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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE HOLY LAND is certain to remain a shrine for pilgrims from all quarters of the earth as long as time shall last. Its places, rendered sacred by the holiest memories that earth has known, will ever be associated with the wonderful events that preceded and accompanied the Redemption of man. But decidedly our modern progress, which has been on the westward march for centuries, and which seems now to have encircled the globe and to be approaching the east, will destroy much of the romance that the mind connects with the scenes pictured by pens of prophets, apostles and historians. A railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, another from Mount Carmel, by way of Galilee, to Damascus, will render travel in Palestine more pleasant, but far less interesting and inspiring. It appears, however, that owing to the forthcoming Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem, the Holy Father desires to see the construction of these railways an accomplished fact.

THE TORONTO WORLD informed the Star that Edward Fairar informed it that Goldwin Smith informed somebody or other that he (the Professor) will start an annexation paper in April with a capital of \$200,000. There is nothing impossible or even improbable in all this information. That Goldwin Smith, a loyal and devoted British subject, an ex-professor of Oxford, a master of the English language, an anti-Home Ruler, a Papist-hating pamphleteer, and a Canadian immigrant of the nondescript class, that such a man should take the management, or editorship, or whatever it may be, of an annexationist paper. This over-rated literary egotist is simply becoming a by-word at Oxford, an object of detestation in Great Britain, a traitor in Canada, a humbug at Washington, a persecuting tyrant in Ireland, and a nimpotent, yet vindictive, enemy of all the Catholic world.

ADRIANNO LEMMI, the head of the Italian Freemasons, has been delivering some more of his extraordinary addresses. If ever the words of a Pontiff were justified certainly the warnings of Leo XIII., about the dangers of Freemasonry have been proved timely by Lemmi's address in Naples. He stated that the object of Freemasonry is "to laicise the State not only in the school but in the family and all forms of public life." At the grand banquet given, in Rome, on the 17th January, by the members of that society, they announced their determination of combatting the Pope's letter and influence among the people of Italy. This is in no way surprising, since it is merely a continuation of a struggle that has been carried on for fully a century between the Papacy and the societies. But it is well to have them announce openly their intentions and acknowledge their aims.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to the Chicago New World? Some time ago the world

of Catholic journalism was all agog over the announcement that a grand Catholic paper was to be started in Chicago. Its promoters intended to have its birth simultaneous with the World's Fair and Columbian celebration. Its mission was to be the defence of Catholic principles and the assertion of Catholic rights. It came forth—baptized the New World—and was ushered into the arena with a great flourish of trumpets. Judge Hyde, of Detroit, was chosen as editor-in-chief, and we expected that, at last, the Catholic journal of America was about to give us and other smaller lights the benefit of its erudition and sterling Catholic spirit. Taking all these facts into consideration, we are at a loss to understand the severe comments of the contemporaneous Catholic American press. Here are a few examples that have somewhat surprised us. One paper, last week, says:

"The Chicago Herald says that *Roma locuta est* through Archbishop Satolli and from his decision there is no appeal. This great non-Catholic daily seems to have better comprehension of the respect due to the Papal Alegate than its Catholic contemporary, the New World, published in the same city."

Another tells us that: "The New World was not as clean as desirable in its last issue. The nude in letters is worthy of a good lashing. We hope a new light may soon dawn on the New World."

Again a third thus speaks: "That pesky little cuss, the New World, of Chicago, at whose christening four Bishops presided, before opening its villainous little eyes to its fourth moon, opened its confounded little mouth and began to prattle curses against the Vicar General of Christ and the man he had sent."

And so the story runs, in different keys in different organs, but all connected with the one gamut of disapproval of the New World. There must be some fire where there is so much smoke.

ON JANUARY 17th ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes died at his residence in Fremont, Ohio. He was the nineteenth President of the United States. He was born in Delaware, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1822, and was a graduate from Kenyon College. He became a lawyer. He was major-general of volunteers during the war, and was four times wounded. He was elected Governor of Ohio in 1867, 1869 and 1875. In 1876 he became Republican candidate for the Presidency. The election was close; there were 13 disputed votes between him and Mr. Tilden. By a majority of one the thirteen went to Hayes, and he became master at the White House. From the Presidential Chair he retired to Fremont, and there gradually sunk into oblivion. His public career ended the day he left the White House, and very probably the great majority of America's sixty-five millions would not have been able to say what became of their nineteenth President had his death not been announced. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The news of the Papal legation having been established in America has created a great satisfaction in all Catholic cir-

cles. Cardinal Gibbons is over-joyed that such a mark of favor should come from the Pope to the American branch of the Catholic Church. Speaking on the subject Bishop Keane, at Washington said:

"Mgr. Satolli is the first delegate of the Papal legation. That there is a legation here, and that Mgr. Satolli is the Papal representative, are two incontrovertible facts. This, as everybody knows, is a legation appointed for the purpose of determining only ecclesiastical matters. Mgr. Satolli has no connection with the United States Government, nor will he ever have any dealings, with the Government. Had the object of the Pontiff been to send an ambassador to the White House, the prelate detailed for that purpose would have been entitled Papal Nuncio. There is no reason for the appointment of a Papal Nuncio to this country."

WE ARE NOW at a pretty exciting period in the history of Montreal. The atmosphere is filled with the words election, vote, boodle, alderman, mayor, 1st March, general election, and thousands of others of less importance. This is that particular season of the year when aldermen are "the nicest fellows in the world." In fact, about this period you discover that your civic representative knows who you are, and knows all about your family and your requirements. It is also a period that finds each one gay, glad and suspicious. If one alderman sees you crossing the street to speak to his opponent, the conclusion is that you went over to get some boodle. In the midst of all the bows, smiles and salutes from aspirants to civic honors, it is well to remember that, in a somewhat sudden manner, these same aldermanic gentlemen accidentally forgot your name, your claims, your very existence, the moment that the last vote was polled at the last election. Outside of all other important considerations, it would be no harm if the electors would just keep the foregoing in view. Just ask the one who comes for re-election, how he succeeded in reviving his memory so nicely to suit the date of an election, and if he is liable to lose it again, after the present contest.

WE FIND the following the report of the business meeting of the Catholic School Board, on last Friday week:

"Night Schools were discussed by the Catholic School Commissioners yesterday. The Government refused to increase the allowance for St. Ann's school, wherefore no provision could be made for night classes there. The attendance at this school last year averaged 48 per night."

Evidently, as far as this year is concerned, there is no hope of that important section of the city having a share in the benefits of free education. But time will be taken by the "forelock" next season, and if night-schools are granted St. Ann's will have one. We make no threat, but we mean more than we say. This reign of "combines" is out of date. Changes will have to be made if we are to keep abreast of the times. The time is coming, it is within view, when some kind of fair play, of honest treatment, must be meted out to the Irish Catholic

ratepayers of this city. If they have not sufficient interest in the matter to unite and act, if their representatives in Council and Legislature cannot or will not do anything for them, with regard to the education question; then, for the sake of their children, for the good of the rising generation we will again have to knock at the doors of the Legislature, and knock until they open. We repeat—what we have said two dozen times—we want an Irish Catholic priest and an Irish Catholic laymen upon the School Board; or, else, give us a separate Board. The Irish Catholics of Montreal can support their own schools and run their own affairs, if they were only allowed a chance. They pay thousands of dollars into the school funds and yet they have not a voice in the administration of their own affairs. This is really an unheard of imposition. We defy you to find its parallel in any other country, or in any other section of this country. Go where you will, and in matters of this kind every element—national or otherwise—that pays in to the fund, has a representative upon the Administrative Board. However, "little said, soon mended," we will say no more this week. If it were not that "comparisons are odious," we could make a few that would humiliate people who carry their heads very high to-day.

WE LEARN with pleasure that Mr. Michael Davitt has consented to stand as candidate for North-east Cork. It would have been an eternal disgrace to our people were Davitt driven from public life and out of the ranks of that Home Rule party which owes so much to his devotedness, energy, ability and sterling patriotism. Even as it is we consider that all who have helped in unseating Mr. Davitt, before the Courts, should simply be ashamed of themselves. They decidedly have not the Irish cause in their hearts, or they would not sacrifice such a strong bulwark, at the shrine of any petty spite, before the idol of any momentary individual triumph. If the Home Rule cause does not succeed, if, by any sad dispensation, it should be doomed to failure, the whole and entire blame must rest upon the shoulders of such characters as the petitioners against Michael Davitt's election.

The Catholic Times of New York publishes a Cable despatch from Rome, dated January 13, and by which we learn that the attention of the Congregation of Rites will be called to the subject of sacred music. The following is the message.

"One of the subjects which has for many years been thoughtfully considered by clergymen and laymen will soon command the attention of a body whose deliberations will be watched with interest by Catholics throughout the world. The subject is that of sacred music, and it will receive the earnest, careful attention of the Congregation of Rites, about to hold a general assembly for that special purpose. There have been in the past so many diverse and contending views expressed that before a settlement is reached there will be much trouble. Circulars asking for opinions have been sent to many quarters, and the replies are so much at variance that the difficulty of a settlement increases with the number of them. Many are in favor of the greatest latitude, citing the increased attendance at church where extraordinary musical features are announced as proof of the necessity of extraneous attractions, while many are earnestly in favor of the most simple and ancient forms."

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS A DEAD FAILURE.

NO PARTICULAR PERSON RESPONSIBLE.

Millions in Stone, Brick and Mortar—
The Cost of Maintenance Far in
Excess of Their Utility.—A Rad-
ical Change Demanded.

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

This city expends large sums of money annually for public schools in order that the children of the city may be educated. It does not expend too much. There is nowhere complaint of that sort. The trouble is that the money spent is not well spent. It does not produce proper results. There is no proportionate gain to the expenditure. The schools are unscientific and inefficient in their methods. They are behind the age. They are grafts from an unsound exotic plant. They are very inferior to those of other cities which make pretension to maintain a good school system.

Let anyone who doubts that this is the truth of the matter, make a thoroughly systematic examination of our public schools, and if he can speak with expert knowledge and authority, so much the better, all doubt will disappear the moment he reports his experience.

It would be an immense gain for those concerned in the public schools of this city, to read some of the articles appearing in the leading periodicals of the day, on the public school systems of the principal cities of North America, in order to learn by comparison how inferior are the schools that are tolerated here, at a much higher *per capita* expense.

A man with the proper qualifications, possessing expert knowledge and authority, in reporting what he would see and learn through actual inspection of our public schools, would be forced to the conclusion that the system prevailing and the methods followed, are such as would make any intelligent citizen ashamed. The whole scheme of instruction is dry, lifeless, mechanical, narrow and cramping. It is an application to human beings of the method employed in teaching parrots to talk, horses to perform tricks, or bears to dance. Mind, aside from its faculty of memory and repetition, appears to have no consideration. The memory is overtaxed with useless rules and exceptions; and parrot-like repetition is the safety valve for the pent-up explosives.

The result is what might be expected. The pupils develop no intellectual eagerness, no curiosity for knowledge, no power of thinking or reasoning. They do not even make as much progress in the special work of their grade as children more rationally taught.

That this is no exaggeration or morbid picture of facts, let us look at the results of two distinct systems found side by side in Montreal: one the public school system; the other the Christian Brothers' system.

In the public schools, the primary reading is so poor, so mechanical that the children are scarcely able to recognize new words at sight at the end of the second year. Even the third, fourth, and most advanced year reading is miserable, all but intolerable. In most of the Christian Brothers' schools the children read better at the end of the second year than they do in the public schools at the end of the third and fourth years. Indeed, it could be truthfully said that in some of the Brothers' schools the pupils read as well at the end of the first year, as they do in the public schools at the end of the third, and this in spite of the fact that the Brothers' schools are charming the pupils—even those from the poorest of homes—governed by love and sympathy.

Why do our public schools cling to outworn methods of primary education? Is there still something good to be had from the fossilized remnants of the last century mode of instruction? Why are our public school teachers incompetent and their work inferior? The answer is not far to seek. It is the fault of a pernicious system of school government, on account of which teachers are selected for their "cheapness," and their "pull" on a "one-man power," not for their worth and merit; which gives good teachers no sustaining help and less hope of reward than poor ones, which makes it practically impossible to discharge poor

teachers, and which has so ingeniously arranged the controlling machinery of the educational work that all responsibility for failure can be shirked by everybody concerned. In many of the schools an unsanitary condition of affairs prevails for which no one in particular is responsible. Overcrowded classes are to be found in basements (of crotty and pretentious structures,) ten or twelve feet below the surface; and for this state of things, no one in particular is responsible, except, perhaps, the architect, who sacrificed internal valuable space, to educate the eye on exterior designs, at the expense of health and intellect. The course of studies too, is not only misleading and preposterous, but highly unscientific and illogical—it is simply a "guy" for the gullible; again, no one in particular is responsible for it. The one fact following would account for much of the evil in present conditions: in no way has those concerned with the educational side of the system a word to say concerning the appointment or discharge of principals or teachers. Nearly all, if not all appointments are made by "pulls" on the "one-man power," merit being a side issue. The sufferers from this state of things are those for whom the hundreds of thousands are appropriated annually—the children.

This is a grievous and mortifying indictment to present to the public, against schools which have had a tenure of some thirty odd years. There is no remedy for present conditions, except in a radical change of system and administration. An outline of the changes which ought and must be made, if the children of Montreal are to receive an education commensurate with its cost, will appear in a future issue. But, until the people rise up in their might and insist upon it, as they are compelled to insist on a new and honest regime in our civic government, no change will be made.

"K."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

WASHING DAY.

I'm busy, as you see,
For this is washing day;
It's no use calling me,
I cannot come and play;
For I must rub and scrub, it's plain,
The clothing of Victoria Jane.

I've very little soap,
And soda I have none;
But yet I live in hope
That, when my task is done,
And from work I sit and rest,
My dolly will be neatly dressed.

How oft to her I say—
"Wherever you have been?
Your frock's all over clay!
Now, can't you keep it clean?
It sometimes seem to me in vain
To wash your clothes, Victoria Jane!"

Three Little Girls.

Gretchen, Marta and Lena sat upon the doorstep twirling their thumbs in the sun. "Get up, Gretchen, thou lazy bones, the porridge burns while you sit dreaming away; Marta go the barnyard and feed the hungry fowls, who are crying from your neglect; Lena, go fetch the unfinished stockings and knit until the sun sets. You are a pack of shiftless good-for-nothing wenches, who needs must have the idleness beaten out of you."

And with these words, the angry mother lifts from the nail above, a heavy sheepskin lash, with which she beat the bare ankles of her three idle daughters until they howled with pain:
"Let us run away!" cry Gretchen and Martha and Lena together.

So the three little maidens leave kitchen, and barnyard, and garden, and run away, through the valleys, and over the mountains, until they can no longer see the chimneys of the old, red farm house.

"We are free!" cried the little maidens, dancing until their long braids coil and twist themselves like golden serpents.

Thus they dance and laugh and sing until they come to the banks of a dark, flowing river, near which sits an ugly, dirty, ragged old woman, moaning and wailing as she beats her withered flesh, and tears the gray hairs from her head.

"Prithes, good mother," cry the three little girls in one breath, "why do you beat yourself so cruelly?"

"Alack-a-day, my pretty maidens," cries the old woman, "I beat myself because when I was young like you and shunned honest work, my mother did

not beat the idleness out of me; that is why I am to-day friendless and penniless. Alack-a-day, alack-a-day."

With these doleful words, the old woman resumed her journey, and the three little maidens, turning their faces to the wind, run as fast as they can over mountains and through valleys, until the chimneys of the old farm house come into sight.

"O mother," cried Gretchen and Marta and Lena, running into the bright, fire-lit kitchen, "let us stay with you and learn to make porridge, and feed chickens and knit; we would rather have you beat us now than to have to beat ourselves when we are old."

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

Daintiness in Woman's Dress.

There is a sweet sincerity of daintiness in woman's dress in these days of silken linings and hand-wrought lingerie, somehow very much in keeping with the ideal of womanliness. A fine principle is involved in making this hidden part of the gown, the inner silk, more splendid in color, more delicate in material than that which is meant for all the world to see. You can't help thinking that so the inner life is fairer, the heart language purer than that which all the world may know. And besides, this fancy for fine and hand-wrought lingerie, as opposed to shop-made gewgaws elaborately decorated with machine-woven edgings, is reviving again the fine art of needlework. In the old days it was the queen, and her handmaidens who stitched the fine linen. The lady in her tower wrought in wonderful broderies and tracteries on mantles and sleeves the deeds of valor done by her gallant lover and hero. The wife-to-be stitched sweet fancies with her bridal finery, and the mother dreamed fond dreams over the tiny garments she fashioned stitch by stitch. Somehow a man's heart gets very big with protecting tenderness as he watches the deft hands at their pretty feminine work, and he is pretty apt to think, if he doesn't dare to say, fond and foolish things.

Mothers.

There appears to be a curious tendency on the part of many men to lavish upon the little ones the affection once exclusively the wife's. A division of demonstration would be both natural and gratifying to the woman, but too often she is ignored in this respect entirely. The boys and girls are joyfully greeted by the home-coming father, while the wife is carelessly nodded at over their sunny heads.

A wise observer once said, "trouble comes with the first baby if it is coming at all." Different ideas of government are often the entering wedge of discussion. The little one sometimes separates father and mother, and at the cradle the husband goes away from the wife in thought and deed just when she needs him most. While she rocks that cradle she thinks deeply, and in the readjustment of her ideas wifehood is merged into the stronger force of motherhood. She demands more of her husband than ever before, because he is a baby's father, and is sometimes disappointed.

In the matter of expenses paterfamilias is apt to be more generous in his allowances for the needs of the children than for the less tangible wants of their mother. He admits that clothes can be outgrown, but is skeptical about their going out of fashion. We are told that a mother becomes unselfish. For herself, yes; but is she not tempted to overlook the claims of others in seeking all good things of her children?

We doubt if the mother, burdened with the care of her child's living and fear of its dying, can half enjoy the beauty *per se* of childhood. The outsider can rejoice in all the loveliness, oftener with more appreciative eyes, because they are not blinded by dread. Heredity, to a conscientious woman, is simply appalling. How can she punish a child for faults inherited by herself? Can she be happy as she notes the growth of a disposition which should, for the good of the race, end with her husband's life? Can she help being afraid when she looks at the little son, who is a pocket edition of the father-in-law in a drunkard's grave? Is it possible, too, for her to discover that her children though gazing at her with her mother's

eyes and speaking to her in the tones of a voice that has made the music of her life, are aliens in thought and deed.

"But," someone says, "I know all that; there are years of patient care and toil—years, perhaps, when the husband and wife go separate ways, one rearing the children, the other going on alone, absorbed in business interests, forgetful of the woman left behind; but when the sons and daughters are grown, matters adjust themselves." Not always. The fair girl graduate becomes the faded little mother's rival, and in the devotion of father and daughter the wife is still left out. It is generally the rough boy, with that warm, loving heart which makes boys so dear the world over, who dimly divines the situation, and with bearish hugs and mammoth paths cheers and sustains the lonely heart. While it lasts it is the sweetest thing, this romance between the mother and her son; but, alas, it is brief! Some dainty little maiden takes the lad captive, and then the jealousy, the acute suffering of that mother's heart, who can fathom?

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

The Catholic Young Men's Society held their usual weekly meeting in the hall, 92 Alexander street, Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th, Mr. J. J. Ryan presiding. Lecture in the Windsor Hall, next St. Patrick's night, by Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P. New York, was announced. Rev. James Callaghan delivered the first of an interesting series of lectures on the "The History of Canada." The rev. gentleman dwelt chiefly on the discoveries of Sebastian Cabot under Henry VII, King of England, and of Verazzani under Francis I, King of France. In 1497 Henry the Seventh, the King of England, commission Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian by birth, to go in search of a north-eastern route to the East Indies. On his way the celebrated Navigator discovered Florida, then Labrador and Newfoundland without landing at any port. France came in later on for her share of glory and for her part in the traffic of codfish, whale and skins of wild beasts. The first official expedition headed by Verazzani, a Florentine mariner, was organized by Francis the First and left Dieppe 1524. The intrepid seaman planted the French flag on every important harbor from Wilmington in North Carolina along the whole of the American coast, Newfoundland, to Cape Breton. Verazzani gave to his territory the name of New France which it preserved for two hundred years. The rev. gentleman in concluding announced his second lecture "Jacques Cartier" for next Wednesday, and called as large an attendance as general to the monthly general Communion of the Association next Sunday morning in behalf of the departed soul of their benefactor, M. P. Ryan.

ON THE ALPS.

Far from the haunts of men I'd fly
To waft me nearer to the sky,
Where mystic songs, like angels, trills,
Float round the everlasting hills,

The heart finds here sweet peace and calm,
For o'er it falls a precious balm—
The holy dew that God distills
Upon the everlasting hills.

Here with the lonely edelweiss
Communing, I would find me bliss,
Nor pine for rose or daffodils
Amid the everlasting hills.

For pain and sorrow go to rest
Soft pillowed on each snowy crest;
And care no more its chalice fills
Where rise the everlasting hills.

So let me climb where eagle's soar,
And dreaming dream for evermore
Beside the lakes and flashing rills
That crown the everlasting hills!

EUGENE DAVIS.

Perry Davis' Pain Killer TAKEN INTERNALLY. It relieves *instantly* the most acute pain. USED EXTERNALLY, it is the best Liniment in the world. Its effect is almost instantaneous, affording relief from the most intense pain. It soothes the irritated or inflamed part, and gives quiet and rest to the sufferer. It is eminently the people's friend, and every one should have it with them, or where they can put their hands on it in the dark if need be. Put up in large Bottles.

Wife—"Don't you think this bonnet makes my face look rather short?"
Husband—"No; but it makes my pocket-book look like a perfect dwarf."

THE GIRL WHO SAW OUR LORD.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I sat with my friend, Benigna, in her cosy little sitting-room.

There was an album on the table, and I was looking over the photographs, and making comments.

"Who is this?" I asked, as I happened upon a homely face, but one that was sweet, good, and full of strength.

"That is the Girl who saw our Lord!" was the reply in an ask-me-more-and-I'll-tell-you-all-about-it tone of voice.

"The Girl who saw our Lord?" I echoed in genuine astonishment and awe, and then Benigna told me the following true and simple story: Rose Mowbray was always a good and gentle girl, possessing from earliest childhood the strong faith of an earnest Catholic with the intense devotedness of the typical woman.

Her mother had died when Rose was but ten years old, leaving to the thoughtful child the double burden that had worn out her own frail life. Rose was now to devote herself to the care of her father and of her little sister Alice, aged seven. The father, poor man, was a conductor on one of the street-railway cars of our great City of Brotherly Love. He was forced to leave his home very early each morning, and did not see his children again until far in the night.

In order to give him his poor breakfast, Rose must rise hours before dawn, when, besides cooking his meal, she prepared a lunch for his use on the car at noon, and saw that he went away, clean and tidy, to his daily labor.

This had been her dead mother's duty for years—Lord rest her soul!

After father was gone, the shivering, sleepy girl would crawl into her sister's bed, and doze for a couple of hours; then, up again, and after morning-prayers, cook breakfast number two for herself and Alice, comb, wash, and dress that dear little sister, and (breakfast over, and the dishes "done-up"), trot off hand in hand to the Sisters' School of their own parish.

The happy hours at school were broken by many busy hours at home. Meals to be cooked, dishes to be washed, clothes to be mended and laundried, scrubbing to be done, and many other domestic duties left Rose and Alice little time for study or play, little time for golden visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament, or to the lovely white altar of our Lady. But Rose had learned from her good mother how to turn work into prayer by a pure intention; and if there was no time to run the streets or to read "dime novels," not a day passed without the Beads being said devoutly together by the gentle, hard-working little girls.

Thus things went on for a decade of years.

Rose was twenty and Alice seventeen, when, one day, the elder girl found her sister in a high fever, and complaining of pains in her head and back.

Not long were they left in doubt as to the nature of the diseases, for Alice's pretty face was soon covered with red blotches, and the dispensary doctor, on being consulted, pronounced her case a bad one of small-pox.

Then, indeed, began poor Rose Mowbray's trials.

There were no female connections or friends to call on in this dreadful emergency. Even the father, on learning the name of Alice's sickness, declared that he would lose his place on the cars, if he stopped a single night at home.

So, making up a bundle of his clothing, and arranging to send his wages to Rose by a safe hand, he kissed that brave girl good-bye, and hurried off with tearful eyes from the plague-smitten house. No one ever came or went after that, but the doctor.

Poor lonely Rose waited night and day on the afflicted Alice.

Her one precious sister, of whose simple beauty she had been so proud!—it was terrible to see her disfigured face—terrible to hear the plaintive ravings of the innocent little sufferer.

All the sleep Rose got, was taken sitting in a chair at the bedside, holding Alice's burning hand, and starting wide-awake at its least pressure.

It was like one long night-mare full of indescribable fear and horrors.

The heavy hours wore on, until the doctor said one morning to Rose: "You had better send for the priest."

And, after the compassionate minister

of God had come and gone, and Alice had received the last Sacraments:

"Watch her well till midnight, and after. To-night will tell whether your sister will live or die!"

There was no sleep possible for Rose after that charge.

And yet, poor girl, she was so wearied out with nursing, so dead-tired with watching, she dared not sit down for a moment at the bedside, lest she should sink into an instantaneous stupor, and forget her duty.

The night-hours crawled by on leaden feet. The great city outside of the windows was

"still as the heart of the dead."

There a moon shining somewhere upon happy faces, and bright stars were twinkling over blessed, peaceful homes; but Rose Mowbray only walked the floor of the sick-room, saying her Beads beneath her breath, her heart aching bitterly with loneliness and anguish.

"O my sweetest Lord Jesus! O my dear Immaculate Mother!" she whispered between the Sorrowful Mysteries, the great tears rolling down her pale cheeks, and dropping, like jewels, on the floor: "I am all alone in my sorrow! I have no one but You to help me bear my cross! Incline unto my aid, O God! O Lord, make haste to help me!"

As she said these words, she looked towards the bed whereon poor, suffering Alice lay.

What did she see? Great heaven! she rubbed her eyes in awe and terror and looked again.

There had been no steps on the stairs, no sight or sound of any one entering the room.

Yet, there at the bedside, close to Alice's head, stood a Man, a wondrously beautiful Man!

The clear rays of the lamp showed His great height, His noble proportions, His straight, dark gown, the graceful folds of His long, loose mantle; and the profile He bent over the sufferer, was like something exquisitely cut from the purest and finest of alabaster.

Yes, alabaster with the most glorious light shining through it! The blood in Rose's veins seemed to turn to ice.

She gazed at Alice. The sick girl's eyes were turned on her with a look of feeble inquiry. Her swollen hand weakly beckoned her to approach the bed.

"I dare not pass where He stands?" said poor Rose to herself. Reluctantly and slowly, she stole round the bed, next the wall, and said to Alice in a trembling voice:

"What is it, dear?"

The young sister looked her fixedly in the face, made a backward motion with her thumb towards the Presence at the bedhead, and asked in the faintest whisper:

"Rose, who is This?"

It was a supreme effort.

With that feeble breath all was over.

The spirit of little Alice had passed away from earth forevermore; and Rose Mowbray falling senseless across her dead sister's feet, knew for certain that Jesus, the Help of the Dying, the strong Friend of the Sorrowing and the Desolate, had come in person to minister to their needs, had come Himself to receive an innocent soul into the everlasting embraces of his divine and loving Heart.—*In the Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.*

The English Pilgrimage.

The Archbishop of Westminster in a recent pastoral dealt at length with the coming pilgrimage to Rome. His Grace, having drawn attention to details as to time, route, etc., went on to say:

"First, it will be undertaken as a great public profession of faith in Jesus Christ and in the supremacy of His vicar. This truly is a noble and worthy object—to confess Christ, to proclaim aloud that Peter is His vicar, that his successor is the shepherd of the universe, the source of jurisdiction, the judge of doctrine, the centre of unity, the fisherman of the habitable world.

"Secondly, it will be undertaken, no doubt, in order to obtain through the prayers of St. Peter a great outpouring of divine grace upon England. In this case the pilgrims will remind the Apostle of England's ancient faith, and of her intense love and veneration for his office, of her former obedience and submission to his spiritual authority, of her frequent and weary pilgrimages to his shrine throughout all the early ages of her history, of her personal devotion to his life

and character, and of her noble gifts wherewith she did homage to his successors.

"Again, the pilgrimages may be undertaken as an act of penance for sin. According to the old Penitentiaries a pilgrimage to Rome was ranked among the greater canonical penances. Though a journey to Rome now is shorn of its former perils, there is still in it quite a sufficient demand for self-denial, and for acts of patience and of kindness, to make it, at least to many, a real penitential exercise.

ANOTHER MOTIVE.

"Another motive for the pilgrimage will be a desire to enter a protest against the iniquitous spoliation of the Holy See. The love and reverence of the English pilgrims will be, in itself, an eloquent protest against the ingratitude of those children who have turned against their Father with so much hatred of his spiritual authority, and with such wicked determination to destroy the influence of the Church and of her august head. If we cannot at present restore to the Pope his civil principedom, we can, at least, show to the world that we delight to gather together round him on such an occasion as the present.

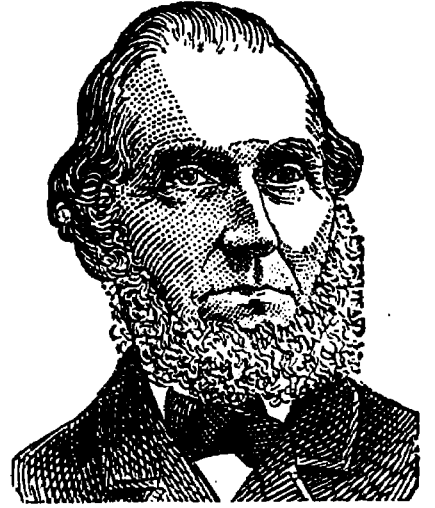
"This pilgrimage will also be undertaken as an act of veneration for the sacred person of Leo XIII. His children will ponder over all he has achieved for the Church during his glorious pontificate—his zeal for justice and truth; his love of peace and concord; his compassion for the multitude who labor and suffer; his hatred of oppression and tyranny and of anarchy and disorder; his promotion of science, of literature, of the study of philosophy and of history, and of the arts; his efforts to extend the acceptance of Christian principles; his promotion of the rules of perfection and of the religious life; his tender devotion to Mary and St. Joseph, and to the humble St. Francis; and his untiring labors in behalf of the liberty of the Church and in the service of our Divine Master.

"Bearing the weight of his eighty-three years, this venerated historical figure still sits in the chair of St. Peter. With thin, white outstretched hands and gracious, smiling countenance, he welcomes all, the humblest of his children and the noblest, to come nigh unto him, that he may see, and touch, and bless them before he dies. Though bent with years, God has preserved all his faculties, and his mind and heart still remain clear and warm as in the prime of life. He has suffered from long imprisonment in the Vatican, and from the ceaseless anxieties of his position. He knows that there is no middle course, compatible with independence, between restoration to his sovereignty and his present dignified attitude of protest and *non possumus*. But he is consoled by the gathering around him of his children from all parts of the world."

Two lovers quarrelled, and the lady wrote to the gentleman as follows: "Herewith I return you all your presents, with the exception of the diamond ring, which I shall keep to remind me of your meanness and horrid conduct altogether!"

FACE AND FIGURE show it, if you're a healthy woman. They'll have a beauty of their own, no matter what your features. Perfect health, with its clear skin, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, is enough to make any woman attractive. To get perfect health, use faithfully Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health, flesh and strength. For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" generally, it is so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good."

TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL BELTS, ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c. P. McCORMACK & CO., DRUGGISTS. COR. McGILL and NOTRE DAME STS.



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

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

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

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

A PRIZE REBUS

A Gift for Everybody Answering this Puzzle Correctly.



\$100 IN CASH.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to get a pail of water. In the above well-known rhyme the word "Water" is missing, and is to be found concealed in the above cut of Jack and Jill. The publishers of Our Young People will give \$100 in Cash to the person who first can find the word "Water" in the above picture. To the second a fine Gold Watch. To the third a fine Silver Watch. To the fourth an elegant Five O'Clock Silver Tea Service. To the fifth an imported Music Box. To the sixth a Simplex Typewriter. A Solid Gold Ring to each of the next two correct answers. A \$5 Gold Piece to the next three. A gold brooch to each of the next ten correct answers. A committee consisting of five teachers from the public schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the judges in the award of prizes.

Each contestant is to cut out the Rebus and make a cross with a leadpencil on the five letters (Water) and send same to us with ten three-cent stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one year's subscription to Our Young People, which is a (large, beautiful, fully illustrated 16 page magazine,) a beautiful Engraving "The First Kiss" will be sent free by return mail to every answer received. Remember that you get the paper for an entire year and a chance for one or more of the prizes. This is your opportunity and if you delay you will miss and regret it. We will give to the last 20 correct answers received each a handsome Souvenir Spoon of Columbus.

READER IT IS FOR YOU TO SAY whether or not you will have Our Young People as a regular visitor at your home for the next year, and a chance of winning one of the above prizes. If you are not perfectly satisfied with your investment after receiving the first copy of Our Young People you can have your money back. Isn't this fair?

The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first post-mark will receive first reward and the balance in order as received. Be sure and answer to-day and enclose 30 cents and you will receive the best value you ever did for the money. Address (2) OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, King Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

Catholic publishing houses will find THE TRUE WITNESS a first-class advertising medium. Fair rates, not the lowest.



ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Reports for the Past Year—Election of Officers—A Flourishing Organisation.

The annual general meeting of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society was held in their hall, Ottawa street, on Sunday, 15th inst., and we are pleased to learn that the remarkable success which has attended the society from the time of its establishment eight years ago, was continued during the past year. The chair was occupied by the spiritual director, Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., and there was a very large attendance of the members.

The President, Mr. P. T. O'Brien read his Annual Report which was an interesting and comprehensive document and from it we gather that the Society's progress in the year 1892 was most marked; a large addition to the membership had taken place, the roll now numbering 421 members, 241 of whom are in good standing, with all dues paid up to date; the several entertainments given by the Society during the last year had been very successful, especially that held in the Academy of Music on St. Patrick's Night, when, notwithstanding the large number of people that it accommodates, several hundreds had to be turned away being unable to gain admission; the Society's annual excursion had also proved to be a flattering social as well as financial success.

The periodical religious demonstrations of the Society had been attended even more numerous than in former years, and were a source of much consolation and gratification to the parents and friends of the members, and especially to the Spiritual Director, evidencing the fact that the members are animated with a lively faith and that they are not ashamed to make open profession of it on all occasions when called upon to do so.

The Society's Band, which was organized in the beginning of the year 1892 had made good progress and could now be regarded as well-established—the members of the Band had been furnished with neat black uniforms, with green facings, and had made quite a favorable impression on the different occasions when they appeared in public.

The choral and dramatic sections of the Society have, as usual, given the utmost satisfaction, their several public performances being favorably commented on by the press of the city, while the hosts of friends who patronized these performances repeatedly expressed the great pleasure and enjoyment afforded them.

The gymnasium, which, by the way, is one of the best equipped in the city, does not appear to have been so well appreciated by the members during the past year; it is hoped, however, that this apparent indifference to this important adjunct of the society is only temporary and that during the remainder of this winter the classes will be well attended.

The library and reading room, it is pleasant to learn, have been duly appreciated; several new books have been added to the library, while the reading room is supplied with the city English daily papers and the principal weekly ones, as well as twenty-one other periodicals, including the principal Irish, Irish Canadian, and Irish American and Catholic publications.

The society's well furnished recreation room has proved itself a most attractive place for the members to spend their leisure moments, the average nightly attendance being one hundred.

The society's hall was repainted and decorated throughout during vacation time, last summer, and it presents a very cheerful and pleasing appearance in consequence.

The society's financial condition is, of course, good—the total receipts for the year were \$2,986.85, all of which, except \$225 balance on hand, was expended in the promotion of the society's interests;

the total receipts since the formation of the society amounts to the respectable figure of \$16,142.56, and is conclusive evidence of the energy and activity of the members.

In the course of his Report the President compliments the chairmen of the various sections of the society, who have contributed to the general success, and speaks highly of Messrs. J. J. Gethings, P. Shea, J. Whitty, J. Mahoney, H. McClure, and the popular treasurer, Mr. Jos. Johnson, who has looked so carefully after the funds for several years past. He concludes by paying a glowing and well-deserved tribute to the genial and generous Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., who has shown himself to be the society's greatest benefactor, and through whose instrumentality the society has attained its present efficiency, and obtained for the organization the proud pre-eminence of being the "Premier Catholic Young Men's Society of Canada."

The other reports presented included those of the Treasurer, Secretary, Librarian and Auditors, all of which were most interesting and bore evidence of the thoroughly satisfactory manner in which these officers performed their duties. The various reports having been adopted, the election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with, resulting as follows:—

- Spiritual Director—Rev. Fr. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.
- President—P. T. O'Brien.
- 1st Vice-President—Thos. Sullivan.
- 2nd Vice-President—D. J. O'Neill.
- Treasurer—Jos. Johnson.
- Financial Secretary—M. J. O'Brien.
- Asst. Financial Secretary—A. Thompson.
- Recording Secretary—W. Cullinan.
- Asst. Rec. Secretary—J. McGinn.
- Librarian—T. T. Slattery.
- Asst. Librarian—John O'Neill.
- Marshal—P. J. O'Brien.
- Asst. Marshal—J. Kenehan.
- Council:—M. J. O'Donnell, P. Shea, J. J. Gethings, J. P. McDonough, T. Dillon, T. O'Connell and T. Connelly.

A number of interesting events are on the Society's programme for the remainder of this season, including a Minstrel Entertainment of the Olden Time on February 13th and 14th, a grand National celebration on St. Patrick's Day, when a new historical Irish drama, specially written for the Society, will be produced, and a musical and dramatic entertainment on Easter Monday.

The annual Retreat for young men opens on Sunday next in St. Ann's Church, and will continue for a week, under the charge of the Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R.

Through the generous co-operation of the devoted and beloved pastor of St. Ann's, Rev. Father Catulle, C.S.S.R., a considerable addition will be built this year to the large Concert Hall in which the Society's entertainments are held. Besides the increased seating capacity of the hall, there will be improved stage accommodation, which will be of much advantage to the dramatic section of the Society, who have been handicapped very often for want of sufficient stage room in producing some of their popular dramatic pieces.

The Society is to be congratulated on the energy, enterprise and ability which have been its strong characteristics in the past; we trust its brilliant record will be maintained, and that a long and prosperous career awaits the progressive and patriotic St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

HOME RULE FUND.

In addition to the list already published of subscribers to the Home Rule Fund, we are pleased to record that of Aklerman William Farrell, \$10. Subscriptions may be sent to the treasurer, Hon. Senator Murphy, or to THE TRUTH WITNESS office.

C. A. C.

At the general monthly meeting of the Catholic Association held in the Library Hall of the Gesù on Friday evening the 20th inst., the following resolution of condolence was passed, being moved by Mr. H. Singleton and seconded by Mr. F. Cotter:—

"Resolved that the sympathy of this Association be tendered to Mr. T. C. Collins and family in the loss they have sustained by the death of Sister St. Michael the Archangel of the Congregation of Notre Dame."

C. M. B. A.

Grand Council C. M. B. A. of Quebec.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND PRESIDENT.

MONTREAL, 23rd Jan., 1893.

BROTHERS,—The Executive of the Grand Council of the C. M. A. of Quebec, have heretofore and still desire to keep our affairs out of the Public Press, but an editorial in the C. M. B. A. column of the Catholic Record of date 21st Jan. inst., seems to call for a reply, inasmuch as it attacks the integrity of our Venerable Archbishop, and our esteemed Pastor, Rev. Father Sentenne. Against their lying article accusing his Grace of having forbidden Rev. Father Sentenne to celebrate a Mass for the Grand Council of Quebec. I beg leave to submit the copy of a letter now in my possession and which I received from the Rev. Father:

(COPY.)

MONTREAL, 2nd January, 1893.

I make it my duty to here declare that if the Mass asked for by certain members of the C. M. B. A. Society, was not sung, it was because the matter was forgotten, and no order whatever, on the part of the Archbishop was given.

A. L. SENTENNE, Ptra.

We could in like manner contradict every item in said editorial, but we consider the man who wrote it as beneath our notice, and will simply say that it is a tissue of falsehood from beginning to end, so much for our step-brother of the non-Catholic Record. We would, however, respectfully suggest that he change the motto at the head of his paper, and insert Ananias for Christian, and Saphira for Catholic, as it would be more appropriate. We can easily understand his chagrin at losing the Province of Quebec, for we can prove that he is the prime mover in the separation now taking place between the Supreme Council and the brothers in Ontario. I call them brothers, as I know the rank and file are true men, they are true men, they are leaving the Grand Council of Ontario in great numbers, and the executive of Grand Council will soon find that they do not control Ontario any more than they do Quebec. The editor of the non-Catholic Record and his tools in Ontario and Quebec have been digging this hole for ten years; and now their rage is unbounded because we will not enter this hole, which, I fear, will prove their grave, along with them. We claim the right to choose for ourselves, and have elected to stay with our grand Catholic association, the C.M.B.A.

A few words to show their consistency and honorable dealing. On the 13th Oct., 1892, an agreement was entered into between the Supreme and Grand Councils that the Grand Council of Canada would pay assessments to the Supreme Council on all deaths occurring up to 31st Dec., 1892. This agreement was signed by the Grand President, O. K. Fraser; Grand Secretary, S. R. Brown, and other officers of the Grand Council. Now, on Dec. 8th, 1892, assessment No. 18 was issued from the office of the Grand Secretary, S. R. Brown, to pay the beneficiaries of deceased members to Nov. 21st, 1892, and stating that this was the last assessment they would pay to the Supreme Council. On Dec. 19th, 1892, this statement was contradicted by Grand President O. K. Fraser, as he said it was premature, and that the Grand Council was liable beyond that time.

Now, Brothers, you have three statements emanating from the same Executive of the Grand Council of Canada each one a direct contradiction of the other, but that is not all; to cap the climax on Jan. 17th, 1893, a meeting of the Grand Trustees was held at Brockville and a resolution adopted that No. 18 was the last assessment which the Grand Council would pay to the Supreme Council. "Consistency thou art a jewel" and for consistency, honor, constitutional practice, and respect for agreements, I challenge the world to equal the Grand Council of Canada Executive. But they are simply tools in the hands of the Non-Catholic Record as he pulls the wires and they dance and at the wind up I fear they will have to pay the piper. Apologizing for trespassing on your valuable space, I remain, Dear Mr. Editor,

Your obt. Servant,

P. O'RIELLY,
Grand President C. M. B. A.
Grand Council of Quebec.

A "NOTED" PLACE.—The inside of a music-book.

A RING on the finger is worth two in the pawshop.

A WONDERFUL STORY!

A Woodstock Lady ESCAPES DEATH

Though Advanced in Years She is Now Strong and Well!

The Lady Tells of Her Deliverance!

AN AGENT MIGHTY TO SAVE!

A wonderful story! A mighty deliverance! Comforting and assuring words for every sickly and disease burdened man and woman! Every word of the wonderful letter is full of hope and joy. Paine's Celery Compound is held up as the true and only life-giver for suffering humanity. Try it, poor, weary sufferer; it will make you glad, and give you a new and happy life.

Mrs. Mary E. Lampman, of Woodstock, Ont., writes as follows:—



MARY E. LAMPMAN.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO. Gentlemen,—After serious consideration, I think it my duty to acknowledge the great good that I have derived from Paine's Celery Compound. No living mortal can imagine the sufferings that I endured for four months. That demon "La Grippe" got a fast hold of me; I became nervous, and was so prostrated that I could not sleep night or day.

Life became a burden, and I was reduced to a mere skeleton. My appetite was very poor; and I was so extremely nervous that I could not bear to have any person in the room with me.

One Sabbath afternoon, I read one of your papers, "Our Album," and found that Paine's Celery Compound had cured many people. I thought I would try a bottle, and bought one that afternoon, and commenced to take it according to directions. The relief was almost instant. I continued the use of the Compound, with the result, that I can now sleep well all night and feel rested when morning comes. My appetite is good, I am gaining in flesh and I feel like a new person.

I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your great Paine's Celery Compound, and for the wonderful cure it has brought about. I am 73 years of age, and can now walk five miles without feeling tired. I am telling my friends and neighbors who are sleepless and nervous and suffering as I was. Wishing you unbounded success, and hoping this may be read by some one who is afflicted and anxious for relief.

I remain yours truly,

MARY E. LAMPMAN.

We, the undersigned residents of Woodstock, in the Province of Ontario, hereby certify that we are acquainted with Mrs. Lampman, who has signed the above testimonial, and can vouch for the truth of every statement therein made.

E. J. JACKSON.
M. C. PRATT.

When there is nothing in a man's scheme it makes no difference whether or not the bottom drops out.

"Oh, papa! I know what makes people laugh in their sleeves!" "Well, my son, what makes them?" "'Cause that's where the funny-bone is!"

ORANGE LOYALTY.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:
SIR,—I see by the public prints that some of the Orange Lodges of the Dominion are heralding their loyalty to Her Britannic Majesty through the columns of the newspapers by passing resolutions condemning the action of the Governor-General in calling upon Sir John Thompson to form a Cabinet and thus become Prime Minister.

One lodge in particular, the Dunvegan one, at its annual meeting on Jan. 10th. called on the rest of their brethren throughout the Dominion "to no longer support any man or any Government that may be called by a mere party name, but only such men and such Governments as are decidedly outspoken Protestant and British in their politics and policy." This furnishes a good example of civil and religious liberty as understood and practised by loyal Orangemen in Canada. Decidedly "outspoken &c," means, I suppose, intolerant and bigoted.

Now that we have a Catholic Premier, we may expect the Pope and the disciples of Loyola, the "Janissaries of the Vatican," those terrible Jesuits we hear so much about, to put all their plots and intrigues into execution to secure control of the government of the country. The emissaries of Pope Leo XIII. will now be found in our legislatures and halls of learning fomenting discord and sedition and hatching their diabolical plots, and no doubt all the archbishops, bishops and priests will take a hand in the affair, too, for are they not bound, as well as all good Catholic laymen, to render civil as well as spiritual allegiance to the Pope?

Is it not a fact that the Catholic Church does not leave men free to give faithful and true allegiance to the civil power? Of course it is; a good deal of time and paper was spent to prove it, and it must be so whether it has been proved or not. In course of time we may have a Papal Inquisition established in several convenient places in this fair Dominion, to burn and otherwise punish refractory Protestants, and more particularly Orangemen, and the scenes of the "Dark Ages" will be re-enacted in our midst.

Truly, the situation is very alarming, indeed, and were it not that we have so many loyal Orangemen in Canada this would soon become a Papal State, and the Pope would emigrate to make his headquarters in Toronto. All this would come to pass, notwithstanding the fact that there is a Protestant majority in the House of Commons, a Protestant majority in the Senate, a Protestant majority in the Council, and a Protestant majority in the country. But the people composing those majorities are not all Orangemen, or Methodists of the Douglas-Carman stripe, and cannot be depended on in a grave and serious danger like the present one. No; they are not loyal to their principles or to their Queen if they allow a Catholic to hold such a high position as Sir John Thompson now occupies, because it is a menace to British and Canadian institutions to have him there.

Catholics compose but about 41 per cent. of the population of this Dominion, and it is really too much to expect a Catholic Prime Minister once in a quarter of a century, especially when he happens to be a convert from Methodism. I do not accuse every Orangeman or Methodist of religious intolerance or bigotry, but I must say that Catholics have no monopoly of that commodity, judging from recent Orange resolutions and from politico-religious diatribes like the Douglas-Carman productions.

Can such men point to any instance in British, Canadian, or any other history where Catholics were found wanting in loyalty to their sovereign or country? Is there any doctrine or principle of the Catholic Church which makes it obligatory on her members to be disloyal to the sovereign or to the civil power generally? Why then are those Orangemen so much alarmed? Is it because they entertain an undying hatred of the Catholic name, notwithstanding their loud and frequent professions of religious toleration? methinks if the stability of our laws and institutions depended on Orange loyalty they would soon collapse.

Let me ask, are those Orangemen more loyal to the Queen or her representative than any other body of men, be they Catholic or Protestant? In times past did they respond to the call of duty more promptly than Catholics when danger threatened our common country?

Orange loyalty very often means the demolition of Catholic convents and places of worship, singing insulting songs, and indulging in swaggering riot and dissipation to the infinite disgust of peaceable and well disposed citizens.

Brockville, 23rd January, 1893.

IRISH NEWS.

An old woman named Bridget Byrne was found dead in her bed at Hannin's Court, Glashule, on Dec. 29.

Mrs. Smyth, of Dromore, mother of the Rev. J. Smyth, of Rosslea, and messrs. John and Nicholas, Smyth, died on Dec. 22 aged sixty-one years.

At a special meeting of the Dublin City branches of the Irish National Federation on December 29, Mr. Murphy was chosen the civic delegate for the city.

Some boys found a package in the basement of Rathmines Chapel on December 30, and gave it to a policeman. The latter took it to headquarters, where it was found to contain two pounds of blasting powder.

Two sudden deaths occurred in Dungan on Christmas Eve. A woman named Julia Sullivan was drowned at the quay while going ashore from a vessel, and a man named James Brien, employed in Mrs. Lynch's bakery, died suddenly in bed.

Mrs. Creagh, of Creagh Castle, who is at present staying at Newham, Gloucestershire, Eng., has been seriously injured by walking through her bedroom window while in a state of somnambulism. One of her legs was fractured in two places, and she was terribly bruised.

A magnificent bell has been made to the order of Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, and the Rev. Timothy Shanahan, and intended for the new church in Ballingarry, of which the latter has pastoral charge. The bell is fine-toned, weighs about three tons, and is the largest that has been cast for some years in Ireland.

At a meeting of the Mitchelstown Board of Guardians, on Dec. 29, a resolution was adopted by a majority in favor of Mr. Michael Davitt as Nationalist candidate for Northeast Cork, made vacant by the double return of Mr. William O'Brien. Another resolution was unanimously adopted expressing abhorrence at the dynamite outrage in Dublin.

A sad and fatal accident occurred at the Omagh station of the Great Northern Railway on Dec. 28. William Doherty, a pointsman, while looking after the points that evening, was knocked down and run over by an engine. He was conveyed to the County Infirmary, where he died about four hours later.

The nephew of General Napper Tandy died recently at Friarstown House, County Limerick, in the person of Mr. Henry Purdon Wilkinson, in his eighty-ninth year. The late Mr. Wilkinson's mother, born Miss Catherine Tandy, was sister of Napper Tandy, whom she visited while in prison, and whose name is so familiar to everyone who has sung or heard sung "The Wearin' o' the Green."

The tenants of the late Mrs. Colonel Lwellyn Blake, in the neighborhood of Kinvara, have been granted a reduction of five shillings in the pound on their judicial rents by Mr. Brady-Murray, nephew of deceased and successor to her estates. This abatement makes the present rents half as much as the old rents, which, reduced five shillings in the pound, was by consent fixed as the judicial.

Mr. John O'Flaherty, of The Grove, Urney, has been sworn in a Justice of the Peace for County Tyrone. Mr. O'Flaherty belongs to one of the oldest and most respectable Catholic families in the parish of Urney. The Grove, where he lives, was at one time the residence of the late Bishop McDevitt, of Derry, and the house at one time also served the purpose of an ecclesiastical seminary. Mr. Flaherty's appointment to the magistracy is welcomed in the district by all classes, Protestant as well as Catholic.

There has died in Dublin a man, who took a prominent part in the leading incidents in the Fenian Rising in 1867.—Captain Redmond, late magistrate of Queenstown, and formerly of the Second Queen's Regiment. Captain Redmond was the peace officer who accompanied the military forces that captured the

small party of Fenians in the neighborhood of Mitchelstown, where the latter had held out for some weeks after the Fenian rising, under the leadership of Peter O'Neill Crowley. Crowley, it will be remembered, was shot on the occasion in the conflict with the military, and his companions, McClune and Kelly, were captured.

IN MEMORIAM.

[KATY STEWART, daughter of P. J. Coyle, Esq., Q. C., Montreal. Died Dec. 20, 1892.]

The following touching tribute to the memory of the young daughter of our esteemed friend, P. J. Coyle, Esq., was penned by one who knew her well, and who calculated to appreciate her in consequence of her position of a teacher in the academy, where, at the early age of 15 years and 4 months, her spirit departed—even as the Christmas festival was at its brightest and gladdest hour. The lines, sweet and affectionately tender, are worthy of the author and of the one to whose memory they were composed. We might add that although Miss Coyle died in the academy, away from her home, still she had by her bedside the presence of her father's sister, in the person of one of the holy religious of St. Joseph's Academy, as well as her father and mother:

Christmas joy-bells merrily were ringing,
Christmas carols echoed through our halls,
Mingling with angelic voices singing
Hymns of praise around our convent walls.

"Gloria in excelsis" trembled sweetly
As a psalm from heaven upon the air,
And each soul in meek submission meekly
Bowed before its God in silent prayer.

Angels bore each jewelled aspiration,
Signs of love, renouncements bitter sweet,
Dewy tears, and precious "Aves" golden
As a gift to lay at Jesus' feet.

Preious gift! yet one more rare He yearned for.

One dear flower to place within His Heart,
And to call this blossom perfume laden,
Azrael, Death's bright angel, did depart.

Lily 'twas in purity most holy,
Rose in charity and love divine,
Violet so humble, meek and lowly,
Three in one, dear Lord it should be Thine!

Ours the blossom, our beloved Katy,
Chosen ere two suns o'er Christmas passed,
With a smile she heard the angel's summons
To her God, her heart's desire, at last.

Raised her sweet voice in a hymn of gladness
Murmured "Ave, Queen of Heaven's Home,"
'Now," she said, "I go the long, long journey,
With no guide save my dear Lord alone."

Yes, she's gone. A pall our school now
darken,
Casting gloom and grief on loving hearts
To our voices now no more she harkens,
Nor the light of her bright smile imparts.

Songs of joy have changed to hymns of sadness,
"Glorias" in "De Profundis" die,
"Requiem aeternam" sighs the night wind,
"Miserere" aching hearts do cry.

From her home, where years of happy childhood
Passed 'mid loved ones free from strifes or pains,
The mother's joy, the father's pride departed,
The light has gone; there only sorrow reigns.

God alone can see the depth of anguish
That lies hid within that mother's heart,
He alone within that father's bosom
Beholds the grief that pierced like poisoned dart.

How we miss our Katy in these places
Where we were wont so lovingly to meet,
From among the group of school-mates' faces
One is gone we never more shall greet.

November! Ah, yes, when life's dull sorrow
Passes through the night of death's deep gloom,
We shall meet her on the shining morrow
Where God's chosen flowers always bloom.

God, who saw her soul's unsullied whiteness
Shining pure as lily-leaf of snow,
Called her, ere a taint should dim its brightness,
To His home where dwells nor grief nor woe.

A. B.
St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto, Dec. 1892.

MR. W. J. STEAD has had some recent experiences with spirit writing. He gives it as his conviction that before many months the immortality of the soul and the possibility of communicating with the dead will be facts established by scientific proof. Look out for a novel from the pen of Mr. Stead; he is very probably ruminating over some "Strange Story," or an imitation of "Zanoni." Either that, or he is going in a very unenviable direction.

"PAGES OF HISTORY" is the title of an article signed by the now notorious "Duroc" in which that rabid writer speaks of the "effect of clerical rule upon the French Canadian people." The Witness gives a synopsis of this peculiarly historical article. He styles the patriotism and national devotion of the French Canadians "a popular legend," which is the foundation of the authority exercised by the clergy. To support his

contention that clerical influence has been dangerous to education, he quotes Michiels. Not bad! But the cloven hoof appears in the following phrase. There the French Socialism, the continental Liberal Catholicism, the anti-clericalism of the old country come out:

"Politically speaking, the French-Canadian is a loyal subject, a free man, proud of his liberty. But this liberty he owes to his invincible love for the old mother-land, which has been the tie uniting those poor abandoned people, and which has given them the courage to secure respect, in spite of the Catholic clergy, whose only thought has always been to give them up as a hostage to the conqueror in order to secure the preservation of the immense wealth with which they now crush us down."

Historically, logically and in every wise false! False in assertion, false in reasoning, and false to the best interests of French-Canadians in spirit!

WE PUBLISH elsewhere on account of the beautiful new Columbus postage stamps, issued by the United States. They are much larger than the old style stamps. The pictures on these stamps represent different scenes in the life and memorable voyage of the immortal Genoese traveller. They are taken from the best works of art available. These Columbian stamps will not displace the present series, which continues in use. Any one desirous of making a collection that will some day be historical and valuable should preserve all the stamps that they receive upon their American letters.

To the Electors

—OF—

ST. ANN'S WARD

Having been nominated for the position of your representative in the City Council, in compliance with an invitation addressed to me by a large number of Electors who represent every section and class in the Ward, I respectfully solicit your suffrages.

With regard to my qualifications to occupy such an important position, I desire to say that during the entire period of my career, ever since I entered the office of my father, Mr. M. T. McGrail, and whom I have succeeded in business during the past eight years, I have labored in your 'best and driven by every honorable means to attain a place in the commercial community which would be alike creditable to the race from which I sprung and my citizenship as a young Canadian born in this city.

If you elect me, I pledge myself to use every endeavor to introduce those sterling methods which characterize the administration of commercial affairs generally, and spare no efforts to oppose any violation of those principles which are so necessary to maintain pure and honest civil government.

I will support any movement having for its aim the abolition of the existing system of dealing with Expropriation matters, which involve large and unnecessary expenditures and much injustice, because I believe these important questions should be under the supervision of the Assessors.

I am in accord with the project of constructing a Boulevard from the wharves through the present congested commercial district to the Railroad Depot, which will be of incalculable service in giving the much needed facilities for traffic, as well as offering a measure of justice to St. Ann's Ward, where very few large improvements have been carried out.

I will earnestly endeavor to struggle against every attempt to entrust into the hands of one contractor the important work connected with the sanitary condition of the city, such as the removal of the garbage and refuse, and will either favor the partition of the work by wards if the contract system is applied, or have it done by day's work, in the same manner as the laying of water pipes, which has been done with economy and satisfaction, as well as giving employment to a large number of citizens.

I am in sympathy with the proposal to construct a tunnel at a point near the Wellington bridge, in order to afford the residents of that important and populous district in the ward south of the canal unimpeded communication to the centre of the city.

I declare myself, without reserve, opposed to granting any franchise or contract to any company or individual unless tenders are called for publicly.

In conclusion, permit me to express my gratitude to the many amongst you who have so generously manifested your confidence in me by signing the requisition asking me to be your standard bearer for

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

If you deem me worthy of being raised to the position of one of your representatives, I will allow no consideration to deter me in honorably performing the duties of the office, as well as endeavoring to aid in the noble work of spreading that true spirit of toleration and justice which begets unity of action, and thereby maintaining the fair name and reputation which our city enjoys as the commercial metropolis of Canada.

Business Method in Civic Administration is my Motto.

I am, your obedient servant,

MICHAEL J. McGRAIL.

Wellington street,
Montreal, 22nd January, 1893.

GENAZZANO.

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

History of the Devotion—Petruccia and the Church of Our Lady—"The Madonna del Paradiso"—An Interesting Story of two English Pilgrims.

Six o'clock in the morning, yet Rome in the month of June is all astir, the Via Frattina is already alive with traffic. In a certain corner of the street may be seen a herd of shaggy, bearded goats, their drivers, two *contadini* from the cool Campagna, scarcely less wild-looking than the animals in their charge. These represent the milk-supply of Rome, and stand ready to be milked. Does the fresh morning air tempt you to take a glass of it? If so, give one of the herdsmen but a couple of sous, and he will draw you a measure rich and nourishing as the milk which the founder of the city threw upon three thousand years ago! Six o'clock, yet already the church hard by is being entered by the faithful, men and women desirous at its first beginning to sanctify their day to God. One Mass is over, and a second priest, preceded by his server, a happy looking Roman boy, his smiling face telling how entirely at home he is in his Father's house, is emerging from the sacristy. The Mass is begun and finished, and two men leave the church together, proceeding slowly through the crowded streets to the busy railway station.

Twenty minutes must elapse before their train can start, more than time to take a frugal Roman breakfast—two small rolls and a cup of *café au lait*—in the company's refreshment rooms. Soon they are joined by a *contadini* lad of twelve years old, sunburnt and bare-legged, who seats himself at their table. The boy, with the matchless grace and self-possession natural to every Roman, responds simply and without embarrassment to the questions of his chance companions.

A lemon-grower's child is he, and having left his load of fruit with Il Signor Feretti at the "Ire Fountain," he is returning to his sick mother's cottage in the Campagna.

The train is starting, and the two companions leave the lad happy with a largesse which will procure for her he loves so well, medical attendance and any delicacies which may be prescribed. How kind is Madre Maria, she has heard his prayers, and sent two kind and rich Ingleses to supply his mother's needs.

The two Ingleses are, as the elder received the younger, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano. Hence to-day it behooves them to travel like pilgrims, and to go third-class. No great hardship after all, although the elder traveller holds high office in the Holy Father's Court, for an empty carriage is easily found, and they will be all the cooler on the bare un-cushioned boards. But alone they are not fated to be left. Soon their carriage is crowded with stout, ruddy, *contadini* women returning to their homes, and, alas, emitting from their breath more than a suspicion of the garlic plant. The pilgrims will now draw back, and soon they enter into conversation with their companions, meekly resigning themselves to the inevitable consequence of such companionship, the providing of a most grudging banquet to the active Italian flea.

The carriage moves so slowly that one can easily keep pace with it by walking at its side, and so, Ingleses-like, the younger man elects to walk. All nature seems to sing the praise of God in one glad poem, and man can scarce refrain from joining in her song of thankfulness to Him whose presence is manifested in such loveliness. Genazzano is at last reached, and the two pilgrims direct their steps to the church.

Before proceeding further with our narrative it may be well to consider the story of the Shrine of our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano. Here, in the fifteenth century, there lived an old lady of the name of Petruccia da Jeneo, a member of the third order of St. Augustine, and a devoted client of the Mother of God. Her one grief was that the existing church in her native town, dedicated to the honor of Mary, was, from its poverty and plainness, unworthy of the Madonna. Petruccia announced to the authorities

her intention of building a worthier temple. She was only possessed of moderate means, but, strong in faith, she sold all that she had and began the undertaking. The walls of the church were beginning to rise, when suddenly her funds became exhausted, and the good work had to be stopped. Petruccia received little sympathy from her relations and friends, both generally blaming her for imprudence.

Another and a greater difficulty also arose than the want of funds. She had been understood to say that she began the undertaking principally on account of an inspiration received from God. Now, the Holy See, in order to guard against abuses, which had lately arisen through giving credence to the fancied supernatural visions of deluded persons, had decreed "forbidding such things to be attended to, unless they were corroborated by some other external sign and testimony, the mere assertion of a dream, a vision or a revelation, was on no account to be obeyed." Here was an unexpected difficulty, and one which prevented Petruccia making an appeal to the faithful for assistance. The months passed by, and the low bare walls of Petruccia's projected church remained in the minds of many of the inhabitants of Genazzano as a melancholy confirmation of the folly of beginning to build without first estimating the cost.

"Petruccia's folly" became a proverb. But all the while the old lady remained undaunted. Strong in her simple faith and confidence in the Mother of God, she always replied to those who would condemn her action: "The work will be finished and that right soon; because it is not my work but God's: the Madonna and St. Augustine with do it before I die." Again and again she was heard to say; "Oh, what a Gran Signora will soon come and take possession of this place." "Poor old woman," her sympathies would say, grieving in their kindly hearts at what they believe to be her pitiable condition, "Petruccia's misfortunes have turned her train." Time went on and the feast of St. Mark came round. On this day it was customary to hold a great fair at Genazzano, and the little town was full. Evening, the pleasantest part of the day under an Italian sky, had arrived, and business being concluded, the people were enjoying their simple pleasures. All was laughter and happiness. Presently a thin cloud was seen floating in the direction of Petruccia's unfinished building. Nearer and nearer it came, until it seemed to hover over, and then to descend upon one of the low walls, and then to disappear. The people rushed in this direction and were amazed to find a thin fresco, of the Madonna and the Holy Child, about sixteen inches square, resting upon one of the walls of the unfinished church. At the same time, as if to proclaim their joy at this exhibition of God's power, the bells of the different churches, untouched by mortal hands, broke out into a joyous peal of music. The people fell upon their knees before the picture, pouring out their thanks to God for so great a manifestation of His favour towards them. This picture soon became the great devotion of Genazzano, and received the name of the "Madonna del Paradiso."

Shortly after its arrival two strangers appeared in the town, one an Albanian, and the other a Slavonian by birth, who told a strange story. They had been living at Scutari, a city of Albania on the Eastern coast of the Adriatic, and distant about twenty miles from the sea. They were greatly in dread of an invasion from the Turks, and were wont to repair to a church outside the city, to pray for the assistance of God against the infidels. In this church there was a fresco, painted on the wall, of the Madonna and the Infant Jesus, which bore the name of the "Madonna del Buon Officio." To this picture they had always felt great devotions. At length the two men resolved to leave Scutari, but before leaving they paid a visit to their beloved Madonna. Kneeling before the picture they implored the Mother of God that as she had been forced to go into the land of Egypt with her Divine Child, so she would deign to accompany them in their flight. As they were thus praying; the fresco disappeared, and a thick cloud seemed to detach itself from the wall where it had been, and to pass through the doorway of the church. The men felt themselves compelled to follow it, and they did so, walking over the sea dry-footed until they came to Rome. Then they lost sight of the

cloud. Having heard that an unknown picture of the Madonna had been miraculously brought to Genazzano, they had journeyed thither; and in the "Madonna del Paradiso" they recognised the object of their devotions at Scutari.

Such was the story they told, which after a most searching investigation was found to be absolutely true. Many miraculous favours were received at the shrine, which continues to this day to be a favorite pilgrimage for the faithful. The descendants of the Albanian are to be found in the town; the family of the Slavonian is extinct. It is hardly necessary to add that after this miraculous sign of favour from Heaven, contributions poured in, and the Church which Petruccia had begun was soon completed.

We will now return to our two pilgrims. Leaving the carriage at the beginning of the town, a short walk brings to the Church of Our Lady. On the left of the high altar a chapel is seen, in which are many votive offerings, telling of innumerable graces and favours received through the intercession of the Mother of God. This is the far-famed shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel. The two men kneel upon the altar steps, worn by the knees of Mary's clients for over four hundred years, and pay their homage to the Church's Queen. A blue silk curtain now conceals the shrine in which the wonder-working picture is contained; later on it will be disclosed in all its speaking beauty. Leaving the chapel, they proceed to the sacristy, where they meet the Reverend Prior. He tells them that in a few minutes' time the shrine will be opened, and the wondrous picture exposed for veneration. A procession is formed, in which they join, and with incense and lights they proceed to the shrine. All kneeling, the Litany of Loretto is sung, and as with the sweet smoke of the incense the joyful chant ascends telling of her whom the King delighteth to honour, the silk curtain is drawn back, the golden doors are opened, and the miraculous picture is exposed to view. Mary with her Divine Child seems to smile most lovingly upon each individual of that throng. What is your need? Do you want comfort for an aching heart, grace to repel some strong temptation, counsel in some momentous undertaking? Ask it of Mary; ask it of her who never wearies of her suppliants, who never can refuse her children. Ask freely of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Among the objects of veneration in the church is a blood-stained crucifix. A soldier, who in the course of a vicious, dissolute life had lost the faith, to show his contempt for all religion, drew his sword and stabbed the figure in the side. Blood immediately poured forth, running down the cross unto the ground, as if the scene on Calvary were again enacted.

Having satisfied their devotion, our two pilgrims prepared to return to Rome. But hearing that Mgr. Dillon, a recognized authority on Mary's shrine, and an old friend of the elder man, was staying in the neighbourhood, they determined first to visit him. A boy was soon procured to act as their guide, who, as was only natural, living as he did in so blessed a neighbourhood, was a devoted client of Mary. He daily served at Mass in the Church of the Madonna, and as often as he was permitted, at Mary's shrine. *Servius perpetuus Mariæ*, was he, and when he was old enough he was going to be a priest.

Mgr. Dillon received the travellers gladly, and insisted on their partaking of a light lunch, the red wine of the country, and fruit grown under an Italian sky. He spoke to them with tears in his eyes of the shrine they had visited, and expressed how pleased he was at being able to live near it. "You must know," he continued, "that the fresco, which is about the thickness of a penny piece, remains standing on the low wall upon which it descended in the fifteenth century. It was unsupported on either side then, and thus it had remained to this day." This wall was left untouched, when by the generous contributions which flowed in after the miraculous arrival of the picture, Petruccia was enabled to finish the church, and a fresh one was built which encloses it. It is, of course, concealed by the framework of the altar, but this can be removed, and the picture may be seen in its original position. A certain Cardinal would not believe that the picture remained unsupported, and came to Genazzano provided with the necessary authorization for making a thorough investigation. The Reverend Prior received him gladly, and gave him every facility for prosecu-

ting his examination. The heavy framework of the altar was removed, and His Eminence was able to judge with his own eyes of the truth of the story that the detached fresco remains unsupported on either side. The Cardinal even touched the picture with his hand, and it seemed to him that it moved. So frightened did he become at what he had done, that he fell back fainting into the arms of his attendants.

"I often say Mass at the shrine," remarked Mgr. Dillon, "and I can always tell whether my petition will be granted or not. If what I ask is pleasing to Our Lady, her face seems to grow suffused with color; if, on the contrary, it is not, a sorrowful expression comes upon her face. A remarkable instance of this occurred a short time ago. An only daughter of a noble Roman family became very ill, and I received a letter from her mother asking me to say Mass at the shrine for her recovery. I began my Mass, but before I had reached the prayer of the Consecration, I noticed that a very mournful expression had come upon the face of Our Lady, and I felt sure that what I was asking was not the will of God. Such was the case, for within a few days time news came to me that the child had gone to Heaven."

With the fall of the evening our travellers were obliged to begin this homeward journey, and they took leave of Mgr. Dillon with many thanks for his kindly hospitality, and for the interesting details which had added so much to the happiness arising from their visit to Genazzano. The Eternal City appeared very imposing as they again entered it; the Coliseum, seen in the morning light, especially appearing most impressive. One could almost believe it was still the resort of the inhabitants, as in the days of Imperial Hadrian. Tired out with their journey, our two pilgrims went to rest, and one of them to dream that he was again kneeling in the Church of the Madonna, making one of a vast throng of angels, saints, and men, servants of Mary, gathered together before the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel.—*Walker W. C. Cumming in The Month.*

BORDERING ON CONSUMPTION.

When a cold is neglected it frequently develops a condition bordering on consumption. No other remedy will so quickly relieve and cure cases of this dangerous kind as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, because no other remedy possesses such curative powers as does this prince of pectoral remedies.

Every wound borne now will be glorified, every stigma will have its radiance, and every sorrow will be turned into joy, when, through the perseverance of fortitude, all who have suffered with Our Lord shall reign with Him in His Kingdom.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-13-c-o-w)

If God has given you the perfect illumination of faith, He has laid on you the obligation of having the largest and most perfect charity towards those who are disinherited of the great heirloom which you have received.

KEEP IT ON HAND.

Sirs,—I always keep a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil for cuts, sprains and bruises. The folks at the house use it for almost everything. I know it to be a good medicine, it is an excellent mollifier for cracked or chapped hands.

They who recognize, by the light of faith, the sovereignty of God in all things, will recognize the sovereignty of God in the daily and hourly details of their own personal life and in the changes of their lot.

DR. A. T. SLOON'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a Cough.—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 25 cents per bottle.

Fervor consists in these three things—regularity, punctuality and exactness. That is, doing our duty to God by rule; doing it punctually at the right time; and exactly, that is, as perfectly as we can.

Are free from allorone and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

WILL HELP GLADSTONE.

McCarthy Pledges the Support of the Irish Members.

Full Attendance of Nationalists Assured—
Absence of Many Redmondites—
English Reforms to Follow
Home Rule—Labouchere's
William O'Brien's In-
tention.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—As the time for the opening of Parliament draws near speculation about the make up of the Home Rule bill increased. Each day some one is sure that he has the entire scheme, and each succeeding day brings another who is just as certain that he can give every detail of Gladstone's bill. The London Tory newspapers, especially, are teeming with "authoritative" statements about the measure. The Morning Chronicle says that its French correspondent, who is an intimate friend of the prime minister, is strongly of the opinion that Mr. Gladstone intends to "dish" Mr. Labouchere and upset the Unionists by revealing the act forbidding the Irish Parliament to meet in Dublin, instead of presenting the Home Rule bill. "All that would be required then," says the correspondent, "would be the adoption of a resolution by the Privy Council permitting the members to meet in Dublin, and a short act empowering them to pass local acts, leaving bills affecting property and taxation to be debated at Westminster." This is a sample of the opinions of the many editors, and all the others are about as senseless as the Chronicle's.

Ireland's friends, however, are hard at work on the measure. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Justin McCarthy, leader of the Irish parliamentary party, held a long conference at the prime minister's residence in Downing street last Friday. The matter under discussion was probably the financial proposals that are to be embodied in the Home Rule bill. It is evident from a carefully-worded editorial in the London News that Mr. McCarthy's presence in Downing street was due to some difference of opinion between the Liberal and Irish leaders upon the question of Ireland's contribution to the imperial exchequer after the Irish Parliament shall have been installed in Dublin. Most people had forgotten

THIS IMPORTANT PART of the home rule scheme, but the Irish leaders have never lost sight of it: and only last week Mr. Timothy Healy referred to it as a matter upon which the Irish people would do well to keep most careful watch. It is now pretty generally admitted that the bill of 1886 imposed financial burdens upon Ireland quite out of proportion to her means and altogether unjust, and the new measure will have to set this right. The difference between the English and Irish estimates of what an equitable contribution should be is said to represent a sum of about \$2,500,000 per annum, which clearly is worth fighting for.

It is probable also that the premier conferred with Mr. McCarthy about the attendance of the Irish members at Westminster during the forthcoming session. Gladstone explained to McCarthy how he was situated regarding his own following, and asked if the absolutely exhaustive attendance of the McCarthyites was assured. Gladstone anticipates the unbroken support from his own men, and attaches no importance whatever to talk about the formation of of "caves" on the home rule bill. Gladstone holds that it is vitally important there should be no absentee from the Irish ranks, because any decrease in their attendance would have a bad moral effect; it would indicate indifference to home rule as well as entail a reduction of the majority and the consequent weakening of the power of the ministers to carry through home rule.

McCarthy was unable to speak for the Parnellites, but said the members of the Irish party were making arrangements to insure the fullest attendance. As Gladstone indicated, they quite recognized that it was essential to the success of the home rule bill, and, as far as was humanly possible, every member of the Irish party would be present throughout the session. Gladstone also pointed out that it was as important that they should be present during the transaction of

ENGLISH BUSINESS

If, as of Irish business, the ministers got a check by having their majority mate-

rially reduced on an English measure it would weaken them all around. McCarthy admitted this, and said that was a consideration fully present in the minds of his party, which arranged for unremitting attendance.

The Parnellites cannot give as full attendance as the Nationalists, and their absence will be a source of weakness. Only four of their members will be able to reside regularly in London during the session. These are William Redmond, Hayden, Maguire and Nolan. The other five could only come over for specially important divisions.

Labouchere is still very much in evidence about the Liberal clubs. On the afternoons when cabinet councils are held, he entertains groups armchairs about him with satirical comments and mysterious hints of disaster, but the first sacred conviction that he would be able to smash everything has toned down now to a purely idle curiosity to guess how much harm he is likely to do himself. This view is perhaps unduly optimistic, but is the natural result of a contemplation of Gladstone's own outrageously good health and exuberant confidence. Ever since 1886 the Liberal party has been periodically getting down in the mouth and being pulled up again by this eternally vigorous and hopeful old man. This time despondency has been peculiarly rife and deep, and there is a certain shamefacedness in the aspect of doubters as they struggle up out of the slough one by one and view

THEIR AGED LEADER

blithely buckling on his armor for the fight. The consciousness that he never dreams of defeat puts them to the blush, but also gives them a sanguine notion of the result, and they now talk as if they had always made sure of victory. If triumph does come, it will be a thousand times more due to Gladstone's own marvellous personality than to the strength and virility of his English lieutenants. He laughs amusedly at the reports of Tory afternoon papers that he is seriously ill, takes long daily walks, and looks forward joyously to the prospect of fighting his great bill through committees and debates. Labouchere, by the way, is the only Radical who is creating a disturbance, but his protests are always qualified by his statement that he only regards himself as a soldier in the ranks, and, while expressing his own opinions as to the tactics of the leaders, he will still obey their commands.

It is not believed that William O'Brien will really persist in his alleged intention to become bankrupt rather than pay the monstrous bill of costs that an Orange jury in Belfast gave to George Bolton against him. Certainly nobody desires that he should, and money would be forthcoming to pay it for him if necessary, but if he is obdurate in the matter the vacancy in the city of Cork will, undoubtedly, be filled by Michael Davitt. Otherwise Davitt is slated for Northeast Cork, and Jeremiah Jordan and William Murphy, for the two divisions of Meath, both of which the Nationalists are sure of winning. There is also a well-grounded rumor that one prominent Parnellite will be found an ardent Nationalist when the session opens.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

Cardinal Vaughan was born in Gloucester, England, in 1832, and is the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. Vaughan, of Courtfield, Herefordshire. He became a Roman priest, and towards the close of the year 1871 he visited the United States, accompanying to Maryland a detachment of priests sent from St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, England, on a special mission to the colored population of America. Cardinal Vaughan was president of St. Joseph's College. He was appointed Bishop of Salford, England, and succeeded the late Cardinal Manning as Archbishop of Westminster. He is a conservative in his political views. His travelling companion to Rome on his present journey is Bishop Clifford, the senior prelate of the English Catholic hierarchy, he having been consecrated Bishop of Clifton as far back as February, 1857. Bishop Clifford was one of the three leaders of the opposition at the Vatican Council. The others were Bishop Strossmayer, of Hungary, and Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis.

The Most Rev. Michael Logue, Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, was consecrated Bishop of Raphoe, July 20, 1879, was appointed coadjutor for Armagh in 1887 and succeeded

to the See in 1888. He has not figured prominently in Irish political affairs, although understood to sympathize with the National cause.

VERY REV. T. E. WALSH, C.S.C.

His Brilliant Presidency Has Placed Notre Dame in the Van of American Universities.

The Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University of Notre Dame Indiana, was born at Lacolle, in the Province of Quebec, near Montreal, in 1853; he was carefully educated by his parents with the view of his fulfilling that vocation for which he showed a decided feeling,—that of a religious. His father was a man of extraordinary firmness of character, and his mother of eminent piety, and his surroundings in his native place were such as to develop and preserve his pious and studious disposition and to confirm his vocation. He completed his studies at the College of the Holy Cross at Neuilly, in France. Near enough to Paris to enjoy all the artistic advantages offered by that modern Athens, he was far enough away not to have his serious studies interfered with by his interest in the fine arts. As it was, he made many valuable acquaintances during his sojourn in France, and among the admirers of this clever young religious intended for the American mission was the famous Dr. Villemessant, of the Figaro, who at heart had the greatest respect for religion. Father Walsh's incorrigible modesty,—a most insuperable obstacle in the way of any detailed biography,—has forced the present writer to glean what he could from the traditions of the Holy Cross at Neuilly. Father Walsh, according to those traditions, was one of the most brilliant students of that institution. To a perfect taste in English literature, he added, all the strictness of the French school of critics. In all directions he was well equipped; so that it was only natural that Father Sorin, Superior of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, should conclude to place him in his most beloved University of Notre Dame. As usual, Father Sorin's wisdom has been justified. Father Walsh was made president in 1881. He was then the youngest college president in the United States; he had been ordained priest in by Bishop Dwenger in 1877.

Father Walsh enters with the utmost sympathy and comprehension into those plans of that wonderful and venerable man of genius, Father Sorin, who conceived and executed the founding of Notre Dame. It is not hard, therefore, to find the reasons for his success in making Notre Dame at present the foremost Catholic college in the country. He is an American of Americans, while preserving all the best parts of his French education. He is as progressive and broad-minded as his superior. The magnificent work done by his predecessor, Father Corby, has been carried on with apparent ease by him under new conditions. The difficulty of such a work can best be understood by those engaged in it. Without endowments, dependent on the fees of its students, depressed by the callousness of many Catholics to the needs of higher education, Notre Dame's period of transition was beset with many hardships. But the worst is passed, and the university, owing to the efforts of the President and his devoted staff, has taken its rightful place in the van of the American colleges. It needs now only such provisions for scholarships and fellowships as will give poor boys, desirous of higher education, a chance of a thorough post graduate course.

Father Walsh is still a young man,—a careful administrator, a brilliant scholar and one of the most polished speakers of this country. He has the art of ruling his six hundred students in a manner which excites both their affection and respect. He believes in personal influence in the moulding of character, and in aesthetic as well as in the more serious training of young minds and hearts. Father Walsh's keen perception of character, tact and indefatigable attention to small as well as great things, are the basis of his success as an executive and an educator. He has gathered around him a brilliant faculty who have been largely moulded by his prudent, yet progressive system and methods.

SPEDDY RELIEF FOR CROUP.

Gentlemen,—I have a little boy of 5, whose greatest trouble is the croup, and I find that Hagar's Yellow Oil gives speedy relief, therefore I take pleasure in recommending it to the public. Mrs. L. E. Baldwin, Oakland, Ont.



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NOTICE

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

Montreal, 10th January, 1893.

A. W. GRENIER,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Notice

Is hereby given that at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec application will be made for a bill to incorporate "L'Alliance Nationale," as a benevolent society.

BEAUDIN & CARDINAL.

Attorneys for Applicants.

Montreal, December 20, 1892.

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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT

No. 761, Craig Street Montreal, Canada.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Country.....\$1 00

City.....1 50

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

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

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WEDNESDAY.....JANUARY 25, 1898

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

At the present moment, Montreal is in a state of uncertainty: it is next to impossible to say whether we are to have a general municipal election this year or not. But one thing is positive, that the rate-payers of the city, the people of all classes, the men in every sphere, except the interested and prominently boodling portion of the community, are most anxious for a general election. The press is calling out for it, the public requires it, and it is not as a favor that Montreal begs for a general expression of the popular will, it is as a mere matter of justice that the city demands it. The past actions of the present City Council have been such that they have forfeited the confidence of the public. Time and again have important and most respectable and responsible bodies, in the community, knocked at the Council door, and knocked in vain; their every representation was completely ignored, and in a most barefaced and flagrant manner have the wishes of the city been disregarded. It would be almost impossible, with the most cunning and well constructed arguments, to convince the citizens that the whole body of the Council, as now composed, is not purchasable, and has not been bought on nearly every occasion when an opportunity for such boodling presented itself. Such, however, is the general impression, and, as a consequence, the present general indignation seems to be just and well founded. It would be a preposterous thing to place the city, for another year, at the mercy of men whose conduct has proven them to be self-interested in their every action. The good of the whole community demands a change; or at least a fair and square opportunity for the ratepayers to pronounce judgment upon the actions of the present city fathers. We do not hesitate to say, that the belief is strong and apparently correct, that money rules the conduct of the Council of Montreal to-day. From the humblest to the highest position, from the smallest to the largest contract, nothing can be had save at the cost of percentage; in other words, each job, situation, or other favor received at the hands of the Council has to be paid for by the one receiving the same, and paid for at most fabulous prices. There is abroad to-day one man, who is said to have alone, given in different ways, several thousands of dollars for an ordinary contract; there are employees whose positions have been bought at the expense of portions of their salaries.

It is useless to go into the details; the fact, cold and staid, is there, that corruption reigns in the City Hall; the people know it, and they demand a chance to pass their judgments upon those in whom they once reposed their confidence. What interests us the most

is the representation our English speaking people. Therefore, we will confine ourselves to that phase of the situation, at least for this week.

We say—and without fear of contradiction—that in the present Council we are not represented, either intellectually, or otherwise in the same degree as are our French-Canadian friends. We may very naturally have our personal likings, our individual friendships, but when it comes to a question of such paramount public interest, as an organ of the people, we must crush out all such sentiment, and sacrifice every other feeling at the shrine of the general and public welfare. We speak without "fear or favor," we neither fear criticism, nor do we intend to be guided by any favoritism.

Referring particularly to the wards that send Irish Catholic representatives, we feel it necessary to openly state our views. Let us commence with St. Ann's Ward. Alderman M. F. Nolan, who was elected on an unexpired term of the late Alderman Malone, has been in the Council during the last fifteen months, and in all that space of time his name appears upon the unpopular side of every vote given. He has absolutely done nothing to narrate a renewal of the confidence once placed in him, and he has not even followed out the course that was naturally expected from him by the people. Mr. McGrail, his present opponent, is a very young man who has already made a name for himself in the commercial world of this city, and his candidature is endorsed by the principal merchants and representative men of Montreal. On every occasion, that an opportunity was given to show his ability, he has proved to all expectations, and his past success in business, and in every other way, should be a guarantee that he would be able to represent the ward in an honorable and honest, as well as useful manner.

Passing on to the St. Gabriel ward, we find Alderman Denis Tansey opposed by Mr. Edward Quain. Alderman Tansey has held his seat in the Council for a number of years, and we find that his old and tried friends have lost the confidence that they once reposed in him. Although we have nothing individually to say against Mr. Tansey, still the fact of the company he was in during the last year or so as Councillor—tells strongly against him. His sin is more one of omission than one of commission. He failed to repudiate the barefaced conduct of the men with whom he sat in Council, and thereby made himself an aider and abettor in their unpopular conduct. Mr. Edward Quain is a young business man of known integrity, one who has risen highly in the esteem and respect of his fellow-citizens, and whose prospects are bright. If elected to represent St. Gabriel's there is one thing certain, that he will go in with clean skirts that have never been contaminated by the touch of those who are tarred with a boodling stick.

In St. Lawrence Ward Alderman W. H. Cunningham, who has represented the ward for a number of years, and who went in by acclamation on the last occasion, is opposed by Mr. T. C. O'Brien, and Mr. A. Wilson Smith. Mr. Cunningham, up to a short time ago, enjoyed the confidence of the electors. The widening of Bleury street, with the unfair distribution of the assessments has most justly aroused public indignation against him, and his course, in regard to that important matter, has destroyed the confidence that he so long enjoyed. His vote in the Royal Electric Light Company affair, and his explanation thereof, have not satisfied the people whom he represented, and who were loud in their demand that the contract should be open

to public competition. He most certainly did not then express the will of the people, nor act in accordance with the public desire; and there is nothing to guarantee that he may not, in the future, be as weak and unreliable, as he has been in the past. Mr. T. C. O'Brien, a young Irishman, a merchant residing in the Ward, enjoying respect and confidence of all who know him, is thoroughly eligible, and qualified for the position to which he aspires. If elected Mr. O'Brien will prove himself worthy of the confidence that shall be reposed in him.

We hope sincerely that the election will be deferred until the first of March, in order to afford us an opportunity of setting forth more facts for the consideration of our readers and of speaking plainly to a few of our Aldermen, if they persist in appealing to the electorate for a renewal of confidence. We would not have devoted so much space to the matter, were it not that the occasion demands it, and the circumstances are exceptionally grave. What we want, and what Montreal wants, is a clean sweep, a general election, an opportunity for the rate-payers to express their approval or disapproval of the conduct of their present representatives. This Province was once held by the throat in the grasp of a certain junto, and the Province is paying for it to-day; Montreal is now under the thumb of a compact portion of that same faction, and the city must be freed from their garotting hands.

THE MAYORALTY.

It is a triangular fight this time, or it is so to all present appearances. Very naturally, as the Irish Catholic organ, and since an Irish Catholic is in the field, we are expected to give expression to our views upon the subject. We are prepared to do so, and we feel confident that our words will re-echo the feelings of the vast majority, if not the whole, of our fellow countrymen and co-religionists in Montreal.

In the first place, we have no special reason for advocating the claims of Hon. Senator Desjardins beyond the combination of circumstances which we are about to indicate. We do not think that, after his cablegram from Europe, Ald. Rolland has any right to come forward, nor does it seem to us that, by so doing he is in any way serving those whom he claims to represent—much less serving his own interests. Our candid advice would be for Ald. Rolland to withdraw before his candidature becomes a subject of certain reproach. He should have either expressed his intention of running before Hon. Senator Desjardins was approached, or else have adhered to the decision which he wired from beyond the Atlantic.

But the point of the case which most immediately affects us, is the third term aspirations of the present mayor, Hon. James McShane. We may as frankly say that we are opposed to Mr. McShane's course. He owes it to himself—if he is to be the first consideration; he owes it to the different elements national and religious of Montreal; above all he owes it to the Irish Catholics of this city to gracefully retire, or retire as gracefully as he possibly can at this juncture. We feel able to show, beyond the possibility of gainsay, that the candidature of Mr. McShane, upon this occasion, is highly detrimental to the interests of the Irish Catholics of Montreal. And we do not feel prepared to sacrifice their future prospects to satisfy the ambition of any man. Show us that a man's advancement or promotion is for the benefit of those whose rights we feel bound to defend, and we will fight for that man, no matter what his political

stripe may be. But the moment we are convinced that his advancement or election is going to create a precedent that will stand forth as a perpetual menace to the future privileges of our people, from that moment we are prepared to oppose his further progress. We cannot submerge the interests, and the good name, of the whole portion of the community, for the pleasure of shouting with a few enthusiasts in the train of any one man—enthusiasm that would soon forget him the moment his star was on the wane.

There is an unwritten agreement that each nationality have its fair turn for representation in the chair of the chief magistrate. Mr. McShane may say that no such agreement is "in black and white." He is right: but surely the days of the "merchant of Venice" when "the written bond" was the only possible security, are long gone past. The fact that this understanding has been mutual and unwritten renders a breach of it still the more unworthy of an aspirant to such a high and honorable position. Moreover, it was upon the strength of that unwritten agreement that, two years ago, Mr. McShane appealed to the people of Montreal: and the people of Montreal, recognizing that honor-binding compact, rather than the candidate's ability or special qualification, returned him by an immense majority. That vote was due not to Mr. McShane's invincible individuality (as he wrongly supposed), but to the fact that it was the turn of an Irish Catholic, and he happened to be the only one in the field. As a second term is also considered to be a clause of that unwritten agreement, Mr. McShane was returned by acclamation last year. He thus represented the Irish Catholics during two terms—and did so to the best of his ability. Now, that it is the turn of another nationality, we would beg of Mr. McShane to not place us in the unenviable position of people who take advantage of an agreement when it suits their own ends, but who ignore the same when it tells in favor of others.

It has been contended that this turn belongs to an English-speaking Protestant. Probably it does; but, in view of the fact that 1893 will witness a great French celebration in Montreal, the opening of the "Monument National," the reception of old France visitors, and of French-Canadians from all over the neighboring Republic, we understand that the English-speaking Protestants have allowed their turn to pass to a French-Canadian, an act that deserves the greatest of praise and future recognition.

Again, for this same reason, as well as for those given above, we say that Mr. McShane owes it to the Irish Catholics of Montreal not to insist upon a third term, not to disregard the mutual understanding, not to debar other Irish Catholics—or even himself perhaps—from their term when it comes around once more. He should not have it said that we are the only people in this vast and cosmopolitan city who will not be governed by the general code that regulates the actions of the whole community, that we alone know not how to grant to others the concessions we ask and often demand from them. We have no reflections to make upon Mr. McShane's course during the two years he has occupied the Civic Chair. He claims credit for one very well-timed vote recently given; but that is tantamount to claiming credit for an honest act when a dishonest one was possible. On the same principle every man that refrains from knocking his neighbor down can claim credit for not having done a wrong. On the whole, there is

nothing special to be said against Mr. McShane's administration. If he would "leave well enough alone," he might retire amidst the applause of the entire city; but if he persists in his candidature for a third term he shall certainly retire—either this year or next—with the honor of having struck the severest blow that a man could strike at the interests of his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. He will have acted towards the men who elevated him as did the one who kicked the ladder from under his feet as soon as he had no further use for it.

In any case, whether Mr. McShane is elected or not—provided he persists in remaining in the field—we wish, in the name of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, to enter a protest against his course and to disclaim all responsibility, present or future, for the breach of tacit agreement that he will thus have perpetrated. We address ourselves particularly to our French-Canadian and English-speaking Protestant fellow-citizens. We feel that, were we to allow this occasion to pass by without raising our voice on behalf of our Irish Catholic citizens and in the name of their honor and fair fame, we would be recreant to our duty and should forfeit every mark of confidence that we have heretofore received.

Before closing, we appeal to Mr. McShane to allow his calmer judgment to overcome his momentary and ambitious enthusiasm, to look the future in the face, and to spare his fellow-countrymen the discredit of having it said that they cannot stand by the very rules that they have already invoked. If Mr. McShane cannot see his way to retire then let the burden fall upon his shoulders, the Irish Catholics are no longer responsible.

CHURCH AND STATE.

It is wonderful what an amount of importance some very narrow-minded people attach to the most simple act. If it in any way threatens to clash with their ideas of what should take place, or with their hopes of what they would like to see occur, they are at once up in arms. The slightest word or the merest act of ordinary politeness at once becomes a cloud upon the horizon, a lightning match on the prairies, a herald of an approaching earthquake. At once they behold that "Coming events cast their shadows before."

Take for example the excitement of *The Witness* and the oracular perturbation of *The Mail* when it was flashed along the wires that the State, the Constitution and Her Majesty the Queen "her crown and her dignity" were in peril on account of the fearfully-significant and significantly-fearful act of Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau. The representative of Majesty in the Province of Quebec had the audacity to use his liberty of a citizen and to exercise his right as a gentleman, in calling upon his personal friend and the spiritual head, in this Province, of the church to which he belongs. The Toronto organ sees some great danger to the stability of the British Empire in this act of Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau. If the head of the State in Quebec performed a disloyal act in going, in person, to pay a New Year's call, to the head of his own church, then what are we to think of England's greatest diplomatist and Canada's most popular governor—Lord Dufferin? He, a still more immediate representative of the Queen, acted in a similar manner with regard to the late Mgr. Conroy, a direct delegate and representative of the Pope.

It is deplorable to see men, who are supposed to be the teachers of the public and the moulders of popular thought,

mentally so very shallow and so very narrow. The *Witness* thinks that Hon. Mr. Chapleau should counterbalance that New Year's call by visits to the heads of the Presbyterian, Methodist and other churches in Quebec. Perhaps it never struck our contemporaries that the Lieutenant-Governor, is probably not personally acquainted with any of these revered gentlemen. Were he to walk from one to the other, it would necessitate a still further list of persons to whom he should pay his respects: on the same principle he would have to go down to the Salvation Army Barracks, and also order his secretary to find out the names and addresses of all new ministers or heads of new-fangled creeds—that he might go and impose his personal acquaintance upon them.

If our fair-minded readers—we don't speak of the *Witness* and *Mail*—would just reflect upon the words and policy of Leo XIII. they will find that "the foreign Potentate" is in perfect harmony with the existing constitution of every country in the world—Canada included. There is not the slightest danger to the State from the contact of the Church; rather the contrary. And the representative of the State that claims respect and honor for the great organization he represents must begin by respecting and honoring the vast body from which he expects such concessions. But our rabid anti-Catholic organs need not fear the Pope, nor the Cardinal, nor the Lieutenant-Governor. Leo XII. will never hear of the *Witness* and *Mail*, so they need not fear his strength. The Church and State will go on as ever in perfect harmony.

Once more we call the attention of our readers to the fact that the pamphlet, *Chiniquy versus Chiniquy*, which appeared in the columns of the *True Witness* some weeks ago, is now ready for sale. The price is ten cents, but for large quantities a reasonable reduction will be given. They may be had at the different Booksellers and at this office, 761 Craig street. The principal interest that attaches to the pamphlet is the fact that Mr. Chiniquy prepared and revised it, in person, some forty odd years ago. The very lines of argument followed out by Chiniquy to-day, in his attacks upon the Church he abandoned, are the same as those of the Mr. Roussy whom Father Chiniquy of that day so completely routed. However, we advise our readers all to secure copies of the little work; it contains that which would never have been brought to light except by an accident.

Of all the freaks of Protestantism, perhaps the most unexpected and eccentric is that of a High Church Presbyterian movement in Scotland. "The Scottish Church Society" has been founded in the Presbyterian Establishment of Scotland. Its object is to secure a "closer return to ancient principles." Their motto is: "Ask for the old paths and walk them." And the purpose of the society is: "To defend and advance the Catholic doctrine, as set forth in the ancient creeds and embodied in Standards of the Church of Scotland, and generally to assert the Scriptural principles in all matters relating to church order and policy, Christian work and spiritual life throughout Scotland." This seems very much like the creature of Ezekiel's vision, "wheel within wheel and glistening with eyes." There seems to be a reformation in a reformation. Does it not sound strange to hear the followers of John Knox proclaiming their desire to "defend and advance Catholic doctrine?" It is difficult to say what the ultimate result of all

this back-sliding towards the old faith may be. One thing is certain, that north of the Cheviots Calvinism is receiving some rude shocks of late. Moreover, the Scottish Catholic hierarchy has risen to an importance in the country that has not been known since the days before the Reformation. All ways certainly lead to Rome, and eventually all men shall walk those ways.

WE LEARN that another Bishop has been appointed by Rome. The Rev. Mr. Decelles, for many years past parish priest of Sorel, has been chosen as coadjutor to Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe. The *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe* says: "Le *Moniteur de Rome* some days since announced that M. l'Abbe Decelles had been named coadjutor to His Lordship of St. Hyacinthe. As we have already said, His Lordship's health is not good unfortunately, and Monseigneur has deemed it wise for the good administration of his diocese to share with an enlightened priest like the Abbe Decelles the heavy task of the Episcopacy. The appointment is not officially known, but a cablegram from Rome from a friendly source confirms the news. The new prelate is not a stranger among us; after going through a brilliant course of studies at the Seminary of this town he was appointed secretary of the Bishopric. Later he became *cure d'office* at the Cathedral. Some years after, Mgr. of St. Hyacinthe, appointed him *cure* of Sorel and it is from there that he is called upon to assist our Bishop in the discharge of his high functions. This appointment will be popular among the clergy and will be hailed with delight by the town and the entire diocese. Monseigneur Decelles, whose appointment as coadjutor we hail with delight, will please accept the homage of our profound respect and our warmest congratulations. His Lordship of St. Hyacinthe will also permit us to share in the joy which he must feel at the appointment of a prelate so distinguished and so eminent, and whose appointment he had so strongly recommended to the Holy See." The appointment of Mgr. Decelles is creating some comment in political circles, as a story has been current for some time that one of the objects, if not the main object of Mr. Mercier's hurried trip to Rome, was to urge the appointment of the Rev. J. A. Gravel, Vicar-General of St. Hyacinthe, to the new position. Mr. Mercier is known to have been on the best of relations with this esteemed clergyman for many years. If the story is true the appointment of Mgr. Decelles is a victory for Mgr. Moreau, whose nominee he was. Some claim that the abrupt return of the ex-Premier was partly due to the fact that on his arrival in Rome he learned of the appointment of Mgr. Decelles and, therefore, concluded that there was no further use of his staying there."

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from Different Sources.)

Among those lately received by the Pope were the Grand Master of the Sovereign Order of Malta and the Knights composing the Sacred Council.

Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, pontificated at the Mass of St. Silvester on the *fete* day of the canonized in the Church of San Silvestro in Capite at Rome. Benediction was imparted by Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, titular of the church.

The Holy Father has received the New Year congratulations of the Diplomatic Body, and is, Heaven be praised in the enjoyment of excellent health, notwithstanding the severe cold.

The Holy Father has appointed Cardinal Rampolla Protector of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Buenos Ayres, and Cardinal Mazella Protector of the Poor Handmaidens of the Mother of God.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites met in the Vatican on Tuesday for the second examination of the miracles attributed to the intercession of the venerable P. Diegno, of Cadix, and in the presence of the Holy Father then proceeded to the definite voting concerning the beatification of the following servants of God: Peter Sanz, Francis Ferrero, Joaquin Rayo, Jean Alcobar, and Francis Diaz, of the Order of Friars Preachers,

who suffered martyrdom in China; also of the Jesuit Fathers who were martyred in India, and whose names are as follows: Venerables R. Aquiviva, Alphonse Pacheco, Antony Francisco, Peter Berno, and Francis Arana. It is thought that all these beatifications will be carried out during the jubilee fetes.

"William, Emperor and King," has sent a telegram from the palace at Potsdam to Father Placide, Superior of the Benedictines at Strasburg, to the effect that it was with great joy he ceded the Abbey Church of Maria-Laach to the branch of his congregation which is about to establish itself there. The building is one of the most noble Roman monuments in the Rhine district. It became national property at the disposal of the State in 1794, hence the royal authorization to enter it was required. It is near Bonn, and the new tenants are the Benedictines of the Strict Observance from Beveren.

The success of the Irish national pilgrimage to Rome on the occasion of the episcopal jubilee of the Holy Father would seem to be already assured. The Bishops of the old country have taken up the idea most warmly, and have urged as many members of their flocks as conveniently can to proceed to the Eternal City and offer their congratulations to the successor of St. Peter. "I regard it," writes His Lordship the Bishop of Limerick, alluding to the pilgrimage, "as a work of religion which will necessarily be fraught with blessings for our people, drawing their hearts more closely to the living centre of the Catholic Church."

These are striking words, weighty and true. No people have ever been more unalterably loyal to the see of Peter than the Irish, and in that good report, in evil report, in prosperity and adversity.

SIFTINGS.

According to opticians, the eyesight is seriously affected by the fumes arising from the wood pavement.

The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand that, it is said, objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.

At Quito, the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun rises and sets at six o'clock all the year round.

A trial of speed between English and American locomotives will be an interesting and novel feature of the World's Fair.

Mr. James Murphy, the well-known Irish novelist, is just completing a History of Ireland, in ten volumes.

In England private soldiers are to be provided with pocket-handkerchiefs, upon which will be printed the drill regulations.

An American nun has just died in a convent at Jerusalem who was certified by the registers of the community to which she belonged to have attained the age of 115 years.

In the streets of Paris there are 87,655 trees, each tree representing a cost to the city of \$35. This makes, in round numbers, \$3,000,000 worth of trees in the streets.

The latest whim for the owners of dogs is to make them wear shoes in the house for the purpose of protecting the polished floor. They are made of chamois with leather soles.

The wealth of the civilized world is estimated at three hundred thousand million dollars, of which the United States possesses sixty thousand million dollars, England fifty thousand million, and France forty thousand millions.

The number of drug stores in the United States is said to be 81,000, of which 10,649 are in the Eastern States. This makes about one drug store to every three doctors, and one to 1,700 inhabitants.

Female physicians are scarce everywhere except in the United States. There were only 70 in London, five in Edinburgh, two in Dublin, 35 in Paris, one in Algiers, and two thousand in the United States.

JUST READY, and got up in first class style, the celebrated pamphlet entitled: *Father Chiniquy vs. Minister Chiniquy*. Copies, at 10 cents, for sale at the *True Witness* office and all the city booksellers. All Seminary families and clergymen should have a copy on hand.

For headache, neuralgia, and all other aches, St. Jacob's Oil has no equal.

REQUIESCAT.

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

—Oscar Wilde.

STAMPS FOR '93.

World's Fair Postage Stamps to Be Ready
January 1.

Postmaster Collins was notified last week by the Postmaster General that the special Columbian stamps would be on sale in the postoffice on January 1 and continue for one year.

The Columbian adhesive stamps will be issued in the denominations of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 15, 30 and 50 cents, and of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 dollars. These stamps differ in size and form from those now in use, the engraved space being $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch by $\frac{1}{11}$ inches, each stamp bearing a design commemorative of the discovery of America by Columbus.

The details of the general design are, first, a white-faced imprint of the years 1492 and 1892 in the upper left and right-hand corners, respectively; then in white shaded capitals beneath, in a wavy line, the words United States of America.

The scenes represented are these: One Cent—"Columbus in Sight of Land," after the painting by William H. Powell. This representation is enclosed in a circle. On the left of it is represented an Indian woman with her child, and on the right an Indian man with head-dress of feathers, each figure in a sitting posture; color, Antwerp blue.

Two-Cent—"Landing of Columbus," after the painting of Vanderlyn, in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington; color, purple maroon.

Three-Cent—"Flagship of Columbus in Mid-Ocean," from a Spanish engraving; color, medium shade of green.

Four-Cent—"Fleet of Columbus," the three caravels, Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta, in mid-ocean; color, ultramarine blue.

Five-Cent—"Columbus Soliciting Aid of Isabella," after the painting by Brozk, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York; color, chocolate brown.

Six-Cent—"Columbus Welcomed at Barcelona," scene from one of the panels of the bronze doors by Randolph Rogers in the capitol at Washington; color, royal purple.

Ten-Cent—"Columbus Presenting Natives," after the painting by Luigi Gregore, at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind., color, Van Dyke brown.

Fifteen-Cent—"Columbus Announcing His Discovery," after the painting of R. Balvea, now in Madrid; color, dark green.

Thirty-Cent—"Columbus at La Rabida," color, sienna brown.

"Fifty-Cent—"Recall of Columbus," color, carbon blue.

One-Dollar—"Isabella Pledging Her Jewels," after the painting by Munoz Degram; color, rose salmon.

Two-Dollar—"Columbus in Chains," color, toned mineral red.

Three-Dollar—"Columbus Describing Third Voyage," color, light yellow green.

Four-Dollar—Portraits in circles of Isabella and Columbus; color, carmine.

Five-Dollar—Profile of head of Columbus, the same as that on the fifty-cent silver souvenir. The profile is in a circle, on the right of which is America, represented by a female Indian with a crown of feathers, and on the left a figure of Liberty; color, black.

The stamped envelopes will be of one design and of the same denomination as the adhesive stamps. All of the Columbian stamps will be on sale only during the year 1893.—*Catholic Mirror*.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouchsafed by thousands of people whom it has cured.

A Panorama of Columbus' Life.

All that one has to do to acquaint himself with the history of Columbus is to purchase a complete set of the new postage stamps just issued by the government.

They constitute a kind of panorama of the great discoverer's life. The pictures are nearly all from well known paintings, and include: "Columbus in Sight of Land," after Powell; "Columbus Soliciting Aid of Isabella," after Brozk; "Columbus Welcomed at Barcelona," after Rogers; "Columbus Presenting Natives," after Gregori; "Recall of Columbus," after Heaton; "Isabella Pledging Her Jewels," after Degram, and "Columbus Describing His Third Voyage," after Joner. The cash value of the stamps is \$16.26.

Fourteen New Cardinals.

Rome, Jan. 16.—The pope created fourteen Cardinals at the Consistory to-day. The list of those elevated to the Cardinalate includes:

Archbishop Vaughan, of Westminster.

Archbishop Logue, Primate of Ireland.

Archbishop Krentz, of Cologne.

Prince Archbishop Kopp, of Breslau.

Mgr. Mocenni, Papal Under Secretary of State.

Mgr. Persico, Secretary of the Propaganda.

Mgr. Thomas, Archbishop of Rouen.

Mgr. Meignan, Archbishop of Tours.

Mgr. Vazary, Primate of Hungary and Archbishop of Gran.

No American is among the promotions.

There are six new Italian Cardinals, two French, two Prussian, one English, (Vaughan), one Irish, one Hungarian and one Spanish.

The Pope announced, in addition to the Cardinals named, the creation of two Cardinals reserved. They are believed to be Heinhuber and a French bishop.

With regard to France the Pope has not only raised the Archbishops of Rouen and Tours to the Cardinalate, in accordance with the proposal of M. Carnot, but confers, it is understood, this distinction upon a third prelate, who, subject to the consent of the French President, will be either Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, or Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble, one of these being a reserved Cardinal.

The elevation of the Prince Archbishop Kopp to the Cardinalate will, it is ex-

pected, have some influence upon the course of the Clericals on the German Army bill.

Pope Leo, in his allocution, thanked God for having preserved him to celebrate his episcopal jubilee. This event, the Pope said, would be regarded by men as a sign of the divine protection extended over the Church in these calamitous days throughout the preservation of the life of the Supreme Pontiff.

Sunshine comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by woman's troubles turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If her life is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she's overworked, nervous or "rundown," she has new life and strength.

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nerve, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint" and disturbance, it is the only remedy so sure and unailing that it can be guaranteed.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

SOMETHING BETTER.—A young man was writing a prospectus for a circus. "I say," he observed, turning to the manager, "I've about exhausted my vocabulary over this thing. Have you a Thesaurus?" "No," replied the manager, regretfully, "but we've a hippopotamus."

PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Gentlemen,—I have found B.B.B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me such perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as our family medicine. E. Bailey, North Bay, Ont.

"Oh, papa! I know what makes people laugh in their sleeves!" "Well, my son, what makes them?" "'Cause that's where the funny-bone is!"

When there is nothing in a man's scheme it makes no difference whether or not the bottom drops out.

Do you cough? Are you troubled with Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, etc.?

Read what the

DOCTORS

SAY

And you will know what you should use to cure yourself.

"I certify that I have prescribed the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR for affections of the throat and lungs and that I am perfectly satisfied with its use. I recommend it therefore cordially to Physicians for diseases of the respiratory organs."

V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V. C. M.
Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

"I can recommend PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition of which has been made known to me, as an excellent remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis or Colds with no fever."

L. J. V. CLAIRoux, M. D.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.
Sir,

"Having been made acquainted with the composition of PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think it my duty to recommend it as an

"excellent remedy for Lung Affections in general."

N. FAFARD, M. D.
Prof. of chemistry at Laval University.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

"I have used your ELIXIR and find it excellent for BRONCHIAL DISEASES. I intend employing it in my practice in preference to all other preparations, because it always gives perfect satisfaction."

DR. J. ETHIER.
L'Epiphanie, February 8th 1889.

"I have used with success the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR in the different cases for which it is recommended and it is with pleasure that I recommend it to the public."

Z. LAROCHE, M. D.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

Lack of space obliges us to omit several other flattering testimonials from well known physicians.

For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.

John Murphy & Co's

ADVERTISEMENT.

BE SURE YOU SEE IT!

To-morrow, in both the STAR and WITNESS, we will present a Special Bargain List, containing the Stocktaking Reductions we are making in our celebrated Mantle Department. However far "the cutting-down process" may have been carried in the past, it will be completely eclipsed by this new experiment in "closing out."

Be sure you see it, ladies, if you wish to double and treble the purchasing power of your money.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

FANCY GOODS DEPT.

We offer no discount in our Fancy Goods Department, but we are clearing out some beautiful lines during our January Cheap Sale at ONE-HALF and ONE-THIRD their original prices.

Examples:

1000 yards of GIMPS and TRIMMINGS, in SILK, in TINSEL, in WORSTED, in JET, etc., etc., Colored and Black.

—SOLD FOR—

ONE-HALF OF THE MARKED PRICE.

—FOR INSTANCE—

10c for 5c yd; 15c for 7c yd; 20c for 10c yd; 30c for 15c yd; 40c for 20c yd; 75c for 37c yd; etc.

500 yards of WOOL LACES, "Yak" sold at price.

HANDKERCHIEFS for Ladies and Misses, sold for $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$ of the marked price.

TIDIES, a nice assortment sold for $\frac{1}{2}$ price.

BUTTONS, worth 10c, 15c, 25c, etc., sold for 2c dozen.

MELISSA.

Like all great inventions Melissa simplifies matters by making one coat efficiently perform the work of two. Like all great inventions also, the success of Melissa has called forth a host of inferior imitations.

Ladies and gentlemen will always find the genuine garments in great variety at

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781 and 1783 NOTRE DAME STREET,

And 105, 107, 109, and 111 St. Peter St.

TERMS CASH AND ONLY ONE PRICE

Telephone 2193.

FOR CIVILITY,
COMFORT,
CHEAPNESS

—TRAVEL BY THE—

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

NEW TOURIST CARS

WHICH NOW LEAVE MONTREAL AS FOLLOWS

FOR	ON
BOSTON and NEW ENGLAND.	THURSDAYS and FRIDAYS.
TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO.	TUESDAYS.
THE SOO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS.	SATURDAYS.
VANCOUVER, and PUGET SOUND.	WEDNESDAYS.

These cars are intended chiefly for the accommodation of passengers holding second class tickets, they are complete in their appointments, containing separate toilet rooms (with their requisites) for ladies and gentlemen, smoking room and department for cooking; the seats, which are elegantly upholstered, are turned into comfortable beds at night.

These cars are in charge of competent porters and accommodation in them can be secured upon payment of a small additional sum on application.

TICKET OFFICES:

266 St. James Street, and at Stations.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

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

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT!

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens,
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil;
Through the long bright summer hours
Share with her the heavy toil.
See her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheeks the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant,
Now is feeble, weak, and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long.
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sobs above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain—
To the home so sad without her
Never to return again.

Street Arabs.

The most heartless of creatures are the so-called street arabs—beings who are the merest flotsam and jetsam of the surge of the civic sea, who are found straying, as it were, the sides of the channels through which the torrents of human life run, or hidden away in the cavernous depths of the darker portions of our social system. In no matter what aspect viewed, they are peculiarly objects of Christian charity and pity. Many of the class to whom we refer have never known what it was to be other than waifs on the surface of organized existence, things buffeted to and fro by the movements of a current which they do not comprehend, and the depth and intensity of which to them brings naught but realization of their hopelessness and helplessness. The hardest thing in the world to fight against is the ebbing tide, whether of the actual ocean or of fortune. If those to whom the life-buoys of education or of position have been thrown know this to be so, how much harder must such conflict come to those others to whom the mud of the slums has been as their native heath and the chiefest ethics of whose moral code have been inculcated by parents who have learned them only from the lips of the policeman or the magistrate? To ask such questions is to answer it. We should, however, misunderstand the composition of the sands of human and city life if we thought that all its grains were such as these latter. Some, it is true, have been swept from the muddy depths, but others have been stricken from the cliffs above, where their kindred still stand proudly facing the storm of existence. All, no matter what their origin, have one common gift and quality. They glisten and glow beautiful in the light and warmth of God's love, and, lowly though they be, the Christian recognizes in them the fruits of the wrestlings of an ocean which is ever in torment, and whose writhing billows roll over human hearts. Rightly regarded, there is a something both precious and holy in such spoil of the striving seas as these, and both Christlike and angelic is the work which seeks to rescue them and make them something better than their mere wreckage which are as records of the sobs of the tempest-driven waters. —Irish Catholic.

A POETIC POPE.

LEO XIII. HAS A COLLECTION OF HIS POEMS READY FOR PUBLICATION.
M. Banoist gives in the Paris Temps an account of the Pope as the author of poetry. He is quoted by the Paris correspondent of the Daily News thus: As the audience drew to an end, the Pope went to a marble console that was behind his chair, and taking up from beside an ebony crucifix a little case, handed it to me, saying, with a smile: You wished to see a collection of my poems. Here it is, but not complete. The other volume will not be ready before the end of October." When I was in

the anteroom I opened the case, which was of cardboard, and found a volume in a white binding with delicate gold ornaments. Near the edge, and in the centre, were the Papal arms, in old gold. The back was in moire silk. The Papal arms were repeated on a fly leaf, and there was also a poor portrait of the Holy Father. The volume is No. 12 of a second edition by Udine, of which but a hundred copies were printed by the presses of the Committee of Patronage for Catholic youths. It was beautifully gotten up, and the vignettes and ornamental letters were simply exquisite. They were faintly tinted, some in blue, or rose, or green, or slightly silvered. It was just the book in which a poet might long to have his thoughts presented to the world. A preface by Enrico Valle of the Order of Jesus says:

"The character of the Pope's verse is Virgilian, not only in the Latin tongue being employed and in the manner in which the phrase is managed, but in its sensibility, the nobleness of the choice of subjects, and the ideas. It is suave, elegant, deals with Latin as with his mother tongue. His epigrammatic poems are light, lively, and strike where they ought. They are well winged, but they have not poisoned barbs. The Pope as a satirist or wit brings balm to the wound he inflicts."

One of the verses has this subject: A youth asked one day for an audience, and avowed that his life had been too free for virtue. The Holy Father advised him to retire to a monastery for some time and to banish from his mind every thought that could defile it. This is a prose rendering of what he wrote.

"Florus, my child, a furious fever burns you, a foul plague softens your soul. You have been drinking, and without shame, of an infernal and poisonous cup. It is the cup of Circe. It evokes in your mind images of animal bestiality. If you care to be saved fly from the siren's song and from the inhospitable shore. Take good courage and fight temptation while fleeing from it. If you do, God will fight for you and look on you with a favorable eye. Already the hideous serpent, full of rage at the prospect of defeat, plunges into the black waters of the Styx. Florus, my son, be saved."

ALTOGETHER DISAPPEARED.

Dear Sirs,—About three months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking B.B.B. and took two bottles and my headaches have disappeared altogether now. I think it a grand medicine. Lettice Rodes, Lonsdale, Ont.

A Wicked Imposition.

The course taken by Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota, says the New York Sun, in regard to the "miracle window" at Canton, in that State, has been justified. As soon as he heard the report that a miraculous image of the Virgin and Child had appeared upon a pane of glass in the window of the church at Canton, and that infirm persons were making pilgrimages to the church, he gave orders that the matter should be investigated by a scientific expert whom he appointed. When the result of the investigation was made known to the Archbishop a few days ago, he took the action in the case which is required by the laws of the Church, and the "miracle window" will not hereafter be seen.

The expert found that a fraud had been perpetrated by a photographer of the place, who had subjected the pane of glass to a kind of treatment under which, by means of certain apparatus, the images were made to appear upon it. The expert also found that though many infirm pilgrims had been drawn to the place by reports that miraculous cures were performed there, not one of them had been relieved of his infirmity. He furthermore ascertained that a number of conscienceless men in Canton were allied with the photographer, and had mercenary reasons for trying to keep up the delusion. The priest of the church was blamed by some of the pilgrims for his lack of faith in the power of the miraculous apparitions, but he had to confess that he was unable to account for them.

Archbishop Ireland has rendered a service to the priest, the pilgrims, and the cause of religion by making the investigation through which this gross and shameful fraud has been brought to light. It is reported that the church at Canton

NO BOGUS testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell **HOOD'S Sarsaparilla**. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true—

has been temporarily closed by his order. He has done his duty in the case as a faithful prelate.

Last month there was a "Healing Evangelist" in Wilkesbarre, who was credited with working scores of curative miracles upon people afflicted with all sorts of maladies. It is to be regretted that his operations were not subjected to an investigation like that which Archbishop Ireland instituted at Canton.—*Catholic Columbian*.



Oh in the still night,
When Cholera Morbus found me,
"Pain Killer" fixed me right,
Nor wakened those around me.

Most OLD PEOPLE are friends of

Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER

and often its very best friends, because for many years they have found it a friend in need. It is the best Family Remedy for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache. To get rid of any such pains before they become aches, use **PAIN KILLER**. Buy it right now. Keep it near you. Use it promptly. For sale everywhere. **IT KILLS PAIN.**



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNBEAM, a monthly paper for Catholic youth; 50 cents a year, send for sample copy. 761 Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—

Patent Spring	\$4.25 @ 4.85
Patent Winter	4.10 @ 4.25
Straight Roller	3.80 @ 3.75
Extra	3.10 @ 3.25
Superfine	2.70 @ 2.90
Fine	2.55 @ 2.70
City Strong Bakers	4.00 @ 4.15
Manitoba Bakers	3.50 @ 4.10
Ontario bags—extra	1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers	1.80 @ 2.00
Superfine	1.50 @ 1.45
Fine	1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—In a jobbing way prices are quoted as follows:—Rolled and granulated \$1.00 to \$1.05; Standard \$2.80 to \$3.95. In bulk, granulated \$2.00 to \$2.05, and standard \$1.90 to \$1.95.

Mill Feed.—The market is firm for bran, which has sold at \$13.50 to \$14.00, which sales have been made in car lots at \$12 in Toronto.

Wheat—No. 2 hard Manitoba is now quoted at 70c to 72c at Port Arthur. White and red winter wheat has been sold West of Toronto at 65c to 66c being an advance of 3c per bushel from bottom prices. No. 2 hard is quoted at 83c to 84c.

Corn.—The price of corn in Chicago is quoted at 62c to 63c, duty paid.

Peas.—Prices having gone up 1c to 2c in the West, with sales in the Stratford district at 56c to 56c per 60 lbs. l.o.b.

Oats.—The market is steady, and 32c per 34 lbs has been made for car lots of No. 2 white. Two cars of mixed oats have been placed at 31c per 34 lbs. There is a little scarcity reported in the West, with sales West of Toronto at 27c to 28c.

Barley.—Here prices are steady at 46c to 56c for milling grades and at 39c to 43c for feed.

Malt.—We quote 65c to 75c as to quality and size of lot.

Rye.—Prices are more or less nominal at 55c to 60c. Sales have been made in the West at 51c f.o.b.

Buckwheat.—Prices are more or less at 48c to 50c.

Seeds.—A few sales have transpired of Canadian timothy is quoted at \$3.25 per bushel. Red clover is steady at \$7.80 to \$8 per bushel of 80 lbs. alsike \$8.40 to \$8.50 per bushel. Flax seed remains steady at \$1 to \$1.25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—

Canada short cut mess pork per brl.	\$21.00 @ 22.00
Canada clear mess, per brl.	20.50 @ 21.00
Chicago short cut mess, per brl.	20.00 @ 20.00
Mess pork, American, new, per brl.	23.00 @ 23.25
India mess beef, per tierce	00.00 @ 00.00
Extra Mess beef, per brl.	00.00 @ 12.50
Hams, city cured, per lb.	12 1/2 @ 14c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.	11 1/2 @ 12c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.	10 @ 10 1/2c
Bacon, per lb.	12 @ 12 1/2c
Shoulders, per lb.	11 @ 11 1/2c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:—

Creamery choice fall	22c to 24c
do good to fine	21c to 21 1/2c
Eastern Township dairy, choice fall	20 1/2c to 21c
do do good to fine	19c to 20c
Morrisburg & Brockville	18c to 21c
Western	17c to 18c

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

Roll Butter.—At 18c to 20c for Morrisburg in baskets.

Cheese.—Crept up to 55s 6d, which is still 2s 6d to 3s under actual sales of fine cheese.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Montreal limed selling readily at 21c to 22c, held fresh 22c to 24c, and boiling stock 30c and upwards.

Beans.—Choice hand picked at \$1.35 to \$1.40 per bushel, and good ordinary lots at \$1.15 to \$1.20.

Hay.—No. 2 Ontario hay in car at \$8.25 to \$8.50 f.o.b. in the West. Sales at points east of this city at \$8.25 to \$8.50 for No. 2, and at \$10 for No. 1. Here we quote \$9 to \$9.50 for No. 2, and \$10.50 to \$11.50 for No. 1.

Honey.—Comb honey 13c to 14c for choice white clover, and dark honey at 8c to 11c as to quality. Extracted 6c to 8c as to quality and quantity.

Hops.—Prince Edward County hops are offered at 19c to 20c. Yearlings are quoted at 14c to 16c and old at 5c to 8c.

Asbes.—First pots are in good demand with sales at \$4.20 to \$4.25; seconds are quoted at \$3.65 to \$3.70, and pears at \$5.20.

Dressed Poultry.—Turkeys brought from 13c to 14c in cases, poorer kinds selling at 12c to 13c. Chickens have sold from 9c to 12c, and fine large geese at 10c to 11c.

Game.—Partridge sell at 70c to 75c per brace, and hares have sold at 20 to 25c per pair.

FRUITS.

Apples.—At \$2 to \$2.75 as to size and quality. Some poor returns have been received from Liverpool.

Oranges.—Fancy Florida, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Valencia \$4.00 to \$4.25; Messina, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Jamaica in barrels, from \$5.00 to \$6.00 as to quality; Mandarins, boxes, \$4; half boxes \$2.25.

Lemons.—Messina at \$3.80 to \$3.50, prime \$2.75 to \$3.00, common \$2 to \$2.25 as to quality.

Figs.—Are from 5c to 5 1/2c per lb. crystallized in 5 lb. boxes \$1.

Dates.—We quote, finest in 60 lb boxes 50 to 60, old stock 3 1/2c to 6c.

Grape Fruit.—At \$1 per case.

Grapes.—At from \$7 to \$8 for Almerina.

Bananas.—At from \$2.75 to \$3 per bunch.

Dried Fruit.—We quote:—Dried apples 4 1/2c to 5c, evaporated 6c to 7 1/2c; Dried peaches steady and meeting with good demand at 14c to 15c; apricots good demand at 14c to 14 1/2c; evaporated vegetables in large cases at \$4.

Evaporated peaches are selling at from 13c to 14c per lb.

Cranberries.—Prices ranging from \$7.50 to \$10 per bbl according to quality.

Cocoanuts.—Lots of 100 at from \$4 to \$5.00.

Nuts.—We quote:—Pecans 11c to 12 1/2c per lb. Filberts 10c to 10 1/2c, English Chestnuts 10c, Almonds Ivica 14 1/2c, Grenoble and Marbot Walnuts 12 1/2c to 14 1/2c, Brazil 15c, Taragona 16 1/2c.

Onions.—Red and yellow in barrels, \$2 to \$2.25.

Potatoes.—Car lots having been sold at 95c to \$1.05. Jobbing lots have sold at \$1.10 to \$1.15.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Take a taste av this, an' it will warm your heart."

Shawn Gow sat up and took the bottle in his hand.

"Nancy," he says, "I believe afther all you're fond of me."

"Wisha, Shawn, achora, what else 'd I be but fond av you?"

"I thought, Nancy, you couldn't care for one that thrated you so bad."

"Och, Shawn, Shawn, don't talk that way to me. Sure I thought my heart was broken when I see you stretched there widout a stir in you."

"An' you left your shawl in pledge agin to get this for me?"

"To be sure I did; an' a good right I had; an' sorry I'd be to see you in the want av a drop o' nourishment."

"I was a baste, Nancy. But if I was, this is what made a baste av me."

And Shawn Gow fixed his eyes upon the bottle with a look in which hatred and fascination were strangely blended. He turned quickly to his wife.

"Will you give in it was a blackbird?" he asked.

"A blackbird," she repeated, irresolutely.

"Yes, a blackbird. Will you give in it was a blackbird?" Shawn Gow was evidently relapsing into his savage mood.

"Well," said his wife, after some hesitation, "'twas a blackbird. Will that please you?"

"An' you 'll never say 'twas a thruish agin?"

"Never. An' sure on'y for the speckles on the breast, I'd never say 'twas a thrish. But sure you ought to know better than me—an'—an' 'twas a blackbird," she exclaimed, with a desperate effort.

Shawn Gow swung the bottle round his head and flung it with all his strength against the hob. The whole fire-place was for a moment one blaze of light.

"The devil was in id," says the smith, smiling grimly; "an' there he's off in a flash of fire. I'm done wid him, any way."

"Well, I wish you a happy Christmas, Nancy," said Sally.

"I wish you the same, Sally, an' a great many of 'em. I suppose you're goin' to first Mass? Shawn and me'll wait for second."

Sally took her leave of this remarkable couple, and proceeded on her way to the village. She met Tim Croak and his wife, Betty, who were also going to first Mass. After the usual interchange of greetings, Betty surveyed Sally from head to foot with a look of delighted wonder.

"Look at her, Tim," she exclaimed, "an' isn't she as young an' as hearty as ever? Bad cess to me, but you're the same Sally that danced wud the master at my weedin', next Thursday fortnight 'll be eleven years."

"Begob, you're a great woman," says Tim.

The allusion to "the master" was not pleasant to Sally Cavanagh, and to avoid further reference to the disagreeable subject, she described the scene she had witnessed at the blacksmith's.

"But, Tim," said she, after finishing the story, "how did the dispute about the blackbird come first? I heard something about it, but I forget it."

"I'll tell you that, then, said Tim. "Begob aye," he exclaimed abruptly, after thinking for a moment, "'twas this day seven years, for all the world,—the year o' the hard frost. Shawn Gow set a crib in his haggert the evenin' afore; an' when he went out in the mornin' he had a hen blackbird. He put the goulouge on her nick, an' tuck her in his hand; an' wud one smullock av his finger, knocked the life out av her; he walked in an' threw the blackbird on the table.

"Oh Shawn," said Nancy, "you're afther ketchin' a fine thrish." Nancy took the bird in her hand an' began rubbin' the feathers on her breast. "A fine thrish," said Nancy.

"'Tisn't a thrish, but a blackbird," said Shawn.

"Wisha, in troth, Shawn," said Nancy, "'tis a thrish; do you want to take the sight o' my eyes from me?"

"I tell you 'tis a blackbird," said he.

"Indeed then it isn't, but a thrish," says she.

"Any way, one word borrowed another; and the end av it was, Shawn flailed at her an' gev her the father av a batin'.

"The Christmas day afther, Nancy opened the door an' looked out.

"God be wud this day twelve months," said she, "do you remember the fine thrish you caught in the crib?"

"'Twas a blackbird," said Shawn.

"Whist now, Shawn, 'twas a thrish," said Nancy.

"I tell you again 'twas a blackbird," said Shawn.

"Och," said Nancy, beginning' to laugh, "that was the quare blackbird." Wud that, one word borrowed another, an' Shawn stood up an' gev her the father av a batin'. The third Christmas day kem, and they wor in the best o' good humor afther the tay, and Shawn puttin' on his ridin' coat to go to Mass.

"Well, Shawn," said Nancy, "I'm thinkin' av what an unhappy Christmas mornin' we had this day twelve months, all on account of that thrish you caught in the crib, bad cess to her."

"'Twas a blackbird," said Shawn.

"Wisha, good luck to you, an' dont be talkin' foolish," said Nancy; "an' you're better not get into a passion agin, an' account av an ould thrish. My heavy curse on the same thrish," said Nancy.

"I tell you 'twas a blackbird," said Shawn.

"An' I tell you 'twas a thrish," said Nancy.

"Wud that, Shawn took down a bunnaun he had seasonin' in the chimley, an' whaled at Nancy, and gev her the father av a batin'.

"An' every Christmas mornin', from that day to this, 'twas the same story, for as sure as the sun Nancy 'd draw down the thrish.

"But do you tell me, Sally, she's afther givin' in it was a blackbird?"

"She is," replied Sally.

"Begob," said Tim Croak, after a minute's serious reflection, "it ought to be put in the papers. I never h'ard afore av a wrong notion bein' got out av a woman's head. But Shawn Gow is no joke to dale wud, and it took him seven years to do id."

Matt Hazlitt was standing at his garden gate as they passed.

"Did you hear the news?" Tim inquired.

"No, what is it?"

"The mashter is afther purchasin' the property."

"I'm sorry to hear it," Matt Hazlitt observee gravely.

"He went off to Dublin the mornin' afther the hunt," Tim continued, "and made the bargain. He says he gev thirty years' purchase for id."

"'Tis a bad job for old Mr. Purcell, I'm afear'd," said Matt.

"I don't say he'll do more than rise the rint," said Tim. "He's not half as bad as his name."

But Matt, remembering the altercation between the landlord and Brian Purcell, shook his head.

Sally Cavanagh went quietly into the house and was warmly greeted by Mrs. Hazlitt, who kicked Button from the hearth, and placed a chair for her visitor. Sally whispered something to her, and Mrs. Hazlitt immediately ran to the door and called her husband.

"Matt," says she, "isn't this an elegant blue cloth cloak Sally has?"

"'Tis a nice cloak, sure enough," says Matt.

"Twelve and sixpence a yard, an' the same as new. Never wore it five times," continues Mrs. Hazlitt, taking hold of the cloak and rubbing it with the grain.

"'Tis as fine as silk," Mrs. Hazlitt whispered some word into her husband's ear, which made him fix his eyes thoughtfully on Sally Cavanagh's. He walked with a grave look into his bedroom, and returning, slipped something into his wife's hand, which something she slipped into Sally Cavanagh's hand. Sally stood up, just as if nothing unusual had happened, and walked out quickly. After passing the gate she slackened her pace in order not to come up too soon with Tim Croak and his wife. For in spite of her efforts to repress them, the tears gushed from eyes. Tim Croak and his wife stopped to wait for her; and the turkey-red handkerchief, which she had held ostentatiously in her hand, was thrust hastily into her pocket. They might notice that it was wet. Sally Cavanagh was as hearty as ever till she reached the village. The first bell was ringing, and Sally and Mrs. Croak hurried into the chapel. Tim usually waited till the tinkling of the "little bell" an-

nounced that priest "was on the altar," and so he remained outside in the yard, to listen to Josh Reddy and Jack Meehan, the tailor, discussing the interesting question, whether weddings were likely to be numerous during the approaching Shrovetide. Jack Meehan, who had already been measuring some "clever young fellows" for "new shoots," shrewdly conjectured that Father O'Gorman "would not have to sell his horse, any way."

"No fear av that, I'm thinkin'," observed Tim Croak, looking towards the table at the gate, upon which Mr. Purcell was just after placing a pound note. There were two large dishes upon the table; one already heaped up with coppers while the bottom of the other was covered with a layer of silver. This, we need scarcely observe, was the parish priest's "Christmas collection." Josh raised the unique white hat in acknowledgment of Kate Purcell's bow, and remarked when she had passed:—

"That's thirty pounds, sure money, for Father Paul."

"They tell me," said Tim Croak, "that she's to be a nun. But they'll all be nuns,—till the man 'll come."

"Nothing disrespectful of that young lady in my presence, if you please," observed Josh Reddy with quite a chivalrous air.

"I wonder what young Brian is thinkin' of," said Jack Meehan. "Faith it 'd be time for him to stir himself."

"I think I could tell you that same," replied Tim Croak. "Begob 'tis an admiration to see the way they're all settin' wan another astray."

"Settin' one another astray," said Josh Reddy, "Be good enough to elucidate your meaning."

"What?" says Tim. "The duce a wan o' me knows what you're sayin'."

"You are just after observing that the people are setting one another astray. What do you mean by that?"

"I'll tell you then. The girl that her mother afore her on'y wanted an industrious man that 'd mind his business, nothing less 'll do her than a young gag wud a silk hankecher on dher his nick an' a jauntin' car; an' the man that 'll have the silk hankecher on dher his nick an' the jauntin' car, och! the duce a less 'll plase him than wan wud a feather in ner hat an' a payanna; an' she 'll be lookin' for a jintleman, or may be a counselor, or a captain in the army. An' that's the way they're settin' wan another astray."

"Pon me veracity, Tim," observed Josh Reddy, "there's a profundity of truth in what you say. But I don't see why Mr. Brian Purcell should not aspire to the hand of a lady with a feather in her hat, and whose musical talents have been cultivated."

"Be me sowl, then," said Tim, "I know a hat that he's the highest feather in, or I'm mistaken. An' that wouldn't be pleasant news to some captains in the army. But there's the little bell."

Tim Croak and Jack Meehan went into the aisle of the chapel, while Josh Reddy ascended the gallery, where he had "the choir" all to himself. Father O'Gorman had been obliged to give up his choir in despair, for no sooner would Josh have a number of young men and women duly instructed for the purpose, than the ruin of their parents would compel them to fly in search of a livelihood far away from Father O'Gorman's little chapel. And so Josh Reddy knelt in solitary dignity within the curtained space in the corner of the gallery.

After second Mass, Sally Cavanagh called in on some pretext or other to almost every house in the village, and made it a point to wish as many as possible of her acquaintances the compliments of the season. She bought five penny loaves at Mrs. Casey's, and rather surprised that good woman by handing her a pound note in payment. Mrs. Carey was obliged to go upstairs to her box for the change, and the rumor spread about that Sally Cavanagh was afther getting money from America; and "would you doubt Connor?" and "wasn't it short he was earnin' it?" and similar remarks were heard on every side.

It was afther three o'clock when she reached home. The children came running down the boren to meet her, except Norah, who stood smiling at the door with the infant in her arms, her long yellow hair shining like gold in the setting sun.

Sally Cavanagh folded her cloak carefully.

"Corney," said she, "I'm goin' to

give the lend of my new cloak to Mrs. Hazlitt, an' you must run over with it to her."

Corney was delighted, and mentally resolved to return by the crab ditch, where he had no doubt of finding the full of his cap of golden crabs among the long grass.

"Go the short cut, Corney," said his mother; "but come home around the road, as it might be dark on you before you could cross the river."

Corney reached the cottage a little after sunset, and delivered his bundle to Mrs. Hazlitt.

"He's the moral of his father, Matt," Mrs. Hazlitt observed.

Corney was making off for the crab ditch, when Matt suggested the propriety of giving the little boy something to eat, and before he had time to say "yes" or "no," Corney found himself sitting at the table with a plate of cold beef and a loaf of bread before him. Corney commenced operations so shyly that Mrs. Hazlitt beckoned to her husband, and both left the kitchen. When they returned the beef and bread were invisible, and Mrs. Hazlitt, clapping Corney on the back, desired him to hurry home as fast as his legs could carry him, as the night would be pitch dark.

"Did ye get any crabs for us, Corney?" exclaimed Tommy and Nickey, the moment he made his appearance.

"No," says Corney, panting afther his race home; "but I have something better for ye." And thrusting his hand inside his jacket, the boy produced the meat which Mrs. Hazlitt had given him credit for demolishing so quickly.

(To be continued.)

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TO MY ABSENT MARY.

Mary, Mary, are you straying
In our olden haunts alone?
In the meadows are you Maying,
Where the other flowers have blown?
In the green lanes are you roaming,
Where we chanted love's young hymn?
Do you think you see me coming
Through the evening shadows dim?

Do you think I'm happy, dearest,
In the wondrous sights I see?
Ah, when my new friends are nearest
Happiness is far from me?
Two things have I loved supremely—
Two things that I cannot see—
Mother Ireland, fallen but queasily,
Mother Ireland, love, and thee.

Seas and storms may roll between us—
Anger and neglect are not—
Time, too, rolls his tide between us,
Vainly to the unforgotten.
For your dwelling I have builded
Here a home, my heart's delight;
Hope the eaves and panes had gilded,
Freedom makes the landscape bright.

Courage, never fear the distance,
Summer winds and summer skies,
Without clouds or wild commotion,
Call you to me westerwise;
Love shall be our pilot, dearest,
Over the charmed summer sea;
Love, who a new home hath builded,
In the West, for you and me.

—Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

A SHORT SERMON.

Work Out Your Salvation.

St. Paul tells us to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling, for God worketh in us."

At first sight these words seem to imply a contradiction. If we are to work out our salvation, why should God work it out? And again, if He is the only Author and Finisher of our salvation, why should we do anything?

You know, dear reader, that the Catholic Church solves this apparent contradiction. God alone saves us by giving us the necessary grace, but He will not save us without ourselves. He does something and we do something. What is that something?

God's something is that necessary grace by which alone we can take one step towards Heaven, and continue on the way to Heaven for one instant after we have begun to go there. The narrow way which each one treads is simply a story of God's grace, God worketh in us and is always working. Now what is our "something?" It consists in (1) getting this grace and (2) keeping this grace when we have got it.

How are we to get this grace? We must pray for it. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Now, dear reader, do you pray? I do not mean do you say your prayers, because we can "say" our prayers without either asking, seeking, or knocking. Praying means talking to God, and talking to God about something very particular, so particular that we must have it at all hazards. Everybody can do this. It does not require scholarship or learning. God does not insist upon fine words or care how you express yourself. St. Paul says we can "pray always," that is to say, the labourer can speak to God while he is at his work, the mill hand at his machine, the shopman at his counter. He can say, "Give me the grace that I want"—against drunkenness, impurity, sloth, love of the world or of fine clothes, bad temper, revenge, discontent—whatever it is that we know is the dangerous thing to us: and, as I said before, this can be done in a moment. No book, no crucifix, no chapel, no leisure is absolutely necessary, if we have not got them. We can dart out our request, we can make our knock heard, while we are breaking up the roads, or oiling our machine, or looking out for a pair of gloves which the customer is buying.

There is no time of the day when we cannot be praying if we like: and if we are to do something towards our salvation we must pray. And will not our Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to those that ask Him? He has promised that He infallibly will do so.

Then how are we to keep this grace so that it will last till our salvation is secured? We must frequent the Sacraments. What do we mean by "frequent?" We must go often. "Christmas and

Easter" won't do. "When a mission is given" won't do. If we only fed our bodies twice a year, or once in five years "when the missionaries come," our bodies would die. So with our souls. We must live on the Living Bread, as our Lord has told us. Body, Blood, Soul and Godhead must come often into our bodies and souls to change them and preserve them. That particular virtue we want—meekness, temperance, purity, generous forgiveness of enemies—is imparted to us by receiving Christ's meekness, Christ's temperance, Christ's purity, Christ's forgiveness of His enemies, in Holy Communion. It is not a general reception of "our Lord," but a particular gift of that particular thing we want in order to work out our particular salvation. So with confession. Remember that when we make a good confession, we not only get all our sins washed away so that they never appear against us again, but we get that particular grace we want to prevent our falling into the same sin again, and the oftener we go the more we get. Pope Clement VIII. went to confession every evening, and some saints have gone oftener. Were they mad or great sinners, do you think? or are we mad who only go when the missionaries come round?

And more than this. We must pray and go to the Sacraments with "fear and trembling." Why "fear and trembling?" Because we are hanging over a precipice, and if we don't hold on we shall fall and be dashed to pieces. Listen to this story. There was once a poor boy who gained his living by getting the eggs of sea birds, who built their nests in the tall cliffs which surround some of our coasts. He was let down the edge of the cliff by a rope, and when he had filled his basket with the eggs and was going to be hauled up again, it was found that the rope had given away. What was he to do? He was fifty feet from the top of the cliff, and below him was another one hundred and fifty feet with jagged rocks beneath, over which the sea was breaking. The sides of the cliff were quite precipitous. He could not climb up. He could not by the projecting pieces of chalk which stuck to the face of the cliff. Fancy the boy's feelings! What fear and trembling! If he let go—a miserable death was before him, and how long could he hold on, unsupported as he was? How he prayed and entreated the men on the cliff to be quick and fetch another rope!

At last the fresh rope was brought, thrown in a noose carefully over him, and he was caught under the arms and hauled up in safety to the top. What joy and thanksgiving there was among the bystanders you may imagine, what a tumult of relieved emotions in the boy's mind!

Dear reader, each of us is that boy. — Friend Who has risked all to save us, Who will "never leave us nor forsake us," throws round us the cords of love if we will let Him. That rope is prayer and the Sacraments. We have broken our first rope by sin. We must seize the other. For, underneath our feet is something worse than jagged rocks.—*The Catholic Truth Society.*



Can Hardly Believe It.

XII
JERSEYVILLE, ILL., May 30, 1898.
I take pleasure to let you know that my boy is still all right; he has not had any of the spasms since about March 20. The people can hardly believe it from the fact that he had as many as 16 a day or more. He was a very nervous child all his life, but did not show any signs of spasms until last December, after which they came in regular succession, and I had 8 doctors attending who could do nothing for him, nor even tell us what was the matter. I had despaired of his ever getting well, until I got Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After taking not quite a bottleful he got quite well and has not had the least sign of spasms since.

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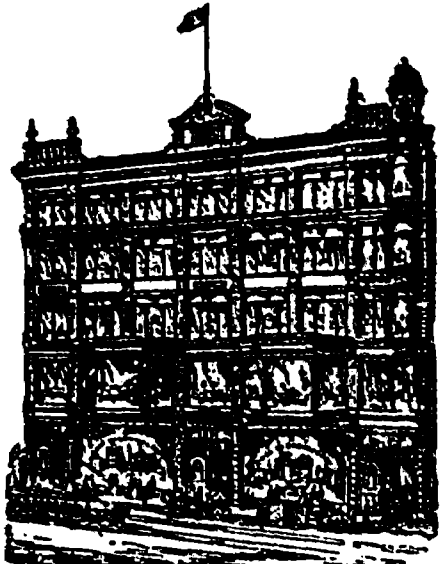
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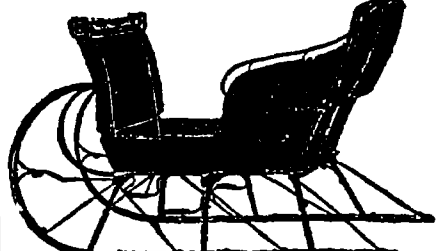
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A TIMELY ARTICLE.

Our Rights as Catholics.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, is an admirer of our American institutions. There is fair play for genius and virtue in this land. Here we see the realization of the poet's dream of freedom. Our blessed Lord declared that it is the "truth that will make us free." Truth in the end prevails. It may for a time be obscure, but like the clouded sun, it will shine out again, and no man can look straight at it and be not overcome by its effulgence. The Catholic Church in this country has long been under a cloud. The time was when the prevailing idea of it was that which was associated with the typical Irish immigrant or railroad builder of forty years ago. He came here the victim of a robber and tyrannical government, without book or business education, and despoiled of the goods of this world with which God had so lavishly blessed his native land possessed by the stranger and the enemy. Yet he carried with one gift, and, being a supernatural one, it has conquered. It was the gift of Patrick's faith. It has in this country led the Irish to eminence in every avocation that is honorable. When fierce strife, the result of an ardent nature nursed in a land where individual bravery held sway, stirred up Irish blood to revive, amid the upbuilding of the railroads of the country, the spirit of the faction fight—the relic of the cunning diplomacy of the Saxon enemy—it was the supernatural reverence for God's priest that restrained and controlled the ardent nature and helped to direct it to subserve the interests of the country. When, again, internal discord threatened to disrupt the Union, which is the bulwark of this country's greatness, the Irishman was foremost in the van "of danger's wild career." The supernatural element of his character was made manifest when, before the battle, he knelt to the priest chaplain to confess his sins, and arose prepared to meet the great Judge Savior, who had come to call the sinners not the just to repentance. The record of that soldier on the battlefield has effectually preached the supernatural to an all but pagan people. It has with the Sister of Charity, helped to conquer this country to the truth of Catholicism, until to-day the Catholic Church stands prominently before the thinking portion of the American people as the only positive religious bulwark against the waves of pagan infidelity and barbarian morals. The storm of conflict is on the horizon. The church has warned the nation. The rising youth hold in their hand the destinies of the future. It depends on their education. If it be godless, pagan, without recognizing God in his place, shaping the thoughts, words and actions of the age, it will lead to ruin. Our Holy Father has sounded the alarm. It is time for all hands to unite to prevent the threatened catastrophe. The country demands public education. It is not yet prepared to accept the Catholic idea on the matter. The work should not be stopped by the discussing minor points. Catholics help, as other citizens do, to educate the public. The public system of education is not good enough for Catholics. It is deficient and dangerous. We have, however, a right to reap the benefit of the taxes we pay. This right must be made felt. We are in favor of public schools. We pay for them, but we demand the recognition of our right to impart—without expense to the State if so desired—more knowledge to pupils than the curriculum of the present public school system affords. Our Catholic schools, and grand corps of teachers, are prepared to teach everything the State desires, and to make the Catholic schools public schools in this respect. We have a right to demand of the State recognition as public educators. The justice of our claim will yet be recognized. Catholics desire to help the State to educate. They are prepared, at their own expense, to furnish to the pupils, and parents so desiring it, an extra education, outcome of the public school curriculum, in these matters which pertain to the doctrine, faith and morals deemed most desirable, from a Catholic standpoint, for good citizenship and for the maintenance of the blessings of Christian civilization.—*From Facts.*

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT OLIFTON, 5 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London S. E., England. 80-G

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ALES - AND - PORTERS

Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE."

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XXX PALE ALE.

SAND PORTER.
STOUT PORTER

If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery. Telephone 1168. THE MONTREAL BREWING CO., Brewers and Maltsters, corner Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.



It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.

It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.

It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans everything. In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils its purpose to perfection.

SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.,
St. Stephen, N. B.

THE MOUNT-ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore the Province of Quebec Lottery. (Authorized by the Legislature.)
BIG PRIZES PAID BY THE LOTTERY.

DATES.	NAMES.	ADDRESSES.	AMOUNTS.
18 August 1890	D. A. Layton	Folly Village, N. S.	\$ 5,000 00
12 September	John Godie	Montreal	1,250 00
8 October	J. Harris & Son	"	250 00
12 November	Leon Trudeau	"	250 00
10 December	J. P. McGill	Ottawa	250 00
18 "	Dame Leon Gareau	"	1,250 00
18 January 1891	E. Lusher	Montreal	500 00
14 February	Hon. A. Turcotte	"	1,250 00
11 March	L. A. Claffy	Penetanguishene, Ont.	250 00
18 May	A. D. Cameron	Lancaster	250 00
13 "	Anonymous	Montreal	5,000 00
15 July	Wm. Boag	"	5,000 00
5 August	Justinien Benoit	Wesdon, P. Q.	15,000 00
5 "	Alfred Myette	Montreal	250 00
19 "	N. D. McCallum	Carlton Place, Ont.	15,000 00
21 "	N. J. McCallum	Montreal	500 00
18 September	Bank of Montreal	"	250 00
18 "	Simon Lesage	"	5,000 00
25 "	Ludwig Yura	Allan Park, Ont.	500 00
7 October	Nicholas Kearney	Montreal	250 00
4 November	E. W. Hillman	Ottawa	500 00
5 "	False address given	"	500 00
16 "	R. P. Eaton	Boston, Mass.	500 00
2 December	Honore Brodeur	Montreal	15,000 00
2 "	L. V. Beaudry	Valcourty Ely, P. Q.	250 00
3 February 1892	Vital Rapasle	Montreal	250 00
17 "	F. X. James	Trenton, Ont.	250 00
17 "	Jno. Malcolmson	Toronto	2,500 00
12 March	Fourth National Bank	Louisville, Ky.	500 00
18 "	Nap. Cormier	Contrecoeur	500 00
10 "	Molson's Bank	Ridgetown, Ont.	2,500 00
4 May	Mary Donovan	Montreal	15,000 00
18 "	Anonymous	"	250 00
1 June	Charles Cyr	Republic, Mich.	250 00
1 "	Louis Roy	Montreal	125 00
15 "	Geo. Cann	Toronto	125 00
6 July	T. J. Winship	Montreal	250 00
8 "	Jos. Ducloux	"	3,750 00
8 August	Nap. D'Amour	"	125 00
8 "	Jno. P. Wilkes	Portland, Maine	250 00
3 "	Miss G. Lebeau	Montreal	625 00
3 "	Dr. N. C. Cattanach	Dalhousie Mills, Ont.	15,000 00
17 "	R. A. Bruce	Toronto	312 50
17 "	T. Beaugrand	Montreal	500 00
21 September	Alex. Newlands	"	312.50
21 "	Dame Cyrille Lafortune	"	500 00
5 October	T. Murray	Paris, Ont.	625 00
19 "	J. B. Wood	Buckingham, P. Q.	2,500 00
19 "	Isaie Dase	Montreal	1,250 00
2 November	Ph. Routhier	Point St. Charles	625 00
2 "	R. J. Noller	Newmarket, Ont.	125 00
18 "	T. Martel	Montreal	125 00
7 December	Dame V. Duguet	"	250 00
7 "	Anonymous	"	3,750 00
24 "	Garand, Terroux & Co.	"	625 00
24 "	Dan, J. McQuaig	Ottawa	3,750 00

Drawings on first and third Wednesday of every month. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager. Offices, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

TOOTHACHE Positively Cured in two minutes, by

The Wonderful Remedy, "NERVOL."

ONE APPLICATION ON THE CHEEK OUTSIDE IS SUFFICIENT.

CURES ALSO HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

John T. Lyons, Corner Craig and Bleury Streets, Montreal.

SEN^T BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

HASTY WORDS.

A moment's impatience; a yielding to angry impulse, and the result may be a life-long sorrow and regret. The following pathetic anecdote teaches its own sad lesson:

She was the wife of a laboring man, a good woman who struggled hard to keep her house neat and her children well-dressed, but she had a violent temper. It was Saturday, and the two children, Johnnie and Mamie, were already for an excursion. Johnnie wore a white suit, which his mamma had made for him with much pains and labor. While dressing the little fellow she cautioned him several times to be careful about soiling the pretty white suit, and Johnnie made eager answer, as he glanced admiringly at himself, "Oh, yes, mamma, I'll be careful."

But just as Johnnie was leaving home an unsightly spot was discovered on the white suit. Johnnie had been to the shed hunting for his ball.

"What's that?" the mother asked, sharply

"Only a dease spot, mamma—'twill come out; 'tis only a dease spot," said the little man coaxingly, trying to propitiate the coming cloud on his mother's face.

"I'll make a grease spot out of you!" she exclaimed angrily, trying to strike him.

Little Johnnie dodged, but ran his head against the sharp edge of the bureau. When his penitent mother picked him up the little lad was unconscious.

A physician was summoned. For long hours Johnnie lay white and unconscious, then roused only to delirium. The physician pronounced the case one of brain fever. It was quick in its work, and the small, boyish form was soon still in death.

In a darkened room sat the mother by the side of the little coffin. Mamie stole in quietly and tugged at her dress.

"Mamma, darling, is Johnnie a dease spot now?"

Sobs, choking sobs, only answered her.

HOW THEY SAID GOOD-BY.

AND THE FUNNIEST PART IS THAT ONLY ONE OF THEM WAS A WOMAN.

Presumably the woman who leaned lightly against the steamer rail was the wife of the man on the dock with whom she conversed. They talked in an easy, familiar vein.

"Guess the boat is going to start," she observed, glancing at some deck hands who were tugging at a rope.

"Yes, I guess its going all right enough," the man on the dock rejoined

"Well, good-by."

"Well, good-by."

"Write every day."

"Yes, I'll write every day."

"Don't forget."

"No, I won't forget."

"By."

"By."

The deck hands abandoned the rope.

"Guess the boat ain't going after all."

"No, I guess it ain't going just yet."

They conversed upon general topics until the captain was seen to be moving toward the pilot-house.

"The boat's going," announced the woman confidently.

"Yes, it's going," acquiesced the man.

"Well, good-by."

"Well, good-by."

"Write every day."

"Yes, I'll write every day."

"Don't forget."

"No, I won't forget."

"By."

"By."

The captain returned from the pilot-house and threw himself into a chair on the lower deck.

Guess it ain't going."

"No, it doesn't seem to be going."

And when the boat finally did depart half an hour later the woman who leaned lightly on the rail and the man on the deck who was presumed her husband had said good-by forty-seven times each, according to the actual count of the colored cook who chanced to be near.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

TEACHER to class: In this stanza what it meant by the line, "The shades of night were falling fast?" Bright scholar: The people were pulling down the blinds.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
OVER ONE-QUARTER OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED



Louisiana State Lottery Company.
(Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.)

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

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

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

E. M. Walmsley

J. H. Eddy

M. A. Healy
Commissioners

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

E. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
J. H. EDDY, Pres. State National Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank.
G. A. KOHN, President Union National Bank.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING

WILL TAKE PLACE
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$75,000
100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF \$75,000 is.....	\$75,000
1 PRIZE OF 20,000 is.....	20,000
1 PRIZE OF 10,000 is.....	10,000
1 PRIZE OF 5,000 is.....	5,000
2 PRIZES OF 2,500 are.....	5,000
5 PRIZES OF 1,000 are.....	5,000
25 PRIZES OF 300 are.....	7,500
100 PRIZES OF 200 are.....	20,000
200 PRIZES OF 100 are.....	20,000
300 PRIZES OF 60 are.....	18,000
500 PRIZES OF 4 are.....	2,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Prizes of \$100 are.....	\$10,000
100 Prizes of 50 are.....	5,000
100 Prizes of 40 are.....	4,000

TERMINAL PRIZES.

999 Prizes of \$20 are.....	19,980
999 Prizes of 20 are.....	19,980

3,434 Prizes, amounting to.....\$365,460

PRICE OF TICKETS:
Whole Tickets at \$5; Two-Fifths \$2;
One-Fifth \$1; One-Tenth 50c;
One-Twentieth 25c.

Club Rates. 11 Whole Tickets or their equivalent in fractions for \$50.
Special rates to agents. Agents wanted everywhere.

IMPORTANT.
Send Money by Express at our Expense in Sums not less than Five Dollars, on which we will pay all charges, and we prepay Express Charges on TICKETS and LISTS OF PRIZES forwarded to correspondents.
Address PAUL CONRAD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Give full address and make signature plain.

Congress having lately passed laws prohibiting the use of the mails to ALL LOTTERIES, we use the Express Companies in answering correspondents and sending Lists of Prizes.

The official Lists of Prizes will be sent on application to all Local Agents, after every drawing in any quantity, by Express, FREE OF COST.

ATTENTION.—The present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which is part of the Constitution of the State, and by decision of the SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, is an inviolable contract between the State and the Lottery Company, which will remain in force UNTIL 1895.

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

There are so many inferior and dishonest schemes on the market for the sale of which vendors receive enormous commissions, that buyers must see to it, and protect themselves by insisting on having LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY TICKETS and none others, if they want the advertised chance for a prize.

COVERNTON'S

NIPPLE OIL.

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S

Syrup of Wild Cherry.

For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S

Pile Ointment.

Will be found superior to all others for all kinds of Piles. Price 25 cents.

Prepared by G. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121 Henry street, corner of Dorchester street.

THE E. B. EDDY CO.
MAMMOTH
PAPER MILLS

HULL, P. Q.

LARGEST - IN - CANADA

Toilet, Tissue, Manilla, Brown Wrapping,
News, White Print, Woodboard,
Duplex Board, etc.

ASK FOR THE E. B. EDDY CO.'S PAPER

And you will get the best made.

MONTREAL BRANCH (Telephone 1619) 318 ST. JAMES Street.

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,

Dates of Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1893: - - - - Jan. 4 and 18.

PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. - CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00.

LIST OF PRIZES

1 Prize worth.....	\$3,750.00	\$3,750.00
1 do.....	1,250.50	1,250.50
1 do.....	625.00	625.00
1 do.....	312.50	312.50
2 Prizes worth.....	125.00	250.00
5 do.....	62.50	312.50
25 do.....	12.50	312.50
100 do.....	6.25	625.00
200 do.....	3.75	750.00
500 do.....	2.50	1,250.00

Approximation Prizes

100 do.....	6.25	625.00
100 do.....	3.75	375.00
100 do.....	2.50	250.00
999 do.....	1.25	1,248.75
999 do.....	1.25	1,248.75

8134 Prizes worth.....\$13,185.00

TICKETS, - - - - 25 CENTS
TICKETS, - - - - 10 CENTS

Tickets can be obtained until five o'clock p.m., on the day before the Drawing. Orders received on the day of the drawing are applied to next drawing.
Head Office, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. - S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager.

The Dyspeptic needs

Nourishing Food—easy of digestion.

A Food that has these essential qualities is



It contains all the virtues of PRIME BEEF, rendered very digestible so that the smallest expenditure of vital energy is needed in the process of perfect assimilation.

Notice of Application to the Legislature

The Testamentary Executors and the Heirs of the late Francois Xavier Beaudry, in his lifetime a citizen of the City of Montreal, at its next session, for the passing of an act authorizing the said Testamentary Executors to separate the administration of the goods willed by the Testator for benevolent purposes, from those left to his heirs, and to associate with themselves, for the purpose of such administration of the goods of the heirs, other Testamentary Executors, chosen from the family, and even to hand over to them entirely said administration, if they so deem proper. 25

SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL

No. 1164.
Dame Olive Galarneau, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Pelletier, heretofore grocer, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband.
Montreal, 30th November, 1892.

N. DURAND,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next Session, by the Roman Catholic School Commissioners, of the City of Montreal, to obtain an act ratifying the sale consented of lot 818 on the official plan and book of reference of St. James Ward, in the City of Montreal, by Dame Ann Maria Devins to said Commissioners and declaring the said immovable to be free of all substitution.

BEIQUE, LAFONTAINE,
TURGEON & ROBERTSON,
Attorneys ad litem of said Commissioners.
Montreal, 14th December, 1892. 22-5

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J. H. WALKER,
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Engraver & Designer
181 St. James St
MONTREAL.
Guardian Ins. Co.'s Building.

W. H. D. YOUNG,
L.D.S., D.D.S.
Surgeon-Dentist
1694 Notre Dame Street.
Preservation of the Natural Teeth and painless extraction. Dorsen's Laughing Gas, Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial work guaranteed satisfactory.
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The cheapest first-class house in Montreal. European and American Plans.
JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.

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GENERAL ROOFERS and CONTRACTORS

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In Metal, Slate, Cement, Graves.

ROOFS REPAIRED.

Before giving your orders get price from us.
OFFICE and WORKS, corner Latour Street and Busby Lane.
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KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

Wear a pair of our

SHELL CORDOVAN BOOTS,

And You

WILL NOT HAVE WET FEET.

B. D. JOHNSON & SON,
1855 Notre Dame Street

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully yet soothingly, on the TOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of
Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at
583 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 58 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

MOTHERS!

Ask for and see that you get DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS the best Worm Remedy. 25 cents per box, at all Druggists. Being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, Children never refuse them.

McGALE'S FOR BUTTERNUT PILLS

25 cents per box.
By Mail on Receipt of Price.

B. E. MCGALE,
CHEMIST & C.,
2123 NOTRE DAME ST.,
MONTREAL.

Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The St. Louis Cathedral at New Orleans will celebrate its centenary, April 25th.

The Russian Government has entered on a fresh prosecution of the Catholics in that country.

Archbishop Ireland intends to lecture, in a few weeks, before the Catholic Union in Lowell, Mass.

John Gmeiner, of the diocese of St. Paul, is engaged upon a work to be called "Prehistoric America."

A Scotch pilgrimage to Rome has been organized, and will accompany the English pilgrimage in February.

The Rt. Rev. M. F. Burke, Bishop of Cheyenne, who resigned his see, has been translated to that of St. Joseph, Mo.

It is announced that a pilgrimage is in preparation in the republic of Venezuela for the months of May and June.

The Poor Handmaids of Christ are going to erect a hospital in West Superior, Wis., that will cost over \$50,000.

Milwaukee, Wis., is to have another new church. It will be built by the congregation over which Rev. John Casey is pastor.

Strasburg cathedral is undergoing restoration. All the defaced carvings of the exterior are being minutely remodeled by the aid of old pictures and casts, so it will, indeed, be a grand sight to view the ancient edifice in its original glory.

Mgr. Louis Galimberi, recently raised to the Cardinalate, is said to be the only journalist to whom the red hat has been given.

On the 19th of next March the Catholics of Quebec will celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the consecration of Cardinal Taschereau.

The next German Catholic congress will be held at Wurtzburg, a city in which three Irish apostles of the faith underwent martyrdom.

Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, has sent 40,000 francs for the redemption of slaves to Mgr. Augouard, Apostolic Vicar of Onbamghi, in the French Upper Congo.

Rumor has it that on the occasion of his jubilee the Holy Father will make an important announcement on the subject of the reunion of the schismatic communities of the East with the Holy See.

The German police have prevented Father Cathrein, S. J., one of the most distinguished preachers and writers of the German province of the society, from delivering a lecture on the labor question.

The death is announced in Sydney, N. S. W., of two Irish priests—Rev. Edward O'Connor, of Surrey Hills, and Rev. T. O'Dea, of Molong. Both of the deceased were under 40 years of age, and were distinguished by great zeal and ability in the work of the Church.

Bishop Chatard delivered the last of his three lectures, entitled "Symbolism of the Catholic Church" in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul on Sunday week. He devoted much attention to the symbols and inscriptions on the sarcophagi of Christian martyrs.

Although Leo XIII. will not have worn a mitre half a century until Feb. 19, his episcopal appointment was made fifty years ago the present month, at the consistory held on Jan. 27, 1843, when he was preconized archbishop of Damietta and apostolic nuncio to the court of Leopold I. at Brussels. His consecration took place on Sunday, Feb. 19, 1843, and almost at once he left Rome for Brussels,

where he spent the next three years, coming home to find himself transferred to the archbishopric of Perugia.

In addition to the Catholic population are the Magyars, quite a number of whom are located up in Northern Ohio. In order that these people may not lack the ministrations of their religion, Bishop Horstmann, of Cleveland, has secured from Hungary, a priest of their own nationality, to attend to their spiritual wants.

A Protestant minister, Rev. P. W. Ayres, writing from the Baltimore prison congress, says: "The opening session was one of great interest, owing to the presence of Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore in red robe and cap. Our American Cardinal is one of the gentlest, most lovable of men. All classes in Baltimore and persons of every faith regard him as a friend. He opened the sessions with prayer . . . and the hearts of all who listened were touched."

The Paulist Fathers of New York are about to begin missions to non-Catholics, in which they will depart from the ordinary methods of religious communities. For years the Paulist community has been studying the feasibility of interesting the non-Catholic world in their religious belief. Many schemes have been considered, and it has been decided to begin the work this year in the diocese of Detroit, Mich., at the request of Bishop Foley. The principal preacher will be Father Walter Elliott, C.S.P.

WORTHINGTON'S MAGAZINE.

Worthington's Magazine for February opens with a decidedly interesting paper by J. A. MacKnight, entitled "Brigham Young: A Fair Sketch by One Who Knew Him." When a boy Mr. MacKnight, as a relative of the so-called "Prophet," was a member of Brigham Young's household, though not a favored one, as he was not considered a tractable young "saint."

Mrs. Livermore presents the second paper of the entertaining series of personal reminiscences, "In Ole Virginny"—Fifty Years Ago."

In "Zeph," Lida A. Churchill contributes a strong and intense story, of which the teaching is: "From the least thing to the greatest, be true."

"Do Women Love Their Worshipers?" is the striking title of a characteristic paper by Junius Henri Browne that will attract much attention.

"Miss Trot's Valentine," an appropriate February story, told in charmingly quiet style by Mary G. Woodhull.

"The Regeneration of Camp Scott" is a powerful story from the pen of Albert Bigelow Payne.

The poetry of this number is especially good.

The Department matter will be found particularly attractive. "A Defense of American Cookery" is sprightly and amusing, and in "Health Talks," Dr. Starr treats of "The Diet of Children: What and How Should They Eat," with much practical wisdom and in a vein of quiet humor.

"Our Young People" has a capital story, well illustrated, entitled "Bettie the Sexton," and a bit of verse descriptive of the frontispiece.

The charming frontispiece, with its graceful laughing figures that move the looker-on to a sympathetic smile, is a reproduction from A. Eckhardt's beautiful painting, "Der Schwarze Peter."

Not that kind.

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

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

NOTICE.

Cocon, Coffee, and Tea served free of charge in our Refreshment Room all next week.

Remnant Sale Continued.

The Grand Clearing Sale of Remnants will be continued all next week at

S. CARSLY'S
Notre Dame Street.

THOUSANDS OF REMNANTS.

Thousands of Remnants to be sold next week at ridiculously Low Prices.

Remnants of Every Department.
Remnants of Cotton and Linen.
Remnants of Damask and Towelling.
Remnants of Prints and Gingham.
Remnants of Flannels and Tweeds.
Remnants of Carpets and Oilcloths.
Remnants of Dress Goods.
Remnants of Black Goods.
Remnants of Silks and Satins.
Remnants of Cretonnes.
Remnants of Furniture Coverings.
Remnants all over the Store. At

S. CARSLY'S,
Notre Dame Street.

MANTLES EXTRAORDINARY!

Next week we offer the balance of our Winter Mantles and Jackets, at most tempting prices. Your choice of best assortment of Winter Mantles and Jackets in Canada at from 33 percent discount to half price. Come early next week for tempting Bargains in Mantles and Jackets.

RIGBY. RIGBY.

Next time you buy a Tweed Waterproof Ulster or Cloak be sure and purchase a Rigby at S. CARSLY'S. See that the name is on it and take none but Rigby. They are good wherever you find them.

HUCKABACK TOWELLING.

All Pure Linen Huckaback Towellings by the yard at the following extremely low rates 17½c, 20c, 21c, 25c 30c yard, all extra wide.

S. CARSLY.

LINEN SHEETING.

Several pieces of Heavy Linen Sheetings which will be sold at Special Prices during this sale. Prices range from 63c, 67c, 72c, 95c, \$1.05 and \$1.33 per yard.

S. CARSLY.

WHITE TABLECLOTHS.

Some extraordinary lines of Damask Tablecloths, in all sizes and qualities, and at \$1.52, \$1.90, \$2.18 up to \$15.00 each. The above are extra size.

S. CARSLY.

BROWN LINEN CLOTHS.

Several lines of Hand-loom Damask Table-cloths, in all sizes and prices, ranging from 56c, 65c, 93c, and all prices up to \$1.68 each. Customers are reminded that the above are the most durable goods manufactured.

S. CARSLY.

PILLOW LINENS.

Also several pieces of Good Quality Pillow Linens, which will also be cleared at Bargain Prices, which range from 38c, 46c, 52c, 55c, and all prices up to 98c yard.

S. CARSLY.

APRON LINENS.

A very Special Lot of Apron Linens, of extra width and quality, at 17c, 18c, 24c, 28c and all prices up to 70c yard.

S. CARSLY.

ROLLER TOWELLINGS.

A very Special Lot of Barnsley Russian and Scotch Towellings, just received for this sale, at 3½c, 5c, 6c, 8c, 9½c, 11c and all prices up to 25c yard.

S. CARSLY.

KITCHEN TOWELS.

A very Special Lot of Heavy Linen Kitchen Towels, large sizes at 14½c, 21c and 22c each.

S. CARSLY,

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

KNABE PIANOS

The Recognized Standard of Modern Piano Manufacture.

BALTIMORE. WASHINGTON. NEW YORK.
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THE KEY TO HEALTH.



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

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

Kelly's Songster No. 47

CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SONGS:

Wake Up, There's a Man in the Room.
Parody on My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon
His Remedies—The Village Girl,
My Twenty-First Birthday.
Call Me Your Darling Again.
An Aggravating Ditty.
A Pretty Girl from "Wang."
Will You Walk Around the Block With Me.
The Work of the Scotch Express, Recitation
When the Days Grow Longer.
The Barber Shop—The Widow.
Ting-a-Ling-Ting-Tay.
Parodies on the following songs:—
Old Home Down on the Farm.
Molly O—Peggy Oline.
Molly and I and the Baby.
He never Cares to Wander From His Own Fireside.
Just a Song at Twilight.
I'll Make a Law to Stop It.
And 10 other popular songs.
All the above songs and a volume of the latest and best men's gags, jokes and conundrums, to be had at all newsstands, or mailed on receipt of two three-cent stamps. P. Kelly, song publisher, 154 St. Antoine street, Montreal, Que.

ONLY NATURAL.—Judge: Have you anything to say before I pass sentence on you? Prisoner: No, I ain't got any time ter waste talkin' 'ere. "I want ter go!"

A SLOW MATCH.—Four years of courtship.

A STIRRING INCIDENT.—Preparing the Christmas pudding.—Judy.