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TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

The Catholic Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XLII., NO. 48.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

EUROPEAN SOCIALISM seems to be making considerable headway of late. The recent election in Germany most positively proves that the socialists, in the urban districts at least, are increasing. Whatever may be the ultimate result of the second balloting for the Reichstag, the Emperor must feel that there is abroad a spirit very antagonistic to monarchy and centralized government. In Paris, at the municipal elections in 1881, the socialists secured 11,185 votes; in 1884, 34,293; in 1887, 54,138; in 1890, 48,292; and in 1893, 66,744. So we see that in twelve years they have increased six-fold in Paris. The day is fast approaching when the stand will have to be taken against this enemy of national stability, and the one from whom the orders must come is none other than the Vicar of Christ, the immortal statesman who sits upon the throne of St. Peter.

WE NOTICE that an Ontario firm announces by way of advertisement that by Royal warrant they have been appointed "Purveyors of Whiskey to Her Majesty the Queen." Our Canadian liquor must be very choice if Her Majesty prefers it to the good old Highland brewing. It strikes us as very strange how the Queen has so many specially appointed tailors, harness-makers, carriage-builders, milliners, bakers, butchers, and other tradespeople throughout her vast dominions. But when it comes to the question of whiskey we hope that our Sovereign issues these warrants of appointment merely as a matter of form and courtesy, otherwise she would be setting a very bad example to her subjects and would be furnishing an argument to the advocates of four per cent lager.

REGARDING the vacant Prothonotaryship for the District of Ottawa, of which we spoke the week before last, we desire to call the attention of the Government to a very great mistake which might possibly be committed. By the temporary appointment of Mr. Grondin and the holding over of the permanent appointment of a successor to Mr. Driacoll, it looks very much as if the local member were anxious to get the place for himself and that he is working to delay the appointment until he has so trimmed his sails that he may be wafted into port. The last election in that county was carried by the present local member by a mere accident; any man, provided he were a Hull man and a French Canadian, could have won that county against a Mercier candidate. The present member owes his seat to the accident of those circumstances, and if he makes use of that mandate which he received to work out his own private ends, to secure a berth which he neither needs nor for which he would be acceptable to the Bar of the district, the Government may draw a red mark across the name of Ottawa county in the next contest. All the water in the Ottawa would not wash the party of the act in the eyes of that constituency, nor would

it be able to carry another Conservative election in the district. We know whereof we speak; and we point out before hand the pitfall that might be dug by the hands of the Government's own friends. We repeat that it is the only office connected with the courts of that district that is not filled by a French Canadian, and that a mighty grave mistake will be made if the only Irish Catholic who ever was a candidate for a place of consequence in Ottawa County is not recognized. To be forewarned is to be forearmed!

AS NEARLY all the school examinations and distributions of premiums take place upon the same day, and as it will be impossible for us to attend more than one of these interesting entertainments, we respectfully request the directors of the different schools to send us in, as soon as possible, their lists of prizes and their programmes, with any descriptions they may choose to furnish.

IN OUR next issue we hope to be able to furnish our readers with a full account of the grand celebration of the French-Canadian national festival. This year it will be on a gigantic scale, extending over four days. This is the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Montreal by Sieur de Maisonneuve. On the 24th June, the Church celebrates the birth of St. John the Baptist; the death of every other saint is considered to be the day of this greatest triumph, his entry into eternal life; but St. John the Baptist, who was the precursor of Christ, the voice crying in the wilderness, the one destined to pour the waters of baptism upon the Saviour, and the martyr whose head was to be severed from his body to satisfy the wickedness of a dancing girl, was holy from his first entrance upon the scene of life, and his feast is therefore kept in commemoration of his birth. As to the national celebration on that occasion we will speak more fully next week. The subject is one that deserves our most serious attention.

THE SPANISH CARAVELS have come and gone. They created quite an excitement both in Quebec and Montreal. Although not the identical ships in which Columbus and his fellow-voyagers sailed for the New World, still they are so perfectly imitative of the originals that the moderns can form some idea of the style of vessels in which the people of the fifteenth century ploughed the seas. Wonderful as the caravels may appear to us, what would be the astonishment of Columbus were he to revisit this world and behold the majestic steamers in the docks of Montreal? After a successful trans-Atlantic trip, the caravels have started upon their inland journey; up through the Lachine Canal and by way of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes to Chicago—to the World's Fair. When Columbus sailed upon his voyage of discovery it was to find a "round the globe" route to China; when this region was afterwards discovered by the French

mariners they imagined that the land of the Celestials was reached, and in consequence was LA CHINE (China) named by them. Just imagine the astonishment of those ancient discoverers were they to see the caravels of Columbus—four hundred years after his first great expedition—ascending the Lachine Canal, and entering the portico of the immense continent that owes its civilization to the Catholic sailors, heroes and missionaries of the past.

IF WE ARE rightly informed the two pillars, on which reposes the structure of Presbyterian belief, are, individual interpretation and predestination. If such be the case we fail to see what right a Presbyterian Synod has to try or to condemn as heretics either a Dr. Briggs or a Dr. Campbell. If there is no infallible guide duly authorized by Christ to interpret the Bible (for so they argue), and if each individual has the privilege, according to his conscience and the light within himself, to read and interpret the Holy Scriptures, in all consistency, Dr. Briggs or Dr. Campbell has as much right as any of the learned divines of the Synod, to put what ever construction he pleases upon the inspired word of God: If these reverend gentlemen, Dr. Briggs and Campbell, are conscientious (and no man has a right to doubt them on that point), then may not their judges be the heretics and they be perfectly right? If the Synod denies them the right of "liberty of conscience" and "private interpretation," then the first pillar of that sect comes to the ground. If we are predestined from the beginning to be born, to live a certain time, to perform certain acts and to die in a certain way and at a certain time, then Dr. Briggs could not help doing exactly what he did, he was only fulfilling that which he was predestined to accomplish, consequently the Synod is flying in the face of God, in condemning a man for that which he could not help. If the Synod will not accept that position, then the second pillar of their belief, predestination must fall. Both columns being shaken the whole edifice must crumble.

LAST WEEK a correspondent in the Daily Witness called the attention of the authorities to the number of tramps and strange characters that congregate at night in the vicinity of Fletcher's field, and make forays upon the back yards and kitchens of the Park Avenue residences and the private dwellings in the neighboring streets. In case the letter above referred to has not been seriously considered by the police authorities we desire to emphasize the remarks of the writer. We are aware that it is very unsafe for people residing in that locality to leave their houses, even for half an hour, in the evenings; it is dangerous for ladies living alone in the tenements; it is uncomfortable for every person inhabiting that part of the city. You never—or hardly ever see a policeman up there; above all after sunset they are as scarce as eagles, and the

tramps are as numerous as flies. When the morning papers will have reported some Borden or Edy tragedy in that section of Montreal, perhaps the city authorities will commence to look into the matter.

THE DAILY PRESS, during the past ten days, has furnished the reading public with most elaborate and detailed accounts of the Borden trial and the Edy triple murder. These two cases are most mysterious and most horrible; in fact scarcely ever has this country been shocked by such a barbaric deed as that of Beach Ridge, and perhaps never before was there a more puzzling case than that of Lizzie Borden. The reading of all the details in these cases may be exceedingly interesting and very sensational, but we doubt if it is conducive to a better state of mind or a greater sense of security and happiness. We really believe, as in the Edy case, that the ends of justice are defeated by an absence of systematic work and by an over-eagerness, on the part of enterprising journalists, to send broad-cast over the country every petty detail of the movements made by those occupied in the work of detection. There is something so shocking in deeds like those referred to that the mere recital of the circumstances surrounding them makes one shudder. It is wonderful how brutal human nature can become and how little above the ferocious beast is the one whose passions are ungoverned. In crimes like these we can easily perceive the absence of religious training and dire effects of indifference, irreligion, socialism and license.

In connection with our editorial on "Rum in India," we think that the following, from the Liverpool Catholic Times, will prove interesting.

In a Blue-book issued lately on the "labour traffic" between Kanaka and Queensland, the Government agent gives a very different account of the conduct of the Protestant missionaries from what one hears at Exeter Hall. He says in effect that in my case the agents of the Protestant propaganda are not so much missionaries as traders; and that they deal, not in useful articles, but in those goods which only a man of questionable moral character would supply to natives—arms, ammunition, and strong drink. We should not have dreamt of repeating this grave charge against the ministers of a rival creed if it had been established by an official report. At one mission store the writer of the Report found not Bibles and hymn-books, but a case of gin, several cases of beer, two large bags of shot, and eight boxes of percussion rifles! This is tolerably plain evidence of the real character of these so-called missionaries. Needless to say, no such goods were found on the premises of Catholic priests; indeed no better testimony to the purity and zeal of the Catholic, as contrasted with the Protestant missionaries could be found, than that which appears in this report of the agent of a Protestant Government. Of course the friends of the missionaries in this country have only one answer—that the author of the report is not to be believed but what object he could have in inventing these statements it would be difficult to imagine.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

FLOWERS FOR THE GROUNDS ADVOCATED.

A Timely Article in "La Minerve" on the Question of Decorating Properly the School Grounds—Mr. Archambault's Characteristic Reply.

The following timely and beautiful article from La Minerve of the 27th May last, will be read with great interest by our many friends of education; also will the letter from Mr. Archambault, in reply to La Minerve's remarks, be taken as a fair sample of the excuses that can be concocted, when the neglect of the more refining and elevating elements in the training of youth are pointed out to those whose business it is not only to instruct but to educate the young. Not alone by cramming grammar, mathematics and history into a child's head, do you educate him; that is mere instruction in the rudiments, the laying of a foundation; but through the medium of every one of his senses should he be trained. He should always have the beautiful in nature, as well as in art, before his eyes, even as he should have the good and great before his mind: his surroundings should be refining, his tastes for the delicate and chaste should be constantly cultivated by means of object lessons in everything near him. But Mr. Archambault evidently places more value upon a well paid and experienced teacher than upon flowers. Were the teachers so poorly paid and inexperienced that the flowers had to be abandoned in order to improve the staff? There is something so cold and calculating in the letter that we give it in full as a striking contrast to the spirit of the article that called it forth. Our attention was drawn to this subject by one who has taken a more active part than, perhaps, any other gentleman in Montreal in school matters and who was one of the most efficient school commissioners of his time.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE FLOWERS.

La Minerve of 27th May, 1893.

"The child finds an irresistible need of space, of liberty, movement and gaiety. All are necessary to his physical and intellectual development; and his natural instinct urges him ardently on in the desire to possess these. He therefore, detests, for the same reason, seclusion, inaction and sadness. This is not the place to discuss in what measure they are right or wrong from a certain point of view, nor the inconvenience which might result from an improper control of these functions. It comes so as to merely take the facts as they are presented, and those who possess children will find an easy solution of the problem by simply leaving the solution to common sense. Nothing is clearer than that the needs of the child should be satisfied, and that all which would appear to restrain or oppose its progress should be kept in the background. In the same way the plant kept in a cellar turns to the light from the shade so that it may find sustenance and life.

"It follows then that not only the class should be interested, animated, living, but that the surroundings should be gay, giving the smallest idea of restraint and inconvenience; or in a word imprisonment.

"This is thing to which the school authorities unhappily do not give much thought, not considering it to be a thing of much importance.

"They confine children in dark and badly constructed buildings, often dirty and even filthy, with old and inconvenient fittings, all producing a constraint and ennui. The neighborhood of the school is sadly neglected. It more resembles place of penitence than the abode of youth, beauty and hope. In a word they make the child leave the school with much the same feeling as the bird leaves the nest, and with the desire of never returning.

"It is not necessary to go to much expense and to employ difficult means to arrive at a point whereby the school-house can be made attractive and an agreeable place of sojourn. Order liberally and intelligently used, the fittings of the house well disposed, trees, grass and flowers around the grounds will suffice with the assistance of a certain kindly disposition on the part of the master to impart an air of freedom and self control to the child which in reality are the

space, the movement and the liberty which he desires. All the same it is in accordance with the charms and advantages of the reality. In this way the scholar will arrive at the school, not with the lowered head and hardened heart of the recruit entering the barracks, but with an uplifted head, a clear eye, and as gay a heart as he would enter his own home.

"This is partly why in the school regulations the Council of Public Instruction has expressed the desire that every schoolhouse, at least in the rural districts, should possess a garden, or at least a suitable ground for the formation of one. Not only will the master or mistress find in it an agreeable and salutary physical exercise, but they will also find a physical exercise which should not be neglected and which will be easily felt by those who have studied the art of teaching outside of the old routine and superannuated methods.

'Cover the soil of our province with schoolhouses,' said one of our public men, 'and make them numerous, elegant and comfortable, so that our children will enjoy seeing and entering them.' Surround them with trees and flowers so that the young may know that knowledge is the ornament of the rich and the wealth of the poor, following the thought of the philosopher.'

"This happy state of things cannot be established everywhere, but it should be where it is possible, and it will be a short coming if it is not encouraged for we will be repaid a hundred fold by the immediate effects.

"These reflections are inspired by the conditions in which we find the greater portion of our Montreal schoolhouses, which have cost so many sacrifices and which can easily at a very small cost be put and maintained in a very attractive and agreeable condition. It should above all be acted upon for the boys' schools.

"Thus, the Plateau Academy had for some time, in front of it a very well kept parterre, where many beautiful flowers attracted the attention of the pupil, not only by their beauty but by their odor, as he entered the school, offering an agreeable sight and an idea of comfort and in the midst of his studies and the monotonous labors of his lessons. All this has now disappeared and a plain stretch of grass to-day replaces the gay and odorous flowers of yesterday. Why? It cannot be a question of economy; the idea is ridiculous. Can it be that the Commissioners have abandoned new and progressive ideas of a few years ago to return to the old and fossilized tracks? The same remark can be applied to Belmont school, on Guy street, to Olier, on Roy street, to Champlain on Fullum and to the Sarsfield school at Point St. Charles. All these schools were constructed at some distance back from the street, with a parterre of flowers, to-day replaced by a grass plot. The last mentioned, the Sarsfield, had before it a bed of fine roses and other flowers which required but little care and which were certainly an ornament to the whole locality. When they at last disappeared the residents of the locality offered to pay the cost of maintaining these flowers which they had found so pleasant. The roses certainly disappeared. Here there certainly could not have been a question of economy. To what, then, can this regrettable step be attributed?

"We said, and we repeat it, that we should do all we can to make the aspect and the stay in the school as pleasant as possible. To do this we should be willing to make sacrifices. How much stronger then is the argument when doing this will cost nothing, or, to say the most, but very little?

"In instruction we are not content to remain stationary, for we follow progress and adopt modern ideas. And this is why we should consider, at its just value, the importance of the role played by those surroundings which affect the soul through the senses in the formation of the heart and intelligence. In this direction nothing should be neglected. Everything is important, for it either produces good or bad. We should teach the child principally through sentiment and reasoning, but at the same time we should pay attention to all the little details, insignificant though they may be, in appearance, which act upon sentiment or reason, and which oppress or elevate the soul.

"You would not be so cruel as to take away from the prisoner the flower which he has on his window sill, which by its presence sweetens his captivity a little. Then why should you take from the

the child, the prisoner of duty, the flowers which console him and give him the same liberty or at least an illusion of freedom?

"Give the pupil flowers and gaiety and you make a bright and happy soul; give the pupil shadows, and as the dew-drop falls to the ground you will make a blemish which cannot be wiped out and which will pass into the ardent fire and sadness of life.

"Here is a great truth which all the world does not see, but which for all that is neither the less true nor the less grand.

P.S.—Since these lines were written we have seen an article in La Presse of the 13th, in which the same question is treated and in which an offer is made to the Commissioners to furnish them free of charge the necessary seeds to plant their gardens. We go even further,—If the Commissioners cannot or do not wish to pay a gardener to care for these flowers we promise to make up a subscription to obtain the necessary funds.

To this the Secretary-Treasurer of the Plateau makes the following reply; it requires no comment:

La Minerve, 30th May, 1893.

"TO THE EDITOR,—On the 13th of this month La Presse of Montreal published an article on flowers, according to which it was the duty of the Catholic School Commissioners to plant flowers around their schools. La Minerve of Saturday last comes to its assistance with another article which is evidently the progeny of the article of the 13th.

"My thanks are certainly due to both the writers of the articles in La Presse and La Minerve, for having so generously offered, the first to provide the seeds and the second the gardeners for this purpose. In return for this kindness I invite the writers and all those who have faith in their remarks, to at any time visit the gardens of the Plateau school, so that they may determine if they merit the reproaches regarding flowers levelled at the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal.

"I moreover invite the two writers of La Presse and La Minerve to inform their readers if the Federal or Provincial Governments have a garden or greensward as fine as that of the Plateau Academy. I do not refer here to the Champlain, Belmont, Sarsfield and Olier schools, as I have never had charge of the gardens of these schools, which have a special grant for this purpose.

"As to the pleasure and benefits of having the scholars surrounded by flowers, opinions do not all agree. Some people believe and I am one of them, that a well educated and experienced teacher, well remunerated, will do more towards inciting a desire to learn in the pupil than will the sight of flowers. Besides the scholars never have access to the ground which they wish to convert into a garden, as their playground is on the north side of the commercial academy, and the garden on the south side. Besides the administration cannot see, in spite of their admiration for flowers, why they should be forced to place the useful before the ornamental. I wish to refer to the time when the Plateau Academy had numerous flowers attracting attention and charming by their perfume the passers by. The finances were in a bad condition in 1883-84, and it became necessary to do away with the services of two Professors and to close two schools. To-day, owing to the increase in the school taxation, this state of things has been ameliorated, and it must not be forgotten that the population of the city is increasing rapidly, and that it will be necessary to erect new schools from time to time. These demands are becoming so numerous that the Commissioners, despite their perfect willingness, cannot answer them all.

I must thank you Mr. Editor for allowing me to place these explanations before your readers.

Your very humble servant,
U. E. ARCHAMBAULT.

Friend of her bosom. Why, dearest Mable, you have been married only three months, and here I find you in tears. Fair Bride. Yes; but Arthur has been trying to be elected as M.P. for Phoosborough, and I have been reading in the papers what an unmitigated scoundrel he is.—Judy.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

AMONG THE KOLS.

In a recent article of the Indo-European Correspondence, we meet with certain very interesting details of the progress of the Catholic faith among the Kols of the Chota Nagpore Mission. The education of children is the sure and safe means by which missionary work may be rendered permanent, and it is to education therefore that the good Fathers above all devote themselves. In 1887, when the mission was still young, it was provided with a large catechumenate at Ranchi; but it was only in 1889, a little more than a year ago, that an educational system upon a grand scale was resorted to; and so successful has the undertaking been that at the present day the schools under the control of the Jesuit Fathers, which have been established throughout the district, afford instruction to no fewer than 960 children, all told. Of the kind of instruction administered in these recently founded establishments our contemporary furnishes information which will be perused with very particular interest. The study of Christian doctrine is of course what is principally insisted upon; but in addition the pupils are taught whatever is most likely to be hereafter serviceable to them, such as agriculture, carpentering, masonry, and the manufacture of tools. A knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic is of course regarded as essential; but the practical trainers of the youthful Kols will have nothing to say to the kind of education which turns out mere clerks and seekers after employment in the public offices of the State. It is thus that a hardy and industrious race is being gradually and surely trained to become a credit to the holy religion so recently established in that part of India, and that the new converts are fitted to become the instrument whereby the blessings of the true faith may be handed down, as we may hope, to a distant posterity.—Illustrated Catholic Missions.

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanations a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions. 34g

"Why do you go to the Dartmoors' ball, Wallace? You can't dance." "No, but I can eat."

A COMPLICATED CASE.

DEAR SIR,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. H. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. H., and am also giving it to my children. Mrs. Walter Burns, Matland, N.S.

Mary's Explanation.—Mistress: Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary; but what's your reason? Mary keeps silent. Mistress: Something private? Mary suddenly: No, mum. Please, mum, he's a lance corporal.

Montreal, November 1891. I was suffering for three months from an obstinate cough, prickling in my throat, night sweats and a general debility, which caused me to fear consumption of the throat. I am now perfectly well, and owe my cure to Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took four small bottles of 25 cents each. FELIX SAUVAGEAU, General Contractor, No. 179 1/2 St. Antoine Street.

MONTREAL, 29th February, 1892.—J. G. Lavolette, Esq., M.D., No. 217 Commissioners street. SIR,—I suffered for 22 years from a severe bronchitis and oppression which I had caught during the Franco-Prussian war. I made use in France and Canada of many important remedies, but unavailingly. I am now completely cured after having used 4 bottles of your Syrup of Turpentine. I am happy to give you this testimonial, and hope for the good of humanity, your syrup may become known everywhere. AUGUSTE BOUSNEL, Advertising Agent for "Le National."

MONTREAL, 13th December, 1890. I, the undersigned, do certify that Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which I am using for some time, is the only remedy that has given me a notable relief from "Asthma," a disease from which I have been a sufferer for many years, and which had become so very serious as to require my dispensation from occupation of any kind. I have been treated by several physicians abroad, but without the slightest result; and do here state that the progressive improvement which is daily taking place in my health by the use of this Syrup gives me entire confidence in a radical cure. STYER OCTAVIEN, Sister of Charity of the Providence, corner of Fullum and St. Catherine Sts.

PROVIDENCE ASYLUM, corner St. Hubert and St. Catherine Streets. I consider it my duty to certify that, being a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis since over 22 years, the use of Doctor Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine has given me a great relief. The cough has diminished and sleep has returned gradually. Sister THOMAS COBAINI, Sister of Charity of the Providence.

A POWERFUL PLEA.

AN EMINENT RABBI ON HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Rabbi Joseph Kranskopf, D. D., Lectures on "A Plea for Home Rule in Ireland," Before the Reform Congregation—Keneseth Israel in Philadelphia, Pa.

We reproduce to-day a plea on the above subject. Coming as it does from the mouth of a Jew, and a Rabbi at that, we have deemed it fit to write by way of introduction something of the learned and eloquent preacher.

Dr. Joseph Kranskopf is a graduate of the University of Cincinnati, and the Hebrew Union College, of which Rev. Dr. J. M. Wise, editor of the "American Israelite" is President. Rabbi Kranskopf, who has only been in charge of his Philadelphia Temple during the past six years, has earned for himself the appellation of the "Henry Ward Beecher" of the Jewish pulpit. Though only 35 years of age, he has recently had an associate Rabbi assigned to him. One of his last inaugurations was a plan for the bettering of the condition of the dwellings of the poor. And with this end in view Peabody dwellings are about to be erected. His synagogue is open every day of the week. We believe it is the only one that is open at all hours.

He is the author of several very interesting and instructive works. For the second time since he graduated Dr. Kranskopf will deliver the oration to the new Rabbi at their ordination by the venerable Rabbi, J. M. Wise on the 22nd inst. May Rabbi Kranskopf live long to continue preaching such truisms as those which we publish to-day, and which will put all true Catholics under an obligation to him for ever.—An address from the Rev. Dr. on "Jew and Catholic" would be very acceptable to us, and Catholics all over the world. The following are the principal arguments of the lecture on Home Rule and we regret exceedingly that our limited space will not permit of the reproduction of the entire lecture:—

"Refraine not from speaking when thou mayest save."

—Ben Sirach.

"Humani nihil alienum," (Nothing human is foreign to me.)

"The man who melts

With social sympathy, though not allied,
Is than a thousand kinsmen of more worth."

Euripides.

I have seen many vast assemblies presided over by distinguished men, and addressed by brilliant orators, but the memory of none of them will linger more fondly and more lasting in my mind than that of the Mass-Meeting at the Academy of Music, held by American citizens, for the purpose of aiding a noble party in England in their efforts to restore to a noble people in Ireland God-given rights and privileges that have been ignobly torn from them.

What sight can be grander than an assemblage of thousands of sympathizers with a righteous cause, of thousand of protesters against an unlawful autocracy of a powerful nation over a small and feeble people! What sympathy more touching than that of the free and prosperous American Irishman for the Irishman, subjected and suffering in his native Emerald Isle. What sympathy more inspiring than that, which binds the heart of the Irishman, the whole world over, to his kindred and kin in ocean-lashed Hibernia. So organic is that union, so much like a single living organism is the Irish race, that the whole body writhes in agony, if but the slightest injury is inflicted upon the least of its members. Let an outrage be committed by an oppressor's hand upon even the humblest of the Celtic race, and the wail of lamentation is borne by an invisible sympathetic chord over lands and seas, and thrills with agony, and fills with burning indignation, every true Irish heart. This union of common interests, "world-wide apart, and yet akin," this oneness of heart, this it has been, that has enabled the Irish people to present a front, which seven centuries of oppression have but tended to make all the stronger, and all the more unconquerable.

Even without this sweet dream, who can better sympathize with the people

of Ireland than the people of Israel? What two peoples are closer related to each other by ties of sufferings than they? Place the histories of Israel and Ireland side by side upon the world's stage, and you behold two of the most oppressed and most calumniated peoples that ever trod the earth, two martyrraces, deprived of the rights of their own countries, subjected to most cruel enactments, trampled under the iron-heel of pitiless brute-force. Yet, notwithstanding cruel treatment and cruel laws, you behold in them two peoples made up of heroes, the valor of the least of whom eclipses the glory of even the greatest warrior of other nations. For, what courage can equal their braving of centuries of oppression and degradation, of cruelty and contempt, and their continuing firm in their demands for their rights, and resolute to fight for them to the end! Suffering and defeat had no terrors for them, and death had no power over them. Though a thousand times cast down, though a thousand times silenced by dungeon or gibbet, by flame or sword, still a thousand times they arose again, and struggled on, unwearyed and undismayed, wrestling, inch by inch, their God-given rights from their un pitying foes, struggling on, till the younger of these valiant peoples sees its right almost established, and the older begins to hope that its perseverance and sacrifices will someday meet with a similar reward.

Of such noble men and women the Academy of Music held many on last Monday evening. What their faith, and what their descent, was I do not know. But this I do know: they were Americans, descendants of heroes, who a century ago fought for rights similar to those for which the Irish fight to-day, and against the same foe. And knowing this, I also knew that their hearts went out to the oppressed across the sea, and their sympathies to the Grand Old Man at Westminster, who has made it the crowning duty of his life to see them free.

And also this I know: there were among them those, whose ancestry does not run back to the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Valley Forge,—but whose memories run back to the victories of Gettysburg, of Appomattox, of the Shenandoah Valley, and to the Irishmen's share therein, and to America's indebtedness to them for the valiant services they rendered in ridding it of its debasing slavery, and for the thousands of lives they cheerfully laid down for the preservation of the Union, whose dismemberment their present, and our former, antagonist secretly sought to help to effect.

But, granted that we have a moral right to protest against England's proceedings in Ireland, how can we justly do so, living too far away to be able to judge fairly of the true internal state of affairs of both these countries? What assurance have we that we, even with our best intentions for both these peoples, are not really encouraging sedition and bloodshed, are not really hastening a state of affairs that may bring far greater calamities upon Ireland than ever she encountered in all her troubled past?

This, too, were a powerful argument, if we, on this side of the Atlantic, had not the Honorable Mr. Gladstone, and his dominant party in the English House of Commons, for our authority, if we had not carefully perused, and thoughtfully pondered over, that noblest of all his political documents, his latest Home Rule Bill, the destined *Magna Charta* of Ireland. It were a powerful argument, if we had not the knowledge, that the author and sponsor of that Bill is not an Irishman, not a follower of the Roman Church, not a rabid revolutionist nor a reckless demagogue, none other than probably the greatest of English patriots, the most zealous champion of the Established Anglican Church, the truest Englishman that ever trod British soil, the highest in the council of the Queen, the most honored in Great Britain's House of Parliament. It were a powerful argument, if the author of this Bill had not made a noble record for himself, for bitterly opposing, whether in power or out of power, nearly every war-measure ever introduced, or every Bill that involved a

likelihood of war or of vexatious complications, and for staunchly and persistently advocating every reform-measure that promised to advance the prosperity of the Queen's empire, and the content and happiness of her people. Where such a man leads, every liberty-loving man or woman may safely follow. The cause of Ireland's self-rule, which he espoused many years ago, and which he has advocated ever since, to which he has given the best years of his political life, and on which he has bestowed the best thought of his wide experience in statesmanship, the cause for which he has patiently borne defeat and abuse, and for which he possibly sacrifices now many a day of precious life of the few days yet meted out to him, such a cause is worthy of the endorsement and support of every man and woman in whose bosom throbs a human heart, in whose soul burns a spark of that celestial fire, which on earth is called Love of Right and Justice and Liberty.

What is there so terrible in Ireland's demand which England so persistently refuses to grant? What is the aim of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill? Is it to deprive England of the possession of Ireland? No! Is it to rob the Queen of Ireland's allegiance to the throne? No! Is it to exempt the Irish people from serving in the National Parliament or army, or from contributing their share towards the maintenance of the National Government? No! Is it to set up an independent government, and to establish an independent army, as a menace to the people of England? No! Such treason is foreign to the loyal Irish heart, is undreamed of by their age and honor-laden champion, would have been as bitterly denounced by the American people, in just as largely attended a mass-meeting, as their just demand was endorsed and applauded last Monday night.

Ireland desires to remain united with England loyal to the Queen, to assist in sustaining and maintaining the honor and the power of the National Government, and is ready and willing to lay down her life in its defense. But in return for her allegiance, support and sacrifice, she asks for a restoration to her of her right to local government, that was treacherously taken from her, at the beginning of the present century. She asks for her ancient, sacred right to legislate, like Canada, or Hungary, or any of our States, her own local affairs, in her own local parliament, within the capital of her own land, and for the good of her own people.

Why is the Tory party afraid to heed the advice of the Premier and of his powerful Liberal Party behind him, and to grant to Ireland her just rights? Is it the fear that the vast empire may be swallowed up by little home-ruling Ireland?

England's refusal to grant Ireland the right to Home Rule can, therefore be due to nothing but pride or avarice or rancor or stubbornness. Against reasons such as these, ours is the duty to encourage the noble men across the sea in their heroic efforts to right a long and grievous wrong. Against reasons such as these, ours is the right to appeal for the sympathy of all lovers of freedom, that with their aid the Grand Old Man may achieve the last, the greatest, the hardest fought, the most deserved triumph of his life of more than four score years, of which more than three score years have been consecrated to the best interests of his country. Ours is the obligation, as liberty loving-people, to help, in every honorable and peaceful way at our command, to root out political oppression, the arch-fiend of human progress, the enemy of national peace and of domestic happiness. Ours is the divine-given right, as a peace-loving and peace-pursuing people, to plead for the oppressed and slaved, for the prosecuted and down-trodden, so long till our voice arouses other voices, and these awaken still other voices, until the whole world unites in one mighty shout for freedom, until every cause of discord between nations and peoples and creeds is removed, until the mighty standing armies are disbanded, and turned into useful toilers, till every sword is turned into a plowshare, and every spear into a pruning-knife, till every man sits under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, with none to hurt and none to destroy, till 'the earth is as full of the peace and love of God as the waters cover the sea.'

CHINA.

Catholicity in Peking.

The Catholic community in the Chinese capital has lately been increased by the addition of the British Minister, Mr. N. R. O'Connor, C.B., and his wife (*nee* Hope Scott). There are now four large churches in Peking, and some 6000 Catholics in the city and surrounding districts. In addition there is a chapel at the French legation, where the Europeans usually hear Mass. Others, however, prefer to attend the native churches, where the native Chinese are very edifying and often set Europeans a good example as practical and devout Catholics. The city of Peking, known in the days of Marco Polo as "Cambalie," received the Faith as early as the 13th century from Franciscan missionaries, the most celebrated of whom was John a Monte Carvino in 1288, who was created Archbishop of Cambalie or Peking, by Pope Clement V. Having been destroyed by persecution, the church was restored by the Jesuit Father Rini about 1582. From about 1600 the church of Peking has flourished through various vicissitudes under the Jesuits, and subsequent to 1784, under the Lazarists. The old See of Peking was suppressed, early in this century, and the new Vicariate of Pe-chi-li established, with the Bishop's residence and cathedral in Peking. This Vicariate now numbers over 36,000 Catholics, with 25 Europeans and 26 native priests; 22 churches and 156 chapels, besides small oratories; 199 schools with 1771 pupils, and a large number of institutes of charity convents, &c. The splendid new church of St. Joseph's, at Peking, was begun in 1879, to replace the old church dedicated to the same saint, built in 1703, and destroyed by the government in 1812. St. Joseph's is the finest and handsomest in Peking.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

The Healthfulness of Farm Life.

It is not an open question whether the time has not come to throw, as it were, a halo of sentiment about the life of the farm, and to cause this halo to permeate all departments of farm life, and so to rob the occupation of much that now seems to make it distasteful.

To be sure, farm work is hard work; but that it is harder work than trucking or bricklaying, carpenter work or a thousand and one trades of the city, it would be difficult to prove. The hours are longer, but they are spent out-of-doors, in the healthful, clear, bracing fresh air, and health and peace of mind are likely to come with them.

Once his day's work is done, the town-dweller has his club-room, headquarters, saloon or some other favorite lounging place, where he can discuss timely topics with his fellows. That this discussion is any benefit to him, there is grave reason to question. It makes him dissatisfied, uneasy and rebellious; but, all the same, he has it, and that, too, because he wants it.

The farm-dweller lacks this source of amusement; but he can, in most localities, go to the corner grocery and learn what is going on in the world, and it is safe to say that he gets a far more reasonable and healthy idea of current events than the man in the city.

As the country becomes more thickly settled and land is cut up into smaller sections, it would be the easiest thing imaginable to have a general place of meeting in every community. A reading-room, with the agricultural books, papers and general literature of the business, a weekly lecture on all the newest ideas belonging to the occupations of the farm, and an evening or so a week for purely social pleasure and amusement, would do much toward making farming communities more desirable places of residence.

There are many who contend that farming hours are too long. On this subject it may be said that men who follow it live longer and have better health than in almost any other profession. And it is but just to say that the pleasures of driving, riding, the garden, flowers, and fruit are too highly appreciated by many persons to be willingly surrendered, even though they involve a good deal of hard work and no end of care.—*New York Ledger.*

Do you read the testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla? They are thoroughly reliable and worthy your confidence.

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

THE HOME RULE DEBATE.

The Question of Religious Legislation Reached.

London, June 14.—The fourth step in the passing of the Home Rule bill in committee was taken up in the House of Commons this afternoon. The debate on the third clause commenced on May 30, and was only finished last night. The obstructive methods employed by the members of the Opposition, who offered amendment after amendment to the clause, excited the ire of the Irish members, and they were loud in their demands that the Government put an end to the tactics of the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, who, they declared, were offering amendments with little, if any, idea of having them adopted, but simply for the purpose of delaying the bill. Amendments which Mr. Gladstone thought would not effect the general purpose of the bill were accepted by the Government, much to the disgust of the Irish members, and, it may also be said, to a number of the Liberals. But finally the clause was adopted, and the House proceeded to-day to discuss clause 4, which is as follows:—

THE FOURTH CLAUSE.

The powers of the Irish Legislature shall not extend to the making of any law:—

1. Respecting the establishment or endowment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or,
2. Imposing any disability, or conferring any privilege on account of religious belief; or,
3. Abrogating or prejudicially affecting the right to establish or maintain any place of denominational education or any denominational institution of any kind; or,
4. Prejudicially affecting the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money, without attending the religious instruction at that school; or,
5. Whereby any person may be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, or may be denied the equal protection of the laws, or entirely private property may be taken without just compensation; or,
6. Whereby any existing corporation, incorporated by Royal charter or by any other general act of Parliament (not being a corporation raising for public purposes taxes, rates, cess, dues or tolls, or administering funds so raised) may, without its consent, or the leave of Her Majesty, be deprived of its rights, privileges or property without due process of law; or,
7. Whereby any inhabitant of the United Kingdom may be deprived of equal rights as respects public sea fisheries.

A law made in contravention of this section shall be void.

AMENDMENTS REJECTED.

Mr. Charles Russell has returned to London and to-day appeared in the House of Commons in time to take part in the opening of the debate on the fourth clause of section one of the Irish Home Rule bill.

The Hon. Thomas Cochrane, Liberal-Unionist, member for the north division of Ayrshire, proposed that the word 'prejudicially' be omitted from the third sub-section of clause 4. With the omission of this word the clause would read: 'Abrogating or affecting the right to establish or maintain any place of denominational institution or any other general act of Parliament.' The word 'prejudicially' appeared in the clause immediately before the word 'affecting.'

Mr. Charles Russell opposed the proposed change, and he was followed by Mr. Thomas Sexton, anti-Parnellite member for North Kerry, who also spoke in opposition to any change in the sub-section referred to. After a short debate Mr. Cochrane withdrew his motion to amend the clause.

Mr. Henry Gibbs, Conservative member for the St. Alban's division of Hertfordshire, moved the adoption of an amendment restraining the Irish Legislature from imposing disabilities or conferring privileges upon any institution owned or conducted by any religious order, the Government was not willing to accept the amendment, and several other Irish speakers protested against its being incorporated in the bill. On the question of incorporating

the amendment into the bill was put to a vote the House rejected it without a division.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Sister Ste. Marie Sulpice.

A good and a noble soul passed to its reward, on Tuesday, the 13th instant, when the spirit of Marie Amelie Lamothé, in religion Sister Ste. Marie Sulpice, of the Congregation of Notre Dame, departed. She was a daughter of the late Mr. P. Lamothé, N. P., and was once a most popular young lady in the social circles of Montreal, and during her years of religious life was one of the most dearly beloved of the Congregation to which she belonged. Endowed with rich and rare talents, ornaments that might have caused her to shine in the great world that she left, she also possessed a gentleness, a devotion, and a tender-heartedness that made her a favorite with both her Sisters in religion and the many pupils who had passed under her care. To her, indeed, would apply the words of Gerald Griffin's imperishable poem:

"She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health."

But the world and its attractions were as nothing to her, she abandoned everything for the sweets of holy sacrifice and a life devoted to the instruction of youth and the glory of God.

"And the delicate lady lived mortified there,
And the feast was forsaken for fasting and prayer."

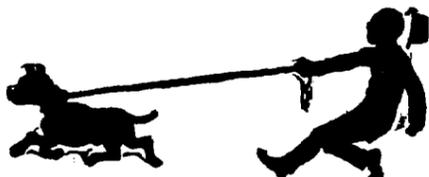
The cold breath of consumption touched the roses on her cheeks and chilled them into a hectic of death; in peace with the world and in the love of God, after a lengthy struggle her dove-like spirit left the cage that held it for thirty-four years, and winged its flight to the realms of endless happiness. To her relatives in the world, her Sisters in religion, and her countless loving pupils, we extend our sympathy.

The Late Mr. William Wall.

Mr. William Wall, deputy storekeeper on the Grand Trunk, died last week. He had been ailing for a long time. Mr. Wall came from Ireland in 1854. He was in the Grand Trunk for nearly forty years. He did his duty faithfully, was much respected, and now, that he is gone, all have a kind word to say about him. He was twice Mayor of St. Gabriel, when that was an independent municipality, and from 1863 to 1875 he was a prominent member of the militia, having been captain of the Grand Trunk Rifles. He was a great shot, and at Wimbledon he showed what he could do, his team winning the Kolapore cup in 1872. Mr. Wall leaves a wife and ten children.

Late Mr. John Morrissey.

Mr. John Morrissey, formerly of Arthur Township, son of the late James Morrissey, one of the first pioneers of that township, died on the 14th inst., at the age of 41 years, at the city of Toronto, where he had been employed in the service of the Street Car Company of that city for the past seven years, and was one of their most trusty and faithful servants. The most trying feature of the sad event is that there are left a widow and eight young children to mourn the loss of a most dutiful husband and loving father.



LET IT RUN,

and your cough may end in something serious. It's pretty sure to, if your blood is poor. That is just the time and condition that invites Consumption. The seeds are sown and it has fastened its hold upon you, before you know that it is near.

It won't do to trifle and delay, when the remedy is at hand. Every disorder that can be reached through the blood yields to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Severe Coughs, Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, Asthma, Scrofula in every form, and even the Scrofulous affection of the lungs that's called Consumption, in all its earlier stages, it is a positive and complete cure.

It is the only blood-cleanser, strength restorer, and flesh-builder so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back. All medicine dealers have it.

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

The body arrived from Toronto on the C. P. R., in charge of his brother James, and was met at the station by a large number of sympathizing friends from the village and the surrounding country, and was conveyed to the cemetery of St. John's parish, where it was consigned to its last resting place. It is needless to say that the family and friends have the deepest sympathy of the entire community in their trying bereavement.

CONGRESS OF ABSTAINERS.

Eloquent Temperance Advocates Make Addresses at Chicago.

The World's Fair Congress of Catholic total abstainers which opened at Chicago on June 8 and continued through the following day was a great success and bodes much good for the cause. At the opening session a large and distinguished gathering of temperance workers was present including Archbishop Feehan of Chicago; Right Rev. J. B. Cotter, D. D., bishop of Winona, Minn., and president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; Revs. James M. Scanlan, of Chicago, and A. P. Doyle, C. S. F., head of the Temperance Literature Bureau of the C. T. A. U., New York; Messrs. Philip A. Nolan, secretary C. T. A. U., and J. Washington Logue, of Philadelphia; Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Mary A. Cramsie, of St. Paul, Minn.

Bishop Cotter presided and Archbishop Feehan made the opening address. Among other things he said: Our city at present is the centre of many great activities. The great exposition is bringing people not only from this great broad land, but from all the nations of the world. There are represented all the developments of human genius and human industry, giving us an idea of the condition of mankind toward the close of our century. Men of great talent and great administrative ability have brought together here the products of the land and of the sea, and they have brought the lightning down from heaven and have given specimens of man's highest and best genius and industry. And yet, after all that can be said in praise of this wonderful work is said, we will acknowledge that this after all is not the highest achievement of humanity—that there is something better, something greater, and that above all this great material prosperity and advancement is the moral well-being of men. Whatever tends to make human life better, higher, holier, happier—this is more to earnest thinking men than the mere material progress that we witness. And when earnest men and women come together from various points of this vast domain it is an indication that these higher ideas of human good and real human progress prevail among men. You come together to hold a congress by which you hope to benefit yourselves and your fellow-men; to advance, as far as you can, each one in his own sphere and place, the higher, better, greater interests of mankind. You come to meet, as far as is possible for you, one of the great evils of the world—the evil of intemperance. We all know that there are in the world very many evils that always have been and always will be; and we are not dreamers, nor do we fancy that we will raise any Utopia, or that we can remove and put an end at once and in our generation to all the evils of the world, but we believe that we soften, lessen, ameliorate some of them at least.

Bishop Cotter gave the address of welcome on behalf of the C.T.A.U. of America. He set forth the motive of the convention, the abating of the drink evil, and briefly outlined the programme.

Miss Mary A. Cramsie then read her Columbian poem. She was followed by Secretary Nolan who gave a history of the total abstinence movement. A paper on "Total Abstinence in Home and School Training," by Rev. Regis Canevin, of Pittsburg, Pa., was read by Rev. Father Doyle, of New York, and Mr. A. W. Guttridge, professor of natural sciences in St. Thomas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., presented a paper on "The Effects of Alcohol on the Human System."

Mr. James F. Judge, of Scranton, Pa., gave a practical paper on "The Press and Temperance." He was followed by Rev. William Barry, D.D., of England, who made an eloquent address. He said in part: I have the privilege of standing here to represent one whose name is already familiar to you in America—I mean Father Nugent, the founder of the Catholic League of the Cross of Liverpool,

which has developed into the Catholic League of the Cross all over England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia and the British Empire generally; and which has achieved no greater honor than to have had for its president our late venerated Cardinal Manning. I am convinced that any one who is bent upon influencing this present age to good, must begin by looking the temperance question in the face and by resolving to stand on the side of temperance. I don't care whether the man be a cardinal, an archbishop, the President of the United States, or anyone else high and great in authority, if he will not look in the face this great question, I say he is altogether neglecting his duty, and I would say it a thousand times more quickly if he were a Catholic bishop or archbishop.

A few days ago your venerated prelate, Cardinal Gibbons, allowed me to address a few words to the students of the great seminary at Baltimore, and I ventured to say to them that if I had a dear friend who meant to dedicate himself to that holy work, I would give him only one piece of advice. I would say, 'If you will do exactly the thing which I think most for your benefit you will make up your mind never to touch intoxicating drink.' But if you consider that is going a little too far, then I say, 'Fix exactly the measure that you think necessary for you, and then do not fill it up.' I say that to the clergy when I have the privilege of addressing them, simply because I know very well the ravages made in every rank of society and among every kind of men by drink.

The morning of the second day's session was devoted to the discussion of the papers read the previous day. The discussion of Father Canevin's paper resulted in the adoption of a resolution introduced by Father Doyle, recommending to the various Catholic school boards throughout the United States and Canada the teaching in the schools of temperance principles according to the approved authors and adopted by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

Addresses during the day were made by Rev. F. H. Steinbrecher of Wisconsin, Miss Frances E. Harper and Miss Brown of Sedalia. A resolution was passed indorsing the work of Very Rev. John Slattery of Baltimore, Md., who has charge of the Catholic negro mission in the South, and pledging him aid in his work.—The Boston Republic.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent! Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

A REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

It is a Simple One and Said to be Certain in Action.

Mr. Lane, an Eastern traveller and Orientalist, recommends the following treatment for cholera.

He says while residing in Cairo, in 1843, while cholera was raging there, he was informed that there was an Englishman in a small neighboring village that effected a speedy cure in all cases which an opportunity of treating. The number of cases was sixty-two, and many of them were very malignant.

"I subsequently learned that this mode of treatment was practised with equal success in Spain, Constantinople and India, and was never followed by typhoid fever, which proved fatal in many cases when the cholera itself had been subdued by other means. Upon applying to him I received the following directions, which I practised in a few cases which occurred in my house and elsewhere, with invariable success. If the patients have not vomited the poisonous matter which resembles rice water, give a tablespoonful of powdered mustard in a tumbler of cold water as an emetic. After vomiting, whether produced by the disease or the above means, within a few minutes give a wineglassful of brandy, with ten grains of capsicum, powdered (cayenne pepper), stirred up in it. This generally produces almost immediate relief, and with it rest, perspiration and sleep. In a few cases it was found necessary to give half a dose of the brandy and capsicum after half an hour or more. A second half dose was never required, but should it be required it may be given. No other fluid should be drunk before recovering. To accelerate convalescence it has been suggested that fifteen drops of mixture of the spirits of ammonia and sulphuric ether in equal parts may be advantageously given three or four times during the following day. The above quantity of brandy and capsicum is for an adult patient suffering a severe attack; in other cases two-thirds half or that quantity may suffice, as I have proven by experience."—*New York Telegram.*

THE TRADE REVIEW.

A Most Beautiful Special Edition.

We have just received the special edition of the Canadian Trade Review, of the 16th June. It is issued in commemoration of the Board of Trade Semi-Centennial—1842-1892. As a supplement to the number there is a magnificent illustration of the Montreal Board of Trade new building, that has been completed this year. The paper is the finest and the typographical part of the work is elaborate, choice and elegant. Mr. Henry Harvey, the genial, able and popular Editor and Proprietor of the Trade Review, deserves unstinted praise for this splendid commemorative edition. It is as great a credit to Trade journalism as is the new building to the Board of Trade of Montreal. Besides the general commercial news and the usual important information that is generally found in the Review, the special number contains a magnificent article from the pen of the Editor on "Commercial Development of Montreal." Twenty odd columns of most carefully prepared statistics and most interesting historical information. Every citizen of Montreal should have a copy of the special edition of the Canadian Trade Review, such enterprise deserve proportionate encouragement.

Their New Headquarters.

Pending the reconstruction of the Villa Maria convent, it appears that the Sisters of the Congregation have decided to remove their headquarters to their old residence, St. Jean Baptiste street, and that the classes of the boarding school now established there will be closed during the next year.

A Very Sad Suicide.

Mr. Louis Prevost, a lawyer, of St. Jerome committed suicide on Saturday evening at 9:40 o'clock, at No. 88 Berri street, by shooting himself with a shot gun in the room of a friend, while the latter was asleep on his bed. The shot entered behind the right ear, fracturing the skull into twenty pieces and blowing out the eye-balls. The first doctor to see the body was Dr. Hudon, of the Hotel Dieu, who happened to drop in to make a friendly call. The Notre Dame hospital ambulance was then called, and the body removed to the hospital, where the

Coroner held an inquest at 10 a. m. this morning. Deceased had been married about seven years and was thirty years of age. He had come to the city to see his wife, who has been here under medical care for two years, off and on. She is very much prostrated by this most unhappy affair. Deceased belonged to one of the best known families in the province. He will be buried in the family burying ground at Terrebonne.

A Splendid Portrait:

Miss Florence Murphy, of Kingston, one of the pupils of the Villa Maria Convent, has just completed a life-like portrait, in oil, of Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada. The painting does great credit to the young artist and to the institution in which she is being educated. On his return to Canada, from his important mission abroad, Sir John will be presented with this beautiful piece of art. The talented young lady, who has contributed this finished work to the already increasing gallery of Canadian painting, is a daughter of our esteemed friend, Mr. John B. Murphy, of Kingston.

"The Golden Crusader."

Such is the name of a new monthly publication issued in Quebec by the Rev. Father Lawrence W. Murphy, of "Gold Cure" fame. The first number appears for the month of June. It is an eight-page sheet containing a sketch of the life and labors of Father Murphy in the cause of temperance; his replies to attacks made upon him by the promoters of other institutes of the "Gold Cure"; a prospectus; testimonials; comments of the press; and a lecture on "the new dispensation of temperance," by Mr. Ryan. We understand that it is intended to issue, in future, a sixteen-page publication, and the July number will be looked forward to with eagerness by all who are interested in the success of this wonderful enemy of alcohol.

We are pleased to notice that success is crowning the efforts of the promoters of the Catholic Sailors' Club. Long since has the want of an institution of this kind been felt and now that it is started we trust it will be encouraged more and more as the months roll past. By the way, from the windows of the Catholic Sailors' Club, one of the best views of the approaching caravels was to be had. Certain rum shops in the neighborhood of the wharves are beginning to feel the presence of the new institute, we trust they shall feel it still more before the summer ends.

In a late issue we had to congratulate Mr. T. J. Doherty upon his return in much improved health from his year's sojourn in Colorado and New Mexico. We omitted on that pleasing occasion to also tender our congratulations on Mr. Doherty's appointment of Queen's Counsel, which occurred during his absence, and almost on the eve of the 25th anniversary of his admission to the Bar, which event duly came around on Saturday last, Mr. Doherty having been admitted on the 17th June, 1868, along with His Honor Mr. Justice Lynch, Mr. J. J. MacLaren, Q. C., and others. It is needless to say that the double event was fully appreciated by Mr. Doherty's friends and made the occasion of congratulations to him, in which we are most happy to join, and in this connection we subjoin the following item of ancient history from the Daily News of the 18th June, 1868, a paper long since extinct:—

A SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS.

The Board of Law Examiners have been playing sad havoc among those who were tempted to try their chances at the quarterly examinations held on Tuesday. Of fourteen candidates no less than eight suffered the process vulgarly called "plucking," and will have to wear out another three months of studentship "in the reading of many books." Written as well as oral tests of proficiency in the system of truths "known as Law" are now properly required, and these, with the gradual increase of severity observable in late examinations, will in great part check a too great immigration into the learned profession. The five lucky candidates were: J. J. MacLaren, M.A., B.C.L., Wm. W. Lynch, B.C.L., Thos. J. Doherty, B.C.L., D. A. Ross and Jos. Bolsseau, and while congratulating them on having passed the "big go" with thorough credit, we sincerely trust that we may never be required by personal experience to test their knowledge of Blackstone or Pothier or to depend upon their forensic eloquence for an escape from some unlucky action in damages.

By denying our self-love and our inclinations in little things we gradually acquire mortification and victory over ourselves.

GRAND ANNUAL
Irish Catholic Pilgrimage
—TO—
Ste. Anne de Beaupré
(FOR MEN ONLY),

Under the Personal Direction of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's Church, Montreal,
FRIDAY, June 30th, 1893.
Per Steamer "THREE RIVERS,"

Leaving Richelieu Wharf at 10 o'clock p.m., and arriving at Ste. Anne de Beaupré the following morning (DOMINION DAY) at 11 o'clock.

The Pilgrims will attend High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, on Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, and will leave the same day at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on the return trip, arriving in Montreal on Monday morning at 5 o'clock.

TICKETS - - \$2.10.

Tickets and Staterooms can be secured at St. Ann's Presbytery, 32 Basin street, Montreal.
NOTE.—The Annual Pilgrimage for Ladies and Children will take place on Saturday, July 29th.

Further Confiscation in Rome.

A new enterprise which is destined to eradicate the last vestiges of the old charitable institutions and associations of Rome has been proposed and accepted by those who now dispose of all such matters in the Eternal City. Thirty-three charitable works—the only ones which until the present were allowed to remain under the direct control of the rectors and priests of Rome—are now condemned to follow the innumerable revenues with which Rome was so richly endowed into the treasury of the secular benevolent institutions. These last remnants of private legacies were principally used to dower honest young girls at their marriage. Before executing this last confiscation the opinion of the Roman municipality was demanded. The meeting during which the subject was discussed, was of itself a remarkable study of the sentiments and opinions cultivated at the present day. Two Catholic members called attention to the very patent fact that this present discouragement of private philanthropy is fatal to the interests of public benevolence. Their voices were raised in vain in behalf of the disinherited of the world; the votes in favor of the spoliation were 19 against 17.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

Don't You Know

That to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors and at the same time builds up the whole system and gives nerve strength.

HOOB'S PILLS may be had by mail for 25c. of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The inquest on Henry Prentiss, the youth who blew out the gas and was suffocated, resulted in a verdict of "Death by asphyxiation caused through deceased's own ignorance."

A CANADIAN FAVORITE.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhoea and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

Mrs. Barrie, 70 St. Hubert street, was found dead in bed Friday morning. The gas tap was found to be turned on, but unlighted. The deceased was about 70 years of age.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In cases of chronic indigestion, disordered liver, and general debility, these PILLS are wonderfully effective. They indeed have so general and powerful an effect on the whole system that they clear away or ward off most of the ills that flesh is heir to. They cleanse the bowels, purify the blood, correct the bile, give tone to the stomach, excite a healthy appetite, produce sound sleep, and impart increased energy to both mind and body. The admirable properties of these far-famed PILLS are too highly appreciated to require any encomium here, as they are resorted to by rich and poor of every nation. The cures they effect are not temporary or imperfect, but they bring about a marvellous and most beneficial change throughout the entire body, and enable it with renovated powers to resist the approach of all future attacks.

It is not always the preacher who has the most pie on his table who is doing the most to keep the devil from having an easy time in this world.

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. Joyce has been elected constable for the barony of Clare.

Mr. Henry Campbell, ex-M. P. for Fermanagh, and secretary to the late Charles Stewart Parnell, has been elected Town Clerk for the city of Dublin.

John Braunen died at Downpatrick on May 25, at the age of 100 years, leaving twenty-one grandchildren and thirty-three great-grandchildren, all of whom live in John street, Downpatrick.

The child of Mrs. Driscoll, a young woman whose husband was drowned in the River Llen towards the end of last December, burned to death at their home in Ardvale, three miles from Skibbereen, on May 20.

Miss Phelan and Miss Griffith received the white veil at the hands of Canon Germaine, at the Convent of Mercy, Athy, on May 23. They will be known in religion as Sister Mary Stanislaus, and Sister Gertrude respectively.

At the Convent of St. Louis, Monaghan, recently, Miss Margaret M. O'Reilly, daughter of the late Dr. O'Reilly, of Ballynagh, County Cavan, received the white veil at the hands of Bishop Donnelly. Her name in religion is Sister Mary Josephine.

Agnes Neill, a weaver in the factory of Watson, Valentine & Co., Belfast, who assaulted and seriously injured Cecilia McCorry, a Catholic fellow-worker, on April 25, was tried at the Custody Court on May 23, and let off with a fine of ten shillings.

The Rev. Patrick Mannion, of Elphin, is undertaking the work of erecting what will be a practically new church in his parish. The sacred edifice wherein the Catholics of the district have been wont to worship is one of the oldest churches in Ireland.

Mr. William Bingham Kelly, District Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, of Omagh, has been transferred to Trim. Mr. Kelly was sent to the former district from Coleraine fifteen years ago. He is to be replaced at Omagh by District Inspector Carter, of Cavan.

On May 18, in the chapel of the Convent of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, Bruff, Miss Emily Hannah Browne, in religion Sister Mary Magdalen, youngest daughter of Mr. J. H. Browne, of The Arcade, Tullamore, received the habit from Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick.

At the Convent of Our Lady of Carme, Roebuck, near Dublin, on May 23, Miss Marie Ebenrecht, niece of Sister Margaret Mary, of the same convent, and of the Rev. J. M. Ebenrecht, of the French College, Blackrock, received the white veil at the hands of her reverend uncle. She will be known in religion as Sister Mary Frances.

Mr. Charles Doherty, of Drimoosk, an esteemed citizen and a member of an old and patriotic family, died on May 21, fortified by the last rites of her Church at the age of eighty-one years. He was a brother of the Rev. John Doherty, late pastor of Donegal; of Anthony Doherty, who held a Commission of the Peace in Queensland, Australia, and of the late Michael Doherty, of Derry.

Sister Mary of Mercy died at St. Michael's Convent of Mercy, Wexford, on May 19. She was known in the world as Miss Rose Mary Hannigan and was the eldest daughter of Mr. Louis Hannigan, of Ballyduff House, Arklow. She was thirty-three years old. Sister Mary was professed at the age of twenty, and although always somewhat delicate, did not develop decided symptoms of the consumption which caused her death until the close of last year. Her happy end was, like her life, most edifying.

A series of evictions were carried out on the Skinner estates, about Draperstown, lately. The first victims were the Hepburn family, of Dromard, George Hepburn, his wife and five children. The home of James Kane was next visited. In its only room was his sick wife nursing her youngest child, and seven other children hungry and ill-clad. They were not disturbed owing to the condition of Mrs. Kane. James Owen and Mrs. Anne Logan, of Draperstown, were dispossessed of their occupancy of part of a public house, but the two last-named were readmitted as caretakers.

STICK TO THE RIGHT

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc. the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

The Wonderful Old Man who Presides Over the Destinies of Great Britain.

We give a short sketch, that has recently appeared in the Boston Republic, of Mr. Gladstone's many indications of age and the approaching end of his great career. It seems to us that the picture drawn by that correspondent is somewhat exaggerated and imaginative. There is no doubt that the venerable Premier must feel the two-fold effects of age and extraordinary work; but he is a man in a million, and his heart is set upon the great object that he has in view, and in all probability he will have the energy and strength—with the help of God—to see his great enterprise triumph. On the 29th December next he will complete his eighty-fourth year; but he comes of a long-lived stock. His father, Sir John Gladstone, lived to the age of eighty-seven. On his father's side he is a lowland Scotsman, with all the canininess of the long-headed race. On his mother's side he is a Highlander of the Donachie clan, whose habitat was far away in the extreme north beside Stornoway. From his mother's side he derives the imagination and poetry of his nature, allied to a fervent piety that has accompanied him through life and taken deeper root with each succeeding year.

Mr. Gladstone is a born debater. He has the great advantage of having been from his very childhood accustomed to discuss everything with his parents. The parents and children argued about everything within the four winds of heaven, small and great alike, and it is because of this early training that Mr. Gladstone has the faculty of being equally absorbed in the most trivial and the most important of subjects. He was twelve when sent to Eton, and was declared by Sir Roderick Murchison to be "the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton." Mr. George Russel says, "he was acknowledged by common consent to be God-fearing and conscientious, pure-minded and courageous, but humane." He was a studious school boy, somewhat fond of sculling, even then practising that rapid walking which he has continued all his life—but he was never known to run.

Leaving Eton, he went up to Oxford at nineteen and became an undergraduate of famous Christ Church—that Alma Mater of so many illustrious sons. Here he led a truly model life, and ten years after he left the college it was told that undergraduates drank less wine in the forties because Gladstone had been so abstemious in the thirties. His career in parliament is one of extraordinary development; it would be too long for our space to trace his every step from deep Toryism to strong Liberalism, but he certainly changed and yet was always consistent.

Speaking in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, March 17, 1880, he made this reference to his opponents and himself: "I give them credit for patriotic motives; I give them credit for those patriotic motives that are denied to us. I believe that we are all united, gentlemen,—indeed, it would be unnatural if we were not—in a fond attachment, perhaps in something of a proud attachment, to the great country to which we belong—to this great empire which has committed to it a trust and a function given from Providence as special and remarkable as the family of man. Gentlemen, I feel that when I speak of that trust and that function that words fail me; I cannot tell you what I think of the nobleness of the inheritance that has descended upon us, of the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it. I will not condescend to make it a part of controversial politics. It is a part of my being, of my flesh and blood, of my heart and soul. For those ends I have labored through my youth and manhood till my hairs are grey. In that faith and practice will I die."

HIS FAMILY LIFE.

Mr. Gladstone's wedded life has been idyllic and ideal. Seldom, indeed, has a marriage taken place of which it might so truly be said, in the hackneyed phrase of the story book, "they lived happy ever after."

FOND OF CHILDREN.

Mr. Gladstone was ever fond of children, and his relations with his own family have always been very charming. Hawarden itself is a perfect example of the highest type of English home, one of the most perfect examples of the 'The

Stately Homes of England,' described in Mrs. Hemans' poem, uniting in a remarkable degree the apparently incompatible qualities expressed in the two words. Around the home is everywhere an atmosphere of love and sympathy. Mr. Gladstone's children, sons and daughters alike, being absolutely devoted to his cause, filled with the influence of his personality, and enthusiastic respecting his many-sided character. 'It is a pleasure,' says one who knows him well, to hear Herbert Gladstone, his youngest and possibly his favorite son, speak of 'my father.' Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Miss Helen Gladstone are the most widely known of Mr. Gladstone's children; Herbert, from his constant associateship with his father and as member for Leeds; Helen from her connection with Newnham College. The Rev. Stephen, the late 'W. H.,' and Mrs. Drew have never been prominently before the public. Herbert Gladstone, in defence of his father's policy, has had many a bout with Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, and other Conservative politicians, and has acquitted himself admirably; he has also afforded

will loom large through the dusk of departed centuries, William Ewart Gladstone will occupy a leading place. Chatham could inspire a nation with his energy, but compared with Gladstone he was poorly furnished, both with knowledge and ideas. Fox, who probably most resembled him as a debater, had never an opportunity of proving in office whether he possessed any talents for administration. Pitt, as the strongest minister who probably ever directed the destinies of his country, has left no monument of legislation by which he can be remembered. Canning was a foreign minister, and nothing else. Sir Robert Peel, whom Mr. Gladstone recognizes as his master, although an estimable administrator, a useful debater, and a competent tactician, never showed any trace of the divine spark of genius which reveals itself at every turn in Mr. Gladstone's character. It would be perhaps too much to say that posterity will regard him as uniting the highest merits of all his predecessors without their drawbacks. But he alone combines the eloquence of Fox, the experience of Chatham, the courage

abundantly proved that Winnipeg is a generous city. How is it that it has now become the scene of such unjust conduct, and allows Catholic schools to be so unjustly treated within its enclosures? I am aware that prominent citizens

BLUSH WITH SHAME.

at the spectacles of witnessing the money of Catholics, even of the poorest, appropriated to instruct the children of Protestants, even of the richest."

His Grace then refers to the Anglican Synod which met in Winnipeg, January 11, 1893, under the presidency of the Lord Bishop Rupert's Land and the opening address of His Lordship, who treated at length on religious teaching in the primary schools. The Synod was composed of 123 members of the clergy and laity of the English Church. His Lordship's arguments and reflections were inspired with the same motives which were to be found with all Roman Catholics and were also supported strongly by statistics. The Metropolitan of Rupert's Land after having been fourteen years president of the Protestant section of Public Instruction, and since then chairman of the Advisory Board of public schools, was consequently in the best position to appreciate the value of the prescribed religious exercises by both the boards. His Lordship appreciated to the full the religious teaching which he thought necessary for the Protestant child in general and the Church in particular and said, "that the parties who were ignorant of these exercises could with difficulty realize their position as Christians," and further he said: "I think that the Synod would do well to pass a resolution expressing the hope that there will be no derangement of the religious exercises which are to-day found in the schools." After further quotations from other English clergymen, his Grace concludes: "After all that I have said it is impossible for me to believe that the public schools of Manitoba are more than a continuation of the Protestant schools established by law in the province and in force since May 3, 1871, up to May 1st, 1890. These two systems, which concern Protestants alone, are very different for Catholics. The old regime respected the faiths and placed all citizens on an equal footing, in harmony with their religious convictions; the new regime on the contrary, hiding under borrowed names, pretends to offer the same to all; only some can conscientiously accept that which is offered and are happy; whilst the others who cannot conscientiously profit by the position suffer by the exclusion practised and struck at them. "I am a Christian, consequently I carry my aspirations higher than the earth. I am a Catholic and my allegiance to the Church in the spiritual order guides me in my duties to the civil and political order of things, Canada is my country. I have never had and never wish for another. I am a Canadian; Manitoba and the North-West are my life, my work and my affection for half a century and shall be to my last breath. I was born and reared in the British possessions and my allegiance is to the Crown of England and my heart and conscience would repel anything contrary to these obligations. I am a British subject and happy to live under the glorious flag of the Empire and desire that this noble standard to fly and give protection to my co-religionists as well as to my fellow-countrymen who may differ with me, all enjoying its protection and impartiality in return for our Allegiance."

A DISTRESSING SITUATION.—What a dreadful thing it is to wake up in the middle of the night suffering from cholera,—the nearest doctor a mile away and no one to send for him. Imagine a more distressing domestic situation, if you can; and yet cases of this kind are very common. The trouble, however, would never have become serious if the man of the house had a bottle of FERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER at hand, for it is a remedy that never fails to cure cholera, cramps, diarrhea, or dysentery. All druggists keep it. 25c. for large New size.

The Italian immigrants laboring in the United States sent \$30,000,000 of their earnings back to Italy last year.

BAD BLOOD CURED

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



HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

much material for the caricaturist. But it is doubtless as the constant companion and helper of his illustrious father that he will best be known.

DAILY HABITS.

Mr. Gladstone usually begins the day at Hawarden with a morning walk to church, no matter what the weather may be—hail, rain or shine. 'In his rough, slouch hat and gray Inverness cape, the old man plods steadily to his devotions. To the rain, the danger of sitting in wet clothes, he is absolutely impervious, and Mrs. Gladstone's solicitude has never availed to change his lifelong custom in this respect.'

Breakfast over, working time commences. Mr. Gladstone manages to crowd his almost endless varied occupations into the forenoon, for when in this country he has practically no other continuous and regular work-time. Into this space he condenses his enormous correspondence—for which, when no private secretary is available, he seeks the help of his sons and daughters—his political work, and his varied literary pursuits. Enter the room when Mr. Gladstone is reading a book; you may move noisily about the chamber, ransack the books on the shelves, stir the furniture, but never for one moment will the reader be conscious of your presence.

HIS PLACE IN HISTORY.

A nobleman, a scholar, and a great personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, wrote, in 1887, the following comparative study of his place in history: "Among the great English statesmen whose figures

of Pitt, with the financial and administrative capacity of Sir Robert Peel, and combines all these qualities with a many-sided catholicity of mind to which none of the others could lay claim."

ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

Issues a New Pamphlet on the Manitoba School Question.

Archbishop Tache, of St Boniface, Man., has issued another pamphlet on the School question. His Grace does not propose to abandon the constitutional fight now in progress to secure the re-establishment of Catholic separate schools in Manitoba. Nine years ago, it will be remembered, the Manitoba Legislature passed legislation abolishing the dual school system and established instead a system of non-sectarian Public schools.

An appeal to the courts resulted finally in a decision of the Imperial Privy Council confirming the constitutionality of the act of the Manitoba Legislature.

The Archbishop goes into the question very fully, makes an elaborate plea for separate schools, argues that the present non-sectarian schools, are really Protestant schools, and in conclusion proclaims himself an advocate of Equal Rights. He makes especial reference to the working of the new system in the city of Winnipeg. He adds, with something like a touch of bitterness: "I witnessed the birth and growth of that important city. At all times I had been struck with the generosity which characterized its inhabitants. It has been

LEARN TO SPEAK ENGLISH.

Hon. Mr. Laurier's Advice to His Fellow-Countrymen.

On the occasion of Father Dorval's golden jubilee, at L'Assomption, Hon. Mr. Laurier delivered an address in which he referred to the important question of educational reform. He loved the college too much, he said, not to tell its students and directors the whole truth. He was in favor of the study of the dead languages. He had told them that he was a Democrat, but he was not a leveller; he was in favor of classical education, not only upon account of its usefulness in the development of the intellect, but because such studies tempered the character and formed the mind. But there was a want to which he

WOULD DRAW PARTICULAR ATTENTION, and that was that the English language was not taught in the colleges as it should be. He had read lately in a daily paper that French Canadian educationalists should not encourage the study of English in this province, as there was a danger of the French language dying out. English, they had admitted, was certainly useful and sometimes necessary, but it was not desirable that those who did not actually require it should learn it.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Laurier, "if the French race was such as this paper

the young man who commenced his career without possessing the two languages was not armed for the struggle as he should be. One might ask, Why do not Englishmen learn French? Well, that was their business; if they did not learn French, so much the worse for them. Let the French-Canadian learn English and they would have the advantage; they could speak the French language, learned from their mother's lips in their homes, and they could keep the English language in reserve for business purposes.

There was a grand display of fireworks about half-past ten o'clock which lasted until a late hour.

A Handsome Gift.

By the last will and testament of the late James A. Sadlier, of Montreal, the sum of three hundred dollars was bequeathed to the Hotel Dieu Hospital of this city. This magnificent gift, more than commensurate to the wealth of the donor, is a lasting tribute to his fervent Catholic zeal, to his unselfish charity, and to that tender interest he has always exhibited towards those upon whom has fallen the heavy hand of affliction. On this point we are positive no better disposal can any one make of his wealth than to place it in the hands of the kind Sisters of the Hotel Dieu. They are now doing and have always done a noble

now held by Sir Charles Russell. He represents the country in the great international law-suit which was probably the only alternative to a fratricidal war, which would have dealt calamity alike to victor and to vanquished, and have put back the hand of progress on the dial for a century. It is hardly fanciful to say that by his skilful conduct of the British case before the Court of Arbitrators, the Attorney-General has done a service to the country which outweighs those of all the generals who have fought for her since Waterloo.—*London Tablet*, June 3.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

On the Sunday Opening of the World's Fair.

Cardinal Gibbons, in an interview in the *World*, has expressed his feelings towards the opening or closing of the World's Fair on Sunday. He stated that when the question was first brought up he gave it as his opinion that it would not be advisable to close the Fair for the entire Sunday. The Cardinal favored opening it on Sunday afternoons for many good reasons, which to Catholics are very strong and well founded. In the first place they would not go as far as the upholders of the Puritan Sunday, much as he condemned the lax observance of the day in European countries.

Continuing, Cardinal Gibbons said: "We Catholics believe the Lord's Day to

THE ARCHBISHOP'S CASE.

Two Decisions in Favor of His Grace.

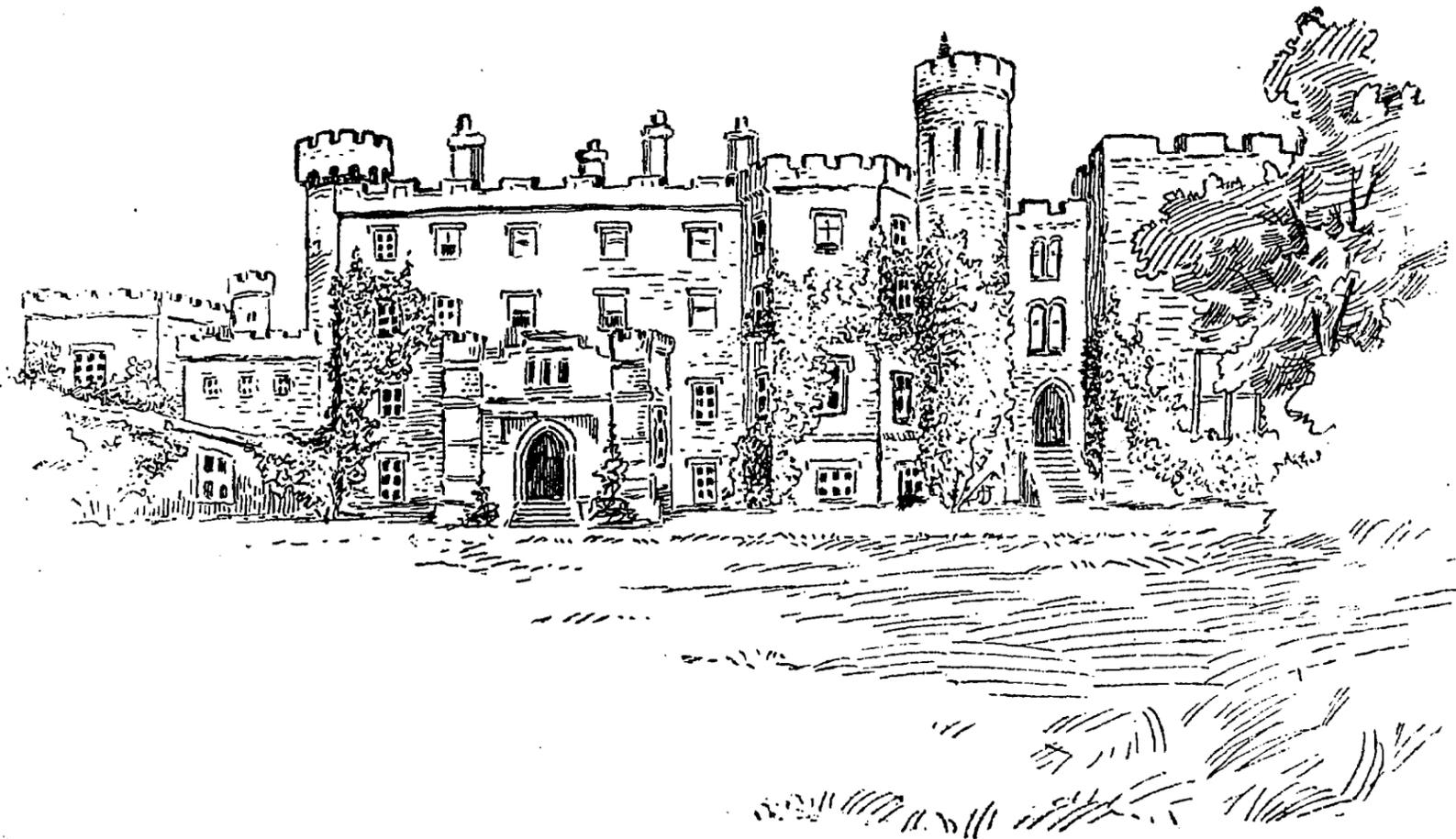
Judge Gill has rendered his decision in the case of the Canada Revue Co. versus Monseigneur Fabre, upon two motions made on behalf of plaintiffs.

The first motion was that the defendant should be ordered to declare more explicitly the circumstances which he invoked to justify his action in placing the Canada Revue under the ban of the church. The court held that it was clear that the circumstances could only be those referred to in the circular complained of, which had been reproduced word for word in plaintiff's own declaration, and that therefore the plea was sufficiently explicit, and the motions should be rejected with costs.

The second motion was that defendant be obliged to choose between two alleged contradictory lines of defence contained in the plea. Defendant had pleaded that in acting as he had done he had done his duty as Archbishop, that he had acted with moderation and without malice, and that in matters of discipline the Catholic Church was not responsible to civil tribunals. The court held that there was no incompatibility here, and rejected this motion with costs.

Statues for St. Peter's.

More statues of saints will shortly be placed above the facade of St. Peter's



HAWARDEN CASTLE, GLADSTONE'S RESIDENCE.

would have it, I should be the first to say that the French race was not worthy of the efforts which its leaders have, in the past, made in its behalf."

This same journal had reproached French public men for not speaking French in the House of Commons and elsewhere. Mr. Laurier gave it as his opinion that when one undertook to reply to an adversary, he did so with the object of persuading, of convincing his hearers.

"How very difficult to do that if one speaks in a language intelligible to a small section only," said he.

From the northern boundary of this continent to the Gulf of Mexico, there was a population of seventy millions. Sixty-eight millions were English-speaking; that was why the French should study the English language. The Speaker wanted every pupil who left that Seminary to be an able linguist. In ancient times the education of a Roman youth had not been completed unless he understood Greek. Cicero had abandoned his career at the bar for two years, which period he had spent at Athens in order to perfect himself in Greek. He and others had not been any the worse patriots on that account. Why, then, should the French-Canadians, if they learned a language other than their own? There was another consideration. The object of life was to gain a livelihood. Now, the speaker affirmed—and it could not be denied—that

work in this and every city wherein they have cast their lot. The recent expenses to which the Sisters have been subjected makes assistance doubly dear. They have omitted nothing, saved no expense in equipping an hospital which is a credit to their own zeal and industry, and to the city itself. They have now an institution where their charity can have full sway and where their skilful and patient nursing must bring forth splendid results. The Rev. Mother and the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu express their profound gratitude for the timely assistance they have received. The name of Mr. Sadlier will always be retained by them in grateful remembrance. Their fervent prayers will be daily offered up that his soul may find eternal rest.—*The Canadian Freeman*.

An Eminent Irishman.

We publish elsewhere the peroration of Sir Charles Russell's splendid speech before the Court of Arbitration in the Behring Sea dispute. In this time of political bitterness and strain it is pleasant to have to recognize that the champion of England in this great quarrel is a distinguished Irishman, and that no one could have served her better. Not for the first time in history the honor and interest of England are in the hands of an Irishman, but very seldom has it fallen to the lot of any man to fill so important and responsible a position as that

he not only a day of rest and religious observance, but a day on which innocent recreation is allowable. If a visit to the Fair comes within that limit, the opening of the Fair to provide innocent recreation on Sunday afternoons cannot be considered a desecration of the Sunday. Having performed the religious duties required of them in the morning, our Catholic people are free then to spend the day in such recreation as becomes Sunday. Moreover, in view of the fact that many thousands of visitors to the Fair must be of the class who pay no respect to the religious character of the Sunday, it seems a matter of common prudence to provide them with means of spending the day innocently, instead of leaving them to their own inclinations and the numerous temptations certain to be placed in their way. Then again it is a real hardship to deprive so many thousands of honest work people of their only opportunity to see the Fair. These and other reasons lead me to believe that the Fair should be open Sunday afternoons, and that more evil will result from the Sunday closing than from the opening."

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve.

Cathedral, and grouped about that of St. James the Greater, the patron saint of the church. A statue of St. John the Evangelist will be given by the Rev. Mr. Bonin, cure of St. Austin; M. Lavallee, cure of St. Vincent de Paul, of Montreal, will give a statue of the patron saint of the parish, and it will likely be erected upon the northern corner of the Cathedral. Cure Picbe, of Lachine, will also give a statue of St. Ignace, and it will be placed on the southern corner looking towards the parish of the donor.

Died from His Injuries.

James Howden, the young lad who recently was struck on the head with a lacrosse stick on Wood avenue, Cote St. Antoine, died Sunday morning. Inflammation of the brain set in as a result of his injuries. The coroner was immediately notified and authorized Dr. Wyatt Johnson to hold an autopsy on Monday morning at ten o'clock, and an inquest was held at two o'clock in the afternoon. William Edwards who was arrested on suspicion of committing the assault, is out on bail, but the police yesterday arrested two youths who are regarded as material witnesses in the case.

All the indictments found against the Carnegies and the Homestead strikers, for murder and conspiracy, have been quashed.

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RUM IN INDIA.

While we are busy answering "Observer" upon the opium trade in China, and the Act of the Union between England and Ireland, we must not omit another of his questions regarding the sending of rum to India by England.

Missionaries of all denominations state that their labors in the field have been greatly retarded, if not in some instances neutralized by the nefarious liquor traffic introduced among the natives by the East India Company. This monopoly, guarded and protected as it was by British arms, did just what it pleased in the East.

The Calcutta Missionary Herald, of 1833, says, on this subject: "Nothing was held sacred by it. Avarice, however, far-reaching was its motto. Robbery, confiscation, and every crime known to the Decalogue, were fair weapons and freely used against a benighted and helpless people. The very vilest and most maddening kinds of liquors were plentifully imported, and immense fortunes created out of their sales. Thousands of mild, kind natives have run amuck and lost their lives through and under the influence of the maddening stuff. All these excesses were legalized under the benign influence of the British Government."

"Chambers' Information for the People" refers to this traffic and in one place says: "Edmund Burke in his impeachment of Warren Hastings, the head of the Company's affairs in the East, accused them justly of having sold every monarch, prince and state in India, broke every contract, and ruined every state that had trusted them."

Take up almost any Missionary journal, or account of the African states and settlements of the day, and it will be found that the natives are treated precisely as were the natives of India. In Sir Joseph Thompson's magnificent work, entitled, "A trip through Masailand," you will find an account of the manner in which "fire-water," as our American Indians called the rum, was used to subjugate the tribes. Even as far as the foot of Kilmanjaro are there native bands that suffered extermination through the means of bad liquors, even as much as by means of the sword and rifle. As in the case of the opium war, so particularly on this question, would we advise our correspondent to read the lectures and letters of Dr. Cahill on India. The fearful crimes committed by the leaders of the East India Company are upon record. Had it not been for the manner in which the natives were treated never would the pages of history be darkened with the story of the Carnatic. Burke's description of Tippo Saib and Hyder Ali, collecting their troops, like clouds upon the hills, to burst down upon the happy valley and sweep everything away in the whirlwind of death, (that master piece of English oratory) would never have been spoken, were it not for the rum traffic that accompanied other barbaric actions of the so-called civilizars in the East. Read Macaulay's essays on Lord Clive, and on Warren Hastings: a glimpse is

therein given of the situation. However, as to the question whether England sent rum to India or not, we reply in the affirmative.

HOME RULE IN QUEBEC.

The Liverpool Courier, of June 1st, one of the most fanatical of anti-Home Rule and anti-Catholic organs, furnishes its readers with an article upon the comparison between Home Rule in Ireland and in Quebec. Scarcely does this unique piece of vituperation require comment; it will suffice that any reasoning man in this Province should read it to be disgusted with the misrepresentations and calumnies with which it bristles. After sneeringly referring to Hon. Mr. Blake as an Irish Canadian "imported to educate the British public in regard to Home Rule in the Dominion," the Courier proceeds to mix up the Dominion and what it is pleased to style "priest-ridden Quebec." It says the analogy has served to "call attention to the real condition of affairs in that unfortunate province." As a set-off against "Mr. Blake's rhetoric," the Liverpool organ produces Mr. W. Lutton of the Montreal Witness, and quotes from his writings in the Times.

The Montreal Witness is a reputable organ, the Times is a "thunderer," and Mr. Lutton is a clever man; no one will deny these facts. Nor will anyone deny that the Witness is blind when there is question of Catholicity, that the Times is fanatical when there is question of Ireland, and that Mr. Lutton, as a special pleader, and an imaginative writer, who knows how to abuse his opponent when his own case is a bad one, and can stretch his elastic imagination beyond measure, when he has no fear of contradiction.

The Courier learns from Mr. Lutton that "Quebec started Home Rule 25 years ago," so did Ontario and so did the first Provinces that entered Confederation. "Then the Province was free from debt and free from Papal tyranny." Dear Mr. Lutton, do you not know that the Province started out, with all the others, under the Confederation, with a clean slate? Are you not aware, (but of course you are, were you honest enough to admit it), that twenty-five years ago, and for a century before that, the influence of the Catholic clergy was greater in Quebec and extended over more people than it does to-day? Protestantism has since increased by immigration and other means, and Liberal-Catholicism had no foothold in this Province. "Now there is a debt of 33 millions of dollars." Mr. Lutton says, "while the people are abject slaves of a shameful ecclesiastical tyranny with which the civil authorities cannot cope." Not so bad; Mr. Lutton's imagination is now fully plumed for a skyward flight. "Taxation," he says, "is appalling, and the great bulk of it falls on the Protestants, though it is the Roman Catholic bishops and priests that spend the money." Now Mr. Lutton, (if he so wrote to the Times, as the Courier states) has gone beyond a poetic license; even a vivid imagination will not excuse a falsehood, and he knows that our taxes are proportionately divided, and as to school and religious imposts, no Protestant in Quebec pays one cent for a Catholic institution; but in Manitoba Catholics are taxed to support entirely Protestant schools.

Had Mr. Lutton stopped at this point we might think he were poking fun at the Times and that the Courier could not see the joke; but he deliberately states what every person conversant with Quebec affairs knows to be an intentional misrepresentation of facts. He says: "In Quebec, the minority, who 'pay the piper,' are practically unrepresented in

the Legislature, the municipal councils, the civic Parliaments of the cities of Quebec and Montreal." Surely no honest journalist ever wrote such a statement! He must have been misquoted, or else the Courier has been charging him wrongly with the above sentence. This appears in the Times of London and Courier of Liverpool at the moment that Hon. John S. Hall, the Provincial Treasurer, is in England and speaking at a public entertainment on Quebec. Ever since Confederation the office of Treasurer of this "much indebted and priest-ridden Province" has been held by a Protestant; Church, Wurtele, Robinson, Hall have occupied that place, holding the public purse of this "priest-ridden Province," while they had Protestant colleagues in the Cabinet. This "priest-ridden Province" had a Protestant Prime Minister, with a couple of Protestant assistants. Montreal has had Protestant Mayors each time the term of that section of the people came around; to-day in the council there are seven or eight Protestant aldermen, and a couple of them have as much to say as any half dozen of the others. But it is needless to continue pointing out the fair treatment of the minority in Quebec—the generous, the often over-generous treatment—by the majority. Just read the following from Mr. Lutton: surely his ink turned red when he penned these lines—but no, as well ask if Mr. Lutton blushed:—

"Her (Quebec's) legislators are men who emerging from obscurity, riot in a barbaric luxury. The English language is crushed out in every municipality where a majority of French-Canadians can be demonstrated. Ecclesiastical and civil parishes are erected at the will of the bishops, and the Protestants have to pay for the support of Roman Catholic institutions. When the minority appeal to the courts the reply of the courts is that they have no jurisdiction."

It is useless to argue with a writer whose mildest accusations and fairest statements are the foregoing. We defy this gentleman of the Witness, the "occasional correspondent" of the Times, and the Courier's great authority, to substantiate any of his assertions in the premises. Can he tell us where and when a Protestant has been taxed to support a Catholic institution? Not he; but we can point to other parts of the Dominion where Catholics are forced by the law to support Protestant institutions, establishments from which they derive no benefit. As to the ecclesiastical and civil erection of parishes we would advise the author of that letter to read the Civil Code and then point us out in what particular its articles have been disregarded by the Catholic Church. Can he do so? Not he. But the Times is sufficiently anti-Irish to swallow any stuff that might serve as an argument against Home Rule; the Courier is sufficiently anti-Catholic to believe the most absurd of calumnies against the Church; and the Witness is sufficiently hypocritical that it will sanction any misrepresentation of Catholicity, provided its religious untruthfulness is not exposed to detection.

NEXT WEEK we will have some words of advice to give the pupils who are about to enter upon their long vacation; also we will speak more plainly upon some matters connected with the schools and and those interested in them—matters to which we slightly alluded last week. This is the time for reforms, for improvements, for any changes, in one way or another, that might be deemed advisable. There is no question of more paramount importance than that of education, and we owe it to the coming generation as well as to the present one that every effort be made to secure the

most effective methods and the most efficient officers possible in the administration of our institutions for the training of youth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Twenty-three years ago last Wednesday—on the 14th June, 1870—the remains of the greatest English novelist were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. It was on the eighth that the shock came which warned his relations of the approaching end. He had returned a few days before from London to his beautiful residence at "Gad's Hill," and was contemplating another run up to the metropolis when the shadow of death crossed his threshold. His daughter thus describes the last scene in that memorable life—it took place in the evening of the ninth of June:—

"All through the night," writes his daughter, "we watched him—my sister on one side of the couch, my aunt on the other, and I keeping hot bricks to the feet which nothing could warm, hoping and praying that he might open his eyes and look at us, and know us once again. But he never moved, never opened his eyes, never showed a sign of consciousness through all the long night. On the afternoon of the ninth a celebrated London physician, Dr. Russell Reynolds, was summoned to a consultation by the two medical men in attendance, but he could only confirm their hopeless verdict. Later, in the evening of this day, at ten minutes past six, we saw a shudder pass over our dear father, he heaved a deep sigh, a large tear rolled down his face, and at that instant his spirit left us. As we saw the dark shadow pass from his face, leaving it so calm and beautiful in the peace and majesty of death, I think there was not one of us who would have wished, could we have had the power, to recall his spirit to earth."

There seems to us something not unlike Tennyson's death scene in that of Dickens. Both were great men; both had done miracles during life, each in his own sphere, for the benefit of English literature; both were easily impressed and had the gift of leaving impressions upon others; both had lived to enjoy the fulness of honors well deserved and of rewards well earned: both died in the midst of friends and surrounded by weeping relatives; both spirits went forth in the solemn shades of the early night; both died surrounded by all that could make life attractive and the world beautiful; both departed—as far as we know—without a word concerning the soul, eternity or God. The one with a volume of poems at his hand, the other dreaming of a romantic future in his earthly home.

The death of Dickens was calm, sad and natural; in almost any one of his novels you might read a more or less exact prophetic account of that last scene. Nearly all his mild and loving characters were ushered, by his pen, from time into the great unknown land beyond, in a manner not unlike his own exit. Even the death of poor Jo, the sweep; down 'midst the squalor of Tom-all-Alone's, the grateful lad, the faithful believer in Captain Hawdon, whose last resting-place he used to hover around because "he was so wery good to me, he was," this creature of most miserable circumstances was glad to go forth in peace from the rain, the cold, the mud, the cruel people, the harsh policeman, and to sleep in a grave like his friend. We all remember the jolting and rattling of the cart and the drawing of the long breaths; the gradual slackening of the pace, the noise of the wheels growing less distinct, the rumble over the stones becoming more faint as the cart neared its journey's end; finally the dull and very distant sound as it disappeared over the hill of life, and the great never-to-be-broken silence that reigned, for a tear

had rolled down the pale cheek of Jo, and his weary soul had left the frail-prison. Yet, in all that touching and beautiful picture, not one word, not one thought of God, of sin, of its pardon, of eternity; ever and always the same great, dark, mysterious gulf beyond the grave, without a ray of Faith, a beam of Hope, or a glow of Charity or Love to light up its awfulness.

It is strange that in all those touching scenes, painted with the pencil of a master, never do we meet with one line, one feature or form that might suggest the glories of heaven, the splendor of God, the magnificence of Religion; yet there is pathos, deep and touching, there is kindness of heart, generosity, justice, love—but only as between fellow-beings, never as between the Creator and his creature.

And yet, as far as things of this world go, Dickens was a splendid character; affectionate, sympathetic, devoted to his family, honorable in all his transactions, open hearted and open handed, and free from small vanity. His daughter, in her account of his death says:

"The only stipulation which was made in connection with the burial at Westminster Abbey was that the clause in his will which read: I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious and strictly private manner, should be strictly adhered to, as it was.

At midday on the fourteenth of June a few friends and ourselves saw our dear one laid to rest in the grand old cathedral. Our small group in that vast edifice seemed to make the beautiful words of our beautiful burial service even more than usually solemn and touching. Later in the day, and for many following day, hundreds of mourners flocked to the open grave, and filled the deep vault with flowers."

But hundreds of thousands had claims upon Dickens and they loved him dearly. Every year on the ninth of June and at Christmas wreaths and crosses of flowers are placed by unknown, but grateful, hands upon his tomb. He was known the world over although his own acquaintance with people was necessarily limited. Every child who had read his Christmas stories, every pupil whose hours were spent over Oliver Twist or Nicholas Nicholby, every one who had gone through the scenes and lived with the characters in Bleak House, Little Dorritt, David Copperfield, The Old Curiosity Shop, or The Tale of Two Cities, felt that Dickens was a creator whose genius brought into existence these miniature worlds and peopled them with characters never to be forgotten, and all felt that they owed him a debt of undying gratitude. Many a child who wept over Little Nell, laughed at Old Pickwick, or shuddered at thought of Mr. Dennis the hangman; many a grown person who has sat in imagination at the Sol's Arms while the inquest on Mr. Krook was being held, who went in and out of the Marshalsea Prison with the little messenger of love, or who spent hours with Miss Flite in the Chancery Court awaiting for Jarndyce and Jarndyce to be called; many a frequenter of Dickensland, steals in and moves up the large aisle of the great Abbey and places a wreath upon the last home of the wizard whose magic wand conjured into being so many imperishable creations.

But if Dickens is dead, his works shall live as long as the English language is spoken or read, and as long as the children of men can be delighted and entranced by the mesmerism of romance. His son wrote an article entitled "Disappearing Dickensland," which appeared in the June number of the North American Review of this year. In a few pages he points out how all the places described by his father in

London are vanishing or have already vanished. After giving several instances and stating that it is needless to multiply them any further, he thus closes a most interesting paper. "It is enough to recognize the fact that the greater part of the London of fifty years ago has vanished already, and that the requirements of a vastly increased and more exacting population demand still further and more sweeping changes. We shall be fortunate if we can even save some of the great monuments of architectural art which were bequeathed to us by our forefathers; but as to Dickensland in London, that in the course of a very few years will exist only in the books themselves and in the notes of explorers and commentators."

Nothing could be truer than these remarks: fifty years hence not one place immortalized by Dickens will be in existence, nor will any of the originals from whom his characters were drawn be found amongst men. But as long as the imagination shall revel in the land of romance shall people grow indignant with the cruel Yorkshire schoolmaster, feel a detestation for Fagin the Jew, and listen, with Troty Veck, to the chimes from the church tower. Westminster Abbey itself shall be in ruins before the works that Dickens left shall have perished forever.

CHRISTUS ORATOR.

In the notes and comments to the June number of the North American Review there appears a short article, by T. Alexander Hyde, upon the important subject of "Christ as an Orator." The writer throws out several hints that seem to us both novel and timely. He says: "There is no treatise professing to deal with the exceptional gifts of the greatest extempore orator the world has ever beheld. For two thousand years the human race has been led by the teachings of a man who, so far as can be discerned, never committed a thought to writing."

It is in fact strange that this subject has never been taken up by the great writers on the history of literature. What is an orator? Simply one who speaks: not one who writes, learns by heart and recites. An actor may be a genius in his own line, but he is not an orator: he merely repeats the words and ideas of another, in a manner perhaps superior to that of the originator of such thoughts and expressions. The public speaker who prepares a magnificent address and delivers it with extraordinary eloquence, is a grand essayist, a splendid elocutionist: but not necessarily an orator. The speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero that are studied in colleges, are not the burning bursts of oratory that stirred the people of Athens or the men of Rome into abnormal excitement. What we read to-day are polished essays, but not the exact words. There were no stenographers in the days of Cicero or Demosthenes: and if there is exactness in these productions it is simply because these men wrote down their speeches and learned them by heart. And even were these master-pieces the exact words, as they flowed from the lips of the speakers, we cannot grasp their force or even applicability. We would require to have lived in those days and amidst the events that called forth such efforts; we cannot see on the cold page the gesture, the flash of the eye, nor can we catch the voice, the modulations, the emphasis, all of which have as much to do in the production of an effect as have the mere words.

"An orator is one who has something to say and says it," is a quaint but not inexact definition. Christ never prepared His public addresses, yet they were all

master-pieces. We have His words as reported by inspired writers, but we have not the majestic presence, the sublime gesture, the loving or scathing glance, the soft or thundering tones; therefore, we can form no conception of Christ as an Orator. Beautiful as His language may read, what must it not have been to have heard Him? The Sanhedrim sent a band of officers to entrap Jesus, but they failed in their mission and returned to confess that His speech was so persuasive they could do nothing but listen, "for never man spoke like this Man." When the soldiers came to arrest Him, on that memorable night in the Garden of Olives, He did not use sword nor human weapon, no more did He perform any miracle, He merely asked them whom they sought, and when they replied "Jesus of Nazareth," He only said "I am He." Three words, expressed as only Christ could express them, and the soldiers fell prostrate to the earth. The fallen hero of Rome in the Carthaginian dungeon somersized the officer sent to slay Him, that at the sound of his indignant voice, the fellow was cowed and returned without performing the execution. But in the life of Christ still more extraordinary evidences of oratorical power were made manifest.

In his sermons are examples of "almost every figure of speech and every kind of eloquence, from the simple to the passionate. There is even found examples of wit and humor."

Leaving aside all question of Divinity, taking Christ as a human being, a being who suffered cold, hunger and "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and who used His human gifts in carrying out His mission, we must not forget that the presence has a great deal to do with the effects of an orator's speech. Christ must have had a faultless body a magnificent physique, a glorious presence, because had there been any defects in His personal appearance, His enemies would have been only too glad to seize upon them to show that He was not the Messiah. His voice must have been marvellous, and His gesture sublime. He held the attention of multitudes while speaking in the open air. He once addressed five thousand people upon a mountain side, and the last one in that vast assembly hear his words. He stood in an open boat near the shore and spoke to a vast audience collected along the hill-slopes. Take the most vocally gifted man on earth and he would find it no easy matter to speak in the open air and to hold spell-bound an audience.

We read of the "loud voice" in which Christ spoke at times, His mild tones at others: so that we must conclude He had a perfectly modulated voice. Even the expression of His features, or the glanced of His eye would suffice to convey a whole sermon. "One look made St. Peter go forth from the Council Chamber a broken penitent." He evidently made use of gesture to a great extent in His oratory: He often pointed to the object or person of which He was speaking and a whole Philippic was contained in that one motion of the hand. The writer above referred to say, "much of the obscurity that envelops the words of Jesus would vanish if we could supply the look, gesture, or tone of voice be used. It is characteristic of extempore speech to be elliptical or to abound in figures of rhetoric and exaggerated expressions; and these though readily understood at the time of utterance, have to be carefully weighed and freed from over-statement before the reader can glean the correct meaning. Many of the divisions of Christendom have been made by interpreting the oratorical language of Christ literally."

There is a great deal of truth in all this; and as long as men refuse to accept the infallible Vicar of Christ as the interpreter of the words pronounced by the Saviour, so long shall there be error in the world. It is sheer folly for any man, pretending to be sane, to undertake on his own strength of mind to give the exact meaning of the language that Christ used in public.

Christ spoke of it being as easy for "a camel to go through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to get into heaven." Countless attempts have been made to explain these words, which may have been a simple colloquial expression familiar to the Jews and easily understood in a language that has nothing in sympathy with any modern tongue. Had Christ said: "It is as hard to find a rich man in heaven as to find a needle in a bundle of hay," we would have understood Him.

Mr. Hyde has given the very best evidence of the absolute necessity of a supreme interpreter, a chief justice to explain the law, a Vicar of Christ, and Head of the Catholic Church. He has come to the very threshold of true religion with his argument; we trust he will have the grace to see that the confusion of sects and the folly of individual interpretation at once point to the infallibility of Christ's Church.

But that is wandering from the subject. It seems to us that Christ being God as well as man, we cannot reasonably expect that the most gifted orators of the ages could compete with Him, that He should be brought at all into their category. But humanly speaking, there is no doubt on the subject: Christ was the greatest of all orators, or we might go farther and say truthfully, that Christ is the only orator that ever lived.

THE FAMOUS Blarney stone has, at last, reached Chicago. For centuries it occupied a place on the historic walls of the old Blarney Castle. Lady Aberdeen caused it to be shipped on her return from America. On Friday last it was set up in the Irish village at the World's Fair, and on Monday Mayor Harrison performed the ceremony of the unveiling. It seems to us that the transferring of the stone, from Ireland to America will destroy the extraordinary virtues that are attributed to it. It will be too easy a matter now to kiss the Blarney stone and legend tells that it was owing to the difficulty of reaching down to this wonderful stone that the one who succeeded in performing the feat received the "gift of the gab." We trust that when the Fair is over the stone will be returned to its original place in the Old Land.

UNITED STATES SENATOR SANDFORD has taken up the cause of the Chinese. He admits that at one time he had fears of the Chinese overrunning the country, but for some years he has had none. He says that the Americans need the Chinese to work in their fields, vineyards, and orchards, and do the common labor of the country. He calls them the most quiet, industrious and altogether commendable class of foreigners who come to the United States. The New York Catholic Review has this to say about them:—

"These 'altogether commendable' celestial herd together like beasts, are addicted to opium, do not bring hither their wives but are flagrantly immoral, do not come to reside, do not learn our language, do not assimilate with the American people, are pagans, alien in race, language, customs and religion to all that this nation holds most dear. The Catholic Review is not unfriendly to the Chinese—it wishes them every blessing, it only challenges the 'altogether commendable' part of the statement made in their behalf by the millionaire President of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER IX.

A DRIVE THROUGH A BOG.

WHILE Lockwood continued thus to doubt and debate with himself, Walpole was already some miles away to Kilgobbin. Not, indeed, that he had made any remarkable progress, for the "mare that was to rowl his honor over in an hour and a half" had to be taken from the field where she had been plowing since daybreak, while "the boy" that should drive her was a little old man who had to be aroused from a condition of drunkenness in a hay-loft, and installed in his office.

Nor were these the only difficulties. The roads that led through the bog were so numerous and so completely alike that it only needed the dense atmosphere of a rainy day to make it matter of great difficulty to discover the right track. More than once were they obliged to retrace their steps after a considerable distance, and the driver's impatience always took the shape of a reproach to Walpole, who having nothing else to do, should surely have minded where they were going. Now, not only was the traveller utterly ignorant of the geography of the land he journeyed in, but his thoughts were far and away from the scenes around him. Very scattered and desultory thoughts were they, at one time over the Alps and with "long-agos" nights at Rome clashing with mornings on the Campagna; vast saloons crowded with people of many nations, all more or less busy with that great traffic which, whether it take the form of religion, or politics, or social intrigue, hate, love, or rivalry, makes up what we call "the world;" or there were sunsets dying away rapidly—as they will do—over that great plain outside the city, whereon solitude and silence are as much masters as on a vast prairie of the West; and he thought of the times when he rode back at nightfall beside Nina Kostalergi, when little flashes would cross them of that romance that very worldly folk now and then taste of, and delight in with a zest of all the greater that the sensation so new and strange to them. Then there was the revulsion from the blaze of wax-lights and the glitter of diamonds, the crash of orchestras, and the din of conversation, the intoxication of the flattery that Champagne only seems to "accentuate" to the unbroken stillness of the hour, when even the footfall of the horse is unheard, and a dreamy doubt that this quietude, this soothing sense of calm, is higher happiness than all the glitter and all the splendor of the ball-room, and that in the dropping words we now exchange, and in the stray glances, there is a significance and an exquisite delight we never felt till now; for glorious as is the thought of a returned affection, full of ecstasy, the sense of a heart all, all our own, there is in the first half-doubtful, distrustful feeling of falling in love, with all chances of success or failure, something that has its moments of bliss nothing of earthly delight can ever equal. To the verge of that possibility Walpole had reached—but gone no farther—with Nina Kostalergi. The young men of the age are an eminently calculating and prudent class, and they count the cost of an action with a marvelous amount of accuracy. Is it the turf and its teachings to which this crafty and cold-blooded spirit is owing? Have they learned to "square their book" on life by the lessons of Ascot and Newmarket, and seen that, no matter how probably they "stand to win" on this, they must provide for that, and that no caution or foresight is enough that will not embrace every casualty of any venture?

There is no need to tell a younger son of the period that he must not marry a pretty girl of doubtful family and no fortune. He may have his doubts on scores of subjects; he may not be quite sure whether he ought to remain a Whig with Lord Russell, or go in for Odgerism and the ballot; he may be uncertain about Colenso, and have his misgivings about the Pentateuch; he may not be easy in his mind about the Russians in the East or the Americans in the West; uncomfortable suspicions may cross him that the Volunteers are not as quick in

evolution as the Zouaves, or that England generally does not sing "Rule Britannia" so lustily as she used to do.

All these are possible misgivings, but that he should take such a plunge as matrimony, on other grounds than the perfect prudence and profit of the investment, could never occur to him.

As to the sinfulness of tampering with a girl's affections by what in slang is called "spooning," it was purely absurd to think of it. You might as well say that playing sixpenny whist made a man a gambler. And then, as to the spooning, it was partie egale, the lady was no worse off than the gentleman. If there were by any hazard—and this he was disposed to doubt—"affections" at stake, the man "stood to lose" as much as the woman. But this was not the aspect in which the case presented itself, flirtation being in this idea, to marriage, what the preliminary canter is to the race—something to indicate the future, but so dimly and doubtfully as not to indicate the hesitation of the waverer.

If then, Walpole was never for a moment what mothers call serious in his attentions to Mlle. Kostalergi, he was not the less fond of her society, he frequented the places where she was likely to be met with, and paid her that degree of "court" and only stopped short of being particular by his natural cautions. There was the more need for the exercise of this quality at Rome, since there was many there who knew of his engagement with his cousin, Lady Maude, and who would not have hesitated to report on any breach of fidelity. Now, however, all these restraints were withdrawn. They were not in Italy, where London, by a change of venue, takes its "records" to be tried in the dull days of winter. They were in Ireland, and in a remote spot of Ireland, where there were no gossips, no clubs, no afternoon tea-committees, to sit on reputations, and was it not pleasant to see this nice girl again in perfect freedom? These were, loosely stated, the thoughts which occupied him as he went along, very little disposed to mind how often the puzzled driver halted to decide the road, or how frequently he retraced miles of distance. Men of the world, especially when young in life, and more realistic than they will be twenty years later, proud of the incredulity they can fell on the score of everything and everybody, and often fond of making themselves heroes to their own hearts of some little romance, which shall not cost them dearly to indulge in, and mererly engage some loose-lying sympathies without in any way prejudging their road in life. They accept of these sentimentalities, as the vicar's wife did the sheep in the picture, pleased to "have as many as the painter would put in for nothing."

Now, Cecil Walpole never intend that this little Irish episode—and episode he determined it should be—should in any degree affect the serious fortunes of his life. He was engaged to his cousin, Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, and they would be married some day. Not that either was very impatient to exchange present comfort—and, on her side, affluence—for a marriage on small means, and no great prospects beyond that. They were not much in love. Walpole knew, that the Lady Maude's fortune was small, but the man who married her must "be taken care of," and by either side, for there were as many Tories as Whigs in the family, and Lady Maude knew that half a dozen years ago she would certainly not have accepted Walpole, but that every year he chance of a better partie were diminishing, and, worse than all this, each was well aware of the inducements by which the other was influenced. Nor did the knowledge in any way detract from their self-complence or satisfaction with the match.

Lady Maude was to accompany her uncle to Ireland, and do the honors of his court, for he was a bachelor, and pleaded hard with his party on that score to be let off accepting the vicereignty.

Lady Maude, however, had not yet arrived, and even if she had, how should she ever heard of an adventure in the Bog of Allen?

But was there to be an adventure? and, if so, what sort of adventure. Irishmen, Walpole had heard, had all the jealousy about their women that characterizes savage races, and were ready to recent what in civilized people, no one would dream of regarding matter for umbrage. Well, then, it was only to be more cautions—more on one's guard—besides the tact, too, which a knowledge of life should give.

"Eh, what's this? Why are you stopp-

ing here?" This was addressed now to the driver, who had descended from his box, and was standing in advance of the horse.

"Why don't I drive on, is it?" asked he, in a voice of despair. "Sure there's no road."

"And does it stop here?" cried Walpole, in horror, for he now perceived that the road really came to an abrupt ending in the midst of the bog.

"Begorra, it's just what it does. Ye see, your honor," added he, in a confidential tone, "it's one of them tricks the English played us in the year of famine. They got two millions of money to make roads in Ireland, but they were so afraid it would make us prosperous and richer than themselves, that they set about making roads that go nowhere. Sometimes to the top of a mountain, or down to the sea, where there was no harbor, and sometimes like this one, into the heart of a bog."

"That was very spiteful, and very mean too," said Walpole.

"Wasn't it just mean, and nothing else! and it's five miles we'll have to go back to the cross-roads. Begorra, your honor, it's a good dhrink ye'll have to give me for this day's work."

"You forget, my friend, that but for your own confounded stupidity I should have been at Kilgobbin Castle by this time."

"And ye'll be there yet, with God's help!" said he, turning the horse's head. "Bad luck to them for the road-making! and it's a pity, after all, it goes nowhere, for it's the nicest bit to travel in the whole country."

"Come now, jump up, old fellow and make your best step out. I don't want to pass the night here."

"You wouldn't have a drop of whiskey with your honor?"

"Of course not."

"Nor even brandy?"

"No, not even brandy."

"Musha, I'm thinking you must be English," muttered he, half sulkily.

"And if I were, is there any great harm in that?"

"By coorse not, howe could ye help it? I suppose we'd all be better if we could. Sit a bit more forward, your honor, the bellyband does be lifting her, and as you're doing nothing just give her a welt of that stick in your hand, now and then, for I lost the lash off my whip, and I've nothing but this." And he displayed the short handle of what had once been a whip, with a thong of leather dangling at the end.

"I must say, I wasn't aware that I was to have worked my passage," said Walpole, with something between drollery and irritation.

"She doesn't care for bating—stick her with the end of it. That's the way. We'll get on elegant now. I suppose you was never here before?"

"No; and I think I can promise you I'll not come again."

"I hope you will, then, and many a time too. This is the Bog of Allen you're travelling now, and they tell there's not the like of it in the three kingdoms."

"I trust there's not!"

"The English, they say, has no bogs. Nothing but coal."

"Quite true."

"Erin, ma bauchal you are! first gem of the say! that's what Dan O'Connell always called you. Are you gettin' tired with the stick?"

"I'm tired of your wretched old beast, and your car, and yourself too," said Walpole; "and if I were sure that was the castle yonder, I'd make my way to it on foot."

"And why wouldn't you, if your honor liked it best? Why would you be beholden to a car if you'd rather walk? Only mind the bog-holes; for there's twenty feet of water in some of them."

"Drive on then. I'll remain where I am, but don't bother me with your talk, and no more questioning."

"By coorse I won't—why would I? Isn't your honor a gentleman, and haven't you a right to say what you please? And what am I but a poor boy, earning his bread? Just the way it is all through the world; some has everything they want, and more besides; and others hasn't a stitch to their backs, or maybe a pinch of 'baccy to put in a pipe."

This appeal was timed by seeing that Walpole had just lighted a fresh cigar, whose fragrant fumes were wafted across the speaker's nose.

Firm to his determination to maintain silence, Walpole paid no attention to the speech, nor uttered a word of any kind; and as a light drizzling rain had

now begun to fall, and obliged him to shelter himself under an umbrella, he was at length saved from his companion's loquacity. Baffled, but not beaten, the old fellow began to sing, at first in a low, droning tone; but growing louder as the fire of patriotism warmed him, he shouted to a very wild and somewhat irregular tune, a ballad, of which Walpole could not but hear the words occasionally, while the tramping of the fellow's feet on the foot-board kept time to his song.

"Tis our fun they can't forgive us,
Nor our wit so sharp and keen;
But there's nothing that provokes them,
Like our wearin' of the green.
They thought poverty would bate us,
But we'd sell our last 'bonneen';
And we'd live on cowld paytates,
All for the wearin' of the green.
Oh, the wearin' of the green—wear-
in' of the green!
'Tis the color best becomes us,
Is the wearin' of the green!"

"Here's a cigar for you, old fellow, and stop that infernal chant."

"There's only five verses more, and I'll sing them for your honor before I light the 'baccy'."

"If you do, then you shall never light baccy of mine. Can't you see that your confounded song is driving me mad?"

"Faix, ye're the first I ever see dislike music," muttered he, in a tone almost compassionate.

And now, as Walpole raised the collar of his coat to defend his ears, and prepared, as well as he might, to resist the weather, he muttered: "And this is the beautiful land of scenery; and this the climate; and this the amusing and witty peasant we read of. I have half a mind to tell the world how it has been humbugged!" And thus musing, he jogged on the dreary road, nor raised his head till the heavy clash of an iron gate aroused him, and he saw that they were driving along an approach, with some clumps of pretty but young timber on either side.

"Here we are, your honor, safe and sound," cried the driver, as proudly as if he had not been five hours over what should have been done in one and a half. "This is Kilgobbin. All the ould trees was cut down by Oliver Cromwell, they say, but there will be a fine wood here yet. That's the castle you see yonder, over them trees; but there's no flag flying. The lord's away. I suppose I'll have to wait for your honor? You'll be coming back with me?"

"Yes, you'll have to wait." And Walpole looked at his watch, and saw it was already past five o'clock.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE ACT OF UNION.

BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

When Was It Consummated And Was It Honorably Carried Out on the Part of Those in Favor of It, and by the English Government?

The above heading is the first question, in his series, that "Observer" asked us a couple of weeks ago. We had intended replying in two editorials; but as the space allotted to editorials would not permit of our going beyond the threshold of the subject, we purpose giving our readers the full benefit of a complete series of replies. The hunting up and arranging of all the matter that will follow took considerable time—but we think that the time was not lost.

On the 7th June, 1800, the final passage of the Union Bill was effected. On the 1st January, 1801, in accordance with the great constitutional changes, a new imperial standard was run up on London Tower, Edinburgh Castle and Dublin Castle, proclaiming the death sentence of Ireland. So much for the date of the Union; now for the question—"how was it carried out?" "The Union was effected 'by force and fraud,' says McGee's history of Ireland. "Titles, pensions and offices were freely offered. 'Secret Service Money' was sent over from Whitehall, and afterwards added to the public debt of Ireland. The Orangemen were neutralized by securing a majority of their leaders; the Catholics by the establishment of familiar communication with their bishops. The viceroy complimented Dr. Troy, of Dublin; the Duke of Portland lavished personal attentions on Dr. Moylan, in England. The Protestant clergy were satisfied with the assurance that the maintenance of their establishment would be a fundamental article of the Union, while the Catholic bishops were given to understand that complete Emancipation would be one of the first measures submitted to the Imperial Parliament. The oligarchy were to be indemnified for their boroughs, while the advocates of reform were shown how hopeless it was to expect a House constituted of their nominees, ever to enlarge or amend its own exclusive constitution. Thus for every description of people a particular set of appeals and arguments was found, and for those discarded the affectation of reasoning on the surrender of their national existence, there were the more convincing arguments of titles, employments, and direct pecuniary purchase. Steps were immediately taken by the Castle to deplete the House of its majority, and to supply their places before another session with forty or fifty new members, who would be entirely at the back of the Chief Secretary (Castlereagh). With this view, 32 judgeships were created; a great number of additional inspectorships and commissioners were also placed at the Minister's disposal; 13 members had peerages for themselves or for their wives, with the remainder to their children, and 19 others were presented to various lucrative offices. The Echeatorship of Munster,—a sort of Children Hundreds office—was accepted by those who agreed to withdraw from opposition, for such considerations, but who could not be got to reverse their votes. By this means and a lavish expenditure of secret service money, it was hoped that Mr. Pitt's stipulated majority of 'not less than fifty' could be secured during the year."

John Mitchell's "History of Ireland," at page 391, says:

"It must be remembered that the compensation fund of £1,500,000 represents a small part of the bribery. Vast sums were also paid for votes out of the Secret Service money. O'Connell in his Corporation speech, estimates these latter bribes at 'more than a million.' Then there were about 40 new peerages created, and conferred as bribes. The tariff of prices for Union votes was familiarly known—£8,000, or an office worth £2,000 a year if the member did not like to touch the ready money. Ten bishoprics, one chief-justiceship, six puisne-judgeships, besides regiments and ships given to officers of the army and navy. On the whole, the amount of all this in money must have been, at least, five millions sterling,—\$25,000,000. If bribery on the same scale, say \$100,000,000 were now judiciously administered in the English Parliament, a majority could be

obtained which would annex the Three Kingdoms to the United States." In their private correspondence at the time the ministers were very candid as to the villiany of their conduct. The letters of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Cornwallis abound with the most startling revelations and admissions. Castlereagh, writing to Secretary Cook, 21st June, 1800 (expostulating against an intention of the government to break some of the bargains of corruption, as too excessive, now that the deed was accomplished), says: "It will be no secret what has been promised, and by what means the Union had been carried. Disappointment will encourage, not prevent disclosures, and the only effect of such a proceeding on their (the ministers') part will be to add the weight of their testimony to that of the anti-Unionist in proclaiming the profligacy of the means by which the measure was accomplished." For this quotation we refer the reader to the "Life and correspondence of Lord Castlereagh." English readers, as yet uninformed on the subject, and disposed to receive with hesitation the statements of Irish writers as to the infamous means resorted to by the English government to overthrow the Irish constitution in 1800, may be referred to the Castlereagh Papers and the Cornwallis Correspondence—the private letters of the chief agents in the scheme. Mr. Massey, chairman of committees in the English House of Commons, published, a few years ago, a volume which exposes and characterizes that nefarious transaction in language which might be deemed too strong if used by an Irishman feeling the wrong and suffering from it. Among all the agencies employed to break the power and strength of the anti-Unionists was this:—"The most daring and singular step of all was now taken by the government party—the formation of a duelling club. The premier (Lord Castlereagh) invited to a dinner party, at his own residence, a picked band of twenty of the most noted duellists amongst the ministerial followers; and then and there it was decided to form a club, the members of which should be bound to call out any anti-Unionist expressing himself immoderately against the conduct of the government! In plain words, Grattan and his colleagues were to be shot down in designedly provoked duels!"

On the 17th February, a few days after the formation of the ministerial duelling club, "Grattan was challenged by Corry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the field, the aged patriot having the choice of time, insisted on fighting that moment, or rather that morning as soon as daylight would admit. Accordingly, leaving the house in debate, about day dawn the principals and their seconds drove to the Phoenix Park. Before half an hour Grattan had shot his man, terminating, in one decisive encounter, the Castlereagh Campaign of fighting down the opposition. The ministerial duelling club was heard of no more." See for further information and the details of these transactions the "Journals of the Irish House of Commons."

Thus speaks John Mitchell, in his history of Ireland:—"England never kept faith with Ireland, nor never granted her a concession that was not wrung from her through fear. Englishmen, and English statesmen do not like to look back or hear of the means employed to effect the Union. They do not like to hear of the Penal Code: of the Insurrections of 1798 and 1848: of throwing O'Connell and his compatriots into jail: of robbing the country and producing artificial famines: of allowing 29 years to elapse between the Union and the granting of Catholic Emancipation: of the language of such Journals as the London Times:—"In a short time" said the Thunderer, "a Catholic Celt will be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan. They are gone with a vengeance!"

But the English Press went directly to the mark on the Irish exodus. They called the sorrowing cavalcade wending their way to the emigrant ship, a race of assassins, creatures of superstition, lazy, ignorant, and brutified. Far in the progress of this exodus—even long after some of its baleful effects began to be felt—The London Saturday Review answered in the following language to a very natural expression of sympathy and grief wrung from an Irish prelate witnessing the destruction of his people:—"The Lion of St. Jarlath's surveys with an envious eye the Irish exodus, and sighs over the departing demons of assass-

ination and murder. So complete is the rush of departing marauders, whose lives were profitably occupied in shooting Protestants from behind a hedge, that silence reigns over the vast solitude of Ireland."—Extract from the Saturday Review, 28th Nov., 1863.

Pages might be filled with extracts of a like nature from the press of England; many still more coarse and brutal. There may, and probably there are many English statesmen who now wish such language had not been used; that such blistering libels had not been rained on a departing people, to nourish in their hearts the terrible vow of vengeance with which they landed on American shores. But then—in that hour, when it seemed safe to be brutal and merciless—the grief-stricken, thrust-out people

"Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe."

The Times of January 8th, 1831, said: "That the means resorted to by Pitt, through Lord Castlereagh, for gaining over the majority of the Irish Parliament, exhibited Corruption in its most gigantic and revolting form, is less disgraceful to those Ministers than to the parties on whose venality they reckoned. Ireland was bought wholesale by England; but it was her own children that sold her." This paragraph, amongst others, called forth six letters on the "Repeal of the Act of Union and the establishment of a Local Legislature for Ireland," from Patrick Morris, of Waterford. The letters were published in 1831, and addressed to the Right Hon. Sir John Newport, Bt., M.P. Portions of these letters are most prophetic of the present struggle for Home Rule, and in them we find outlined certain powerful arguments used since by Parnell, Gladstone, McCarthy and Blake,—especially those based upon the success of Home Rule in Canada. These letters and accompanying pamphlets are most rare, and we would like to take copious extracts from them; but when we come to treat the question of Irish Industries and Trade, before and since the Union, we will have occasion to refer to them fully. This subject of the crushing out of Irish Industries, the wiping away of her Trade, and the closing of her Manufactories is of too vital an importance to-day to be treated lightly. We shall have to preface the history of those outrages by a sketch of the Penal Laws that led up to them.

Thus writes Mr. Morris, in the closing paragraphs of his first letter: "The government of Ireland, from the reign of Henry II. to the Revolution of 1688, was one continued scene of rapine, plunder, and extermination. The 'Glorious Revolution of 1688,' which secured liberty to England, established in Ireland a most ruthless despotism. 'To the Catholic' it was a sad servitude; to the Protestant, a drunken triumph; to both, a truce without trade and without constitution.' Until 1788, the Irish Parliament was a chapel of ease to that of Westminster; the edicts of the British Minister were registered by the submissive Assembly, almost without a murmur or complaint. The Irish Revolution of 1782 gave Ireland an Independent Parliament; they were indeed independent, but they did not recognize the political existence of three-fourths of the People, who were mere spectators, the audience, to cheer the actors in the great political drama. In 1793, the elective franchise was granted to the Irish Catholic—he was made half a freeman; at the end of seven short years, in 1800, before he could understand or value the sacred trust placed in his hands, he was disfranchised—the Irish Peer was disfranchised—the Irish Commoner was disfranchised—Ireland was disfranchised;—by an act of political turpitude, the most disgraceful that ever dishonored any age or nation, she was deprived of her independent Legislature. The Irish Parliament was in its infancy; it was allowed no time to mature itself. It would have become every day more Irish—its enemies plainly saw this—all its interests were in common with those of the Irish people. It had only eighteen years of existence to counteract the effects of ages of misrule. There is no other green spot, in the dreary desert of our history, that the eye can rest upon, or the Irish heart rejoice at."

Lord Clare said: "There is not a nation on the face of the habitable globe which had advanced in cultivation, in commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period." "In four years," said Grattan, in the English Commons, "the Irish Parliament gained for Ireland what you did not gain for England in a century—

Freedom of Trade, Independence of the Legislature, Independence of the Judges, Restoration of the Final Jurisdiction, Repeal of the perpetual Mutiny Bill, Habeas Corpus Act, Nullum Tempus Act;—a great work: you will exceed it and I shall rejoice." This evidence in favor of the Irish Parliament must be conclusive; it comes partly from one who afterwards became the base instrument for its subversion, and partly from him whose name must be forever embalmed in the grateful hearts of Irishmen—the illustrious Grattan.

It was therefore in 1801 that the Act of the Union was consummated; it was engendered in fraud and supported by iniquity. We come now to its effects upon the Trade, Commerce, Industries and Manufactures of Ireland. In our next issue we shall treat the subject at length.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.



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BANQUE VILLE MARIE.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Banque Ville Marie was held at the Head Office of the Branch yesterday, 20th June, at noon, the President in the Chair. Among those present were Rotwans, John T. Wilson, W. Weir, Wm. Strachan, E. Luchtenhein, O. Foucher, Godfrey Weir, H. Garand, and others. The President submitted the Directors' Report as follows:—

To THE SHAREHOLDERS,—The Directors have the honor to submit the following report showing the result of the business of the year ending May 31st, 1893.

The net profits, after deducting expenses of management, interest on deposits and the amount written off to cover bad debts, amounted to.... \$32,889 1
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account, May 31st, 1892..... 7,487 48

Making a total of..... \$40,377 19

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:—

Dividend of three per cent.,
Dec. 1st, 1892..... \$14,385 00
Dividend of three per cent.,
June 1st, 1893..... 14,385 00
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account..... 11,557 19
\$40,377 19

The statement which will now be submitted to you by the Chief Accountant will show the actual condition of the Bank at the close of the year.

The By-law passed at the last annual meeting in regard to cancelling a portion of the stock the property of the Bank having been carefully reconsidered, and it appearing doubtful whether such cancellation could be effected in this manner, your Directors deemed it prudent not to act upon it, so that the nominal capital remains as formerly.

The Branches have been as usual inspected from time to time, and the Directors have again to express their entire satisfaction with the manner in which the respective managers and other officers have performed their duties.

The whole respectfully submitted.

W. WEIR, President.

Montreal, 16th June, 1893.

GENERAL STATEMENT

ASSETS.	
Specie.....	\$ 13,166 34
Dominion Notes.....	64,263 00
Deposit with Government for circulation.....	21,000 00
Notes and cheques of other banks.....	61,440 80
Due by other banks in Canada.....	9,882 03
Due by other banks in Foreign Countries.....	21,182 04
Due by banks in United Kingdom.....	9,592 75
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....	18,761 85
	\$ 219,178 81
Current Loans and discounts.....	\$987,003 38
Overdue debts not secured.....	50,006 18
	\$1,037,009 58
Real Estate.....	52,181 72
Bank Premises.....	22,000 00
Mortgages on properties sold and others.....	11,994 13
Office Fixtures, Safes, etc	11,068 08
Other Assets, including stock of the Bank.....	268,748 80
	\$ 365,042 73
	\$1,622,181 10
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Subscribed, \$500,000 paid up.....	\$479,500 00
Profit and Loss.....	11,557 19
	\$ 491,057 19
Circulation.....	\$292,804 00
Dominion Government Deposits.....	5,442 42
Deposits not bearing interest.....	160,320 11
Deposits bearing interest	654,525 15
Due to other Banks in foreign countries.....	1,671 00
Other Liabilities.....	1,926 23
Dividend due 1st June, 1893.....	14,385 00
	\$1,131,078 91
	\$1,622,181 10

LOUIS DEGUISE,
Chief Accountant.

Montreal, 31st May, 1893.

In proposing the adoption of the Report the President remarked that while the past year has been fairly prosperous with the banks generally, it has not been unattended with considerable anxiety. During the first six months considerable difficulty was experienced in placing funds in safe hands and at remunerative rates, call loans having been made as low as three per cent upon one occasion. Later in the season the shipments of gold from New York and the alarm created in that centre on account of these shipments and the continued coinage of silver gave a very uneasy tone to the money market, which naturally had an influence here. The low rates which had ruled for call loans last summer had led to the inflation of several stocks largely dealt in upon our stock exchange, and when later in the season several banks called in a portion of their loans, the local money market was disturbed to

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

such an extent that call loans advanced to six per cent, about which rate they still remain.

The demand for funds from the regular business sources has been sufficient to absorb, during the last three or four months, the resources of the banks, in view of the large quantity of natural products of Canada held over to the opening of navigation, and intensified by the lateness of the spring.

Outside influences excepted, we may look for an easier money market in the near future. Trade generally, as far as the president's observation went, had been fairly prosperous, but the managers of those larger institutions who have already given their views as to the future, or who will do so shortly, are more able to gauge the situation.

Coming to the business of the bank, the president said that the year had been a fairly prosperous one. It will be seen from the report that with a reduction of \$25,000 in liabilities the immediately available assets of the bank had been increased to the extent of over \$48,000, a precaution deemed necessary in view of the disturbing elements to which reference has already been made. The earning power of the bank had been to some extent impaired through the reduction of about \$100,000 of the average note circulation, necessitated by the requirements of the new Bank Act, and which had only been partly made up by the increase in deposits. The net earnings, however, were a fraction over 8 per cent on the actual capital.

The outlook for the coming year in the Province of Quebec may be considered satisfactory. A large hay crop is now assured, and in connection therewith a large output of butter and cheese. It was yet too early to speak of the grain crop, as the spring was unusually late, but with favorable weather there is a good prospect of an abundant harvest. The abundance of the hay crop in view of the failure of that crop in France and England will do more than usual to add to the prosperity of the country. The large shipments of hay to England during the past winter, while not, in several cases, satisfactory to the shipper, have paved the way for an extensive export trade in the future, and the President expressed a hope that instead of our hay dealers making consignments to England and other European countries the business would be done in the same manner as that of butter and cheese, by the large European houses having their agents or offices in Canada to purchase upon the spot, which would be much more satisfactory to all concerned.

Referring to the by-law passed at the last annual meeting, cancelling a portion of the stock held by the bank since it was re-organized in 1881, the president said that before submitting the by-law the bank had consulted not only its own solicitor, but other gentlemen eminent in their profession, who were of opinion that, as the cancellation of this stock was really a book-keeping entry and in the direction of conforming to the new bank act, removal from the books of the bank of this stock as an asset and a liability was perfectly legal without any action other than a resolution of the shareholders. Other legal opinion since obtained has thrown doubt upon the legality of cancelling stock authorized by special act of Parliament to be held by the bank, and unless this stock is sold before the meeting of Parliament, it may be advisable to ask for a short Act to cancel it, as the holding of it by the bank itself is not conformable to the spirit of the bank act and it is no longer available as a basis of circulation.

The motion having been seconded by Mr. Wm. Strachan, was unanimously adopted.

After the usual votes of thanks to the president and directors, the agents and other officers of the bank, the scrutineers declared the following gentlemen unanimously re-elected directors for the ensuing year:—Wm. Weir, Wm. Strachan, John T. Wilson, O. Faucher, and Godfrey Weir.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Mr. W. Weir and Wm. Strachan were unanimously re-elected president and vice-president respectively.

A Vivid Recollection.

"Was there any time in your life, Mr. Slammaround," asked Miss Lilybud in tones of tender sentiment, "when all the world seemed a dreary waste to you; when your heart was hungry and starving; all the sweet springs of your life were turned to bitterness, and death seemed the sweetest boon the gods could offer you; when all the light was dark and all friends seemed false?"

Man is naturally prone to anger, but it is the duty of a Christian to resist it.

Montreal City & District Savings Bank.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollars per share on the capital stock of this institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city on and after MONDAY, the 3rd JULY, 1893.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

H. BARBEAU, Manager.
Montreal, May 30th, 1893.

Marble and Granite Works

COTE-DES-NEIGES. MONTREAL.

J. BRUNET,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
Monuments, Headstones,
Vaults, Posts, Copings.
And all kinds of Cemetery and Architectural Works.
All kinds of Repairing
at Moderate Prices.
Residence: COTE-DES-NEIGES.
Telephone 4666; connection free for Montreal.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands and cases called hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures FREE. 10 DAYS TREATMENT FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, ATLANTA GA.

Porter, Teskey & Co.,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—
FISHING TACKLE.

454 and 456 St. James Street, Montreal.

Salmon and Trout Flies, Rods, Reels, Lines, Snelled Hooks and Tangles

EVERY REQUISITE FOR FISHERMEN.

Canadian Agents for H. MILWARD & SONS FISH HOOKS.

Send for Catalogue.

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.

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

[By the Editor of the Catholic School and Home Magazine.]

ST. CLOTILDA, QUEEN OF FRANCE, June 3, 545.—This princess was brought up in her uncle's court, and by a singular providence was instructed in the Catholic religion, though she was educated in the midst of Arians. She was remarkable for her beauty as well as for her great virtues. She was married to Clovis the victorious King of the Franks, in 493, whom she finally converted to the faith, in 496. At her request, the King, in 511, erected in Paris the great church of St. Genevieve where his tomb is now found. St. Clotilda spent the latter years of her life at Tours, in exercises of prayer and almsdeeds, seeming entirely to forget that she had been queen or that her sons ruled the kingdom. She died June 3, 545, and was buried in the church of St. Genevieve, at the feet of that holy shepherdess.

ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, June 10, 1046-1093.—She was born in 1046, and was little niece to St. Edward the Confessor, and granddaughter to Edmund Ironsides. She had learned from her cradle to despise the vanities of the world, and her extraordinary virtue was the admiration of the whole court. She had great love for the poor and spent much of her fortune in relieving their wants. King Malcolm, who had defeated and killed his rival, Macbeth, was in possession of the Scotch throne, when he obtained the consent of St. Margaret to marriage, which took place at Dumferline Castle in 1070, when she was crowned Queen of Scotland. Her pious care was exercised over her children, several of whom ruled Scotland with great piety and success, especially King David I. She founded churches, monasteries and hospitals in several places in Scotland, and spent her life in deeds of holiness and charity, leaving to the world the example of one of the most saintly of queens. She died Nov. 16, 1093.

ST. BASIL THE GREAT, June 14, 329-379.—This saint was born in Asia Minor, in 329, and was one of a family of saints. By study, he became an adept in all the liberal arts and sciences, and at Athens he was regarded as an oracle both in sacred and profane learning. He gave up all worldly ambition and became the father of Monasticism in the East. He became Bishop of Cesarea and was a great defender of the Faith against the Arians, who even controlled the court. He died in 379. He was the friend and companion of St. Gregory Nazianzen, and is venerated as a Doctor of the Church. He is a model of Christian heroism.

ST. ETHELDREDA, OR AUDRY, PRINCESS OF ENGLAND, June 23, 679.—She was born in a village of Suffolk and was one of a family of saints. In compliance with the desire of her friends she married a prince but they lived together in perpetual continence. At the death of her husband, three years later, she retired into solitude where she spent five years in the practice of virtue. The King of Northumberland urged her to marry him which she did on the condition that their lives be passed in continence. Twelve years later she received the religious veil from the hands of St. Wilfred and became the founder of a monastery where she died in 679. This great princess and saint set a high value on the virtue of virginity because she was taught in the school of Christ that it is the precious jewel and the bright ornament of the Spones of the Lamb without stain.

ST. PAUL, APOSTLE, June 29, 67.—St. Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, was born in Tarsus, about the year 5, and was called Saul by his Jewish parents. His education was received from Gamaliel, the most eminent of all the doctors of the law. Filled with zeal for the Jewish law, he became one of the most inveterate persecutors of the Christians, and held the clothes of the holy deacon, St. Stephen, while he was being stoned to death. While on his way to Damascus, breathing vengeance against Christ, he was struck blind by a bright light from heaven, and he heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." This is God calling him to be an apostle. He went, was baptized, and became the great Apostle of the nations. He wrote twelve Epistles, preached everywhere, and was finally beheaded in Rome the same day that St. Peter was crucified. St. Paul is a model of generous correspondence to the grace of God and ardent devotion to Jesus Crucified.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

FANNY AND HER PET TIM.

Tim's introduction into our family circle was peculiar. We are an orderly household, and do not take to peets; at least we did not until Tim's arrival.

You remember that cold time we had last winter, when, in spite of our warm fires, the frost began to form on the window panes before the sun was down. Fanny and Charley, who were watching for their papa, made holes and patches in the white, where their funny little noses and warm red lips had touched it, so that they ginked out into the darkening street, through "port holes," as they said, the way their great-grandfathers took a peep at the Indians dancing around their house in dangerous times. That was the night Tim came. Charley went to the door, and there was a sound something like a faraway war-cry, and in an instant the door shut, and Charley stood beside Fanny, with eyes as big as saucers.

I heard the sound, too, and went to the door to see what it meant. There I heard a queer whining—so did Katie, who had followed with a light—Charley and Fanny preferring to face the danger behind our skirts than to stay alone in the sitting-room, clung to my dress, and peered into the dark night, moaning in fright.

"Hush, children," I said, "and let me hear. I guess it was nothing after all, let us go in." Slow and methodical as I always am, when, just as I was closing the door, something wound itself about my feet, for an instant my heart beat fast.

"Kitty!" I screamed, "bring the light, quickly!" She rushed back, and, putting the candle low down on the floor, what do you think was there? A wee bundle of fur, trembling as we touched it, hardly ourselves knowing what it was.

"Oh, cousin Sallie, it's a dear, darling live dog!" said Fanny. "It certainly is," said Kitty, laughing. "Oh, do let me hold him," Fanny begged.

"With all my heart," said Kitty, "for I must light the gas; your father will be here before you know it." So Fanny sat on the floor by the fender, and Kitty laid the dog on her lap. The moment father came, she and Charley ran to tell him the wonderful adventure.

"Let me see it," papa said, "It is evidently a fine dog; somebody's pet, I should think."

"Oh, I do wonder what its name is!" said Fanny. "Here, Carlo! Carlo!" cried Charley, and the dog ran to him. "That is the way to find out his name." "Here, Rover! Rover!" cried papa, with a comical look, and actually the dog ran to him. "Of course his name is Rover."

"Here, Pink!" Kitty called out, and away the little thing trotted to her. "There," she said, "his name is Pink."

"Come, Tip! Tip! Tip!" I called in my turn, and he sat on his hind paws looking wistfully into my face. "There, it's plain to every one his name is Tip. Probably he is willing to answer to any name so he can get his supper."

After a little while uncle came in, making a great fuss about the cold. "Why, what's all this!" he cried, looking down at the furious speck barking at his heels; "who is this stranger barking me out of my own sister's doors, I'd like to know?" and so the story was told to him, and he called the dog Tim, and Tim we have called him ever since.

Once we lost Fanny; I shall never forget the day. I put my bonnet on to run across the street not intending to stay five minutes, but the time slipped before we knew it. When I got home there was no one in the house except the girl. I knew Charley had gone off with his uncle; Kitty had gone out walking, and as Fanny was nowhere to be found, I took it for granted she was with Kitty. I went to lie down a little while, but I had hardly got to sleep when I was awakened by the door opening softly and Kitty peeped in, with her bonnet on. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing. I am sorry I woke you. I am looking for Fanny."

"Did she not go with you?" I asked. "Now, cousin Sallie, don't get frightened, there's nothing the matter with the child."

If we only could find Tim, I thought to myself, we should soon find Fanny. Finally we all met at the corner of the next block, having hunted every place we could think of, when something put it into my head to ask the workmen if

they had seen such a little girl pass. To get to them I had to pass some houses and a great brown-stone church. While passing I glanced into the cool, shaded church ground, and then I clapped my hands for joy, for there, sitting on the garden wall, was our dear Fanny with Tim.

It seems we had gone away and left her, so, not knowing what to do with herself, she had wandered into the beautiful grounds, and sat under the ivy, as happy as you please, never dreaming of our fear. To be sure we ought not to have been afraid, for Tim takes great care of his little mistress, and would never let anyone hurt herself if he could prevent it.—MARY OFF, in *Catholic Columbian*.

[IF I WERE YOU, MY SON!]

I wouldn't cry for anything when mamma or papa told me it was not good for me.

I would keep my hands and face clean any my hair brushed, without being told to.

I would be respectful to old people and behave so that my parents would not be ashamed of me.

I wouldn't get into sulks and pout whenever I couldn't have my own way about everything.

I wouldn't conclude that I knew more than my father before I had been fifty miles away from home.

I would pray every day, and I would ask God to make me a good boy, and show me how to go to heaven.

TARIFF REFORM.

Tariff Reform is in the air. The praises of B.B.B. are also heard everywhere. No other medicine cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood so rapidly and so surely as Burdock Blood Bitters.

Told a Lie With His Fingers.

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.

I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was that cost somebody a great deal; if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.

A Sedentary Occupation.

plenty of sitting down and not much exercises, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and most natural remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.

A "cold in the head" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrhal Headache, and every trouble caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer \$500 for any case which they cannot cure.

Why is letter "o" the most charitable letter? Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—

Patent Spring	\$4.10 @ 4.20
Patent Winter	3.90 @ 4.10
Straight Roller	3.20 @ 3.45
Extra	3.00 @ 3.20
Superfine	2.80 @ 2.90
Fine	2.35 @ 2.50
City Strong Bakers	3.80 @ 4.00
Manitoba Bakers	3.40 @ 3.75
Ontario bags—extra	1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers	1.70 @ 1.80
Superfine	1.30 @ 1.45
Fine	1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.25 to \$4.50, Standard \$4.10 to \$4.30. In bags, granulated and rolled, \$2.10 to \$2.25, and standard \$2.05 to \$2.15.

Mill Feed.—Bran is quiet at \$14 to \$14.50, and shorts are quoted steady at \$16. to \$17. Moullie \$19 to \$21.50.

Wheat.—No. 2 Upper Canada red winter wheat has been offered on this market, and 58c was the best bid. No. 2 hard Manitoba wheat is quoted at 80c to 81c.

Corn.—The market is nominal at 48c to 49c in bond, and 50c to 57c duty paid.

Peas.—The market is quiet and easier, ship-pers only bidding 73c, but holders ask 75c per 66 lbs. afloat.

Oats.—The sale a round being made yesterday at 40c afloat per 34 lbs. Sales have also been made at 39c per 34 lbs.

Barley.—A lot of No. 2 extra was offered at 48c, but buyers did not seem to want it. Feed barley is quiet at 41c to 43c.

Malt.—Prices continue at 65c to 72c in bond.

Rye.—At 60c to 62c per 56 lbs.

Buckwheat.—Prices are more or less nominal at 56c to 57c

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl.	\$21.50 @ 22.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.	20.50 @ 21.00
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.	00.00 @ 00.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.	24.50 @ 00.00
India mess beef, per tierce	00.00 @ 00.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.	14.00 @ 15.50
Hams, city cured, per lb.	12 @ 14c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.	12 @ 12c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.	10 @ 11c
Bacon, per lb.	11 1/2 @ 12c
Shoulders, per lb.	10 1/2 @ 11c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—A fair range of quotations for creamery is from 17c to 18c in a wholesale way. As regards dairy, sales have taken place of Eastern Townships at 16c to 17c in good sized lot for the local trade, and one lot was taken for export at 16c.

Creamery.....17c to 18c.
Eastern Townships.....16c to 17c.
Western.....13c to 16c.

Roll Butter.—Rolled butter at 13c to 14c. Fresh Morrisburg, prints have been placed at 15c to 16c, and extra choice Eastern Townships in small packages at 15c to 16c.

Cheese.—Western white at \$7.8c to 9c, and second grades 8c to 8 1/2c, and finest Western colored at 9c to 9 1/2c, French cheese has been sold at 8 1/2c to 8 3/4c for finest, and second grades at 8c to 8 1/2c.

Belleville, June 13.—White—395 at 8 11-16c; 465 at 8 1/2c; 290 at 8 13-16c; 325 at 8 7-8c; Colored—380 at 8c; 215 at 9 1 10c.

Campbellford, Ont., June 12.—Warrington, of Belleville, 400 white at 8c, and 180 white at 8 11-16c and 30 colored at 8 7-8; Ayer, of Montreal, 180 colored at 8 7-8c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of ordinary stock at 11c to 11 1/2c; as to quantity, a few cases of fancy caudieu haying been placed at 12c.

Beans.—Western hand-picked are quoted at \$1.60 to \$1.65, and \$1.25 to \$1.50 for ordinary to good. Inferior \$1.00 to \$1.10.

Honey.—At 6c to 8c for extracted. Comb honey 9c to 13c as to quality.

Hops.—We quote good to choice 17c to 18c. Poorer qualities 14c to 16c. Old hops 6c to 10c.

Maple Products.—Syrup in wood is slow sale at 4c to 5c per lb., and in tins 50c. Sugar 6c to 7c.

Baled Hay, &c.—Prices have advanced fully \$1 per ton, sales having transpired of No. 2 hay alongside steamers at \$13 to \$13.50, and holders are now asking \$13.75. At country points buyers have to pay \$11 to \$11.50 per ton in order to fill orders. Baled straw is quiet but steady at \$4.00 to \$5.00.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—Are quoted from \$2.00 to \$3.25 per bbl.

Oranges.—We quote \$1.75 to \$2.00, for half boxes, boxes \$2.75 to \$3.75. Blood oranges range from \$2 to \$4.25, as to size and quality.

Lemons.—We quote \$2.25 to \$3.75 for good sound fruit, common and musty a shade lower.

Pine Apples.—Prices are quoted at from 7c to 15c as to size and quality.

Bananas.—Are selling all the way from 60c to \$2 per bunch as to size and quality.

Cherries.—In boxes at from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per box

Strawberries.—Large quart boxes selling in crates at 25c per box.

Dried Fruit.—We quote dried apples 5c per lb., evaporated peaches and apricots 18c to 21c.

Cucumbers.—The market is quiet and easy at from \$2.25 to \$2.75 per crate.

Asparagus.—We quote \$1.10 to \$1.20 per dozen bunches.

Cocoanuts.—We quote \$3.75 to \$4.00 per hundred.

Onions.—Egyptian selling in bags of 100 lbs at 2c per lb. Bermuda in cases at \$2.75.

Tomatoes.—At from \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Beans.—We quote \$2.25 to \$2.50 per basket.

Potatoes.—One car bought on track at \$1 per bag on Saturday last, which are reselling to-day as from 75c to 80c. We hear of other sales at from \$1 to \$1.10 for good stock. Choice barrels of Havana selling at \$5.

FISH AND OIL.

Fish Oil.—We still quote 39c to 40c for Newfoundland cod, 37c to 38c for Gaspe, and 36c to 37c for Halifax. Cod liver oil, 65c to 75c as to quality.

PAILS

of fibre and Pails of Wood, reliable, strong and good; for Pickles, lard, jam or sap, for use at the well or the tap.

TUBS

of the finest materials made for your household, your farm or your trade, for every contingency ready and pails made by E. B. EDDY.

The E. B. EDDY Co.,

MAMMOTH WORKS, Hull, Canada.



Before Purchasing a HOT WATER HEATER,

EXAMINE THE BUFFALO,

Manufactured by H. R. IVES & CO.,

Queen Street, Montreal, Que.

Below is one of the many certificates received from persons using them:

Butler street, MONTREAL, April 20, 1893.

Messrs. H. R. IVES & CO.:

Dear Sirs,—The BUFFALO HEATER, which was put into my house last October, has given every satisfaction. The house is much exposed, and although last winter was a severe one, we had a warm and comfortable house. Besides it requires very little care to look after the heater, which is easily regulated.

(Signed), Yours truly, FRANCIS McCABE.

Montreal, April 21, 1893.

FLOOR PAINT.

The Best in the World, Dry in 8 Hours and Harden the Floor as Marble.

ISLAND CITY" PURE, READY-MIXED PAINT, in thirty different shades for inside and outside painting. "ISLAND CITY," the model factory of PAINTS and VARNISHES in the Dominion.

P. D. DODS & CO., Proprietors,

188 and 190 McGill Street, - - - - - Montreal.

"Listen to the Story that I Tell."

When I hear the chorus swelling
From everybody's dwelling,
I should know without you telling
That KELLY'S SONGSTER is selling.

"AFTER THE BALL,"

: : THE HIT OF THEM ALL. : :

If you have not a copy of KELLY'S Songster No. 51, containing the above song, and 25 other popular Songs and Parodies, then do not lose a minute in getting it, or they may be all sold. Price five cents.

P. KELLY, Song Publisher,
Cor. St. Antoine and Inspector Streets.

DOHERTY & SICOTTE,

[Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY,]

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

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 C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121
HENRY STREET, CORNER OF DORCHASTER STREET

Established 1850.

J. H. WALKER

WOOD

Engraver & Designer

181 St. James S

MONTREAL.

Guardian Ins. Co.'s
Building.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully yet soothingly, on the TOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEY 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
588 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use almost every language.

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

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

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate,
Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery,
Spoons and Forks, All quality,
Choice Selections and
Low Prices.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.

WATSON & DICKSON,

1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter.
[Late 58 St. Sulpice.]

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,

Next Drawings : - - - June 15 and June 30.

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	825.00	825.00
1 do	312.50	312.50
2 Prizes worth	250.00	250.00
5 do	62.50	312.50
25 do	12.50	312.50
100 do	8.25	825.00
200 do	3.75	750.00

Approximation Prizes

100 do	8.25	825.00
100 do	3.75	375.00
100 do	2.50	250.00
500 do	2.50	1,250.00
999 do	1.25	1,248.75
999 do	1.25	1,248.75

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

TICKETS, - - - 25 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.

WHAT IS



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

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais,
Lavaltrie.

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

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.
Lavaltrie, December 26th. 1885.

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

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

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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.

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

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Attested as follows :

We do hereby certify that we supervise 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-simile of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.

J. A. Early
W. L. Cabell
C. J. Villere

Commissioners

Col. C. J. Villere succeeds Gen. Beauregard as one of our Commissioners to supervise our Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings. Gen. Beauregard always selected Mr. Villere to represent him at the Drawings whenever he was absent. Mr. Villere has already supervised nine of our Drawings.

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

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WILL TAKE PLACE

At the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans,
TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1893.

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

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
400 PRIZES OF 50 are	20,000
500 PRIZES OF 40 are	20,000

100 Prizes of \$50 are	\$10,000
100 Prizes of 60 are	6,000
100 Prizes of 40 are	4,000

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

3,434 Prizes, amounting to.....\$285,460

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Other Rates, 11 Whole Tickets or their equivalent in fractions for \$50.
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Give full address and make signature plain.

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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—After January 1st, 1893, our drawings will take place in Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, under and by virtue of a contract for 25 years with that Government. These drawings will take place monthly as heretofore. There will be no change in the management and no interruption in the drawings.

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

N.B.—The tickets for the July Drawing, and all others thereafter, in addition to the usual endorsements of J. A. EARLY and W. L. CABELL, will bear that of the new commissioner CH. J. VILLERE, the successor of Gen'l J. BEAUREGARD, deceased.

There are so many inferior and dishonest schemes on the market for the sale of high vendored lottery tickets, 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.

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