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SLIEVE-NA-MON.

Where the vales of old Tipperary... The high dwelling of the fairies...

Ab! 'twas good in glowing summer... When the cool breeze swept its side...

Hoary beard, old you've whispered... Year fond memories of the past...

When like silver lamp suspended... Hang the peaceful moon above...

Ab! with lonely time made stronger... Long my heart to feel again...

-JAMES BENJAMIN DOLLARD, in Boston Pilot.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL

THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

Has a Splendid Celebration—Sermon by the Rev. Father Devine, S.J. at St. Mary's Church.

St. Mary's Church was well filled on Sunday evening, and considering the inclemency of the weather...

The service consisted of the Vespers, sermon and Benediction. The Rev. Father Salmon heartily thanked the members of the Association...

From La Semaine Religieuse. We read the following in a pastoral letter from the Archbishop of Tours...

The Missionaries of Notre Dame du Sacrement... On their part the Indians had sworn not to fire upon the Europeans...

In a lecture upon the Sisters of Charity, Mr. Maximo du Camp tells the following story: "In a provincial town where an epidemic was raging..."

fighting them with their own weapons, by means of the proper distribution of literature setting forth true Catholic doctrines.

In closing, the preacher impressed upon his hearers the necessity of being watchful and energetic, so that as much as possible of the evil done by others might be counteracted by them.

ANOTHER RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION

a House of the Fathers of the Holy Sacrament.

The Rev. Peter J. Murphy has applied for the incorporation of an institution in Montreal to be founded by the Fathers of the Holy Sacrament.

There are two houses in France, one in Belgium and one in Rome. One of those in Paris, France, is the Mother House, and as soon as the act of incorporation of the Montreal House has been passed...

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

Bishop Brennan's Effort to Promote Immigration to Texas.

The Right Rev. Bishop Brennan has received so many letters from the older states and from abroad, asking information concerning this country, its resources and its possibilities...

PRO CATHEDRAL OF THE SACRED HEART, Dallas, Tex., April 21. Bishop Brennan, in his own name, the church and the country's interests, a good class of immigrants to Texas...

THOMAS FRANCIS BRENNAN, Bishop of Dallas. -Daily Morning News, April 26.

From La Semaine Religieuse.

We read the following in a pastoral letter from the Archbishop of Tours, (France) on the occasion of the jubilee followed in the benediction of St. Louis Dupont, the holy man of Tours.

The Missionaries of Notre Dame du Sacrement... On their part the Indians had sworn not to fire upon the Europeans who advanced under that banner...

In a lecture upon the Sisters of Charity, Mr. Maximo du Camp tells the following story: "In a provincial town where an epidemic was raging, a municipal councillor wished to find out what services were done by the Sisters of Charity..."

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Agnes Reppler, the American literature, is a Catholic.

The recently deceased C. J. Van de Poele, the eminent electrician of Lynn, Mass., was a devout Catholic.

Count Salias, third secretary at the British legation in Brussels, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Seventeen young Irish priests have volunteered for the mission in Australia this year. This number is the largest in any single year.

Queen Victoria and her suite visited Hyeres of a recent Monday to witness the annual pilgrimage to the church of Notre Dame de Consolation.

Father Kho is a venerable Chinese Lazarist. He is now in his 85th year, can no longer say Mass, but still follows his rule with unvarying exactitude.

Ex-President Cleveland, during his recent visit to Providence, R. I., sent a superb basket of flowers to the convent of the Sacred Heart, Elmhurst, Providence, R. I.

The Leo-Gesellschaft, a new Austrian Catholic scientific society, comprises among its members several princes and most of the high ecclesiastics of the empire.

The French minister of public instruction has awarded a medal of honor to a Trappist—Brother Marie Gabriel—for valuable meteorological observations carried on daily for fifteen years.

Chas. J. Bonaparte, Esq., of Baltimore, will deliver the address before the graduating class of the law college of Georgetown University, at the National Theatre Washington, the second week in June.

The Italian responsible for a statement that the Pope has decided to accord no more audiences to French Bishops visiting Rome who will not have previously obtained authorization from the Republic.

One of the delights to which the Holy Father clings is the writing of poetry. His last effort in this line was a Latin hymn, which was composed by Maestro Mustata, and sung in the Sixtine chapel some days ago.

Rev. Edmund J. Young, J.J., who recently died in California, was of May-Hower stock. From a Methodist he became a Catholic, a step later taken by his brother, Jaspe M. Young in after life the saintly bishop of Erie.

Probably the largest congregation in America is that of the church of St. Stanislaus Kostka in Chicago, which has 80,000 communicants. The number of attendants at the several masses every Sunday frequently exceeds 15,000.

The Russian official gazette announces the nomination of Mgr. Kozweski as Archbishop of Mohilew, and Metropolitan of all the Catholic church of Russia.

Misery must be rife at Rome when the Borghese family has to put its art treasures to auction. This is the stock from which sprung so many famous men—from Marc Antony the father of Paul V., to Cardinal Scipio, and the valiant John Baptist, who defended San Angelo against the Constable of Bourbon.

An interesting memento of the late Cardinal Manning—his cardinal's hat—which he bequeathed to the Pro-Catholic Kensington, has now been placed in the position it is intended to occupy permanently. A silken cord has been fastened to the center of the first arch on the left hand of the nave near the high altar, and from this the red hat depends.

A daughter of the late eminent advocate of the Catholic cause in Belgium, Victor Jacobs, is preparing to enter into the religious state at the house of les Dames Anglaises at Bruges. De Montalbert and Mison, two intrepid champions of the faith, whom Jacobs loved and sometimes rivaled, have each equally given a daughter to God.

On the death of Cardinal Simeoni, the Franciscans were invited by the Pope to choose a new protector from the Sacred College. Father Louis of Parma, General of the Order, aware of the former Archbishop of Perugia's veneration for St. Francis of Assisi, besought His Holiness to take the twenty thousand cowed members of the great fraternity under his own protection, and Leo XIII., has graciously consented to accept the office.

The Pope has composed a Brief, which will be published shortly, on the devotion to the Holy Family. This document brings all the associations with that object under the same rule, and prescribes the formula of consecration. The headquarters will be at Rome at the Cardinal-Vicar's residence. Each association will be controlled by a Diocesan Director, who will be in direct communication with the Council at Rome.

Rev. Father Tolton, the colored clergyman, appears to be meeting with grand success in his endeavors to build a church for the colored Catholics at Chicago, to which city he was invited a year or so ago by Archbishop Feehan, who thought that he would find a better field for his labors there than at Quincy, Ill.

A generous Irish woman, Mrs. Anne O'Neill, has offered Father Tolton \$10,000 for his church on condition that a similar sum be subscribed by other individuals.

duals. Pretty good proof that is that Irish-American Catholics make no distinction of race when the interests of their church are concerned.

This is utterly ridiculous. His Holiness has never harbored a thought of the kind. The authentic words he employed to the French prelates who recently paid their visits ad limina accurately betoken his feelings on the actual situation. The Holy Father said he was afflige, mais non decourage—Afflicted but not discouraged.

The "Society of the Kingdom of Our Lord Among the Children" is the name of an organization which was formed in the French Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist, Lowell, Mass., on April 9, the object of which is to conserve their faith in the hearts of the children and also to aid St. Joseph's School of that place. The society will be divided into bands of twelve, each of which will be in charge of a promoter. It is to be affiliated with the Third Order of St. Francis.

Cardinal's Residence, Baltimore, March 25. My Dear Sir: I am very much pleased with the form of pledge which it is proposed to give to school children. I am accustomed, on the occasion of confirmation, to ask the children to accept such a pledge. If they remain temperate till the age of 21 years, there is strong hope that they will be strengthened by the good habit. If such a form meet with the approval of your Bishop you will be engaged in a noble work in extending it as far as you can. May God bless your firm endeavor.

Faithfully yours in Christ, J. CARD. GIBBONS.

We are informed by our esteemed contemporary, the Church Progress, of St. Louis, Mo., that by orders received from the Rev. Father-General of the Redemptorist Fathers in Rome, Rev. Father Nicholas Jaekel, C.S.S.R., has been appointed rector of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Louis and rector of St. Alphonsus' Church, to fill the unexpired term of the late Father McLaughlin, which is about for one year yet.

Father Jaekel, since his ordination at Baltimore, Md., has held many important offices in the order, having been rector at most of the important parishes of the Eastern province. He came to St. Louis in 1875, as the first provincial of the newly erected province of the West, and held that position until succeeded by the present provincial, Father Loewekamp, in 1884. The new rector, however, has been in the city continuously since 1875.

NOT GOING ON THE STAGE. Lulu Wilcox, the Ex-Nun, Denies stories Which Have Been Published.

The "Boston Herald" Contains the following:—HARTFORD, Ct., April 25, 1892. Lulu Wilcox, the nun who fled from the convent in this city after 10 years' life within its walls as Sister Calista, has again been heard from. She is reported by her mother to have gone to visit relatives in Norwich, but a letter has been received from her dated at Hartford, Thursday last, but postmarked "Buck Bay, Boston," on Saturday. It is inferred that she is now in Boston or sent the letter to Boston to be mailed. Her friends here flatly refused to say where she is. The following is the text of the letter.

HARTFORD, April 21, 1892. Editor of Hartford Courant, Hartford, Ct.—Sir: Please publish in a prominent part of your earliest issue the following notice above my name: "The statement published in your paper this morning regarding me is false in all its leading details. First, I have not left the Catholic church, but shall always remain an earnest and enthusiastic Catholic believer. Second, I have not renounced my vows of religion, but await the dispensation from the same from the proper ecclesiastical authorities. I enjoy the privilege, like any sister of any community of America, of retiring from religious life when my reasons and motives are sufficient and sincere. Third, I have not, and I cannot have, any inclination to join operative organizations to or appear in a public professional career. Free to choose my state of life, I shall use my own best judgment in choosing an honorable avenue of occupation. I am yours respectfully, LULU WILCOX."

Beautiful Work of a Missouri Woman for the World's Fair. On Saturday we had the pleasure of inspecting one of the handsomest pieces of handwork we ever beheld. It was a tapestry picture entitled "The presentation of Christ in the Temple," and was the work of Mrs. Gustav Gruber, of our city. To say that it was a gem, a perfect thing of beauty, does not half express it, so beautiful is it in every respect, so harmonious and rich in all its colorings. It measures 68x54 inches, and contains 351,925 stitches, over 500 different colored wools being used in working it. It took Mrs. Gruber one year, working six hours a day, to complete it.

There are ten figures, the centre one representing Simeon when he took the infant Jesus in his arms and said: "Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." To the right of Simeon is Anna, the prophetess, who departed not from the temple night or day. Kneeling beside her are Mary and Joseph, who have come to bring the customary thank-offering of a pair of turtle doves. On the left is the veil of the temple, the table containing shew bread and the seven-branched golden candlestick. Between the massive columns can be seen a view of Jerusalem. We have never beheld anything more grand in conception or more beautiful in coloring. It makes one proud to think it is the work of a lady. Mrs. Gruber hopes to finish two other pictures, when she will send the group to the World's Fair in 1893. We feel assured they will compare favorably with any tapestry pictures sent by ladies.—Lexington News.

Baron Castlemaine, a representative Irish peer, died on Tuesday. The British coast was visited Wednesday night by a disastrous storm. The Belgian Government is drafting measures to suppress Anarchism. Nat Goodwin, the actor, and his wife, have agreed to articles of separation. Many foreigners are leaving France owing to the repeated Anarchist outrages. Miles of telegraph poles were blown down by Wednesday's storm in Manitoba. The King of Italy and the Austrian Emperor will visit Berlin simultaneously.

Mr. J. A. Lowell, Liberal, was elected to the Commons in Wexford by over 300 majority. Incendiary fires, supposed to be the work of Anarchists, continue to cause alarm in Vienna. Premier Rudini of Italy will accompany King Humbert during the latter's coming visit to England. The British ship Theopane, from Newcastle, N.B., for Montreal, has been lost with a crew of 25 persons. A proposal to abolish the duty on binder twine was rejected in the Commons by a vote of 107 to 64. In the British House of Commons, a motion in favor of local government for Ireland was rejected by 74 to 54. Ravachol and Simon, the French Anarchists, were found guilty and were sentenced to penal servitude for life. Sir James Joseph Alport, chairman of the Midland Railway Company, of England, is dead in London, aged 81. English residents in Paris have received letters threatening that every house which is not French will be blown up. Montreal real estate owners have organized to protect their interests and secure proper representation in the City Council.

Worth, the celebrated Paris milliner, has abolished the trailing skirt for street gowns, and has also consigned crinolines to oblivion. Sir Arthur Sullivan has had a relapse and very low. Latest accounts report a slight improvement in the great musician's condition. The steamer City of Paris, which arrived at New York last week from Queens-town, made the voyage in 5 days 21 hours and 14 minutes. R. J. Murray, for the past twenty years manager of the Rathbun Company at Rossmore, died in a Belleville hotel from an overdose of morphine. The degree of master of arts has been conferred on Miss Agnes Baxter by Dalhousie, N.B., University. Miss Baxter is the first lady M.A. in Canada. The silver men of Colorado have decided to support for the presidency, irrespective of party, the man who will pledge himself to free coinage. The wife of Mr. Michael Kavanagh, merchant, of Ottawa, on Sunday, being unwell, took a dose of carbolic acid instead of medicine. The poison proved fatal. An engine stoker found a parcel of dynamite cartridges in a shovelful of coal that was just about to be thrown on his engine in the railway station at Aisne, France. Miss Attalie Claire, a Canadian girl, who is a member of the Lillian Russell opera company is said to be engaged to Alfred Kaine, a young New York millionaire. The Melbourne Standard states positively that Deeming has confessed to having committed the greater number of the murders in London attributed to Jack the Ripper. The principal business of the Quebec Legislature on Friday, was the passing of a resolution of condolence to the Queen and royal family concerning the death of the Duke of Clarence.

William Astor, of New York, died at the Hotel Liverpool in Paris on Monday night from heart disease. His wealth is estimated at \$60,000,000. Mr. Astor was the father of the present John Jacob Astor, and grandson of the original John Jacob.

IRISH NEWS. The trial, at Belfast, of the Rev. Mr. Cotton, Rector of Caragh, on the charge of shocking cruelties to children in his orphanage, was concluded on Tuesday, Mar. 29th, and he was found guilty. The death is announced at Tipperary of Wm. O'Brien, who was wounded by a bullet from a soldier during the 67th movement, and subsequently sentenced to term of imprisonment with Gen. Bourne. Notwithstanding there are in the city of Belfast 70,000 Catholics, there is not one of that persuasion either in the Corporation or Harbor Board, and but one representative on the Water Commission. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, has laid the corner-stone of a new novitiate for the Presentation Brothers. The site of this building is off the Blarney road, a short distance outside the city. Mother Vincent Whitty, a distinguished member of the Order of Mercy, and founder of the Order in Brisbane, has just died. She was born in County Wexford, 1809, entered Baggot street Convent in 1839, and embarked for Australia in 1869. Thirty evicted tenants of the Marquis of Clanricarde, at Woodford, have been reinstated in their holdings on paying a substantial portion of the arrears and all the costs, and promising to pay a further instalment of the arrears at the end of six months. Four fishermen sailed in a fishing-smack from Galway Bay for Cahoon, on the river Shannon, a fortnight since, and every effort to trace them having failed, it is believed that they have been drowned during the heavy sea and snow-storm which prevailed at that time off the coast. The Community of the Good Shepherd, Waterford, have received £100 from the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, to aid them in the erection of a new Magdalen Asylum, so badly needed; also £100 from Anonymous, per the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, for the same benevolent work. An interesting and imposing ceremony was solemnized in the very beautiful chapel attached to the Sisters of Mercy Convent, Lurgan, a few days ago, when Miss Inne Filbin, fifth daughter of Mr. Richard Filbin, Douglar, Lurgan, received the white veil at the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. Thomas McGivern, Bishop of Dromore. The death is announced of Mr. Patrick J. Smyth, a well-known young constable, which occurred at the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. James Gallagher of Buncrana, after ten days' illness. He was a native of County Cavan, and received a splendid education, his early training being under the supervision of his uncle, the pastor of his native parish. Mr. Beresford, R. M. for County Louth, enjoys a salary of \$550 per annum. He served thirteen years in the army in the United Kingdom and India. In a return just presented to the House of Commons, Mr. Beresford is set down amongst those who have no particular legal knowledge or experience. On the Feast of St. Joseph, an impressive ceremony took place in the pretty chapel of St. Clare's Convent, Newry, the occasion being the professor of Miss Maryann Earley, in religion Sister Mary Clara. Miss Earley is the fourth daughter in religion of the late Mr. Earley, Balistrang, Lusk, County Dublin. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. McGivern. Last week two sheriff's bailiffs named Daniel Carroll and Patrick Hogan, accompanied by a large force of police, proceeded to Clare Island and carried out an eviction at the suit of the landlords, the Misses McDonnell. The name of the evicted tenant is Martin O'Malley, who has a wife and three children. During the administration of Mr. Ballour's relief, O'Malley was employed on the relief works. Rev. Nicholas Murphy, C. C., Kilkenny, and a large number of farmers last week stopped a hunting party in consequence of the present agent, Townsend, being one of the party, and after some time they were allowed to pass on, the master of the hounds and other gentlemen promising to use their influence to get Townsend to be more lenient with the tenants. The Society for the preservation of the Irish Language in Dublin has issued its annual report, which says that the Society is in a good financial condition, and its efforts to arrest the decay of the language are meeting with a slow but steady success. The publication of the "Fate of the Children of Urnesch" has been delayed because it has been decided to embody some excerpts from Keating bearing on the subject. Continued on eighth page.

At the solicitation of a number of East York Reformers, Ald. J. K. Leslie has consented to become the Liberal candidate for the representation of that riding in the Dominion Parliament. A freight train over one mile in length and numbering 181 cars passed over the Central Hudson road on Thursday, the longest train on record. It was drawn by engine 51, of the Adirondack and Lawrence road.

BUNDORAN IN SUMMER.

By E. O'LOUGHLIN.

Bundoran town in summer time
Of pleasure holds the key,
For beauty, wealth and fashion then
There loiter at the sea.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Etiquette of Visiting Cards.
" M. C. M.," in the new Bill of Fare in
Table-Talk, has something to say about
" Visiting Cards." We quote:—

dishes have the spreading legs arranged
with arbor wire and underneath is a
sprawling or peeping cupid.

ARE YOU DEAF
Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then
send your address and I will send a valuable
treatise containing full particulars for a home
cure, which costs comparatively nothing.

BISHOP McDONNELL'S RING.
Royal Purple Amethyst from the Urals.
A New York despatch of the 23rd
April speaks as follows:

The crown of the ring is in the shape
adopted by the church for its Episcopal
seal, a form suggested by the fishes (fish)
and made true in shape by the intersection
of parts of two circles.

SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING.
GENTLEMEN,—I had suffered very much
from inflammatory rheumatism, which
through wrong treatment left my running
sores on my hands and feet.

A Teacher Caught.
The necessity which teachers are under
of being perfectly sure of their state-
ments, or else of being not too positive
in making them, was illustrated recently
by an incident of actual occurrence in a
public school.

AN EASTER SONG.
Oh! how your bells, oh, bells!
Sing with perfumed breath,
How the Christ has risen,
How He conquered death.

THE DEATH OF GRIMES'S HEN.
At last the speckled hen has gone—
That hen of hens the best:
She died without a sigh or groan,
While on her downy nest.

White lilacs, snow balls and hyacinths
in relief with green foliage are intro-
duced in a new ware. Ornamental fruit

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

REPLICS OF THE GOOD OLD GRIMES
FAMILY.
Some of the poetry which amused our
ancestors.
(C. B. Stout in the N. Y. " Home Journal.")

When'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;—
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bid to view;
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;—
But lived (as all his brothers do),
In easy circumstances.

Although not rich, the needy poor's
Hard wants she will appease;
Her dresses never drag the ground,
Nor yet approach the knees.

She every Sunday goes to Church,
Nor sleeps or chatters there;
Her caps are of the plainest kind,
Save one for Sunday wear.

She often says " she hopes above
To meet her husband dear;"
She rents a cot at fifteen pounds,
And pays it every year.

She always was industrious,
And rises now betimes;
She's called by all the neighbors round,
" The good old Mrs. Grimes."

Years pass, and in November, 1883,
The " Century Magazine" celebrated the
old lady's demise as follows:

A very worthy dame is gone,
Since she gave up her breath;
Her head was white with frosts of time,
She lived until her death.

Through summer heat and winter snow
For ten long years she lay,
At noon and eve, Old Grimes' an egg,
But none the Sabbath day.

She had a nest behind the door,
All neatly lined with hay;
Her back was brown, and sprinkled o'er
With spots inclined to gray.

THE IRISH DEBT.

The New York Tablet gives a Historical
and Statistical Account.
In an elaborate article on the above
subject a writer in the United Ireland
exhibits the startling statement that in
1794 and 1797, years briefly antedating
the Union, the Irish debt in round
numbers aggregated \$2,400,000 and \$2,500,000
respectively, and that in 1800, a few
months after the fraudulent consummation
of that righteous exparte compact,
the debt arose to the enormous sum of
\$25,500,000.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.
A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness
and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing
by a new method, will be pleased to send full
particulars free. Address: HENRY CLIFFORD, 8
Stephens' Place, Kennington Park, London,
S. E., England.

W. H. U. YOUNG,
L.D.S., D.D.S.,
Surgeon-Dentist,
1694 Notre Dame Street,

THE GREAT
Worm Remedy.
DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS.
For Sale by all Druggists 25c. a box.

MAN WANTED
To take charge of Local Agency.
Good opening for right man, on
salary or commission. Whole part time. We
are the only growers of both Cornucopia and
American stock. Successors of Ribblesdale, Ont.,
and Rochester, N. Y. Visitors welcome at
grounds (Saturdays excepted). Be quick and
write for full information. We want you now.

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Offices: 710 Craig Street and 1075 St.
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Shaw and Logan Streets,
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Ladies' Dresses, Gents' Suits, Cloth and other
Jackets Dyed or Cleaned without being taken
apart. Gents' Suits Cleaned and Steam Pressed
on short notice. Turnouts and Rep. Curtains,
Table and Piano Covers, etc. Dyed or Cleaned
and Beautifully Pressed. Cloth, Silks, Wool-
lens, etc. Dyed in first-class style. Special
rates to the trade. Bell Telephone: Head
office, 752. Branch office, 737. Works, 7322.

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THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING
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LABORING MEN'S REMEDY:
ST. JACOBS OIL,
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,
CURES
RHEUMATISM,
Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Soreness,
Stiffness, Swellings, Backache, Neu-
ralgia, Sciatica, Burns.

THE SPENCE
"DAISY" HOT WATER BOILER
Has the least number of Joints,
Is not Overrated,
Is still without an Equal.

WARDEN KING & SON,
637 CRAIG ST. MONTREAL.
BRANCH, 32 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO.

1892. "Survival of the Fittest."
GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE
1892.
If Darwin's theory is to be accepted, then the fact that I am
the sole survivor in the trade of those who began with
me the same line of business, gives significance to
the fact that my sales of seed to market gardeners,
well known to be the most critical of all buyers,
has increased year by year until it has now reached
vast proportions. That I raise many varieties on
my five seed farms, make 250,000 seeds annually for vitality, and
test my varieties, that none may be imposed on, will explain
much to the thoughtful buyer. I invite you to write for my
FREE Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue.

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WEDNESDAY,.....MAY 4, 1892.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

May! The brightest, the sweetest, the most welcome of all the months! In her garments of verdure and with her breath of caressing softness, scattering flowers from her hands, and bearing tidings of fresh life, of hope, of joy, May comes tripping down the mountain side and over the valley. In her fair presence all nature smiles and rejoices; the trees bud forth, the streams leap along; the fields look fresh in their green robes, the days grow longer, the skies become bluer, and the birds return to the last year's deserted nests, and sing their hymns of happiness in honor of May. Then all animate nature feels the glow of the spring time, and rejoices accordingly; the lambs skip in the fields, the birds carol on the limbs, the bees hum amongst the flowers, and each creature seems to express, in its own peculiar and natural way, a boundless gratitude for the fresh life that it receives. And man—man, the lord and monarch of all other creatures, rejoices and is made happy; or, at least he should rejoice and should be made happy. Man enjoys all the glorious transformations in nature, and he participates in that species of rejuvenation which May seems to impart to all the world. Christian man sees and feels and drinks in all these wonderfully good things, and he turns his eyes to heaven and he blesses the "Giver of all good gifts," for the blessings that the angel of May has brought. But Catholic man! Ah! for him there is something more than an annual return of natural spring; for him there is something beyond the mere general idea of May, the month of light and song; for him it is a season of holy thoughts, of loving aspirations, of sweet devotions, of tender feelings—it is the **MONTH OF MARY!**

Mary, the Mother of Christ, the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, the Hand-maid of God, the Queen of Angels, the Patroness of the Saints, the Refuge of Sinners, the Comforter of the Afflicted, the Mother of mankind; it is Her month; it is the sweetest, brightest, fairest month of all the year, and it is fittingly consecrated to Mary! Let the world scold; let the impious deride; let the unbelieving ridicule; high above their miserable sphere soars the Catholic soul, and in the pure atmosphere that must surround the one who was Mother of Christ, it cries out on May Day: "Hail Mary, full of Grace!"

Long, long ago, away back in the dim centuries before the days of the Redemption, the wisest of men chanted a "Canticle of Canticles," and in it he cried out: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" Inspired prophet of the God whose chosen people he governed, the singer's eye must have scanned the future, and glancing down the vista of ages, beheld that glorious apparition upon the horizon of Time. In an ecstasy of delight, of wonder, of rapture he could but ask "who is she?"—he could but compare her to the most beautiful, most glorious and most imposing of objects then known, to the morning's first flush, to the pale-faced moon, to the light-diffusing orb of day, to the grandeur, majesty and awe-inspiring might of an army set in array.

Yes; Mary, the Queen of May appeared upon the sky of the past like "the morning rising." The clouds of sinfulness had obscured the world since the fall of Adam; the deep shadows of paganism and barbarism hung over humanity; God had promised and the prophets had foretold a Messiah; the Sun of Redemption was to rise one day upon the world; like stars in the night-sky the prophets, the patriarchs, the saints of old twinkled and revolved; but from out the blackness of that night all eyes were strained towards the East, expecting the Orb of Salvation to appear. And even as before the rising of the sun there is a crimson flush of morning glory just above the horizon, and as herald rays of light dart up the eastern slopes, proclaiming the advent of the day-god, so did the flash of immaculate glory that hung over Mary's cradle, and the beams of celestial virtues that surrounded her young life flash upon the horizon of promise to proclaim the dawn of Redemption and to announce to the human race the Day of Salvation. Again, the prophet king asks "who is she that cometh forth fair as the moon?" Who but Mary, the light of the future, shedding the silver rays of hope upon the darkness of pre-Christian night, and appearing amidst the angels and saints—a queen and ruler—just as the moon rolls

on high amidst the million lamps of heaven that shimmer in the deep empyrean. "Bright as the Sun." Yes! On all future generations her illumining beams were destined to shed their radiance, and to impart heat, life, and light to the world. "Terrible as an army set in array!" Ah! Satan felt the truth of that comparison. With her foot that Virgin Mother crushed the serpent's head. She it was who stood forth the protectress of mankind and the awful enemy of the Arch-Enemy of God. If angels became happy in the light of her smiles, the legions of hell trembled and fled before her august majesty and power. If Christ could refuse nothing to His Mother, if she can enlist all His mercies in our behalf when we ask her to intercede for us, surely she can command at will all the thunders of His ire, when she wishes to turn them against the enemy of our souls. The tenderest mother is the one that will fight the most bravely for her offspring; and in proportion to the love our Heavenly Mother bears us is the strength with which she is ever ready to defend us against evil and to crush the powers of hell. To some of us—and thank God to a vast number—she ever appears like the glorious "morning rising," all high, all hope, all beauty, all love; "fair as the moon," shedding silver beams of peace upon the troubled night of our existence; "bright as the sun," imparting to us the light of Faith and the warmth of Divine Love. But to a great many she must undoubtedly "come forth terrible as an army," to those who scoff at her goodness, who ridicule all devotion to her, who insult her name and deny her prerogatives. Poor, short-sighted mortals, they would rather face the wrath of the outraged Son—outraged in the person of His Beloved Mother—than to receive His gifts through the intercession of the most powerful mediatrix in Heaven!

But this is May! Happy May! The Month of Mary! Let us hasten to her altar; thereon let us cast our offerings of flowers, and of prayers! The flowers are the children of Mary, we are the children of Mary! Let each reader of our paper make a special devotion during the days of this month. The Rosary must not be neglected; the Litany of the Blessed Virgin must be said; and visits to Her altar must be made! A good Catholic should prove his love of Christ by a devotion to the Mother that bore Him. Attend the exercises of the month of May, and neglect not to pray for all those who are in danger of one day beholding Mary "terrible as an army," that they may be brought to recognize the dignity and blessedness of the Queen of Angels, and yet enjoy the happiness of her friendship and love, her powerful influence to aid them in this life's struggle, and her glorious presence to make them happy for all eternity.

INDIFFERENTISM.

Nearly three months have elapsed since, upon the subject of Indifferentism, we drew the attention of our readers to this fearful danger, and promised to make war upon it with all our strength. Under other headings and in different spheres of argument we have striven, indirectly and directly, to combat this deadly enemy of our Faith. However, we deem it prudent to draw especial attention to the monster, and from time to time, to name him and point out some of the evils that are found where soever he drags his slimy folds.

Indifferentism is to be met with in a hundred different forms; it has become almost ubiquitous in our day. Atheism is abroad and is blasting the aspirations of youth and the last hopes of age. Irreligion haunts the avenues of life; like a ghost it flits in pallid hideousness from place to place; its icy hand knocks at the doors of the wealthy, and they open unto the spectre; its dread breath is felt in the hovel of the indigent, and the poor learn to curse God and to accuse Him of being the cause of their misery. The fearful effects of Atheism, of Infidelity, of Irreligion, are to be seen in the trembling of Europe at the voice of Anarchy. Happy Canada! You are free from the shocks of that infidel earthquake that convulses less favored regions! You are safe, so far, from the pestilence of Revolution that infects older lands! But alas! thousands of your hardy sons have taken the first step upon that road that inevitably, sooner or later, must lead to moral, social and religious chaos. They have not as yet drank of the cup of Irreligion, but they have prepared their systems for its deadly dregs, with the opiate of Indifferentism.

Indifferentism is a lethargy that steals upon the religiously slothful; it is a deadening of the moral faculties, a stilling of the voice of conscience, a checking of the spiritual life within the soul of man. It is even professed openly by some Catholics—unworthy the name—in this very Canada of ours. There are men (and alas! even women) who are not ashamed to proclaim their religious indifference. They imagine that they are showing an independence of spirit, while they are simply forging around their limbs the chains of a loathsome slavery. They are indifferent to the practice as

well as to the precepts of Faith, and in the maelstrom of their passions, powerless to resist, they are whirled on and on to an inevitable doom. They seem not to see it; they apparently do not know it.

Let one sample suffice for this week! A young man, or young woman has been brought up strictly and faithfully in the principles and in the practice of Religion. Monthly Communions have strengthened the soul, and constant prayer has fortified the will. Indifferentism begins, by slow degrees, to creep in; at first it is scarcely perceptible. Another is not so scrupulous, why should he be? His neighbor is just as well off and yet only goes four times yearly to the sacraments. Protestants think him bigotted, he must appear a little more liberal-minded. So on and on it goes: Monthly communions become tri-yearly; soon they are reduced to a yearly one; after all, it is easy to find an excuse, and the yearly one is missed for once. It is only once, and what matter? All that can be fixed up next year. Meanwhile he does not reflect that he is a month, a six months, a year nearer to the great inevitable—the goal of every life—the grave! There is a dread to repair the fault; this is succeeded by procrastination; then comes inventions and excuses; finally he conjures up injuries received at the hands of the Church—now comes the determination to never repair the mistake! From shame to fear, from fear to self excusing, from self excusing to fault-finding, from fault-finding to aversion, from aversion to hatred from hatred to deadly enmity, to Irreligion, to Infidelity, to Atheism? And yet it all began with simple Indifferentism! God protect our faithful readers from the curse of Religious Indifferentism!

ANARCHY RAMPANT.

Despatch after despatch is flashed to us from beyond the ocean, and each succeeding one is charged with more alarming news than its predecessor. Anarchy is abroad on the continent to-day, and the demon lurks, as usual, in and around that focus of European life—the city of Paris. One day priests are insulted in the churches, the next socialists are preaching their doctrines in the public Assembly; in the morning bombs are bursting under the houses of the offensive and the inoffensive, at noon placards, inviting to murder and arson, are posted upon the wall, at night these murders and that arson are executed. The spirit of Anarchy has spoken and the villages on the Haut-Loire re-echo the words, they cross the Pyrenees and float along the Manzanares and the Guadalquivir, they leap the Alps and are repeated by the Arno and upon the banks of the Tiber. In the Capitals the crowned ones tremble and their nobles grow pallid; in the hamlets there is disorder and murmurings against authority. The whole of Europe to-day is honey-combed with socialistic and anarchist cells; its entire system is undermined, and the world looks on in awe, fearing the inevitable catastrophe, yet ever unwilling to recognize the signs of God's anger and the unmistakable marks of His justice. Everyone is asking the cause, and seeking the remedy; the cause stares them in the face and they will not see it, the prescription is thundered in their ears by the infallible Doctor of the world, and they will not harken, nor accept it.

France! Thou greatest of all contradictions! "First daughter of the church," and mother of Anarchy! Were not two lessons enough, that you wish to experiment with a third one? Or is it in the order of things that every half century Paris should be rocked by "The Terror"? At the close of the 15th century we behold the first French revolution—child of Atheism and Anarchy; in the middle of the 19th century we behold the second volcanic outburst—offspring of the same parents; at the close of this century are we destined to behold a third convulsion created by the same two infernal spirits? Heaven avert the blow! But we cannot close our eyes to a danger that menaces in so tangible a manner.

In the first revolution, Paris—for Paris at such times is France—"denied its God, as a consequence killed the King; and when the clergy and nobility had passed away, the mob-extinctioner of to-day became the mob-victim of to-morrow. No age was revered, no rank respected, the sanctuary was polluted with poison-blowers culled in the slums of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the goddess of reason sat upon the altar of Notre Dame. And all this was done in the sacred name of Liberty; yet in the deluge of human blood there remained not one mountain-top for the ark of Liberty to rest upon." In 1818 the hideous drama was repeated, and wherever the scorpion of Infidelity raised its head, the vampire of Anarchy was seen to riot upon the life-blood of a noble nationhood.

Kingdom, Empire or Republic,—it matters not the form of government—as soon as the temporal power flies in the face of the Omnipotent its days are numbered. So has it been with a hundred royal houses proud as any that to-day sway sceptres over their peoples. Even so with that genius of war, the seemingly

invincible hero of Austerlitz and Jena: the last hour of Napoleon's triumph, and the first hour of his decline was when he smote the holy Head of our religion, and dared to place the immortal cross among his perishable trophies. And the founders of the great Republic of France—men who tore down the altar to erect the statue of Liberty—what was the fate of their wonderful enterprise? God defied, religion crushed, clergy persecuted, exiled, murdered, "it mattered not that their impiety seemed to prosper, that victory panted after their ensanguined banners, that their insatiate eagle, as he soared against the sun, seemed but to replume his strength and renew his vision, it was only for a moment, and in the very banquet of their triumph the Almighty's vengeance blazed upon the wall and diadem fell from the brow of the idolator."

Has history—the venerable chronicler of the grave—no voice to awaken them into an appreciation of their position? Are all the lessons of the past lost upon the men of our day? Or has Infidelity so blinded them and Socialism so mastered them that they can neither see nor understand the cause of all this political chaos? From beyond the Alps a trumpet-voice has warned—and repeatedly warned—Europe of the dangers to be feared from Socialism, Radicalism, Secret Societies, and Infidel Anarchists. The gray watchman, from his tower upon the seven hills, has looked out upon the night-sky of European Infidelity, and read the signs potent with woe, desolation, confusion and destruction. Nor has he been silent! In his mighty mandate, issued from that glorious palace that rises upon the ruins of pagan splendor, he has summoned both Capital and Labor to harken; he has pointed out the shoals and has indicated the channels of safety. To France he has sent a warning and at the same time an assurance. Will she listen to the one or will she accept the other? Not until the last stroke, perhaps, has fallen. It is evident to every student of the past, to every fair-minded and unprejudiced man, that as long as the nations were faithful to the teachings and guidance of the Church they were ever in the ascendant; but the moment Infidelity stalked abroad, and the poison-breath of anti-Catholic sentiment fanned their brows, confusion, misery, instability, chaos, murder, anarchy and the whole hell-host of evils rushed to their destruction. The mighty arm of God's church alone can shield the nation from these perils, the potent voice of Christ's Vicar alone can exorcise those spirits of national annihilation. We read this in history! It is no sentimentality!

Plague after plague was called up by Moses, and yet the Egyptian Pharaoh would not believe! At last death's angel slew the first born in each household, and terror-stricken the tyrant gave in to the man of God. How many more plagues of revolution must accursed Infidelity bring upon that land, before her rulers learn that from the knife of the Socialist and the bomb of the Anarchist, there is no salvation, except in the heaven protected fortress of the church, and in the laws that God inspires and that she dictates? For Paris, for France, for all Europe to-day there are but two alternatives—Catholicity or Anarchy, Peace or Destruction.

A MOST UNIQUE CONFERENCE.

Canon Wilberforce, who has the honor of having given his name to a sect or portion of a sect, declared the other day that "all theological hatchets will find a grave in the Grindelwald glacier." It has long been announced that at Grindelwald, in the Bernese Alps, a grand convocation of the different Protestant denominations will take place, when all questions of difference in theology and church discipline will form subject-matter of full discussion; the upshot of all is to be a union of the Churches. Thoughtful Dr. Lunn has made "special arrangements with the railway companies and the hotels in Grindelwald by which any who wish to combine a fortnight's holiday in Switzerland with the pleasure of listening to the discussion can do so at the cost of ten guineas each." According to their own programme we find that: "A number of the leaders of the different Churches shall spend at least a part of their holiday in this delightful Swiss village discussing the possibilities of reunion and the method by which they may solve the different problems which now confront the Churches."

It is indeed a sensible undertaking to have a grand two weeks holiday up in the Bernese Alps. Nothing could be more pleasant and certainly beneficial from a stand-point of physical health. The rest is a mere chimera.

When the excommunication returns home, will their different congregations accept the decisions of the Grindelwald conference? May not these stay-at-home persons claim that gospel liberty which Luther introduced, and laugh at the pretensions of their travelled teachers, woudere to impose their newly decided interpretation upon human beings en-dowed with reason? As well accept Rome and its conclave of Cardinals: the idea of allowing fifty or sixty ministers

of the different sects to sit down and deliberately deprive honest Protestants of their heaven-inspired independence and individual judgement in matters of Faith! The thing is preposterous!

We can readily conceive Canon Wilberforce and Price Hughes going hand in hand over the slippy and dizzy glaciers, encouraging each other to look upwards and to avoid the precipice that frowns into a fathomless abyss: we can imagine a certain vertigo taking Mrs. Amos (for she is to go there), just as she has planted her alpine stock in a projecting iceberg, and swung herself into the arms of Dr. Lunn; but we cannot conceive a Presbyterian parson and a Methodist preacher coming to an agreement upon any one text of Scripture, (except in so far as they could turn it against Rome); nor can we picture a Baptist Minister and a Low Church Incumbent settling all differences, and joining hands for mutual safety as they attempt to scramble up the slippy sides, and along the yawning chasms of Protestant theology.

It is probable that they may attempt to devise better means of attack upon the Church of Rome; it is possible that they may agree upon one point, namely, that the Catholic Church has to be crushed by hook or by crook. But beyond that we fail to see how it is possible for even an approach to union—or unity—to be made. They will be found to have enjoyed a "high old time," lots of fresh air and much grand and beautiful mountain scenery: but, to use the words that O'Connell is supposed to have applied to other men in other days, their theological discussions will consist in,—

"Fighting, like devils, for conciliation, And damning each other for the love of God."

THE POWER OF ROME.

At the annual meeting of the Scottish Reformation Society, held a couple of weeks ago in Edinburgh, a Mr. Stuart Gray, who presided, opened the meeting with the following extraordinary sentence: "The Power of Rome is not exhausted, and the question is ought we not to be up and doing?" Here are two very peculiar propositions that are susceptible of limitless development; Mr. Gray informs the world that the "Power of Rome is not exhausted;" then he takes alarm and asks a pertinent question: "Ought we (the Protestant element) not to be up and doing?"

In the first place it seems a stupid thing for any man, in his common senses, to inform the public of our day that the "Power of Rome is not exhausted;" as well might he tell us that the power of steam is not exhausted. The Universe, referring to this strange statement—strange because it is made by such a man—says: "Even the powers of Mr. Gray (great, as of course, they are) will be exhausted, and Mr. Gray himself will not only be rotten and forgotten, ages upon ages before the angel of God, who is to swear by Him who liveth and reigneth that time shall be no more, shall give the signal 'that the Power of Rome' (that is the Church of Christ) is about to be withdrawn from its work of saving souls."

Secondly, when Mr. Gray asked his hearers whether they ought not to be "up and doing," is he in his right mind? Or is he another Rip Van Winkle, just awakened from a sleep that commenced before the days of the Reformation? The man must deem the anti-Catholic assaults, that are as numberless as the waves on the beach, and that have surged during three centuries or more against the fortress wall of the Church, mere child's play, since he wants the enemies of Rome to be "up and doing."

You are perfectly right, for once in your life, Mr. Stuart Gray; "the Power of Rome is not exhausted." Nor is it likely to be exhausted until the "crack of doom." Thousands were, and are, of your opinion. Macaulay predicted that the "Power of Rome" would still exist "in undiminished splendor, when some wanderer from New Zealand would take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." Van Ranke foretold it in his "History of the Popes;" Dollinger declared it in his "Prophecies of the Middle Ages." Why; did not Christ Himself promise it long years before Mr. Gray's standard of Faith, the Bible, was in existence? And the Church of Rome being under the immediate successor of St. Peter, and having for its invisible head the Savior of the world, and holding the perpetual promise of Christ that He would be with her until the consummation of the world, and possessing His constant presence in the sacrament of her altars, and having weathered the tempests of nineteen centuries, and being more fresh and vigorous than at any period in the long chain of years that she counts, and towering conspicuously like Chimborazo, high over the summits of all other institutions in vast mountain range of time, might not Mr. Gray as well have asserted that "the power of Christ is not exhausted?" It would be just as sensible a remark, and would convey just as much information to the public as the statement that the "Power of Rome is not exhausted." But to state that Christ's power was not ex-

hausted would not serve the orator's purpose, for then he dare not, in face of Christianity, call upon his brethren to be "up and doing."

It would seem as if the enemies of Rome had not been doing enough to crush her, that they were idle and lazy, that they slept at their posts, while the Roman monster was recuperating his strength. What more could Mr. Gray have them do than what they are and have been doing for the last three hundred years? Robbing the Pope of his justly acquired temporal power, stealing his revenues, leaving him with his "crown crumbled, his sceptre a reed, his throne a shadow, his home a dungeon." Was not that enough, especially when repeated against one Pope after another in forms more or less similar? No; the enemies of Rome should be "up and doing," because despite all their persecutions of the Vicar of Christ, his life unfolded to the world the fact that in him "the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints and the patience of the martyrs have not wholly vanished from earth." Despite the scenes of sorrow on the highway from Rome to Avignon, the terrors along the path from the Tiber to Fontainebleau, the dangers and the miseries that thronged that short transit from the Vatican to Gaeta, despite all these—and the Church's enemies imagined they could foresee the downfall of the cross that glitters on St. Peter's—we beheld the Representative of Christ "going forth gorgeous upon the accumulated dignity of ages, every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another." Despite the might, the venom, the cunning, the art, the insatiate vengeance with which the enemies of the Sovereign Pontiff were "up and doing," still, clearly and more clearly, was it daily made manifest that the "Gates of Hell shall not prevail against" the Church of Christ, and that the "Power of Rome" was not—and never will be—"exhausted."

But not only against the Pope in person, have the friends of Mr. Gray been "up and doing." Infidelity and anti-Catholic bigotry had driven the priests from their altars, the monks from their cells and the nuns from their convents; muzzled, banished, imprisoned, persecuted in every way, yet from their patience and virtue sprang the endurance and power of that immortal establishment which no earthly power can ever overthrow. "Up and doing" are the gospel preachers, numberless as the clouds upon a sky of dapple grey in autumn; are the tract-sellers and bible-hawkers, thick as "leaves in Valambrosa;" are the salvationists and female preachers that haunt the public with the persistence of summer mosquitoes; are the men of Mr. Gray's stamp, who howl from every platform and shout from the very housetops their insane denunciations of an institution they do not understand and a religion they fail to comprehend. Are all these not "up and doing?" Or if not, pray what are they about?

We can assure Mr. Gray and all his friends, admirers, and co-workers that the powers of darkness have been "up and doing" since the dawn of Christianity, and that they will be "up and doing" until the end of time, and yet the "Power of Rome" never was, is not, and never will be exhausted.

SALVE REGINA!

The Spaniards have ever had a great and deep devotion toward the mother of God; and they loved to sing or to repeat the beautiful words of the *Salve Regina*. The Andalusian peasant, the gradée of Castile, the soldier under arms on the walls of Granada, the sailor on the waves of the Spanish Main, the explorer in the wooded vales of Ecuador, the cattle rancher on the slopes of San Lorenzo, the very brigand from Quito that has come to prow around the walls of Eslerals, all of them can be heard at some time in the day, muttering the words of that exquisite prayer. Now that we are in the month of May, it might not be out of place to call our readers' attention to the beauties of the *Salve Regina*. They are too numerous to be touched on in detail; but we will glance at the plan of the prayer and leave to the piety of our friends to fill in the details,—and to repeat often during this month the Spanish prayer of production.

"Hail! Holy Queen!" It opens with the praises of Mary. It is an exordium worthy the cunning of a master mind. It tells all her titles and reduces them all to a few words: "Mother, of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope." How could a child address a mother in terms more apt to stir her feelings and to touch her heart? She is truly a "Mother of Mercy," for she is the mother of the One who is all mercy and love. She is the "life" of her children, for she is their intercessor and advocate; she is their "sweetness," for all the bitterness and anguish of existence are lost in her contemplation; she is their "hope," for she has ever been the "star of the sea," the guide to heaven, the one through whom alone man is sure to reach the mercy of Christ.

Having thus addressed Mary, the prayer changes and the supplicants proclaim themselves "banished sons of Eve." suf-

fering under the burthen of human iniquity and "crying out" to Her, sending up their "sighs from this valley of tears." There they kneel, "mourning and weeping" over their faults and the loss of Divine graces. How lowly! how humble!

LOCAL, CHURCH AND SOCIETY NEWS

A Titular Feast.

Next Sunday, 8th of May will be the titular feast of the patronage of St. Joseph; also it will be the occasion of the solemnity of the feast of St. Monica.

Month of May Services.

Every evening during the month of May at 7 o'clock prayers, sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will take place in the Cathedral Chapel.

Feast Days of This Week.

To-day is the feast of St. Monica, mother of St. Augustine; to-morrow will be that of St. Pius V.; Friday that of St. John; and Saturday that of St. Stanislaus.

Forty Hour Devotions.

To-day the forty hours begin at St. Joseph of Soulanges; Friday these devotions will commence at St. Julieanne; and on Sunday next at St. Gabriel of Montreal.

Vicars Appointed.

The Archbishop of Montreal has appointed the following vicars: Rev. Mr. A. A. Xoual, at St. Jean Baptiste; Z. Durocher, at the Sacred Heart; A. Quessel at Berthier, and A. Lippe, at Valleyfield.

Exposition of the Host.

On Friday next the Blessed Eucharist will be exposed all day in the Cathedral Chapel. In the evening benediction will be given. The faithful are invited to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament sometime through the day on Friday.

Religious Professions.

This morning at the Church of the Holy Cross, the religious profession ceremonies of the Grey Nuns took place. As usual that imposing service was attended by all the members of the community and by a large concourse of pious citizens.

The First of May.

The only celebration of the first of May, in Montreal, was held by the French Canadian Artisans' Society in honor of their patron saint. They formed in procession and attended high mass at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Ontario street. Four years ago this Society had 600 members; its membership now reaches 6000.

An Open-Air Mass.

The new church of the Holy Sacrament, on Mount Royal avenue, is to be blessed on May 15. Mass will be celebrated in the open air by His Grace Archbishop Fabre. The season will be favorable and it is to be hoped that the weather will prove propitious. Mass celebrated under the canopy of heaven is a most inspiring sight.

Priests of their Own Race.

Bishop Racine, of Sherbrooke, has addressed a letter to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda calling attention to the importance of having the French-Canadian groups in the United States ministered to by priests of their own race. The reason for this is the attachment of the French Canadian to the associations of his early years, and the danger for his faith by his separation from them.

Rev. Mr. Aubrey Rector.

It is with pleasure that we read in La Semaine Religieuse that Reverend Mr. Aubrey, pastor of St. Jean, who was struck down two months ago with paralysis, is recovering considerably. Let us all unite with his parishioners in begging of God the complete restoration to health of their good priest! The Reverend gentleman is at the Grey Nuns' Hospital at St. Jean, whither he retired when first taken ill.

Amount Sent to Rome.

La Semaine Religieuse calls the attention of the cures and faithful of Montreal to the fact that out of \$14,318 sent to Rome in 1891 for the propagation of the faith by the dioceses of Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers and St. Hyacinthe, the city of Montreal and suburbs contributed only \$1831.31. The journal thinks that Montreal could do much better. The first year the movement was established in Canada, in 1838, \$4210 was collected in the province.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

At the meeting of Immaculate Conception Court, No. 219, Order of Foresters, held at Lachine last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Chief ranger, F. Robert; vice-chief ranger, N. Galtivan; secretary, J. B. J. Picard; financial secretary, A. Leger; treasurer, A. Bergeron; trustees, H. Deslauriers, T. A. St. Germain and O. Archambault; representative to annual session, J. B. J. Picard, and alternate O. Archambault.

Rev. Father Tessiere's Sermon.

On Sunday at High Mass in the Church of Notre Dame. Rev. Father Tessiere, the Superior-General of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament, preached a most eloquent sermon, and had a collection taken up for the benefit of the sanctuary of perpetual adoration that the Fathers of that order are going to build on Mount Royal Avenue. The Rev. preacher unfolded in graphic language the immense benefits to be derived, in a spiritual sense, from this constant, unremitting adoration of the Blessed Eucharist. We hope sincerely that this noble work will be encouraged and that all whose vocations will not admit of contemplation and meditation shall aid in the construction of this shrine of devotion.

C. Y. M. S. meeting.

The following is the result of the recent election of officers for the Catholic Young Men's Society:—The Rev. Father James Callahan, spiritual director; J. J. Ryan, president; J. J. McKenna, first vice-president; Jas. Nebbs, second vice-president; M. J. Brittan, financial secretary; W. F. Wall, recording secretary; D. O'Leary, assistant recording secre-

tary; J. T. Lee, librarian; J. E. Wa'land, assistant librarian; J. A. Par, marshal; J. J. Dawson, assistant marshal. Councillors, J. Bolger, chairman; L. F. McDonald, A. C. Coleman, N. Pitt, Owen Brennan and J. Whelan. After an expenditure of \$1,472 for improvements to hall and the providing of amusements, the Society has still on hand a balance of \$231. The Society will have an excursion to Highgate Springs on the Queen's Birthday.

Archbishop Fabre in New York.

On the Sunday before last His Grace officiated in the French-Canadian Church of New York, on 76th street, and preached a sermon. The next day he assisted at the consecration of Bishop McDonnell, the new Bishop of Brooklyn, which took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

Sunday's Reception.

On Sunday last, at 8 o'clock p.m., a goodly number of citizens attended the reception given in the drawing-room of the Archbishop's palace. These receptions take place on the first Sunday of each month, and afford a splendid opportunity to our Catholic citizens to meet and hold pleasant converse.

Consecration of Montreal.

This City is the "City of Mary," La Ville de Marie; and in a particular manner are our Catholic citizens expected to honor the Mother of God, the Protectress of Montreal, during this beautiful month of May. On the 2d. February 1642—two hundred and fifty years ago—the whole Island of Montreal was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, by Mr. Olier, in the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, and during that ceremony Mary was proclaimed the *Suzeraine* of the new *fief*, as yet the portion of the idolatrous aborigines.

Cardinal Taschereau's Coadjutor.

Cardinal Taschereau has issued a mandement announcing the appointment of the Most Rev. L. N. Begin as archbishop of Cyrena and coadjutor to His Eminence in the See of Quebec, with right to the succession when it becomes vacant. It is explained that the appointment was made by the Holy See in reply to His Eminence's request, and the faithful of the archdiocese and of the ecclesiastical province are called upon to rejoice, with thanks, that one so worthy has been given to His Eminence to assist him in his duties, to bear a share of his responsibilities and to continue his work without break when his course has ended. Although the Cardinal refrains from any formal panegyric of a prelate so well known as the ex-Bishop of Chicoutimi, he refers to his learning, his judgment, his amiability and his zeal and earnestness in the cause of religion. While recording his own resigned expectation of the day of his withdrawal from this world, His Eminence asks for the prayers of the faithful on behalf of the coadjutor that his life may long be spared.

"Sunbeams" in St. Patrick's.

As usual, Father Martin Callaghan's Catechism class was thronged on Sunday afternoon; and if there is one Sunday more than another that the children are attracted in a special manner to St. Patrick's, it is on the first Sunday of the month. They then expect something beyond the ordinary; they looked forward to a special sermon, and to their monthly gift—THE SUNBEAM. To see the eager little faces all radiant with smiles, as the distributors pass down the aisles, handing each one a copy of the little monthly paper, one would almost imagine that the orb of happiness had arisen upon the horizon of childhood's fancy, and that a thousand sunbeams were playing upon the upturned joyous features of those expectant children. It is wonderful how successful THE SUNBEAM has become, and what an amount of interest it is creating and benefit it is imparting. Already has its circulation gone into the thousands. Although these SUNBEAMS start from their focus in St. Patrick's, they radiate out in all directions and have already reached the extreme ends of the country. We can safely say that it is the foremost Catholic monthly for children upon this continent. May it flash its brilliancy for many a long year upon the youth of our country and light their pathway through life, [and on to endless bliss.

THE NAZARETH CONCERT.

The Windsor Hall Crowded to Hear the Blind Pupils Perform. If there is any one institution that deserves more encouragement than another, and any one class of our fellow-beings that evokes more honest sympathy than another, that institution is surely the Nazareth Institution and that class of citizens is certainly the unfortunate ones whose eyes are closed to the glories of this world. And on last Wednesday night, the large audience that attended the annual concert, given by the pupils of that establishment, proved beyond a doubt that both the encouragement and sympathy are not lacking in the Citizens of Montreal.

The programme was lengthy, varied and very fine. We might here mention the fact that the managers of their concert could, with profit, take a leaf from the Blind Pupils' book; there was no hitch, no delays, no misunderstandings. All went smoothly, from first to last. There were sixteen items on the programme, and four of these were *encored*, and yet the whole performance was over at half-past ten o'clock. The *Fanfare* of the Institute played several fine selections, and played them in an admirable style. It was real music,—no following of copy,—it was the perfection of harmony as can be only produced by the musician of delicate ear. The instruments were good and bright, and the neat costumes of the boys rendered the scene upon the stage sadly attractive. If the audience enjoyed the music and the sight, each one instinctively felt that the performers were deprived of the most precious of all faculties—and a feeling of pity blended with one of admiration.

Miss Eugenie Tessier, who was twice *encored* and who received a beautiful bouquet, sang in her usual charming style and enchanted everyone with the notes from her sweetly trained voice. Mr. Baker's flute performance was as usual,

LUBBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY. FOR THE HAIR. IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle. R. J. Devins, MONTREAL.

admirable, and Mr. Charles Labelle convulse the audience with a couple of very comic songs rendered in an appropriate style. Mr. J. Goulet's performance upon the violin was remarkably good; while Miss V. Cartier rendered great assistance at the piano. The choruses by the girl-pupils were fine; Miss Prefontaine attracting special attention with one of her solos. The "Toy symphony" performed by lady with tin whistles, rattles and other baby toys, was a real novelty. While credit is given to each one who took part, especially must we mention the accomplished accompanist, Miss Wilcam, one of the teachers in the Institution. On the whole the concert was a grand success, and all credit is due to the directors and pupils. They may rest assured that Montreal will ever look forward with pleasure to the next concert given by the Nazareth Institution for the Blind.

ANCIENT DUBLIN. A Precious Book; a Relic of the last Century.

Mr. Richard Gaban, of this city, was kind enough to allow us to examine a volume which he recently purchased at an auction sale, and which he justly prizes very highly. The book is exactly one hundred years old; it is larger than a file of THE TRUE WITNESS, and is bound and printed in that imperishable style peculiar to old works. It is to-day in as perfect a state of preservation as when it was issued from the hands of the printer in 1792. The title of the volume is: "James Malton's Ancient Dublin." It contains a history of the grand city on the banks of the Liffey, from its earliest days down to 1791. The type is large and the composition is very good. The work is dedicated to the Mayor, the members of the Corporation and the Sheriff of Dublin. The illustrations are really unique and beautiful. They are all copper-plates of exquisite workmanship and exact colorings. The frontispiece is the "Arms of Dublin." Before each illustration there is a short history of the locality.

To the person acquainted with modern Dublin this work would prove very amusing and interesting; to anyone it is a source of pleasure and instruction. The old costumes, the high hats, colored garments, peculiar wigs, strange attitudes, ancient manners, classic styles,—all are suggestive of the days of our great-grandfathers. Even the carts with their solid wheels, the horses with their strange tackle, the stage-coaches with their heavy proportions and many colors, and the very dogs appear to be different from those of this day. The signs on the houses are indicative of the last century. On Thomas street we see where "Dennis Plunkett" sold "Rum and Spirits,"—probably it is Dennis himself that stands in the door, with white knee-breeches, brown stockings, red waistcoat, and green jacket. There is a scene on chapel street, looking over Essex bridge; upon the sign high above the first story window we read, "Old State Lottery House;—so they had the "Lottery craze" one hundred years ago in Dublin! It would require a small volume to tell the story of this book. However next week we will try and give our readers a sketch of "old Dublin" by the now famous authoress, Miss Katharine Tynan; it may fill up the blank that we are obliged ourselves, this week, to leave.

Amongst the many scenes in Mr. Gahan's volume, we will just mention a few. The Castle Court; Parliament House; the Royal Exchange; Trinity College; and the Law Courts on the Liffey. Most of these stand to-day as they stood in 1792. Then we have the Provost's House, St. Patrick's Cathedral, (two views), the Tholsel—or Toll-stall; the old Soldier's Hospital, Kilmainham; the Royal Infirmary, Phoenix Park; the Blue-Coat and Lying-in Hospitals; the Rotunda and (then) new Rooms; St. Catherine's church; Leinster, Charlemont and Powerscourt Houses; St. Stephen's Green and Barracks; the city seen from the magazine at the Phoenix Park, and a number of historic scenes. The volume is a treasure!

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E. J. Hooper, barrister and county clerk of Lennox and Addington, died at Napance. Deceased was at one time M.P.P. for Addington.

Happy Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rejoice Because Hood's Sarsaparilla Rescued Their Child from Scrofula.

For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other foul humors in the blood of children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy. Read this: "We are so thankful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it did for our little girl that we make this statement for the benefit of other anxious parents and

Suffering Children Our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. But when she was two years old, sores broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctor said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

One Complete Sore offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at. Her general health waned and she would lay in a large chair all day without any life or energy. The sores caused great itching and burning, so that at times we had to restrain her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years

She Suffered Fearfully with this terrible humor. Being urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla we did so. We soon noticed that she had more life and appetite. The itching seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to scorch, the itching and burning ceased, and in a few months her head became entirely clear of the sore. She is now perfectly well, has no evidence of the humor, and her skin is clear and healthy. She seems like an entirely different child, in health and general appearance, from what she was before taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla L. W. FREDERICK, 311 Glenmore Ave., East New York, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This Testimonial Is an illustration of what Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for the sick and suffering every day, from Maine to California. In the light of these facts who can say that the work of an immense concern like ours is not beneficent? HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

INFORMATION WANTED Of and correspondence solicited with desirable persons, having some means, wishing to find homes in Texas, urban or rural. Texas is the land of Cereals, Cattle, Fruits and Cotton. No blizzards; no cyclones; no hills of snow, but verdure all the year round. Address: REV. JOHN F. COFFEY, LL.D., Secretary of the Right Rev. T. F. Brennan, Bishop of Dallas, Texas. 41-G

Furniture! We have on hand a line of Bed-room and Dining-room Furniture, which we offer at prices cheaper than any regular furniture house in Montreal. As furniture is not our regular business, we will give you goods cheaper even than at auctions. See our Oak Dining before purchasing. JOHN LORIGAN, Mantel and Gate Manufacturer, 1828 Notre Dame Street. P.S.—Cheapest Bed-room Suites in the city.

WATSON & DICKSON, IMPORTERS OF Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Electroplate, Art Pottery, Cutlery, Tableware, etc.

Have much pleasure in informing their friends and customers that their new store, 1791 Notre Dame Street, is now open for business. The goods are entirely new, purchased for cash in the best markets. It will be their constant endeavor to supply their patrons with reliable articles at the lowest possible prices. Articles for Wedding Presents.—A SPECIALTY.—Inspection solicited. WATCH REPAIRING done on premises by a first-class workman. JEWELLERY made to order. ELECTROPLATING in all its branches.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. SUBURBAN SERVICE. Daily, except Sunday, Unless Otherwise designated, Taking Effect May 2nd, 1892. Lachine—Leave Montreal 5:25, 6:35, 8:05, 9:15 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 12:05, 1:20, 2:30, 5:05, 9:15, 9:30, 10:40, 11:30 p.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 6:25, 7:35, 8:15, 9:30, 10:15 a.m., 12 noon, 1:05, 2:3, 3:40, 4:55, 6:05, 7:20, 8:10, 8:45, 11 p.m. Dorval—Leave Montreal, 10:15 a.m., 3:20, 6:23, 8:15, 9:12 p.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 8:15, 9 a.m., 12 noon, 3, 6:40, 4:35, 8:10, 11 p.m. Verdun—Leave Montreal 10:15 a.m., 4:20, 6:2, 5:15, 9, 11:20 p.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 8:15, 9 a.m., 12 noon, 3, 6:40, 8:10, 11 p.m. Valleyfield—Leave Montreal 6:25, 6:15, 10:20 p.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 8:15, 9 a.m., 6:40, 8:10 p.m. Through trains leave Montreal 9:30 a.m., 12:30, 4:45, 8:40, 11:05 p.m. Returning, arrive Montreal 7:40, 11:30 a.m., 6:50, 8:30 p.m. For commutation and season ticket fares and regulations apply to the City Ticket office, 145 St. James street, and at Station Ticket office. a, except Saturday and Sunday; b, Saturday only; c, daily. L. J. SEARGEANT, General Manager.

RICHIEBUE & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO. 1892—SEASON—1892. The following steamers will run as under and call at the usual intermediate ports. To QUEBEC—Commencing about 28th April, the Steamers QUEBEC and MONTREAL will leave Montreal daily [Sundays excepted] at 7 p.m. To TORONTO—Commencing Wednesday, 1st June, leave daily [Sundays excepted], at 10 a.m., from Lachine at 12:30 p.m., from Cotnam Landing at 2:30 p.m. To SAGINAW—Commencing about 3rd May will leave Quebec every Tuesday and Friday at 7:30 a.m., and from 23rd June to 16th September 5 times a week—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. To CORNWALL—When canal ready, STR. ROEMAN will leave every Tuesday and Friday at noon. To THREE RIVERS—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m. To CHAMBLY—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m. To BOUCHERVILLE, VALFERNES, VERCHERES and BOUT DE LISLE—Every Sunday excepted, per Steamer PERSEPHONE at 8:30 p.m., Saturdays at 2:30 p.m. LONGUEUIL PERILY—From Longueuil 5 a.m. and every subsequent hour, from Montreal commencing at 6:30 a.m. Last trip 8:30 p.m. See time table. To LA PRAIRIE—From La Prairie—From 15th April to 2nd May, 7 and 10 a.m., from Montreal—8 a.m. and 4 p.m. EXCURSIONS—Commencing Sunday, May 1st, by Steamer Terrebonne every Saturday at 8:30 a.m. You can also return on Sunday at 10 a.m. for Contereau, returning same evening at about 8 p.m. For all information apply at Company's Ticket Office, 145 St. James Street, or at City of Montreal Hotel. ALEX. MILLROY, JULIEN CHABOT, Traffic Manager, General Manager.

NO PRIZES FOR STUPID PEOPLE. who the without T. IF you are one of the bright ones and can read the above rebus you may receive a reward which will pay you many times over for your trouble. The proprietor of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY offers either a first-class Upright Piano or a cheque for Three Hundred Dollars to the person who sends the first correct solution of the above rebus, a reward of a pair of genuine Diamond Ear Rings for the second correct solution, a complete Franchise Education at a Commercial College for the third correct solution, a solid Gold Watch for each of the next three correct solutions, a Silk Dress pattern (16 yds. in any color) for each of the next five correct solutions, an elegant Diamond Brooch (solid gold) for each of the next ten. Every one sending a solution must enclose with the same ten correct synonyms for 30 coins in silver (or one month's trial subscription (five copies) to THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, Canada's high-class, illustrated newspaper. The envelope which contains correct solution bearing first postmark will receive first reward, and the balance in order as received. For the correct solution received last is offered a Swift Safety Bicycle valued at \$100. For the next to the last will be given a pair of genuine Diamond Ear Rings, for the third, fourth and fifth from the last will be awarded an elegant solid Gold Watch to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth from the last will each be awarded either a Silk Dress pattern (16 yards in any color) or a Swiss Watch Box, playing six pieces. If there should be as many as one hundred persons sending correct solutions to this rebus, each will be rewarded with a valuable Prize. Names of those receiving leading rewards will be published in prominent newspapers throughout Canada. Extra premiums will be offered to all who are willing to assist in increasing the subscription list of this popular illustrated weekly. The object in offering this prize rebus is to attract attention to and introduce our publication. It should not be missed without catching penny offers. You can easily ascertain as to our reliability by inquiring through any commercial agency. Perfect impartiality is guaranteed in giving the rewards. All solutions must be mailed on or before June 1st, 1892. Address: LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, - (33) TORONTO, CANADA. Cut the above advertisement out.

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

THE STORY OF THE SHAMROCK.

When Patrick preached to Erin's sons The blessed Word of God, He plucked a little shamrock green...

And this is why the Irish prize The darling little gem! The emblem of their Holy Faith...

Oh, well may Erin's sons revere The memory of their Saint, — Well may they love the Shamrock dear, That modest little plant...

MICHAEL WIELAN, Reznou River, N.B., St. Patrick's, 1892.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Off to the west lay Rome reposing peacefully on its historic hills; far beyond, and more to the north, stood Saccato, not covered with snow as when described by Horace...

"You are right, Mr. Marchbank," began Lorenzo; "but it seems to me that your English artists are too realistic. I know that many are in ecstasies over the works of this school, and fancy that they have succeeded in fixing a sunbeam to canvas."

"Well it might be," answered George Marchbank; "for only an infinite mind could conceive, and an infinite power execute, this glorious design. To successfully paint the sunrise we witnessed this morning, the artist, apart from other requisites, would have to dip his brush in the rainbow, and gather into his mortar a sunbeam, the ray from a topaz, the azure from the firmament, and an electric spark."

"Why, Lorenzo, you are severe on the realistic school. Ought we not to love to copy nature?" said Morgan.

"If you could copy it, well and good. But if I want to view the beauties of nature, I will not shut myself up in your realistic galleries. I will go forth into the fields and mountains as we have done to-day. There I can see nature in her glory. Do not let a painter make himself ridiculous by attempting what he cannot perform. But even if he could paint true to nature, he would not be an artist, nor a genius."

"That sounds a little strange, Lorenzo." "What! you to say that, Morgan? Look at this landscape; it is beautiful, entrancing in its peculiar loveliness, but, like Byron's Greece, 'tis all wanting there! The true artist is to take some outlines of nature and to give them animation and soul. They are to be the plastic clay; but his genius, his idealism, is to mould them into speaking forms. To clip a block of marble into the shape of some model—to paint the outlines of a certain person's face, requires only the faculty of imitation, not art. But to design some model which in its general characteristics shall be true to nature, but which, in the conception and finish of its ideal beauty, shall rise far above it, requires genius—genius as Raphael, Michel-Angelo or Guido possessed."

"Art, then, is superior to nature?" "You know that God did not create things as beautifully as He could have created them. The intelligence of man is a faint reflection of the Infinite. It can conceive beautiful ideas, and it can produce them; and it can articulate them with a glow such as is not seen on this landscape."

"I agree in great part with you," said George Marchbank; "but how is it that the realistic school is growing in favor, in some places at least?"

"The question is easily answered," replied Lorenzo. "Materialism in philosophy, by hegets materialism in art. The artist may not be a materialist in philosophy, but living in a material atmosphere his mind loses, or does not develop its idealism. Materialism has infected not only art, but also literature. A novelist, instead of making his characters exercise a salutary effect on his readers, either by reason of their exalted virtues and well-regulated habits, or by showing the vanity of life with out God, too often dips his pen in the slime of human wickedness, and portrays unsightly, though perhaps true scenes. It is not well to teach the innocent these lessons, and the

impious, already know them too well. The writer, if he be, a true artist, will depict persons endowed with noble qualities and virtues which are attainable by God's help. He will show how a soul, aided by grace, can rise superior to the petty bickerings of the world and the base passions which seek to lower us, and that only the truly good are truly great. His work will be a beautiful, but not an impossible ideal; it will cheer on the innocent in their path of virtue; it will wash the shameless, and it will hold out an inducement to the frail to reform."

It was easy to see that all the noble enthusiasm of Lorenzo's nature was awakened; his eyes glowed from their dreamy depths, and his whole person was agitated. Morgan and his companions felt the truth of his remarks. His aesthetic faculties had been developed by his surroundings, and the hideous caricature of realism, whether in art or literature, provoked his generous indignation. He did not want vain romance in either, neither did he want fantastic copies; he wanted an ideal, but at the same time a possible beauty. Who can gainsay his arguments? Art is not to teach what is; it is to teach, with nobility and pen or brush, what will ennobel men's minds, not that which will please their animal propensities.

The party of friends now descended the mountain, and found Peppa awaiting them with a drove of donkeys. It was nearly eight o'clock. They proposed dining at Albano, and sent forward a messenger to have dinner, or lunch, ready at twelve; in the mean time they would have plenty of time to pass round by the side of "Alba Longa," and by the borders of Lake Nemi. Every one was in high spirits, and predicted a day's sport. Peppa, alone, and the old drover who came to look after the donkeys, appeared to have their doubts. When all were safely mounted in their huge saddles the word "Forward" was given by Lorenzo, who was the guide of the party. Now "Forward" is not a difficult word to pronounce, but it is a difficult movement to execute successfully or gracefully when mounted on a donkey of playful propensities. Some stood stock-still, regardless alike of blows and entreaties; others sipped up against the thick underwood which grew by the wayside; some backed at a furious rate, which led their unhappy bestriders to think that donkeys must be a species of Janus. A few moved forward at a quick trot, as if to render the picture complete. Meanwhile Peppa and the drover, both heartily laughing, ran hither and thither, striking first this one, jutting that one, and pushing a third. By these means, after a good hair-bath, all were set in motion, and the cavalcade moved merrily on. The late afternoon was forgotten, and peals of laughter were soon resounding on all sides. But they little knew the resources of a donkey. While going at a brisk trot one suddenly stopped, ducked his long ears, and his ears lashing, riding by the side of the road. This appeared to be the signal for a renewal of unkind nature. Two or three turned and galloped back; four backed up against a vergering cliff and nearly broke his legs on those who rode them; one—the one that carried Peppa—kept straight on; he seemed to have a power over it unknown to the others. One lay down and rolled in the sand; the rest stood still. One of the party, whose beast refused to move, gave it, in obedience to Peppa's direction, a stroke on the ear; instantly it gave an unearthly bray and plunged wildly into the brushwood, crashing it went, leaving the others to speculate on its probable destination, and the fate of their companion. Would he be a second Mizappa? They had not long to speculate; bleeding and torn their companion returned, limping to the road, just as the donkey came in sight, trotting quietly down the hill at some distance. Peppa mounted the runaway, who seemed quite unmoved by his piece of practical humor, and the wound of Zonave took Peppa's.

It would be impossible to tell all the tactics of those much vitified animals; suffice it to say that every one of the party, by some means or another, succeeded in bringing his rider, who seemed to be a point of honor with them, as of indignant protest against their servitude. Once they had effected this object they usually went pretty well. Peppa had advised the party from the start to quietly allow themselves to be thrown, and that then they would proceed easily. But he was only laughed at; his turn to laugh, however, came round.

As Lorenzo and Morgan trotted on side by side the former said: "I think, Morgan, that your modern English poets must ride a great deal on donkeys."

"Why so? I do not think that many in England ever ride these stupid, stubborn creatures."

"I thought from the nature of their metre that they must have had their rhythm impressed upon them by riding on these animals. In any case, their verses are a good imitation of a donkey's pace: you have a spasmodic start, a smooth flow for a moment, a sudden halt that causes a mental overheat, a wild plunge through the bushes, a crash against a rock, a backing away; and finally the reader will see the verses running on, but their meaning if meaning they have, will be as they were and his reach as was poor Maria's donkey when he limped back to the road."

"I declare, Lorenzo, you are hard on our poets. Have they no merits?"

"Undoubtedly they have some; but they have destroyed the grand harmonious metre of your classic poets; they have sought out new forms of verse, new measures, but what are they? A ridiculous tinkering or an hysterical muttering takes the place of Byron's and Moore's sweet harmonies, or Pope's melodious numbers. Yes, the donkey's pace is well exemplified in many modern poems."

"You are partly right, Lorenzo; our modern writers have, in a great measure, abandoned the classic style, and I cannot say that they have improved on their predecessors."

"Another peculiarity, Morgan, that goes well with the idea of the donkey-pace is the use of either side for each side or both sides. How can either side mean both sides, except in the supposition that you are riding a donkey? for if you wish him to go to one side or the other, he will surely go to both."

Further conversation was prevented by hearing shouts from behind; one of the donkeys refused to move, and showed

signs of an intention to lie down on the road. Blows were of no avail. Peppa cried "Build a fire under him"; and, quickly collecting an armful of fagots and dry leaves, he placed them under the animal. Striking a match, a large blaze soon shot up, and red tongues of flame licked the donkey's legs. No one who has not seen this simple experiment can imagine its effect on an obstinate mule. No sooner had the lambent blaze gently encircled its legs, than the donkey sprang forward at a rate which threatened disaster. Peppa was hailed as an inventor of a new locomotive incentive, and like a modest genius coolly went on his way, as if he had done nothing extraordinary.

Between all their mishaps and consequent delays, it was now twelve o'clock, and they were not half way to Albano. Owing to their light and early breakfast, they were hungry; and the gloomy thought that their dinner would be spoiled ere they reached Albano did not increase their merriment. For a time they made good progress, but when mounting a hill one of the donkeys showed positive symptoms of ailment, and would not advance. The drover earnestly entreated them not to let it lie down nor to stand still, otherwise he averred it would certainly die. His evident anxiety moved the excursionists; four of them by means of two poles, and assisted by the drover, who tugged at the bridle, bore it up the hill. This was the culminating point of disaster. Lorenzo's laugh was not very merry now; he gave expression to a comical wish, namely, "that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might be forced to ride in a body over the hills of Albano on donkeys."

It was four o'clock when they reached Albano, hungry, sore and dispirited. The drover was told to make the best of his way home with the donkeys; the members of the party would walk back. After a good dinner they all regained their usual spirits, but it was several days before they fully recovered from the fatigue. Each one of them made an inward promise never to go donkey-riding again; and some of them began an investigation of the nature of this animal's brains. Whether an innate stupidity or a canine sagacity was the cause of a donkey's antics remained a moot point. The scientific reader may pursue this speculation at his leisure.

CHAPTER XIII. THE CHOLERA.

Fires glared the August sun on the parched Campagna; hotly its beams fell upon the glittering stones of the Roman streets; with a burning breath its rays, reflected from tiled roofs and zinc-covered domes, fell upon the faces of the citizens. The verulent hue of nature was changed to a shrivelled redness; scorching winds, laden with the poisons of Africa's deserts, and bearing over some of their sands, came in fitful gusts across the plains, blasting every vestige of verdure. This wind, called in Rome the Sirocco, is the aggravation of a Roman summer. It suffocates the lungs; it parches the skin; it closes the pores and prevents perspiration. While it continues, the body is saturated with boiling water, the steam of which cannot escape, but which seals and irritates the flesh. Every blast is like a nail from a glowing furnace, and brings a new languor to the already languishing body. The only resource on such a day is to close tightly every window, draw closely every curtain, and sit and simmer gently in the dark; in the light you would boil. With the thermometer at 105° for a week as it was in the summer of 1867, and with the addition of this scorching wind, it is not much wonder that the weary artist should look in vain for a cooling retreat.

Fiercely glared the August sun; the earth was cracked and thirsty; the sky was of a dismal red. The shrunken Tiber ran spiritlessly along its dusty bed; it showed no pride in winding through the Eternal City to-day; it was only intent on ebbing as quickly as possible to the blue waters of the Mediterranean. George Marchbank stood on that part of its broken banks called the Ripetta. The sapless trunks of the rows of shrivelled limes which grow on that spot only seemed to add to the dreariness of the sun-burnt prospect.

Fiercely glared the mid-day sun on this broken bank, which served as a quay for old-fashioned barges, of the model of those which won the Actium engagement; listlessly they lay smoking in the intolerable heat. The western horizon was shut out by the bleached top of Monte Mario; at its foot stretched the plain on which the legions of Constantine, headed by the Cross, won the victory over the pagan tyrant. Defeated, he sought safety in flight, but, falling into the water of the Tiber, he was quickly borne to the sea, in the wake of Hellogabalus. Perched midway up Monte Mario stands the crumbling house in which Rome afforded to the banished Stuarts that hospitality which England denied to its king. Not far off, like a mighty pyramid enskied, marking the tomb of the first Pope, stood that triumph of art, St. Peter's dome. Still towering rose Hadrian's mammoth mausoleum; in it he had fondly hoped that his ashes might find eternal rest, and his name be there revered. But ambition's dream was rudely deceived by lapsing years. Around about the ancient spires, bleached in the mid-day sun, seemed like a withered oak forest whose gaunted trunks defy alike the rays of light and the effect of chilling showers.

Listlessly did George Marchbank gaze on this varied scene; were it a cool day in April he would thoroughly enjoy the grand panorama of nature and art, but now he only thought of escaping from the intense heat. He resolved to leave Rome for a few days, and to seek a cooler abode on the Alban hills. Having taken this resolution, he went at once to catch the mid-day train.

In the mean time fiercely glared the sun on the gray tiles of the Roman Colosseum; hotly it beat down on the steaming courtyard. In the large exhibition hall of the college its glare was felt, though its rays did not strike it directly. A gaily-crowded was gathered in that hall, attending a distribution of premiums to the students. Rome knows how to foster a love of literature, and to reward suitably the successful. Science is not degraded by giving a money prize; the sacred faculties of our nature are never appealed to; an honorable ambition and a generous rivalry are alone excited. A simple medal, of little intrinsic

value, but richly prized by the student, is the guerdon for successful talent. But the true fostering of learning in Rome consists in the attendance, at examinations, of learned men of every rank. Cardinals, prelates, and renewed professors, lay and clerical, will attend even the simplest examination. Now there is nothing, after a strong sense of duty, which will cause a boy to study harder than an assurance that those who, to his youthful imagination, are giants in knowledge, take an interest in his studies, and will be present to witness his triumphs. Money has no such power as this over the young mind.

(To be continued.)

THE SARATOGA MIRACLE.

FURTHER INVESTIGATED BY AN EXPRESS REPORTER.

The Facts Already Stated Fully Confirmed—Interviews with Leading Physicians who Treated Quant—The Most Marvellous Case in The History of Medical Science.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper entitled "The Albany Journal," giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the Express—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the Albany Journal. The reporter, who is given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related—

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany Evening Journal the story of a most remarkable cure of a case of locomotor ataxia, which the term "miraculous" cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and in compliance with our instructions, an Express reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant of Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y., as first told in "The Journal," has been copied into hundreds if not thousands of other daily newspapers, and has been translated into several languages throughout the entire country. It was deemed a duty due all the people and especially the afflicted, to have the real facts of the statements of the case as made in "The Albany Journal," and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified or refuted as exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the Express reporter's investigation authorizes him in saying that the story of the cure of Charles A. Quant of Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y., and of his recovery from a severe case of locomotor ataxia, which he had suffered from for over eight years, and which had never been seen and was then in perfect health, I was fully six feet tall, weighed 160 pounds, and was in the best of health. I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did, a great deal of heavy lifting, and my means very good. I had a good horse, and was in the country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my back, and it gradually spread to my arms and legs. I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the best medical medicine I could buy, but that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia, but I continued to grow gradually worse for some time. I was then treated by a doctor in Albany, N. Y., who said that my back and legs became so swollen that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having read of the cure of Charles A. Quant, I bought a box of Pink Pills for Pale People, and began to grow worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads, and all the many kinds of electric appliances, but they did me no good. After Mr. Quant's cure was published in the Albany Journal, I bought a box of Pink Pills for Pale People, and began to grow worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads, and all the many kinds of electric appliances, but they did me no good. After Mr. Quant's cure was published in the Albany Journal, I bought a box of Pink Pills for Pale People, and began to grow worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads, and all the many kinds of electric appliances, but they did me no good. 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PITTPAT AND TIPPYTOE.

EUGENE FIELD.

All day long they came and go, Pittpat and Tippytoe; In they troop down the hall, Playthings scattered on the floor, Fingers along the wall, Tell-tale streaks upon the door, By these proceedings shall know Pittpat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play! And a dozen times a day, In they troop demanding bread, Only buttered bread will do, And that butter must be spread, Inches thick with sugar, too! Never yet have I said: "No, Pittpat and Tippytoe!"

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe, Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth; For I much regret to say, Tippytoe and Pittpat, Sometimes interrupt their play With an interlocking spat; Fie! oh, fie! to quarrel so, Pittpat and Tippytoe!

Oh, the thousand worrying things Every day recurrent bring! Hands to scrub and hair to brush, Search for mice and for some anils, Many a murmuring to hush, Many a little bump to kiss; Life's indeed a fleeting show, Pittpat and Tippytoe!

And when day is at an end, There are little duties to mend; Little frocks are to be torn, Little shoes great holes reveal, Little hose but one day worn, Rudely yawn at tea or heel; Why but you could work such woe, Pittpat and Tippytoe!

But when comes this thought to me: "Some day they are that thoughtless be," Stealing to their little beds, With a love I can not speak, Tenderly I stroke their heads, Fondly kiss each velvet cheek, (Oh help those who do not know A Pittpat or Tippytoe!)

On the floor, along the hall, Rudely traced upon the wall, There are proofs of every kind, And upon my heart you'd find, Just such trade marks, if you sought, Oh, how glad I am 'tis so, Pittpat and Tippytoe!

-Chicago Daily News.

THE POET.

A Short Essay on the Qualities Required in A Child of Song.

The poet must have the sensitive heart of an angel, the fancy of a fairy or some spiritual creature, the eye of an artist, the ear of a musician, the glowing and eloquent tongue of an orator, the industry of a laborer, the cool judgment of a critic; his genius must consist more in that all-pervading sensibility and susceptibility of feeling, emotion, passion, than in his reasoning powers or his thoughts; his heart must be ever alive to those occurrences which are tender, delicate, affectionate, melancholy, noble, true, and beautiful; his eye must be capable of appreciating all that is fascinating, exquisite, excellent, and interesting in nature; his ear must be attuned to harmony and measure, euphonious and musical sounds must delight him, and he must be able to detect every thing that is discordant, harsh, grating, and inharmonious in the slightest particular; his language must be rich, glowing, thrilling, ringing, glittering, flashing, sparkling, his perception must be quick and accurate; he must be able to discern all that is beautiful in the minute objects of nature, all that is sublime in its stupendous works—his imagination must be brilliant, varied, and capable of illimitable illustration; his fancy must be playful, sportive, vivacious, and luxuriant, tingling with light, like the rays of the sun, everything which it touches and enlightening all that it approaches. He must also have industry—enduring, persevering, unremitting, contented, practical, worldly industry, combined with forethought, discretion, and judgment; and, above all, he must have a critical discrimination which will qualify him to prune the redundancies of his language and restrain the wildness and richness of his fancy. He must have read every good author without imitating his style, he must borrow a lovely tint from the palette of each without copying any feature of the picture, and the realms of nature, science, history, biography, and everyday life, must be explored by him in such a manner as to place him in possession of everything which can adorn, elucidate, strengthen, embellish, and illumine his productions. Having exalted himself thus beyond his fellows, having approached near unto heavenly enjoyment, having stored his mind with the treasures of varied knowledge, and prepared for its work by acquisitions from every source of mental cultivation he may find it to be impossible to earn a livelihood, and squeeze from the tight grasp of the un sympathizing publisher what will maintain even himself; then if he has children, heaven help the unhappy offspring of the struggling poet! It is a singular thing that the real benefactors of mankind, those who have made them think more nobly and raised them above their former scale of reflection, have been, with few exceptions, the least rewarded, while more employed in adjusting the petty disputes of the contentious and litigious, gratifying their vanity for personal display, or contributing to their many pleasures, have been made rich, while the poet—learned, gifted, aspiring, though he be—perishes for lack of food in a garret; or, bowed down by poverty, sorrow, and disappointment, in some public hospital. Here is the picture of the poet's powers—the poet's destiny, and men should consider well before they ascend a hill which may lead only to a workhouse or an early grave.

turn the rascals out. We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., infesting the human system. Turn them out and keep them out by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural food and nutriment, which invigorates, tones, and strengthens the entire system.

Venom of a Toad. A correspondent of the London Lancet maintains the scientific correctness of Shakespeare's assertion that the toad "sweats venom." He says that this venom is of a tolerably powerful nature, and that instead of being secreted by the salivary glands as in snakes, it is actually secreted by the skin, so that the word "sweated" is most accurately descriptive. "This secretion," Dr. Guthrie states, also occurs in the toad through the parotid glands, the juice of dandelion stalks in taste and appearance. When injected under the skin, it kills small birds in six minutes, and dogs and guinea pigs in half an hour to an hour and a half. The symp-

tomis in birds is loss of coordination followed by death; in guinea pigs convulsions, and in the dog depression, vomiting and intoxication. Dr. Guthrie kept a small toad in a cage with some lizards, and one of them, having bitten the toad, became convulsed and died in less than two minutes. His dog, having seized a toad, was attacked by instantaneous and profuse salivation, violent vomiting and collapse. He states also that his hand was poisoned from handling a toad.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

A GRAIN OF SALT.

It Will Aid in Keep Cows and Other Stock in Vigorous Health.

Salt has always been recognised as not only a useful, but a needful addition to the food of dairy cows. We do not think that dairymen can ever become so progressive that they can dispense with the use of the saline mineral as a necessary condiment for stock. Nature is more wise than man, and never calls for anything not required to meet her physical wants. Because salt has now become so common an article of commerce and is so largely fed to domestic animals is no reason that it was not required by them when in a wild state. All undomesticated herbivorous animals crave salt, and will travel many miles to obtain it from natural salt licks.

A necessity, then, so plainly marked, should not be ignored, and dairymen should consider it all-important that their cows are regularly salted. Do not let the cows get starved for this necessity by long intervals between indulgence, as its good effect is thereby greatly lessened.

Better than salting cows even once a week, is keeping salt by them all the time. The animals will not eat more than they want, and what their appetite craves their nature requires. Some pooh at the idea that salt is especially valuable in the dairy, but we know by experience that cows give more milk when it is fed to them regularly, and the cream from such milk more readily yields butter in the churn. It is not too much to say that it is as essential to put salt into a cow's stomach as it is to add it to the butter which she yields. One of the main springs to success in dairying is to keep the cows in vigorous health, that they may be able to discharge their functions in a natural manner. A bright eye, soft and shining hair, and a sharp appetite are indicative of perfect health, conducive to which is the use of salt as craved by the bovine appetite.

Most dairymen make it a point to salt their cows with more or less regularity, but occasionally one is found who signally neglects this essential except at rare intervals, when the overdose is nearly worse than none at all. We have noticed cows thus deprived were rough of hair, dull of eye, and indifferent milk yielders. Of course an owner that would neglect them in one essential would in another, and all of the little neglects combined render them profitless. A cow that has what salt she wants will drink more water, eat more fodder, and yield more and better milk than when she is stinted in this regard. If salt is kept by the animals all of the time, do not be afraid that they will overeat it, as they will only lick up what they need and when they need it. Salt is a potent digestive agent also, and is a valuable aid to nature in this way. Dairymen, do not despise salt, but keep your cows supplied with it.—George E. Newell, in Prairie Farmer.

Poultry Yard Hints. Set the hens just at night rather than by daylight. Ducks should not be kept in the same house or yard with chickens. Always feed the young poultry in the morning before giving them any water to drink. It is always best to examine the eggs set for hatching a week after they are put under the hens. So far as is possible give the poultry plenty of range; they need exercise and plenty of room to take it. When feed must be purchased one of the best and cheapest, especially for young poultry, is millet seed. One of the best plans of management with the chickens and turkeys is to change the males at least once every year. With both turkey and duck eggs it is a good plan to moisten with water the day that they were expected to hatch. On the average, farm hens ought to be kept at not over 50 cents per year each, and on this basis should be profitable. Some hens never make good sitters, and hence should never be allowed to sit; a good mother is necessary to raise the young fowls. If you feel weak, tired, and all run down, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need to build up strength and purify your blood.

The Great Humanizer.—Marriage seems to make a good deal of foolish pride out of a man, the same as it takes the independent own-the-earth look out of a girl.—Acheson Globe.

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites is the surest and best cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and asthma. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

—Young Nicely—"Oh, I think that Clutwie Awmstrong is a perfect brute; but his hands are as big as a labwing man's." Young Sapley—"Oh, I detest him; he is the unhandykn."—Boston Courier.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla is the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, &c.

Flour.—In winter wheat flour, straight rollers are available at \$4.50 to \$4.50 as to quantity and quality. Spring rollers can be had at \$4.50 to \$4.50. Choice wheat flour is easier, \$4.50 to \$4.50. Bakers have been sold to dealers at \$4.75 and in broken lots to bakers at \$4.50 to \$4.55. Manitoba strong bakers range from \$4.50 to \$4.75 as to quality. It is reported that some business has recently been put through export.

Patent spring.....\$4.00 @ \$1.10 Patent Winter.....4.50 @ 4.50 Straight Roller.....4.50 @ 4.50 Extra.....4.00 @ 4.50 Superfine.....3.70 @ 3.90 Fine.....3.50 @ 3.50 City Flour.....4.75 @ 4.85 Manitoba Bakers.....4.50 @ 4.85 Ontario bags extra.....1.90 @ 1.90 Straight Rollers.....2.05 @ 2.10

Outmeal.—Car lots of rolled and granulated are offered at \$2.50 on track, we quote \$2.50 to \$2.50.

Milk Feed.—Sales of car lots of Ontario were placed at \$15.00 and Manitobas at \$14.50, although this figure is said to have been shaded. Shorts at \$18.00 to \$18.50 and Middlings at \$17 to \$18. Manito at \$22 to \$22.50.

Wheat.—Manitoba wheat is quoted at 96c to 97c for No. 3 hard, and 87c for No. 3. No. 1 regular 77c to 78c, No. 2 66c to 67c, and No. 3 56c to 57c. Upper Canada red and white winter is 87c to 88c for No. 1, and 85c to 86c for No. 2. In the West there have been sales at 85c to 86c f.o.b.

Corn.—We quote 56c to 58c in bond and 58c to 60c for car lots, duty paid. Feed.—We quote for export difficult to make, and quote 77c to 78c per 60 lb. admt May. In store 74c to 75c. Barley.—We quote malting barley 55c to 60c, and feed 42c to 43c. Oats.—Sales of car lots are reported at 32c to 33c for No. 2 white, but dealers state that it is difficult to get above the inside figure. New Brocklyns have been sold at 18c to 20c and Western at 17c to 18c, a few occasional choice lots bringing a fraction more.

Provisions.—Pork, Lard, &c.—In lard there is no change, values being quoted at \$1.35 to \$1.40 per 100 for compound. A good business has been reported in smoked meats, but during the last few days the demand has fallen off somewhat. We quote as follows: Canada short cut mess pork per bri. \$18.00 @ 18.50 Canada clear pork per bri. 18.25 @ 18.50 Chicago short cut mess, per bri. 18.25 @ 18.50 Mess pork, American, new, per bri. 14.25 @ 14.50 Extra Mess beef, per bri. 14.50 @ 15.00 Ham, 100 lbs. cut, per lb. 11c Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 6 1/2c @ 6 3/4c Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 6 1/2c @ 6 3/4c Shoulders, per 100 lbs. 8 1/2c @ 8 3/4c

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter.—A few lots of new creamery selling at 22c to 23c, but dealers state that it is difficult to get above the inside figure. New Brocklyns have been sold at 18c to 20c and Western at 17c to 18c, a few occasional choice lots bringing a fraction more.

CHEESE.—A few lots having been received ranging from 45 to 150 boxes respectively, one lot of 150 boxes, costing 10c, and we quote 10c to 10 1/2c as to quality and quantity.

COUNTRY PRODUCE. Eggs.—Holders offering freely at 11c, although some buyers claim to have made purchases at 10c. At 11c a good many sales have been made, but demand having been slack, a lot of the lower range of values. Sales have also been at 10c f. o. b. in the West.

Beans.—Sales have been made of hand-picked at \$1.25 to \$1.25, ordinary being quoted at \$1.15 to \$1.15, and inferior at 85c to \$1 per bushel. A year ago good to choice beans were selling at \$1.70 to \$2.

Hops.—Prices remain firm at 22c to 23c for good to choice, and yearlings at 18c to 19c. Old hops are quoted at 12c to 13c for quality, a lot was sold in the country at equal to 2 1/2c here for good 1891.

Honey.—Prices are very low, extracted being offered at 7c per lb, and comb at 8c to 10c per lb.

FRUITS, &c. Apples.—The market remains quiet at \$1.65 to \$1.60 for firsts and \$1.60 to \$1.55 for seconds. Maple Products.—Sales of syrup have been made all the way from 5c to 6c per can, large imperial cans bringing more money. In food, sales of sticks and 2 were made at 5c per lb, and a lot in small cans at 3c per lb. Sugar is hard to dispose of, and sales have been made as low as 5c for dark although some have been placed at 6c. Choice bright in 1 lb. cakes have sold at 7c to 7 1/2c.

FISH AND OILS. Oils.—The sale of a lot of 200 bbls being reported at about 8c, and another smaller lot at 4c. Holders now ask 4 1/2c for round lots. Steam refined seed oil is first at 7 1/2c to 8c. Pickled Fish.—Sales of No. 1 green cod for restaurant use, the lower ports, between 1000 to 1500 bbls having been placed, but at very low prices, some lots selling as low as \$1.50 per bbl. Smoked Fish.—We quote Yarmouth, large cros, per 100 lbs. \$1.10 to \$1.20; St. John's, dried, per 100 lbs. 90c to \$1.10; boneless cod, large boxes, 6c to 7c; do, small boxes, 7c to 8c.

AN ENTERPRISING HOTEL MAN. It is stated that a hotel man in Toronto has posted up a notice stating that all diners at his place who use Burdock Blood Bitters to tone up their appetite and strength, will be charged 20 per cent extra. We do not know how true this is, but it is undoubtedly does the work and does it quickly and well.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

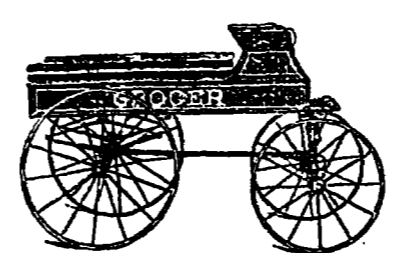
DRAWINGS IN MAY, 1892:—May 4 and 18. LIST OF PRIZES: 1 Prize worth \$15,000—\$15,000.00 1 " " 5,000—5,000.00 1 " " 2,500—2,500.00 1 " " 1,250—1,250.00 2 " " 500—1,000.00 5 " " 250—1,250.00 25 " " 50—1,250.00 100 " " 15—3,000.00 500 " " 10—5,000.00 Approximation Prizes: 100 " " 25—2,500.00 100 " " 15—1,500.00 100 " " 10—1,000.00 999 " " 5—4,995.00 999 " " 5—4,995.00 3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00. Ticket, - - - - \$1.00 One-Fourth Ticket - - - - 25c. Ask for Circulars. S. B. LEFEBVRE, Manager, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THROUGH TOURIST CARS.

Will run during MAY AND JUNE FOR THE Pacific - Coast FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER, Leaving Dalhousie Square Station 8.40 p.m., Every Wednesday.

FROM MONTREAL TO ST. PAUL Leaving Windsor Street Station 11.45 a.m., Every Saturday.

Particular attention paid to applications received by any Canadian Pacific Agent. MONTREAL TICKET OFFICES: 288 St. James Street (corner McGill) and at stations.



When you want to buy anything to run on wheels, and get the best value and lowest prices, give us a call.

R. J. LATIMER, 66 College st., Montreal.

LATIMER & LEGARE, Quebec. LATIMER & BEAN, - Sherbrooke. Special discounts and freights allowed to all customers with fifty miles.

CATALOGUES FREE.



P. N. Y. CO. PIANO CO.

This Company still leads in fine American PIANOS and ORGANS.

Weber, Decker, Vose and Hale PIANOS.

No. 228 ST. JAMES STREET. It is a fact not generally known to our readers that this Company sells beautiful new Upright Pianos at \$225. They have also a large number of Second-hand Pianos at from \$60 upwards. Our readers should call and examine the stock and prices at N. Y. PIANO CO'S stores.

THE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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

A Specialty IN BOOTS and SHOES.

All the New Styles, and in all widths. A Man, a Woman or a Child can find the Shoe they want at our Store without having to run all over town. This is better than leaving your measure, and, after waiting three or four weeks, to get a misfit. B. D. JOHNSON & SON, 1855 Notre Dame Street.

The Montreal Lottery Company

Of MONTREAL, Canada.

The Montreal Lottery Company pays Three Thousand Four Hundred and Thirty-four Prizes, being from Three Hundred to Six Hundred more Prizes than any other Company in Canada.

No Dollar Tickets! No Fifty Cent Tickets! All Twenty-Five Cents.

DON'T FORGET You Can Draw \$3,000 For Twenty-Five Cents.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Next Drawing, MAY 25, 1892.

Address all Communications to W. G. HARPER 78 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA.

I CURE FITS!

When I was a child I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I want my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to do so, and a Free Bottle of my medicine is sent for a trial and a Free Bottle of my medicine is sent for a trial. DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 188 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

CARROLL BROS., PRACTICAL SANITARIANS, PLUMBERS. Gas and Steam Fitters, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKERS. Heating by Hot Water a Specialty. 785 CRAIG STREET Bell Telephone 1834. Federal 1805. Orders given prompt attention.

DROPSY TREATED FREE!

symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOKS containing details of this valuable cure sent FREE. 10 DAYS TREATMENT FREE by mail. DR. H. M. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, ATLANTA, GA.

MEXICAN LOTTERY



Beneficencia Publica (PUBLIC CHARITY) ESTABLISHED IN 1878. CITY OF MEXICO, AND The Only Lottery Protected by the Mexican National Government, And in no wise connected with any other Company using the same name.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING WILL BE HELD IN THE Moreque Pavilion in the City of Mexico THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1892 THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING \$60,000.00

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes in the bank before the drawing, and a single ticket, and receive the following official permit: CERTIFICATE—I hereby certify that the Bank of London and Mexico has deposited the necessary funds to guarantee the payment of all prizes drawn by the Loteria de la Beneficencia Publica, in accordance with the terms of the contract.

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

PRICE OF TICKETS.—1/4 S. Currency, \$1; Wholes, \$4; Halves, \$8; Quarters, \$1; List of Prizes: 1 Capital Prize of \$50,000.....\$50,000 1 Capital Prize of 25,000.....25,000 1 Capital Prize of 10,000.....10,000 10 Prizes of \$500.....5,000 100 Prizes of 200.....20,000 250 Prizes of 100.....25,000 400 Prizes of 50.....20,000 APPROXIMATION PRIZES: 100 Prizes of \$50, approximating to \$50,000 prize, \$5,000 100 Prizes of \$40, approximating to \$40,000 prize, 4,000 100 Prizes of \$20, approximating to \$20,000 prize, 2,000 788 Terminal of \$25, divided by \$50,000 prize, 15,760 788 Terminal of \$25, divided by \$25,000 prize, 15,760 2,781 Prizes, amounting to \$1,781,550. All Prizes sold in the United States fully paid in U.S. Currency. Agents wanted everywhere.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION OVER ONE MILLION DISTRIBUTED.

L.S.L. Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, the Louisiana State Lottery is a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming majority. To Continue Until January 1, 1895. Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING takes place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SUNDAY NUMBER is a feature in the place in each of the other ten months of the year. And a full list is published at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR INTEGRITY OF ITS DRAWINGS AND PROMPT PAYMENT. Attached as follows: "We do hereby certify that we have deposited 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 absolute integrity, and in good faith toward all parties, and that we authorize the Company to use our certificates, with the addition of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. W. G. HARPER 78 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING. WILL TAKE PLACE At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1892. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000. 100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

LIST OF PRIZES: 1 PRIZE OF \$300,000.....\$300,000 1 PRIZE OF 100,000.....100,000 1 PRIZE OF 50,000.....50,000 1 PRIZE OF 25,000.....25,000 5 PRIZES OF 10,000.....50,000 25 PRIZES OF 5,000.....125,000 25 PRIZES OF 2,500.....62,500 100 PRIZES OF 1,000.....100,000 200 PRIZES OF 500.....100,000 500 PRIZES OF 250.....125,000 APPROXIMATION PRIZES: 100 Prizes of \$500.....50,000 100 " " 400.....40,000 100 " " 300.....30,000 100 " " 200.....20,000 100 " " 100.....10,000 8,154 Prizes, amounting to.....\$1,054,800

Price of Tickets: Whole Tickets at \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1. Club rates, 55 fractional tickets at \$1 for \$50. SPECIAL RATES TO AGENTS. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. IMPORTANT. Send Money by Express at our Expense in Stubs not less than Five Dollars, on which we will pay all charges, and we pay by express charges on TICKETS, and LISTS OF PRIZES for wanted to correspond to the Lottery Office.

Give full address and make signature plain. Congress having lately passed laws prohibiting the use of the mails to sell lottery tickets, we use the Express Companies in answering correspondents and sending Lists of Prizes to all Agents. After every drawing in any quantity, we send a full list of Prizes to all Agents. THE LOTTERY COMPANY, which is a part of the Constitution of the State of Louisiana, is an educational and charitable institution, and its proceeds are used for the benefit of the State. It is an honor to be associated with this institution, and we are proud to be its agents. We are now offering a special scheme for the market for the sale of which we have received a large number of orders. We are now offering a special scheme for the market for the sale of which we have received a large number of orders. We are now offering a special scheme for the market for the sale of which we have received a large number of orders.

EVERY SKIN SCALP DISEASE... CUTICURA... Cured by CUTICURA

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether itching, burning, disfiguring, humbling, itching, burning, itching, scaling, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair from pimples to the most distressing eczema, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by CUTICURA.

A WORTHY APPOINTMENT. Mr. N. J. Power, G. T. H. General Passenger Agent.

On the death of Mr. Edgar, the late General Passenger Agent of the G.T.H., that important and responsible post became vacant, and all eyes were eagerly watching for the appointment of a successor to that efficient officer.

CONCERT AND BALL. Woman's Relief Corps No. 69. Auxiliary to G. A. R.

In connection with the Grand Army of the Republic, the Woman's Relief Corps (Montreal Branch), gave a splendid concert on last Thursday night in the Victoria Armory Hall.

The overture—"Bride Rose," written by Montreal's famed musician in the late Calixta Lavallee, was rendered in good style by the "Cercle Musical Lavallee."

The second part of the programme was equally as successful as the first. Miss J. B. Lorge's song "The Queen of the Night," with orchestra accompaniment was admirably rendered; it was received with warm applause.

and Mrs. McLeod contributed a well rendered duet and Mr. Dunn closed the concert with a first class bass song.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. We thus salute the organs of the League of the Sacred Heart, in Montreal, in order to distinguish it from the Philadelphia Journal, a somewhat larger size, but bearing the same name.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. The May number is exceptionally good and interesting. The frontispiece, "Mary and the Child," is most beautiful.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. This charming illustrated publication appears in its May dress, and is very attractive. The frontispiece, "A Bit of Old England," is from a drawing by Louis A. Holman.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. The May number of this magazine is a gem. It contains a portrait of John Quincy Adams, from the painting by Healy.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The May number of the Review opens with a symposium on "The Man for the Platform." Referring to the question whether the nominee of the platform itself should have the greater weight with voters in the Presidential election.

he accompanied General Grant on his tour of the world. In 1882 he was appointed United States Consul in China and held this post until the accession of President Cleveland.

THE ARENA.

With the May number the Arena closes its fifth volume; it is now only two and-a-half years old; but its circulation already exceeds that of any high priced review published in this country.

THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED.

Taken, Glacier, frontispiece. The press of San Francisco, by James Prentiss Cramer, illustrated by full page and other cuts; The National Academy of Sciences, by George H. C. Allen, illustrated by full-page cuts, maps, etc.

NATIONAL BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

A very neat pocket schedule of the National League ball games for 1892 has been issued by the proprietors of Johnson's Analytic Luncheon.

LITERARY NOTES.

A recent publication of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, entitled "The Theory of Interest," is a reply to Henry George's theory of interest.

LADIES.—We secured three first prizes and diplomas at Montreal, Ottawa and Sherbrooke, 1891, for the extra quality of our manufacture of Silver-Ware and replating old goods equal to new.

THE CANADA PLATING CO'Y, 763 Craig St.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

ACHES THEY WOULD BE ALMOST PRICELESS TO THOSE WHO SUFFER FROM THIS DISTRESSING COMPLAINT; BUT FORTUNATELY THEIR GOODNESS DOES NOT END HERE, AND THOSE WHO ONCE TRY THEM WILL FIND THESE PILLS VALUABLE IN SO MANY WAYS THAT THEY WILL NOT BE WILLING TO DO WITHOUT THEM.

IS THE HOME OF SO MANY LIVES THAT HERE IS WHERE WE MAKE OUR GREAT BOAST. OUR PILLS CURE IT WHILE OTHERS FAIL.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action, please all who use them.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Irritability, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritability, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

SCOTT'S EMULSION. Which cured me of CONSUMPTION. Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chicago, Ill. In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence Street.

How do you feel? "Wiseely, Thank You." "Thank You!" "Why the Inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION." Which cured me of CONSUMPTION.

CARPETS!!

This Spring Opening pronounced by connoisseurs to be the finest ever shown in this Market. Carpets for the most cultivated desires in art.

Thomas Ligget, 1884 NOTRE DAME ST. GLENORA BUILDING.

FOR SALE. Dry Blocks \$1.50, Dry Kipling \$2.00, Cut Maple \$2.50.

J. C. MACDIARMID & CO., 830 St. James Street. Telephone, 810.

WHITE PORT!

Pure Juice from White Grapes of Oporto, Spain. The best WINE known for Invalids. TO BE HAD AT DeCARY FRERES, Family Grocers and Wine Merchants, 620 St. Lawrence Street, Corner of Prince Arthur Street.

IRISH NEWS.

Continued from first page. THE Rev. Mother Mary Baptist Aylward, of the Sisters of Mercy, Castlebar, died on the 7th inst.

The funeral of the Venerable Archdeacon Lynch, D.D., V.F., who died at Rathdowney at half-past one on Friday morning, March 25th, took place on Sunday following. The body lay in state at the parochial house on Friday and Saturday, and was removed to the parish church on Saturday evening.

On Friday, March 25th, an enthusiastic meeting was held in the Town Hall, Magherafelt, to hear a lecture from Mr. P. McGiligan, Coleraine, on "Home Rule and the Union of Irishmen."

EVICTIONS IN TIPPERARY—Five families were evicted at the suit of the National Bank at Tipperary on April 2. When the Smith-Barry campaign was initiated in the town the tenants of the Bank resolved to throw in their lot with the Smith-Barry victims, and refused to pay any rent in consequence of the head-rent being paid to Smith-Barry.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. BERNARD McGOVERN, O.M.H.—The death of this lamented gentleman took place at his residence after a long illness.

Light Summer Shawls, For Indoor Wear, For evening wear, All the Newest Plaid Shawls, All Choice Colorings, Black Cashmere Shawls, In all sizes, With Silk and Wool Fringe, Full Stock of Japanese Silk Shawls, Plain and Embroidered, Shawls for Railway Travelling, Shawls for Ocean Travelling, Scotch Plaids, For all the Clans.

Dress Goods.

SEVERAL LINES of new Dress Materials and Tweeds that we are now offering at very special prices. A lot of Fine Plaid Dress Materials in every new coloring, 41 inches wide, for 47c yard.

Dress Goods.

A lot of Chevron Striped Dress Fabrics, latest pattern of the season, 41 inches wide, only 25c yard. A lot of New Herring-bone Striped Costume Tweeds in full range of colors, 44 inches wide, only 24c yard.

Dress Robes.

A LOT OF Very fine Diagonal Dress Serges, Fast Indigo Dye, 44 inches wide, 50c per yard. A LOT OF Scotch Costume Tweeds, in a very large variety of new designs, 54 inches wide, 65c per yard.

S. CARSLY.

765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779. Notre Dame Street, Montreal. S. Carsley's Column.

Carsley's Column. NEW MANTLES

The Grand Display of New Mantles is still continued. FURTHER DELEVERIES JUST RECEIVED OF

- New Spring Mantles, New Summer Mantles, New Spring Wraps, New Summer Wraps, New Spring Dolmans, New Summer Dolmans, New Spring Mantelettes, New Summer Mantelettes, New Spring Dolmanettes, New Summer Dolmanettes, Every New Style in Ladies' Mantles.

New Mantles.

A splendid assortment of Mantles to select from as follows:

- New Sicilienne Silk Mantles, New Mat Work Mantles, New Satin de Lyons Mantles, New Gros Grain Silk Mantles, New Chantilly Lace Mantles, New Spanish Lace Mantles, New Lace and Silk Mantles, New Lace and Jet Mantles, New Fancy cloth Mantles.

All Handsome and elaborately trimmed With Lace, Jet, Gimp and other suitable trimmings. ELDERLY LADIES' MANTLES A SPECIALTY.

Ladies' Jackets.

Ladies' Blazer Jackets, special value only \$3.50 each. Another line of Ladies' Blazer Jackets only \$5 each. Every Novelty in Ladies' Spring Jackets.

- All Styles in Cloth Jackets, All Styles in Tweed Jackets, All Colors in Cloth Jackets, All Shades in Tweed Jackets, PELERINES, PELERINES, PELERINES, PELERINES.

New Shawls.

Light Summer Shawls, For Indoor Wear, For evening wear, All the Newest Plaid Shawls, All Choice Colorings, Black Cashmere Shawls, In all sizes, With Silk and Wool Fringe, Full Stock of Japanese Silk Shawls, Plain and Embroidered, Shawls for Railway Travelling, Shawls for Ocean Travelling, Scotch Plaids, For all the Clans.

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