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FATAL EXPLOSION.

DEATH AND SUFFERING AT QUEBEC.

A Boiler Bursts in the Worst Factory and Causes Great Havoc and Loss of Life.

QUEBEC, February 12.—Early this forenoon the city was shocked by a report that the Quebec Worsted company's factory at Hare Point had been blown up by a boiler explosion and that a great number of the hands had been killed or badly injured. The report proved unfortunately only too true, for, although not quite so bad as at first reported, it was a terrible enough and many families have been deprived of their bread-winners through death or injuries that have reduced strong men to helpless cripples. The factory, which is owned by the Sherbrooke company, is a three-story brick building, 450 feet long by 60 feet wide, and employed 210 hands. It was shut down last Saturday week for repairs to the engine and boiler, which had not been running satisfactorily. The company were about to put in 150 looms. Up to the present they have only been working in pairs for Patton & Co., of Sherbrooke, and for knitters. The repairs to the 800 horse power double engine were entrusted to Carrier, Laine & Co., of Levis, and a local company had the contract for repairing the boiler. The shock was so great that the earth shook as if from an earthquake. The clerks in the office, which is situated in a detached building at the west end of the factory, rushed out just in time to see the eastern portion literally blown to fragments. Fortunately the western portion though oscillating in a dangerous manner, stood firm and the employees in that part of the building though half dead with fright. To add to the horror of the situation the debris caught fire and when the clerks attempted to telephone for the fire brigade they discovered that the wires had been torn away and broken. The alarm reached the city in some way and a section of the fire brigade was shortly on the spot and extinguished the fire. Chief of Police Vohl, who had arrived with the firemen, sent out a general alarm in order to secure the assistance of the whole brigade and police force, and also telephoned the Mayor asking him to call out the military. In a very few minutes there was a large force of men on the ground, including many residents of the vicinity, working hard with

PICK AND SHOVEL endeavoring to rescue the unfortunate people who were buried below the debris.

Within an hour twenty persons were taken out, but it was next to impossible with most of them to discover whether they were dead or alive. Faces were scorched and blackened, limbs broken and flesh torn and mangled in such a way that it seemed impossible that the slightest spark of life could still remain. They were all, whether dead or wounded, removed to the Marine hospital, which Mayor Fremont ordered to be opened for their reception, and in response to telephone calls nearly all the doctors in the city drove down at break-neck speed to attend their injuries. Attention was first turned to the necessity for heating the building, for though there were stoves in every ward, there was not a strip of wood to build a fire. This was speedily remedied, for in the space of a few minutes there was a string of carts on the way loaded with wood, and, as the news of the disaster spread, priests, ministers, and nuns hurried down to look after the sufferers, and numbers of medical students tendered their services to assist the doctors.

The scene was a terrible one. Mattresses were hastily thrown on the floor, and on these the victims were laid, covered only by a single blanket, which in many cases was saturated with blood before the patient could be attended to. There was a horrible similarity in the injuries received. The faces of the wounded were scorched and covered with blood. In many cases the flesh was burned away from the bones, hands were almost severed at the wrist, heads were crushed in, and in two cases men were completely disembowelled. Some shrieked and moaned for help, while others lay silent in death. The sight was a sickening and heartrending one. The doctors commenced their labors on a poor fellow whose head was cut open in several places and whose face seemed to be crushed beyond the possibility of recovery. They bandaged him up, assured the nurse that he would come round and then turned their attention to the next. This man was past their care, for a brick had crushed in his forehead and

HE WAS DEAD.

He was ordered to be removed to the operating room, which was converted into a morgue for the time being. The next case was that of a poor fellow whose arms and legs were broken and whose body was so horribly burned that there was not the slightest hope that he would survive. All that could be done for him was to alleviate his sufferings until death should relieve him.

Near by was a little girl of about fourteen years of age, who had apparently escaped, for there was not the slightest mark upon her face, which still bore its natural color, though somewhat pale. She had received internal injuries, however, and it required only a glance from the experienced surgeon to tell that she was dead. And so it went on, the dead greatly outnumbering the living. All this time dead and wounded men had been brought in at intervals, and more gruesome still, cartloads of coffins were brought up. Doctors and nuns had their hands full looking after the wound-

ed, while here and there priests and ministers could be seen kneeling on the soiled floors bending over the dying men to whom they were administering the last rites of the church. It was found necessary to exclude to public altogether as so many flocked in that the air became stifling, and for some reason this order was also enforced in the operating room, where the dead were laid out. As might have been expected, the crowd at the doors, most of whom had relatives working in the factory, became frantic in their anxiety to learn the best or worst, but they were sternly refused admission, even to identify the dead, and no information of any kind was supplied. As patient after patient died they were removed to the operating room and placed in coffins, the lids of which were carefully screwed down, but on the arrival of the coroner orders were given to remove them to a more commodious room for identification. Some for whom coffins had not yet arrived were laid on mattresses on the floor and covered with blankets. When the relatives were admitted to identify the dead the scene, which was painful before, was tenfold more so now. A woman came accompanied by a friend to look for her daughter. There were only two coffins in which girls had been placed, so it was not a difficult matter to find the one sought for. The mother leaned anxiously forward as the coffin lid was being unscrewed and as soon as she caught a glimpse of the dead face she screamed

"MY POOR LITTLE GIRL,"

and attempted to rush forward to throw her arms around the body. "Take care, madam, said one of the attendants, pushing her back, "that is a dead man you are about to step on." The lid of the coffin was again screwed on in the most business-like way, the name penciled on the top, and the bereaved mother, weeping bitterly, was led away by her friend. She could not claim her dead until the coroner's jury had been formed. In another corner a child of eight years had recognized a charred and blackened corpse as that of her father, although her aunt, sister of the latter, asserted positively the contrary. In order to comfort the child one of the attendants brought out the dead man's watch, but this only served to prove that her instinct had guided her rightly. Some of the bodies were so badly mutilated and burned that they could be only identified by marks on the underclothing, and to make the scene more sickening, blood was streaming from some of the coffins. All around were women and children shrieking and sobbing, for those who did not find husbands or fathers lying dead before them had worse fear that their relatives were buried under the debris, perhaps never to be identified. It was nearly 5 o'clock before the crowd could be cleared out and even then one out of seventeen bodies had not been identified.

THE IDENTIFIED DEAD.

The following are the names of the others:—John Lamontagne, Arthur Tweedall, Wm. Francour, Joseph Michaud, all of Levis; Pierre Giroux, Pierre Clement, Amanda Mercier, Wm. Forest, Amanda Hamel, Henri Laliberte, Joseph Dufresne, Gustave Blouin, Arthur Roussin, Alfred Hamley, all of Quebec; Wm. Adams, Hedleyville; John Lee, Montreal.

NAMES OF THE WOUNDED.

The names of the wounded are: Marie Beaudry, aged 19; Alfred Pearson, aged 18; Peter Pearson, aged 21; George Morrison, clerk; John Morrison, cutter; father of George; Elzear Couture, assistant cutter; Alexandre Martineau, Francois Xavier Dionne, of Levis; Emile Cote, scalded; Thomas Lemelin, cut about the head; Carolina Morrisset, bruised and burned; Charles Villeneuve, bruised and burned; Pierre Peterson, badly cut; Emile Beaudry, broken leg; Francois Dion, broken arms and legs; Joseph Bedard, slightly wounded on head; Emmanel Fiteau, engineer, right arm broken and scalded in the face; Georgina Rousseau, broken leg.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin among the Mohammedans.

Touching the dignity of the Blessed Virgin, the doctrine of the Koran is in many points singularly like our own. According to the Mohammedan Bible, Mary is immaculate. "God," said the angels to her, "has exempted you from every stain." From her birth, we are told in another place, God preserved her from the snares of Satan. As a natural result of this appreciation of Our Lady, those places in Palestine and Egypt where she were signalized by the passage of Jesus and His Mother are dear to the Mussulmans. They frequently made pilgrimages to Bethlehem, which is styled by the Mussulman Ibn-Batoutah in the narrative of his travels, "the third place for its sanctity." During the Crusades two Syrian sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin were especially honored by the Mohammedans: Our Lady of Tortose, a church whose foundation was attributed to St. Peter; and Our Lady of Sardinia, near Damas. It is related that a Sultan of Damas, afflicted with blindness, went as a pilgrim to this blindness, staring in the faith that he should there recover his sight. Confiding in the goodness of God, he prostrated in the goodness and prayed. On arising, says himself and prayed. On arising, says himself and prayed. On arising, says himself and prayed.

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the centre of most fervent prayers of Mussulmans, as well as of miraculous cures in favor of these infidels, so devoted to the Immaculate Virgin. Admirable prelude to graces still more admirable, that will doubtless touch the hearts and illumine the intelligence of these simple unbelievers! Mary, whom Mohammed proclaimed immaculate and ever-virgin, is the sole possible subjugator of these peoples, bowed under a religious law so tolerant of licentiousness. For the reason it is gratifying to learn that at Mataripeh, in Egypt, there has been established a new sanctuary of Notre Dame de Lourdes. The place for the shrine has been happily chosen; it was for some time the scene of the Holy Family's exile. It was there that, in response to the prayer of Mary, a fountain gushed forth from a source long dried up. Near this fountain the new grotto has been constructed by the Rev. F. Julien, S. J., President of the Holy Family College at Cairo. Let us hope that the scene which witnessed a miracle wrought in favor of our Blessed Mother while she was on earth, may become renowned for favors granted through her intercession to those who frequent her Egyptian shrine.—*See Maria.*

PARNELL SPEAKS.

He Thinks Gladstone's Assurances too Vague—Likely to Create Discord.

NEW YORK, February 16.—The World publishes the following from its London correspondent: "The World's correspondent had a talk with Mr. Parnell in the House of Commons this evening on his position and the prospects of the crisis in Ireland. Mr. Parnell was quite cheerful and confident, and he has firm and clear and decided views as to his line of action. "Do you consider," asked the correspondent, "that the publication by the Liberal leaders of the assurances given by the Liberal leaders is a violation of the seal of confidence placed on the Boulogne negotiations?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Parnell. "I assume that they got permission to publish them from Mr. Gladstone. Mind you, I don't object to the publication of an account of the negotiations, but it was agreed beforehand that there should be secrecy, and of course I shall adhere to that agreement."

"But what is your opinion of these assurances that Mr. Gladstone published? Are they assurances offered to you and rejected?"

"They are what I understand to be a draft of proposed assurances to be offered if they were accepted. They are quite vague and illusory. Any one analyzing them will find that they leave several vital points out of consideration. Take, for instance, the proposal as to the Irish Constabulary under Home Rule. They leave the handing over of the police to an Irish Parliament practically unsettled. There is, it is true, a pious opinion expressed that the operation could be completed in about five years, but that it was to be left altogether in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant. There is no guarantee that the Lord Lieutenant would either take steps to reconstitute the force on a civil basis, or transfer it to the Irish Parliament within that or any period. There is also a reservation that everything should be done subject to the observance of all engagements made by the Imperial Government with the Irish Constabulary."

"How would it be if these men were under a statutory protection, which gave them the right to employment during good behavior? We should be powerless to deal with them, except by an express statute."

"But are they so protected?"

"Well, I am drawing up a memorandum on that subject, showing the bearing of the different statutes affecting the police. It is a very complicated question, and any assurance given respecting it should be plain and definite, if they are to be of any value."

"What is your opinion of the land question assurance?"

"That is also manifestly unsatisfactory. It says that the land question shall either be settled by the Imperial Parliament within a limited time, or handed over to the Irish Parliament. Who is to say what constitutes the settling of the land question? The Imperial Government might consider it settled, but it might be the opinion of the Irish Government that it was not settled at all. Then there is this phrase—'a limited time.' Who is to define the limit? 'Your objections, then, were to the loose phraseology of the assurances?' 'These are some of my objections. I consider that these assurances, if they were accepted, instead of bringing about an agreement on Home Rule, would have been fruitful in difficulty and discussion when the Home Rule bill came to be framed. On that account I consider that it is far better that the air should be cleared now by a free discussion and the views of the country made plain. For my part, I am convinced that the English people would willingly agree to assurances such as would be clear and final.' 'You will now transfer your forces to Ireland, Mr. Parnell?' 'I am arranging for a series of meetings there, and when I meet my colleagues here on Monday we will complete our plans for organizing the country.' 'May I ask whether you have promised to go to the United States?' 'I have not made any arrangement yet to go across. It will depend a good deal on when we have a general election.'"

Burned to Death.

OTTAWA, February 12.—A terrible calamity occurred last night near the village of St. Albert, Cambridge township,

Russell county, which resulted in the loss of three lives. A family named Lafrance lived in a small house about a mile from the village. The family consisted of old Mr. and Mrs. Lafrance, their daughter, her husband, Aerie Chartrand, and two children. Chartrand and his wife left yesterday to visit Revere Louis Grenier, of Cambridge, and were away over night. During the night the house took fire, old Lafrance awakening to find himself surrounded by flames and smoke. He struggled to a window and jumped out, injuring himself severely. Old Mrs. Lafrance and the two children were burned to death in the house. The neighbors could do nothing to extinguish the fire, which burned itself out, only the remains being found. Old Mr. Lafrance was found in a shed almost frozen to death. He has not been able to speak since and there is little hope of his recovery.

MURDERED WITH HOT IRONS.

Fleishish Butcher by a Miser of His Drunken Wife.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., February 16.—The village of Shermerville, five miles from this city, was the scene of a horrible murder about midnight last night. Edward McMullen killed his wife with a red hot poker, wounding and mutilating her in a shocking manner. McMullen is about fifty years of age and so was his wife. They had been drunk all yesterday, as was their custom after pay day. In the evening they were alone in the house and were heard by the neighbors quarrelling all the evening. No attention was paid to this, but about midnight shrieks were heard coming from the house, which were soon followed by groans. Soon after McMullen came running out of the house shouting and cursing like one insane.

MUTILATED HORRIBLY.

When the neighbors ventured in they found the woman lying on the floor, with every particle of clothing torn from her body, which was burned and mutilated in a horrible manner. McMullen had evidently taken a red hot poker, beaten her on the head and thrust it into her body and pressed it into her flesh in dozens of places. Justice of the Peace Scanlon was aroused and a constable was sent in search of McMullen. He found him lying in a drunken stupor on the road about half a mile from his house. When aroused and told that his wife was dead he said, "I know it; didn't I kill her myself?"

DEED TO THE DEMON RUM.

Two years ago, in the same house, their only daughter, a girl of twenty years, was burned to death with her infant child while lying in bed in a drunken stupor, while her father and mother were in the next room in the same condition. The scene, as described by Mrs. McGowan and her daughter, the neighbors who first entered the house, was horrifying. The woman, with some fragments of clothing around her waist was lying on the floor of the dirty room in a condition beyond words to describe. She was still breathing. Around her a great pool of blood had collected, and the walls were splattered with it, and the few bits of furniture dazed red. The murderer was probably half an hour about his butchery, for the poker must have been heated again and again. The house was filled with the odor of burning flesh. It is believed that the drunken ruffian was sitting on the floor with the poker. The couple had been quarrelling, the woman said something that angered him, and he wheeled around and struck her on the head with the poker, knocking her down. He struck her again while she was prostrate. Stupefied with liquor and the blows she only lay there and shrieked. A fiendish determination came in his head. He thrust the poker into the stove, and when it was red hot turned to the woman on the floor, tore off her clothing and laid the glowing iron on the flesh. Again and again the hot iron was applied. It grew cool and he thrust it once more into the fire, and when it was again red hot he returned to the groaning, dying woman, and tearing what remained of her clothes off thrust it into her body. The blood burst in streams from the wound and the awful agony brought another shriek from the dying woman's lips. Again the poker was heated and again and again was applied to her quivering form, but she then far beyond feeling pain. He then discarded the poker and took up a pair of tongs.

They were found covered with blood to the handle. The fiend made them red hot, too, and then plunging them into the gaping wounds he had already made tore and mangled the sizzling flesh with his new implement of torture. What motive impelled him to this horrible mutilation no sane brain can imagine. The poor woman died immediately after the husband's arrest.

Surrendered.

FOLKESTONE, February 12.—Dillon and O'Brien upon their arrival here to-day voluntarily surrendered themselves to the police authorities. Dillon and O'Brien landed in London on the afternoon of the same day and were warmly greeted by their friends. While Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were held in custody at Scotland Yard, Mr. Parnell, Thomas Sexton, Sir Thomas Esmonde, and Sir Henry Roscoe, called there to see the prisoners. Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien started for Ireland on the morning train.

The League Fund and the Tenants.

LONDON, February 16.—At a meeting of the McCarthyite members of Parliament to-day it was resolved to acquiesce in the proposition to devote the remainder of the League fund, £88,000, to the benefit of the evicted tenants, provided the money is distributed by the Tenants' Defence association. It was also resolved to endeavor to secure by legal means control of United Ireland.

A good Counter to Avoid.

LOSOS, February 12.—M. Dymanski, a correspondent of the Warsaw Courier, has just returned from Brazil, where he made a tour of the provinces of San Paulo, Parana and Santa Catharina. He declares that the Brazilian Government threw every obstacle in the way of his eliciting the truth concerning the emigration question. He says that the Brazilian Government decided some time ago to import ten million emigrants, and that the North German Lloyd Steamship Co. had already landed 140,000 emigrants receiving 300 marks each for them. The emigrants were not allowed to land in the interior and left to their fate to die of hunger, fever or snake-bites or to be devoured by wild beasts. Unable to communicate with their friends, a few who survived retraced their steps to Rio Janeiro, begging sustenance of the planters who treated them like slaves and exacted from them exorbitant services in return for scanty meals. At Rio Grande the correspondent found 700 emigrants in a dying state, huddled in a wooden chalet, while thousands were camping in the streets of the city through which he passed, or in the primeval forests. Dymanski has testified before the Brazilian judges inquiring into the scandal. Still the emigration offices are doing a roaring business, embarking emigrants even at night. The editor of the Warsaw Courier has opened a reputation fund.

Catholic Hospital Burned.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., February 18.—At 11:20 last night a night watchman at St. Mary's Roman Catholic hospital discovered the eastern wing of the hospital to be on fire. A general alarm was sent in and the firemen responded promptly. There were 250 patients, 10 nuns and a large number of employees in the building, but so far as is known all were taken out unharmed. There is a fair prospect of saving the greater part of the furniture, but the entire east wing of the building must go before the fire can be extinguished. The east wing was totally destroyed, and the entire building was practically ruined before the firemen gained control. Frank A. Jaynes, foreman of hose No. 1, was hit on the head. He was removed to the City hospital. His injuries will prove fatal. All the inmates of the hospital were safely removed to adjacent buildings and houses.

Elections in New Brunswick.

ST. JOHN'S, N. B., February 11.—The revolt in the Liberal party in New Brunswick against unrestricted reciprocity is rapidly spreading. Following last upon the defection of the Snowball wing on the Miramichi and the flop over of the Chatham Advance, the leading Liberal paper of the Northern counties, came the appearance last night in St. John, on the Conservative platform, of Dr. Silas Alward, M.P.P., a life-long Liberal, who, in ringing tones, denounced Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Laurier's policy as unpatriotic and disloyal.

A Government Defeat.

MONCTON, N. B., February 14.—The election took place in Westmoreland county to-day for the Local Legislature. McQueen, Government, and Howell, Opposition, were elected, defeating Killam, Government, and Stevens, Opposition.

Very Pointed.

DUBLIN, February 16.—The Bishop of Galway, the Most Rev. Francis J. McCormack, in a letter published to-day protests against Parnell's visit to that city as "a grave scandal, a political blunder and a social disgrace."

A Rumor.

BERLIN, Feb. 17.—The Political Correspondence publishes, under reserve, a rumor that the English and United States Governments have agreed to submit the Behring Sea question to the arbitration of King Humbert of Italy.

McCarthy and United Ireland.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—Mr. Justin McCarthy announces he has received from Mr. Egan a deed of transfer for his 250 shares in United Ireland, and that the deed will empower him (Mr. McCarthy) with legal control of the paper.

Poor Farmers.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 17.—The Legislature has appropriated \$60,000 to purchase seed wheat for the impoverished farmers in Western Kansas.

Mysterious Disappearance.

Mr. Swenson, a well-known jeweller of 656 Craig street, has mysteriously disappeared from his premises since Monday morning last. He was doing a good business. He is a bachelor of about 55 years of age, has been established here for over fifteen years and bears a good name. Swenson was in the habit of carrying large amounts of money about him and there are fears of foul play.

Retaliation is simply meanness for meanness, debasement for debasement, cowardice for cowardice.

ALLEGED INTERVIEW.

With His Holiness—Opinion on the Situation in France.

PARIS, February 16.—A reporter of the Figaro has just had an interview with Leo XIII. upon the position taken by Cardinal Laviegrie in regard to the republic. The following is from the published account of their conversation: The Pope—Yes. Cardinal Laviegrie has nobly spoken; it remains for the French to act nobly. It is simpler than is generally believed to elevate a man above names, in order to reach heaven. It is for the young men to make a republic with good, simple, and practical laws. What I fear is that in France political opinions are not apt to be merely fashions. The address of a prelate whom you all admire, and whose views are approved of in advance here—yes, in advance—has created a sensation. The Reporter—Perhaps difficult, Holy Father? The Pope—All new situations are difficult. It is better to do something that is tolerably good than to support anything that is very bad. To love the good republic is to combat the bad; for in all regimes there are two sides. If it is possible for you to create anything better than a republic do so; but if not, enter into the house, and as you shall finish it, it shall remain.

The Reporter—Might not a Catholic party in France? The Pope—That is an excellent dream, but still a dream. Out of a hundred persons there are three good Catholics at the present time. The Catholics should bring in their religion to do good and not to create parties. The Catholics who, unfortunately, have not enough of the spirit of association for Christian works, have too much of it for political affairs. They should concentrate themselves on questions of education, of labor, the training of children, and the welfare of the wage-earners. These matters would furnish them with plenty of occupation. But Frenchmen don't know very well how to form themselves into associations.

The Reporter—And the laws in regard to schools?

The Pope—They are wicked aggressions. I am told that many republicans are opposed to them. Even among the men who bear rule there are some who can't approve of them. For military matters you have a minister who is said to be very able. You have generals also, and money. You can, therefore, occupy yourselves at home without any fear from the outside. The Reporter—But Europe has still before her the menace of war. The Pope—That is a question reserved. Prophecy belongs to no one. But with the alliances the statu quo may be maintained for a long time. The Reporter—Your Holiness has no fear of surprises in the future? The Pope—As for the future, if persecution of the innocent shall cease, I see the future brighter for France than for any other region.

A Worthy Citizen Gone.

The death of Mr. Joseph Cloran is announced to-day. It occurred early on Friday morning after a painful illness of four months. Deceased was one of the oldest residents of this city. He was a native of Galway, Ireland, and left there forty years ago. His name is well known in Irish circles, and St. Patrick's Society long identified him as an active member of that body, of which his son, Mr. H. J. Cloran, to-day is president. The poor and the orphan will remember him as their friend. The funeral took place on Monday, and was very largely attended by citizens of all creeds, with whom the deceased gentleman was very popular. The chief mourners were his sons, H. J. and Michael Cloran, and the pall-bearers Messrs. Bernard Tansey, J. Sheridan, E. McShane, P. McEnroe, J. Carroll and M. Cloran. A solemn Requiem Mass was sung at St. Patrick's Church by Rev. Father Toppin, assisted by Rev. Father McCallen and Rev. Father Martin Callaghan. Interment took place at Cote des Neiges cemetery.

Daring Robbery.

A very daring robbery was committed on Sunday night at the residence of Mr. Alphonse B. Corat, 417A, Cadieux street. Madame Corat was alone in her bedroom, when two masked men broke into the house. Awakened by the noise, she opened the door of her room. One of the men caught her by the throat, threatening to kill her if she uttered a word. Frightened almost to death, she fell unconscious on her bed and did not revive until her husband came back at about 5 o'clock. He called in the neighbors and they succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness. Madame Corat at once advised a grant of Obsequies of No. 12 station, who, with several men, made a search in the house where nothing was found, up to the second floor. A bureau had been broken open, her contents scattered on the floor and a sum of \$50, all the savings the family had been taken away, and a jewelry case placed on a shelf and gold rings valued at \$20. The police on the look-out, and although no arrests have been made, it is likely that the thieves will soon be captured.

Getting Power.

Mr. Charles Drolet, of the office at the Court House, says applications are much less numerous this year than last. In 1890, 180 applications for licenses to keep restaurants had been made up to the 15th of February, against 140 this year. The licenses for grocers were 600 last year, against 400 this year. The number of increased licenses.

THE GREAT FAST.

HOW TO KEEP LENT WELL.

A Pure Conscience a Prerequisite to Reap Its Graces—How Observed in Past Ages.

The Christians of all ages began the fast of Lent by first going to confession, as shown by the Fathers and Councils of the Church.

Alcinius tells all Christians to confess their sins on the "I fast of the Fast," that is, on these days before Lent.

Theodolph, Bishop of Orleans, requests the people, as a preparation for Lent, to make their confessions and reconcile their differences.

From these Fathers and Councils it will appear how clear is the spirit of the Church in exhorting the people to prepare for the Lenten season by going to confession and receiving the grace of God, and to be in the state of grace in order that their fasting may have merit before God.

of charity, as the Apostle says, their fasting and their works of penance are neither satisfactory nor merit everlasting life.

Another part of this preparation for Lent consists in increasing our self-denial making frequent acts of sorrow for sin, doing good to others, overlooking the faults of our neighbors, and mortifying ourselves.

From the custom of past ages we see that all people prepared for Lent by going to confession. From the spirit of the Church in keeping the time of Septuagesima as a season of fasting and as a preparation for Lent, we see that the people should not spend the time in pleasures, in parties and in dancing, as they are accustomed to do in other days, but in a spirit of penance and fasting as a preparation for Lent.

We begin the fast of Lent on Wednesday, for the most ancient traditions of the Church tell us that while our Lord was born on Sunday, he was baptized on Tuesday, and began His fast in the desert on Wednesday.

LET US UNDERSTAND

the meaning of this rite. When man sinned by eating in the garden the forbidden fruit, God drove him from Paradise with the words: "For dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Before this sin Adam was not to die, but to be carried into Heaven after a certain time of trial here upon this earth.

The word Lent, in the ancient language of northern Europe, means the Spring fast, to distinguish it from Advent, the Fall or Winter fast.

Three things were forbidden to the Christians in the different ages of the Church during Lent: wine, meat and food. In the first ages, wine was not allowed. Abstinence from meat in Lent is not different from the abstinence commanded on other days of the year like Friday, the eyes of the great feasts, and the Quater Tenses. Meat is forbidden because it is the food nearest like our flesh, and we can easier do without it.

In the early ages, the Christians used to fast till the evening, and that continued to be the way of keeping Lent till the ninth century. Then they began to break their fast at the hour of noon, corresponding to our three in the afternoon.

During all these ages meat was not taken on fast days, only fish was allowed on account of its cold nature, and because of many deep and mysterious rea-

sons founded on the Holy Bible. Milk, eggs, cheese and all such food called "white meats," were not allowed, and even in our days butter and cheese are not used in Rome during Lent on the days when

MEAT IS NOT EATEN.

The permission to use "white meats" does not allow the eating of eggs, according to the old discipline of the Church, and in Rome they are not eaten when meat is allowed, but a dispensation to eat them on certain days is granted. All this is for the spiritual good of the members of the Church, and when Pope Benedict XIV. saw the case with which the people excused themselves from fasting in every part of the world, he renewed the ancient customs of the Church by forbidding meat and fish at the same meal when meat was allowed in Lent.

This life is a continual battle against temptation, and the Church made up of the clergy and of the people, is like a great and powerful army in ceaseless battle array against our enemies. For that reason Lent is called the fighting time of the Church. For that reason, in the offices of the breviary we say the psalms, wherein is recalled that battle of the Christian against his old enemies, the powers of hell.

We are coming near to the sad sight of the death of our Lord. We are to see that rage of the Jews against Him which ended by His death on the cross. The Church prepares us beforehand, by celebrating certain feasts on each of the Fridays of Lent, which are like so many preparations for the tragedy of Good Friday. The Friday following the first Sunday of Lent we celebrate the memory of the holy Lance and Nails which pierced his sacred flesh; or, in some cases, the feast of the Crown of Thorns He wore upon His head. The Friday of the second week we say the office of the Linens, which Joseph and Nicodemus wrapped around his body when dead and laid in the tomb. On the third we commemorate the memory of the five Wounds of Our Lord; while the office of the fourth Friday are devoted to the memory of the most precious Blood shed for our redemption.

HUMBUC CATHOLICS.

There are so many of them parading in the high places of this country, that an occasional description of them may do good. Whose fault it is that their faith is a principle of evil to them and their neighbors rather than good, we need not attempt to name. The air is so thick with anti-Catholic microbes that even the saints are less strong and heroic here than they might be in a purer atmosphere. We find men giving thousands to charities, whose money was made in injustice, and who seem to be ignorant of dishonesty; others devoted in a formal way to their religion, whose week-day indifference and lack of Christian virtue would shame the modern Protestant; others still, whose business methods are so utterly unjust that one wonders what their faith has come to, or who have a voice in high councils and use it to the dishonor of the faith, or who have opportunities for good and coolly destroy them. They are Catholics, but are really humbucs.

Here for instance is a Catholic judge, of good legal ability and well thought of as a private gentleman. He is not a mouth, or a poser, but a quiet well-bred man. For years he was chosen on many occasions to represent the Catholic body in civic committees. He never denied his faith, but he never respected it. He called the just demands of his Catholic brethren impertinent and unlawful, and never opened his mouth but to minimize them before his non-Catholic acquaintances. It took people a long time to understand him, but in our time having been found out he appears only as a representative of himself. He is a humbug Catholic.

Here is a Catholic business-man with a million perhaps, and the head of a great concern. He has really built it up by his energy and invention. He is an ordinary Catholic, respectable and charitable. How was his business made a success, and kept a success? In this way: He was a wholesale dealer in certain articles, and supplied the retailers. When a new thing in his line appeared in the market he went to the producer and demanded it for his trade. If refused he set out to prevent the sale of that article in the market. He threatened the retailers that if they dealt with the producer for the article he would cut off their trade with him, and give it to a rival. In order to carry out his policy it was necessary for him to ruin the business of certain people yearly. He did it cheerfully. He was a monopolist. It is said he feels like an honest man, and loves to do an act of charity. He will be a surprised man when he reaches the judgment seat. He is a humbug Catholic.

Here is a Catholic society man. He is a good father, wealthy, charitable, and refined. He loves good society for his own sake. His children associate only with the "best" people. So careful is he that only the best people shall be their companions, that he overlooks the morals of the best people frequently. His children grow up refined and courteous with all the polish of their circle and all the virtues. The boys are sinners in the conventional respectably dirty way, and the girls are as much troubled about religion as about fine weather. This good and polished father is a humbug Catholic.

Here is a Catholic journalist on a daily journal. He knows he is a Catholic from the fact that he made his First Communion and goes to Mass on Sunday. With any other reason for his faith he is unacquainted, although he can discuss intelligently any current question. He is no rejoinder for anything in journalism, except the plainest obscenity. He will write up an eulogium, a rape, a seduction, an adultery, with the hearty intention of causing the lowest tastes. The very sentences which weep over wrong done are the most indecent of all. He will report a slander as readily as truth. He loves to describe scandalous deficiencies, and to annoy the clergy. He uses his high position on an immortal sheet of large circulation to injure those who have slighted him. Yet he is a Catholic. He is not ashamed of it. He is a humbug Catholic.

Here is a man in humble life. He has small wages, but enough to support him.

He goes to confession once a year, never contributes a cent to the church or charity, never joins a society, never feels any particular admiration for his faith, or any part of it, sneers at many doctrines in a timid way, and devotes twelve dollars a year to beer. The one moment when the grace of faith touches his heart is when he thinks of death, and hopes to enter heaven on the strength of a death-bed confession and poorly received sacraments. He is rarely easily recognized than the other persons named above, but he is not less a Catholic than they, although he is a humbug Catholic. This country is full of them. They are too thick for comfort. They are a bad lot, and it would be well to sift all of them into a dust heap. A Protestant, a nothingarian, an atheist, are present persons to deal with, for they are passive or active enemies, and a code regulates intercourse with them. But the humbucs, judges, business men, society men, and journalists, or whatever occupation they follow, are the warts of Catholic society, and must be got rid of by caustic. It would be pleasure to see them squirming under it with all their pompos respectability withering.—Catholic Review.

CATHOLIC CULLINGS.

A Christian ought in a manner to have three hearts in one: one for God another for his neighbor, and the third for himself.—St. Basil.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that mispend it, desperate.

I have read in Plato and Cicero sayings that are very wise and beautiful; but I never read in either of them, "Come unto me, alive that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—St. Augustine.

We ought to measure our actual lot, and to fulfil it; to be with all our strength that which our lot requires and allows. What is beyond it, is no calling of ours. How much peace, quiet, confidence, and strength would people attain, if they would go by this plain rule.—Cardinal Manning.

We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word, an annoyance, a wrong received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer; and we do not lose time if we bear it with gentleness and patience, provided the loss was inevitable, and was not caused by our own fault.—Fenelon.

Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch-tree bending over the foam; at the fork of a branch, almost wet with the catarrh's spray, a robin sat on its nest. The first was only Stagnation; the last was rest. For in Rest there are always two elements: tranquillity and energy; silence and turbulence; oration and destruction; fearlessness and feafliness. This it was in Christ.

An enlightened mind is like a fair and pleasant friend who comes to cheer us in every hour of loneliness and gloom; it is like noble birth which admits to all best company; it is like wealth which surrounds us with whatever is rarest and most precious; it is like virtue which lives in an atmosphere of light and serenity, and is enough for itself. Whatever our labors, our cares, our disappointments, a free and open mind, by holding us in communion with the highest and the fairest, will fill the soul with strength and joy.—Bt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

And old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility, and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Some Curious Words.

"Variat" is the same word as "collet," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal." "Rotten Row" the famous London street, recalls "to rot the row" (the King's assented way). "Bundelton" is "bundel-ton" (the lion's tooth), and "vintager" was once "vint-ager" (sour wine). "Madame" is "Madame" (the true saying). An "earl" was an "elder" in the primitive society, while "pope" in the same as "papa," and "Kaiser" is "Cesar." "Hazy" was once a respectable "housewife;" a "knavo" was simply a "boy." The German "knaue" of to-day and a "cent" was in the first place merely a "captivity." "Jimminy" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, "O Jimminy," used by the Romans when they called upon the twins, Castor and Pollux, to help them. A "nimroptop" was originally a person not of sound mind (from compositio), and an "assassin" a member of the sect of Assassins (founded by Hassan ben Sabah) in the order derived its name either from that of its founder or from that of the intoxicating drug (hashish) usually taken by these selected to carry out his commands and "assassinate" any person or persons obnoxious to him.

Wives! Sons! DAUGHTERS! POULTRY PROFIT. MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Highly concentrated. Dose small. In quantity costs less than one-third of any other brand.

The Arizona Kicker.

The following items are extracted from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:—

Poor Fly!—Our contemporary down the street has still another cause to wish he could attend our funeral. Wednesday morning, we received the first and only paper-cutter ever seen in this locality, and all day long the office was crowded with interested sight-seers, each one of whom had a word in praise of our enterprise.

We don't want to appear vain or boastful, but we feel that we may be excused for observing that every step we have thus far taken has exhibited a spirit of enterprise totally unknown in this region before our advent. We have several more in view, and hope to continue to merit the praise so liberally lavished upon our efforts.

They Skip!—Three months ago, Col. A. B. Davidson and wife arrived in town and rented the yellow-faced oblong on Plute Place as a residence. The colonel gave out that he was here as the agent of an English syndicate, and the way he held forth it around was awful to see. In order to show his dislike for us, because we refused to pull him, except at advertising rates, he gave a "low coffee" and invited everybody else in town who could raise a pair of boots to stung his pants into. We were dead cut—left out in the cold—knocked out. We have no desire to injure any one, and we have never been charged with meanness. The colonel took this way to lay us out, and so, simply to discover how great he was, and how we must bow before him, we picked up his recent bow. Saturday evening the couple skipped out. Had they not done so they would have been arrested on Monday, as he is an escaped jail-bird and she a swindler. We don't want to give the impression that if we are not invited to all high teas low coffees, rum punches, etc. given in town, that we will communicate with Pinkerton at once, but still it is just as well not to sub us too sharply. We own a white shirt and have learned to eat with a fork, and our presence won't mar the harmony of any occasion.

Jim's Way—The verdict of the jury in Jim Stevens' case was, as might be expected, in favor of the defendant. Mr. Kelso, the Ohio man, who was plaintiff in the case, has made no friends here by his hasty and inconsiderate actions, and in time will regret it. He appeared on the street wearing a long hat, although he must have known what the result would be. This defiance on his part shows him to be a person of poor judgment. Several shots were fired at the hat, but it was a bullet from Jim Way's revolver which knocked it into the street.

The Kicker does not approve of rowdiness on the street, and is the champion of Western town has its custom, and we have ours, and the tenderfoot who comes here will do well to fit himself to circumstances.

Sold Again!—We had business over at the Elbow the other day, and our esteemed contemporary saw in the fact a long-sought opportunity. He sent a messenger around by the road to get there ahead of us and offer the boys \$50 to draw our body up to a limb. The boys were ready enough, but when they came to look for the body it wasn't there. We suspected what was brewing and fit out. Do we blame our esteemed contemporary? Not a bit. Every man on this way has his peculiarities, and every other man respects them. We came here and found the field occupied by a wretched apology for a weekly paper, conducted by a wretched apology for a human being. In three months he had driven him into a hole, and in six he was the sickest man in all Arizona. He wouldn't be human not to feel hurt in his mind—such a mind as he has. He has shot at us, tried to poison us, set our office on fire, bribed our employees, hired assassins to slay us, and the plot the other day was his latest move. Go in, old boy! Hang an under dog who won't bite, even when he knows he's licked!—Detroit Free Press.

THE LIME-KILN OF BROTHER HOWKER.

At a special meeting of the Lime-Kiln Club called on Saturday evening, the sad announcement was made that Bro. Whalstone Howker had passed from earth away. It seems that he stopped an ice wagon in the middle of the street to ask the driver in what particular year Columbus discovered America and while the driver was consulting his memorandum book a grocer's wagon came along and collided with Brother Howker. The shock of that alone might not have killed him, but he had had consumption, enlargement of the liver, and the weakness

of the heart for many years; and within two hours of being carried home he breathed his last.

Remarks of Brother Gardner: The President said that this was another illustration of the old saying: "When ye think ye stand ye have fall." Brother Howker was a close student of American history. He had settled the fact that Columbus did discover America, but was not quite satisfied as to the date. It was in seeking to fix this that he nobly perished. He did not die leading a brigade of cheering men against a battery of belching cannon, but history would still remember him and record his name on its pages. Brother Howker borrowed considerable money and forgot to return it, and now he told the truth or something more solid, but he averaged up with other men, and only his virtues should be remembered.

Remarks of Sir Isaac Walpole: Sir Isaac Walpole said that death owed a shining mark, and Brother Howker was a good deal of a shiner. He was a patient, even-tempered, and good-natured man. It made not the least difference to him whether he was bitten by a fifteen-cent or five-dollar dog. If it rained, he hoped it would be good for somebody's cabbages. If it was dry, he knew that thousands of wash-women would rejoice. He was ambitious, but not aggressive. He had his aims, but was not a wire-puller. No doubt he meant to repay all borrowed money, but absence of mind stood in his way. Brother Howker was generally behind on his rent, but he had figured out the weight of the Pyramids to a pound. He was in debt to the butcher and grocer, but he could tell all about Demosthenes and Cicero. While all flesh must die, there was a good deal of flesh walking around which could have been spared.

Remarks of Samuel Shin: Samuel Shin said that the sad news was broken to him while carrying home a can of oysters which he had purchased at a discount on account of the thaw. He was stunned. He felt like one who had received a crushing blow on the end of the nose. It was only the day before that he had met Brother Howker prying turnips at a grocery, and his remarks that the turnips of to-day were not the turnips of forty years ago still sounded in his ears. He had already called on the bereaved widow and assured her that Brother Howker owed him \$4 borrowed money, but that he would not press the matter for a month or so.

Remarks of Waydown Bebe: Brother Bebe said he could scarcely realize the sad news. Just one brief hour before the word came to him, Brother Howker had called at his house to ask him what year William the Conqueror died in, and to borrow half a cake of bar soap. That soap was found in his coat-tail pocket as he was taken home, and that fact would always be a consolation. He had known the deceased for twenty-two long years, and he had never heard him express dissatisfaction with his lot but once. That was when he was laid up in bed with the rheumatism, and afternoon paper stated that 2,000 chickens had got out of a barn and were scattered all over the northern suburbs. Brother Howker was diffident—too much so.

He wanted to go to the Legislature; but he communicated the fact only to his wife, and she called him an idiot. He had been eighteen years gathering the material for a colored man's encyclopedia, but death had overtaken him, and his labors would come to naught.

Remarks of Col. Cahoots: Col. Cahoots had tears in his eyes as he arose. He, too, had been stunned by the sudden news. It was exactly eleven minutes previous to his death, that Brother Howker had stopped him on the market, and asked him for the loan of fifty cents; also, if he knew the exact number of vessels in the Spanish Armada. He had held to him about being had up and having no money, and had never heard of an Armada, Spanish or otherwise.

These things now tortured his conscience, and he proposed to offer the widow a dollar to get even. A good man had passed away. Could he have saved him by having his own nose broken, he would have done so. There were a number of other speeches in this strain, and after a committee had been appointed to draft resolutions suitable to the occasion the meeting adjourned.—Detroit Free Press.

Please Don't Forget It.

That Dr. H. James' Cannabis Indica is prepared in Calcutta, India, from the purest and best Native Hemp, and is the only remedy either in that country or this that will positively and permanently cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Neural Catarrh and Nervous Debility or break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. \$2.50 a bottle, three bottles for \$6.50. Craddock & Co., Proprietors, 1622 Race Street, Philadelphia.

OUR Prize Competition. IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR THE Young Folks.

The proprietors of THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE have pleasure in announcing that it is their intention, with the object of interesting the younger members of the Catholic community in literature, to offer for open competition a number of valuable prizes to the pupils of the Catholic schools of the Dominion.

This competition will be open to pupils of schools of the Dominion other than those in Universities and finishing schools.

The prizes will be given for the best original story on some subject relating to the religious, domestic or general history of Canada, early settlements, pioneer efforts, mission work, etc. As far as possible competitors must confine themselves to incidents connected with their own locality, but this is not absolutely compulsory.

Competitors need not confine themselves to the literal truth, but they may indulge in some romantic embellishment of their stories so long as they are based upon local, general or historical fact.

Rules for Competitors:

The stories must be submitted in the handwriting of the competitor.

They must not exceed two thousand words.

Each MS. must be enclosed in a blank sheet of paper of the same size as that on which the story is written, half foolscap size; endorsed with the title of the story; that of the writer; his or her school; county or city; teacher's name and address, and an endorsement by the teacher certifying that the story is in the handwriting of the pupil.

Manuscripts must only be written on one side of the paper.

All stories for competition must be mailed not later than May 1st, 1891, after which the competition closes.

The stories will be submitted to competent judges, who will award the prizes. The names of these judges will be announced later on.

Blank forms for intending Competitors, and all other information regarding our Prize Competition, can be had by applying at the Office, 761 Craig Street.

THE PRIZES.

The Prizes will be divided as follows

- 1. City of Montreal
2. Dominion Prize.
3. Provincial Prize.
4. County Prize.
5. School Prize.

MONTREAL CITY PRIZE.

The first prize will be given for the best story selected from those sent in from the schools in the city.

DOMINION PRIZE.

The second for the best story selected from those sent from the various counties in each province.

PROVINCIAL PRIZE.

The third for the best story sent from the provinces generally.

COUNTY PRIZE.

The fourth for the best story from any of the schools generally.

SCHOOL PRIZE.

The fifth for the best story from the schools generally.

These prizes will be as follows:

- 1. (CITY PRIZE)—An excellent Upright Piano.
2. (DOMINION)—A Gold Watch, name of winner and conditions under which it was received, engraved.
3. (PROVINCIAL)—A handsome Silver Watch.
4. (COUNTY)—Three volumes History of Our Own Times (McCarthy), Ireland, Past and Present. Life of Leo XII.
5. Cyclopaedia of Literature.

SECOND PRIZE LIST.

Prizes will be given in accordance with the same classification for the second best stories, and a third class will also be given.

EXTRA PRIZES.

A special extra series of prizes will be given for the best story in the same grade written by children under twelve years of age, to be duly certified by their teacher.

[Subscribers will be good enough to note further announcement in our columns on this subject.]

National Colonization Lottery. Under the patronage of Rev. Father LABELLE. Established in 1884 under the Act of Quebec, 22 Viet., Chap. 34, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec. THE FORTY-THIRD MONTHLY DRAWING—WILL TAKE PLACE WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1891, AT TWO P.M.—PRIZES VALUE, \$55,000. CAPITAL PRIZE, ONE REAL ESTATE WORTH \$5,000. LIST OF PRIZES: 1 REAL ESTATE worth \$5,000... \$5,000; 10 REAL ESTATES... \$300... \$3,000; 20 FURNITURE SETS... \$20... \$2,000; 100 SILVER WATCHES... \$25... \$2,500; 100 SILVER WATCHES... \$10... \$1,000; 1000 TOILET SETS... \$5... \$5,000. 2607 Prizes, worth Fifty-five Thousand Dollars. TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR... ELEVEN TICKETS FOR TEN DOLLARS. It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash less a commission of 10 p. c. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized. Drawings third Wednesday of every month. A. A. AUDET, Sec'y. Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can.

DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE? ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. NO BETTER REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, CONSUMPTION, &c. PRINT and PROSPER. Send your favors to THE TRUE WITNESS Job Printing Office, 761 Craig Street.

HAZELTON FISCHER DOMINION PIANOS! -AND THE- Eolian and Dominion Organs.

The largest and most varied assortment of fine instruments in Canada. Grand, Square and Upright Pianos in natural woods. Parlor, Chapel, Pedal and Automatic Organs.

MR. CURRAN. RATIFICATION MEETING ON FRIDAY.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens met on Friday in the Temple Building, Montreal, to ratify the nomination of Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens met on Friday in the Temple Building, Montreal, to ratify the nomination of Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C.

Mr. Curran, who was received with a tumult of applause, said: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I appear before you today to receive this substantial testimony of the confidence that the people of Montreal Centre have placed in me by this document, containing now over 2,500 names of all classes and creeds, of all political opinions in this constituency, who have requested me to once more come forward to represent you in the Dominion House of Commons."

"One word of explanation, No word, no voice, a hint, has ever been said or given to me of the kind. I have never been an office seeker and have never asked for any position, and a Minister of the Crown here can certify to what I say and as long as by my own means, honestly earned, I can stay with you in public life, I am with you. (Cheers.) I may say I have had ambitions in another direction, and I hope that is not far distant when the Irish Catholics of the province of Quebec will not be ostracised more than any other section of the community and fair play and recognition will be given them once in a while. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I am a believer in CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS."

first, last and always (cheers). Canada growing up under the aegis of the Empire, Canada self-governing and Canada self-respecting. (Cheers.) I believe, sir, that on July 1, 1867, when the sun rose and its golden rays over a new nationality in this continent, a confederate country which had been brought together by the highest statesmanship in the land, a country which had grown from what we used to boast of as from Gaspe to St. John's, but which we now talk of as stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. (Cheers.) The day that Confederation was achieved that day the National Policy began; the day we acquired the Northwest territories it was continued; the day we built the Canadian Pacific railway, though the profits of the road had never do it within the time specified; that day the National Policy was continued again. In 1874 they were told by the political tricksters, who howled then, as they do now, that the country was going to destruction. We left the country to them in a prosperous state, and in four short years the people knew what they brought us to, how they de-

stroyed all the great works which had been contemplated and how they were substituting a miserable patchwork for the great Canadian Pacific railway we had since carried out, and the people in 1878

HURLED THEM FROM POWER. There is upon the records of Hansard that which brands these men as the worst of traitors. They would not be tolerated in any other country except free Canada, where the people have power to crush them at the polls. (Cheers.) They pointed out time and again in Parliament to our rivals where Canada could be struck. Before the McKinley bill was discussed they pointed out, day after day and night after night, in the House of Commons, what point might be struck, where the weak spot was in the Canadian armor, where the Canadian farmer could be injured, and what could be done to crush our people; and not only that, but they said the poor little Canadian lamb was actually threatening the United States wolf, actually disturbing its waters. (Laughter.) Mr. Charlton said (page 2,635, Hansard of last year):

"I have good reason for the belief that Canada, in its intercourse with the United States, has been more than dignified, it has been captious, it has been more than captious, it has been insolent in some respects, that it has given good reasons for being considered so, and that a just cause has been given for the feeling of irritation toward Canada that exists. (Cries of shame.) Just imagine a Canadian standing up in the Dominion Parliament and telling us the action of our Government and people was sufficient to irritate the people of the United States because he dared to protect our rights. Mr. Jones, of Halifax, said, 'The United States would look upon our tariff as a declaration of war.' Just listen to that veteran statesman, who ought to know better and who ought to have more patriotism, making such a statement. But that was not all. Having ransacked every possible argument and shown our weakness in every way so far as they could, their leader, Mr. Laurier, whom I respect as a gentleman, but whose conduct

not only on the public platforms of the country, but on the floor of the House of Commons, having exhausted, as it were, all that could be done in order to irritate and to annoy and incense the American people against us and good them on to pass legislation injurious to our people, went so far, and I pointed it out to him on the floor of the House, as to say that during the great rebellion in the United States, when the country was torn by fratricidal war, the Canadians had sympathized with the South, and therefore the Northern people were justified in harboring a grudge against us. This cannot be denied. You should read an extract of a speech delivered in London, Ont., at that time by the late lamented Thomas McCrete, in which, in language that will live in the annals of English literature, he pointed out that the people of this country were quite in another direction so far as their sympathies were concerned, and everything that could tend to induce every good and true lover of liberty to take part, so far as sympathy was concerned, on one side or another, was in favor of the poor negro and those fighting and working for his liberation and the preservation of the Union. Then, after having succeeded in inducing the United States, to a very great extent, to pass this legislation, which the President of the United States himself says must have a fair trial, they come and tell us we must have unrestricted reciprocity. I want to say here, once for all, that so far as I am concerned I will never vote for any policy that will take the food off the table of the poor man and his family. (Cheers.) In 1878 there was tacked on to our tariff the standing offer of reciprocal relations in those productions which would be beneficial to both countries. We have made no change in our basis. There have been negotiations going on between this country and the mother land and our neighbors in order, if possible, to smooth the difficulties and obtain some kind of a *modus vivendi* with the United States, if that be possible. I do not know whether it is or not, but the Government of Canada, as a Government, was prepared to

and see how these difficulties could be settled. We cannot do more than the Government has done; we cannot go further than the public documents that are before the people, which you have all read, and to which I will not refer at any greater length now. But I will say, come what will, there is that beneath all this agitation which we can never tolerate. We should love our country, we should have hope in its future, our ideal should be to see it grow into a great and strong nation, on this northern half of the American continent. Our neighbors have said again and again that our destiny is to be annexed to them; it was said the other night when Sir Richard Cartwright sat in Boston, when the president of the Board of Trade of Atlanta stated the best way to settle our difficulty was to send Sir Richard Cartwright to the United States Senate as the senator from Ontario. You would have thought a gallant knight, a man who boasted of having in his veins the blood of the races that never flinched, would have stood up and said, 'No, sir, you make a mistake. You are entirely wrong. You don't know the feeling of the Canadian people.' But he sat there dumb because he had not a manly Canadian heart within him, a heart true to this great Dominion of Canada. (Loud applause.) To go further, take what Congressman McAdoo, of New Jersey, says in a speech on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. He said: 'The United States should have unrestricted trade and commercial union with Canada or it should have no commercial relations with her. The only solution of the problem (a solution unsought by the United States) was that the people of Canada should, in their sovereignty, ask for annexation, which was the ultimate destiny of Canada.' Then, again, Chauncey Depew, on the 15th November last, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in New York, touched upon unrestricted reciprocity between the United States and Canada. He thought its unifying process would lead in a few years to

POLITICAL FEDERATION, which would carry the American flag from the Falls of Niagara to the North

Pole." You take Senator Sherman's speech or that of Adirondack Murray, for a time amongst us, and they say plainly: "Gentlemen, we may talk as we like, but your destiny is to belong to us. You cannot participate in our commerce and have any of these great and glorious advantages pictured by Sir Richard Cartwright and others unless you belong to us." The question is have we got manhood within us? Are we going to sell our birthright and not even get the traditional "mess of pottage." "Never."

There is another thing I cannot allow to pass upon this occasion, because I am speaking in the heart of the English-speaking people of division and in the heart of the Protestant people of the division. I want to speak with regard to one particular issue which came up during my political career, one of which you will endorse, because there is a feeling we should live together in brotherhood, respecting each other's privileges. Well, gentlemen, we have had times of great excitement; we have had questions thrown upon us that should not have been brought into the Dominion Parliament. One of these was a bill relating to the Northwest territories, the preamble of which set forth that the French language should not be tolerated and it should be the law that one only language should prevail. Well, we know exactly what was guaranteed to the French people when the country was ceded over to England by France. We know that the French-Canadians, originally numbering 60,000, have, under the aegis of our institutions, grown up and become a power in the land; we know they have been true and loyal and faithful citizens and lived by the side of us Irish, Scotch and English, in peace and harmony and brotherly love (cheers.) I knew this and felt it was my duty to get up and protest against such a preamble, and I took occasion to address the House of Commons of Canada in French in order to emphasize my protest against such a proposition. (Loud cheers.) Your rousing cheers show that you approve of the course I took on that occasion. I sought as I seek now and shall do so long as I am in public life to cement together the different races that constitute in the past to be a peacemaker and harmonizer. That is my great ambition. It will be the brightest thing I should look back upon on retiring from public life that I sought the union of hearts and the clasping of hands among the different races in Canada.

SERIOUS FIRE.

At Bonaventure Station.—Two men nearly suffocated. The Grand Trunk freight sheds at Bonaventure depot, where all the city freight is stored, were all but cleaned out by fire on Monday morning. The fire started in the coal-house, where the lamps are cleaned, and is said to have been caused by this explosion of a gas stove. The alarm sounded shortly after 10.30, and the brigade arrived the entire shed was in flames. Owing to the quantity of inflammable material in the shed, cotton waste and light freight, the smoke was very thick. On the track next to the burning shed were the Pullman cars Muskoka and Salerno, with the express car No. 457, and a through West Chicago express 188. All these were pretty well scorched. Workmen started to move the Pullman Muskoka down the track. But the car stuck for a time, and before it could be moved fire had broken out inside. The windows were dashed open and a stream poured in. The Salerno and the express No. 457 had narrow escapes from being consumed, but as it was only damaged on the outside. Fully a dozen streams were soon pouring on the building from all quarters, but the firemen had hardly got to work when it was learned that there were two men in one of the offices. Captain Dubois, of the Salvage Corps, burst open the door, and there, stretched on the floor, smothered with the smoke, were John Flynn, a Grand Trunk employee, and David Tong, a Custom-house officer. They were carried insensible into the waiting-rooms and were laid out, while two doctors worked on them for some time before bringing them to. Both Flynn and Tong had almost miraculous escapes from death. They were in the office when the fire started, but not suspecting any danger remained there with the door closed. When they opened the door and the smoke burst in on them they closed it again, and in some unaccountable way got fastened in. They then tried to break their way through the windows, but they were overpowered by the smoke before they could succeed, and when the firemen burst in only the spark of life remained. They were conveyed to the General Hospital. Another young fellow named Green had also a narrow escape. In the room where the fire started one of the employees had his face badly scorched. While the fire was in progress the story went around that at the end of the shed was a large oil tank, and the fire was slowly creeping towards this. There were also stored in the building over thirty barrels of oil, which were rapidly rolled out, and the firemen directed their efforts to prevent the fire from reaching the tank. The crowd was driven back by the police, as an explosion was feared. The flames did even get to the building but were soon extinguished. There was a great deal of cotton in the building, and this helped so feed the flames. The building was completely gutted inside and the loss is heavy. Nearly all the Customs' books were burned. The building is also very much damaged although still standing. By noon the fire was almost extinguished, but for a time after the streams continued to be poured into it. The damage cannot be exactly estimated, but will amount to several thousand dollars.

Irish Convents.—All through Ireland the convent buildings are greatly superior to those of England and Scotland. Ireland has over two hundred Convents of Mercy, almost every one of which is a gem. The Chapels of these convents are elegant structures, with altars of marble and polished brass, statues and pictures, genuine works of art, floors of marble, tiles or polished oak, organs of superior quality, vestments and altar linens of rare beauty. Many of these have been given by wealthy relatives of ladies who join the Order. In several instances, superb chapels or extensive orphanages have been erected by one such benefactor. Some of the convents of France or Italy present as grand an appearance as those of Ireland, or are more richly decorated in their private chapels. To these chapels the public have access whenever they please, during the daylight hours.

THE OPPOSITION HEARD IN MONTREAL CENTRE DIVISION.

Mr. Guerin, the Grit Candidate, Explains—Mr. Laurier Explains his Position also.

A meeting of Mr. Ed. Guerin's supporters was held on Saturday in the Temple building. Mr. Guerin, who was well received, thanked the meeting for its mark of confidence and announced that it was only after very serious consideration that he had decided to accept. The country had, he declared, been misgoverned for many years, and now that the electors were appealed to it was by coercion on the part of the monopolists to prevent an honest expression of opinion, but he was sure the result of the present contest would prove that it was not necessary to wear good clothes and waxed moustaches to be a patriot. He denounced the cries raised in some quarters that the Liberal policy was a disloyal one, and referred to the events of '37-'38. "Who," he cried, "burnt down the Parliament buildings? Quick as a flash came the response from one in the crowd, 'Fred Perry!' said the voice, and the crowd laughed. Mr. Guerin continued by saying that it was the Tory party who had destroyed them. It was they who stoned Lord Elgin and it was they who led the annexation crusade in '49. He kindly referred to the *Gazette* as a paper which always insulted the poor man, and continued by saying that the issue in this campaign was simply one of dollars and dimes. He claimed that unrestricted trade with the United States would benefit Canada, but had to admit that when the Dominion had a 17 1/2 per cent. tariff the Americans had swamped our markets. A cry, "They would do the same again," elicited the explanation that as our tariff had been since increased Americans would not have the same facilities for making Canada a slaughter market. Mr. Guerin then took up the charge that the adoption of the Liberal policy would mean direct taxation. "Well," said he, "I am not altogether opposed to direct taxation. We are indirectly taxed now, of course, but if it comes to direct taxation the problem can be easily solved by exempting all incomes under \$500. Above that figure to \$1,000 we could levy a tax of 2 1/2 per cent., and so on in a sliding scale until the millionaires were reached they could be taxed 20 per cent. We could very easily get a revenue then. (Applause.) Mr. Guerin then showed his ignorance of the present tariff by charging that the poor man had to pay a duty upon his tea. "If I had my way," said he, "I would tax champagne instead of tea and charge \$5 instead of \$2.50 a bottle, for you all know, as I do, that when a man makes up his mind to take a glass of wine he will not be deterred by the price." He claimed to be the candidate of the workingmen, favored a wages lien law, condemned indiscriminate immigration and the importation of children, and the audience becoming impatient to hear Mr. Laurier, Mr. Guerin was obliged to resume his seat.

HON. MR. LAURIER.

who received with cheers, said that the meeting showed that the Liberal party was not only not dead, but was very much alive. He praised their choice of a candidate. He liked Mr. Guerin because he was young. He did not want to be surrounded at Ottawa by old fogies; he wanted young blood. He compared Mr. Guerin to David going on the war-path against Goliath and, although he did not wish Mr. Curran any harm, he hoped he would be politically decapitated on March 5th. He would defer his remarks upon the issues of the campaign until next week, but he wished to protest against the manner in which the Tory party, from the Prime Minister down, were attempting to carry on the campaign. Their only cry was to appeal to blind passion and prejudice. Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the biggest Tories that ever lived, had said that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. The tactics of the Tory party led him to believe that loyalty was the last refuge—he was too polite to say scoundrels—of the Conservative party. Their whole stock-in-trade was composed of the two words, loyalty and disloyalty. He had no objection to the Conservative leaders boasting about their loyalty, but he did decidedly object to their impugning his loyalty. He would not allow any man, not even the Prime Minister, to charge him with being disloyal. None of British blood could be more loyal than he was. His loyalty sprang from the heart, because his fellow-countrymen had found freedom under the British flag. These men who taunted them with disloyalty were the same who had initiated the protection policy, which had given a stab to British trade. But although he was loyal to England, the first place in his heart was for Canada. Whenever it was his duty to frame a policy for Canada, Canada would be his first thought and his first consideration would be for Canadian interests. Answering the charge that unrestricted reciprocity would lead to annexation, he assured the timid Tories that they would still have the right to vote and could express their opinions. Some day annexation might become a practical question, for Sir John himself had said that he would prefer annexation to independence. If the Tories could not resist the prosperity sure to follow unrestricted reciprocity, he could assure them that the Grits were proof against Yankee blandishments. He was not afraid of the annexation cry. The issue was a purely economic one and should be treated accordingly.

TROUBLE IN GERMANY.

The Imperial Quarrels—A War With Russia Provoked. BERLIN, February 15.—The crisis in the feud between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck has become acute. Last night at a dinner given by Chancellor Von Caprivi, the Emperor remarked that the attacks inspired by Bismarck, while nominally directed against the Chancellor, were in reality aimed at himself. He feared he would soon be obliged to take severe measures to suppress these attacks, as they were dangerous to the

Government and the Empire. The report has gained credence that von Caprivi has been instructed to publish in the *Reichsanzeiger* a warning to Bismarck's paper, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, to cease publishing its pretended revelations of Government affairs on pain of prosecution.

The developments of the feud are watched with the keenest interest. The adherents of Bismarck say the Prince does not fear prosecution and that he is ready to meet and, perhaps, wants to provoke it. At Chancellor von Caprivi's dinner a chance reference to Count von Moltke elicited the remark from the Emperor that he could still rely on the active assistance of the great tactician. It inspired that while the Emperor was deciding upon a successor to Waldersee the emperor telegraphed to von Moltke, asking him to place his experience at his disposal in selecting Waldersee's successor. The Count responded that whatever force remained in him belonged to his Emperor. Thereupon General von Schlieffen, before assuming the position of chief of staff, went to Silesia to receive von Moltke's advice.

The North German Gazette, replying to criticisms published in the *Cologne Gazette*, says its imitations concerning the policy of the Government, backed by no proof, can not continue. Every Government must be judged by its acts. What the Government wants and on whom it relies are not questions to be settled by ill-humored articles in the Opposition journals. In noticing the *Hamburger Nachrichten's* repeated assertions that the relation between Germany and Russia have been imperilled since the retirement of Bismarck, the North German Gazette declares the accusation against the foreign policy of the Government is so gravely opposed to the truth that the papers making the charge must be obliged to produce proofs or stand discredited as resorting to any lies in order to assail the Government.

A Bankrupt City.

ST. PAUL, Minn., February 16.—There was much excitement in financial circles this afternoon when it was announced that the city had defaulted on \$300,000 of Board of Education certificates, and that a suit had been brought against the Board and the city jointly by the holders of the certificates—the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. Two certificates for \$35,000 each were issued on November 6 and November 27, 1889, and one for \$20,000 on February 10, 1890, each bearing interest at seven per cent. and due one year from date. There being no money available for the use of the Board, the certificates were not paid, and the suits followed. The teachers of the public schools are clamoring for their money for January services. The whole trouble has arisen from the attacks upon the city's credit by one of the evening papers, which, for the past two months, has attempted to prove that St. Paul has a debt of \$12,000,000 and is practically bankrupt. The result has been a refusal of the banks to lend the city money.

A Heavy Responsibility.

BROCKVILLE, February 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Quinn of Bedford, had occasion to go to Westport to transact business, leaving their premises in charge of a young man. Mr. Quinn left on the table a bottle containing strychnine which he kept in the house for poisoning foxes. His little boy, three years of age, noticing the bottle on the table and thinking it contained sugar, took out some of the deadly drug and spread it on a piece of bread, which he ate. In about an hour the child was a corpse.

Dublin Hospitals.

There is a magnificent institution in Dublin, under the Sisters of Mercy, *Mater Misericordie* Hospital, called the Palace of the Poor, which is by far the most beautiful in the world. Its main corridors are each three hundred and twenty feet long. It is the nucleus of a great medical school, and the men who attend it are men of European reputation. The *Mater Misericordie* is the private property of the Sisters of Mercy. The poor use additional hours of the day or night. It would take many days to see the grand institution properly.

Education without aesthetics is like a sunset without a metre, a peach without a bloom, a thush without a voice, a woman without a gentle manner.

Minister (consoling) Weep not, my poor woman. Think how much better off your husband is? Widow Vixen.—Do you mean that for a slur?

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EVERY SKIN SCALD, BURN, BLEEDING, CRACKS, CHAPPED, ITCHING, OR BLOTCHES WITH LOSS OF HAIR, FROM PIMPLES TO THE MOST DISTRESSING SCALDS, AND EVERY HUMOR OF THE BLOOD, WHETHER SIMPLE, ACROUOUS, OR HEREDITARY, SPECIALLY PREPARED, AND SUCCESSFULLY CURED BY CUTICURA.

EVERY SKIN AND SCALD DISEASE, whether torturing, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing scalds, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, acroulous, or hereditary, especially, paragonically, and successfully cured by the CUTICURA, consisting of CURCUBITA, the great St. John's Wort, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin Beautifier, and CUTICURA ANTIMONY, the new Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Blemish Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infants to 6 attest their word, eradicating and incomparable efficacy. Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; Soap, 50c.; ANTIMONY, 50c. Prepared by the CUTICURA PATENT AND CUTICURA CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

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LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

DIVIDEND No. 100. The Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a Semi-Annual Dividend of THREE PER CENT. on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the Office of the Bank on and after MONDAY, the SECOND MARCH next. The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 24th February, both days inclusive. By order of the Board of Directors. J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier. Montreal, 30th January, 1891.

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

NOTICE. The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple will be held at the Office of the Bank, St. James Street, on MONDAY, the 18th of MARCH next, at THREE O'CLOCK, P. M., in conformity with the 16th and 17th clauses of the Act of Incorporation. By order of the Board of Directors. J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier. Montreal, 30th January, 1891.

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Whitewashed.

LONDON, February 16.—In the House of Commons today John Morley moved that the House adopt a vote censuring the Irish executive or its action in the Tipperary prosecutions. Mr. Morley's motion declared that such action on the part of the executive was calculated to bring the law into contempt and was a violation of the rights of citizens. Mr. Morley's motion was rejected, 320 to 245. The announcement of the figures were received with prolonged Conservative cheers. Interest in the line of assault on the Government to the incidents at Tipperary already thrashed out. For the first time since their rupture the Irish members were grouped all together. Parnell exchanged words with McCarthy and Sexton, but ignored Healy. The division on Morley's motion was on strict party lines. Mr. Morley opened the debate with a strong denunciation of the conduct of the police of Tipperary and the vindictiveness of the Irish executive. Mr. Gladstone supported Morley's motion in a vigorous speech. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Smith, first Lord of the Treasury, opposed the motion. Mr. Gladstone fell ill and after speaking left the House. His illness is not serious. He is suffering from overfatigue.

"Don't you wish you could have an old fashioned winter again?" asked the idiotic young man. Really, Mr. Binkins, answered the maiden of uncertain years, why should you presume that I know anything of old fashioned winters?" Lot no man boast that he will never be tempted. Let him be high-minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very instant wherein he boasts that he will never be tempted.

