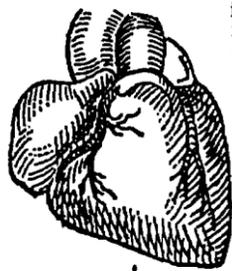
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR HOWLAN.

THE RECIPIENT OF ADDRESSES FROM THE IRISH SOCIETIES OF P. E. I.

We note with pleasure, in the Daily Examiner of Charlottetown, that His Honor, the new Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island, ex-Senator Howlan, was the object of hearty congratulations on the occasion of his appointment to office. Amongst other national bodies the Ancient Order of Hibernians presented a most cordial address. Now that the Lieut.-Governor is outside the political arena, we may be permitted to wish him health and success during the remainder of his career. It is always a source of pleasure to note the attaining of positions of distinction by our prominent Irish Catholics. Each one furnishes an additional proof of the worth of our people and a convincing evidence that all they require is a fair field in order to reach the topmost rungs on the ladder of success. All over Canada Governor Howlan has been most popular. In Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, and in each large center—not to speak of his own "Little Isle by the Sea"—he has made thousands of friends, all of whom, irrespective of politics, creed or nationality, rejoice to learn of his well deserved appointment to the highest post of duty in his Province. He occupies a place held by other able and well remembered Irishmen of mark. John Ready and Sir Dominick Daly were, each in turn, Lieutenant-Governors of Prince Edward Island. Hon. Mr. Howlan is the third of that trinity of distinguished sons of the "Ancient Race," and we trust that his days will be long in the land and that prosperity may accompany his footsteps adown the avenue of the future.

Benevolent Old Gentleman: My good man, how came you to adopt begging as a trade? Or would you call it a profession? Beggar: It is neither, sir, it is an art.

THE HEART



is liable to great functional disturbance through sympathy. Dyspepsia, or indigestion, often causes it to palpitate in a distressing way. Nervous Prostration, Debility and Impoverished Blood, also cause its too rapid pulsations. Many times, Spinal Affections, cause it to labor unduly. Sufferers from such Nervous Affections often imagine themselves the victims of organic heart disease.

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES, as Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Epilepsy, or Fits, St. Vitus's Dance, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Melancholia and Kindred Ailments, are treated as a specialty, with great success, by the Staff of the Invalids' Hotel. For Pamphlet, References, and Particulars, enclose 10 cents, in stamps for postage.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE RESURRECTION.

Out from the tomb in glory cometh
The Lord, triumphant, glorified;
Death is conquered, the Victor riseth,
Proven God, the crucified.

Riven the tomb by the breath of an angel,
Broken the seal of Rome's mighty state,
Fleeing in terror, her soldiers whose courage
War's sullen thunders could never abate.

Out from the sepulchre, mighty and holy,
Radiant and beautiful, the Conqueror comes;
Tremble ye minions of Rome, this is glory
Greater than Caesar's, greater than Rome's.

Tremble ye Jews, ye priests of the Temple,
Stained are your souls by the blood of a God;
Jesus has risen—the Nazarene humble,
He whom you tortured with insult and rod.

Calvary's Victim, outshining in splendor
The sun, when at noonday its beams fiercest
blaze,
Countenance gleaming, with light so effulgent,
Eyes of a mortal may falter to gaze.

Crowned with a halo of glory eternal,
Where sharp-pointed thorns late wreathed
the pale Brow,
Regal His aspect, yet meek as an angel's;
—Will ye deny him divinity now?

Cower ye mighty, your power is shaken,
God has reclaimed mankind for His Own;
Ye of the Temple, priesthood and people,
Haste for the blood of a God to atone!

Rejoice all ye faithful who followed the Savior
O'er pathways of sorrow to Calvary's height;
Ye know the voice of a God in "the Master,"
Prouder, awaited a God in His might.

Rejoice all mankind, 'tis a Savior that's risen,
Mercy, not vengeance, He seeks to bestow;
His death—the atonement for all our transgressions,
With love for His creatures His great heart's aglow.

—K. DOLORS.

EASTER IN ROME.

Easter week is still the great season at Rome; for Italy is Catholic, if the Pope is not king. At this feast of feasts it would seem that all Italy had gathered for one grand holiday. Throngs on throngs pass early towards St. Peter's, solemn High Mass is celebrated, and the nobility, the soldiery and the populace are mingled together in the vast sea of human beings there. Suddenly the trumpeter comes forth to the balcony over the grand entrance, and the shrill blast is sent out over the multitude, announcing that the moment had come when at the altar the Pope consecrates the Host, and high and low all bend on their knees. We should have previously said that the day is ushered in by the firing of cannon, and the lamps around the tomb of St. Peter are lighted, while from a hall in the palace of the Vatican the Pope is carried into the church, seated in his chair, borne on the shoulders of his officers. On his head he wears the tiara or triple crown, which signifies a union of spiritual and temporal power. On all sides of him are carried large fans, composed of ostrich feathers, in which are placed the eye-like parts of peacock's feathers to represent the eyes of vigilance of the Church. When in the church, he rests under a rich canopy of silk.

After the trumpet has sounded, the Pope himself is borne to the balcony over the central doorway, and gives his benediction to the waiting thousands, as he makes the sign of the cross in the air. It is a most impressive scene to see a hundred thousand people thrilled by this act.

Deep silence lies on the breathing mass while the benediction is pronounced; and then the Amen is chanted four times, lending a sweet charm by the music to the scene. Afterwards the cardinal deacon reads in Italian and Latin the absolution, and gives the plenary indulgence granted to those who have attended all the sacraments in the spirit of true repentance.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

OF LATE a lengthy article upon "Authorship of the *Te Deum*" has been going the rounds of the Catholic press. Dom Germain Morin, a Benedictine monk, after much research, declares that he thinks the hymn was originally a doxological gloss or amplification of the psalm *Laudate Pueri Dominum*, and that the author was St. Nicetas, Bishop of Remesiana in Dacia. The following may interest many of our readers:

"Dom Germain accounts for the hymn having been attributed to St. Ambrose by the fact, mentioned by Cassiodorus, that one of the treatises of Nicetas, *De Fide*, was included in the works of St. Ambrose. Moreover, it is highly probable that the Church of Milan was one of the first to adopt the hymn, whence it spread to Gaul and Britain *via* Lerins and Marseilles. Its ascription to Sisebut, which is found in Monte Cassino MSS., may be accounted for by supposing that

a monk of that name found his way to Monte Cassino and introduced it there; for we know from St. Gregory that the Gothic element had already been introduced into Monte Cassino during the lifetime of the holy patriarch. In like manner the ascription of the hymn to St. Aubundius, which occurs in Vatican MSS., may point to the introduction of the hymn into Rome through St. Aubundius, who, according to St. Gregory (*Dial.*, l. 4, c. 25), was *Mansionarius* St. Petri towards the middle of the sixth century."

The Sacred Heart Review publishes the following letters, written by the Emperor Napoleon I. They have just come to light. M. Fouche, to whom they were written, was his chief of secret police. They cast a new light on the character and principles of the conquering Corsican:—

[To M. Fouche, Duke of Otrante.]

Monsieur le Duc d'Otrante: There is in the *Publiciste* an article which appears to be written in favor of the Spanish monks. Make the editor understand the inconvenience of such articles, and the risk he runs of having his journal suppressed.

Have some articles written, describing the ferocity of these monks, their ignorance, and their profound stupidity, for the monks of Spain are genuine butcher boys.

[To Prince le Brun, Governor-General of Holland and Amsterdam.]

Trianon, July 18, 1811.

My Cousin: The authors of the *Annales politiques et littéraires* of Amsterdam, have printed an article in which they claim that the Pope has the right to excommunicate sovereigns and to dispose of sovereignties. Order the *Annales politiques* to be suppressed and the authors of the article to be arrested.

[To General Savory, Minister of the General Police.]

Paris, February 11, 1813.

Monsieur le Duc de Rovigo: You will order the arrest of all the priests who shall be found in the small churches, and have them sent to the State's prison.

WE ARE very grateful to science. A great ourang-outang died recently in Paris and the body was subjected to a medical examination under the scalpel. The acknowledged authorities have come to the conclusion that man is not descended from the animals. That is quite consoling. In truth we never had any ambition in the line of ancestry tracing, much less did we ever care to know that our grand parents had tails, cracked nuts for a living and lived in trees. We have always been satisfied with Adam as our first parent, nor did we ever think there was any great distinction in being able to trace our pedigree beyond his time. However, it has often puzzled us to make out one thing; if man is but a developed monkey, or, as great and soul-inspiring philosophers like Darwin tell us, he comes by evolutionary process from the ape, how is it that apes, baboons, and other monkeys exist to-day? Their race should be extinct, if they have developed into men. It takes a baboon to invent such a theory and an ourang-outang to believe in it.

THE *Moniteur de Rome* announces that in 1896 the Holy Father will grant an extraordinary jubilee to France in honor of the centenary fetes commemorating the baptism of Clovis.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whiteners." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whiteners" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whiteners for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whiteners, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whiteners" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN,

Gower Point, Ont.

P. S.—We take P.O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purpose, then it will save us the rush of P. O. stamps.

"What are you crying for, Tommy?"
"Because my brothers have a holiday and I haven't."
"But why haven't you a holiday, too?"
"Because I'm not old enough to go to school."

WORK OF NOBLE WOMEN.

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART OF MARY.

A Great Order Born in France's Days of Terror—In the World, But Not of Its Requisites for Aspirants to the Religious Life—Extracts from an Able Article.

The Society of Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (generally called Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary) had its heroic beginning in Paris during the stormy days of the French Revolution. The founders were humble Fathers of the Company of Jesus, aided by their Father General. The members live by the rule of St. Ignatius Loyola. The society has been formally approved by the Vicar of Christ.

A brief summary of the history, organization, objects and work of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary will be interesting at this time. The founders of the new order were Rev. Fathers Barrier and De Clorivière, of the Society of Jesus. The first Mother Superior was a lady of noble rank, who before the revolution had been a member of the Sisters of the Visitation. The ranks of the community were immediately filled by many ladies, who had been driven from their convents by the revolutionists. They included hundreds of Sisters of Charity, of the Good Shepherd, of the Visitation, of Mount Carmel, of St. Ursula, St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Augustin, and many others. It is related that after peace was again restored and the religious were notified by the General of the Society of Jesus that they were at liberty to remain and take the vows of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary or return to their former convents, not one religious out of several thousand left the community.

Considering the prejudices of the rabble, the religious of the new association continued to wear the secular dress (a garb similar to that worn by the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent's, on the Hudson, near New York) and were for protection's sake respectively called madame and mademoiselle. This dress and this title are familiar features to the present day.

ITS IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.

The members of the new order were to take the places of the religious orders that had been driven from France, and in an indefinitely short space of time we find them in the schools, orphan asylums, hospitals, in a word, they were directing nearly all the charitable institutions previously directed by the banished religious orders.

The world never before had seen such an order, never dreamed of such a mission as theirs until it sprang into sudden existence from the divine inspiration of a few humble Jesuit fathers at the very moment when Christendom most needed such a powerful auxiliary.

MUST BE ABBREAST OF THE AGE.

The rules and constitution of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, being adopted from those of the Society of Jesus, bear the stamp of the saint, the scholar and the soldier. Their object is to train each religious to the highest possible degree of virtue and learning. The system of discipline is thorough. It is a military maxim that "obedience is the first duty of the soldier." The religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary acknowledges it; besides, her every action is to be performed "for the greater glory of God." Nor is this all; the members of the order are to be those who in everything pertaining to human knowledge do not remain behind their age, but are able to follow or even to aid its advances; they are alive to every change in the popular phase of education; they hold to nothing simply because it has the sanction of antiquity, but are ready to adopt what stands the test of experience, yet without ever forgetting they are religious, vowed to the defense of religion and the salvation of precious souls.

MORE "SOLDIERS" ARE NEEDED.

In order to carry on the good works of the community in different places, more faithful laborers are needed in the vineyard, more soldiers are invited to enlist in the army of the Lord. The harvest is ripe and abundant, but the laborers few. We beseech the parochial clergy of the United States, in the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, to commend this noble community to such of their penitents who show signs of a religious vocation. It matters not whether aspirants be

American, German, Irish, French, English or Italian; neither does it matter whether they be rich or poor. If they be rich, well and good; if they be poor they are equally welcome.

The community being a strictly educational and industrial organization, only such subjects as show mental or industrial talent will be received as choir nuns. Good pious souls who show signs of a vocation, but who are not capable of fulfilling the duties of the choir nun, will be cheerfully received as domestic religious. Three novitiates of the order are located in the United States, as follows: Academy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, 772 East One Hundred and Eighty-eighth street, Fordham, New York city; St. Mary's Academy (called Mlle Nardin's No. 74 Franklin street Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Joseph's Home, No. 409 South May street, Chicago, Ill.

Before closing this paper let us say a few words regarding religious vocation; let the following be pondered over by aspirants to the religious life:

Two conditions are required to enter religion, viz, vocation, fidelity to that vocation.

Vocation, which means a call from God, is generally recognized:

First, by a firmness; that is, a disposition of mind and body to comprehend the obligations of the state and to endure its labors and fatigues.

Second, by an attraction; that is, a feeling, be it instinctive or be it the result of reason, which leads the will to choose the religious rather than the secular life.

INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary are rapidly establishing schools for the improved instruction of deaf mutes (they instruct by the pure oral method) and homes for working girls in every part of the United States and Canada. As statistics will prove, deaf mutes are, as a rule, the offspring of very poor people. Few children are born deaf and dumb—they become so from improper and unskillful treatment during serious cases of illness. Therefore, on account of poverty, their parents are unable to pay anything towards their education and support while at school. The religious take both boys and girls into their institutes for deaf mutes at the age of four years and keep them until they reach their sixteenth or seventeenth year, giving them in the meantime a good practical common school education and teaching each child some useful trade. The girls generally learn dress-making, tailoring or millinery; the boys are taught practically and thoroughly various useful trades by competent masters. The female inmates of the homes for working girls directed by the order are, as a rule, poor creatures, who are homeless, friendless and moneyless. It will readily be seen that they are in no position to pay for their board and domestic training while remaining in the homes awaiting employment. If it were not for the wide-open door and the invitation to enter offered by our Catholic homes many poor girls would morally perish in the streets—they would be lost for time and for eternity.

It will readily be seen, then, that these courageous nuns are undertaking no light burden; but is it right that they should bear it alone? We most earnestly entreat the charitably disposed to assist them financially by donating either money or property to the order for the above-named extensive charities. Donations may be made through the right reverend bishops or parochial clergy wherever existing or to Miss Ernestine Nardin, provincial general of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary in the United States, who resides at the Provincial House of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, 68 Franklin street, Buffalo, New York.

Which of the many kindly duties that God sends them to do are dearest to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary it would be hard to divine. They place their hands to each holy work, they recognize how much more distress remains unalleviated for want of thought than for want of heart and they offer themselves and their lives as the medium through which the charity of the wealthy may be utilized. Their dutiful sacrifice should be accepted and made fruitful by those to whom God has awarded riches; through these devoted nuns they can bestow of their superfluity. It cannot go astray, whether it be to help those poor, homeless girls in a strange city, far from friends, those training for useful house-

hold employments, or, perhaps, beyond all, to teach those poor deaf mutes whose minds were closed till this help came—closed to religious influence as well as human love—to whom they have said, as our Savior said, Ephpheta—"be thou open"—whose intellects have been expanded by their instruction "as the fresh winds of the West blow the misty valleys clear."

LIST OF ACADEMIES.

Below is given the names and addresses of the academies referred to above:

ACADEMIES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Mount St. Mary's Academy, boarding school, Cleveland avenue, between Delaware and Elmwood avenues, Buffalo, New York.

Miss Nardin's Academy, day school, corner Franklin and Church streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

Academy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, boarding school, 772 East One Hundred and Eighty-eight street, Fordham, New York city.

St. Elizabeth's Academy, day school, 235 East Fourteenth street, New York city.

Mount St. Joseph's Academy, boarding and day school, Buffalo avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nazareth Academy, boarding and day school, 243 North Prospect street, Burlington, Vermont.

St. Mary's Academy, boarding school, 103 Harmon street, Cleveland, Ohio.

St. Joseph's Academy, boarding school, 1167 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

St. Ignatius Loyola's Academy, boarding and day school, 415 May street, Chicago, Illinois.

St. Mary's Academy, boarding school, Sault de Sainte Marie, Michigan.

Academy of Our Lady and St. Paul, boarding and day school, 318 Somerset street, St. Paul, Minnesota.

BOARDING AND SELECT DAY SCHOOLS FOR LITTLE BOYS.

St. Joseph's School, 66 Franklin street, Buffalo, New York.

Sacred Heart School, Cleveland avenue, Buffalo, New York.

St. Joseph's School, Throggs Neck-on-the-Sound, Westchester Post office, New York.

Sacred Heart school, 405 May street, Chicago, Illinois.—Rev. J. McGrath, in Philadelphia Catholic Times.

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE, COTE-DES-NEIGES.

The students of Notre Dame College passed a very successful monthly examination. The following is the result and order of merit for the month of March:

FIRST CLASS.—W. Feeny, J. Fox, A. Carignan, G. Kelly, A. Stuart, R. Graham, J. Lamar.

SECOND CLASS.—W. Higgins, J. Levesque, H. Ortiz, J. Cartier, E. Charette, G. Deroach, H. Chapdelaine, F. Goyer, J. Duffey, E. Fontaine, A. Stuart, A. Leclere, A. Beaulieu, A. Dufort, W. Poire.

THIRD CLASS.—H. Payette, J. Millard, T. Leblance, J. McKeown, J. Doherty, L. Palmer, Z. Blanchard, J. Coburn, D. Dineen, F. Ryan, P. Rholand, J. Hurtubise, E. Cardinal.

FOURTH CLASS.—M. Kelly, R. Berard, L. St. Arnaud, F. Stuart, P. Carroll, L. Dion, A. Bonhomme, F. Hetherston, H. Henault, L. Guion, A. Chouinard, J. Demontigny, E. Lacroix, A. Desmarchais, A. Lapierre, H. Hectou, C. Fobin, J. B. Payette, O. Simmond, C. Gesner, E. Dube, P. Finn.

PREPARATORY CLASS.—E. Peachy, R. Labrecque, L. Dansereau, A. Arcand, Z. Lamer, A. Paleneaud, A. Prud'homme, E. Malboeuf, H. Gastonguay, E. W. Malboeuf, E. Raymond, C. Albert, M. Cartier, E. Lamer, R. Leduc, R. Dube, L. Facio.

ROLL OF HONOR.—A. Arcand, A. Bonhomme, G. Beaudry, C. Belhumeur, L. Chapdelaine, P. Carroll, D. Dineen, H. Delage, A. Dufort, E. Delage, R. Delorme, J. Doherty, G. Deroach, J. Fox, E. Fontaine, L. Guion, T. Leblance, A. Mayer, W. Marson, J. McKeown, W. S. Marson, E. O'Reilly, A. Pateneaud, A. Prud'homme, E. Rochon, A. Raymond, P. Rholand, Jos. St. Germain, Leop. St. Arnaud, L. Scott, T. St. Arnaud, Arthur Stuart, L. St. Arnaud, E. Berard.

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

ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The members of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held their annual meeting in St. Patrick's Hall on last Wednesday evening, Mr. M. Sharkey presiding. The Secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan, read the annual reports. They were of a very satisfactory character. The Society is in an excellent financial state. After general routine business the election of officers took place and resulted as below:—Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., Reverend President (by appointment); Hon. Senator Murphy, Vice-President; Mr. M. Sharkey, Second Vice-President; Mr. J. J. Costigan, Secretary; Mr. T. J. Kavanagh, Assistant Secretary; Mr. James Tiernay, Treasurer; Mr. L. C. O'Brien, Financial Secretary; Mr. T. M. Cullen, Assistant Financial Secretary; Mr. James Milloy, Grand Marshal; Mr. Steve Martin, Assistant Marshal. Committee of management—Messrs. John Howard, Jas. H. Kelly, M. F. Dolan, Thos. Smallshire, A. Brogan, N. P., John Walsh, W. Durcan, James Connaughton, Thos. Latimore, W. P. Doyle, F. Collins, A. T. Martin. A meeting of the newly elected officers was held subsequently and Mr. John Walsh was unanimously re-elected chairman of the committee of management.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

Mr. T. P. Tansey, General Secretary of the Canadian C. M. B. A. Relief Association, established a branch of the relief in Branch No. 218, of Canada, on Friday night in Sorel. The following were elected officers in the new branch: President, Mr. E. Ponthriand; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. J. T. Roberge; Trustee, Mr. Frs. Lefebvre; Sick Committee, Messrs. A. F. Wiseman, P. Cherrier and John Comtois; Finance committee, Messrs G. Bernier, Raphael Chevrier and Pierre Bibeau.

FORMATION OF A BRANCH AT COTE ST. PAUL.

The formation of a branch of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association at Cote St. Paul last Friday evening was an event to be remembered. The ceremonies attending the formation of the new branch, which will be known as No. 229, were conducted by District Deputy J. E. H. Howison, assisted by Grand Deputy T. G. Finn, Trustee T. P. Tansey, District Deputy Spedding and Secretary J. Costigan. The election of officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. A. A. Brault; President, Mr. A. T. Martin; First Vice-President, Mr. F. X. Payette; Second Vice-President Mr. Ed. Kennedy; Recording Secretary, Mr. Japhet Dame; Assistant Secretary, Mr. Thomas Evers; Treasurer, Mr. Adelard Therien; Financial Secretary, Mr. James Rinahan; Marshal, Mr. Ernest Tourangeau; Guard, Mr. H. E. Martin; Trustees, Rev. Father McGinnis, Mr. Jos. Sauve, Mr. J. H. Boyer, Mr. Jas. P. Evers and Mr. H. E. Martin; Representative to Grand Council, Mr. A. T. Martin; alternate, Mr. F. X. Payette.

CHANGE OF HOURS.

Commencing on Monday, 2nd of April, the week day Masses at St. Patrick's Church during the summer months will be: First Mass at 5.30; second at 6, and third Mass at 7 a.m.

PERSONAL.

The following gentlemen were appointed to take up the collections at St. Patrick's Church for the next three Sundays: Hon. Senator Murphy, Messrs. C. J. Chisholm, J. G. C. Meagher and P. J. Coyle.

REMOVING.

English, American and Canadian Wall Paper of all Styles and Descriptions.

75,000 pieces directly imported from manufacturers; prices not to be compared with others; every pattern the latest, at his new "Depot de Tapisserie," on the first flat. A visit is respectfully requested by

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(Formerly S. Lachance's drug store.) 3517

THE REAL MOTIVE.

"Mathan d'ailleurs, Mathan, ce pretre sacrilege,
Plus méchant qu'Athalie, à toute heure l'assiege;
Mathan, de nos autels infâme déserteur,
Et de toute vertu zélé persécuteur.
Ce temple l'importune, et son implacé,
Voudrait anéantir le Dieu qu'il a quitté."

If Racine had visions of the far away past he seems none the less to have caught glimpse of the distant future when he penned that masterpiece "Athalie." Mathan, the sacrilegious priest, the deserter of God's altars, the zealous persecutor of the faith which he abandoned, is painted, by the mighty poet, as even worse than Athalie—the woman who seduced him into rebellion against the laws of God. Could it be possible that Racine, when picturing that character, in 1690, saw across the space of two centuries and understood what was going to take place in our day? Perhaps not; but nevertheless he has drawn to the life the character that belongs to certain men, who, after having received especial gifts in the sacerdotal dignity, trample upon all the graces of their lives, and then turn into the bye-ways of the world—and the world has ever its two companions, the Devil and the Flesh. The other day we heard a good story told of a venerable Bishop in the old country. A priest came to the prelate and said that he felt it impossible to continue any longer in his priestly office, he felt that it would be dishonest on his part was he to remain at his post, when his heart was not in the cause, moreover, he could not persuade himself to believe any more in the tenets of Rome. The good Bishop listened attentively to the long story and the list of reasons; when the priest had finished his statement, the Bishop merely said, "Pray, tell me now, what is her name?"

The same question is immediately suggested to every Catholic on hearing that a priest has abandoned the Church. It is a most extraordinary fact—yet a fact all the same—that no priest was ever known to leave the Church without that there was a woman in some way, directly or indirectly, responsible. A German priest left the Church in 1870, and the following year he was married; a travelling companion asked him why he had taken such a step, and he made reply, in a joking manner, that he wanted all the grace he could secure, and as the sacraments were the sources of grace he was bound to receive them all. So far so good; but he "counted his chickens before they were hatched," for he died some six years after and without receiving the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Even in his frivolity he was in error.

Father Fidelis—formerly James Kent Stone, late professor and president of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges—in his admirable work, "An Invitation Heeded," has a chapter upon the Church as the Guardian of Morals; let us take a few lines from the great convert's page. "Let us put the matter in such a shape that no one will have the hardihood to demur. No Protestant ever became a Catholic in order to throw off restriction and indulge his passions. The system of the Catholic Church is a system of restraints; the sinner is hedged about by her on all sides, and, if his heart be not right, her yoke is galling." And, again he writes: "No Catholic ever turned Protestant in order to reform his morals and lead a better life." So undeniable is this fact that the Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg numbered it in the *Fifty Reasons* which induced him to abjure Lutheranism and return to the Church of his forefathers. Erasmus wrote while the reformation was yet in progress: "It seems as if the Reformation aimed at

nothing more than to strip a few monks of their habits and to marry a parcel of priests; and this great tragedy terminates at last in a conclusion that is entirely comical, since, just like comedies, all ends in marriage." There is a precious document in Bossuet's sixth book of the *Variations*, it is the dogmatical judgment of Luther, Melancthon, and the rest, giving permission (!) to the incontinent Landgrave of Hesse to commit bigamy pure and simple. In fact it does not need quotations from authors, however eminent they might be, to convince the world of the falseness of the arguments adduced by Apostate Catholics—especially Catholic priests—in palliation of their ignoble conduct.

The higher the flight, the greater the fall; the more exalted a man has been in the domain of God's service, the deeper his guilt when he drops from grace. His opportunities have been exceptional, proportionately exceptional his punishment. There is no dignity on earth like unto that of the priesthood. Lucifer was the most glorious of God's creatures before he cried out *non serviam*; consequently the result of his disobedience and pride was the most terrific fall that history records. The priest is even the object of greater privileges than were ever conferred on Lucifer; he is in immediate contact with Divinity, and the powers imparted to him are so tremendous that even angels would shudder to participate in them. In the inverse ratio of his gift must be his chastisements. The world must be a terrific magnet when it can draw away a man from the quiet and peace, the happiness and truth that cling to the altar of God; but were not the devil there to hold the loadstone and were not the flesh there to spur him on from behind, the world could not succeed in snatching him into its wild vortex.

In the recent case that has occurred in New York the fallen priest gives as an excuse that he could not bear the oppressive weight of the Vatican's rules. He, however, proclaims, at the same time, that he has left the Church of Rome in order to follow Jesus Christ. He wishes to conform his life and his actions to those of our Divine Lord. Very fine sentiments; very noble expressions! It is unfortunate, nevertheless, that he does not preach them by practice as well as by words. Let us suppose for a moment that the yoke of Rome was heavy—and it is heavy for all who will persist in sin—that the priests injured him, the bishops tyrannized over him, that he was maltreated, belied, scoffed at, betrayed and subjected to every ignominy at the hands of the Catholic Church—all of which is a fiction for argument sake. Let us suppose that this priest was the most virtuous man on earth, that he would not look upon a member of the opposite sex as other than a sister or a mother; that he was humility personified; that he sought only the glory of God and cared nothing for self. Granting all this: was he more persecuted, betrayed, more injured and tyrannized over than the same Christ whom he pretends to follow? Most decidedly not. And did Christ turn back at the foot of Calvary? Did He fling down His cross half way up Golgotha? Did He abandon His work even under the last blows of the hammer? Not He! And this vain-glorious, weak-minded, half-distracted creature has the audacity to proclaim that he is a follower of Christ, that he had left the Church of Rome to follow in the footsteps of Our Lord; and even while pronouncing the words he is after flinging down his cross, turning back from his work, running away from his enemies, abandoning Faith, losing peace, forgetting Charity.

His very action in leaving the Church belies his professions. When we refer to this particular case, it is merely because it is the most recent, not that it differs at all from the others. The poor attempts at reasoning, the lame excuses given, are so feeble and contradictory that even Protestants feel ashamed of them—but of course it is to their interest not to throw cold water upon heated enthusiasm and the fiery zeal of the freshly emancipated priest.

The very best evidence, in our mind, of the grandeur of the Catholic priesthood, the purity and truth of the doctrines of the Church, and the perpetuity and immutability of the sacerdotal institution is in the fact that no sooner has a priest fallen from grace and abandoned the church than we find him indulging in those pleasures of the world or rather of the flesh which his former state not only forbid, but rendered too unsafe to be practicable. Otherwise the apostate would not leap from the sanctuary into the enjoyment of matrimonial life. No matter what excuse is given, any man with honest intentions and an impartial mind must perceive that the real motive of the action is marriage. The priest may say that he does not believe in the doctrines of Rome; he is at perfect liberty to say so if he likes; but he says what is not true. Exactly because he does believe in the Church has he left her fold, knowing that she would not tolerate the course he felt impelled to follow. He may say that Rome is hypocritical, and no one can prevent him so speaking; but he lies, and by the very act of his apostasy he proves that not the Church but he was the hypocrite. He may claim that the priesthood is an unholy state, some may believe him; but he calumniates the priesthood and the proof thereof is in the fact that he was obliged to abandon that same priesthood in order to give full swing to his passions, to enjoy a license of action, and to drink deep at the fountain of this world's enjoyment—or happiness. He may, finally, say that he wants the Word of God and that as a priest he was deprived of the Gospel of Christ. The man who cannot be obedient is no follower of the One who was "obedient unto death—even the death of the cross;" the man who is not humble cannot walk in the footsteps of the One whose life was one unceasing lesson of humility; humility and obedience are signs of the Christian. Pride and disobedience caused the fall of Lucifer and also of each apostate priest; the only difference is that Lucifer does not go about proclaiming that he disobeyed in order to become a follower of Christ.

DELICACY.

Amongst the "Notes and Comments," in the April number of the *North American Review*, Dr. William Mathews has a short article on "Delicacy, True and False." The learned gentleman evidently desires to point out how certain expressions which may offend delicacy are, under given circumstances, perfectly acceptable. After several quotations from De Quincy, Addison and others, he reproduces the vile lines which Whittier wrote on the death of the King of Naples. Common delicacy should have prevented Dr. Mathews from using the quotation; but while able to pen criticisms on the subject of delicacy, he gives ample proof of an absence of that same quality in his own literary nature. Whittier might be excused, for when he wrote the poem he was breathing a most killing anti-Catholic atmosphere; the old poet afterwards gave evidence of a greater respect for the sentiments and feelings of others.

But Dr. Mathews, in using the quotation, shows a very indelicate nature; true delicacy consists in never using an expression that will offend the ear or hurt the sensibilities of any one. Whittier wrote:

"A King lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,
His gold-bought masses given;
And Rome's great altar smokes with gums
To sweeten
A name that stinks to heaven."

Dr. Mathews comments thus upon the lines: "The verb in the last line offended the delicate nostrils of a Boston editor, and he proposed to emasculate the entire strength of the indignant verse by substituting 'reeks' for its vulgar synonym, but it was said, in reply, that a thing may reek to heaven, and yet not 'stink to heaven.' As to whether it was true or false delicacy that actuated the Boston editor, it matters very little; but decidedly the indelicacy of the verses does not consist in that particular word in the last line. The gratuitous insult to Catholic sentiment, the uncalled-for slur sought to be cast upon the Church, and the low-spirited offence to thousands of readers, are the real evidences of indelicacy, both in the writer of the poem and in the commentator. If Dr. Mathews finds that the word stink, being replaced by the word reek, constitutes the false delicacy on the part of the Boston editor, we must say that his own lack of perception and inability to detect the real indelicacy are the best evidences that he is unfit to judge of delicacy, be it true or false.

We were under the impression that a gentleman of Mr. Mathews' high literary standing, a person who has been deemed worthy of an LL.D., would be the very first to detect the offensiveness of the verses quoted. No matter what word Whittier used in the last line, were it the most polite or the most vile, the real defect lies in the ideas expressed and the sentiments conveyed in the first and second lines. The outrageous reference to the Blessed Viaticum is enough to make any Catholic feel the keenness of the insult to what he holds most sacred, and suffices to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of every well-bred Protestant. When Whittier wrote he must have known that his poems would be read by thousands of Catholics; he must have been aware that Quakers had not a monopoly of his productions; and knowing these things, he must have either been very thoughtless or very heartless when he took the trouble of flinging insult into the faces of a vast number of his fellow-countrymen. Dr. Mathews would have shown a much more exact idea on the subject of true and false delicacy, had he omitted that quotation. But, since he did use it, he has proven himself a most incompetent critic, for he picks out a point that is of little consequence as far as delicacy is concerned, and he fails to perceive the real, the glaring indelicacy of the whole composition.

If Whittier's ungentlemanly—we can find no other expression—verses were directed against some cherished teaching of Protestantism, how soon Dr. Mathews would detect that the whole poem was a great but rotten monument to the poet's indelicacy of sentiment! But it happened that the poisoned arrows are aimed at certain sacred dogmas of the Catholic Church, and the critic sees nothing offensive in them—he merely finds that one of the shafts has not a very sweet smell. It is too bad that men with fine opportunities, good talents and fair intentions should find their minds so warped by religious prejudice, and their eyes so blinded by the dust of the anti-Catholic highway that they cannot employ the same standard of literary criticism for all. Dr. Mathews may be a deep student, but he has a narrow mind; he may be a judge of literary delicacy, but he possesses none of it himself.

THE HOME RULE CAUSE.

SPLENDID RESULT—\$1,718.39 SUBSCRIBED.

The Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association Acknowledge the Subscriptions Received on the Occasion of Hon. Edward Blake's Lecture.

The Young Irishmen have ever been in the front rank, and they deserve more than a passing mention for the characteristic energy that they have displayed and the success which they have attained on the occasion of the Hon. Edward Blake's lecture in favor of Home Rule. In giving the list of the subscribers we notice many names that are always found amongst the well-wishers and substantial advocates of Ireland's cause. The committee that took charge of the proceedings consisted of Messrs. T. P. Crowe, chairman; J. J. Callaghan, secretary; F. Loye, J. Broderick, J. McMahon, W. J. Hinphy, D. Gallery and T. Davis. The zealous chairman and his assistants have won for themselves the gratitude of the Irish people. The manner in which the celebration, on the occasion of Hon. Mr. Blake's visit, was organized and the success, financial and otherwise, which attended the efforts of the Young Irishmen, challenged the admiration of the whole community and won the thanks of the Irish party at home. It is well for us that we have such an Association in our city; on every occasion it turns out to the credit of our nationality, and its undertakings have all been animated with the purest spirit of patriotism.

THE LIST.

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J. Fallon.....	2 00
T. Dwane.....	2 00
M. Downs.....	2 00
G. A. Grace.....	2 00
John Quinn.....	1 00
S. J. Dempsey.....	1 00
J. McCall.....	1 00
J. Morgan.....	1 00
G. Clarke.....	1 00
W. Clarke.....	1 00
W. Cunningham.....	1 00
G. Woods.....	1 00
Mr. Feron.....	1 00
W. Wilson.....	1 00
J. O'Neill.....	1 00
C. McCarey.....	1 00
F. J. Gallagher.....	1 00
L. J. Galvin.....	1 00
Mr. Kerwin.....	1 00
A. Brogan.....	1 00
J. McArar.....	1 00
A. Terrill.....	1 00
T. McNulty.....	1 00
J. J. Flynn.....	1 00
M. S. Graham.....	1 00
Mr. O'Flaherty.....	1 00
Friends.....	300 50
Total.....	1,718 39

THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB

ANNUAL MEETING—LARGE ATTENDANCE—GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

Reports of Secretary and Treasurer—Election of Delegates to N.A.L.A., and of Officers for the Ensuing Year—Figures that Speak.

Monday night's meeting of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club was unsurpassed, in the history of that organization, for enthusiasm, harmony, and attendance. If we were to make any prophecy, based upon the results of that meeting, we would feel it safe to predict a season of victories such as the Club has never before attained, and that the championship trophy, for 1894, will be in their possession before the year draws to a close. Amongst those present were the following:—

R. J. Cooke, W. Snow, T. McManus, J. P. Clarke, Jno. Dwyer, E. Mansfield, B. Tansey, F. Loye, Jno. Hughes, A. Hinton, J. S. McVey, T. Butler, J. Scullion, John Long, T. Larkin, J. Symthe, J. Foster, H. McCallum, M. Hicks, J. Corbett, W. Scullion, R. Lunny, R. S. Kelly, W. Lunny, A. Beauchamp, M. J. Tansey, J. Kearney, M. Arahill, M. Doheney, B. Walsh, E. Halley, M. Cloran, W. Callahan, C. A. McDonnell, W. J. Hinphy, D. Doyle, C. McHugh, Geo. Carpenter, John Flynn, — Stinson, J. McNally, J. Scanlan, — Conley, W. Stafford, H. Bartley, E. Morning, W. Bark, W. Dunn, M. Ryan, C. Bark, — Robillard, P. McKeown, F. Sullivan, — Hogue, J. McVey, C. Neville, M. Polan, T. Ryan, C. McCarty, P. Lynam, M. Kin-sella, Jos. O'Connor, T. Crowe, J. McKenna, J. O'Connor, M. O'Connor, — Featherstone, Geo. McNally, J. Graham, Geo. Potts, Jos. McCoy, — Stevens, P. Murphy, M. Fitzpatrick, J. McClure, D. Tansey, J. Reddy, John Egan, T. Wall, W. McVey, P. T. McGoldrick, Jno. Crowe, Sr., D. Gallery, H. Gilchen, J. McDonald, F. O'Reilly, J. Ahearn, T. Dwyer, John Kavanagh.

The chair was occupied by Mr. R. J. Cooke, first vice-president, in the absence of the president, Mr. W. J. McKenna, who is now in Colorado. Mr. R. S. Kelly acted as secretary. The minutes of the semi-annual meeting were read and adopted. The question of electing delegates to the N. A. L. A. was then taken up. The following gentlemen were then appointed to represent the club at the convention: Messrs. T. Butler, C. A. McDonnell and M. J. Polan. The chairman then called upon Mr. R. S. Kelly, the popular secretary, to read his annual report of the proceedings of the club. This report, which reflects the highest honor on the club, and does credit to Mr. Kelly's ability, energy and zeal, is worthy of most careful perusal by all who have at heart the

success of the club. The report is as follows:

To the Officers and Members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club:

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to present the annual report of the proceedings of the club during the year just closed. Although I have only occupied the position of secretary since September 13th last, having previously discharged the duties of assistant secretary, I have deemed it advisable to present you with a complete record of the business transacted during the period since the last annual meeting. The executive committee held thirty-nine meetings during the season, and the attendance of the members was as follows:— J. B. I. Flynn, 37; R. S. Kelly, 37; M. Ryan, 37; R. J. Cooke, 36; P. J. McGoldrick, 33; Albert Hinton, 33; D. Tansey, 32; Jno. Hughes, 31; C. A. McDonnell, 31; F. Sullivan, 29; W. J. McKenna, 29; F. Loye, 22; P. Boyne, resigned, 19; A. Demers, 15.

Fourteen matches were played during the season with different clubs as follows:— League scheduled championship matches, eight, six of which were won and two lost.

	Won.	Lost.	Goals
Capitals, at Ottawa, July 22.....	1	6-1	
Capitals, at Montreal, September 23.....	1	4-2	
Total.....	2	10-3	
Toronto, at Toronto, August 13.....	1	4-5	
Toronto, at Montreal, June 17.....	1	3-4	
Total.....	2	7-9	
Cornwall, at Cornwall, July 1.....	1	3-5	
Cornwall, at Montreal, September 16.....	1	1-4	
Total.....	2	4-9	
Montreal, at Montreal, July 8.....	1	1-4	
Montreal, at Montreal, August 20.....	1	3-4	
Total.....	2	4-8	
Grand total.....	6	25-29	

Showing a clean gain in number of goals of four despite the fact that the club lost the championship by two matches.

Exhibition matches—

	Won.	Lost.	Goals
Capital, at Montreal, May 21.....	1	0-4	
Capital, at Ottawa, June 3.....	1	5-2	
Total.....	2	5-6	
Montreal, at Montreal, May 26.....	1	3-1	
Victorias, of B. C., Sept. 21.....	Draw.	3-3	
Showing a loss of one game and one draw.			

Matches in Chicago for the World's Fair championship with Toronto Lacrosse Club—

	T. S.
First match for silver cup (value \$500), August 3rd.....	1-5
Second match, exhibition.....	3-4
Total goals won.....	4-9

RECAPITULATION.

	Matches	Games	other club S.
League championship.....	2	6	25 29
Exhibition matches in Canada.....	2	1	11 10
Exhibition match in Chicago.....	1	1	3 4
World's fair championship.....	1	1	1 5
Total.....	6	9	40 48

As you will observe our team have won nine matches out of thirteen, and played with the Victorias, of British Columbia, which resulted in a draw. Eighty-eight goals were taken during the fourteen matches played, out of which our team won forty-eight.

During the month of October the directors of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association suggested the advisability of tendering a complimentary dinner to the team, which was subsequently held at the Balmoral Hotel, and I have much pleasure in stating that it was a grand success, and would now respectfully suggest that the members take some means of arranging for a similar gathering each year, as it is calculated to foster and promote a deeper enthusiasm in the affairs of the club generally. I have also to report that in conjunction with the association a theatre night was held at the Academy of Music, which was productive of beneficial results. At the close of the season the esteemed president of the club, Mr. W. J. McKenna, was obliged to leave for Colorado in compliance with the advice of his medical adviser. I desire to call your attention to the fact that the club have reason to be grateful to the Y. I. L. & B. Association, not alone for the splendid reception which they organized on the occasion of the return of the team from Chicago, but also for the facilities afforded by it in granting accommodation for the monthly meetings of the club. The whole respectfully submitted.

R. S. KELLY, Hon. Sec. Shamrock Lacrosse Club.

The report of the treasurer for 1893 was most satisfactory. It showed the following figures:

Receipts.....	\$9,112 04
Expenditures.....	7,877 21
Balance.....	\$1,234 83
Attendance of spectators exclusive of membership at League matches—	
With Toronto.....	2,449
With Montreal.....	3,094
With Cornwall.....	1,544
With Capital.....	10,307
Total.....	17,394
Exhibition matches—	
Capital.....	3,277
Victoria.....	1,007
Total.....	4,282
Total.....	21,678
Average attendance of members with year books at each match.....	500
Total for six matches.....	3,000
Grand total.....	24,678

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Hon. president—Wm. Stafford.
President—T. P. Crowe.
Vice-president—R. J. Cooke.
Second vice-president—D. Tansey.

Secretary—W. H. Dunn.
Assistant secretary—R. S. Kelly.
Treasurer—C. A. McDonnell.
Committee—Messrs. J. M. McCoy, M. J. Polan, P. McKeown, G. A. Carpenter, E. Mansfield, J. T. Scanlan, M. Ryan.
Auditors—Messrs. M. Arahill, P. H. Barclay and J. H. McNally.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE GRAND IRISH-CATHOLIC TEMPLE.

For years it had been the desire of the pastor and priests of St. Patrick's to improve, to some extent, the interior of an edifice in which such a vast number of our citizens worship. To-day the fruits of their exertions are to be seen in the many splendid changes which have been made. A stranger going into St. Patrick's is forcibly struck by the air of attractiveness and comfort that is apparent. The new inlaid floor adds considerably to the ease that the congregation must feel on moving along the lengthy aisles of the temple. The new pews, which are at once artistic and convenient, have been placed in position and are the subject of universal approval. Incidentally we might remark that Mr. W. E. Doran, the well-known and popular architect, is the designer of these seats, and was the one who superintended the placing them in position. If it was truly said of Sir Christopher Wren that in looking around you in St. Paul's you beheld his monument, equally well may it be said of Mr. Doran, that in and around St. Patrick's the evidences of his talent in his profession, and his success in all his undertakings, can be seen. It was he who designed and built the splendid new presbytery on Dorchester street, and who transformed the old one into a most suitable and commodious hall for the use of the different societies of the parish. Moreover, Mr. Doran's name is connected with a number of the principal Catholic edifices of the city, while elsewhere throughout Canada, particularly at the Capital, has he left the impress of his handiwork on church and building. There is no doubt that the interior of St. Patrick's is now in every sense worthy of the parish, the clergy in charge, and the grand and all-important services that are held therein. There are sacred memories that cling to that temple which are only the more vividly brought out in the improved and attractive appearance of its interior. The eloquent preachers whose voices made its vault ring with the glories of God, the noble dead who have been carried to its altar rails for the solemn requiem of the Church, the priest, the statesman, the citizen, have all left recollections that cling to and cluster around its columns. For the Irish people of Montreal it is an historical temple, and every addition to its beauty is an act of gratitude to the past and of promise for the future.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

A GRAND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday evening, in their academic hall, the pupils of St. Mary's College gave one of their splendid and entertaining dramatic concerts. The play was Cardinal's Wiseman's "Hidden Gem." The rendering of those beautiful verses was charming and the success of the evening was most gratifying. In connection with this pleasant event we may recall the fact that the proceeds of the concert—as also those of the one on St. Patrick's eve—were dedicated to the fund for the rebuilding of the Mother house of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. It was a kindly and thoughtful act on the part of the young men and an example that is worthy of imitation amongst the students of other institutions. Only they who live in religious communities or who are participators in these establishments, can estimate at its true value the loss it is to be deprived of such a home. There is no gainsaying the fact that the students of St. Mary's are most carefully trained and in the histrionic department they are, without a doubt, most efficient. Their entertainments are ever choice and excellent. On Monday evening, those who took part in the "Hidden Gem" sustained the well-merited fame of the college and deserve the highest of congratulations.

Mother, reprovingly, to little girl just ready to go for a walk: Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning. Dolly, promptly: where was it then, mother?

FATE OF THE LORDS.

COMMONERS WHO ARE HEIRS TO PEERAGES IN A DILEMMA.

The Subject Discussed Under [Signature in a Magazine—Arrangements for an Anti-Lords Demonstration—Welsh Dis-Establishment Bill—Scotch Home Rule in a Mild Form.

LONDON, March 31.—The question of the destruction of the House of Lords as a hereditary legislative body is rapidly gaining strength, and is in a much more vigorous condition than its most ardent supporters have had reason to expect.

The Hon. William St. John Broderick, M.P. for Surrey; the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon, M.P. for Southwest Lancashire, and Viscount William W. P. Wolmer, M. P. for West Edinburgh, all heirs to peerages, are living in daily dread of their elevation to the Upper House and to mitigate their fate they have prepared a bill, notice of the introduction of which they have given, to change the present order of things, which removes a member from the House of Commons upon his succession to the peerage. The bill prepared by these gentlemen provides that any person elevated to the peerage shall have the option of remaining in the House of Commons, if he be a member of that body at the time of his succession to the House of Lords, or of offering himself as a candidate for election to the House of Commons in preference to taking a seat in the Upper House.

AN ARTICLE ON THE SUBJECT.

No more striking proof of the growing disrepute into which the House of Lords has fallen has ever been afforded than is found in a public appeal which has just made its appearance in the columns of a leading monthly magazine, bearing the signatures of the gentlemen who are promoting the anti-hereditary legislation bill just mentioned.

Through the death of another, these gentlemen set forth, a man's political existence may be terminated in a moment and he be consigned to burial alive in the House of Lords. His translation to the upper body causes the world at large to regard him as a very fortunate individual who has inherited one of the highest gifts, whereas in reality he is the very hopeless victim of an accident of birth.

RADICAL VIEW OF IT.

The announcement of the provisions of the proposed bill and the publication of the appeal signed by the framers of the measure, have excited widespread comment. The Radicals admit that if the bill were to become law it would deplete the House of Lords of all of the ablest men in that body and leave it without a shred of political vitality, but they also contend that the Lords would still be able, when their hereditary privileges should be assailed, to offer as much resistance to the House of Commons as they are enabled to do under the present condition of things.

The Conservatives also recognize the fact that the measure would have a direct tendency to deprive the Upper House of such men as Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Rosebery, the Earl of Kimberley, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Spencer, and other persons of conspicuous ability, and such deprivation would inevitably lead to the extinction of the House of Lords as a legislative body.

They are mindful, too, of the fact that whatever the authority, legislative ability and statesmanship still appertains to the House of Lords is due to the presence in that body of statesmen who have received training in the House of Commons, and the very next election after the passage of the bill would find every one of the recognized leaders of the House of Lords seeking endorsement of the voting classes for a seat in the representative body.

DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE LORDS.

The league for the abolition of the House of Lords has issued an announcement that 350 political associations in and near London have signified their intention to take part in the demonstration in favor of the destruction of the House of Lords, in Hyde Park on Whit Monday.

WELSH DIS-ESTABLISHMENT.

The bill for the disestablishment of the church in Wales has been drafted and

some of its provisions are certain to further infuriate the Conservatives, mainly its disendowment clauses. The Welsh bill accords a life interest to the present incumbents only and at the termination of incumbency by death the whole property of the church is to be appropriated for national purposes.

HOME RULE IN ANOTHER FORM.

Another Home Rule struggle will begin in the House of Commons on Monday over the motion which is to be introduced by the Government to refer all Scotch bills to a standing committee, which is to be mainly composed of Scotch members. The proposal which is practically a modified form of Home Rule, will be fiercely opposed by the Unionists. Urgent whips have been sent out summoning the attendance of the Irish party in full force, and similar notices have been served upon the Conservative, Liberal and Unionist members.

The London Liberal members will demand a similar committee to take charge of London bills as the price of their support of the Scotch motion and it will be surprising if the Irish do not make a demand that some such concession be granted to Ireland.

SALISBURY TO GLADSTONE.

Lord Salisbury has written a long letter to Mr. Gladstone expressing his sympathy with him in his retirement. The letter is full of pleasant reminiscences and feeling allusions to Mr. Gladstone's career which have impressed the Grand Old Man greatly. Evidence is shown by the fact that he has communicated the contents of the letter to several of his friends with unmistakeable gratification.

NEW FRANCE IN 1894.

An able, interesting and timely article, under the above title, appears in the March number of *The Month*, the well known and excellent English Catholic magazine. The author of the article, Mr. Francis W. Grey, an English Catholic, who has lived for some time in Canada, has evidently made good use of his opportunities of observation. Writing to a great extent, as an outsider, he is in a position to treat of vexed subjects with impartiality. He takes up, in detail, certain charges made against Catholic French Canadians by an "Eminent professor of History"—the name is not difficult to guess. These charges are, in brief, "medievalism," "ignorance," "want of progress." If by "medievalism" is meant loyalty to the Catholic Church, Mr. Grey is well content to admit the truth of the charge; and he pays a well-merited tribute to the intense loyalty, in this respect, of the Catholic French Canadians. As to "ignorance" and "want of progress," Mr. Grey replies to the charges by dealing at some length with three of the most important "social problems" of the present time, viz: education, the question of "pauperism," and of the "townward migration of the agricultural population." Mr. Grey has, in our opinion, shown excellent judgement in selecting these particular points. As to "ignorance," it cannot be, as Mr. Grey says, from want of an efficient system of education, since the judges at the World's Fair—no very partial court, surely—pronounced the system carried out by the Canadian religious orders to be "the best and most efficient." The critics, adds the author, are, presumably, "occupying a back seat." As to "pauperism," that is, the "question of the unemployed" and of "uninvited poverty"—that is, poverty not the fault of the individual—Mr. Grey points out, with much force, that we are all tending, willy-nilly, to something very like "State Socialism" in these matters. But the problem which "advanced" and "enlightened" countries—such as England and the United States—are beginning to face has been already, to all intents and purposes, solved in French Catholic Quebec, by parochial organizations, and by religious institutions. It is a choice, as Mr. Grey says, between the Religious Orders and the State-appointed and State-paid official. "Who that really loves his fellowmen would hesitate to choose?" As to the "townward migration of the agricultural population," Mr. Grey enlarges on the work of the "agricultural missionaries" undertaken by French Canadian Catholic bishops and priests as one worthy of the earnest attention of the most enlightened State. Since therefore, in these

most important matters, French Canadians can be accused neither of "ignorance" nor of "want of progress" with any degree of truth, "some further evidence" as Mr. Grey says, "on the part of the critics, is decidedly 'in order' before any one of the charges can be considered as proved."

We may say that the whole article will well repay perusal. The *Month* may be obtained from Messrs. Sadlier, in this city.

THE WORLD AROUND.

The state of siege in Brazil has been renewed until May 1st.

Twenty-seven persons were arrested and will be executed for an attempt to kill the king of Corea.

Gov. Rich has been sustained in removing state officials by a unanimous opinion of the Michigan supreme court.

The Bland silver seignorage bill, which passed the Senate and House of Representatives, was sent to the President.

John de Jarnette, nine years of age, and Perry Tyler, a four year old colored boy, were run over and killed by electric cars in the District of Columbia last Sunday.

Dan Coughlin, who was recently acquitted at Chicago of the charge of conspiracy in the Cronin murder case, has under consideration an offer from a dime museum.

The bones of thirty-three men found at the spot where the Wilson party made its stand against the Matebeles, in South Africa, have been found and buried in one grave.

Owing to disagreements over electoral reform the States General of Holland has been dissolved and a new election ordered for April 10th.

By the terms of the treaty Spain has negotiated with Morocco the offending Riff tribesmen will be sent to the interior and a neutral zone established about Melilla.

Eighty thousand men attended a demonstration in Hyde Park, London, Sunday, at which resolutions were adopted demanding the abolition of the House of Lords. Good order was maintained.

It is reported in Paris that an agreement has been concluded between the British Government and the representatives of one or more foreign powers in London, in regard to anti-anarchist measures.

The German Reichstag committee having the Russo-German commercial treaty under consideration has adopted the clause reserving to either government the right of fixing transportation rates on its own railroads.

It is announced at Rio Janeiro that the Portuguese Government will not surrender the insurgent officers who sought asylum on their warships, and which have put to sea with Admiral Da Gama and seventy refugees on board.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Dispatches from Mexico deny that the Jesuits have been expelled from that country.

In a pastoral letter just issued Bishop Watterson of Columbus forbids membership in Catholic societies to saloon-keepers.

The new Bishop of Hartford, Right Rev. M. Tierney, D.D., has received a handsome gold crozier from his alumni friends of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

Several Sisters of Mercy were in Washington last week looking for a house suitable for a home for poor working girls. Several houses were examined, but no definite decision has yet been reached.

A. P. Aism has apparently found its way into the Interscholastic Athletic Association of New York, which has excluded from membership the club of the De La Salle Institute because of its being Catholic.

The beautiful new academy and convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at New Orleans, La., was blessed by Archbishop Janssens Feb. 12, at 4 p. m. The former pupils of the institution were in attendance.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris in response to the wishes of his people has ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung on Sunday, April 22, in Notre Dame to express the

general gladness of France at the news that the cause of Joan of Arc has been introduced for Beatification. The Dominicans having had the honor of advocating at Notre Dame the Cult of the Maid of Orleans, it is a Dominican, the Rev. Pere Feuillette, who will preach on the occasion.

Pere Schmitt, one of the Catholic missionaries in Siam, has been awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor by M. Carnot for exceptional services during the conclusion of the treaty of peace between France and Siam.

J. C. Haywood, one of the best known American residents of Rome, has presented to the Pope valuable manuscripts giving the complete correspondence of the Pope with the King and Queen of Spain concerning the voyage of Columbus.

His Holiness Leo XIII has conferred the order of K. C. S. G. on Hon. T. M. Slattery, M.L.A., minister of mines, New South Wales. Mr. Slattery was brother-in-law of the late Mrs. William E. O'Brien, of Clashganiff House, Shangan golden County, Limerick, Ireland.

The Vatican announces that twenty-three schismatic Bishops of Syria have returned to the Catholic Church, and that others are expected to follow their example shortly. The action of the Bishops is said to be a result of the Eucharist Congress in Jerusalem.

A late conversion to the Catholic Church in England is that of Miss M. E. Braddon, the novelist, author of "Lady Audley's Secret" and many other popular stories. In private life she is Mrs. Maxwell, wife of the publisher. F. Anstey and T. Fisher Unwin, also novelists of note, have lately "gone over."

One of the pulpit orators of the French Catholic Church is preaching in New York during the Lenten season, and the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, on West Twenty-third street, is crowded with worshippers every time he ascends the pulpit stairs. He is the Rev. Pere Plesis, now of Montreal, formerly of Paris, and his eloquence has made a deep impression on all who have heard him.

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. Alderman Coltery, in deference to the wishes of the Committee of the Irish party, has decided to retain his seat for Sligo until the general election.

At a meeting held in Galway on Monday night, March 5, a sum of £400 was subscribed for shares in a woollen factory proposed to be started in that city. Most Rev. Dr. M'Cormack presided at the meeting.

Waterford City and County Assizes were opened on March 6th. Lord Chief Justice O'Brien warmly congratulated the City Grand Jury on the complete absence of crime in the city. In addressing the County Grand Jury, Chief Baron Palas was equally congratulatory, His Lordship remarking that a striking proof of the prevailing peace was that since the last Assizes nineteen evicted farms, which had been entirely or partially boycotted, had been taken for a number of years.

A memorial, signed by over three hundred representative Irishmen, including Archbishops and Bishops of the Protestant and Catholic Churches, the Moderator of the Irish Presbyterian Church, the president of Queen's Colleges, and several peers, members of Parliament, and the chairman of the town commissioners, has been forwarded to the Prime Minister, respectfully urging that a measure enforcing complete Sunday closing and the early Saturday closing of public houses in Ireland should be passed into law without further delay.

The Evicted Tenants Fund is increased by the addition of £374 and reaches the total of £6,936. Of the £374 the Nationalists of Belfast, headed by the patriotic Bishop of Down and Connor, have contributed £307, the first instalment of their support of the evicted. This is their response to Mr. Sexton's eloquent appeal, and is the measure of the generosity with which Belfast Nationalists respond to every call made upon them in behalf of the national cause. Belfast, like Cork, sets an example that Dublin might take to heart. Saturday's subscriptions make the total received for the tenants during the week £850. The total for the previous week was £878. Thus for a fortnight over £1,728 has been forwarded to the national trustees for the maintenance of the evicted. The country has not forgotten its vow.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE RESULT OF HIS CRUSADE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:
Now what has been the net result of Chiniquy's crusade on the minds and actions of Catholics.

Outside of a handful of ignorant depraved Catholics, the hopeful germs of future *Suissees*, colporteurs and missionaries, the ever increasing feeling of utter disgust and deep contempt of the mass of Catholics, both French and English speaking, for the person and writings of the contemptible old apostate priest has deepened tenfold, a hundred-fold—for unlike the Protestant pastor, who, whatever he may do, say, or does, and in spite of the prefix Reverend stuck to his name, is and will always be a layman, and will never be anything else. Chiniquy is and will ever be a priest, *Sacerdos in eternum*; the sacrament has imprinted on his soul a sign, never to be effaced, which for the good priest will be in the heavenly abode a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, but for the apostate priest hurled by the hand of the Almighty to the deepest of the bottomless pit to be there tortured with the first renegade priest, Judas, the sacerdotal sign will be a thing of horror and a never-dying and never-ending source of execrating torments. Is it to be wondered that Catholics feel such a horror for a fallen priest—the contrary would be astonishing.

Now let me ask honest, straightforward, fairminded Protestants to judge by themselves as to the effect of Chiniquy's vagabond writings on the actions of Catholics in their relation with "Confession and Confessional"; let him visit any or all Catholic churches at any time, but more particularly on Saturday afternoons and evenings, but much more so on eves of great feasts, and he will observe files of hundreds of men and women, passing one by one on either side of the Confessionals, humbly kneeling by the side of the priest sitting like a judge in the tribunal, and there declaring to him their most secret thoughts, desires and actions, as to God himself; these men and women numbering young and old, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, from the judge, Q.O., merchant prince down to the mechanic, laborer and beggar, from the high born, high placed lady, down to the poor washerwoman, all waiting side by side indistinctly mixed, for their turn at the confessional door, performing the act in the most voluntarily manner, more than that, eager to do so. Now I will ask my honest Protestant friend if he thinks Chiniquy's preachings has affected Catholics' affection and faith for confession—for, after all, facts are telling, stubborn arguments—you may discuss, discuss till doomsday, but facts will remain. If the great governor, or the chief justice, or any other learned Catholic, kneels at the feet of a priest, it is because he is positively sure that he performing an act of faith imposed by our Blessed Lord nineteen centuries ago, and that learned Catholic is just as competent to decide in that matter and much more so than a perverted old priest. All the Chiniquys in the world will never prevail against the words of our Blessed Lord. "The sins are forgiven to those you forgive them."

J. A. J.

A CONVERT'S VIEWS.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—Permit me through the medium of your columns to make some reference to a few of the many points which present themselves to a convert as he intermingles with the world at large. As is very often the case, a convert, associated with Protestants, is assailed and tried for his faith, and thus how prepared he should be in everything pertaining to the teaching of the Church and how guarded and ready for all attacks.

Having had the advantage of travelling not a little, here in Canada and abroad, and intermingling with various kinds of people, Catholic and Protestant, I have taken a big insight of various points which have presented themselves. Having been brought up and educated in the Anglican faith, of course most of my acquaintance belong to that, and so I have been often questioned in matters of Faith by them. I may here say, I am always reticent to engage in controversial discussions, especially on doctrinal points, as I have found in nearly almost all cases not much good seems to arise therefrom, and have, as a general rule, when necessary, confined myself exclusively to the main fundamental truths, more of a demonstrative than a controversial nature.

How many and various are the reasons assigned by converts to the Catholic Faith! Regarding myself, I may here say, my conversion took place where Protestantism reigned supreme and where Catholicity barely existed. Never shall I forget my thoughts, when leaving College,—here is a Church assailed and no one to reply to the accusations hurled right and left, in my place of abode, which oftentimes made me think and ask myself the question, Why don't I read the Catholic side, and not content myself only to hearing the Protestant version of the Catholic faith. So the attacks upon the Church led me to think and enquire for myself. About this time, the latter part of the 70's, there appeared in foreign papers many conversions to the Church of people from the English and other universities, which made me still further enquire, knowing well the reasons for the step they had taken must have been well founded, and so after a deep study, and I can truly say, without the slightest bit of influence, I became a Catholic, and not a day passes without my thanking the Almighty for the grace bestowed on me. The one chief feature which presented itself previous to my admittance into the Church's fold was "the Rules of Faith" of Catholicity and Protestantism, and the more I enquired of that fundamental principle, the more convinced I was; and I cannot see how any intelligent Protestant, if he uses his reasoning power, could fail to become a Catholic after such an enquiry. Not a few Protestants I know believe this fundamental truth of the Catholic Church like I do, but for worldly reasons will not embrace the Catholic faith.

In a tour through England, where I visited many old cathedrals, abbeys and churches, these were to me, and have been to many, a few of the numberless landmarks of the faith delivered to the saints, they having been once the property of Catholic Englishmen, who never rejected the Catholic faith, but were robbed of it by force. This true fact any Protestant of an unbigoted turn of mind and of an enquiring disposition cannot but help being impressed with, if he cares anything for a religion at all. Again, look at the numerous divisions and sub-divisions of Protestantism one finds in travelling.

In conclusion, what happiness is afforded the Catholic, as he grows older and looks about him, and which his experience has taught him, to see his Holy Mother the Church so united, and wheresoever he may go, whether in villages, towns and cities, the wide world over, still he sees the same true faith with that marked devotion, and when his turn comes to leave this toilsome and ever-changing world, those well-known words, seen by me when a Protestant, carved in marble over a Catholic cathedral entrance, making then an everlasting impression, will still sink deeper into his thoughts—"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism!"

CONVERT.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

THE ANARCHISTS—ITALIAN MENACES—THE SITUATION IN FRANCE TO-DAY.

LYONS, February 24th, 1894.

MR. EDITOR,—Long ago would I have written to you, if I had not been kept very busy. But after having wandered about in the Departments of Isere and Rhone, I have come back to our city, and I take the first opportunity afforded me to send you a few items.

I am quite certain that the greatest anxiety prevails in Canada about the Anarchists' so-called exploits. True it is that they are awful and cause many to wake up to the terrible consequences of Atheism. But unfortunately not all the sensible people yet see that the bombs are the legitimate effects of a Godless education and the too natural result of the official atheism of France. I remember once having heard the Bishop of Three Rivers say: "The number of prisons decreases according as the number of churches increases." If this formula might be objected to from a material standpoint, it is necessarily true when it is looked upon from a moral standpoint. I mean, when, in place of the material churches, one considers the number of parsons, and especially of men who fulfill their Christian duties. Our city has been so far very quiet. There are indeed a few Anarchists; but, save a few threatening letters, they have done nothing and, we sincerely hope, they will do nothing.

We are or rather we have been a good deal more excited over the display of military forces on the Italian frontiers. It seems now almost certain that at the time of the Russians' visit, 300,000 Italian soldiers were ready to cross the Alps and to invade our southern provinces, while we had only 100,000 men in all to repel the enemy. Since that time, the French army is, on this side, ready to meet the Italians, if they were to come, and our fortresses are on the war-footing from one end to the other. However, it does not seem that any cloud will yet bring this storm over us during the coming season. Italy is poorer than ever and Austria is not willing to help her ally in an unprovoked attack of the kind. Let, therefore, those who might speculate on an European war for this year keep their stores and wait patiently. The hour of God has not come!

As you have undoubtedly read in the papers, a law offensive to the rights of the Church, opposed to the Concordat and absurd in practice, is now being enforced against the administration of the parish churches. Most bishops have protested, some very eloquently; the most prominent church trustees have sent in their resignation. In spite of all, the ministers, slaves to Freemasonry, maintain their decision, although some privately say that it is unjust and unbearable. How much I would like to have here some twenty or fifty bishops willing to go to jail, like the victims of the German Kulturkampf! Perhaps this will open the eyes of our Catholics to the disastrous effects of the legal persecution that has been going on for years and which so few seem to understand.

Lyons is busily engaged preparing for a grand international exhibition to be opened on May 1st. The seat of this exhibition will be about two miles from the very centre of the city, in an extension park called *Terre d'Or*. I visited it already three or four times. Surely neither the location nor the buildings can compare with the Centennial Exhibition at Chicago. However, nothing is spared to make it a success, and I can assure you that the *Lyonnais* is, among all Frenchmen, the most active and the shrewdest business man. There is an immense rotunda erected of more than 400,000 square metres, and all around buildings of all shapes, wherein the visitors

will see the exhibits of all the French colonies and enjoy a moment the illusion of being carried away from their country into these foreign lands.

I dreamt for a time that Canada would be represented and that it would send its Columbian wonders on the banks of our rivers. No doubt nothing could make Canada better known and more highly appreciated in Central France. I looked over all the Canadian and French papers to watch any move in the matter. But now I begin to think that my desire will remain a dream, and that no chance will be given me to show there that I pride in my adopted country. May I at least hope to see some of my Canadian friends? A good cicero I would be in Lyons.

It might be of some interest for your readers to know that the famous paper, *Les Missions Catholiques*, published at Lyons by Mgr Morel, in the interests of the Catholic Missionary work the whole world over, has this year given to its readers the map of Ecclesiastical Canada, drawn by Mr. Baillargé, formerly Minister of Public Works at Ottawa. I was proud to hear the most favourable comments on this map, and I am sure that it will have the effect of drawing the attention of many to this fair land of ours, yet so little known and yet so worthy of being loved and admired.

"OLD CANADIAN."

A LAND OF THE FUTURE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—Since my last communication to your valuable paper, I have heard from many quarters, and have been asked to favor honest enquirers with more detailed information concerning this vast and encouraging district. Owing, however, to the laborious work of our mission covering in area some hundreds of miles, for some time past spare time was not sufficiently available for me to satisfy their earnest request. I trust then, my kind friends will not think it a lack of courtesy if I fail to answer each of their letters, for it is my sincere desire, as far as my knowledge goes, to give them all necessary information, as my limited time permits. These few remarks must be an apology, should some of their letters not be answered. Anyhow, as it is possibly more than I can do to answer by letter the enquiries of each person individually, the next best thing I can do is to speak through the press, and this is one reason why all our people should take at least one well-circulated Catholic journal, to see for themselves what is going on in our midst.

Through correspondence and from not a few outsiders passing through this district, enquiring about and commenting upon the characteristics of this north country, one would be led to think that we are somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole. I find that this class of people with whom I have come in contact, without exception, entertain a very exaggerated opinion of the climate of this portion of Canada, and that the cold is much more severe here than in the front. Why they have come to this conclusion I know not. A glance at the map defines our position. Toronto being in latitude N. 43° 40' and the most northern parts of the free grant and unclaimed lands in our district as yet surveyed, being in latitude 46°, therefore being 2° 20' or one hundred and forty geographical miles north of Toronto. Making every allowance for this difference of latitude, you will not find that difference one would expect. The greatest difference compared to the front is in the depth of snow—from three to four feet—but this is easily accounted for, as is the case in Newfoundland, by our close proximity to and being surrounded by such vast forests. Our winters are not, after all, of that severe character many imagine. In fact, many places in the front must be colder on account of their height of land.

As I have touched upon this subject, and it is a subject concerning which most all our correspondents seem to be under a false impression, I will go a little further and in relation to the nature of our climate I will produce a few facts that will help to dispel the false notions entertained by many in respect to this section of the Dominion. In the first place we will compare the latitude of Brucebridge, and the free grant lands with a few places in Canada and the States in the same latitude, as this will convey to the reader a better idea of the position we hold, and enable him to form some definite opinion of what our climate is like. The latitude of Brucebridge is about 45 degrees north. We will not trace the same latitude through America, beginning with the boundary line between the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, New York and Canada, thence through about the centre of the counties of Dundas, Lanark, Frontenac, Addington, Hastings and Peterborough, across Lake Muskoka, Lake Huron, the northern portion of the State of Michigan, passing through the fine grain producing State of Wisconsin, taking in St. Paul, and through the northern portion of Minnesota, thence through Dakota, Montana and Washington, and some three or four degrees south of British Columbia. In connection with other points known to us all, but not in the same latitude, we have the advantage of them; for instance, Quebec is nearly two degrees north of us, Ottawa is about half a degree, Pembroke is over two-thirds of a degree, and Fort Garry, Manitoba, is nearly five degrees north of us. Anyone knowing anything of or acquainted with any of the above mentioned places can form some idea of our climate, as we are south of them all.

Last winter (and I think it may be looked upon as an exceptionally cold one) I was often surprised at the reports of the daily papers concerning the intense coldness of the weather south of us, we at the same time not at all experiencing such cold weather. Some account for the comparative mildness of the Muskoka winters to the fact of this north country being cut up by so many lakes and rivers. They say that the first is always found to be much more severe and the air more bracing in and near the lakes than in the surrounding country. They infer from this that so much surface of congealed water in its relation to atmospheric pressure draws the frost and acts upon it as a self-conductor, and thus the tendency is to contract and diminish more or less the degree of heavy frost. Be this as it may I have it on the authority of those old settlers here now who spent several years in Toronto and other places south of us, that as regards the difference of temperature between those places and here there is no perceptible difference worth speaking of; the only difference they find is in the depth of snow, but that is due to our being in the neighborhood of the great unclaimed lands. This is everywhere the case, even in

the front where there are large tracts of unclaimed lands, and as the forest is reclaimed and shaped into clearing, snow will decrease with us as it has done in other places.

Our summers are, as a rule, most conducive to the growth of grain, and particularly root crops, and far more enjoyable. I'm informed, than those in and around Toronto. Tomatoes, cucumbers and melons grow well here, and all garden vegetables grow in abundance. As a field of enterprise, near home to those who find it difficult to procure farms in the front and who are anxious to become honest and hardy sons of the soil, I do not know better. Thanking you, dear sir, in anticipation of your giving this letter publicity, I remain, yours truly,

T. F. FLEMING, Priest.

ABSURDITY AND CONTRADICTION.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—The Daily Witness holds up its hands in pious horror at the "traducers" of Chiniquy, "whose wickedness is a matter of blind belief with them, just as they believe in the wickedness of Satan, because they have been so taught concerning him." So that, according to the Witness, they have no more certainty of Chiniquy's wickedness than they have of Satan's. Unhappy Chiniquy! This is the unkindest cut of all. The Minerve is denounced for refusing to publish Chiniquy's letters, although these same letters were too disgusting even for the columns of the Witness. They needed filtering and they were filtered before that immaculate organ used them. What must they have been before the process? And what must have been those imaginary letters of "his traducers" when the belligerent soul of "the only religious daily" trembled at their iniquity? The Witness has no evidence, nor does it believe that the confessional is made use of for conveying immoral suggestions at the present day. Thank, awfully, this "not believing where there is no evidence" is a heroic act of virtue. But we learn with sadness of the unvirtuous character of the clergy and papacy of other days, which, we are told, is a matter of "notorious" history. Just so; the history is truly notorious and the historians more so. In fact, it is history such as the Witness is engaged in manufacturing daily.

Is not this logical absurdity and moral obliquity of the Witness a melancholy example of the evil fruit of that revolt sown in broken vows and plunder?

J. E. B.

Montreal, March 26th, 1894.

A NOBLE INSTITUTION.

FOR THE PROTECTION, CARE AND EDUCATION OF DEAF MUTES.

Among the many noble institutions of charity, which do honor to our city, none appeals more forcibly to the sympathies of the charitable than the asylum for Deaf-Mutes, on Upper St. Denis Street, for the reason, that its unhappy inmates are cut off absolutely from their kind by their double deprivation. When first brought to the asylum they are usually in a savage state, having been unable to communicate even with their nearest of kin. They are morbidly sensitive, having been frequently exposed to ill-treatment or mockery, and disposed to become violent on the slightest provocation. But where these conditions appeal most strongly to the compassionate, is that they have no idea of God nor any of the truths of faith. Hence the necessity for an asylum, where the Sisters, who have been prepared for the task by a long, laborious and expensive training, slowly begin to put into the darkened mind the first elements of supernatural truth. In course of time, the mutes are enabled to pray and receive the Sacraments. They become tractable, more or less intelligent, devotedly attached to the sisters and touchingly grateful to the least of their benefactors. They are taught to read and write, receive an elementary education, and to make themselves useful in a variety of ways. Some of them are taught by means of what is called the Oral method, and are enabled to speak, others receive instruction and communicate with others by signs.

A visit to the Institute, where visitors are always welcome, will enable the public to join the great work, which so silently and unostentatiously is being done in their midst.

Of the inmates, whose members approximate 250, a certain proportion are Irish, the remainder being chiefly French-Canadians. The Government allows a small *per capita* allowance, quite insufficient for the feeding, clothing and education of these children. The number of religious required is considerable, each teacher being compelled to limit her class to nine or ten.

In addition to the current expenses, the Inspector having declared the old building unsafe, a new one had to be constructed at great expense.

The cost of maintaining such an establishment, even with the strictest economy, can scarcely be realized. The nuns have frequently to deprive themselves to provide for the wants of the children. It is only by the assistance of the public that the work can be carried on at all.

A Bazaar in aid of the Deaf-Mutes is being organized for the 16th April. For the first time the Irish are being represented by a special table, under the presidency of Mrs. Hingston. Many foremost ladies are also interested in "the Irish table," so that donations of money and fancy articles are being sent in. Contributions, no matter how trifling, will be thankfully received. They may be sent to the Institute, marked "FOR THE IRISH TABLE." On the opening day of the Bazaar, "the ladies of this table will give an 'Afternoon Tea,'" for ladies, to which the public are cordially invited. The admission 25 cts., will be collected at the door. The "Tea" will be altogether separate from the Bazaar. On that occasion a short demonstration will be given of the methods of teaching, which is certain to prove of great interest. Music and recitations will be features of the entertainment. Everywhere the sons and daughters of Ireland, with purses unloosed, are in the front rank of all charitable undertakings. Surely, no more pitiful objects of charity ever appealed to their warm hearts, than these unhappy beings, many of their own race, deprived alike of speech and hearing. Their prayers will unite with those of the devoted sisters, for all who aid this noble work, at once charitable and apostolic.—Communicated.

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.,

At No. 761 Craig St., Montreal, Canada.

MICHAEL BURKE, President.
C. A. McDONNELL, Managing Director

DIRECTORS:

Hon. EDWARD MURPHY, P. WRIGHT,
T. J. QUINLAN.

J. K. FORAN, LL.B., EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

City \$1.50
Country..... 1.00

If not paid in advance, \$1.50 (Country)
and \$2 (City) will be charged.

Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a
year in advance.

All business communications to be
addressed to the Managing Director.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1894.

NOTICE.

All subscribers who are in arrears for more than one year are hereby notified that if the arrears are not paid up on or before the first of May next, their paper will be stopped, because the prompt payment of subscriptions is of vital importance to the financial standing of THE TRUE WITNESS, and even the stopping of the paper by no means relieves a subscriber of the legal or moral obligation of paying such a just debt.

Montreal, 28th March, 1894.

DEVIL VS. CHURCH.

Off and on during the past few months we have given our readers articles upon this subject. We pointed out the sullen hopes of the fallen angel and the uniform frustration of them all. The first enemy that he raised up against the Church soon disappeared from the path of advancing Christianity—that was Roman paganism; the second was early brushed aside—it was the schismatic revivals of the first centuries; the third was unable to arrest the onward march of Christianity—the spirit of Mahometanism; and finally, the fourth, and greatest, we have proven to be a failure—it is Protestantism. But as long as time lasts will Satan war against God, will the Devil attack the Church. Of course the same result, the result of every other struggle between Error and Truth, must mark the close of each contest. "The gates of Hell shall not prevail," and the institution that Christ founded must go on to the end. Defeated in his every attempt the cunning enemy of mankind knew well how to play upon the weaker chords in the nature of man. He knew that this creature of earth, but participator in immortality, is prone to curiosity. He knew that man loves to have his secrets, that it is of his nature to hanker after the mysterious, that he likes to feel himself the possessor of something that others do not enjoy. Consequently did the Evil One take deep counsel and decide to raise up a fifth power against the Church, and this he found in the organization of secret societies. The result was that the most fearful enemy that Christianity has had to contend with, during this nineteenth century, has been the oath-bound secret organizations, whose aim directly was the destruction of the Church.

Deeply the plan was laid and wonderful-

ly well was it carried into execution; but again the Demon was doomed to a defeat that proclaims his weakness and the Omnipotence of the All Wise. In speaking of the secret societies we desire to draw a line between those whose aims are political and anti-religious. Both are dangerous to the State and to the Church, but the latter have no *raison d'être* whatsoever. There is not the shadow of an excuse for the organization of a secret society of the class we now wish to examine. In this century there is a liberty of action, of expression and of thought that should satisfy the most extreme radical. No man's liberty is in danger unless he violates the common laws of the country and thereby becomes a menace to society. There is no need of any secret conclaves to protect his interests. The men who find it necessary, in order to attain their aims, to band together under oath, and to fling the cloak of impenetrable secrecy over their actions, can have no good purpose and cannot be actuated by either noble or honest motives. If they shun the light it is because their deeds must be dark. Perhaps they may say that they seek to be able, by means of a solid and secret union, to better practise works of benevolence and mutual assistance. If so they are a menace to the community, for they purposely unite to deprive all who are outside their circle of the benefits of their supposed Christian action. They constitute themselves the exclusive recipients of the boons that they proclaim themselves willing to confer upon the human race.

Out of the number of these societies, take the Illuminati, or the Carbonari, or the Free Masons (not of England or America) but of Continental Europe. What do they offer to the young men of the generation as an inducement to join their ranks? The three words, written in characters of blood, upon the banners of the French Revolution, will tell us. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Words that sound beautiful, but which, in their perverted application, are most deadly. Let us take, for this week, the first boon offered by the secret society to the man outside its ranks.

"Liberty!" We will look this matter square in the face and from a purely rational stand-point. Here is a young man who is free from the trammels of any secret organization; suddenly he is attracted by the cry of "Liberty," which rings so gloriously in his ears; he must join the oath-bound junto in order to become the possessor of some great, undefined and wonderful freedom. Before he takes that fatal step, let us ask him—or rather let him ask himself—a couple of simple questions. What *liberty* will he acquire that he does not already possess? What *liberty* will he lose that he now enjoys? It may seem easy to answer these questions; but if answered honestly the young man will turn back upon the threshold of the evil-haunted arcana.

Is it liberty of conscience he seeks? He already enjoys it to the fullest extent, and therein is he protected by the laws of the land. Is it liberty of expression he wants? In no age has such unbounded freedom of expression—either by voice or pen—been enjoyed by man as in this country. Is it liberty of action? There is nothing on earth to restrict his actions, and as long as he does not violate the laws of the country—which are there to check and punish both men of secret societies and men who belong not to them—he can roam the world over, he may enjoy an unbridled freedom. Consequently there is no liberty imaginable that the societies confer upon him that he does not already possess in its plenitude. If he therefore enters merely to acquire

liberty, he is putting himself to a very great amount of unnecessary trouble, which is absolutely fruitless in the end. But if the societies cannot augment his liberty, they can restrict it. What liberty will he lose that he now enjoys?

At present, before stepping inside the magic circle of their influence, he is entirely free. His liberty of action is at once restricted the moment he binds himself hand and foot at the profane altar of their rites. He can no longer move according to his own desires and inclinations; every step he takes must keep time with those of his companions; he must move in the direction indicated by his masters; he is a slave to men who use him as an instrument and whose real motives and secrets he is not likely to ever know. Let him attempt to perform any act that might tend to frustrate the designs of the higher officials in the order, and he will soon learn that he is no longer master of his own actions. For example let him go about performing Catholic devotions or giving evidences of his desire to assist the Church, and he will not be long in finding out that his oath binds him to crush that institution. It is only then that he will really discover that his liberty of action has been bartered for a bauble, for a few signs, a pass word, an imaginary secret, and that he has actually sold his own freedom for a mess of very unwholesome pottage.

What about his liberty of expression? Still worse. If he tries, for a moment, to speak or write anything that does not harmonize entirely with the ideas, principles and aims of the society, he will be brought to time, and in a manner sufficiently rude to make him feel that he is no longer in possession of liberty of speech or liberty of conscience. And even he is not allowed to think differently from those who have cast the spell over him. It would almost seem as if his very thoughts were written upon his brow. The poor creature finally learns that he has no longer control of his own actions, words, sentiments, ideas or even thoughts. Body and soul he belongs to another power; a power that he never thoroughly understood until its own grasp was upon him and his limbs are fettered by shackles that he dare not unlock and that he cannot break. This is no fanciful picture. Do you want the proof?

In the middle of this century, when the societies were attempting to undermine the peace of Europe and to shatter every solid column in the edifice of each country's power, when thousands of young enthusiasts were drawn into the huge spider-web that Mazzini and his associates had flung over the continent, we find terrible evidence of the ubiquity of the hydra.

Many a fiery-spirited character, who joined them in a moment of enthusiasm, discovered, all too late, that he had been deceived by the cry of "Liberty" and had handed himself over to a slavery the most cruel. Many of those betrayed men sought to withdraw, to return to the freedom they had abandoned, to drink again at the fountain of peace and to make amends for their errors. But it was too late. The eye of the society was upon them and the arms of the octopus were around them. The consequence was that a dead body was found floating down the Tiber one morning—no one could explain how the accident occurred; another day a poor fellow, with a dozen dagger wounds in his body, was found dead in the woods by the Arno—perhaps robbers had killed him; up amongst the Alps tragedies were enacted; at the banquets of festive Paris the poison was administered; in back alleys, in railway carriages, by lonely roads, in frequented

streets; it mattered not where, or how, the arm of the society reached the one who sought the *liberty* that he had lost, and the seal of the organization—the pallid brand of Death—was set upon him.

CATHOLIC MARRIAGE.

The Omaha Morning World-Herald records a most peculiar case, which "The Law Students' Helper" reproduces for the benefit of the young men who are seeking diplomas in the legal profession. It is at once startling and depressing. It is surprising that in this nineteenth century of the Christian era people are found who have so low a conception of the sanctity of marriage; it is sad to think that legal minds could have any hesitation regarding the matter. Here is the case:

"Six months ago Edward M. Elkes and Lillie Mabney, of San Francisco, entered into a contract to be married for a period of six months. A few days ago they again repaired to a notary's office and caused a second contract to be drawn up for another six months. The young couple maintain that they have the advice of a good lawyer that the contract is good.

The situation is such a novel one that several reputable lawyers have persuaded the young couple to permit the question to be submitted to a court of adjudication. Just how to get this before the court is the question. It can hardly be accomplished by divorce proceedings, neither could it be accomplished by criminal process. Lawyers, however, declare that they will find a way of bringing the matter to judicial notice, in order that the ridiculous proposition may be settled at once.

Some of the best lawyers in the State have taken an interest in the matter. Many prominent citizens declare that it is against public policy for such a question to be dignified by a doubt for any length of time. On the other hand there are a few lawyers who consent to maintain the strict legality of the terms of the limited contract."

Mr. Henry J. Foster, one of the lawyers interested in the case, expressed himself as follows regarding it:

"In the first place the law in this State is never to dissolve a marriage agreement when to do such would be against public policy. Surely no one will contend that it would be good policy for the State to permit limited marriages. Once married always married is a good maxim. If the contracting parties have assumed marital relations they are man and wife, though the contract read 'for a day.' The only question is, to my mind, did the parties assume, willingly and honestly, the positions of husband and wife toward each other? The limitation clause is simply null."

Of the many legal questions that might arise out of this strange and anti-Christian situation, the World-Herald instances the following:

"In other words, is a contract of marriage stipulated to expire at the end of six months or a year a valid document? If the document be valid, is the limitation good? Does the limitation invalidate the contract? Can the relations of the contracting parties be legally laid aside at the end of the prescribed time? Would a child born after the limit has expired, and were the contract not renewed, be a legitimate child? It seems impossible that in this day such a question could be seriously raised, but as a matter of fact there has developed among the California lawyers some difference of opinion on the subject."

Such are the opinions of men who look at the question from a purely legal stand-point, and only consider whether it is in conflict with the statutory legislation of the State, or not. But we regard the matter from a very different position. Even though the limitation clause in the contract were null, there is nothing to prevent legislators from passing an Act that would legalize it. Men who can find it in their heart to vote for a divorce law can as easily introduce and carry through the Act rendering

valid the ridiculous and abominable clause in the contract. Consequently, from the secular point of view, there is nothing to be gained by discussing the question. But where it really becomes important is when it enters the domain of religion. The parties to such a contract, the lawyers concerned in the case, and the legislators, evidently do not possess the first idea regarding what marriage is. If we look upon it as a simple civil contract, we lower it so much that it becomes a disgraceful agreement. It is the subjecting of woman to the vilest state of existence, and the imposition upon innocent children of a stigma that can never be effaced. It is cruel and unjust, disreputable and unchristian. Yet all this is the logical outcome of the Reformation, the natural consequence of a revolt against the Church.

If we consider marriage as a sacrament, as a source of grace, as a means accorded by God to man whereby he may gain eternal salvation, we at once rise high above the miserable quibbles of the law, and we behold in this tampering with the marriage sacrament a desecration.

Until the world turns back to the Catholic doctrine regarding matrimony, we need not expect that the law will respect the character of women or consider the future of children. Speaking of the Sacrament of Marriage, the great Protestant lawyer, Phillips, in a moment of fervid eloquence, cried out: "It is the gift of heaven, the charm of earth, the joy of the present, the promise of the future, the innocence of enjoyment, the sanctity of passion, the sacrament of love. The slender curtain that shades its sanctuary has for its purity the whiteness of the mountain snow, and for its protection the texture of the mountain adamant."

The press is aroused, the voice of public censure is loud, the cries of virtuous indignation are heard on all sides, when some prayerless, kindless, heartless, remorseless creature invades that shrine and tears from its altar the lovely deity. But here is the law itself opening out avenues for the defilers of marriage sanctity; here is the State passing enactments whereby man and woman can be divorced; here are legislators usurping the right of God, and virtually saying to Christ, "Your day is passed, we are the rulers now. In your hour of authority you prescribed as a law that whomsoever God united together no man should put asunder; you declared that death alone could dissolve the marriage tie. But it is now our turn; we are the law-givers of this age; it suits the passions, the vile inclinations, the wickedness of men and women, to separate, to trample upon their vows of fidelity, to indulge their evil desires, to condemn their children to premature orphanage, to leave their offspring a heritage of disgrace; consequently we declare that it is the law of the land that husband and wife may separate, re-marry with others, and break the bond that God's representative tied. We, the legislators of 1894, are wiser than Christ; we will upset His work, even if we do sap the foundations of social morality and destroy the future of a whole generation."

Such is the language that the actions of these law-givers suggest. Look at it seriously and you cannot fail to see that the only safety for the world—morally, socially, religiously and even politically—is in the pure and unadulterate doctrine of the Catholic Church. She alone is uncompromising; she alone protects the woman's virtue and the child's happiness; she alone understands the sanctity of marriage.

BISHOP O'FARRELL DEAD.

Fifty years ago Thomas Davis, the soul of Irish patriotism, penned his undying lines on the "Burial" of a priest. When the news of the comparatively sudden death of the Right Rev. Michael Joseph O'Farrell, Bishop of the Diocese of Trenton, reached us, the words of the poet—words written when the great departed was yet in his childhood—flashed vividly across the mind.

"Ululu! ululu! kind was his heart,
Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall part.
The faithful, the pious, the priest of the Lord,
His pilgrimage over, he has his reward.
By the bed of the sick lowly kneeling,
To God with the raised cross appealing;
He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray,
And the sins of the dying seem passing away.
Kneeling and motionless—'Dust unto dust'.
He died as becometh the faithful and just,
Placing in God his reliance and trust."

Three years have scarcely elapsed since last his potent voice awakened the echoes of St. Patrick's temple and thrilled the congregation with memories of those halcyon days—"twenty golden years ago"—when hundreds were inspired to devotion by the magic of his matchless eloquence. In every sense a priest, grand in sentiment, noble in purpose, powerful in expression, deep in erudition, humble in his strength, child-like in his greatness, the dead Bishop of Trenton will be remembered by thousands of Montreal's citizens as one of the brightest lights that ever flashed upon the religious atmosphere of this city.

It was in the Montreal College that he pursued those studies which constituted the foundations of his subsequent career. He taught theology to many a young aspirant who has since made a mark in the ecclesiastical history of our country. For some time he was attached to the great central parish of St. Patrick's, and in St. Ann's he has left the impress of his zeal and devotedness on many of the cherished institutions of that section of our city. Not a few of the older inhabitants can repeat, with fervid unction, the lines of the poet: for "by the bed of the sick," in the corridors of the school-house, in the temple of our Faith, whether at the altar or from the pulpit, in the organization of societies, in the instruction, moulding, elevating of the younger generation, in every sphere, he was truly the *sacerdos magnus* and the *Soggarth Aroon*. His was a restless energy that knew no limits and could take no repose. He was a member of that grand pioneer Order of St. Sulpice, and his life was imbued with the spirit of its founder. No path was too difficult, no danger too great, no trouble too weighty, no work too vast or too insignificant for such a man; his courage—like that of Conde—increased with obstacles and his aims were ever in proportion to the requirements of those whose souls he wished to save.

In New York, as parish priest of St. Peter's—the oldest parish of the city—he continued in the same path that he had followed in Montreal and success smiled upon his exertions, while God's blessings, like spring flowers, adorned the highway that he trod. In the midst of all his labors the eye of Eternal Rome was upon him, and the mitre and crozier, insignia of sacerdotal authority in its plenitude, awaited him. The day at last came, when, from the centre of Catholicity, a mandate went forth, and in consequence the Rev. Father O'Farrell was obliged to lay down the humbler instruments with which he had so faithfully labored, quit the field that his wonderful work had gloriously cultivated, and accept the episcopal respon-

sibility of the vaster and proportionately more exalted domain of a diocese.

But duty—holy obedience—ordained that he should assume the office, yet beneath the purple he carried the evidences of the spirit of the sacrifice that animated his life. It is difficult to pay a worthy tribute to the memory of such a man, especially when the suddenness of the news and the limited time at our disposal are considered; the shock takes away the breath and scatters—as a wind of autumn amongst the oak leaves—the few ideas that we might under other circumstances collect for expression. Moreover, it is unnecessary for us to recall to the Irish Catholics of Montreal the goodness and the greatness of the departed prince of the Church. There are hundreds alive to-day who can remember that gloomy April morning, 1868, when the remains of the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee were conveyed in solemn procession up the main aisle of St. Patrick's. If their minds will rush back over the quarter of a century that has intervened, the wand of memory cannot fail to conjure up the impressive, crowded, animated, wonderful scene. The High Altar draped in black, funeral wreaths and festoons entwining the pillars, a dim light coming in through the stained glass windows, the solemn notes of the undying *requiem* rolling in mighty volumes from the great organ, the flickering of the tapers burning in profusion around the catafalque, the thousands of worshippers kneeling before the cross and straining their eyes to catch glimpses of the treasure-filled casket; all these details of the picture must return to the many who have survived the twenty-five years. But, when the organ ceased, when the priest descended from the altar, when the last vanishing curls of the incense were lost in the roof, and when a solemn hush fell upon that concourse, there was a moment of subdued excitement as Father O'Farrell pronounced the first words of that imperishable funeral oration.

Was it a masterpiece? Ask of those who heard it; ask of the number who can recall the involuntary and quickly checked murmur of applause that disturbed the solemn stillness of the temple; ask the men who recall the quiet dignity, the noble bearing, the appealing tone of the wonderful orator, as he bent over the pulpit, extended his hands and said: "Remember, my brethren, that we are in the house of God and in presence of the dead."

It is not to flatter that we recall these scenes; he is far beyond the reach of this world's censure or applause; it matters little to him what men may say of his eloquence and his power. But for we who remain behind it is a pleasing duty to recall the fine traits of character and the wonderful gifts—so potent for good in the true priest—that were the companions and distinctive marks of Bishop O'Farrell's life. Over his grave there are no tears of vain sorrow to be shed; his life was so full of good works; his reward beyond is so certain; his battle was so nobly fought, that it seems more like a glorious entry into the ranks of the Church Triumphant than an ordinary departure from the army of the Church Militant. Had we only his grand gift of persuasive eloquence, his lofty ideas, his exact and splendid command of expressions, his deep and touching sympathy, his sterling and yet poetic style, we might attempt some tribute worthy of the man, the priest, the Bishop. But in default of the power and ability, we can only repeat with the Church, the never changing prayer, "May he rest in peace."

Now that his soul is in the regions of

God's glory, and that the consolations of a well-spent life in the cause of humanity and in the service of the Almighty surround him in the realms of unending reward, we may be permitted to return earthward for a moment and add one word more to what we have already written. Bishop O'Farrell was a patriotic son of the Irish race, a lover of the old land, a student of her history, a rejoicer in her successes, a mourner in her sorrows, a friend in the hour of need, a powerful advocate of her cause, and a living, acting, effective illustration of the truth that Ireland was the Isle of Saints and the home of patriots. Let the Irish Catholic population of our city send up a grand united prayer to the throne of God, for the friend, the patriot, the priest, the Bishop that is dead—for

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

ANGLICAN RITUAL.

CHANCELLOR S. H. BLAKE—the famous Samuel whose antic-Catholic expressions have more than once attracted attention—has issued a circular warning the Anglicans against "Romanizing Associations." He finds that these associations are spreading into Canada, and that the desire is to undo the work of the Reformation. Poor man; he has taken a great deal of pains to show that this work is carried on by insidiously introducing Roman Catholic ritual and doctrine. If he imagines that any Protestant ever becomes Catholic merely on account of the externals in devotional exercises, he is greatly in error. Does he imagine that by dint of playing the part of a king on the stage an actor could become a real monarch with all the powers, prerogatives and rights that belong to royalty? Or, could he conceive the imitation of historical events upon the theatre platform finally transformed into the reality of those events? What else is the pantomime that the Anglican ritualists perform? They might use every ornament, every vestment, every ceremony known to the Church of Rome, and still they would be as far from the Church as are the Shakers, the Quakers or the Salvation Army. Mr. Blake is a very clever man, a very well-read jurist, a very profound scholar; but his erudition does not include Catholic theology. He is evidently at sea on that subject. He is not aware that there is no gradation in the path from error to truth from anti-Catholic to pure Catholic doctrine. A chasm separates them, a deep and bottomless abyss; the one who passes from the darker to the brighter side must leap, and at one bound, the gulf. He may study well the distance, calculate on the chances of a slip or fall, take years to make up his mind—but once decided he cannot creep across, he must bound from one side to the other. The Protestant who is simply attracted by external forms and has no deeper conception of the doctrines and fundamental principles of faith, can have all the display, glitter and meaningless pomp that he desires in the Anglican service. But he can never have the soul of all that; he cannot there possess that which gives a *raison d'être* to all the ceremonies. Take away the Real Presence and the rest is but a vain show. It is the Eucharistic Christ that is the centre of all the Catholic ritual and ceremony. The High Church Anglican is less likely to become Catholic than is the Methodist. If he craves merely for show and not truth of doctrine, he has his craving satisfied and is not likely to trouble himself with the many other requirements that our Church imposes upon her converts. If Mr. Blake, himself, were to desire admission into the Catholic fold, on the ground that its ceremonies and ritual pleased him, and that he did not base his action upon a profound belief—not in the ritual—but in the dogmas of our faith, we should have to politely decline the gentleman's offer and ask him to wait outside until better instructed and until he felt the grace of God opening his eyes to the truth of our Church's teachings—not the beauty of her ceremonies.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XLVIV—Continued.

"Of course I do, or in this critical moment of my life I should not risk it. It will have its own suggestive meaning, too. It will recall *ce cher* Cecil to days at Baia, or wandering along the coast at Portici. I have known a fragment of lace, a flower, a few bars of a song, do more to link the broken chain of memory than scores of more labored recollections; and then these little paths that lead you back are so simple, so free from all premeditation. Don't you think so, dear?"

"I do not know, and if it were not rude, I'd say I do not care."

"If my cup of tea were not so good I should be offended, and leave the room after such a speech. But you do not know, you could not guess, the interesting things that I could tell you," cried she, with an almost breathless rapidity. "Just imagine that deep statesman, that profound plotter, telling me that they actually did not wish to capture Donogan—that they would rather he should escape!"

"He told you this?"

"He did more; he showed me the secret instructions to his police creatures—I forget how they are called—showing what they might do to connive at his escape, and how they should—if they could—induce him to give some written pledge to leave Ireland forever."

"Oh, this is impossible!" cried Kate.

"I could prove it to you if I had not just sent off the veritable bit of writing by post. Yes, stare and look horrified if you like; it is all true. I stole the piece of paper with the secret directions, and sent it straight to Donogan, under cover to Archibald Casey, Esq., 9 Lower Gardner street, Dublin."

"How could you have done such a thing?"

"Say how could I have done otherwise. Donogan now knows whether it will become him to sign this pact with the enemy. If he deem his life worth having at the price, it is well that I should know it."

"It is then, of yourself you were thinking all the while?"

"Of myself and of him. I do not say I love this man; but I do say his conduct now shall decide if he be worth loving. There's the bell for dinner. You shall hear all I have to say this evening. What an interest it gives to life, even this much of plot and peril! Short of being with the rebel himself, Kate, and sharing his dangers, I know of nothing could have given me such delight."

She turned back as she left the door, and said "Take Mr. Walpole take you down to dinner to-day; I shall take Mr. O'Shea's arm, or your brother's."

The address of Archibald Casey, which Nina had used on this occasion, was that of a well-known solicitor in Dublin, whose Conservative opinions placed him above all suspicion or distrust. One of his clients, however—a certain Mr. Maher—had been permitted to have letters occasionally addressed to him to Casey's care; and Maher, being an old college friend of Donogan's, afforded him this mode of receiving letters in times of unusual urgency or danger. Maher shared very slightly in Donogan's opinions. He thought the men of the National party not only dangerous in themselves, but that they afforded a reason for many of the repressive laws which Englishmen passed with reference to Ireland. A friendship of early life, when both these young men were college students, had overcome such scruples, and Donogan had been permitted to have many letters marked simply with D., which were sent under cover to Maher. This facility had, however, been granted so far back as '47, and had not been renewed in the interval, during which time the Archibald Casey of that period had died, and been succeeded by a son with the same name as his father.

When Nina, on looking over Donogan's note-book, came upon this address, she saw, also, some almost illegible words, which implied that it was only to be employed as the last resort, or had been so used—a phrase she could not exactly determine what it meant. The present occasion—so emergent in every way—appeared to warrant both haste and security; and so, under cover to S.

Maher, she wrote to Donogan in these words:

"I send you the words, in the original handwriting, of the instructions which regard you. You will do what your honor and conscience dictate. Do not write to me; the public papers will inform me what your decision has been, and I shall be satisfied, however it incline. I rely upon you to burn the inclosure."

A suit at law, in which Casey acted as Maher's attorney at this period, required that the letters addressed to his house for Maher should be opened and read; and though the letter D on the outside might have suggested a caution, Casey either overlooked or misunderstood it, and broke the seal. Not knowing what to think of this document, which was without a signature, and had no clue to the writer except the postmark of Kilgobbin, Casey hastened to lay the letter as it stood before the barrister who conducted Maher's cause, and to ask his advice. The Right Hon. Paul Hartigan was an ex-Attorney-General of the Tory party—a zealous, active, but somewhat rash member of his party; still in the House, a member for Mallow, and far more eager for the return of his friends to power than the great man who dictated the tactics of the Opposition, and who with more of responsibility could calculate the chances of success.

Paul Hartigan's estimate of the Whigs was such that it would have in nowise astonished him to discover that Mr. Gladstone was in close correspondence with O'Donovan Rossa, or that Chichester Fortescue had been sworn in as a head-centre. That the whole cabinet were secretly Papists and held weekly confessions at the feet of Dr. Manning, he was prepared to prove. He did not vouch for Mr. Lowd; but he could produce the form of scapular worn by Mr. Gladstone, and had a fac-simile of the scourge by which Mr. Cardwell diurnally chastened his natural instincts.

If, then, he expressed but small astonishment at this "traffic of the government with rebellion"—for so he called it—he lost no time in endeavoring to trace the writer of the letter, and ascertaining, so far as he might, the authenticity of the inclosure.

"It's all true, Casey," he said, a few days after his receipt of the papers. "The instructions are written by Cecil Walpole, the private secretary of Lord Danesbury. I have obtained several specimens of his writing. There is no attempt at disguise or concealment in this. I have learned, too, that the police constable, Dargan, is one of their most trusted agents; and the only thing now to find out is, who is the writer of the letter; for up to this all we know is, the hand is a woman's."

Now it chanced that when Mr. Hartigan—who had taken great pains and bestowed much time to learn the story of the night attack on Kilgobbin, and wished to make the presence of Mr. Walpole on the scene the ground of a question in Parliament—had consulted the leader of the Opposition on the subject, he had met not only a distinct refusal of aid, but something very like reproach for his ill-advised zeal. The Honorable Paul, not for the first time disposed to distrust the political loyalty that differed with his own ideas, now declared openly that he would not confide this great disclosure to the lukewarm advocacy of Mr. Disraeli; he would himself lay it before the House, and stand or fall by the result.

If the men who "stand or fall" by any measure were counted, it is to be feared that they usually would be found not only in the category of the latter, but that they very rarely rise again, so very few are the matters which can be determined without some compromise, and so rare are the political questions which comprehend a distinct principle.

What warmed the Hartigan ardor, and, indeed, chafed it to a white heat on this occasion, was to see by the public papers that Daniel Donogan had been fixed on by the men of King's County as the popular candidate, and a public meeting held at Kibeggan to declare that the man who should oppose him at the hustings should be pronounced the enemy of Ireland. To show that while this man was advertised in the Hue and Cry, with an immense reward for his apprehension, he was in secret protected by the government, who actually condescended to treat with him; what an occasion would this afford for an attack that would revive the memories of Grattan's scorn and Curran's sarcasm,

and to declare to the senate of England that the men who led them were unworthy guardians of the national honor!

CHAPTER L.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Whether Walpole found some peculiar difficulty in committing his intentions to writing, or whether the press of business which usually occupied his mornings served as an excuse, or whether he was satisfied with the progress of his suit by his personal assiduities, is not easy to say; but his attentions to Mademoiselle Kostalergi had now assumed the form which prudent mothers are wont to call "serious," and had already passed into the stage where small jealousies begin, and little episodes of anger and discontent are admitted as symptoms of the complaint.

In fact, he had got to think himself privileged to remonstrate against this, and to dictate that—a state, be it observed, which, whatever its effect upon the "lady of his love," makes a man particularly odious to the people around him, and he is singularly fortunate if it make him not ridiculous also.

The docile and submissive was not the remarkable element in Nina's nature. She usually resisted advice, and resented anything like dictation from any quarter. Indeed, they who knew her best saw that, however open to casual influences, a direct show of guidance was sure to call up all her spirit of opposition. It was, then, a matter of actual astonishment to all to perceive not only how quietly and patiently she accepted Walpole's comments and suggestions, but how implicitly she seemed to obey them.

All the little harmless freedoms of manner with Dick Kearney and O'Shea were now completely given up. No more was there between them that interchange of light "persiflage" which, presupposing some subject of common interest, is in itself a ground of intimacy.

She ceased to sing the songs that were their favorites. Her walks in the garden after breakfast, where her ready wit and genial pleasantry used to bring her a perfect troop of followers, were abandoned. The little projects of daily pleasure, hitherto her especial province, were changed for a calm, subdued demeanor, which, though devoid of all depression, wore the impress of a certain thoughtfulness and seriousness.

No man was less observant than old Kearney, and yet even he saw the change at last, and asked Kate what it might mean. "She is not ill, I hope," said he; "or is our humdrum life too wearisome to her?"

"I do not suspect either," said Kate, slowly. "I rather believe that, as Mr. Walpole has paid her certain attentions, she has made the changes in her manner in deference to some wishes of his."

"He wants her to become more English, perhaps," said he, sarcastically.

"Perhaps so."

"Well, she is not born one of us, but she is like us all the same, and I'll be sorely grieved if she'll give up her light-heartedness and her pleasantry to win that Cockney."

"I think she has won the Cockney already, sir."

A long, low whistle was his reply. At last he said: "I suppose it's a very grand conquest, and what the world calls 'an elegant match'; but may I never see Easter, if I wouldn't rather she'd marry a fine dashing young fellow over six feet high, like O'Shea there, than one of your gold-chain-and-locket young gentlemen who smile where they ought to laugh, and pick their way through life, as a man crosses a stream, on stepping-stones."

"Maybe she does not like Mr. O'Shea, sir."

"And do you think she likes the other man? or is it anything else than one of those mercenary attachments that you young ladies understand better, far better, than the most worldly-minded father or mother of us all?"

"Mr. Walpole has not, I believe, any fortune, sir. There is nothing very dazzling in his position or his prospects."

"No. Not among his own set, nor with his own people—he is small enough there, I grant you; but when he comes down to ours, Kitty, we think him a grandee of Spain; and if he was married into the family, we'd get off all his noble relations by heart, and soon start talking of our aunt, Lady such a one, and Lord somebody else, that was our first

cousin, till our neighbors would nearly die out of pure spite. Sitting down in one's poverty and thinking over one's grand relations, is for all the world like Paddy eating his potatoes and pointing at the red herring—even the look of what he dare not taste flavors his meal."

"At least, sir, you have found an excuse for our conduct."

"Because we are all snobs, Kitty; because there is not a bit of honesty or manliness in our nature; and because our women, that need not be bargaining or borrowing—neither pawnbrokers nor usurers—are just as vulgar-minded as ourselves; and, now that we have given twenty millions to get rid of slavery, like to show how they can keep it up in the old country, just out of defiance."

"If you disapprove of Mr. Walpole, sir, I believe it is full time you should say so."

"I neither approve nor disapprove of him. I don't well know whether I have any right to do either—I mean so far as to influence her choice. He belongs to a sort of men I know as little about as I do of the Choctaw Indians. They have lives and notions and ways all unlike ours. The world is so civil to them that it prepares everything to their taste. If they want to shoot, the birds are cooped up in a cover, and only let fly when they're ready. When they fish, the salmon are kept prepared to be caught; and if they make love, the young lady is just as ready to rise to the fly, and as willing to be bagged as either. Thank God, my darling, with all our barbarism, we have not come to that in Ireland."

"Here comes Mr. Walpole now, sir; and if I read his face aright, he has something of importance to say to you."

Kate had barely time to leave the room as Walpole came forward with an open telegram and a mass of papers in his hand.

"May I have a few moments of conversation with you?" said he; and in the tone of his words, and a certain gravity in his manner, Kearney thought he could perceive what the communication portended.

"I am at your orders," said Kearney; and he placed a chair for the other.

"An incident has befallen my life here, Mr. Kearney, which, I grieve to say, may not only color the whole of my future career, but not impossibly prove the barrier to my pursuit of public life."

Kearney stared at him as he finished speaking, and the two men sat fixedly gazing on each other.

"It is, I hasten to own, the one unpleasant, the one, the only one, disastrous event of a visit full of the happiest memories of my life. Of your generous and graceful hospitality I cannot say half what I desire—"

"Say nothing about my hospitality," said Kearney, whose irritation as to what the other called a disaster left him no place for any other sentiment; "but just tell me why you count this a misfortune."

"I call a misfortune, sir, what may not only depose me from my office and my station, but withdraw entirely from me the favor and protection of my uncle, Lord Danesbury."

"Then why the devil do you do it?" cried Kearney, angrily.

(To be continued.)

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, 320 Powers Block, Rochester N.Y.

Student: I will tell you frankly that I shall not be able to pay for the suit till next year. When will you have it ready? Tailor: Next year.

"Do you call this sponge-cake? Why, it's as hard as can be." "Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum."

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia. Burdock Blood Bitters cure Constipation.

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Biliousness.

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Headache. Burdock Blood Bitters unlock all the clogged secretions of the Bowels, thus curing headaches and similar complaints.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE PROPHECY OF CAZOTTE.

A singular story is told by La Harpe, entitled "The Prophecy of Cazotte," which is repeated by Bulwer-Lytton in his novel of "Zanoni." A brilliant company is assembled in 1788 at the house of an academician. There are gathered Chamfort, La Harpe, Condorcet, Bailly, Cazotte, and many fashionable women, including Mme. de Grammont. They are talking of that golden age soon to come, when Cazotte, who was a mystic and a dreamer, commenced to speak. "When that golden age comes, Condorcet will die, self-poisoned on a prison floor, Chamfort will seek to escape from it by gashing himself to death. Bailly and Roucher will die upon the scaffold, and La Harpe will become a Christian."

Mme. de Grammont inquires what fruit shall women reap in the golden age, and the mystic responded: "There shall be no exemption for women. You and many others shall ascend the scaffold." "At least," she exclaims, "you will give me a confessor." "No," is the answer. "The last victim who will be so attended will die before you and he will be the King of France." Then the duchess asks: "And pray what shall be your fate in the golden age?" He replies by crying, "Ah woe to myself!" and leaves the room.

Before a half dozen years had passed the prophecy was fulfilled and Cazotte himself perished among the first.

As this story was not related by La Harpe until after the events had actually happened the critics are not inclined to accept it as an historical narrative. Nevertheless it has found believers and La Harpe relates it as true.

A FRENCH SATIRIST.

Chamfort's works have never been translated into English, but many of his maxims and sayings may be found floating through our literature, sometimes with his name, but oftener without. His definition of a maxim, as "The result of the labor of a clever man to spare fools trouble," is familiar. As a rule he is as quotable as Rochefoucauld.

"Love, as it exists in society is only an exchange of two fancies."

"You cannot cleanse the Augean stable with a dusting brush."

"The nobility, say the nobles, are midway between the king and the people. Yes, as the hunting dog is midway between the hunter and the hares."

"If you live among men your heart must either break or turn to brass."

"A man in love is a man who wishes to be more amiable and agreeable than he can be, and this is the reason why almost all men in love are ridiculous."

"What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you."

"The most utterly lost of all days is that on which you have not laughed."

"Whoever is not a misanthrope at forty can never have loved mankind."

"From a thousand characteristic traits which I have heard related, I am sure that if apes had the talent of parrots they would be made ministers of state."

"You yawn," said a lady to her husband. "My dear friend," replied her husband, "husband and wife are but one, and when I am alone I become weary."

Chamfort's sayings and stories are remarkable for their keenness of observation and vivacity of expression. Many of them were doubtless invented by him, but they give a graphic picture of the time and the society in which he lived and moved. They are well worth reading as a few examples show:

A gentleman had been for thirty years in the habit of passing his evenings at Mme. H.'s. At length his wife died and his friends thought he would marry the lady whose house he had frequented, and he was urged to do so. He refused, saying: "In that case where should I find a house of refuge to pass my evenings?"

A lady was at the representation of "Merope" and did not shed a tear. Everybody was surprised. Perceiving which the lady said: "I could, indeed, have wept, but I am engaged out to supper to-night."

A certain lady had lost her husband. Her confessor came the next day to see her and found her playing cards with a well dressed young man. Seeing the

confessor amazed she said: "If you had come half an hour sooner you would have found me bathed in tears, but I staked my grief against the gaiety of this gentleman and have lost as you see."

A lady, aged 90, said to Fontenelle, aged 95: "Death has forgotten us." "Silence! not a word," said Fontenelle, placing his fingers upon his mouth.

And so he goes on page after page with anecdotes and bon-mots—grim, sarcastic, ill-natured enough, but which illustrate the period as few other writings do.

Chamfort wrote plays and essays, or discourses, and some of his letters have also been preserved. He was one of the remarkable men in a great epoch. It is strange that he should be completely forgotten.—*Catholic Citizen.*

HOME HINTS.

A teaspoonful of ammonia to one teacupful of water for cleaning jewelry.

Before laying a carpet wash the floor with turpentine to prevent buffalo bugs.

Powdered pipe clay, mixed with water, will remove oil stains from wall paper.

Place a strip of wood back of the door where the knob hits the paper in opening.

In bottling pickles or catsup boil the corks, and while hot you can press them in the bottles, and when cold they are sealed tightly.

If shelves and floors of closets are wiped with water hot with cayenne pepper, and afterwards sprinkled with borax and alum, roaches and other vermin are kept at bay.

Vinegar and salt will clean the black crust off sheet iron frying pans, but they should be thoroughly scoured afterwards with sand soap or any good scouring soap.

Steel knives used at table, or for cutting bread, meat or anything for which a sharp knife is needed, should never be used for stirring or cooking anything in hot grease, as it makes them very dull.

A simple plan of disinfecting rooms consists in putting a saucerful of salt in the middle of the room and pouring on it a dram or two of sulphuric acid. The fumes that arise do the work of disinfection.

To prevent the spread of influenza where there is a catarrhal discharge, all handkerchiefs used by the patients should be placed where they will not be likely to be handled by other members of the family, or to come in contact with other clothing. When they are washed they may be thoroughly disinfected, freed from stains and whitened if first soaked in cold water to which a half-cupful of the best kerosene oil has been added. Add enough boiling water to the cold to heat it, and with soap wash them out of this water, and through another warm water containing soap and a little oil. Rinse thoroughly and dry in the open air, leaving them out of doors an entire day, when they should be entirely free from the smell of oil.

ALCOHOL AS FOOD AND MEDICINE

A few years ago, says the doctor whose words we have been quoting on the above topic, I met a German woman whose husband I knew well, and had reason to fear that beer drinking was doing him great harm. I said to her, that, on her husband's account, she should never let another drop of beer enter her house if she could help it. "Why," she exclaimed, "I cannot do without beer. I suffer so much during and after confinement, and am so weak, and have so little milk for my child, that my doctor says that I must have beer to give me strength." She was then expecting to be confined within a few months. I replied to her by saying: "I have attended a great many more patients during confinement than your physician has ever attended, and after the first three years of my practice, I never gave a single patient beer, fermented wine, whiskey or brandy, or any other intoxicating drink. Now, if you will follow my advice, you will have a very different time from what you have ever had before; and my advice is that from this time forth you do not taste a single drop of beer, wine, or any other intoxicating drink." She said she would follow my suggestions. I met her again when her child was a few months old,

and she looked like another woman. She came up to me and said: "Well, doctor, I have followed your advice strictly. I have not tasted beer, wine, or any other intoxicating drink, and I never before had such a comfortable time during my confinement. I never was so strong or gained my strength so rapidly. I never had so much nurse for my child, and I never had such a good-tempered baby before." She was the mother of several children.

Such are the results of the two methods of treatment.

There is no surer way to retard and often prevent recovery than to give patients drinks or even remedies which contain an appreciable quantity of alcohol. Where the tendency to recovery is strong they will recover sooner or later in spite of the treatment; but in many cases the physician may keep a delicate nervous patient sick as long as he gives alcohol in any form.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

A NOTED CONVERT.

Few people will be astonished in Germany if the announcement that the Grand Duke of Baden has become converted to the Roman Catholic church proves to be correct, writes the Marquis le Fontenoy. Notwithstanding the fact that he has hitherto figured as one of the principal supporters of the Lutheran church, it is no secret that both the grand duchess and himself have long shown a marked inclination for the Roman Catholic form of worship. They are both known to have been in entire accord, as far as matters of faith are concerned, with the grand duchess' mother, the late Empress Augusta, who is popularly believed and reported to have become a convert to the Church of Rome just before her death. The belief has been strengthened by several remarks which have been made by the Pope and by members of his entourage, and it was but recently that in receiving Count Kaunitz, who is one of the great feudal magnates of Prussia, that Leo XIII. went out of his way to specially dwell on his regard and affection for the grand duchess of Baden and her husband. There have been a number of conversions from Protestantism to Catholicism in the royal house of Prussia during the last decade, and among the most notable members who have thus gone over are the late queen mother of Bavaria, who was a Prussian princess and Princess Frederick Charles, the widow of the famous Prussian cavalry leader, who used to be known by the name of the Red Princess.

"But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

By want of thought mothers allow daughters to become frail and puny. Over-study in girls induces uterine disorders and weaknesses, and blights their future happiness as wives and mothers. Joined to proper hygienic care, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a priceless remedy in such ailments, its value becoming even more apparent every year. Using it, the wan, debilitated school girl gains color, flesh and spirits, losing those deadly headaches, tormenting backaches, languor, dejection, and other symptoms of functional irregularities, and nervous debility. It never harms the most delicate girl.

Robertsdale, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. Gentlemen,—I cannot sufficiently express to you my gratitude for the benefit your medicine has conferred upon my daughter. Of late she has suffered no pain whatever. It is simply marvelous. You have just reason to call it your "Favorite Prescription," and to stake your reputation as a physician on it. A favorite prescription it is, indeed, to you and to thousands in this land, and I believe will be to suffering women the world over. Yours gratefully, THOMAS THIRLWELL.

Asthma cured by newly discovered treatment. Pamphlet, testimonials and references free. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hostess to Bobby, who is dining out with his mother: Will you have another piece of pie, Bobby? Bobby: Yes'm. Hostess, smiling: And so you are one of the fortunate little boys whose mamma let them have a second piece of pie? Bobby: Yes'm; she does when we're out visitin', but a home I never get but one piece.

GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT.

A LETTER THAT SPEAKS VOLUMES.

(The following letter from the Rev. Father Fleming, of Bracebridge, requires but little comment. It is with friends like these that a Catholic paper will eventually succeed. We publish the letter exactly as it has been sent to us, as an acknowledgment to the new subscribers and as a proof of how much can be done in the cause of true Catholic literature by men who have at heart the welfare of the Church and the glory of God. It is an example worthy of imitation.—Ed. T. W.)

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find an order of \$40, the remittance of as many subscribers to your valuable paper that I was fortunate enough to secure during my last travels through our extensive mission. I may remark that it is not only a pleasure to me to make this feeble effort towards the further advancement of your worthy journal, but I look upon it as the accomplishment of a pleasing duty, as a priest, to see that as far as possible the minds of our poor people are not perverted by the false and pernicious doctrine propagated daily in our midst. To my mind nothing is so well calculated to counteract those evil effects as the wide circulation of good wholesome matter, such as is to be found in the columns of THE TRUE WITNESS, which should find a place in every Catholic home.

The following are the names of subscribers:

Joseph Lynch, Thomas Dodd, Bernard Henry, Port Sydney, Muskoka district. Thomas Rose, Huntsville, box 166, Muskoka district.

John L. Gareau, Charles Brain, Huntsville, Muskoka district.

James Brophy, Katrine, Muskoka district.

John Murphy, John J. Sullivan, Martin Corcoran, Kearney P. O., Muskoka district.

Cornelius Holland, Kearney, Cheney P. O., Muskoka district.

John McDonald, Sprucedale P. O., Parry Sound district.

John Halloran, Haldane Hill P. O., Parry Sound district.

Thos. T. Richards, Seguin Falls P. O., Parry Sound district.

Peter Farrell, Banbury P. O., Parry Sound district.

Francis Gallagher, Seguin Falls P. O., Parry Sound district.

Joseph Ganley, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, box 14.

John McGee, Parry Sound, box 132 Parry Sound district.

Joseph H. Bissette, Parry Sound, Parry Sound district.

Robert Clarkson, Parry Sound, box 41, Parry Sound district.

James Lynott, Parry Harbor, Parry Sound district.

John Payie, Shebeshikong P. O., Parry Sound district.

John O'Hanley, Huntsville, Muskoka district.

Thomas Yates, Parry Sound, Parry Sound district.

Joseph Dwyer, Denis Burns, Parry Harbor, Parry Sound district.

Francis A. Peak, Fetherston P. O., Parry Sound district.

William J. Carey, Dunchurch, Parry Sound district.

John Kelly, Rosseau P. O., Parry Sound district.

James Meehan, McKellar P. O., Parry Sound district.

Patrick Lynch, Gravenhurst, Muskoka district.

Joseph Clairmont, Gravenhurst, box 127, Muskoka district.

Daniel Holmes, John Sullivan, James Dodd, Patrick O'Sullivan, Gravenhurst, Muskoka district.

Edmund Clairmont, Gravenhurst, box 127, Muskoka district.

William Moore, Gravenhurst, box 109, Muskoka district.

John Wise, Draper, Germania P. O., Muskoka district.

Patrick Murphy, Bracebridge, Muskoka district.

T. F. FLEMING, P. P.

March, 1893.

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT.

Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured, through its use, of consumption and scrofulous diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.

GRAND MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The Patron Feast of Ireland's Great Saint Most Worthily Celebrated by the Students.

At St. Laurent College the entertainment of this year upheld the reputation of St. Patrick's Society. St. Patrick's day, itself, was celebrated, as usual, by High Mass and the annual banquet; but the dramatic entertainment was postponed to March 28th. On the evening of this date the spacious hall of the college, gaily decorated, was filled with an eagerly expectant audience, consisting of the students and many of their friends from Montreal and the vicinity. To the gay strains of the orchestra the guests of the evening entered. Among them were noticed Rev. A. Roy, C.S.C., Superior; Rev. E. Meahan, C.S.C., Assistant Superior; Rev. M. A. McGarry, C.S.C., Prefect of Studies; Rev. J. C. Carrier, C.S.C.; Rev. Wm. H. Condon, C.S.C., and Rev. J. Kelley, C.S.C., of Cote des Neiges College. The faculty of the College was also represented.

At 7.15 p.m. the curtain rose on the artistically decorated stage, and the audience settled itself down to enjoy the following

PROGRAMME.

Overture—St. Patrick's Day.....College Band
Rev. J. U. Viau, C.S.C., Leader.
Oration—Leo XIII; Lumen in Caelo.....
James Henry Goggin
Violin Solo—"My Lodging is in the Cold Ground".....M. Joseph McGinty
R. E. Callahan, Accompanist.
French Oration—Daniel O'Connell.....
Eugene Papineau
Selection—High School Cadets...College Band

WILLIAM TELL.

An Historical Drama in Three Acts.
DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Gesler.....Francis J. Kenney
Sarnem, his Lieut.....John M. Hannon
Rodolph.....J. Francis Doyle
William Tell.....Patrick A. O'Marra
Albert, his Son.....John J. McGarry
Gerard, Tell's Father.....Joseph M. Brennan
Melchal, Erni's Father.....William F. Hazel
Erni } Patriots in } Ed. J. Houlihan
Furat } League with } James J. Lacey
Verner } Tell. } Henry E. Quinn
Michael.....George Walsh
Pierre.....Ambrose McGulgan
Theodore.....John P. McQuillan
Savoyard.....Jer. J. Casey

THE POLICE COURT.

A Farce in One Scene and Many Laughs.
CHARACTERS.

Judge Untermyer.....M. Joseph McGinty
I. McIntosh } Lawyers. } R. E. Callahan
Dan. Webster } J.J.A. O'Sullivan
Mike O'Flaherty } James J. Hayes
Clubber, a Policeman.....Wm. Tighe
John Long, of Longue Pointe.....Robert Lyons
William Walker.....Joseph Murphy
Frank Fusby.....Jeremiah Donovan
John Spring.....Edmund Caron

ENTRACTES.

BETWEEN ACTS I. AND II.
Selection—Golden Chords.....Orchestra
ACT II. SCENES II. AND III.
Selection—Thoughts of Home.....Band
ACT III. SCENES III. AND ACT III.
Selection—Bridal Rose.....Orchestra
ACT III. SCENES I. AND II.
Vocal Solo—Say Au Revoir but not Good-bye.
J. Doran
Waltz—Loin du Bal.....Band
GRAND FINALE.

Variations and Auld Lang Syne.....Band
Mr. Goggin's homage to the reigning pontiff was graceful and glowing with feeling, at times rising to true eloquence. After picturing Leo's career from the schoolroom to the Vatican, the young speaker pointed in pathetic terms, to the aged pope sitting a prisoner in his palace, and blessing his heartless persecutors. From beginning to end Mr. Goggin's elocution and clear delivery held the attention of his auditors. As, at one point, he digressed from the main thread of his discourse to pay a tribute to Ireland and Gladstone, the enthusiasm was intense.

Mr. E. Papineau, president of St. Jean Baptiste Society, paid a graceful tribute to Ireland and her great son, giving a lucid sketch of the causes that led up to the agitation for emancipation and repeal, and of the consequences to Ireland of O'Connell's death.

In the play, Mr. O'Marra's rendition of the title role was excellent. He had a lengthy and difficult part to sustain, and his strong voice and magnificent physique showed to the greatest advantage. Mr. Kenny, as Gesler, presented a fine appearance, and particularly in the final scene exhibited strong dramatic power. John McGarry, as Tell's son, showed that though young he possesses great promise of an able actor. Messrs. Brennan, Hazel and Quinn, in their respective roles, gained the admiration of the audience, and may be proud of the ap-

plause showered upon them. Messrs. Hannon and Doyle, as trusty officers of Gesler, ably acquitted themselves in their assumed characters.

The other participants, one and all, are to be complimented on their success, as they exhibited talent rarely found in young amateurs.

In the farce, Mr. Jos. McGinty filled the position of the Dutch Judge to perfection and threw the audience into convulsions of laughter. Mr. Wm. Tighe impersonated a police officer with such ease as to lead one to believe that he had served many years as a custodian of the peace.

Messrs. R. E. Callahan and J. A. O'Sullivan, as opposing attorneys, caused much laughter in trying to obtain the acquittal of their respective clients.

The music of the "entractes" was well rendered under the leadership of Rev. J. U. Viau, C.S.C. Mr. Doran's merited encore was greeted with volleys of applause.

Credit is due to the committee of arrangements, which consisted of the following gentlemen: Frank J. Kenney, recording secretary (chairman); Jas. H. Goggin, president; P. A. O'Marra, vice-president; M. D. Kiley, treasurer; Henry E. Quinn, corresponding secretary; T. J. Boylan, librarian; Jos. M. Brennan, M. C. Malone and M. J. McGinty.

Great credit is likewise due to all others who aided in making the entertainment a success, and especially to Rev. Father McGarry, C.S.C., Mr. J. D. McGee and M. J. O'Connor, the directors of the entertainment.

AN IMPOSING CELEBRATION.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP FABRE'S CONSECRATION.

Archbishop Fabre celebrated on Sunday last, at St. James Cathedral, the 21st anniversary of his appointment as titular Bishop of Gratianopolis and coadjutor cum futura successione to Bishop Bourget.

The services were most impressive and the church was crowded. Monseigneur Emard, the Bishop of Valleyfield, was the celebrant, and Archbishop Fabre Pontificated. Father Hamon, S.J., preached a vigorous and eloquent sermon and made a most touching and appropriate reference to Monseigneur Fabre in conclusion.

The Easter Sunday music was repeated in the Cathedral, the occasion being the octave of Easter as well as the anniversary of Monseigneur Fabre. The music which was performed then and which was repeated Sunday was as follows:

Messe de Mohul, composed for the coronation of Napoleon the First in 1804 (first time in America,) with organ and orchestra accompaniment. At the "Graduale, Adagietto," by Bizet, for strings. At the Offertory, Handel's "Hallelujah." At the close of the service, Th. Dubois' "Fantaisie Triomphale," for organ and orchestra.

At Vespers (at 3.15 p.m.)—"Interludes," by Gigout, arranged for strings by R. O. Pelletier, "Magnificat," by Mozart. Antiphons, "Hæc dies," by Riga; "Regina cæli," by Rheinberger.

At Benediction—Handel's "Hallelujah"; "Ave Maria," solo by C. M. Widor, arranged for orchestra by J. J. Goulet; "Tantum Ergo," by Wagner, adapted to the Pilgrim's Chorus; "Laudate," by Mozart. At the close, Th. Dubois' "Fantaisie Triomphale."

Soloists, Messrs. A. Fortier, G. M. A. Destroismaisons, P. Gagnon, J. E. Guilmette, R. Bourdon, C. O. Lamontagne. Organist, Mr. R. O. Pelletier. Choir master, Mr. G. Couture.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The annual meeting of St. Patrick's Society was held Monday evening in St. Patrick's hall, the president, Mr. James McShane, presiding. There was a very fair attendance, and as the various reports submitted were satisfactory they were well received and adopted unanimously. Mr. Cross, the recording secretary, in his report of the committee of management, after stating that there was a balance due to the credit of the society of \$2,950.22, stated that the society was able to remit to Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen the sum of \$227 in aid of the Irish Industrial Association of which Her Excellency is president. They were also able to send to the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., 210 in aid of the Parliamentary Irish

fund. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, J. McShane, re-elected; first vice-president, P. Kelly; second vice-president, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy; treasurer, George Murphy; corresponding secretary, T. F. McGrail; recording secretary, S. Cross; assistant recording secretary, P. O'Reilly. The chaplains to the society will be as formerly,—the clergy of St. Patrick's church. Physicians: Drs. Guerin, Devlin, Gaherty and E. J. C. Kennedy. Committee of management: P. P. Shannon, John Foley, P. J. McCoy, J. O'Leary, A. C. Coleman, J. T. White, J. W. Dohahue, J. Meek, B. Campbell, F. Callahan, J. Felix, J. Hoolahan, J. J. Ryan, M. Delahanty, James Kelly, P. Connolly and James Craven; grand marshal, William Davis; assistant marshal, J. J. Ryan.

At the close of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the past officers of the society for their services.

CONFIRMATIONS.

This morning the Archbishop held confirmation service at Villa Maria, and in the afternoon His Grace presides at a religious ceremony in the Congregation de Notre Dame Convent. A week from next Sunday Mgr. Fabre will visit St. Johns. On that day the Union St. Joseph and the Artisan's Society will hold their yearly celebration.

MONTHLY RECEPTION.

On Sunday evening last His Grace the Archbishop held the usual monthly reception at the palace. It was largely attended. In fact these meetings are of a high social character and serve to bring together, for a conversation quasi-informal, the leading Catholics of the city. It is a treat to attend one of His Grace's receptions and an event looked forward to by all who have participated in them.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. PATRICK DEVINE.

It was with feelings of the most profound sorrow and intense surprise that the news of the sudden death of Patrick Devine, Esquire, of Renfrew, was received by his fellow-citizens on Saturday evening, 24th March. He was so well known, so universally popular with all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, that a shadow of the deepest gloom overhung the entire community as the sad intelligence was conveyed from one to another announcing that without any previous illness or the slightest warning the King of Terrors had seized him and the spark of life had gone out. Only a few hours before he had been walking around the town, conversing freely with his many friends, and it was remarked by all that he was in the best of spirits and unusually healthy looking. About five o'clock Saturday evening he was seized, within a few yards of his own residence, with a sudden illness, and never regained consciousness. However, his many friends have the consolation of knowing that he survived long enough to receive the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was such a consistent and exemplary member. Mr. Devine was born in the year 1831, at Temple-House, County Sligo, Ireland, and at the age of sixteen came to Canada with other members of the family. He was just beginning to enjoy the fruits of an active, honest and successful business career when summoned to his eternal reward. He had recently decided to erect a large and costly building on the site of the late fire and had only a day or two prior to his sudden death signed agreements with his contractors for its immediate completion. He was a member of the High School Board for a number of years and had been frequently pressed by his many friends to accept some municipal office, but he always refused. In religion he was a staunch Roman Catholic, and was a very regular and pious attendant at all religious exercises in his church. He was a member of different Catholic societies and was at the time of his death president of the Holy Name Society. He advocated as well as practised temperance and was ever ready to extend the hand of generosity to the poor and needy. In Mr. Devine's death the village of Renfrew loses one of its best citizens and the Catholic Church one of its best and most consistent children. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 27th ult., and was

one of the largest ever seen in Renfrew. The ball bearers were, Messrs. Alex. Barnett, M. J. O'Brien, James Carswell, Joseph Gravelle and John Ferguson, M.P. Rev. J. M. Devine, (nephew of deceased) officiated in the solemn High Mass, assisted by Rev. Fr. Lavon, deacon, Rev. Fr. Shane, sub-deacon. After an impressive Requiem Mass, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, the body was conveyed to the Roman Catholic cemetery, where the interment took place in the family plot, many a moist eye being observable in the throng of people as the clods fell upon the coffin which contained all that was mortal of one who in life was so deeply beloved.

Life's labor done, serenely to his final rest he passed,
While the soft memories of his virtues yet linger,
Like sunlight lines when that bright orb is passed.

—Requiescat in pace.

DEATH OF FATHER MATTHEW HUNT.

The Rev. Matthew A. Hunt, Pastor of St. Thomas Church, Southington, Conn., died of pneumonia after an illness of three days, at the parochial residence on Sunday morning, March 18. The deceased was well known throughout this country and Great Britain, where his death will be regretted by a host of friends. He was born fifty years ago at Cappoquin, County Waterford, Ireland. After a rudimentary education received in his native town, he was placed under the famous classical tutor of Lismore, Professor James Fitzsimmons. Later, Father Hunt attended the Monastic School of Mount Mellery, from whence he joined the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. He prosecuted a most extensive and finished course of philosophy and divinity at Huton. At twenty-two he was ordained priest. For ten years he labored with great success, as missionary in England, Ireland and Scotland, and held a high position in the ranks of pulpit orators. By his preaching he won many noted Protestants to the Church. For some years he labored also in this country in the missionary field, and was appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Hartford, under the late Bishop MacMahon. Later he was appointed pastor of Huntington. His funeral took place on Tuesday. The Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop M. J. Tierney, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Father de Bryker of Wilimantic. The panegyric was delivered by the Rev. J. M. Kiely. Among those of the diocese present, we noticed Rev. B. Sheridan, Middleton; D. Crimmons, James Mihill, Bridgeport; W. Maher, Milford; Edward Martin, Bradford, and many others. Rev. Michael C. O'Farrell of New York, and Revs. John M. Kiely and Daniel Sheely of Brooklyn, were also present.

GRAND CONCERT AND SOCIAL.
SECOND ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT BY THE EMMET LACROSSE CLUB.

In the Victoria Rifles Armory, Cathcart street, on Friday evening, April 13, 1894, the members of the Emmet Lacrosse Club will give their second annual concert and social. Davis' orchestra will be in attendance; our popular pianist, Mr. P. Shea, will preside at his favorite instrument and Mr. John Hanrahan will take charge of the stage management. The committee in whose hands the arrangements are placed consists of Messrs. T. Giles, chairman; E. Sullivan, M. Lynch, T. Connolly and J. Hanrahan.

The officers of the society are: Ald. M. F. Nolan, Honorary President; Mr. T. Conway, President; Mr. T. Dillon, Vice-President; Mr. J. Donovan, second Vice-President; Mr. W. E. Flannery, Treasurer; Mr. J. Hussey, Secretary; Mr. J. J. Gummersell, Assistant Secretary, and Mr. James Carney, Captain.

The programme will consist of songs, dances, recitations and instrumental music. Some of the names of our best known and most popular amateurs figure upon the "bill of fare." After the concert a social will be given. Refreshments will be served by Mr. D. McCullum, and the floor committee, which consists of Messrs. T. Connolly and E. Sullivan, will make everything pleasant for all present. We can predict a really grand entertainment and enjoyable evening. Next week we will furnish the programme.

About two months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking Burdock Blood Bitters, took two bottles and my headaches have now altogether disappeared. EVA FINN, Massey Station, Ont.

A FARMER'S SON TORTURED.

CONFINED TO THE HOUSE FOR MONTHS AND UNABLE TO WALK.

A Sensational Story from the Neighborhood of Cooksville—The Father Tells How His Son Obtained Release—What a Prominent Toronto Druggist Says.
From the Toronto News.

Four miles from the village of Cooksville, which is 15 miles west of Toronto, on the Credit Valley division of the C.P.R., on what is known as the "Centre Road," is the farm of Thomas O'Neil. In the village and for miles around he is known as a man always ready to do a kindness to anyone who stands in need of it. Because of this trait in his character, whatever effects himself or his household is a matter of concern to the neighbors generally. So it happened that when his eldest son, William O'Neil, was stricken down last spring, and for months did not go out of the door, those living in the vicinity were all aware of the fact and frequent enquiries were made regarding the young man. When after suffering severely for some three months, young O'Neil reappeared sound and well his case was the talk of the township. Nor was it confined to the immediate vicinity of Cooksville, as an outer ripple of the tale reached the News, but in such an indefinite shape that it was thought advisable to send a reporter to get the particulars of the case, which proved to be well worth publishing in the public interest. On reaching Cooksville the reporter found no difficulty in locating the O'Neil farm, and after a drive of four or five miles the place was reached. Mr. O'Neil was found at the barn attending to his cattle, and on being made aware of the reporter's mission told the story in a straightforward manner. He said: "Yes it is true my boy has had a remarkable experience. I was afraid he wasn't going to get better at all, for the doctor did him no good. At the time he was taken ill he was working for a farmer a couple of miles from here, and for a time last spring he did a lot of work on the road, and while he was working at this there was a spell of cold wet weather, when it rained for nearly a week. He kept working right through the wet and he came home with his shoulders and wrists so sore that he couldn't work. He got gradually worse, the pains spreading from his shoulders and wrists to his hands and then to his legs, finally settling in his knees and ankles and feet, so that he couldn't stir at all some days. I sent for a doctor from Streetsville. He said the trouble was an attack of rheumatism, and although he kept visiting him every few days and giving medicine, it did not seem to do any good. The pains did not quit and the boy was suffering dreadfully. Why when he would wake in the morning he couldn't stir a limb, but gradually during the day he would get a little easier so that he could sit up for awhile. His feet were swollen so much that he could not get on either boots or stockings. After he had been doctoring for nearly two months without getting a bit better, I concluded to try something else, so the next time I went to Toronto I got three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Hugh Miller's drug store. We followed the directions with the Pink Pills, but the first box did not seem to do him any good, but he had scarcely begun the second box when he began to improve greatly, and by the time the third box was gone he was as well and sound as ever, and has not had a pain since. He is now working on a farm about six miles from Cooksville, and is as sound and hearty as any young man can be.

On his return to Toronto, the reporter called at the store of Messrs. Hugh Miller & Co., 167 King street east, to hear what that veteran druggist had to say about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He remembered Mr. O'Neil getting the Pink Pills, and on a second visit Mr. O'Neil had told him that Pink Pills had cured his son. Mr. Miller, in answer to a question as to how this preparation sold, said that of all the remedies known as proprietary medicines Pink Pills was the most popular. He said he sold more of these than he did of any other remedy he ever handled. This is valuable testimony, coming from a man like Hugh Miller, who is probably the oldest and most widely known druggist in Toronto. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. are to be congratulated on having produced a

remedy which will give such results, and which can be vouched for by the best dealers in the province.

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

Bear in mind 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. 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, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—As the season of navigation is fast approaching, I would wish to inform your readers that our Catholic Sailors' Club will be open as usual. We have leased the same room as we had last year, and our caretaker is now on the premises and will be there daily, so that I would be glad if those kind friends who sent Catholic periodicals and papers last year would kindly continue their charity in this direction; also, any song-books, or music, would be gratefully received.

We gave away last summer upwards of twelve dozen Rosary beads, besides scapulars, medals, &c.; so that any one desirous of assisting in this good work will find a ready means through donations of these several articles of devotion.

I would also beg to suggest, on the chance of catching the eye of some benevolent soul seeking for a means of doing a good action, that a Magic Lantern would be a most rare gift, and would greatly assist in the weekly entertainments gotten up for the sailors.

Copies of the Annual Report, showing what was done last year, can be obtained, free, at THE TRUE WITNESS office, or at the Club Rooms, 300 St. Paul street.

H. J. Codd,
Secretary Catholic Truth Society.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU'S FEAST

To-day, in Quebec, there will be celebrated at the Cardinal's palace the twenty-third anniversary of the consecration of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau as Bishop of Quebec. The anniversary came this year in Holy Week, and was postponed, as no demonstration could take place in that week.

As usual on the previous day, a grand reception took place yesterday morning, and was largely attended by the Quebec and outside clergy. The Venerable Canadian Prince of the Roman Catholic Church, notwithstanding his advanced age, looks strong and in good health.

THE TRUE WITNESS extends to His Eminence its sincere and hearty congratulations and prays that God may grant him many years to fulfil the duties of his exalted office and confer blessings upon our province and our Church.

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

The Holy Father has received the Superior-General of St. Sulpice and Father Rauss, the new Superior-General of the Redemptorists, who is an Alsatian.

Dear Sirs,—I have been using Burdock Blood Bitters for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled. MRS. SARAH HAMILTON, Montreal, Que.

MAJOR LE CARON DEAD.

The following dispatch, dated London, 2nd April, tells of the death of the notorious spy, T. M. Beach—generally known as Le Caron:—

The Times announces the death of Major Le Caron, who was once employed by the British Government as a spy upon Irishmen in America. The Times says: "He died yesterday afternoon, after suffering some time from a painful malady. He bore the pain with the fortitude and iron resolution characteristic of his whole career."

Henri Le Caron, whose real name was Thos. Miller Beach, was the famous Fenian spy whose identity was first disclosed in the Parnell-Times trial in 1889. For twenty-one years he had been active in the ranks of the Fenians in America, was high up in their councils and was a trusted officer. He served as an officer in the northern army in the War of the Rebellion and subsequently made his home in Braidwood, Ill. He was an Englishman, born in Colchester, and early in life emigrated to America. He was senior guardian of Clan na-Gael Camp, No. 463. In appearance he was short and slight of build, erect like a soldier, with a lofty forehead and small, keen eyes. His face was bony, with a tight skin of yellow parchment. He communicated to the British Government every detail of the first Fenian raid on Canada, being at that time a military organizer in the Fenian "army." In his autobiography he says he was indebted for a great deal of his information about the Clan-na-Gael to Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago.

[One more of that army of strange beings called informers has gone over to the great majority. About the most useful thing that LeCaron ever did was to die. Let the History of Ireland explain his life and place the estimate upon his worth. Even over his grave we may say nihil de mortuis nisi bonum.]

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

LONDON, April 3.—The House of Commons to-day by a vote of 41 to 136 rejected a motion made by Sir A. K. Rollit (Conservative) to appoint a committee to consider the rules of procedure of the House.

James Henry Dalseith, Liberal member for the Kildare division, offered a motion affirming the desirability of establishing a legislature for Scotland to deal with purely Scottish affairs.

John Herbert Lewis, Liberal member for the Flint district, moved an amendment that a legislature be established for Wales also.

Sir George Otto Traveyan, secretary for Scotland, said that the Government declined at present to go further than support a bill creating a Scotch standing committee, which he moved yesterday. Sir George added that he intended personally to support Mr. Dalseith's motion, and that the Government left its followers free to exercise their own judgment in the matter.

Hon. J. A. Balfour, the Conservative leader, ridiculed the action of the secretary for Scotland in supporting a home rule motion while he was answerable for the bill to create a Scotch standing committee on which the House had not yet acted.

Mr. Dalseith's motion was carried by a vote of 180 to 170. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Government leader and the principal member of the cabinet, was absent during the debate.

DIED.

BUTLER.—At her home, in the parish of St. Remi de Tingwick, on the 24th of March, Elizabeth Finlay, beloved wife of Thomas Butler, aged 57 years 22 days.

Sister Avoye, of the Religiouses of St. Charles Borromeo, has expired at Nice. She was formerly Superioress of the Hospital of St. Joseph at Potsdam, and was in the world known as the Princess Radziwill. One of her brothers is a Benedictine at the Abbey of Beuron in the Black Forest. R. I. P.

In the Studio.—Photographer: Please, now, put on a pleasant expression. Sitter: Nonsense. Why, man, if I look pleasant, none of my acquaintances will recognize me. I am a ticket collector on the railway.

Surprised.—"How many years have you been dumb?" sympathetically asked a gentleman of a beggar who pretended to be bereft of speech. "Five years, sir," replied the impostor, completely taken off his guard.

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS.

Spring and Summer Season, 1894.

We wish to inform our Customers and the public generally that our stock of Spring and Summer Dry Goods and Novelties is now complete in all its departments.

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

In Dress Goods and Silks we have been right to the front this Spring, not only in Novelties, but with astonishing Bargains from a Bankrupt firm in London. And as our buyer was in England at the time and on the spot, he secured everything worth while in these two lines.

THERE ARE STILL A FEW LEFT, And a Full Line of French and English Dress and Costume Cloths.

IN LINENS AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

We as Usual Excel. And our Stock was never so complete in these lines, and as for price we defy competition.

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LONDON, BERLIN AND PARISIAN Novelties in Mantles, Jackets and Caps, also Misses' Reefers and Jackets.

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Last week was the best we ever held, and the Ladies say it could not have been excelled. It was a Conservatory of Flowers and Fashion.

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In Hosiery and Underwear. In Gloves and Laces. In Gents' Furnishing Tweeds, Etc. In Boys' and Youths' Clothing. In Whitewear and Corsets. In Prints, Cambrics and Gala tens And a Variety of other Novelties too numerous to mention, and new goods opening out daily at

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Flour.—Patent Spring.....\$3.00 @ 3.65 Ontario Patent..... 3.20 @ 3.50 Straight Roller..... 3.00 @ 3.15 Extra..... 2.70 @ 2.90 Superfine..... 2.45 @ 2.65 Fine..... 2.15 @ 2.30 City Strong Bakers..... 3.40 @ 3.55 Manitoba Bakers..... 3.25 @ 3.55 Ontario bags—extra..... 1.35 @ 1.40 Straight Rollers..... 1.50 @ 1.55 Superfine..... 1.15 @ 1.30 Fine..... 1.00 @ 1.10

Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.20 to \$4.35. Standard \$3.85 to \$4.15. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.10 to \$2.15, and standard at \$1.95 to \$2.

Wheat.—Here prices are nominal at 77c to 78c for No. 1 hard, and 75c to 76c No. 2 hard. No. 2 red winter 67c to 68c.

Corn.—Car lots of Ontario corn at 53c to 55c on track. American duty paid 59c to 60c.

Peas.—At 53c to 56c, with holders' ideas 1c to 2c lower. Sales are reported west of Toronto at 55c per 60 lbs. on the Grand Trunk and 54c on the C. P. R.

Oats.—At 40c for No. 2, 39c to 39c for No. 3, and 38c for rejected in store. Round lots have changed hands at points west of Toronto at 34c to 35c.

Barley.—A lot of No. 1 malting barley to arrive at 50c, and we quote 50c to 52c as to quality. Feed barley is still quoted at 42c to 43c.

Seeds.—We quote Canadian timothy \$2.25 to \$2.50, and Western timothy \$1.90 to \$2.10. Alsike \$7.00 to \$7.50 for good to fancy. Red clover quiet at \$6 to \$7 as to quality.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote as follows: Canadashort cut pork per bbl.....\$15.00 @ 18.00 Canadaclear mess, per bbl..... 14.75 @ 16.00 Chicagoclear mess, per bbl..... 00.00 @ 00.00 Mess pork, American, new, per bb..... 00.00 @ 00.00 Extra mess beef, per bbl..... 12.25 @ 12.50 Plate beef, per bbl..... 16.25 @ 16.50 Hams, per lb..... 9 1/2 @ 11c Lard, pure in pallis, per lb..... 10 @ 11c Lard, com. in pallis, per lb..... 07 1/2 @ 7 1/2 Bacon, per lb..... 11 @ 12c Shoulders, per lb..... 9 @ 10c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows: Creamery, early made..... 20c to 22c Creamery, late made..... 26c to 27c Eastern Townships, dairy..... 21c to 23c " " fresh made..... 24c to 25c Western..... 19c to 21c Add 1c to above for single packages of selected.

Roll Butter.—Rolls are steady, 2 lots of fine in half barrels selling at 21c, and we quote 20c to 21c as to quality.

Cheese.—Finest Western colored..... 11c to 11 1/2c Finest Western white..... 11c to 11 1/2c Finest Quebec..... 10 1/2c to 11c Liverpool cable..... 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2

ACTS, NOT WORDS.

THE CARDINAL VICAR OF ROME ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

His Eminence Cardinal Parrochi, vicar of His Holiness, delivered a very remarkable address at the closing of the Catholic congress recently held in Rome, of which the following may be taken as an adequate summary: The social question is of such a nature that it comprehends all others, yet we hear nothing spoken of but politics. Everywhere, in all classes of society, there is the itching to pose as a politician and to give a solution of the problems connected therewith. Since 1848 it has been the only subject discussed. No attention is paid to the well-being of populations, except to place it in a distant future that never arrives. But if the slightest political incident occurs, everyone is in a state of commotion. For example, the whole world is agog at the reconciliation between a sovereign and his minister, to whom, perhaps, he had shown for some time a certain coldness. In the meanwhile the true interests of the people are neglected, the social question forces itself into view, and will end in crushing politics. Up till now the politicians of the day have had but one maxim, "The rich shall always be richer and the poor always poorer;" but the crowd of starving ones are now responding to this by brandishing the axe and lighting the incendiary torch, whilst trying out to the classes, "It is we who are going to be rich, and you—you shall know what it is to taste of poverty." Nor can the propagators of modern Liberalism complain of this. After all, they are but reaping where they have sown. The principles they have preached are materialism in philosophy, atheism in morality, fatalism in jurisprudence, and voluptuousness in aesthetics. They have ruined the Christian family by the introduction of civil marriages, oppressed the Church by attacking her liberty, and undermined society by irreligion. The young author of the outrage at the Hotel Terminus in Paris—what is he but a product of their doctrines?

What, then, are Catholics to do to conjure away the perils of the social question? The answer is clear. They must oppose to the pernicious doctrines of Liberalism the theory and practice of the Catholic religion. The Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* is the grand charter of the social regime. But to apply it, acts are required, not idle words. Look at the corporations of the middle ages, and the numberless other works of a social and charitable character established by Catholics. Work away, then, work hard, and, above all, do not lose sight of the teachings of the Pope.

Those who have had the good fortune to listen to the well-weighed and learned eloquence of the Cardinal-Vicar will be able to understand the effect of the above discourse produced in exciting the enthusiasm of the members of the congress.

VON MOLTKE AND CATHOLICISM.

IT IS IN THE CHURCH ALONE THAT ONE FINDS CERTAINTY.

The second volume of the memoirs of Theodore de Bernhardt gives the substance of an interview with the renowned Marshal Von Moltke, who always took the greatest possible interest in religious questions. Speaking of the founder of Protestantism, the old warrior said: "Luther pushed his reform much too far. In separating himself from the Catholic Church he cast aside many good things mixed with the bad." In reply to an attack on the Catholic clergy, in which it was said that if our Lord came again on the earth they would crucify Him, Marshal Von Moltke, Protestant as he was, said: "And the Lutheran clergy, don't you think they would do then same thing? They would be even worse, from the fact that Christ would preach the necessity of good works." He concluded with the following memorable words: "The fact of the matter is that we ought all to return to the fold of the Catholic Church, whose great superiority consists in the fact that it has a head, a supreme, undisputed authority, who has the mission to decide for the whole world, and to stifle in its germ every doubt and every movement of rebellion. It is in the Catholic Church alone that one finds the certainty that dogmas alone can give. She acts more powerfully on the imagination than the Protestant Church. The priest enjoys in his parish

that authority which his position as the representative of God should make necessary; in a word, he reigns over his parish in a manner impossible to the Protestant pastor, and wields a decisive influence in the private family circle." With thoughts such as these it is wonderful that the veteran never took the step he here so strongly recommends. Still it must be remembered that thoughtful men outside of the Church have expressed similar views without any practical issue so far as their conversion was concerned.

WOLFE TONE'S LIFE.

DIARIES OF THE IRISH PATRIOT JUST PUBLISHED.

The very name of Wolfe Tone is unknown to perhaps the majority of English readers. Certainly many a fairly educated English reader will be surprised when he finds that the two superb volumes published to-day by Fisher Unwin and edited by Barry O'Brien are dedicated to the memory of Theobald Wolfe Tone. These two volumes, in fact, constitute the autobiography of Wolfe Tone. They are made up of his own sketch of his life, and of the diaries which he kept for the reading of the wife whom he adored. The greater part of the work was published in Washington in 1826, by Wolfe Tone's son. The fame of Wolfe Tone seemed to have faded out for awhile. It was revived rather more perhaps by the efforts of Wolfe Tone's enemies than by the efforts of Wolfe Tone's friends.

Wolfe Tone was by far the greatest man, and the most formidable enemy in England, who was concerned in the Irish rebellion of 1798. He was unquestionably a man with a faculty of organization which came near to genius. The Great Duke of Wellington took his measure exactly. "Wolfe Tone," says the Duke, "was a most extraordinary man, and his history is the most curious history of these times. With 100 guineas in his pocket, unknown and unrecommended he went over to Paris in order to overturn the British Government in Ireland. They listened to Tone, and as Barry O'Brien adds, 'the Bantry Bay expedition was the result.'" "For the failure of that expedition," as O'Brien justly observes, "Tone was not responsible. He had organized victory; an incompetent French general contrived defeat." Tone, according to Goldwin Smith, "was near being as fatal an enemy to England as Hannibal was to Rome."

We must all be glad that Wolfe Tone's plan did not succeed, but it is quite time that Englishmen should recognize the genius and the sincerity of the man who made the plans—who compelled Carnot and Napoleon Bonaparte to recognize their feasibility, and who was conquered, as he says himself, by the weather more than by the strength of his adversaries. Tone is very frank about it. England, he says, was saved once again, just as she had been saved in the days of the Spanish Armada. He was captured in his last expedition, and died for his cause. He was an officer in the French army, but when taken he was treated quite in accordance with the law of nations which prevailed at the time, as a British subject. He asked to be shot instead of hanged. His request was not granted. He then anticipated execution by suicide. When he died he was only in his 35th year.

The memory of Tone lingered for awhile in the writings of Macaulay. Much later it was revived by the bitter attacks of Mr. Froude. After Mr. Froude—a long way after in a literary sense—came the Duke of Argyll. For some reason or other the Duke of Argyll seems to have taken up an attitude of inveterate hostility to Wolfe Tone. Mr. Froude, we have heard, professes in private to admire Wolfe Tone, but of course he claims the right of the historian to criticize everybody as severely as seems good to him. The Duke of Argyll appears to see nothing good in Wolfe Tone. Both critics found their attacks on certain admissions made by Wolfe Tone in his autobiography. Both insist that Wolfe Tone was a drunkard, because of the fact that a line in his diary records the fact that he went to bed drunk. We do not know that Pitt or Fox ever thought it worth while to note down the fact that he had gone to bed drunk. It becomes perfectly obvious, although it may seem paradoxical at the first sight of it, that a man's recording at such a time the fact that he had gone to bed drunk is good evidence that he must have been on the whole a sober man.

It is told by Wolfe Tone that he once made some proposals to Pitt about colonization for the benefit of England in the Southern seas—Tone being hardly more than a boy at the

time—and that Pitt took no notice of them and that Tone was mortified and expressed the hope that he might some time have it out with Pitt; and on that expression the theory has been founded that Tone got up the Irish rebellion and convinced Carnot and talked over the great Napoleon, and fought like a hero and died undaunted, all to be avenged of Mr. Pitt. One is not surprised at the Duke of Argyll. But that a man of the genius and the imagination of Mr. Froude should thus misread human character is certainly rather surprising. In any case, it only takes a very slight knowledge of the history of Ireland to find out that an Irishman like Tone might, at the close of the last century, have been an enemy of England without being necessarily a drunkard, a fool or a scoundrel.

Never, surely, was an autobiography more frank, more sincere and less affected. Much of it is not meant as an autobiography, but is merely a diary written for the gratification of the wife whom Tone adored with a quiet poetic rapture, and from whom he was so long separated. While Tone was in France Mrs. Tone remained in America, whither her whole family had emigrated. Her grave is to be seen to day in Georgetown, a suburb of Washington. The book, entirely apart from any political question, is delightful reading. It gives the most interesting pictures of the society to which Tone had the good fortune to be admitted in Paris. Tone was a man of varied and artistic tastes. He was a scholar; he loved the great Roman authors and still more the Greek; he was devoted to Shakespeare, and seemed to find something in Shakespeare to fit every incident in his eventful career. He loved the theatre and its scenery and the opera—some of his comparisons of the stage in Paris and the stage in London are interesting and instructive even at this hour. He enjoyed the ballet, and could find relief at the close of a long day of hard argument with Carnot in a visit to some theatre where good dancing was sure to be seen. He ought to have been brought up as a soldier. His military plans and memoranda were accepted with profound interest by Carnot himself, the organizer of victory. Tone saw and even foresaw, many of the weaknesses of the French Republic.

He seems to have had a remarkably cool head, combined with an imaginative, half-poetic temperament and an extraordinary buoyancy of spirits, which carried him cheerily over every trial and enabled him to confront death itself with a positive serenity of courage. He loved his friends with a warm love, and he has given us some charming pictures of his home life—in the days before he set out for America, on his way as we may put it to France. He says himself that he was vain and fond of distinction. Very likely he was—so much we may yield to the Duke of Argyll. But his seems to have been a very harmless and boyish kind of vanity and it appears to have had absolutely no effect on his principles of his duty to his cause. All that ever can be known of him we know in these two volumes. They picture a gallant, a generous and a most lovable nature. Living when he did, it is not to be wondered at that he was England's enemy. If he were living in our time he would be England's friend.—*London Daily News.*

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No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to supply the articles contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED. WHITE,
Comptroller N. W. M. Police.
Ottawa, March 10th, 1894.

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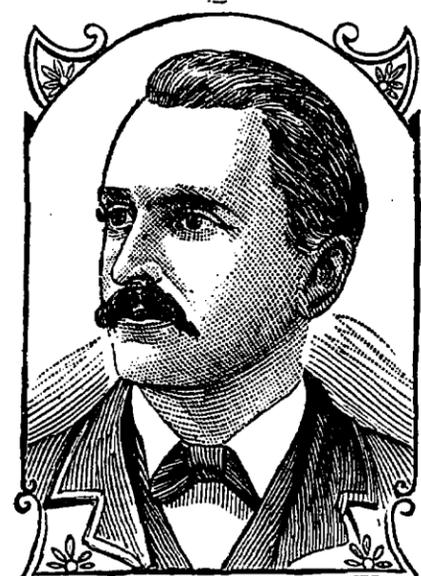
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CANADA. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal, No. 318.

Dame Apolline Hebert, of the parish of St. Philippe, District of Montreal, wife of Moise Lefebvre, farmer, of the same place, has instituted, on the nineteenth day of February instant, an action in separation as to property against her said husband.

ROBIDOUX & GEOFFRON, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 28th February, 1894. 5-33

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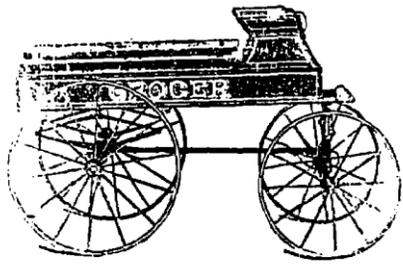
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 AT ONE O'CLOCK P.M.,
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