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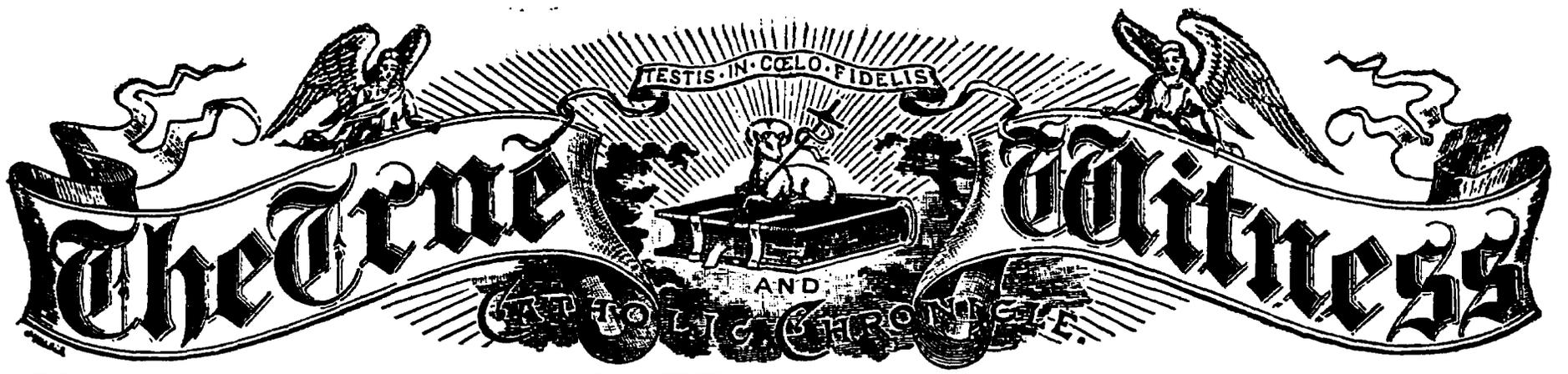
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Once more has the Honorable Edward Blake stepped to the front in the British House of Commons. His speech of last Friday night is considered to be one of the most splendid pieces of reasoning upon the Home Rule question that has yet been heard in the House. It was a matter of regret, expressed by the London press, that the effort was not made at an early period in the debate. Still, late as it was, and late as the hour of delivery was, the Hon. Mr. Gladstone listened to it with marked attention, and he "drank in," as the report says, every phrase. If the hyper critical found fault with Mr. Blake's first grand speech, they may also have something to snarl at in this one; but despite their prejudiced and unwarranted comments, the fact remains that Edward Blake, the Canadian, is recognized as one of the foremost debaters and one of the deepest statesmen in the British House of Commons to-day. If, as we hope, the measure now under consideration passes in committee and becomes law, no small share of the credit will be due to Canada and the Hon. Edward Blake; and both this young country and her worthy son, will deserve the undying gratitude of the whole Irish race.

From Toledo, Ohio, a despatch came last week in which reference is made to a famous mound, at Walnut Grove, near Martin's Ferry, which is being demolished, for the purpose of filling streets. In it some strange discoveries have been made. The mound is twenty-nine feet high and one hundred and seventeen feet in diameter. The following is a list of some of the objects discovered:

"Human skeletons, skulls, bones, elk antlers, paleolithic engravings, and implements, arrow heads, spear heads, pale gray flints, cup stones, agricultural implements, granite hammer stones, sinkers, perforated stones, etc., have been found. Some of the relics are entirely different from any recorded in history. Most of them are found near the bottom. Some of the skulls are twice the size of the ordinary skulls of the present day."

If it be true that some of the skulls are as large as stated, it may be the starting point of many lengthy investigations and many endless discussions. Much less than this piece of information has set the scientific world at work and has caused countless theories and endless absurdities to be set up by the philosophers of the age.

YATES, in his letter to the Tribune, sneers at Mr. Gladstone's speech upon the second reading of the Bill. He characterizes it as "purely academic;" it is a wonder he would grant even that much. But he adds that it "showed so little knowledge of the controversial subjects." This sublimely audacious remark would be worthy of note, were it only for the originality of the thought, had he not attempted to explain it by stating that Gladstone is kept in ignorance of all that

takes place, and lives "in a fool's paradise of adulation." The fact is that the amount of incense burned by fawning sycophants at Yate's own shrine, has turned the man's head and he evidently is either demented himself or else he believes the rest of the world to be so. The idea of Mr. Gladstone knowing nothing of what is taking place, and of not understanding his own bill is only eclipsed in absurdity by the next crazy remark of the courtier journalist. He says: "According to my information" (where did he get it?) "in many parts of Ireland the peasants are holding regular lotteries for land. These lotteries generally take place in chapels." Mr. Yates has no such information and he knows that his entire letter is manufactured out of lies. These are the weapons to which such anti-Home Rulers have recourse when their cause is shaky and their arms are rusted. Mean insinuations about the grandest man in England and downright falsehoods about the most patient and long suffering people on earth. Shame on such men as Edmund Yates!

The following beautiful prayer has been attributed to the devout Thomas a Kempis, and was cut from an old newspaper some years ago. It seems to comprise everything that man could ask for from God. We received a copy of it from Hon. Senator Murphy, and we are sure that our readers will be pleased to have it:—

"Give me, O Lord, a clear understanding against all error, a clean heart against all impurity, a strong faith against all doubtfulness, a firm hope against all difficulties, fervent charity against all indifference and negligence, great patience against all disturbance, holy meditation against way sinful imagination, continual prayer against the devil's assaults, good occupation against the tiresomeness and drowsiness of heart, a hearty sorrow for all my sins, and lastly devout remembrance of Thy holy passion against the wounding of the soul by vice. Assist me, O my God with all these Thy good gifts and confirm me in all Thy holy words, Amen."

We have been asked several times what is meant by "boiler-plate." For the information of the uninitiated we will explain as clearly as we can the meaning of that expression. It is used to designate a certain class of printed matter which is so prepared that any paper that has not sufficient original material to fill all its columns can, at a given figure, receive these articles all ready to go on the press. Firms make it a special business to supply this matter to the different organs requiring it. In some cases the "boiler-plate" articles are better and more interesting to the general reader than would be the original compositions; in other cases the locality affords so little news that in order to fill up a paper it is a great boon to have this means at command. There are some of our Catholic weeklies that use considerable "boiler-plate." That is in no way a drawback in certain cases; but there is a great danger connected therewith which we desire to point out. If

the editorials in a Catholic paper are the expression of that organ's principles and views, and consequently should be most carefully written, none the less important are the selections of general matter. They should harmonize with the editorial expressions, and it is the business of the editor to see that they do not clash. In the case where "boiler-plate" selections are used, it is not always possible for the editor to conform his views to what they contain, and he cannot change them to make them agree with his views—he must accept them as they are set up in the plate. Thus we often find articles in some of our Catholic papers that contain expressions and convey ideas that should never find place in a Catholic journal. We think, on account of this constant danger, that it would be preferable to issue a paper in smaller form than to attempt a larger one, the greater part of which consists of this electrotpe matter. It is not generally supposed that the editing of a Catholic paper means more than the mere penning of a given number of editorial columns: often there are more woeful mistakes made in the general articles selected than in the special ones written. It is for this reason that we have but small faith in the "boiler-plate" style of filling up a paper.

In the London Canada Gazette, of the 30th March, appears an account of the consecration, in Westminster Abbey, of three new Bishops. It opens in a most amusing manner. Rarely have we met with a more ridiculous remark than the very first one with which the article opens, and the second is almost as bad:

"It would have been difficult even for the Roman Catholic Church to devise a form of ceremonial more befitting the occasion than was that which marked the consecration of three colonial bishops in Westminster Abbey last Saturday morning. No building in the United Kingdom at least lends itself so well to a solemn ceremony of this kind as does the Abbey, which is itself a record of many noble pages in the history of the English-speaking race."

Imagine the difficulty for the Roman Catholic Church to devise a ceremonial grander than that of the Church of England, or one more befitting the occasion. What was the form of ceremonial on that occasion? It was nothing other than a most imperfect imitation of that used in the Church of Rome. It consisted of a few disjointed and poorly arranged external forms devoid entirely of the meanings that they possess in the Catholic ritual, and completely divested of the spirit and power that in the Church of Rome belong to them. The Abbey lending itself to such a solemn ceremony! That huge mausoleum, without a spark of life in it! It is a vast tomb for mortal remains, but it contains no living power; it never has a sacrifice offered upon its altar!

WHEN Mr. Labouchere asked the Secretary of State for War whether his attention had been called to the blood and thunder speech delivered by Col. Saun-

derson on the 15th March last, the Secretary, Mr. Campbell Bannerman said:

"He should be sorry to answer for the whole of Ulster on any question (laughter). He did not read the speech referred until his attention was called to it. As was intimated by the honourable member for Northampton, the honourable member for North Armagh had two existences (laughter). He was the colonel of a regiment of Irish militia and he was also an Irish member and an active, if not an excited politician (loud laughter). It was solely in the second capacity that the honourable and gallant member made this speech (laughter). His honourable friend would agree with him that they had long ago learned in that House to gauge the value of the exaggerated language sometimes employed by the honourable and gallant member, and he hardly thought that special notice need be taken of this particular ebullition. (Hearty laughter from all quarters of the House, in which Colonel Saunderson joined, greeted the conclusion of the answer of the Secretary of State for War.)"

A friend, in drawing our attention to this paragraph, remarks that were the English Government called upon to consider the question of Mr. Clarke Wallace's recent expressions, it would have to allow for two separate existences in that gentleman, taking seriously what he might say as a Minister of the Crown, but treating his utterances as Grand Master of the Orange Lodges with contempt. Our correspondent humourously adds:

"Do these funny episodes remind you of the amusing discussion which took place when it was announced that her grandson, the Emperor of Germany, had conferred the honorary colonelcy of a German Regiment of Guards on the Queen of England? In the event of war between England and Germany, would her Majesty hurl her English troops upon the Imperial Guards commanded by herself, and would she, as their honorary colonel, be in duty and in honor bound to repel the attack? Such were the questions which distracted the minds of some funny fellows in England."

In a Church of England paper a preacher was permitted to publish the following:

I exchanged words with Pius IX. when the latter was in a dying condition. He shouted out in a very ill tempered manner, "English minister!"

Without any hesitation we say that the above statement is a lie. Considering the almost insurmountable obstacles that would debar that same preacher from an audience with the Pope, when the latter was in perfect health, it requires very little judgment to know that in his hours of illness and especially when on his death-bed, the Sovereign Pontiff would not be disturbed by the presence of any such individual. Again; the mere idea of the Pope "shouting," and especially Pius IX, and above all when in the weak condition in which that great Pontiff had been for a long period before his end, is so absurd that the statement stamps the author of it as a falsifier, and the organ that published it as either stupid or worse.

At the recent Brazilian elections several priests were returned as members of the Republican Congress.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSON.

THE DEAN OF SOUTHERN LETTERS.

The Founder of a School of Fiction—Dialect Writers of the South—Middle Georgia Before the War—Allen Cable and the Creoles.

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

In that charming and dainty series of books published under the captivating title of "Fiction, Fact and Fancy," and edited by the gifted son of the prince of American literary critics, there is a volume with the companionable name of Billy Downs. It is as follows that Mr. Stedman introduces the creator of Billy Downs and a host of other characters, mostly types of Middle Georgia-life, that shall live with the language. "So we reach the tenth milestone of our ramble, and while we are resting by the wayside let us hail the gentleman who is approaching and ask him for 'another story.' We who have heard him before know that he seldom fails to respond to such a request, and always, too, in a manner quite inimitable. As he comes nearer you may observe the dignified, yet courteous and kindly bearing of a gentleman of the old school. The white hair and moustache, the sober dress, betoken the veteran, although they are almost contradicted by eyes and an innate youthfulness in word and thought. It is not difficult to recognize in Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnson the founder of a school of fiction and the dean of Southern men of letters." The Colonel, as the founder of a school of fiction, if by that school, we understand those, who are depicting for us the Georgia life of the antebellum days. In no other wise can we asent to Mr. Stedman's phrase. For American critics to claim the dialect school of fiction as their own, in origin or on a par with their other critical achievements. Dialect was born a long time before Columbus took his way westward. The first wave of man kind leaving the parent stock, in their efforts to survive, carried with them the germ of dialect fiction in its portrayal of men and manners. If a given friend was bound to reproduce it faithfully—the very least to give us a semblance of that life. This could not be done in many instances without the use of dialect. To do so were to deprive the portraiture of individuality.

Fiction produced on such lines would be worthless. Of late there has been much cavil against dialect writers. This cavil, strange to say, emanates from the Realists.

They lay down the absurd code, that Art is purely imitative. She plays but a monkey part. Her sole duty is to depict life, paying leading attention to the portrayal of corns, bunions and other horny excrescences, that so often accompany her. Realists will not be persuaded that such ex-resences are abnormal. From a jaundiced introspection of their own little life, they frame canons of criticism to guide the world. With these congenial canons lying before them one is astonished if such a phrase may be used in the recent light of that school's pyrotechnic displays. That they can condemn dialect granted, for the sake of argument, that Art is merely imitative, will not the first duty of the novelist be to reproduce the exact language, and that when done by the master hand of a Johnston carries with it not only the speakers tone, but the power of producing a mental image of the speaker—the very acme of the Realists school. To paint a Georgia cracker speaking the ordinary Boston-English would be like crowning the noble brow of a South Sea native with a tall Boston beaver. The effort would be unartistic, the effect ludicrous. Colonel Johnson believes in the imitativeness of Art, to the extent of reproducing for us the peculiar dialect of Middle Georgia. He has informed us that there is not a phrase in his novels that he has not heard amid the scenes of his stories. To reproduce these as a distinct triumph of the novelist's art, but the colonel has done more; into his every character has he breathed a soul. His figures are not the automaton skeletons of the Realists, but living men and women who have earnestly played life, on the circumscribed stage of Middle Georgia.

This life is fast passing away. Prof. Shaler, a competent authority, tells us: "At present the strong tide of modernism is sweeping over the old slave-holding

States with a force which is certain to clear away a greater part of the archaic motives which so long held place in the minds of the people. With the death of this generation, which saw the rebellion, the ancient regime will disappear." It can never be lost as long as the novels of Malcolm Johnson are extant. There, in days to come, by the cheery ingle nook will a new generation live over in his delightful pages the curious life of Georgia. Ouvier asked for a bone to construct his skeleton. The readers of the Dukesborough tales, Billy Downs, etc., will not only have the skeleton, but live men and woman preserved for them by the novelists' elixir. He has known his country and kept close to mother earth, having in his mind that "no language after it has faded into diction, none that cannot suck up feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother earth of common folk, can bring forth a sound and lusty look. True vigor and heartiness of phrase do not pass from page to page, but from man to man.

There is death in the dictionary." That the Colonel's language has sucked up feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother earth of common folk will be seen on every page. Let us take at random the communication of Jones Kendrick to his cousin Simeon Newsome, as to S'phrony Miller. Sim is a farmer lad overshadowed by the overpowering "dictionary use" of his Cousin Kendrick, Sim has gone a wooing S'phrony. Kendrick hearing of this and urged by his mother and sister, comes to the conclusion that he would like to have S'phrony himself. This important fact he admits to Cousin Sim in the following choice morsel: Sim is overseeing his hands on the plantation Kendrick approaches and is met by Sim. Kendrick speaks:

"Ma and sister Maria have been for some time specified. They have both been going on to me about S'phrony Miller in a way and to an extent that in some circumstances might be called abstruse, and to quiet their conscience I've begun a kind of a visitation over there, and my mind has arriv at the conclusion that she's a good, nice piece of flesh, to use the expressions of a man of the world, and society. What do you think, Sim, of the matter under consideration, and what would you advise? I like to have your advice sometimes, and I'd like to know what it would be under all circumstances and appearances of a case which, as it stands, it seems to have, and it isn't worth while to conceal the fact that it does have a tremendous amount of immense responsibility to all parties, especially to the undersigned, referring as is well known in books and newspaper advertisements to myself. What would you say to the above Sim, in all its parts and parties?" It may interest the reader to know that Sim acquiesced "in all its parts and parties," and that S. Phrony became Mrs. Kinderick, while Sim took another mate. Of further interest to the imaginative young woman is the fact, that Mrs. Newsome and Mr. Kinderick perishing a few years later by some sort of quasi-involuntary but always friendly movements, executed in a comparatively brief time, S. Phrony and Sim became one. In calling Johnson the Dean of Southern men of letters, Stedman does not define his position. Page, the creator of Marco Chan, and one of the most talented of Southern dialect writers, negatively does so. In an article that has literary smack, but lacks critical perception, he rates him below Miss Murfee, James Lane and Allen Cable. These three writers Page places at the head of Southern writers of fiction. Critics, nowadays, will adduce no proof; they simply affirm. The text of this discrimination should be the exactness of the character drawing, the life-like reproduction of environments, and the expertness of the dialect as a vehicle to convey the local flavor. It will hardly be gainsaid that Johnson knows his Georgia no less than Cable knows Louisiana. Johnson is a native of Georgia, the time of life most susceptible to local impressions was spent there. Cable's boyhood was otherwise. It will not be thought of that in the painting of Creole life, Cable has excelled the painter of Georgia life. In the handling of dialect Johnson and Harris touch the high water mark of Southern fiction. It was an old critical dictum that an author to succeed must be in sympathy with his subject; this may be affirmed of Johnson. It is otherwise with Cable, and especially with Lane, whose Kentucky pictures are often caricatures. Cable poses as the friend of the colored man. His pose is dramatic. It lends a charm to his New England

recitations. We have a great love for champions of every kind. The most of Mr. Cable's pages deal with Creole life, and for that life he has no sympathy. He paints it as essentially pagan, albeit it was essentially Catholic. A pair makes him sniff the air and paw ungraciously. The ceremonies of the church are so many pagan rites. Cable belongs to the school that contemns what it does not understand. His pictures of Creole life are untrue, and much as they were in vogue some years ago, are passing to the borne of the forgotten. Johnson, although a living Catholic, fond of his church, and wedded to her every belief, draws an itinerant preacher of the Methodists with as much enthusiasm and sympathy as he would the clergy of his own church. He has no dislikes, nothing that is of man, but interests this sunny-hearted romancer of the old South.

Strange as it may seem, the knowledge of his wonderful power of story-telling came late and in an accidental way. It is best described in his own words. "Story-writing," said the Colonel, "is the last thing for me in literature. I had published two or three volumes on English literature, and in conjunction with a friend had written a life of Alexander Stephens, and also a book on American and European literature, but had no idea of story-writing for money. Two or three stories of mine had found their way into the papers before I left Georgia. I had been a professor of English literature in Georgia, but during the war I took a school of boys. I removed to Baltimore and took forty boys with me and continued my school. There was in Baltimore, in 1870, a periodical called the "Southern Magazine." The first nine of my Dukesborough Tales were contributed to that magazine. These fell into the hands of the editor of Harper's Magazine, who asked me what I got for them. I said not a cent, and he wanted to know why I had not sent them to him. "Reclus Peelers Conditions" was the first story for which I got pay. It was published in the Century, over the signature of Philemon Perch. Dr. Holland told Mr. Gilder to tell that man to write under his own name, adding that he himself had made a mistake in writing under a pseudonym. Sydney Lanier urged me to write, and said if I would do so he would get the matter in print for me. So he took "Reclus Peelers Conditions," and it brought me eighty dollars. I was surprised that my stories were considered of any value. I with drew from teaching about six years ago, and since that time have devoted myself to authorship. I have never put a word in my book: that I have not heard the people use, and very few that I have not used myself. Powelson, Ga., is my Dukesborough. I was born fourteen miles from there.

Of the female characters that I have created, Miss Doolana Lines was my favorite, while Mr. Bill Williams is my favorite among the male characters. I started Doolana to make her mean and stingy like her father, but I hadn't written a page before she wrenched herself out of my hands. She said to me, "I am a woman, and you shall not make me mean." These stories are all of Georgia as it was before the war. In the hill country the institution of slavery was

very different from what it was in the rice region or near the coast. Do you know the Georgia negro has five times the sense of the South Carolina negro? Why? Because he has always been near his master, and their relations are closer. My father's negroes loved him, and he loved them, and if a negro child died upon the place my mother wept for it. Some time ago I went to the old place, and an old negro came eight miles, walked all the way, to see me.

He got to the house before five o'clock in the morning, and opened the shutters while I was asleep. With a cry he rushed into the room. "Oh, Massa Dick." We cried in each other's arms. We had been boys together. One of my slaves is now a bishop—Bishop Lucius Holsey, one of the most eloquent men in Georgia." These charming bits of autobiography show us the sterling nature of Malcolm Johnson, a nature at once cheerful, kind and loving. It is the object of such natures, in the pessimistic wayfars of life, to make friends, illuminating them with sunshine and tickling them with laughter. Only such a nature could have written:

"There is among mankind a respect for friendship that may be named almost unique. There is no term that indicates pitifulness like friendless. For rare as may be the friendships that are reasonably cemented, and that continue long faithful and fond, yet how few so poor as not to have one or more whom they may justly call friends. To no condition of human life do not friendships of some sort seem to have a necessity peculiar to themselves, differing from and independent of that pertaining to other conditions. The possession of wives and children, the possession or pursuit of riches, power and honor, seldom or ever are satisfactory without the added possession of friends. The divisions that friendships allow in felicities, the solace they impart in miseries, are unlike those in any other relation. Perhaps causes of this are their calmness, their comparative freedom from eagerness—things that reader communion among those who feel them, whether often or seldom together, whether dwelling near or remote, so practicable and even."

WALTER LECKY.

Free Trip to Chicago.

Separate W-O-R-L-D-F-A-I-R-I-T and use the letters to spell as many words as you can by using the letter, as many times as you wish, either backwards or forwards, but not use the same letter in making any one word more times than it appears in "World's Fair." It is said seventy-five small English words can be spelled correctly from the ten letters contained in "World's Fair." Example:—Wad, wall, war, id i etc. If you are good at word-making you can secure a FREE trip to the World's Fair and return, as The Scott Seed Company will pay all expenses, including R.R. fare, hotel bills, admisions to the Columbian Exposition, and \$50.00 in cash for incidental expenses, to the first person able to make seventy-five words from the letters contained in "World's Fair," as above. They will also give a FREE TRIP to the World's Fair and return (with out cash for incidental expenses) to the first person sending fifty-five words.

To the first person sending fifty words will be given \$50.00 in cash toward paying expenses to the World's Fair; to the first sending forty words will be given \$25.00 in cash toward paying expenses to the World's Fair, to each of the first five persons sending thirty five words will be given \$10.00 in cash, and to each of the first ten sending thirty words will be given \$5.00 in cash.

Only one prize will be awarded to the same person. Write your name on list of words (numbered) and enclose the same post-paid with ten three-cent stamps (or a large package of our Choice English Cottage Garden Flower Seeds).

This combination includes the latest and most popular English flowers of endless varieties (same as will be contained in the elaborate exhibit of English flowers at the World's Fair). This "World's Fair" Contest will be carefully and conscientiously conducted solely for the purpose of introducing our business. You will receive the BIGGEST value in flower seeds ever offered, and if you are able to make a good list of words and answer promptly you will have a first-class opportunity to secure a free trip from your home to Chicago and return.

We are spending a large amount of money to start our trade this season, and want your trial order. You will be more than gratified with the result. Send to-day, and address THE SCOTT SEED COMPANY, Toronto, Canada.

GOVERNESS: When I was your age I could answer any question in geography. Ebel: But you forget that you had a different governess.

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ROOT AND BRANCH, the poison in your blood, however it may be ve come or whatever shape it may be taking, is cleared away by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a remedy that rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and invigorates the whole system. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, and the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

Unlike the ordinary Spring medicines or "miraculous" cures, the "Discovery" works equally well at all seasons of the year round and in all cases, it is guaranteed, as no other medicine is. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. You pay only for the good you get.

Isn't it safe to say that no other blood-purifier can be "just as good?"

If it were, wouldn't it be sold so?

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

AN ORANGE HOLY WAR.

A RECENT PARALLEL FOUND TO THE PRESENT "CRISIS"

William O'Brien Delves Into Ulster's History—The Orange Uprising in the Winter of 1883—The Bluff and Bluster of the Loyalists—The result of the Agitations—The Lessons to be Learned.

Under the head of "A Recent Orange Holy War," Mr. William O'Brien has this article in the London Speaker:

It is useful to recall the warlike gascade of the Orange parsons while the Irish church was in progress of being disestablished; but it surprises me that nobody has yet thought of a much more recent and more striking instance of the Ancient Pistol like ferocity with which the Ulster Orangemen bid defiance to even the most moderate reforms, and the docility with which they afterwards accepted them. I allude to the Orange uprising of the winter of 1883, with the openly-avowed programme of preventing—by bloodshed if necessary—the Nationalists from holding a meeting within the province of Ulster. We held only three Ulster constituencies under the narrow franchise that then prevailed. The prospects of the household suffrage bill of 1884 opened up a chance of giving the Ulster Nationalists a representation proportioned to their numbers. During the winter of 1883 a serious of meetings was organized with the view of arousing the Nationalists of the North to the constitutional strength the approaching reform of the franchise must give them. Thereupon the Orangemen of "the imperial province" uprose with far more ferocity than they have displayed in the present crisis, and the Ulster borders were a royal preserve, within which no Nationalist member of Parliament must set his foot on pain of death—and that if the executive did not suppress the Nationalist meetings, the "sons of William" would do it themselves with their revolvers and in warlike array. To make the comparison with the present emergency the closer, the leader of the Tory party of the day (Sir Stafford Northcote), like the leader of the Tory party of to-day, made an expedition to Belfast to harangue excited multitudes in orange scarves, and to implore them not to

NAIL THE NATIONALISTS' EARS

to the pump. The position taken up by the "Loyalists" was one of outrageous arrogance and illegality. It amounted to a crude and brutal claim that the province was theirs; and that the Nationalist member of Parliament, no matter how constitutionally warranted, who dared to pollute its soil with a Nationalist public meeting, would be sent home in a condition that would "make work for the cornoor." "We have made up our minds," Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P. coolly declared at Derry (Dec. 18, 1883), "that, if the government fail to prevent Mr. Paruell & Co. making inroads into Ulster . . . if they do not prevent those hordes of ruffians from invading us, we will take the law into our own hands, and we ourselves will." The constitution gave "those hordes of ruffians" a majority at the polls in Derry a few months afterwards, and Lord Claud Hamilton took the law into his own hands in no more distressful shape than by retiring from public life from that day to this. But the war upon the Nationalist meeting proceeded. We, who had to attend them, were on each occasion threatened with the loss of our lives, and large assemblies of revolver men, hired by the day, were collected to make good the threats. In vain the lord-lieutenant of the day (Earl Spencer) mildly represented that the Nationalist meeting were legal. "Military and police," Lord Ennis-killen indignantly declared in an address of the Grand Orange lodge to the Loyalists of the British empire, "were marched from many parts to watch over a Parnellite parade, and save those who invaded Ulster with hearts of rebels from the fate that rebels may expect when brought face to face with indignant Loyalists." Colonel (he was then major) Saunderson consoled himself for the disgraceful fact that the Nationalists had

RECEIVED POLICE PROTECTION

by smacking his lips over the reflection that "had it not been for the protection

thus afforded I venture to say that their return across the borders of Ulster would have been very different from their entry (loud cheers)." The Loyalists' ingenious way of keeping the peace on those occasions was to summon an Orange counter demonstration for the same day and the same spot for which a Nationalist meeting was arranged; then to issue blood-thirsty proclamations, hire special trains, and collect their dependents and the rowdies of the province on the spot with revolvers. "Orangemen, let the rebels of the murderous Land League hear the roll of your drums to the tune of the 'Protestant Boys' . . . and compel the rebel conspirators to return to their haunts in the South and West under a guard of military and police." "Think of those who lie in their bloody shrouds at Smithfield, Aghrim and the Boyne. . . Your resolution to hold a counter meeting at Rosslea has been printed in the London Times, and is gone all over the world. The eyes of the world are upon you. To fail will be disgrace and everlasting shame." "As in Derry of yore, the call of duty has to be obeyed, and the ramparts have to be manned in self-defence on whatever day the enemy shows." "Bring your sweethearts (revolvers) and plenty of stuff." "Monaghan is ready, with lots of material wanted." These were the commonplaces of the proclamations in which the loyalists were exhorted to put down with revolver shots the right of public meeting in their sacred province. The lord-lieutenant was driven to proclaim the murderous counter-demonstrations; but Orange insolence grew only the more loud and menacing. Their courage, their principal organ, the Daily Express, declared, was not to be put down by "the whiff and wind of a viceregal letter." The viceregal proclamation notwithstanding, "the courage and fidelity of the Derry apprentices were not to be shaken by any exercise of arbitrary authority," and those excellent persons fired

THREE REVOLVER SHOTS

at the lord mayor of Dublin, who was guilty of the inconceivable crime of proposing to deliver a lecture on the franchise in their city. "Must we wait until blood has been shed and civil war has broken out before an end is made to meetings which stir the blood of Ulstermen?" Lord Rossmore wrote to the Times, October, 1883. That worthy nobleman headed a body of men armed with revolvers, who proposed to break through the police, to "carry the rebel meeting at a run in spite of the presence of the military and police." He was dismissed from the commission of the peace for his misconduct, and the southern landlords and grand jurors whom Lord Spencer's administration had saved from destruction, proceeded to express their gratitude by denouncing him for his rebuke to Lord Rossmore, and, in published round robins, adopting and applauding that ridiculous young nobleman's rowdyism. It was, of course, impossible that so many swaggering incitements to disorder could have been uttered by hundreds of magistrates, landlords and bellicose persons without exciting ignorant minds to the point of outrage and bloodshed. An aged nun was frightened to death by a stone-throwing Orange mob returning from one of Sir Stafford Northcote's harangues in Belfast. An unfortunate Nationalist named Maguire was kicked to death near Cootehill by a crew of armed miscreants. An Orange mill band, named Giffen, who was paid to attend a counter demonstration in Dromore, was run through with a bayonet when taking part in a determined attempt to provoke a riot. "The men may have misbehaved," said the Daily Express, in inveighing against "the murder" of Giffen, "they may have deserved what they got, but it is very painful to the feelings of all people to find the Queen's troops

CHARGING AND CUTTING DOWN

even rioters who are urged on to riot by loyalty." The criminal responsibility of the aristocratic leaders for this unfortunate lad's death is sufficiently clear from a speech shortly after made by Colonel Schwabe, who commanded the Hussars on the occasion, and who said: "The meetings were about half a mile apart, and we had little difficulty in keeping order, till Lord Claud Hamilton told the Loyalists that being loyal men they must respect the law, but as the government did not put down the rebels that it was their duty to do so, but, he said, by legal means (laughter). It is very much like the story—'There is a

duck pond, but for God's sake don't duck him in it' (laughter). Anyone might have foretold what that would lead to." Nevertheless because the public authorities interfered to prevent Lord C. Hamilton's hint from being put into action, a distinguished Ulster statesman (who is now Mr. Justice Holmes) declared in a public speech that Earl Spencer had "the guilt of the blood of Giffen on his head." But the important point in considering the significance of the present hurricane of blatherskite which is sweeping over Ulster, is that the once vigorous exercise of authority at the Dromore meeting put an end to all the valorous arrangements of Lord Claud Hamilton and his friends "taking the law into their own hands," "driving the invaders south of the Boyne," and "making work for the coroner upon their bodies." The household suffrage act passed peacefully the next year. The general election came the year after. The "invaders" not only declined to retreat south of the Boyne, but, without firing a shot or producing a single riot, took possession of

A MAJORITY OF THE SEATS

in "the Imperial Province." West Belfast was won, so was Derry city, so were South Derry, South Tyrone, East Tyrone, Mid Tyrone, the four divisions of Donegal, the two divisions of Fermanagh, Monaghan and Cavan, and the southern divisions of Arniagh and Down; and all the maledictions of the warrior grand masters notwithstanding, nobody was a penny the worse. That astounding revolution in the representation of Ulster was accomplished without a life being lost, or even a street riot provoked—in a province where a few months previously the men who are now vowing to take the field in arms against home rule were then vowing, just as valorously and in as extravagant adjectives, to repeat the Boyne and Aghrim rather than permit so much as a peaceful Nationalist franchise meeting within the borders of the province. The Mr. Chamberlain of 1884 denounced the spirit displayed by the Orange grand masters as one of "unreasonable ferocity." In the present holy war he will probably outdo the Rev. R. R. Kane in Ulsteria. Lord Salisbury, also, is a much more successful inflammatory orator than the late Sir Stafford Northcote. It is highly likely that Nationalists of a more robust constitution than an infirm old man will receive evidence of his lordship's efficiency as a rabble rouser. There are always crack-brained young Giffens at hand to translate the flouts and jibes of their noble patrons into paving stones. I am afraid it would be unsafe to calculate that the present

BETTER ORGANIZED APPEALS

to all that is most combustible and least intelligent in Orangedom will evaporate as harmlessly as the proclamations and counter demonstrations of poor Giffen's comrades and paymasters in 1883-84. I have judged it useful, however, to refresh public memory as to this recent page of Ulster history, if it were only to remind simple Britons that precisely the same sort of speeches, vows and threats which are being bawled out from the Ulster lodges to-day, in view of an Irish Parliament, were indulged in ten years ago in response to an enlargement of the franchise and the modest claims of Nationalists to hold a peaceful public meeting within the province of which they form half the population. The moral is that Ulsteria breaks out just as irrationally against the smallest reforms as against the greatest, and that the revolt against an Irish Parliament will die away as surely as the revolt against the Nationalist right of public meeting, the moment it becomes evident that the British elector has made up his mind that the Orangemen's fears are whimsical, and their menaces of civil war—fudge!—*Boston Republic.*

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The advertising of Hood's Sarsaparilla appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people, because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation. They tell the story—**HOOD'S CURES.**

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RAISED TO THE ALTARS.

BEATIFICATION OF THE BLESSED LEOPOLD DE LA GAICHE.

A Sketch of His Life—Different Stages in the Important Movement taken by the Church.

On Sunday, the 19th ult., in the Sala della Loggia, at the Vatican, took place the third beatification of the year, that of the Blessed Leopold de la Gaiche, a native of Perugia, and priest of the Order of Reformed Minors of St. Francis. John Leopold was born on the 3rd of November, 1782, at Gaiche, a small village in the diocese of Perugia. His parents were simple and honest country folk, whose sole ambition was to bring up their offspring in the love and fear of God. While quite a child, Leopold used to pass hours in the church listening to sermons and assisting at all the ceremonies with such evident joy that many a prediction was made by the villagers of a remarkable future in the service of God for the earnest-looking little boy. When he was eighteen years of age he joined the Franciscans and was given the name of Leopold. During his novitiate, and for five years following it, the young religious studied with ardor and gave high proofs of virtue and piety. He was then ordained and almost immediately afterward was named Professor of Theology. Some years later on he was sent out to preach the gospel. He visited all the villages and towns of Umbria, converting by the force of his touching eloquence and example many a hardened sinner, and it is recorded in his Beatification Brief that, in order to preach by example also he frequently walked before the people of a town or village crowned with thorns and carrying a heavy cross. Again, he would take a cord and at the termination of a sermon cruelly scourge his body so that he might imitate his crucified Master and move his listeners to sincere repentance. His renown became so great that crowds followed him from place to place to listen to his inspired words. Like his Master also many persecuted the holy man and sought to injure him. "For many bore false witness against him, and their evidences were not agreeing." Later on he was named Provincial of his Order and founded a retreat near Spoleto. Here he was again persecuted, and even suffered violence and exile at the hands of those who attacked religion in every shape and form. But he was permitted to return to his dear retreat at Mont Luco, Spoleto, with some of his companions, thanks to the benevolence of Pope Pius VII. There he was shortly afterwards seized with a mortal illness, and he died on the 4th of April, 1815. The process of his beatification was introduced in the Ecclesiastical Court of Rome on the 3rd of August, 1825. The heroicities of his virtues was proclaimed on the 13th of February, 1855; The authenticity of miracles attributed to the saint was ratified by Leo XIII. on the 8th of September, 1822. The Sala della Loggia was beautifully decorated with banners painted by Ludovic Grilloti, representing two miraculous cures wrought by Blessed Leopold de la Gaiche upon persons still living. One, Angela di Re, cured instantaneously of a cancer, on the 4th of January, 1874, lives at Genzano; the second is a widow named Scipioni, resident at Rome, who assisted at the Beatification on Sunday with her daughters; she was miraculously cured of a naturally incurable malady, through the intercession of the saint. The crowd was so great that it was found necessary to close the doors long before the hour announced for the ceremony. The Holy Father was, as usual, most enthusiastically received.

The following further beatifications will take place during the Jubilee year: That of the Venerable Baldinucci, of the Company of Jesus, on the 16th of April; that of the five East Indian Jesuit martyrs on the 30th of April; and that of the five Dominican martyrs of Japan on the 14th of May.—*N.Y. Catholic Review.*

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

Gentlemen,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to feel a perfect cure in my case. **BEAT J. R. & D. WILKINSON, Ont.**

ST. ANN'S Y. M. S.

A Grand Dinner—The Toasts of the Evening—An Event to be Long Remembered.

Last Wednesday evening the members of the dramatic and choral sections of St. Ann's Young Men's Society were tendered a dinner by the Director, Rev. Father Strubbe. Shortly after eight o'clock the welcome sound of the bell was heard, and about sixty young men responded to its summons. The dinner was held in the concert hall, which, for the time being, had been transformed into a banquetting-room. Its walls were adorned with streamers of white and green; the stage was decorated with the Dominion, Irish and Papal flags, and a myriad of colored lights shed their glow over the flowers adorning the horse-shoe-shaped table; but the decorations, the table, yes, even the dinner itself, were forgotten for a moment when the eyes of the guests rested upon the smiling face of the genial host as he welcomed the young men to the festive board. In a few minutes the practical business of the evening had begun, and the musical clatter of knives and forks, the hum of voices intermingled with merry jests, evidenced the fact that all were enjoying the good things before them.

The inner man having been attended to, and his exorbitant demands fully satisfied, toasts become the order of the evening, and as toasts require something in the line of fluids, the ginger-ale stronghold was assaulted and carried. Rev. Father Strubbe, in a characteristic speech proposed the toast of "The Society," which was responded to by the popular one that of "Our Director" which was met with such applause that the dishes fairly rattled on the table. The Rev. Father, in replying, congratulated the young men upon the many successes they had achieved, and predicted that the fraternal bond of union existing between them would enable them to continue in the path they were now following, and maintain their place in the estimation of their fellow-countrymen and that of the city at large.

The health of the Rev. Bro. Arnold was now proposed, and the cheer that greeted the mention of his name was ample proof that he held the right place in the hearts of his former pupils. The Rev. Brother replied in a happy manner, and in the course of his remarks dwelt upon the generosity and goodness of the absent Father Catulle, who, by his acts, had proved himself a true friend of the Irish. Then followed the toast of "The Chairman of the Dramatic and Choral Sections" which were responded to respectively by Mr. J. J. Gethings and Mr. P. Shea.

A number of speeches followed and through all of them were words highly eulogistic of the Rev. Father Strubbe, whose unremitting energy and never-ceasing efforts have brought the society to its present position, and who has earned, and holds, the love, esteem and gratitude, not only of the members themselves, but also of their fathers, mothers and sisters who point with pride to the 350 young men who constitute the St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Songs by Messrs. W. Murphy and G. P. Holland brought to a close an evening that shall be long remembered by those present, and which, if such a thing were possible, should bind together in bonds of closer friendship those who have so cheerfully worked for the good of a society, that is a credit to themselves, to the parish of St. Anne, and to the city.

Mount St. Patrick's Fund.

In giving the list of subscribers, from Mount St. Patrick, Ontario, to the Home Rule Fund, the name of Mr. David O'Hanly was inadvertently omitted from the list. His subscription of one dollar brought the whole amount up to seventy-two dollars. We may add that this generous contribution from a small country district is a credit to the Irish Catholics of Mount St. Patrick, and to their good parish priest, who was instrumental, we doubt not, in starting the fund. Mount St. Patrick has a history of its own, and three of the characteristics of its people have ever been, strong faith, honest patriotism and great generosity.

THE RED RIVER.

The red river of life is the blood, like other rivers it sometimes becomes impure, but unlike other rivers it only needs Burdock Blood Bitters to perfectly purify it and remove all its disorders from a common pimples to the worst scrofulous sore.

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR CONCERT.

An Artistic Triumph.

Last Thursday evening the St. Patrick's choir, assisted by several leading amateurs, held their annual concert at the Windsor Hall. We regret exceedingly that the same spirit of enthusiasm which actuated the indefatigable and talented musical director, Prof. J. A. Fowler, and his choir, during the past months, while engaged in preparation for the event, did not also enter the hearts of the parishioners and urge them to embrace the splendid opportunity of uniting, not alone for "sweet charity's sake," but also to discharge a solemn and sacred duty devolving upon them to place their church, the grand old sanctuary of the Irish Catholics of Montreal and its surrounding auxiliaries, in a proud position of financial freedom. Precisely at the appointed hour the curtain was drawn aside and revealed a scene of beauty on the stage which has seldom been equalled, but certainly never surpassed. The seats used by the Philharmonic Society were brought into service and arranged in tiers on the stage in the form of a semi-circle. The first row was occupied by the representatives of the rising generation of choristers and the next rows by the ladies and gentlemen to the number of over 150. The contrast between the beautiful white costumes of the ladies and the orthodox evening dress of the gentlemen, the grouping of the members of the orchestra, which numbered about 30, the artistic arrangements of plants and flowers on the front part of the stage, made indeed a beautiful spectacle and well calculated to impress the spectator with the conviction that a rich treat was in store for him. From the opening number, "The Overture," by Gruenwald's orchestra, until the close of the programme, the whole performance was of such a high character of artistic merit as to deserve pre-eminently the place of distinction, not alone among the past efforts of St. Patrick's Church choir, but in the midst of kindred organizations in this city.

The programme, which was as follows, was a tribute of praise to the composers past and present:—

PART FIRST.

- 1—Overture—"Mardi Gras".....Gruenwald
The Orchestra.
- 2—Chorus—"We are brave Matadors,"....
(La Ravinta).....Verdi
The Choir.
- 3—Song—"Kathleen Mavourneen," .. Crouch
Mr. J. J. Rowan with orchestral
accompaniment.
- 4—"Gratias Agimus,".....
From Prof. Fowler's Mass.
Miss M. Drumm, Miss M. McAnally,
Miss A. M. Sharpe.
Messrs J. de N. Leprohon, R. Bissonnette,
and H. M. Bolger.
- 5—Chorus—"A Kiss of the Tear and the
Smile".....Moore
"Oh Where Glory Waits"
The Choir.....Moore
- 6—Trio—"Fountain of Love Eternal".....
Campana
Miss M. Jensen, Miss L. Wray,
Mr. H. P. Bruyere.
- 7—Chorus (Polonaise)—"The Life of the
Caesar,".....Glinka
The Choir.

The Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., who received an enthusiastic ovation on coming forward, said that he had not come to deliver a lecture, but merely to assist Prof. Fowler in his endeavor to raise the standard of musical culture, and as education was the twin sister of that art, he would give them that beautiful recitation, "The Painter of Seville," a poem based upon the story of Sebastian the slave-Murillo's pupil, who eventually became one of the great masters. The recitation was a real treat; it gave evidence of the Rev. Father's wonderful elocutionary powers, and was considered one of the best items in a splendid programme.

PART SECOND.

- 8—Selections from the Opera "Cavalleria
Rusticana,".....Mascagni
a. "Introduction,".....The Orchestra
b. "Sielliana," tenor solo.....
Mr. H. P. Bruyere
c. "Brindisi," tenor solo and chorus ..
Mr. J. M. Hainault and choir.
- 9—Piano Duet—Overture to the opera
"Stradella,".....Flotow
Miss J. Bissonnette, Miss J. Brennan.
- 10—Soprano Solo and Chorus—"Ye Maidens
Haste,".....Meyerbeer
Miss N. McAndrew and the Ladies Choir.
- 11—Part Song—"Sweet and Low,".....Barnby
Messrs. E. A. Hewitt, W. P. Clancy, W. J.
McCaffrey, F. J. Greene, J. Fenfold,
W. E. Finn, J. Murray,
W. J. Crowe.
- 12—Chorus—"Glory and Love," (Faust)
The Choir.
Gounod
God Save Our Native Land,

A feature of the programme was the predominance of chorus numbers which were rendered with skill and intelligence, particularly so with the "We are brave Matadors" and "Glory and Love."

The selections from Mascagni's new opera, so beautifully given, evincing on the part of soloists and chorus much painstaking work. Another happy and much appreciated

number was the "Gratias Agimus," a sextette from Prof. Fowler's Mass, which had the additional charms since its last rendition of the soprano and alto parts being interpreted by ladies. The soloists all acquitted themselves with distinction, commencing with the patriotic and sweet tenor, Mr. John Rowan who rendered the good old song "Kathleen Mavourneen" with that spirit and taste of an artist, and continuing throughout until near the close, when Miss McAndrew essayed the leading part for her sisters in the chorus in that charming and vivacious conception, "Ye maidens haste," which was indeed the little gem of the evening.

Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, the conductor, is entitled to a share in the honor of the success of the evening, because he gave manifestation of a degree of knowledge regarding the direction of such a huge chorus, which places him in the front rank of amateurs in the city.

Prof. J. A. Fowler, who is the guiding spirit of the choir upon whom devolved the serious and important task of arranging the programme and directing the rehearsals each week, is to be congratulated upon the magnificent triumph achieved by the choir over which he presides. Whatever may be the result of the event financially there is but one opinion regarding the performance itself, that it was an artistic triumph for Prof. Fowler and his choir.

On Tuesday evening Prof. Fowler gave an "At Home" at his residence, Phillip's Place, to the choristers past and present, as well as the ladies who so generously assisted at the concert.

The affair was a brilliant success, songs and choruses were given with zest, and Prof. Fowler was in the midst of the large gathering doing the honors with that grace and courtesy which has won for him the warm place he occupies in the hearts of his choristers.

In the midst of the merriment Miss Florence Leprohon, whose beautiful voice has been heard at St. Patrick's during the services in the month of May last, received a pleasant surprise at the hands of the lady choristers associated with her, in the shape of a handsome ring, accompanied by an address expressive of their good wishes for her future happiness and prosperity. Miss Leprohon, who is to be married next month, is the daughter of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. Leprohon, and also of the late Mrs. Leprohon, who, during her lifetime, wielded such a facile and powerful pen in the cause of our religion and nationality.

Among those who were present were—Mrs. Robt. Warren, Mrs. G. A. Carpenter, Mrs. P. F. McCaffrey, Mrs. W. J. McCaffrey, Mrs. W. J. O'Hara, Mrs. M. M. Cloran, Mrs. T. C. O'Brien, Mrs. D. Tansey Jr., Mrs. Neher, Mrs. M. J. Feron, Mrs. L. Charlebois, Mrs. J. M. Callaghan, Mrs. E. Hewitt, Mrs. A. P. McGuirk, Mrs. B. J. Tansey, Mrs. J. Johnson, Mrs. A. Puyette; Misses J. Brennan, K. Mansfield, R. Coady, N. Maloney, A. Menzies, M. A. Bellisle, L. Reynolds, E. Callahan, J. I. Bissonnette, M. Jensen, K. Burns, F. May, G. Stephen, O. Byrne, K. Fox, N. McAndrew, M. McAnally, K. Warren, S. Warren, K. Neville, F. McAndrew, M. Drumm, A. M. Sharpe, M. Dwyer, G. Dwyer, L. Wray, M. Sexton, N. Carroll, A. Carroll, A. Flynn, K. Maloney, F. Leprohon, G. Leprohon, K. Durack, Messrs. A. G. Grant, T. C. O'Brien, P. F. McCaffrey, J. J. Rowan, E. A. Hewitt, F. J. Greene, W. P. Clancy, J. T. Kidd, J. M. Hainault, D. Kelly, H. P. Bruyere, P. W. Fogarty, T. J. Mooney, J. H. Ryan, D. L. McAndrew, S. Larue, L. Ratto, J. A. McCann, K. Warren, M. Neher, W. J. Crowe, R. Bissonnette, W. P. Hammit, R. Hammit, H. M. Bolger, J. Murray, M. J. Tansey, Ed. Quinn, J. Cusack, C. Smith, W. E. Finn, E. Whelan, D. J. Cotter, R. V. Warren, J. Johnson, J. M. Gorman, C. A. McDonnell, D. Tansey, L. Charlebois, F. Feron, M. J. Feron, B. J. Tansey, J. Carmody, E. McCaffrey, D. J. Stephen, J. P. Hammit, G. A. Carpenter, W. J. McCaffrey, J. Pentold, J. E. Rowan, R. J. Conway, C. Pognem, O. Brennan, J. de N. Leprohon, W. P. Kearney, F. Doyle, J. P. Curran, W. J. O'Hara, John Callaghan, M. M. Cloran, Prof. A. P. McGuirk, organist of St. Anthony's, and Prof. Shea, organist of St. Ann's.

Some time ago we found a very amusing specimen of printers' technical terms in that interesting and instructive college publication, the Notre Dame Scholastic, and we reproduce it for the edifica-

tion of those amongst our readers who have an idea of the expressions used in a printing house:

"William, put General Washington in the galley, and then finish the margin you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Heronlanum, and distribute the small-pox; you need not finish that runaway match, but have the high water in the paper this week. Put a new head to General Grant, and lock up Jeff Davis; slide that old dead matter into hell, and let that pie alone until after dinner. You can put the Ladies' Fair to press, and then go to the devil and put him to work on Deacon Foggy's article on 'Eternal Punishment.'"

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THE SECOND READING.

DEBATE RESUMED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ulster's Latest Break—Balfour and Churchill—Davitt Attacked by Lord Cranbourne—A Strange Apology.

The debate on the second reading of the Home Rule bill began in real earnest the first of the week. All plans for the battle have been mapped out in advance. The Opposition intends to expend all its energies to keep the debate running the whole week and throw the second reading over to Thursday, the 20th, or even to Friday, the 21st. The Government will resist this as vigorously as it can, and strive to secure a reading by Friday next. The Opposition has arranged a terrifyingly long string of orators, big and little, to follow one another in order to kill time. The Government is doing its best to persuade its followers not to talk at all, inasmuch as the sole point at issue is whether the minority later in the session shall have a few days, more or less, in which to deal with other legislation. This impending struggle cannot but seem to sensible observers a wanton and rather a silly waste of time and ammunition. It has, however, one aspect which deserves a harsher epithet. The entire question whether the Government or the Opposition shall win next Friday rests in the hands of the speaker. His decision, whether there has been sufficient debate or not, is final and not to be questioned. The Opposition are at no pains to conceal their reliance on him to

PLAY THE PARTISAN

in their interest. Gladstonians try somewhat feebly to profess a confidence that he is capable of taking a non-partisan view and defeating his own party's plans for the sake of his position in the eyes of posterity.

The foregoing is from a special letter to the Republic dated London, April 12, 1893. Last week we referred to the grand speech by Gladstone, and gave a sketch of the addresses delivered by Messrs Chamberlain, McCarthy and Redmond. Resuming the thread of the debate we find that Sir George Trevelyan, secretary for Scotland, made an elaborate defence of the bill. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Chamberlain, he said, had admitted that, had the bill contained a guarantee of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, they would have accepted it. But all guarantees formerly asked by the Opposition had been conceded. Sir George taunted Mr. Chamberlain with inconsistency, and charged the Conservatives with practising now all the arts of obstruction which they had found so obnoxious when used by the Nationalists. He denounced the Ulster programme. The leading Conservative statesman, he said, were indulging a prospective justification of civil war in Ireland. Such intemperate speeches as were made daily with the approval of the Opposition leaders could not fail to produce violent displays of fanaticism. Every year that passed before the settlement of the question was a year lost in a vain attempt to avert the measure, which would surely be passed under one Government or another.

Ashmead Bartlett, Conservative, denied that the general election was contested on the Home Rule issue, and prophesied that the bill would be rejected.

In the House on Tuesday Ashmead Bartlett, Conservative, made a speech against the Home Rule bill.

Michael Davitt made a forcible speech in favor of the measure. He said the bill would be accepted by 13,000,000 of the Irish race as a pact of peace to be honorably observed. He had changed his opinion since 1889, and now strongly supported the retention of

THE IRISH MEMBERS

in the Imperial Parliament. The bill was a compromise, and not the result of a revolution, and, therefore, the friends of peace in Ireland and England took it as containing all the conditions of lasting union.

The Irish, Mr. Davitt continued, did not wish Home Rule to cost the British Parliament a single penny, and they would not shirk their fair share of imperial expenditures. In regard to the landlord and the propertied classes, surely the Nationalists, who were desirous of making Ireland prosperous under self-

government, could be trusted not to perpetuate an injustice upon any class whose ruin would involve the ruin of the country.

Mr. Davitt added that he had little love for the Irish landlords, but he was certain that the Nationalists would weigh carefully every measure affecting the land.

CALLED DAVITT A MURDERER

London, April 14—In the House of Commons to-day upon the resumption of the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule bill the Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman, secretary of state for war, replied to statements that had been made by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman said that the duty of preserving national order in Ireland under a home rule administration would rest upon the Irish executive. If the civil force should at any time prove inadequate requisition could be made upon the military to preserve order at the discretion of the viceroy.

Here interrupted Mr. Balfour asked: "Would the viceroy be under the orders of the Irish Government in giving the troops?"

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman replied: "The viceroy would act under the advice of the Irish Government, but he would be entitled to exercise his discretion as to whether the application for troops was frivolous or unreasonable."

Mr. Gladstone intimated a desire to close the debate on the second reading of the bill on Tuesday next.

Mr. Balfour protested against such an early termination of the discussion, and suggested Friday next as a reasonable date for closing the debate.

Home Secretary Asquith delivered an earnest address on behalf of the bill, which was listened to with considerable interest.

While Mr. Asquith was commenting upon the conversion to constitutional home rule of Michael Davitt, "once a conspirator and rebel," a dozen or more Irish members, suddenly rising, called the Speaker's attention to an epithet used by Lord Cranbourne. Daniel Gilly, who was allowed to speak for his colleagues, in passionate tones charged Lord Cranbourne with calling Michael Davitt a murderer. Amidst cries of "withdraw," "apologize," etc., the Speaker rose and called for order. If the expression was used, he said, it must be withdrawn by the gentleman who used it.

Lord Cranbourne thereupon made an old apology: "I said nothing," he said, "but what was true. I quite admit that the expression escaped me but it was not intended for the ear of the House."

Mr. Asquith, continuing, evoked an outburst of Irish cheers by remarking that the incident that had just occurred showed how scanty was the knowledge of Irish history and Irish leaders possessed by some members of the Opposition.

AN ABLE LECTURE

Before the Mount St. Louis Literary Union.

On Sunday evening last Professor McKay lectured before the Mount St. Louis Literary Union. After a brief introduction by the President, Mr. Ohas. Hart, the lecturer announced his subject:—"The age in which we live." The lecture, though of a serious nature absorbed the whole attention of the students, who listened with the greatest interest. Such an able essay on contemporaneous history could not fail to leave a most favorable impression on the minds of young men so susceptible of fine influences. At the close, Mr. Rignold O'Neill proposed a vote of thanks to the learned gentleman for his eloquent, interesting and instructive lecture, which was heartily responded to by the audience. Mr. McKay responded in a most feeling manner. We give below a synopsis of the lecture, which speaks for itself.

In dealing with the subject the lecturer took a fulcrum whereon the lever of his theme rested: that fulcrum was "thought." He proceeded to point out how, from a thought, everything that has appeared to astonish the world, whether in the realm of science or not, arose. He followed the march of invention and the progressive development of the outcome of thoughts. The wonder-

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

ful machinery of this age,—the extraordinary improvements in the modes of communication between country and country,—the astounding rapidity with which ideas are conveyed from immense distances,—the wonderful discoveries in geology, astronomy, mechanics, and in all the applied sciences and arts,—all these he pointed out as the outcome of human thought. Then, to draw practical lessons from all he had said, he showed how the development of thought was the duty of teachers. He illustrated his meaning by instancing the magnificent institution in which he spoke. It was a thought, well conceived and properly applied, that gave rise to the splendid structure of the college, which, in its turn, became the workshop in which noble thoughts were to be fabricated, and from which must spring great and beneficial results. The lecture lasted over an hour and was a most learned treatise upon a subject at once deep and practical. The publication of such a lecture could not fail to be productive of immense good. The effort was highly appreciated, as it so well deserved.

FOUR PER CENT LAGER,

Or Joe Tompkins' Temperance Spree.

(Written for the TRUE WITNESS by a particular friend of the paper.)

Joe Tompkins was a sober man
As you would wish to find,
He never drank intoxicants,
They were not to his mind,
Of brandy, whiskey, gin and wine
He had a wholesome dread,
And beer and porter he eschewed
For fear they'd reach his head.

His path through life was strictly straight,
Till in a moment dark,
A friend said unto him, "let's go
"And visit Schmeer Park."
It was on Sunday afternoon,
And Joe agreed to go,
"Not being," as he said, "against
"A strictly moral show."

They reached the park, the day was warm,
Soon Joe became quite dry,
And went in company with his friend
A temperance drink to buy,
A gorgeous placard caught his eye,
It read in letters pink:
"Cool lager beer for five cents here,
"The latest temperance drink."

Quoth Tompkins, "let us try it,"
And his friend did not say nay,
But to get a glass and smacked his lips
(He drank it every day,
Joe Tompkins thought it tasted good,
Then thought he'd have some more,
He felt more lively than he'd done
In all his life before.

He took another glass or two,
His spirits rose on high,
He stood upon his head to see
If he could kick the sky;
His friend tried hard to lead him home,
Quoth Joe, "go way, you're drunk,
"I'm shamed of you, hic, there's a tree,
"Go'n lean against the trunk."

His friend retired, and Joe alone,
His zig-zag footsteps bent
In search of fun and frolic,
To the "shooting gallery" tent,
He'd always been "a daisy shot,"
He told them there with glee,
And nearly shot the keeper of
The shooting gallery.

He next essayed the masher's part,
And winked at all the girls,
He told them they were dainties, and
He much admired their curls;
He kissed the girl who sold him fruit,
He shouted "Whoop, hooray,"
He stood a water on his head
And beat him with his tray.

He chased the newsboys round the park,
He wanted them to know
He was something of a sprinter,
As he would quickly show,
Four guardians of the peace appeared,
They quickly pulled Joe in,
He said he'd take them one by one
And roof each one with tin.

A night within the cells he spent,
Next day with spirit sore,
The Recorder he interviewed,
Who did his case deplore,
Says Joe "it was a temperance drink,
"Your honor ought to know,
"I was not drunk, I couldn't be,
"You'll surely let me go."

"With causes I do not deal here,"
His honor gravely says:
"Effects are quite enough for me;
"One dollar or eight days,"
Joe paid the dollar and went home
A sadder, wiser man;
But temperance lager after this
With doubtful eyes he'll scan.

Presentation.

Mr. John McNally, book-keeper for Messrs. Thomas May & Co., importers, who, after twenty years of service, terminated his connection with the firm, was the recipient on Wednesday evening of a very handsome cabinet of cutlery and a beautiful diamond ring, presented him by his colleagues as a mark of esteem; also a cheque for a considerable amount from the firm, as a mark of appreciation of the manner in which he had performed his duties. Mr. McNally, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the donors, and regretted having to sever his long and pleasurable connection with his fellow-employees and the firm.

IRISH NEWS.

A new set of Stations of the Cross has been hung in the church at Carrigaline.

The Very Rev. John Canon Monahan, D.D., V.G. of Banagher and Cloghan, has been appointed Dean of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.

R. Morrissey, Nationalist, and Alderman Redmond, Redmonite, have been chosen to the Town Ward, Division of the Waterford Board of Poor Law Guardians.

Sir Thomas Eamonde, M.P., has been informed by the Postmaster General that the Post Office authorities have agreed to his proposal for the opening of a telegraph office at Ballydavid.

At a meeting of Catholics held at Limerick on Sunday, March 18, under the presidency of Hon. Gaston Monsell, it was decided to establish a local Catholic Unionist Association.

Dr. E. J. Burke, of Dublin, who has been appointed to the Indian Medical Service, was presented with a beautifully illuminated address on March 24 by his fellow-members of the Catholic University School of Medicine.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, has sent to Mr. John Dillon, M.P., a cheque for £302 9s. for the Evicted Tenants' Fund. It came from the Very Rev. Michael McCabe, V.G., of Woonsocket, R.I., and Messrs. James Murray and James W. Smythe.

The children of the convent schools, Castlebar, presented an address of welcome to the Rev. P. Lyons, their pastor, on his return from Rome. The address was read by Miss Mary Ellen Sheridan, daughter of Mr. M. Sheridan, of the Mayo Examiner, Castlebar.

A large farmyard and threshing mill at Baldonal, Clondalkin, the property of Mr. Grierson, was completely wrecked by fire on March 20. The farm buildings and mill were almost entirely destroyed, and the other damage done was considerable. Two horses were burned.

In the elections for Poor Law Guardians in Cockatown on March 23 Mr. John Reid, a Protestant Home Ruler, who had represented one of the two divisions for the past sixteen years, was defeated through the landlords and Orange factions, each of whose candidates was returned.

The Dominican Fathers of Holy Cross Church, Sigo, are trying to raise funds to restore the old cloisters in Abbey Street, which have been for many years in a state of ruin and decay. The Dominicans once flourished in Derry Colmbuille, where was the parent house of the order.

Mr. Henry Brennan, Nationalist, has been returned as a Poor Law Guardian of the North Cliffloney division of the Sligo Union. He is the secretary of the Cliffloney branch of the Irish National Federation, and has been an active worker in the National ranks since the days of the Land League.

On Thursday evening, March 23, under the presidency of the Earl of Albemarle, the London Royal Humane Society's gold medal for distinguished gallantry was bestowed, out of five Ulster medallists, upon Thomas McDermott, a native of Derry, of the Swallow, for saving the lives of two shipmates who were attacked by a large shark off the southeast of Zanzibar on September 9.

Several meetings were held in Belfast, on March 24, to protest against the Home Rule Bill. The most important was that of the committee of the Unitarian and non-subscribing body, who met in the Central Hall. A series of resolutions were adopted calling upon the Nonconformists and Protestants of England to support the Unitarians, who had always been on the side of religious liberty, in their hostility to Home Rule, on the ground that the bill would result in placing the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the ascendancy.

A manifesto has been issued to the Royal Irish Constabulary by the "members" of the Provisional Committee who met at Belfast on March 20, calling upon them "to organize in face of the threatened danger of Home Rule, despite all disciplinary rules in the Constabulary Code to the contrary." The constables are exhorted not to allow the possibility of their being "bossed" in the future by the village ruffian and the professional agitator, but to be true to themselves, for were they not 12,000 of the best men the Empire could produce, and were they not in possession? The manifesto is not signed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Queen Elizabeth Club."

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

MR. EDITOR.—I observe occasionally in our city papers mention of a gymnastic club, called "Queen Elizabeth Club," for the benefit of females. Now, of course people are quite at liberty to call their clubs by any name they please,—but in the present instance I can't help putting to myself the question: Why give that queen's name to a gymnastic club, even female; is it to give it a more Protestant coloring or a more aristocratic touch? I know not. What relationship is there between Queen Elizabeth and gymnastics? I don't see it. I never heard or read that she was a patron of athletics, or that she was herself a gymnast. Of course I mean *au physique*, for in her moral and political career, conduct, ways and means, she was a great acrobat, a model one. It may not be out of place to have a look at her history for those concerned.

It is all very well for her admirers to talk of "good Queen Bess" or the "Virgin Queen," but if she is to be considered as a model of goodness and virginity, I must say that her admirers' conception of those two virtues is a very lax one, and makes the two articles so cheap and debased that I should be very sorry to see Elizabeth given as a model and patron to my fair friends, but especially to my young lady friends; no sensible man would for a moment wish his wife or daughter to be her imitator in the practice of those two virtues.

Facts are stubborn arguments, and historical facts cannot be glossed over by argumentation. Now let us look at historical Elizabeth, and not at the imaginary and fanciful queen painted and pictured by her admirers.

Elizabeth was the illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., by Anna Bolyn, who was herself, according to certain historians, the illegitimate daughter of that king.

Of course Elizabeth is not to be held responsible for the dishonoring circumstances of her birth, but they must go a long way to show that her vicious propensities were but the natural results of her birth, for "blood will tell" in spite of all. She was the worthy daughter of an infamous father. It reminds me of the saying, in our City Council, of the late old Alderman Homer, who to qualify the nature of a certain individual, used the following quaint expression and comparison, typical of the man: "A swine never brought forth a nightingale."

According then to the Alderman's ruling and applying the same to Elizabeth's progenitors, I may safely say and conclude that she had in her all the stuff to constitute what she had turned out to be: a prodigy of hypocrisy, selfishness, duplicity, cruelty, immorality.

Anglicans are quite welcome to glory in Elizabeth's infamous father as the founder of their sect, and in his equally famous daughter as consolidator and sacred foundress of their religious system, very properly called "Church of England as by law established," for it would be blasphemous to say "by God."

Enough for the present. Will revert to the subject at a future day with your permission.

J. A. J.

French Evangelization.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—Will you have the goodness to insert the following communication, which has been refused insertion by the editor of the Witness, for reasons obvious to the reader:

To the Editor of the Witness:

SIR,—Permit me to use a small space in your paper to notice an article appearing in your issue of yesterday entitled Montreal Presbyterian College, in the course of which you say: "He it was (Dr. MacVicar) who . . . but every year brings many of its devotees, priests as well as people, out of its (Rome's) darkness into the marvellous light of God, etc." Now, Mr. Editor, I do not believe the article in question was "cooked up" in your editorial sanctum, but emanates from the college in which is inculcated the principles of Jean Chauvin (John Calvin), Theodore de Beze, and other Swiss writers, who founded the sect called Presbyterians. Of Calvin I need not say anything; his life, as gathered from the pages of his contemporaries, make's one's cheeks tingle; it

is sufficient to quote Luther:—"He was a pig stuck in the mud." It is the followers of this creature and his set who do not hesitate to cast the foulest insults in the teeth of their neighbours, who refuse to accept their doctrine; and what is more, add falsehood to injury. Of their mode of procedure I know enough to justify the assertion that they resort to the most shameful actions in order to obtain their ends. In this connection I may refer to the Kamouraska proceedings of the emissaries of these people, which resulted in so miserable a failure. If they do succeed in entrapping some ignorant and unwary Catholic (and that in name only) it may be taken for granted the species is not worth powder and shot, for, as the amusing Dean Swift says, when the Pope weeds his garden he throws the rubbish over Protestant walls. The French people have borne a good deal in the way of insult and calumny, and considering our numerical strength the patience is commendable, but there is such a thing as limitation to the best qualities, which the followers of the Swiss blacklegs may find out to their sorrow.

JEAN B. MIRON.

An Object Lesson.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—In the *Star* of April 11 the following paragraph attracted my attention: "As this society is inter-denominational in its character, it will be a splendid object lesson to the dominant church of our province, revealing to its hierarchy and membership the spirit of unity that exists among Protestant Christians." You are aware, no doubt, of the mighty deeds that are in contemplation by a novel society bearing the title of Christian Endeavor. Like certain men of old, they have sounded the trumpet before them that the world may be prepared in advance to admire and applaud what they have done in the past, and what they intend to do in the future. During the incoming summer, they propose to invade the fair city of Montreal by thousands, consisting of delegations from the various discordant sects, who have consented, for the time-being, to leave their differences at home, in order that their endeavors in the moral order may be rendered more effective, and avoid becoming nugatory by unseemly bickering over peculiar and disputed points of doctrine. To carry on a work requiring so vast an accumulation of workmen, unity of some sort is absolutely necessary, and such, in my opinion, can have for its basis only two things, to which every member of the organization will unhesitatingly subscribe. I allude to the Ten Commandments and the golden rule of doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us. Behold then the great problem of Protestant unity very easily solved, and held up as "a splendid object lesson to the hierarchy and membership of the dominant church of our province." The work of the Christian Endeavor Society being thus exclusively confined to the moral order, its efforts will be directed to the reclaiming of the sinner, the drunkard and the fallen woman. They will endeavor to stimulate the lukewarm to a sense of their religious duties, and use every means to induce the poor to attend their ministrations. Aware that the indigent and poorly clad have a decided repugnance to worship in stately cathedrals and splendid Gothic churches, buildings will probably be erected suitable to their class and surroundings, where they will not come in contact with broadcloth and costly silks and satins. It may even happen that, in accordance with the suggestions of a certain philanthropic clergyman, they may be encouraged to patronize these humble structures by a request to bring their pipes along, and make themselves at home.

Presuming that the Christian Endeavor Society has the above very laudable objects at heart, I can discover no valid reason why the "dominant"—that is the Catholic Church, should not be represented therein. The Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, to do unto others as you would have others do unto you, have always formed a portion of her doctrine and practice. Why then put her off with a free ticket to sit at the feet of these Gauls and receive an object lesson? Has not this "dominant" church always endeavored and struggled to promote the same ends as the Christian Endeavor

Society? Does she not give frequent calls and missions to the sinner to abandon his evil ways? Was she not the first to start a successful crusade against intemperance, and does she not still prosecute the same noble work? Has she not established numerous refuges for fallen women under the supervision of the best, the noblest and the purest of her sex? Are her asylums for the orphan and aged poor, and her fine ministrations to the sick, less numerous than those of the Christian Endeavor Society? Have not the poor as well as the rich, without distinction, the Gospel preached to them? Are not all without exception not only invited, nay, commanded, under her severest displeasure, to come to their Heavenly Father's house, and to kneel at His holy table? How account for the patent fact, that the educated and the illiterate,—the recent convert, who, till yesterday was full of prejudice,—all submit to the humiliating task of disclosing the dark secrets of the breast to a fellow mortal and sinner like themselves? If it be not the firm conviction that he is the duly commissioned minister of the Most High, it is inexplicable on any other hypothesis. Fortified by this commission, guaranteed to last till the end of time,—untrammelled by domestic ties, he goes forth at the present day, as in the ages gone by, the only successful missionary to the heathen and messenger of salvation to mankind. Were he to go forth as the mere agent of some human society, with a book in his hand, a wife and fixed salary to rely upon as his sole comfort, his most powerful appeals would fall on the human ear as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." In the language of the prophet Isaiah, Chap. I, v. 30-31, "his strength would be as the strength of the ashes of tow and his work a spark."

Hoping this gratuitous object lesson may be received in the same kindly spirit with which it was prompted, I remain yours truly,

A. G. GRANT.

Irish Christian Schools.

(From the *Dublin Freeman*, March 24th.)

We publish, to-day, a full report of the important debate that took place just before the adjournment of the House of Commons, with reference to the claims of the Christian School to recognition by the State. Mr. Healy's protest against leaving the question in its present condition was a strong one, but not too strong for the occasion. The Catholics of Ireland unanimously demanded the satisfaction of this claim, and their demand has the sympathy of a large body of Irish Protestants. It was remembered that the Protestants and the Conservatives of the Councils of Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, supported the resolutions in favor of the concession, when the question was submitted to them. Mr. Stewart Wallace, a Belfast resident, declares that even among the Presbyterians of Belfast there is a strong dissent from Mr. T. W. Russell's opposition to this concession. The majority of the National Board, a majority of both Protestants and Catholics, have also declared in favor of the admission of the Christian Brothers' Schools to a share in the public grant, under equitable conditions. The Christian Schools ask for no privileges. They open themselves to inspection and examination, and with every confidence. They refuse, however, to surrender their liberty of religious teaching; and for this they are banned. Such a policy cannot prevail, and least of all can a Liberal Administration, pledged to harmonize the Government of Ireland with the public opinion of Ireland, continue to patronize it. The question, moreover, has become extremely urgent. Next year the compulsory system comes into force. As Mr. Sturton pointed out with much force, the act applies to the urban districts of Ireland and not to the rural. But in the cities and large towns the Christian schools are the schools on which Catholics have almost altogether to depend for the education of their children. They are supported by voluntary contributions and school fees. But now it is proposed to establish compulsory education and free education in the majority of the primary schools, and to fine and punish any Catholic parent, at the same time, who wants to send his child to the Christian School, but cannot pay the fees. Mr. Sturton is safe in prophesying that the law will be brought into discredit by such an unfair and indefensible system. He appealed to Mr. Morley to find a common-sense solution of the difficulty, and to remove the obstacles to a real and just operation of the Education Act by completing the National Education system. Mr. Morley promised to take the matter into consideration, with the view of finding a settlement before the 1st of January. The law would be facilitated if the change could be made before that date, so that the educational machinery might be completed before this additional strain is put upon it. Notwithstanding the fanaticism of Mr. Russell and the artificial heat which Mr. Carson has generated over the subject, there is an almost unanimous desire in Ireland to see the concession made promptly and generously. Mr. Morley objected to the majority by which the Chief Baron's resolutions were carried at the National Board as an insufficient majority. But the Chief Secretary may be certain that no Irish Administration ever had such a majority to approve it as the Act that will do justice to the body of patriotic and self-sacrificing teachers who have made the Christian Schools—organized, constructed, equipped, supported, and taught as they have been by a self-governing Irish religious community—a credit to Ireland. It will be an Act which thousands of Irish Protestants, as well as the whole body of Irish Catholics, without distinction of party or class, will approve.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF AMERICA.

NEW YORK, April 5.

FRIENDS OF IRELAND:—The crisis in the Home Rule question now confronts us.

Mr. Gladstone has faithfully redeemed his pledge.

Shall we keep ours? Without the continuous attendance of the Irish members in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone cannot win.

As members of parliament receive no salary, the great majority of the Irish members are not in a financial condition to give the necessary attendance.

We must meet this difficulty, or the cause is lost.

Through its magnificent meeting at the Academy of Music, New York has already spoken. It now remains for you, "Friends of Ireland," to respond.

To make this a success, every city, town and hamlet should organize at once.

As the urgency is great, all subscriptions from organizations or individuals should be promptly forwarded to the treasurer, Mr. Eugene Kelly, at Room 22, Cooper Union.

DR. ADDIS EMMET, President.

EUGENE KELLY, Treasurer.

JOHN BYRNE, Ch. Board Trustee.

JOS. P. RYAN, Secretary.

THE HOME RULE BATTLE.

A Timely Editorial in the Boston Republic.

The debate on the Home Rule bill has not brought out, so far, any new objection of value. The old arguments only are used to prevent the passage of the measure, and they are advanced by the same old croakers. On Monday of this week Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham, the son-in-law of Mr. Endicott of Salem, was the chief speaker. He threshed the same old straw which was so familiar during the campaigns of 1885, 1886 and 1887. Not a single new proposition was advanced. Yet Mr. Chamberlain seemed to hope that the House of Commons would heed his cry against justice for Ireland and reverse the solemn judgment of the electors.

In 1885 Mr. Chamberlain left the Liberal party because of his hostility to Home Rule. He joined with Harrington and a few other anti-Irish bigots in an assault upon the principle and the details of Mr. Gladstone's proposals at that time. He protested, however, that he would not favor coercion, and that he would advocate a modified scheme of Home Rule in the form of county councils and parish boards. Public sentiment in Great Britain was not then educated up to the point of acquiescence in a full measure of local autonomy and the compromise measures drew enough votes to the Liberal Unionists to defeat Mr. Gladstone and elect the Tories to power. Mr. Chamberlain voted in favor of coercion; he abandoned his local government board and council and became a full-fledged Tory.

The points advanced by "O-liver Joe" in opposition to the Home Rule measure were that if it should pass it would not be a final settlement, and secondly that its operations would be disastrous to the peace of Ireland. These same objections were elaborated on every platform in England and Scotland during the general election and the weeks immediately preceding it. Orange rangers from Belfast, Protestant parsons, Tory bigots and others preached that doctrine to the people, but the people refused to be scared. They resolutely determined to settle the Irish question, and they gave a solemn mandate to Mr. Gladstone to accomplish that result.

Another stale argument put forth by the Birmingham traitor was that Mr. Gladstone and colleagues were not always Home Rulers; that they had been advocates of coercion, and had actually suspended the habeas corpus act and imprisoned Irish members for advocating the claims of their country for justice. This is all true; but does the country not know it? The difference between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain is the difference between an honest man and a knave; it is the difference between sincerity and stupid and bigoted opposition to a people because of their religion. When the grand old man from Hawarden found that he was wrong, when he found that the people were demanding Home Rule for Ireland, and that Ireland herself had come forward with a substantially unbroken front, he changed his views. Mr. Chamberlain clings to his old notions even when he knows they are wrong.

As to the demands of the Irish people Mr. Gladstone thus writes in the *North American Review*: "It appears to be thought that Irish Nationalists go a roving after power like lions after their prey." But Mr. Parnell himself proposed that the British Parliament should retain in its own hands exclusively for a certain time the power of legislating on the critical question of land, and all the Nationalists in 1886 with readiness concurred in a proposal which absolutely debarred the local Parliament of Ireland from constructing a church establishment. For these instances of moderation they never received a word of censure. Ireland generously agrees to undergo every restraint which is imposed upon the autonomous colonies and many other restraints. The colonies retain legislation upon trade; they deal with the question of their own defence; they contribute nothing to our charges. Ireland willingly abandons all these powers and consents to bear her equal share of imperial burdens."

When you feel all tired out and broken up generally, you need a good tonic. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. Try it.

SHE had risen several times to let a gentleman pass out between the acts, "I am very sorry to disturb you, madam," he remarked, apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time. "Oh, don't mention it," she replied pleasantly. "I am most happy to oblige you. My husband keeps the refreshment bar."

A GRAVE IN ERIN.

Here grandma, here are shamrocks,
Let me clasp them on your breast,
They came from holy Ireland,
The land we love the best;
They're fresh and green and lovely,
Plucked by an Irish hand,
And their little (gay petals
Were by Irish breezes fanned.

"They came from far off Ireland,
Ooh mavouneen it is I; ue;
Acushla let me feel them—
And you say 'twas there they grew.

"Ah! mavouneen, Erin's lovely
When the sunbeams kiss her rills,
And the morning mists are rising
From her valleys and her hills;
Or when evening dons her mantle
And the daylight dies away,
When the moon her pale light shimmers
O'er her towers old and gray.

"And the fairest spot in Erin
Is my own dear 'dark Tyrone';
There the shamrock-bloom 's the greenest,
And the roses first are blown.
Through the mist of years I see it,
And my tears begin to flow—
There I spent my happy girlhood
Round the Old Cross of Ardnoe.

"There my father's bones are resting
In the consecrated mould,
And the shamrocks green wave o'er them,
O'er their tombstone gray and old.
Through the graveyard trees at twilight
Ra's and hoot owls weirdly cry,
And Lough Neagh's dark waters sadly
For the dead a requiem sigh.

"Ah, mavouneen, with God's blessing,
To our father's land we'll go;
For I wish a grave in Erin
'Neath the Old Cross of Ardnoe,
Where the lark is singing gaily
In the azure-morning sky,
Where the lute's sweetly piping,
I will shortly go to die.

"And, mavouneen, you'll be happy
In that home you'll call your own,
There your friends will gather round you
In the valleys of Tyrone;
And, my darling, when I leave you,
When my weary heart finds rest,
In Ardnoe you'll leave me sleeping
With the shamrocks o'er my breast."

—Chicago Citizen.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Great Preparations for the First Session at Plattsburgh, N. Y.

The general council of the Catholic Summer School of America, and its friends as a body, are making earnest preparations for its first season at its permanent habitation at Plattsburgh, N. Y., next summer.

The Pilot briefly related some months ago the purchase of the permanent site, which consists of about four hundred and fifty acres of land situated on the west side of Lake Champlain, nearly opposite Burlington, Vt., and about two and a half miles south of Plattsburgh, N. Y., and known as "Cliff Haven." Suitable buildings will be erected in due time for the use of the Summer School, but they cannot be ready till the session of 1894. The Plattsburgh Opera House, the State Normal School Building will be at the disposal of the Summer School for the session of 1893.

We all know that if the Green Mountain region, Burlington and its romantically beautiful environs, Lake Champlain, with the Adirondacks looming up beyond, were across the water, American pleasure-seekers would soon and them out, and make them rich find famous.

Perhaps this gracious task has been reserved for the American Catholic knowledge-seeker.

The Catholic World for April has a charming descriptive article, copiously illustrated, on the home of the Catholic Summer School.

It portrays eloquently its natural advantages and beauties, and the

HISTORIC AND PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATIONS which so greatly enhance them. We quote:—

It is in the land of Uncas and Chingachgook—the region from whence Fenimore Cooper drew his inspiration, when he charmed the world with his delightful romances of red man and pioneer. Three storied rivers flow through it—the Saranac, the Salmon and the Au Sable—and every bank has its legend of wild-war and deeds of daring. And not only is it rich in memory of Indian struggle, but in records of international strife between mightier races; for it was here upon this ground that the contest between the Frank and the Anglo-Saxon for the mastery of the red man's land was decided; and it was here that, too, later on, the blood of patriots was shed what time the Cross of St. George was torn down on this Continent and supplanted by our beloved Stars and Stripes. Away on the bosom of those smiling waters many a deed of heroic bravery was enacted in the not very remote past, and our hardy boys in blue showed the skilled sailors from

whom they learned the art of maritime war that they were no inept or unworthy pupils. On the self-same day when, upon the deck of a foreign warship, Francis S. Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," the battle of Plattsburgh was fought. The bed of that calm lake is strewn with the hulks of the British fleet which the gunboats of Commodore McDonough settled accounts with in 1814. The surrounding country was the theatre of land struggles no less exciting during the War of Independence and the final struggle with Great Britain in 1814.

A way there inland, near Lake Placid, John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry, sleeps his last long sleep—as lovely a resting-place as ever gallant soldier could desire. Do you want to conjure up in your mind's eye the rout of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne's army? Look there along the west side of the railway, and you see the massive form of Mount Defiance, where Burgoyne planted his heavy guns to batter down the walls of Fort Ticonderoga. See that sally-port in the old ruin; mark it well—for it was there that the brave Lads who made themselves famous ever afterwards as the Green Mountain Boys, led by their captain, Ethan Allen, dashed into the fortress to drive the Britishers out. And out they did drive them—and other boys, mere lads helped to make them skeddadle. These lads were too young to be allowed to enter the army, but they were not too young to show that they sprung from a fighting race, and, youthful as they were, they left their mark wherever they delivered a blow. There is not a knoll or an eminence along the line of way, indeed, that is not enriched and sanctified by patriot blood.

"Plattsburgh has three first-class hotels. The Floquet House, when the present addition to it is completed, will accommodate 350 guests. The Cumberland House will accommodate seventy-five, and the Witherell House about the same number. The rate at these houses is from \$2 to \$3 per day. They are all first-class and well managed. Besides these there is a large number of smaller hotels and private boarding-houses.

"The Catholic Summer School of America has received its charter of incorporation from the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York; which charter will enable it to carry on its work with complete freedom and independence, yet with certain advantages of aid from the Regents on 'University extension' lines; namely, the loaning of books and apparatus from the State library and collections. The course will include Educational Epochs, Philosophy of History, Science and Religion, Ethical Problems, Evidences of Religion, and Mental Philosophy. The final arrangements for the lectures are not yet complete, but they are very far advanced, thanks to the energy and forethought of the Board of Studies.

Some of the best names in the Church and in general literature are down in the list of lecturers, among them, the Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. S., vice-president of St. Francis Xavier's College, who is expected to take charge of the course in Ethical Problems; Brother Azarias, of De La Salle Institute, that on Educational Epochs; Charles Warren Stoddard, of the Catholic University, Washington, the course of Literature; the Rev. J. A. Zahn, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, Indiana, Science and Religion; the Rev. J. A. Doonan, S. J., of Boston College, Mental Philosophy; the Rev. R. J. Clarke, S. J., of London, England, Philosophy of History; Agnes Repplier, Anna T. Sadlier, Judge Robinson, of Yale University; George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., of New London; the Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., editor of the Catholic World; Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass; J. H. McMahon, of the New York Cathedral, former chairman of the Board of Studies.—Boston Pilot.

Baptize Your Child.

The Catholic Church has always taught that the sacrament of Baptism is necessary for salvation, and the practice of pious Christians from time immemorial has confirmed this teaching. Original sin is the heirloom of every child of Adam. Christ instituted this sacrament to wash the stain of this sin from the soul.

Parents should learn from this how necessary it is for them to see to the baptism of their children without delay. As soon after birth as the health of the child will reasonable permit, it should

be taken to the parish church to be baptized. The consequences of a delay are sometimes so disastrous that any negligence in this matter cannot be tolerated. Bear in mind the many dangers to which a child is exposed at this tender and critical age. Sickness may carry it off with the slightest or no warning, and should it die without baptism, it will never see the face of God. Parents, how can you be so cruel as to endanger your child's salvation? If, through any negligence of your own, you allowed your child to die without baptism, you would never forgive yourselves, and in this you would be right, as it would be a great calamity.

Too long a delay is then sinful. It is the teaching of many theologians that to postpone baptism beyond two weeks, without a very serious reason, is a mortal sin. Yet some parents do not scruple to wait weeks and even months before they do this. They will bring forward all kinds of flimsy reasons to excuse themselves. Children are ordinarily baptized a day or two after birth.—Sacred Heart Review.

The Pope and the Phonograph.

The Pope received Mr. Moriarty in a second audience on Monday afternoon last. The audience took place in the Pope's private study, and there were also present Mgr. Caggiano de Azevedo, the Pontifical Master of Ceremonies; Mgr. Mery del Val, the Pope's Cameriere Participant, and two other members of the Papal Court. The Pope had the phonograph brought up to the little throne on which he was sitting, and himself explained every detail of it and how it worked, to those around him. He informed them of the "beautiful message" from the late Cardinal Manning, and asked that it should be repeated. It was a picture to see the expression of amazement on the faces of those present as the voice of the late Cardinal was heard in the room, even to the breathing, while His Holiness sat back in his throne listening most attentively. Mr. Moriarty then showed the Pope the smaller cylinders, which also record the vibration of the voice, and which can be sent by post instead of a written letter. The Pope said: "This, indeed, will revolutionize the art of writing, since every inflection of the voice and every syllable and word is recorded and can be sent away with such wonderful exactitude. I wish, now," continued the Pope, "to send my message to the people of the United States." His Holiness took a sheet of paper, on which he had already written the message, in one hand, while the other he placed on Mr. Moriarty's arm as support, as he bent forward to speak. The message is in Latin, and every word was slowly and distinctly uttered. It is a sufficiently long message, but it is the express wish of the Holy Father that it should not be published until it is reproduced for the first time in the United States. He then asked that it should be reproduced, and on hearing it said: "It is my voice; this is really wonderful." He then explained to those present that his voice would now be heard just as clearly long after he was dead. Turning towards Mr. Moriarty, the Pope addressed him with these words: "I hand you this message; guard it carefully, for it is my expressions of love to all the people of the United States. I entrust it to you, and you are to deliver it with your own hand to the President." Mr. Moriarty answered that he would guard it as the most sacred message he had ever carried. The Pope then asked Mr. Moriarty many questions with regard to the exhibition at Chicago, and showed the greatest interest in it. I had hoped to send you in full the messages of the late Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Gibbons, but as they are now in the Pope's possession it is not possible. However, they are both nearly the same. They express love and devotion to the Holy Father. They pray that he may be long preserved in life, and they end by asking his blessing on them and their flocks.—London Tablet, 1st, 1893.

The New York Examiner says: Every mother and housekeeper must often act as a family physician in the many illnesses and accidents that occur among children and servants. For many of these cases I have used Davis' PAIN-KILLER, and consider it an indispensable article in the medicine box. In diarrhoea, it has been used and effective cures. For cuts and bruises, it is invaluable. 25c. for the New Big Bottle.



Mrs. A. A. Williams

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Rev. Mr. Williams Heartily Endorses Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Article of Merit

and worth, from which he or his family have been signally benefited, and whose publication may serve to extend the benefits to others by increasing their confidence. My wife has for many years been a sufferer from severe

Nervous Headache

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WEDNESDAY.....APRIL 19, 1898

ADORATION.

Of all the subjects that have been discussed over and over, and sifted in every imaginable way, by Protestants on the one hand and Catholics on the other, we think that the question of adoration is about the best threshed out. Since the days of the Reformation all the sects of of Protestantism, while brandishing the fragments of their broken creed against each other, have been united upon one point and that is their opposition to Catholicity. And of the many issues that have arisen between Error and Truth, none has been better and more often explained, and yet more misconceived and distorted than that of Adoration. In vain do we prove to the non-Catholic that our veneration for the Mother of God is not adoration; in vain do we show that the invocation of the saints is not the paying of that tribute which is due to God alone. The more clearly the matter is explained the more determined are they to repeat the false accusation that we adore the angels, the saints and the Blessed Virgin. We have no intention of entering upon the old lines of argument, nor do we purpose reviving all the irrefutable proof that the defenders of Catholicity have, times out of mind, adduced. We will be satisfied with the general statement that as these blessed ones are the especial friends of God, we merely invoke their aid and ask their assistance in securing the graces that we need so much, and which God, most naturally, will grant at their request—much more abundantly and certainly than at ours. But what we do wish to point out is the great misconception, on the part of non-Catholics, of the meaning of adoration.

The members of a Protestant sect meet, at some given hour, on Sunday, inside four walls and under a roof; this place they call a church. There they read the scriptures, sing hymns, listen to a sermon and say prayers. This they call adoration. We say that there is no adoration in all these acts; no more than in the act of a Catholic singing a canticle of praise to the Blessed Virgin, invoking, by prayer, the aid of the saints, or listening to a pulpit instruction on the "glories of Mary." Their acts are prayer and homage, respect and veneration, but, there is no adoration in them. They misconceive the immense meaning of that word adoration and they judge the Catholic's action by their own standard of what is due to God Almighty, the Creator of the Universe. That which the non-Catholic fails to comprehend, and which he can never, while remaining outside the true Faith, possess, is the presence of a sacrifice. In that great

and all important act do we find real adoration. The sacrifice of the altar that is offered up daily and hourly, in all parts of the world, by the priests of the Church, is the sublimest and most acceptable form of adoration. It is the adoration of the world; the immolation in presence of the Creator; the offering up to Him of a victim of expiation; the humbling of ourselves before His might; the acknowledging our own inability to satisfy the infinite requirements of God, to expiate the measureless insult of sin. It is the fulfilment of the law in its fullest sense. It is the perpetuation of the sacrifice on Calvary; it is the true, the real, the only adoration. It is that tremendous idea of a sacrifice that non-Catholics cannot grasp, and consequently they fail to appreciate the acts performed by those of our Faith; they fail to distinguish between the supreme act of adoration to God and the minor acts of veneration for His elect, of love for those who were the special objects of His predilection. From the rising to the going down of the sun the incense curls above our altars and the Host is constantly offered up for the salvation of man. Once the heart is touched to belief and the mind illumined with faith the mystery of transubstantiation becomes the corner-stone of all religion, and upon that stone is the oblation placed that unceasingly interposes between God's justice and erring humanity. In that is the Catholic's adoration perfected—an adoration such as no pen could describe, no imagination paint, no finite mind fully comprehend. It is the carrying out of the written and spoken desires of the Father, the last will of the Son, and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. We render that sublime act of adoration to God; we alone offer Him a sacrifice; we alone obey the law; we alone carry out the will of the Saviour; we alone give to God what God has demanded since the beginning of time as a tribute from man—namely sacrifice.

Here is where we challenge the honesty of the non-Catholic critic. We render this terrific and sublime act of adoration to the infinite God and to Him alone! Whether you believe or disbelieve in the Real Presence, we simply ask you to grant that we are sincere in our faith upon that dogma. If we are sincere—even though we should err—we perform constantly what we believe to be the greatest act of adoration that can possibly exist; therefore we pay to God that tribute which none other of the human race can offer. If our belief be sincere every Christian must recognize the value and significance of that act of adoration. But where idolatry would come upon the scene, where adoration of saints and other beings—apart from God—could come into play, would be the moment that we offered sacrifice to them. There is the broad line of demarcation between the tribute paid by the Catholics to God and the homage rendered by them to the saints; the one is a sacrifice, an oblation, adoration; the other is respect, invocation, devotion. Did we dare to offer to any creature that adoration, that act of sacrifice, which God alone can demand, we would be guilty of the most flagrant idolatry. We would be worse than the faithless Israelites of old who burned incense upon the altar of the idol and offered up victims to the golden calf. Not even do we ask of a saint or other created being to grant us any grace; we ask them to be our advocates before the Most High, and to secure through their power that which we could not demand upon our own merits. To God, and God only, does the sacrifice of our altars—the perpetual adoration of the Almighty—ascend. Viewed thus, we can say that while we adore God and

merely honor his creatures, the non-Catholic performs no act of adoration; he prays, he preaches, he chants; but he has no sacrifice—no supreme act of adoration. His clergyman is educated to preach for the amusement as well as instruction of the people—just like a secular lecturer—and if the congregation does not like his style of oratory, he is removed. There is no question about the truth of his teachings; all that is considered is his delivery and powers of entertainment. If these fail, he must leave; he is not sent by God, he is called by man; he has no special mandate from Christ, he receives his from the people. Not so with the priest. No matter were he unable to preach ten words in the language of the congregation, he still is there, the potent representative of Jesus Christ and the one who offers up to God the supreme act of adoration in the perpetual sacrifice of the altar. In Leviticus we read how God laid down for Moses the laws of sacrifice, all of which were but figurative of the dispensation of redemption, when another and more worthy sacrifice would be offered up for man. Until the non-Catholic can learn to appreciate the all importance of a sacrifice as an act of adoration, it is useless arguing with him upon the question of the Catholic's attitude towards the saints.

DALTON MCCARTHY, M. P.

"In thy garden's bright story the one spot of
breakdown,
Through ages of glory the one hour of weak-
ness;
Thou, the heir of a thousand chiefs sceptre'd
and royal,
Thou, to kneel to the Saxon and swear to be
loyal:
Oh! through a long night of anguish and
sorrow,
Have we wept for thy treason, base Dalton
MacCaure."

Thus sang Denis Florence McCarthy, half a century ago, when lamenting the "one fatal stain on the princely escutcheon" of the noble house of McCarthy. In all the long ages of fidelity, patriotism, national pride and religious fervor that marked the path of the "Clan of MacCaure," there was but one traitor to their cause, one renegade to their traditions. How wonderfully "history repeats itself!" Here, at the close of the nineteenth century, in this young and rising country, amidst the past glories and future splendors of a Canadian nationhood, concentrated around the present, in the presence of a cosmopolitan society, built up with the best elements of every race and every belief, here—in the midst of all these—do we find another McCarthy, turning wolfishly upon the creed that, by all the associations of the past, all the ties of blood and relationship, all the sentiments that ennobled his race, should be his, and striking a stiletto blow at the very principles which, by all the bonds of friendship in the present, of loyalty to the past, of gratitude to the dead, and of promises made for the future, he should support to the exclusion of every petty ambition and every selfish desire. The champion of "Equal Rights," while denying to the two-fifths of his fellow-subjects any participation in those privileges: the mouth-piece of a faction that he seeks to convert into a party; the insulter of dead memories that he should be the first to enshrine in the hearts of a people; the executor of a chief's will and last political testament, which he violates in his every word and action; the Warwick of cabinets and the would-be destroyer of his own handiwork. Such is Dalton McCarthy, member of Parliament.

A lawyer of great acumen and high professional standing, he becomes a pettifogging politician in the arena of public life: in his profession he might gain a fair share of fame, in the sphere of politics he can only snatch a passing and

unsavory notoriety. He has been endowed with gifts that might have, under other circumstances, constituted a statesman; by pandering to the bigotry of one class; and the insincerity of another, he will close his career with the unenviable distinction of a conspicuous demagogue. At the reception tendered Mr. McCarthy in Toronto, strange and un-Canadian, in fact, un-Christian, mottoes adorned the hall. "Equal Rights," that is to say, in the language of the scribbler upon the Derry walls—

"Protestant, or Jew, or Atheist,
May enter here, but not a Papist."

Under these words Dean Swift is said, to have added the following lines:

"Whoever wrote this, wrote it well,
For the same is written on the gates of hell."

"Equal Rights," to all classes, all creeds, all races; the same privileges for each and all of them;—all except, the Roman Catholic. He does not enter into that *magna charta* of Canadian liberty; he has no claims upon the protection of a British constitution; he is to be ostracised from every fair chance in the race for honors, emolument, or even life; he is not of the country—Dalton McCarthy has so declared and so it must be. Side by side with that motto is another, "No annexation with Washington or Rome." There is a text for an "Equal Righter" to preach from! Where is the equality, unless it be in the opposition to the one body, to the one faith? Here we have the men, who cry out against Church and State, uniting for their sinister purposes the state question of annexation and the religious question of Roman Catholic freedom.

"No annexation with Washington." Mr. McCarthy, we are with you, and were you sincere we would applaud that sentiment as a patriotic one from a Canadian standpoint. But you merely use it to give better effect to that other misleading and villainous part of the motto—"no annexation with Rome." If you mean thereby that the Pope purposes extending his temporal power to Canada, you are either a fool or a knave; the former if you believe it, and the latter if you seek to make your dupes accept it. It will be time enough to cry out against the temporal invasions of Roman power when the Pope is able to regain even an iota of freedom in his own estates. It would be more in accordance with true loyalty were you to imitate the example of the heir-apparent to the British Throne as he paid homage to Leo XIII., in his palace of the Vatican. If you mean by "no annexation with Rome," that the spiritual power and authority of the Vicar of Christ is to be kept out of Canada, then, sir, you presume to go beyond what ordinary common sense would warrant. We can readily understand that no denomination of Protestantism desires "annexation with Rome," much less whatever sect Mr. McCarthy belongs to. But this new prophet, that has suddenly appeared with the Koran of political turpitude in one hand, and the sword of his own petty vengeance in the other, need not dream that he will stop for one second the tide of Catholicity. As well stand on the Atlantic shore and try to arrest the roll of its breakers by whistling the "Protestant Boys." Lucifer has tried to check the march of Catholic truth, and during nearly nineteen hundred years he has failed in every attempt; yet he had powerful allies—Mahomet, Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII. and Dalton McCarthy. This apostle of race and creed hatred need not dread and Roman annexation. If such a move ever occurs, it will be simply Roman absorption—for in the greater ocean shall the minor ones be engulfed. Rome cannot annex to herself the sects, she can only take them in,

and they lose their identity in hers. But be the meaning of that motto what it may, we claim that it is a disgrace to every one connected with the demonstration in question that such a sentiment should be so openly expressed. To so far violate all idea of "Equal Rights" as to flaunt an open insult of that species at a purely political gathering, is unworthy of any Canadian or any British subject. And any man who sat upon that platform and inwardly approved of the expressions referred to, or openly applauded the man who did approve of them, is false to every principle of British fair play, is false to every national sentiment as a Canadian, and is false to everything but his own narrow, little self.

Perchance, in the annals of contemporaneous history, there is not to be found a more extraordinary and unenviable record than that of Dalton McCarthy. The bitter enemy of a Faith that should be his own; the would-be persecutor of a race that is too noble and chivalric for his small and narrow spirit to understand; the right hand man of the dead statesman, who left him a sacred trust, and to the fulfilment of which he bound himself in writing; the spurner of that statesman's memory and the violator of that last will—that political mandate; the advocate of a faction and the sower of strife, he pretends to be the friend of equal rights and the apostle of freedom; the one who boasted that he had always been consulted in the making of cabinets, and who therefore helped in the construction of the present one, and yet who is unwise enough to acknowledge that because he had not been consulted in the last shuffle, he is prepared, through mean spite and petty jealousy, to wreck the fabric he had helped to build. If the history of any country can afford a more exceptional and more despicable example of the self-seeking class of political aspirants, we would be pleased to read the details. He has started out in a most erratic career, and before he ends he will have gone the whole round of the political zodiac, from the Archer, by whom he fires his poisoned arrows at everything that is sacred and every person that is true, to the Scorpion by which he stings the memory of his life-long benefactor. But the faith he despises and the country he disturbs will live when he has sunk into oblivion; no universal monument will commemorate his deeds; like Mahomet, to whom we compared him, he will remain suspended between earth and sky—for if loyalty to principles creates the claim, he will have a right to neither the soil below nor the blue above.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

A friend drew our attention to the significance of an article that appeared, last week, in the New York Herald. It refers to the grand strides that the Catholic Church has recently made on the American Continent. It might have been expected that the ultimate result of Christ's promises would be the triumph of His Church in all parts of the earth. It is wonderful how at times the most determined enemies of the Catholic Faith become converts to the Truth and merely on account of conscientious study. They set out with the intention of fathoming the history and philosophy of Catholicity and eventually discovering, beyond all doubt, the evidences of her instability. In thus seeking they find—but not what they had expected: they discover the kernel of Truth inside the outer shell, and they at once accepted it. The article in question is one of great importance to us, especially seeing that it appears in an organ like the Herald that has decidedly no extra love for the Church of Rome. But figures and facts

speaking more exactly, if not more eloquently, than all the frothy denials and attacks from the enemies of our faith. It is thus the Herald speaks:

"What would the Pilgrim Fathers say? Proud Puritan New England has succumbed to the sway of the occupant of the chair of St. Peter.

The communicants of the Roman Catholic Church, according to the Government census of 1892, exceeds in number those of all Protestant bodies combined by nearly a quarter of a million in the six New England States.

The growth has been not alone along the line of immigration. Many native American families have become Catholics.

That the growth of the Roman Church is to be even more rapid in the future than it has been in New England is apparent from the fact that while the Roman churches are filled to overflowing Protestant church attendance all through New England, and particularly in the country districts, is constantly falling off. Many Protestant church buildings, like many New England farms, are practically abandoned.

While Catholicism is one and moves like an army, Protestantism has been engaged through its history in internecine strife.

Not only from the wombs of the wilches in New England have come a thousand "isms," but the denominations have trained their guns upon each other while the world has wondered. Even today there is no Protestant denomination that meets another that has not its armor on and its sword at its side.

There can be no doubt upon the present lines of campaign but that in the near future the history of New England will repeat itself in the country at large, and that the Roman Catholic Church will be, numerically, overwhelmingly the Church of the United States.

This result will be hastened by the revolution in progress here under Mgr. Satolli, in which the Catholic Church is being adjusted to American institutions and social conditions and life.

Nothing can stay this result now but the cordial consolidation of Protestantism. The clergyman in any Protestant denomination who does not and who will not see this is stone blind."

The only preventative to Catholic progress that the Herald can suggest is the "consolidation of Protestantism." If this be the only possible check that can be put upon the Church of Rome, we cannot say that it is very formidable. To consolidate Protestantism would be as difficult as to combine the countless orbs in the sky into one body. The nearest point to consolidation that the sects have ever reached is that in which they unite against the Catholic Church. Outside of that one connecting link they are as divided as error can be and they are as varied in their beliefs as there are individuals amongst them. The only consolidation of which Protestantism is capable is a union with the Roman Catholic belief. Finally such must be the outcome for all these shattered fragments of faith destined to be one and un-divided. And the steady advance of the Church, not only in the Old world, but especially in the New, is a sign of the infallible guidance under which she moves.

It is even a grand point gained, when we find the leading organ of Protestant thought in the Empire City, admitting that the Church of Rome adjusts itself to the requirements of the times and to the institutions of America and the social conditions of life. Therein do the enemies of our Faith perceive a power that nothing but a consolidated force could possibly confront with any hope of success. Likewise do they know the giant difficulty in the way of an organized and concentrated movement on the part of Protestantism. The Grindelwald farce has knocked that hope on the head. The nearest thing to a consolidation is the "Christian Endeavor Movement," and that only lasts as long as an excursion or outing continues. Once that event over the elements all dissolve and fall back into their respective places. There is no consolidation outside of the Catholic Church.

MONTREAL LICENSES.

There is nothing that so humiliates a person as to find his country or his city cutting a sorry figure in comparison with other places—and especially when public attention is called to the fact. It is often a good policy to point out our own shortcomings and to correct them in time; otherwise we are exposed to the risk of having others signalize them for us. Hon. Mr. Harcourt's budget speech in Toronto is most interesting, particularly upon this question. The decline in drunkenness and the decrease in licenses in the Protestant cities of Ontario contrast in a marked degree with the increase in both in our Catholic Province of Quebec, and the contrast is much to our disadvantage. Let us take a few of the figures and draw our conclusions. It is thus, in a leader, the Globe summarizes the decline in licenses:

"In 1889 there were, of all classes of licenses, 3,609; in 1890-91 3,548; in 1891-92 3,464. More marked still is the decline when some eighteen years pass under view. In 1874 there were issued 4,793 tavern, 1,307 shop, 52 wholesale and 33 vessel licenses; while for 1891-2 there were issued 2,990 tavern, 403 shop, 21 wholesale and no vessel licenses. In Toronto in 1874 there were 530 licenses. In 1886, the year of the passage of the Fleming by-law, the number fell to 306, or 224 less, although the population had increased three-fold. Last year the number, including wholesale licenses, was 211. In Hamilton, in the same period, the licenses were reduced from 223 to 131; in London from 118 to 52; in Kingston from 123 to 55. In Ottawa there were 203 in 1874, 269 in 1875, and only 147 last year. The commitments for drunkenness, as we pointed out last week, have decreased from 3,868 in 1876 to 2,736 in 1892, and were fewer by 1,394 in 1892 than in 1887 when the Scott act was in full force in the province."

This is not a bad showing for the Province of Ontario and for the Protestant section of Canada. Let us turn for a moment to the comparisons made by the Ontario Provincial treasurer. It is not with any feeling of exultation that we reproduce these figures; rather is our object to call attention to a lack in our moral affairs that should not be permitted to continue. It is bad enough to have to admit the truth of such criticism; but it will be disgraceful beyond expression if no improvement is made in the future.

"In the city of Montreal alone there are 167 more liquor licenses than in Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Kingston and our six other cities all combined. Again, in our eleven cities there are 207 retail liquor shops; while in Montreal alone there are 470, or more than four times as many according to population."

Not so bad for Montreal! Are our city authorities and our temperance people not proud?

"The province of Quebec received from liquor licenses last year \$583,135, and in the previous year \$536,882. In two years their receipts from this source exceeded ours by \$527,076. They obtained in a single year from liquor licenses, in Montreal alone, \$5,000 more than we obtained from the whole province."

If there is anything that should stir our friends of temperance into activity it should be such comparisons as the foregoing, especially when publicly made in the halls of legislature. They have no four per cent lager up in Toronto; they have no "legally un-intoxicating alcoholic drinks" in Ontario. Evidently the people up there mean business when they undertake to put down the liquor traffic, or, at least, to reduce it to a minimum. Is it not time that something should be done in Montreal to redeem the good name of the community? Our temperance societies do their work well, but apparently other influences are

at work that are more effective and powerful than they. Our authorities, our law-makers, our representatives in council and legislature should feel more than all others the weight and odium of this sad state of affairs. Surely when next year's budget will be delivered in the Ontario Legislature the Provincial Treasurer will not have a similar statement to make. If we desire that the improvement be marked it is necessary to set to work at once and with energy against the fearful enemy at our gates.

HOME RULE FUND.

The following is the present state of the Home Rule Fund as so far increased by subscriptions in Montreal:

Amount already remitted.....	\$500.00
Frank Hart.....	20 00
James Cuddy.....	10 00
Henry Kavanagh Sr.....	20 00

Now is the time to swell the fund. Hon. Senator Murphy, Hon. J. J. Curran and the other gentlemen who organized the movement in this city, succeeded in forwarding five hundred dollars; it is to be hoped that the patriotic energy of our Irish Catholic citizens will not cease, at that amount, to manifest itself. We would earnestly solicit all friends of the cause to send in whatever they can afford at this critical juncture. Elsewhere we publish a strong appeal from the friends of the Irish cause in America; surely it will not be unheeded. Subscriptions may be sent in to Hon. Senator Murphy, the Treasurer, or to his office. The above list will remain in the TRUE WITNESS and all additions thereto will be duly acknowledged.

We notice that a motion was made by Alderman Jeannotte, in the City Council, to adopt a resolution approving of Hon. Mr. Gladstone's measure. While feeling grateful to the Aldermen who thus moved to express sympathy with the cause, we think that a little hard cash would be much more acceptable at the present time. The battle has commenced in real earnest: it is not a question of mere sympathy; all the forces on either side are already fully marshalled. The important need is money: and it is badly required. Without a full attendance of the members in the House the cause will be in danger of failure; many of the supporters of Mr. Gladstone have not the means to enable them to give their undivided attention to their Parliamentary duties; the fund must necessarily be kept up and the assistance must not fail on the very eve of success.

The Blind Concert.

Last week the Windsor Hall was filled with the sympathisers of that excellent institution, the Nazareth Institution for the Blind. Providence, in denying people the gift of sight, has in many cases supplemented the other senses, and this was exemplified by the beautiful singing and playing of the inmates of the institution. The choral selections "Le Printemps," Haydn, and "Le Gaiete Francaise," Moreau, showed what a pitch of training the choir had received and the justice they did to their teachers. Messrs. O'Brien and Descary played brilliantly on the piano and were encored. Mr. Pruneau's violin selections were well received, and in Misses Perry and Prefontaine the institution has singers of great excellence. Mr. Dubois, the well known violincello player, and Mr. Baker, flutist, are so well known that further criticism of their efforts are needless. Mr. de la Haye gave some fine recitations. The concert was a big success and the institution must have benefited considerably.

Catholic Sailors' Resort.

The "Catholic Truth Society" is applying for the use of rooms over old Bonsecours Market, which they desire to turn into a hall with religious books, etc., for the use of Catholic sailors. A Roman Catholic chaplain is to be appointed.

RIFLES AND REVOLVERS.

MICHIGAN A. P. AISTS NEGOTIATING FOR A SUPPLY.

Complete Exposure of their Plot. Ex-Congressman Tarsney's Speech at Saginaw—Protestant Minister's Visit Catholic Churches in Quest of Arms.

Considerable comment has been created at Saginaw, Mich., over a sensational episode in a speech made by ex-Congressman Tarsney Thursday night on "Proscription Versus Americanism," in which he denounced the agitators against the Catholics and the charges that the Catholic churches were used as arsenals and drill rooms for Catholic societies. He attributed the circulation of such reports to the A. P. A. society and denounced it in round terms declaring that it was sedition and that nothing else could grow out of such a state of affairs. He then quoted a host of extracts from the constitution affording overwhelming proof of the illegality of the constitution of the A. P. A. The event of the evening, however, took place when a letter written by Rev. Ira Case, 2018 South Fayette street, Saginaw was read. It is as follows:

SAGINAW, MARCH 3, 1893. COLT FIREARMS COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN. DEAR SIR:—I am chairman of a committee appointed to purchase a large amount of rifles and revolvers, from \$50 to \$100. We do not want to deal with the firm. It will be to your interest to deal with us. Yours respectfully,

IRA CASE.

This letter caused a sensation among the audience, which was increased as the speaker went on to state that it was genuine. He described that in order to prove the signature it was necessary to

He said that living next door to the reverend gentleman is a good Catholic, who, by the way, had a quantity of rubbish in his backyard. A petition was got up to be signed by the neighbors requiring that the Catholics have the rubbish removed. The signature of Rev. Ira Case was the most conveniently obtained of any. It tallied exactly with that found on the letter. But to make still surer a gentleman with the pseudonym of J. C. Curry called upon Mr. Case and representing himself as the western traveling agent of the Colt people referred to Mr. Case's order for weapons of war.

The order was confirmed and quite interesting details entered into by the unsuspecting clergyman. He told how the Catholics were about to get up in arms and how the A. P. A.'s, of which he had the honor to be one, proposed to be ready for the event. He also said the A. P. A. was 7,000 strong and that many of the members were men of family, whose sons might also require arming. Consequently if business were transacted between them it would be upon a large scale. Hence the necessity of close figures. Then Mr. Curry took his departure with the understanding that his mail was to be sent to the Russell house, Detroit. He returned, however, Thursday morning and upon a pretext reopened the subject, stating that he had been called to Wisconsin and would not be back in time to perfect arrangements.

"However," said Mr. Curry, "if you would care to act as our agent in the matter, I can give you a letter to the company and my presence will then be unnecessary."

"Is there any inducement?" asked Mr. Case.

"Why, certainly. I don't want you to do it for nothing, and, between the two of us, you might as well make a nice little thing yourself without your brother committeemen knowing anything about it."

This is a copy of the letter, Mr. Tarsney said, that was then drawn up:

SAGINAW, MICH., MARCH 23, 1893. J. K. REGGIE, ESQ., HARTFORD, CONN. DEAR SIR:—This is to certify that the Rev. Ira Case, of Saginaw, Mich., has been duly appointed by me to act as our special agent on a commission of 10 per cent. on sales up to \$500 and 15 per cent. on sales over \$500.

J. C. CURRY.

"This document was promptly countersigned by Rev. Mr. Case," said Mr. Tarsney. "With the others it is now in the possession of the opposition." Mr. Tarsney dramatically said: "If any class so conduct themselves as to menace the destruction of the government, or obliterate a single star from that flag, pointing toward an American flag, several of which graced the arch over the rostrum, or constitute an emissary of any foreign power, or are banded together

er a military organization, or have arms stored in halls, or are inimical to the public school system, then these facts ought to be known to the public."

"All know that such charges have been made. For two years in secret, in the pulpit, from the rostrum these statements have issued, poisoning the minds of non-Catholics with the belief that the Catholics are the enemies of the Republic and of law and order. Professor Sims has said in a speech that the Catholics were effecting military organizations. I understand that Mr. Sims is in the audience. Tell me now, Mr. Sims, where those organizations are. Tell me now or forever after hold your peace.

"Good people, both Protestants and Catholics, ought to unite to allay the apprehension which exists." The speech made a profound impression.

CASE ENTERS SUIT AGAINST MR. TARSNEY.

On Saturday Rev. Ira Case entered suit against Ex-Congressman Tarsney for \$50,000 for alleged defamation of character. The declaration in the suit is not specific and does not deny the truth of the charges. Congressman Tarsney delivered a second lecture Sunday, in which he referred to the suit as a bluff for political purposes. The election is next week and the summons in the suit is not returnable until April 25. Mr. Tarsney in his speech reiterated all his charges. He read the letters said to have been written by Case again and defied him to cause his arrest for criminal libel, so that the case can be heard at once. Mr. Tarsney scored the A.P.A.'s more scathingly than ever. He recited the visit of two Protestant ministers to two Catholic churches at Saginaw in a search for firearms and denounced them for not reporting from their pulpits that they had found none. The feeling was intense during the meeting.

SEARCHED CHURCHES IN QUEST OF ARMS.

The particulars of the visit referred to by Mr. Tarsney are: Rev. Dr. Dawe, of Saginaw, and Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick, of Bay City, called at both St. Mary's and the Sacred Heart Churches and requested to be shown through the buildings—basements, attics and all. Dr. Dawe said he did not expect to find arms, and only went with Dr. Kilpatrick to introduce him. The latter had told him that his people in Bay City actually believed that the Catholics were armed and used the basements of the churches for drill rooms, and that the C. M. B. A. was nothing but a military organization. The priests at both churches received them kindly and allowed them to search every portion of the churches. The Bay City pastor even searched the sewer traps and a pile of cordwood for weapons. "We admit all of the statements as to our visit," said Dr. Dawe, "but our motive was to allay the fears of our people, that is, that was Dr. Kilpatrick's motive. I simply went on as a friend. I am an A. P. A., and joined it to try and influence the hotheads to be more reasonable. I believe in organizing to fight the political power of the Catholic Church, but the man who talks of firearms is himself a bad and unpatriotic citizen, and I would sooner trust myself with the Catholics than with him."—*Catholic Standard*.

An Unpublished Letter of Leo XIII

The *Unita Cattolica*, of Florence, gives for the first time to the public the following letter of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., written 55 years since, and addressed to his Eminence Cardinal Sala (I) from the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at St. Andrea al Quirinale, Rome, where the Abate Pecci had repaired to make his retreat preparatory to his sacerdotal ordination. Cardinal Sala, the great protector and counsellor of the youthful Joachim Pecci, had for some reason or other conceived the idea that the young ecclesiastic had determined to enter the Company of Jesus, and wrote to dissuade him therefrom.

This letter of reply, from the Abate Pecci, addressed to Cardinal Sala, was given to the *Unita Cattolica*, for publication, by Count Ludovic Pecci, nephew to his Holiness Leo XIII., being a verbatim copy of the original, religiously preserved, together with several other letters written by his august uncle, in archives of the Pecci family, at Caprineto. The letter bears date:

"ST. ANDREA, January 2nd, 1838.

"Most Reverend Eminence,—The year 1837 could not end better for me, neither could the new year of 1838 have a more happy opening. The day before yesterday I was anointed and consecrated

priest by the hands of Cardinal Odescalchi, and afterwards in the 'Cappelle of St. Stanislaus' I celebrated my first Mass, and I bless the Lord with my whole heart for having not only clothed me with so sublime a dignity, but for further consoling me with that peace and spiritual sweetness which exsuperat omnem sensum. At the altar I did not forget your Eminence; on the contrary, after praying for the salvation of my own soul, I most fervently besought our Divine Lord to shower upon you with unmeasured hand every blessing and prosperity.

"Your Eminence writes in your last letter, 'I praise your fervour, but there is no need to abandon the career already entered on, wherein you can render important services to the Church and to the Holy See.' I am thus compelled to make known to your Eminence what I have hitherto most carefully concealed in the secret of my heart, namely: to have already experienced a strong inclination to abandon the world, and give myself up wholly to a spiritual and interior life, whilst I am firmly persuaded the world offers no felicity which can fully content and satisfy the heart. From my earliest years an admirer and esteem of the Jesuit Fathers, from whom I received my first rudiments of learning, I should be already a Jesuit, if, beside this inclination, I could have recognized within myself the special vocation required for the religious state. Hence I seize opportunely this occasion to make manifest to your Eminence in all frankness what I have decided for the present. Wanting that vocation, I shall not abandon the career wherein I have the honour to have entered. However, I must make known to you with my customary ingenuitess, that I should consider myself most favoured (and such is my earnest prayer to our Lord) could I in this career behold all my actions and the very prelature itself subordinated to the priesthood, and could I so bear myself that the rank of prelate gave way in everything to that far more noble one of priest. However true it be, that even in civil tribunals, in delegations, &c., one may serve the Holy See, nevertheless the mind being necessarily exercised therein in matters wholly worldly, the heart and the spirit are in no slight degree diverted from the sublime end of the priesthood, namely, that of directly serving the Church and promoting the greater glory of God. I have read lately the life of St. Francis of Sales, and I said to myself: 'How admirable a model is St. Francis of Sales for a priest prelate!'

"Yesterday we received a visit from the Rev. Father Rillo, a Jesuit returned from Mesopotamia, with a long beard, a turban, and vested entirely like a Turk. It was a source of great consolation to us to be permitted once again to see and embrace him.

"Kissing the sacred purple, I declare myself your Eminence's most affectionate and devoted servant,

"JOACHIM PECCI."

P.S.—My brother, the Jesuit, assisted at my first Mass, and I had as server Brother Mazzi, who commissioned me to present his humble respects to your Eminence.

—*London Tablet*, April 1, 1838.

Face and Figure

show it, if you're a healthy woman. They'll have a beauty of their own, no matter what your features. Perfect health, with its clear skin, rosy cheeks and bright eyes, is enough to make any woman attractive.

To get perfect health, use faithfully Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health, flesh and strength.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" generally, it is so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good?"

A FEW PORTRAITS OF THE LATE

Rev. Father Dowd

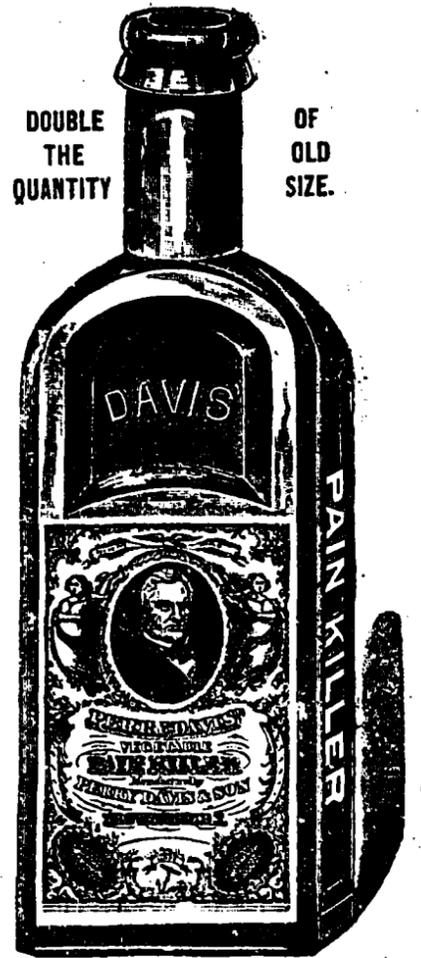
For sale, at 62 St. Antoine Street. W. COUGHLAN.

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PAIN-KILLER



DOUBLE THE QUANTITY

OF OLD SIZE.

Old Popular 25c. Price.

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Commercial Union	17,000,000
Western	1,800,000
Scottish Union and National	20,000,000
Insurance Co. of North America	9,000,000
Calcutta	8,000,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Sun Fire	10,000,000
Total	\$247,000,000

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6 St. Lawrence Street,

MONTREAL.

THE LAY OF THE EASTER EGGS.

SELECTED BY ANGELINE.

Scarlet and purple, pink and gray,
Amber and brown and green,
Upon a Sevres saucer lay
The rarest eggs e'er seen.

And over them bent, with wondering eye
And shimmering tinsel hair,
Cecil and Meg and Maud and Guy,
Brothers and sisters fair.

Purple and scarlet, gray and pink,
Green and amber and brown,
On the Sevres saucer lay (they think)
The loveliest eggs in town.

Lay on the deep old window seat,
Above a courtyard grim,
Where April violets, small and sweet,
Grew at the fountain's brim.

And round and round, with its arching head,
On the granite flags it all,
A peacock strutted and proudly spread
The glories of its tail.

"Oh, see!" cries Meg; "oh, see!" cries Maud;
"Cecil and Guy, behold!
On the birdie's tail the dear good God
Hath set strange eyes of gold!"

"And, Cecil; mark how they shine—ah, me!
Where the feathery fringes fall!
What can the name of the birdie be,
The fairest birdie of all?"

But Guy springs up at the closing words,
His soft hand lock'd in Meg's,
And cries: "'Tis the bird, the wonderful bird
Which laid our Easter eggs!"

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

TABLE ETIQUETTE IN GENERAL.

A host should not stand while carving.
Gloves are not to be worn at the table
under any circumstances.

No argumentative or in any way un-
pleasant topic should be broached at the
table.

There should be no difference between
"company manners" and those in daily
use.

The napkin is not folded, but is sim-
ply crushed and laid beside the plate in
rising.

Coffee may be served at any time dur-
ing breakfast, but should come at the
end of dinner.

Do not overload the plate of a guest,
or press upon any one that which they
have once declined.

Remember the maxim of Confucius:
"Eat at your own table as you would eat
at the table of the king."

Never say or do, or countenance in
others, the saying or doing of anything
rude or impolite at the table.

Never notice or comment upon any
accident, but render unobtrusively any
assistance which may be necessary and
possible.

The side of the spoon is to be placed
to the mouth, except in the case of a
man wearing a mustache, when the
point of the spoon leads the way.

Teach the children to eat at table with
their elders, and to do it in a dignified
manner. It is impossible to forestall
what moment may require them to ex-
emplify their home training.

Letters, newspapers or books should
never be brought to the table; though a
very important message may be received
and attended to, permission being asked
of the hostess.

DECORATIVE FANCIES.

A "loving cup" (now a very fashion-
able wedding gift, to be used on every
anniversary thereafter) has four handles
and is beautifully chased, and on one
side has the two family letters of bride
and groom united in monogram.

Baby shoes look cute on the corner of
the dressing table. They are gilded and
attached with a bow of ribbon, and in
the top of one shoe is a tufted satin
cushion for pins; in the other is stuffed
furniture hair, and the top of that gilded,
and it does nicely for hairpins.

At the present moment a fashionable
fad of decorators is to make the walls of
rooms what is called a "self-harmony."
This is accomplished, if for instance, the
wood work is of pine, which is a yellow-
ish cast, by making the wall a shade of
yellow brown, or, if of ash, a deep gray.
Satin and maple wood harmonize with
ivory yellow and mahogany with a
silvery green.

It is becoming more and more the
fashion to utilize corners which until re-
cently were practically a bit of quite
necessary but wholly useless space. A
favorite way of making corner space
available is by means of a cabinet made
to fit into it so snugly as to occupy no
room that could be otherwise used. A

cabinet of this kind is not only service-
able, but it makes of a blank corner a
pretty picture. The upper part of these
corner cabinets is furnished with shelves
and doors of glass and the lower part
with doors of wood which close before
shelves and which can be securely
locked.

A pretty sofa or chair roll seen the
other day was made of three fine hem-
stitched handkerchiefs, put together in
the lace insertion, the pattern of the lace
being picked out in heliotrope wash silk.
The gathered ends were first lace trim-
med, forming, when gathered, a frilled
rosette, tied with heliotrope ribbons, the
whole drawn over a roll first covered
with heliotrope silesia.

WITH REGARD TO FASHIONS.

Iridescent or shaded velvets are much
used for the sleeves of silk or cloth
dresses.

Sealskin remains the popular fur. Of
course, the long wrap is the favorite with
those who can afford it. Following this,
the jacket, cape, and any number of
natty mantles and mantlets are worn.

Plaid silk bodices are liked, with black
skirts; the full belt should be of velvet,
the color most predominating in the
plaid, and the high, turned-over collar
and rather deep cuffs should also be of
the velvet.

Coats and capes look best fashioned
with a continuous collar, that is, one
that has no seam at the neck, but is car-
ed up straight from the wrap itself, with
no dividing line. This method imparts
a certain grace and appearance of length
when it does not really exist.

The nicest materials for smart tailor-
made gowns are the "heather chevils,"
"zigzag tweeds" and fancy meltons.
The chief novelties in this season's dress-
goods are the fancy reps—ringed, streak-
ed and speckled—and the diagonal
cloths with shot ground and the "croco-
dile cloth."

The mock gems which dazzled the
eyes a year ago are not used in any such
lavish way this season, although new
devices of the most unique nature in
jeweled effects, of more delicate pattern
than formerly, still tempt the purchaser.
But if jeweled garnitures are being
somewhat overlooked, jet trimmings are
not.

Everyone is interested in rainy-day
dresses, and a new material has appeared
for general utility dresses, called priestly
ravenette. This material is perfectly
waterproof, rendered so by a patent pro-
cess. It is very handsome and the
genuine priestly goods always give satisfac-
tion. The English meltons are very
desirable for conventional suits. Marine-
blue and butternut brown serges and
homespuns have not lost their attrac-
tiveness for street suits. The butter-
nut brown combines very nicely with
ecru.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Coughs and colds are the cause, if neglected,
of consumption. It is therefore much better
to cure them at once by the use of Hagar's
Pectoral Balm, the safe, sure and reliable
remedy for all diseases of the throat and
lungs.

WIFE: Your club is evidently much
more attractive to you than this house,
but that is all your fault. Why don't
you make your home as comfortable as
your club? Husband: Couldn't possi-
bly do it, my dear; it takes over a hun-
dred of us to keep the club up to its
present state of perfection.

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

City Clerk's Office, City Hall, Montreal,
March 5th 1892. Dr. Laviolette, Montreal. My
Dear Doctor. Your Syrup of Turpentine is
without a doubt a marvellous remedy, one
whose absolute efficacy will certainly not be
long in becoming generally known. I was suf-
fering for several days from acute bronchitis
which caused weakening fits of coughing day
and night, to such an extent that I was en-
tirely unable to sleep and it became almost an
impossibility for me to attend to my business.
After having tried various remedies without
any relief, I bought a bottle of your Syrup of
Turpentine and in two days there remained
not the slightest trace of my bronchitis. I may
add that I address you this attestation of my
own accord and without having been asked
for it by any one. Your sincerely, RENE
BAUSET.

It is said that a man could easily carry
£1,000,000 if the money was in £1000
notes. It is worth while for every man
to know this, so as to be prepared for an
emergency.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

FATHER COCHIN'S MIRACLE.

When the famous Father James Cochin
was studying to become a priest, his
father allowed him fifty francs a month
for pocket money. The greater part of
this sum the young man gave away in
charity, and the end of the month usually
found him with an empty purse.

One day, as James was out walking,
he met a poor woman who told him that
her children had nothing to eat and her
husband was sick and out of work. The
young man listened to her story, but,
though he pitied her, he had nothing to
give. However, the woman begged him
to search his pockets, as it might be that
God would work a miracle, and put some
money there.

To prove that he had nothing, James
was about to turn his pockets inside out,
when he felt something hard in one of
them, and to his great surprise he drew
out two gold coins. These he gave to
the woman, who, smiling through her
tears, exclaimed, "Did I not tell you so!
a miracle!"

James was greatly puzzled at this.
Where had the money come from? He
was sure he had none of his own, for he
had given his last coin to a poor man
some days before. He thought it over,
and finally concluded that it was cer-
tainly a miracle.

In the evening, when he returned to
the college, his room mate met him with
a frown, saying, "A pretty trick you
played on me! I had to stay indoors all
day, because you took my coat, and I
could not find yours."

"Your coat!" exclaimed James.
"Yes, my coat; and to prove it, you
will find my money in the right hand
pocket."

The money was gone, so there was
nothing for James to do but to tell the
whole story. Of course, his school-mates
teased him about it, but his father was
so pleased, when he heard of his son's
charity, that he not only sent James the
two coins to give back to his room-mate,
but doubled his monthly allowance.

Years after, when James was a priest,
he built an hospital for the poor, which
you can see to-day, if you go to Paris.
He probably never worked any miracle,
but he spent his life in helping the poor.

THE THREE MIRRORS.

A young girl who was being educated
in a Catholic seminary found she could
not overcome her extreme vanity and
illness of nature. Finding it impossible
to satisfy her vanity she wrote to her
mother and asked her for a toilet mirror.

In a few days she received her mother's
brief answer in these words: "My dear
child, instead of one mirror I shall send
you three. In the first you shall see
what you are. In the second what you
will be. In the third what you should
be."

This curious answer puzzled the maid-
en very much, but she could not fathom
the meaning of her mother's words. With
great impatience she awaited the coming
of the promised mirrors. After three
days, which seemed endlessly long to
her, the expected parcel came. At the
first glance all wondering thoughts van-
ished. To her intense joy she really held
in her hand a little toilet mirror. It was
a truthful one and showed her as she
really was. Her pretty face and fair
visage pleased her much too well, as she
looked long and intently at the beaming
reflection. "Mother is really very good,"
she whispered joyfully, setting the little
mirror upon the commode in her room.

Then she began to untie a second pack-
age with greater wonder than before and
yet not without a certain timidity. It
rolled heavily from out the wrappings
and she beheld a skull—a death's head.
This was the mirror to show her what
she would come to be. As she looked
upon it she became very serious. Now
she understood very well the lesson of
her good mother. It touched her heart
painfully and she wept, but at once re-
solved to take heed of her mother's
timely warning.

But still, there was the third package
waiting. One can easily comprehend
how nervously and fearfully she unfolded
it. With trembling hand she drew forth
an object completely hidden in snowy
veiling. A cry of delighted surprise fell
from her lips. It was a most beautiful
statue of the Immaculate Virgin.

"Yes, yes," cried that vain, but good-
souled, girl. "Yes; this is as I should
be; and so I will, with the help and

goodness of God, for all my life." And
she remained true to her vow.

She clung to her last mirror, and knelt
before it in beautiful meditation; and
each day looked upon it lovingly as she
prayed—prayers that her lips had never
uttered before.

Imbued with the tenderest devotion to
the Blessed Virgin, her most earnest en-
deavors were to accept the virtues of the
divine Mother of God, as her future guide
in life, especially in modesty and inno-
cence.—*Translated from the German by*
R. Augusta Knell.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

Prince Ruspoli having presented an
address to the Holy Father on the part
of the Roman nobility, a most gracious
reply has been tendered to him in Italian
by the Pontiff.

Raffaello Nunez, the President of the
intensely Catholic republic of Colombia,
has just performed an unexampled act
of munificence. He has voluntarily re-
nounced in favour of the national treas-
ury the sum of one hundred and twenty
thousand scudi, being four years' annual
salary. This princely-minded ruler has
been successively elected to his office on
four occasions.

The Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Belgian
Congo, Father Huberlant, has died at
the parent house of the missionaries at
Scheut-lez-Bruxelles. He was not forty
years of age. One of the first four Bel-
gian missionaries (all from the province
of Hainault), he left for the Congo in
August, 1866, and travelled to the con-
fluence of the great river with the Kasai
on his road to found the station of Lo-
louabourg. R.I.P.

On the 25th of March the Princess
Beatrice and her husband attended the
celebration of the Holy Sacrifice at the
Church of the Annunciation at Florence,
and were delighted with the strains of
Gounod's Mass. The idea of the Queen's
favourite daughter and son-in-law bend-
ing the knee at Popish worship! Mrs.
Grundy will ejaculate, "Horrible, most
horrible!" All the same, the skies did
not fall, and the royal couple do not ap-
pear to have suffered seriously in mental
or bodily health.

The health of His Holiness continues
to be all that could be desired. There
could be no time more fitting than the
present to recall to our readers the Holy
Father's opinions on the Catholic press.
When a Cardinal only, an Archbishop
of Perugia (where, by-the-way, he made
the acquaintance of many of the old
Irish Papal Brigades), he said he con-
sidered a Catholic journal as a perpetual
Mission in his diocese. In writing a let-
ter to the Archbishop of Vienna at a
period when he was already surrounded
by the glories of the Pontificate, his
words were similar in tone. His wise,
deliberate utterance was that, among
the means the most apt to defend reli-
gion, there was none, to his sense, more
appropriate to the epoch in which we
live and more efficacious than the press.

Kill
The
Cold.



Kill it by feeding it with
Scott's Emulsion. It is remark-
able how

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver
Oil and Hypophosphites
will stop a Cough, cure a Cold, and
check Consumption in its earlier stages,
as well as all forms of Wasting Diseases,
Scrofula and Bronchitis. It is almost
as palatable as milk.
Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

DOHERTY & SICOTTE,
[Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY.]
Advocates; and Barristers,
180 ST. JAMES STREET,
City and District Bank Building!

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER I.

KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

Some one has said that almost all that Ireland possesses of picturesque beauty is to be found on, or in the immediate neighborhood of our seaboard; and if we except some brief patches of riverscenery on the Nore and the Blackwater, and a part of Lough Erne, the assertion is not devoid of truth. The deary expanse called the Bog of Allan, which occupies a high table-land in the centre of the island, stretches away for miles flat, sad colored, and monotonous, fissured in every direction by channels of dark-tinted water, in which the very fish take the same sad color. This tract is almost without trace of habitation, save where at distant intervals, utter destitution has raised a mud-hovel undistinguishable from the hillocks of turf around it.

Fringing this broad waste, little patches of cultivation are to be seen—small potato-gardens, as they are called, or a few rods of oats, green even in the late autumn: but, strangely enough, with nothing to show where the humble tiller of the soil was living, or often, any visible road of these isolated spots of culture. Gradually, however—but very gradually—the prospect brightens. Fields with inclosures, and a cabin or two, are to be met with; a solitary tree, generally an ash, will be seen; some rude instrument of husbandry, or an ass cart, will show that we are emerging from the region of complete destitution, and approaching a land of at least struggling civilization. At last, and by a transition that is not always easy to mark, the scene glides into those rich pasture-lands and well-tilled farms that form the wealth of the midland counties. Gentleman's seats and waving plantations succeeded, and we are in a country of comfort, and abundance.

On this border-land, between fertility and destitution, and on a tract which had probably once been part of the bog itself, there stood—there stands still—a short, square tower, battlemented at top, and surmounted with a pointed roof, which seems to grow out of a cluster of farm-buildings, so surrounded is its base by roofs of thatch and slates. Incongruous, vulgar, and ugly in every way, the old keep appears to look down on them—time-worn and battered as it is—as might a reduced gentleman regard the unworthy associates with whom an altered fortune had linked him. This is all that remains of Kilgobbin Castle.

In the guide-books we read that it was once a place of strength and importance, and that Hugh de Lacy—the same bold knight "who had won all Ireland for the English from the Shannon to the sea"—had taken this castle from a native chieftain called Neal O'Carney, whose family he had slain, all save one; and then he adds: "Sir Hugh came one day, with three Englishmen, that he might show them the castle, when there came to him a youth of the men of Meath—a certain Gilla Nahir O'Mahay, foster-brother of O'Carney himself—with his battle-axe concealed beneath his cloak, and while De Lacy was reading the petition he gave him, he dealt him such a blow that his head and body being afterward buried in the ditch of the castle.

The annals of Kilkonan farther related that the O'Carneys became adherents of the English—dropping their Irish designation, and calling themselves Kearney; and in this way were restored to a part of the lands and the Castle of Kilgobbin—"by favor of which act of grace" says the chronical, "they were bound to raise a becoming monument over the brave knight, Hugh de Lacy, whom their kinsman had so treacherously slain; but they did no more of this than one large stone of granite, and no inscription thereon; thus showing that at all times and with all men, the O'Carneys were false knaves and untrue to their word."

In later times, again, the Kearneys returned to the old faith of their fathers and followed the fortunes of King James; one of them Michael O'Kearney, having acted as aid-de-camp at the Boyne, and conducted the king to Kilgobbin, where he passed the night after the defeat, and, as the tradition recites, held a court the next morning, at which he thanked the

owner of the castle for his hospitality, and created him on the spot a viscount by the style and the title of Lord Kilgobbin.

It is needless to say that the newly created noble saw good reason to keep his elevation to himself. They were somewhat critical times just then for the adherents of the last cause, and the followers of King William were kept at scenting out any disloyalty that might be turned to good account by a confiscation. The Kearneys, however were prudent. They entertained a Dutch officer, Van Straaten, on King William's staff, and gave such valuable information besides, as to the condition of the country, that no suspicions of disloyalty attached to them.

To these succeeded more peaceful times, during which the Kearneys were more engaged in endeavoring to reconstruct the fallen condition of their fortunes than in political intrigue. Indeed a very small portion of the original estate now remained to them; and of what once had produced above four thousand a year, there was left a property barely worth eight hundred.

The present owner, with whose fortunes we are more immediately concerned, was a widower. Maurice Kearney's family consisted of a son and a daughter, the former about two-and-twenty, the latter four years younger, though, to all appearance, there did not seem a year between them.

Maurice Kearney himself was a man of about fifty-four or fifty-six—tall, handsome, and powerful; his snow-white hair and bright complexion, white his full gray eyes and regular teeth, giving him an air of genial cordiality at first sight which was fully confirmed by farther acquaintance. So long the world went well with him, Maurice seemed to enjoy life thoroughly; and even its rubs he bore with an easy jocularly that showed what a stout heart he could oppose to fortune. A long minority had provided him with a considerable sum on his coming of age, but he spent it freely, and when it was exhausted, continued to live on at the same rate as before, till at last, as creditors grew pressing, and mortgages threatened foreclosure, he saw himself reduced to something less than one-fifth of his former outlay and though he seemed to address himself to the task with a bold spirit and a resolute mind, the old habits were too deeply rooted to be eradicated; and the pleasant companionship of his equals, his life at the club in Dublin, his joyous conviviality, no longer possible, he suffered himself to descend to an inferior rank, and sought his associations among humbler men, whose flattering reception of him soon reconciled him to his fallen condition. His companions were now the small farmers of the neighborhood and the shop-keepers in the adjoining town of Mute, to whose habits and modes of thought and expression he gradually conformed, till it became positively irksome to himself to keep the company of his equals. Whether, however, it was that age had breached the stronghold of his good spirits, or that conscience rebuked him for having derogated from his station, certain it is that all his buoyancy failed him when away from society, and that in the quietness of his home he was depressed and despirited to a degree; and to that genial temper, which once he could count on against every reverse that befell him, there now succeeded an irritable, peevish spirit that led him to attribute every annoyance he met with to some fault or shortcoming of others.

By his neighbors in the town and by his tenantry he was always addressed as "my lord," and treated with all the deference that pertained to such difference of station. By the gentry, however, when at rare occasions he met them, he was known as Mr. Kearney, and in the village post-office the letters with the Maurice Kearney, Esq., were perpetual reminders of what rank was accorded him by that wider section of the world that lived beyond the shadow of Kilgobbin Castle.

Perhaps the impossible task of serving two masters is never more palpably displayed as when the attempt attaches to a divided identity—when a man tries to be himself in two distinct parts in life, without the slightest misgiving of hypocrisy while doing so. Maurice Kearney not only bid not assume any pretension to nobility among his equals, but he would have felt that any reference to his title from one of them would have been an impertinence, and an imperti-

nance to be resented; while at the same time, had a shop-keeper of Mute, or one of the tenants, addressed him as other than "my lord," he would not have deigned him a notice.

Strangely enough, this divided allegiance did not merely prevail with the outer world, it actually penetrated within his walls. By his son, Richard Kearney, he was always called "my lord;" while Kate as persistently addressed and spoke to him as papa. Nor was this difference without signification as to their separate natures and tempers.

Had Maurice Kearney contrived to divide the two parts of his nature, and bequeathed all his pride, his vanity, and his pretensions to his son, while he gave his light-heartedness, his buoyancy and kindness to his daughter, the partition could not have been more perfect. Richard Kearney was full of an insolent pride of birth. Contrasting the position of his father with that held by his grandfather, he resented the downfall as the act of a dominant faction, eager to outrage the old race and the old religion of Ireland. Kate took a very different view of their condition. She clung, indeed, to the notion of their good blood, but as a thing that might assuage many of the pangs of adverse fortune, not increase nor imberter them; and "if we are ever to imerge," though she, "from this poor state, we shall meet our class without any of the shame of a mushroom origin. It will be a restoration, and not a new elevation." She was a fine, handsome, fearless girl, whom many said ought to have been a boy; but this was rather intended as a covert slight on the narrower nature and peevish temperament of her brother—another exchanged conditions.

The listless indolence of her father's life, and the almost complete absence from home of her brother, who was pursuing his studies at the Dublin University, had giving over to her charge not only the household, but no small share of the management of the estate—all, in fact, that an old land steward, a certain Peter Gill, would permit her to exercise; for Peter was a very absolute and despotic grand vizier; and if it had not been that he could neither read nor write, it would have been utterly impossible to have wrested from him a particle of power over the property. This happy defect in his education—happy so far as Kate's rule was concerned—gave her the one claim she could prefer to any superiority over him and his obstinacy could never be effectually overcome, except by confronting him with a written document or a column of figures. Before these, indeed, he would stand crestfallen and abashed. Some strange terror seemed to possess him as to the peril of opposing himself to such inscrutable testimony—a fear, he it said, he never felt in contesting an oral witness.

Peter had once resource, however, and I am not sure that a similar stronghold has not secured the power of greater men and in higher functions. Peter's sway was of so varied and complicated a kind; the duties he discharged were so various, manifold, and conflicting; the measures he took with the people whose destinies were committed to him where so thoroughly devised, by reference to the peculiar condition of each man—what he could do, or bear, or submit to, and not by any sense of justice—that a sort of government grew up over the property full of hitches, contingencies, and compensations, and of which none but he who had invented the machinery could possibly pretend to the direction. The estate being, to use his own words, "so like the old coach harness, so full of knots, splices, and entanglement, there was not another man in Ireland could make it work; and if another were to try it, it would all come to pieces in his hands."

Kate was shrewd enough to see this; and in the same way that she had admiringly watched Peter as he knotted a trace and supplemented a strap there, to strengthening a weak point, and providing for casualties, even the least likely, she saw him dealing with the tenantry on the property; and in the same spirit that he made allowance for sickness here and misfortune there, he would be as prompt to screw up a lagging tenant to the last penny, and secure the landlord in the share of any season of prosperity.

Had the Government Commissioner, sent to report on the state of land tenure in Ireland, confined himself to a visit to the estate of Lord Kilgobbin—or so we like to call him—it is just possible that the Cabinet would have found the task of legislation even more difficult than thy

have already admitted it to be. First of all, not a tenant on the estate had any certain knowledge of how much land he held.

"It will be made up to you," was Gill's phrase about everything. "What matters if you have an acre more or an acre less?" Neither had any one a lease, or, indeed, a writing of any kind. Gill settled that on the 25th March and 25th September a certain sum was to be forthcoming, and that was all. When the lord wanted them there were always to give him a hand, which often meant with their carts and horses, especially in harvest-time. Not that they were a hard-worked or hard-working population; they took life very easy, seeing that by no possible exertion could they materially better themselves; and even when they hunted a neighbor's cow out of their wheat, they would excuse the eviction with a lazy indolence and sluggishness that took away from the act all semblance of ungenerousness.

They were very poor, their hovels were wretched, their clothes ragged, and their food scanty; but, with all that, they were not discontented, and very far for unhappy. There was no prosperity at hand to contrast with their poverty. This was, on the whole, pretty much as they always remembered it. They would have liked it to be "better off" if they knew how, but they did not know if there was a "better off"—much less how to come at it; and if they were, Peter Gill certainly did not tell them of it.

If a stray visitor to fair or market brought back the news that there was an agitation abroad for a new settlement of the land, that popular orators were proclaiming the poor man's rights and denouncing the cruelties of the landlord, if they heard that men were talking of repealing the laws which secured property to the owner and only admitted him to a sort of partnership with the tiller of the soil, old Gill speedily assured them that these were changes only to be adopted in Ulster, where the tenants were rack-rented and treated like slaves. "Which of you here," would he say, "can come forward and say he was ever evicted?" Now as the term was one of which none had the very vaguest conception—it might, for aught they knew, have been an operation in surgery—the appeal was an overwhelming success. "Sorra doubt of it, but could Peter's right, and there's worse places to live in, and worse landlords to live under than the lord." Not but it taxed Gill's skill and cleverness to maintain this quarantine against the outer world; and he often felt like Prince Metternich in a like strait—that it would only be a question of time, and, in a long run, the newspaper fellows must win.

From what has been said, therefore, it may be imagined that Kilgobbin was not a model estate, nor Peter Gill exactly the sort of witness from which a select committee would have extricated any valuable suggestions for the construction of a land code.

Anything short of Kate Kearney's fine temper and genial disposition would have broken down by daily dealing with this cross-grained, wrong-headed and obstinate old fellow, whose ideas of management all centred in craft and subtlety—outwitting this man, forstalling that—doing everything by halves so that no boon came unassociated with some contingency or other by which he secured to himself unlimited power.

As Gill was in perfect possession of her father's confidence, to oppose him in anything was a task of no mean difficulty; and the mere thought that the old fellow should feel offended and throw up his charge—was a terror Kilgobbin could not have faced. Nor was this her only care. There was Dick continually dunning her for remittance, and importing her for means to supply his extravagances. "I suspect how it would be," wrote he once, "with a lady paymaster. And when my father told me I was to look to you for my allowance, I accepted the information as a heavy percentage taken off my beggarly income. What could you—what could any young girl—know of the requirements of a man going out into the best society of a capital! To derive any benefit from associating with these people, I must at least seem to live like them. I am received as the son of a man of condition and property, and you want to bound my habits by those of my chum Joe A'lee, whose father is starving somewhere on the pay of a Presbyterian minister. Even Joe himself laughs at the notion of gauging my expense by his.

"If this is to go on—I mean if you in-

tend to persist in this plan—he frank enough to say so at once, and I will either take pupils, or seek a clerkship, or go to Australia; and I care precious little which of the three.

"I know what a proud thing it is for whoever manages the revenue to come forward and show a surplus. Chancellors of the Exchequer make great reputations in that fashion; but there are certain economies that lie close to revolutions. Now don't risk this, nor don't be above taking a hint from one some years older than you, though he neither rules his father's house nor metes out his pocket-money."

Such, and such like, were the epistles she received from time to time; and though frequency blunted something of their sting, and their injustice gave her a support against their sarcasm, she read and thought over them in a spirit of bitter mortification. Of course she showed none of these letters to her father. He, indeed, only asked if Dick were well, or if he were soon going up for that scholarship or fellowship—he did not know which, nor was he to blame—which after all, it was hard on a K-arney to stoop to accept, only that times were changed with us, and we weren't what we used to be—a reflection so overwhelming that he generally felt unable to dwell on it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Navigation is now open at Collingwood. King Humbert is visiting Queen Victoria at Florence.

Ex-Aid. John McMillan has been appointed gaol steward.

The Columbus caraval Santa Maria has left Porto Rica for New York.

Burglars blew open the safe of Hume Bros., Port Hope, and stole \$130.

Mr. Gladstone was waited upon by a delegation of imperial federationists.

It is thought that a general strike of dock laborers will be ordered in England.

Over 2,000 houses in Kawagoye, near Tokio, Japan, have been destroyed by fire.

The British Columbia Legislature has appropriated \$600,000 for new capital buildings.

The town of Vespren, 30 miles from Budapest, has been almost completely destroyed by fire.

The ice has been driven out of the Straits of Mackinaw by the heavy gales of the past few days.

Minister Egan, U.S. Minister to Chili, applied for passports for a couple of refugees recently and was refused.

Statistics show that the foreign trade of China for 1892 amounted to £237,684,000, an increase over 1891 £2,730,000.

A commission of German artillery experts is experimenting with a new explosive intending to replace gunpowder.

Quiet has been fully restored in Santiago, Chili, and all parties are now awaiting the announcement of the new Cabinet.

Ninety houses were burned in the village of Klein-Poehlarn, Austria, last week, and fifteen persons were burned to death.

Mrs. John Boyd, wife of a farmer, living seven miles from Ottawa, committed suicide last week by shooting herself in the breast.

It is reported that C. A. Pillsbury, the great Minneapolis miller, got badly nipped in the Chicago wheat manipulations on Wednesday.

The city of Jackson, Tenn., was struck by a cyclone Wednesday afternoon and dozens of buildings were wrecked. There was no loss of life.

The strike inaugurated by the labor leaders in Belgium as a protest against the rejection of the universal suffrage bill is still spreading.

A forest fire in Warren county, N.C., has swept over four miles of the country, destroying over 200 farm buildings and much other property.

The Nova Scotia provincial estimates for the nine months ending September 30, 1893, are: Revenue, \$669,189.58; expenditure, \$644,697.77.

An earthquake shook the villages in the vicinity of the volcano Mount Etna, in Sicily, last week. The people have fled to the open country.

It is reported from Berlin that cholera has existed in nearly every province of

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

throughout the winter and a severe epidemic is expected next summer.

The Duke and Duchess of Veragua and their children have left Madrid for Cuba. They will proceed by Paris and London.

An explosion occurred in Holmes' oil refinery at East Buffalo last week. The refinery and a large number of cars were destroyed by fire.

Charles Longfellow, son of the poet died in Boston, after a lingering sickness. He lived with his sister, Miss Alice Longfellow, in the old family.

Ypsilanti and other points in Michigan were devastated by a cyclone last week. Many of the principal buildings were badly damaged. The loss of property is estimated at \$200,000.

According to the latest count the Democrats have 220, the Republicans 127 and the third party 8 representatives in the U. S. Congress, giving the Democrats a majority over all of 85.

The 200th anniversary of the introduction of printing in New York by William Bradford was celebrated by the Typothetae of that place by a banquet Wednesday evening in the ballroom at Delmonico's.

Mr. David Preston, mechanical superintendent of the C. P. R. works in Montreal, died from blood poisoning produced by the use of a solution applied to a corn. He was over 60 years of age, and a very competent official.

For 8 fires in the counties contiguous to Petersburg Va., are very destructive, many family residences having been destroyed and some persons having narrowly escaped being burned to death. The losses are estimated at from \$75,000 to \$100,000.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the merit to secure the confidence of entire communities and hold it year after year, like HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The Montreal Stock Yards Company, Point St. Charles, reports as follows:

Trade somewhat dull. Owing to the large supply of inferior cattle butchers were reluctant about buying, resulting in low prices and a slow trade.

The hog market has taken a big drop, market very unsettled, low prices ruling. Sheep and lamb firm. Calves plentiful.

We quote the following as being fair values: Cattle—Butchers' good 40 to 45; medium 35 to 40; culls 20 to 30; Hogs 55 to 65; sheep and lambs 40 to 50; Calves 2 00 to 3 00

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.

A quiet trade at these stables for the past week; not much inquiry for horses of any kind and few sales. Eighty horses of various description on hand for sale and two car loads expected the first of the week.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—Impurities of the Blood—To ensure health it is absolutely necessary that the fluids and solids of the human body should be kept free from those impurities which are continually getting admission into the system by erroneous living, unwholesome atmospheres, or disordered stomach. The only safe and certain way to expel all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills, which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters and at the same time removing any irregularities which their presence may have already produced in any organ. Holloway's Pills expel all humors which taint or impoverish the blood, which they purify and invigorate, and give general tone. They are applicable to all alike—youth or old, robust or delicate.

JUDGE M. DOHERTY, Consulting Counsel, SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS, Montreal.

DAN MCCARTHY'S SONGS.

As Sung by Him in the "Rambler from Clare" Do Not Weep, Dear Mother. Home Diver—Moby Malone. The Birth Place of Burney. Dear Old Friends—Mr. McCarthy and Miss St. George—It's a Big Hit. The Boat that First Brought Me Over. Everybody's Favorite Song Sweet Nellie Bawn. Dying in a British Soldier's Grave. Mary Jane Casey from the County Mayo. Dreaming as She Sleeps, and fifty other popular songs, can be had in Kelly's Songster No. 50 Price 10 cents. P. KELLY, Song Publisher, Box 926, Montreal, Can.



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THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS PUREST BELL METAL, COPPER AND TIN Send for Price and Catalogue. MESHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

RIENDEAU HOTEL, 58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq. MONTREAL. The cheapest first-class house in Montreal. European and American Plans.

JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.

FARM, MILLS AND HOMES in the Old Virginia, for sale and exchange on very favorable terms. Free Catalogue. R. B. CHAFFIN & Co. Richmond, Va.

F. KELLY, Ruling, Binding and Embossing 774 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal, No. 2119. Dame Emma Fletcher Reed, of Montreal, authorized to sue, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas A. Bl-hop, of Montreal, Contractor, Defendant. An action for separation of property has been instituted. Montreal, 6th March, 1893. HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR (MAIN, ETC.)

Flour—Prices are quoted as follows:— Patent Spring 4.20 @ 4.40 Patent Winter 4.20 @ 4.40 Straight Roller 3.45 @ 3.65 Extra 3.10 @ 3.25 Superfine 2.70 @ 2.90 Fine 2.35 @ 2.50 City Strong Bakers 4.00 @ 4.20 Manitoba Bakers 3.50 @ 3.65 Ontario bag—extra 1.40 @ 1.50 Straight Rollers 1.70 @ 1.80 Superfine 1.30 @ 1.45 Fine 1.10 @ 1.20

Outmeal—In jobbing lots we quote:— Rolled and granulated \$4.15 to \$4.25. Standard \$3.85 to \$4.05. In bags, granulated and rolled \$2.00 to \$2.10. and standard \$1.80 to \$2.05.

Mill Feed—Is now quoted at \$16 to \$16.50 in car lots. Shorts are quoted at \$17.50 to \$18, and middles at \$19 to \$22.50.

Wheat—There has been a rise in Ontario Manitoba wheat, No. 2 hard being now held at Port Arthur at 74c to 75c afloat. May, which is equal to 85c to 86c afloat here.

Corn—Prices continue nominal at 65c to 66c duty paid.

Peas.—Peas are offered in this market at 77c afloat May, with 7c bid, and are quoted at 73c to 74c in store per 60 lbs.

Oats.—The market is about steady, with 35c asked May afloat. In store they are quoted at 33c to 44c per 60 lbs.

Barley.—Sales of feed 40c to 42c. Maltling grades are quoted at 50c to 55c.

Malt.—We quote 65c to 75c as to quality.

Rye.—We quote 55c to 60c.

Buckwheat—We quote 55c to 65c.

Seeds.—Timothy seed is quoted at \$2.45 to \$2.60 for Western and \$2.70 to \$2.90 for Quebec. Red clover at \$9 to \$9.50 per bushel of 60 lbs., and white \$8.50 to \$9.00. Flax seed \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:— Canada short cut pork per bbl. \$20.75 @ 21.50 Canada clear mess, per bbl. 21.00 @ 21.50 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl. 20.00 @ 20.50 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl. 21.50 @ 22.00 India mess beef, per tierce 10 to 12.00 Extra Mess beef, per bbl. 14 to 15.00 Hams, city cured, per lb. 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2 Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2 Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 Bacon, per lb. 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2 Shoulders, per lb. 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2 Dressed Hogs.—The season is now fairly over and prices nominal.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:— Creamery choice late made 20c to 21c do good to fine 19 to 20c Eastern Township dairy, choice fall 20c to 21c do do good to fine 19 to 20c Morrisburg & Brockville 18c to 20c Western 18c to 20c New Creamery 23c to 24c New Dairy 22c to 23c Roll Butter.—There is some enquiry for nice fresh Western rolls, which have sold at 19c to 20c.

Cheese.—A nominal quotation for hay cheese on this market is 10c to 11c. Old cheese nominal at 10c to 11c. The cable continues steady at 64-65.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Since our last report, prices have ruled from 12c to 13c. Beans.—The market is steady at \$1.60 to \$1.65 for Western hard packed and \$1.25 to \$1.50 for ordinary to good. Inferior sells at \$1.00 to \$1.10 Honey.—We quote 6c to 7c. Comb honey ranges from 8c to 13c as to quality, the latter price for white clover. Hops.—A lot of Western, very good, was placed at 17c. Poorer qualities range from 15c to 16c. Old hops 10 to 12c. Maple Products.—Syrup in wood reported at 50c to 60c per lb., and in tin 50c to 70c in small and 80c to 90c in large tins. Sugar is quiet at 70c to 72c, one lot selling at 67c. Hated Hay, &c.—No. 2 is quoted at \$19.00 to \$19.25 for del very on ship at opening of navigation, and at country points. No. 1 is quoted at \$8.00 to \$8.50 per ton as to position. Straw is quiet at \$3.50 to \$5.00.

FRUIT, ETC.

Oranges.—Prices remain about as last week, and we quote:—Floridas, \$4 to \$4.50, California \$3 to \$3.50, Messina \$2.50 to 2.75, Valencia \$3.00 to \$3.50, Blood Oranges, \$4.25 to \$4.50 as to size of boxes and quality. Lemons.—We quote:—Fancy \$2.75 to \$3.00, common to good \$1.50 to \$2.00. Dried Fruit.—Evaporated 8c to 9c. Dried 5c to 6c, peaches and apricots 19c to 21c. Pine Apples.—We quote 15c to 25c as to quality. Strawberries.—Selling freely at from 50c to 60c per box. HERRINGS.—We quote:—firsts \$2.00 to \$2.50, seconds \$1.25 to \$2.00. CABBAGES.—Are selling in lots of 100 at from \$4. to \$4.50. Onions.—Red and yellows in barrels \$2.75 to \$3. Spanish onions in crates 90c to \$1.00. POTATOES.—We quote 85c to \$1 per bag of 90 lbs for firsts and \$1.00 for seconds.

FISH AND OIL.

Oils.—The market is firm for steam refined on spot, and is quoted at 51c to 60c. Newfoundland cod oil is firm at 40c to 41c for Newfoundland and at 39c for Gaspe. Cod liver oil 45c to 75c as to quality. Pickled Fish.—Herring are quoted \$3.85 to \$4.25 as to quality. Green cod \$6.50 to \$7.00 for No. 1 and \$7.50 for large. Dry cod \$4.00, and case cod at \$4.75. Fresh Fish.—Haddock is selling at 40c to 45c per lb. Halifax herring, weighing 60 lbs per lb count, are selling at \$2.25 per 100. Fresh B. C. salmon has sold at 18c to 22c per lb by the case.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A friend in need is secured by everyone who keeps a bottle of Hayward's Yellow Oil at hand for use against accidental sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, scalds or any inflammatory pain, such as rheumatism, quinsy, sore throat, etc.

NEW YORK STATE MIRACLE

A YOUNG LADY'S GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF A TIMELY RESCUE.

Miss Lillian Sparks Restored to Health and Strength after Medical Aid had Failed—Her Condition that of Thousands of Other Ladies who may take Hope from her story.

From the Hornellville, N. Y. Times.

Painted Post is the name of a pretty little village of one thousand inhabitants, situated on the line of the Erie Railroad, in Steuben county, two miles from Corning, N. Y. The name seems an odd one until one learns the circumstances from which it was derived. When the first settlers came here from Pennsylvania, all this beautiful valley was heavily wooded, and abounded in many kinds of game, and was a favorite hunting ground for the Indians who then claimed exclusive rights to the territory. An object which attracted the attention of the first settlers and excited their curiosity, was a painted post which stood prominently in a small clearing skirted by great spreading trees. It was stained red, as some supposed with blood, and evidently commemorated some notable event in Indian life. And so from this incident the place naturally took its name. The city of Baton Rouge (which means "painted post") La., also took its name from a similar circumstance.

But the main purpose for which your correspondent came here was to learn the particulars of a notable, indeed miraculous, cure of a young lady and her rescue from death by the efficacious use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Your correspondent only knew that the name of the young lady was Lillian Sparks, daughter of Mr. James W. Sparks. On enquiring at the post office for her father's residence we learned that he lived on the road to Hornby, five miles from Painted Post village. "And," said a young man who overheard the conversation with the postmaster "it is his daughter who was so sick that the doctors gave her up and she was cured by Pink Pills." And the young man volunteered to guide me to Mr. Spark's home. The courteous young man was Mr. Willie Covert, a resident of the place, organist in the Methodist church, and formerly organist for the Young Men's Christian Association of Rochester. So getting a horse we started in the storm, with the mercury ranging at zero, for a five-mile drive over the snow-drifted roads of Hornby Hills. When we reached our destination we found a very comfortably housed family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, one son and five daughters. The oldest of the daughters, Miss Lillian, twenty-two years old, is the one whose reported wonderful cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, your correspondent had gone out there expressly to verify by actual knowledge. This is the story told by Miss Sparks to your correspondent in the presence of her grateful and approving father and mother, and is given in her own language.

"Yes, sir, it is with pleasure that I give my testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was ill for four years, doctoring nearly all the time but without any benefit. I had six different doctors: Doctor Heddon, Dr. Purdy and Hoar, of Corning, Dr. Butler, of Hornby, Dr. Remington, of Painted Post, and Dr. Bell, of Monterey. They said my blood had all turned to water.

I was as pale as a corpse, weak and short of breath. I could hardly walk, I was so dizzy, and there was a ringing noise in my head. My hands and feet were cold all the time. My limbs were swollen, my feet so much so that I could not wear my shoes. My appetite was very poor. I had lost all hope of ever getting well, but still I kept doctoring or taking patent medicines, but grew worse all the time. Last September I read in the Elmira Gazette of a wonderful cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I thought I would try them. I did so, giving up all other medicines and following the directions closely. By the time I had taken the first box I was feeling better than I had been in a long time, and I continued their use until now as you can see, and as my father and mother know, and as I know I am perfectly well. I don't look

be the same person, and I can now enjoy myself with other young people. Indeed I can't say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I am sure they saved my life. I have recommended them to others who are using them with much benefit, and I earnestly recommend them to any who may be sick, for I am sure there is no medicine like them. I am entirely willing you should make any proper use of this statement of my sickness and cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." In further conversation Miss Sparks said she fell away during her sickness so much that she only weighed 80 pounds, while now she weighs 107.

"I suppose," said her father, "that it was overwork that made her sick. You see we have 400 acres of land, keep 35 cows, and there is a great deal to be done and Lillian was always a great worker and very ambitious until she overdid it and was taken down."

The facts narrated in the above statement were corroborated by a number of neighbors, who all express their astonishment at the great improvement Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have worked in Miss Sparks.

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

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

When a person considers himself as "one in a thousand" he naturally regards the others as ciphers.

RICH IN THE LIFE PRINCIPLE OF PRIME BEEF.

This is the distinguishing trait of



All seeking to secure the benefits that the essential qualities of Prime Beef can impart should make sure they use a preparation that contains these qualities.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF DOES.

DRUNKENNESS.

—ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE CURE FOR—

DRUNKENNESS OR THE MORPHINE HABIT?

Have you a Husband, Brother, Son or friend who is addicted to strong drink? If so we can cure him. For fullest information address THOS. LINDSAY, Secretary, Double Chloride of Gold Cure Co., 16 Hanover Street, Montreal. TELEPHONE 3043.

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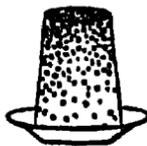
Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live; send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure, don't fail to write today.

Address A. W. KNOWLES.

WINDSOR, Ont.
17-24—MAR 15

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OF THE



Is in the Eating!

Just So With Seed!

Tens of thousands of solid heads of cabbage, hundreds of bushels of the choicest types of carrots, and thousands of bushels of magnificent onions, all selected to raise seed from, we shall be pleased to show to any of our customers. If not found as represented, draw on us for your traveling expenses. If you know where there is a lot equally good, we will go a good way to see it. Seed from good stock produces good vegetables (the proof of the pudding) from poor stock, trash. We grow a hundred and fifty acres of seed stock and seed of all kinds. You must need us. Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue FREE.
J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

When day is done, and sunshine's glow
Is fading into night,
'Tis comforting to all to know
That EDDY gives us light,

BUY only

EDDY'S MATCHES.

THE BEST.

MAMMOTH WORKS:
HULL, CANADA.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Trains Leave Bonaventure as follows:

WEST.

9:30 a.m.—For Toronto, Chicago, &c.
8:00 p.m.—"Limited" for Toronto, (9 hours)
10:35 p.m.—Chicago, (23 hours), &c.
9:00 a.m.—For Ottawa and O.A. Ry. points.
4:45 p.m.—"
5:00 p.m.—For Cornwall.

EAST.

7:55 a.m.—For Portland, Point Levi, (Quebec),
St. John and Halifax.
3:55 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Island Pond.
5:35 p.m.—For St. Hyacinthe.
10:15 p.m.—For Portland and Point Levi,
(Quebec).

SOUTH.

7:00 a.m.—For New York via St. Lawrence &
Adirondack Ry.
8:25 a.m.—For Boston, New York via Central
Vermont Ry.
8:40 a.m.—For New York via Delaware &
Hudson Ry.
8:45 p.m.—For Hemmingford, Massena,
Mornings and Valleyfield.
4:55 p.m.—For New York via St. Lawrence
& Adirondack Ry.
5:30 p.m.—For New York & Boston via Central
Vermont Ry.
5:40 p.m.—For New York via Delaware &
Hudson Ry.
8:40 p.m.—For New York and Boston via
Central Vermont Ry.

*Daily, all other trains daily, except Sunday.

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Provided sufficient colonists and their effects offer.

These combination trains are run for the express purpose of affording intending settlers the privilege of accompanying their stock and effects.

For intending settlers without effects trains leave Montreal 8:40 p.m. every week day with colonist cars attached.

For further particulars read the pamphlet FREE FACTS, FARMS & SLEEPERS, which will be furnished free on application to nearest railroad ticket agent, or apply to

MONTREAL TICKET OFFICES:
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PERSONAL.—LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Secret Service, Offices, Temple Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 214. Private Telephones: 4663 and 6049. JOHN A. DROBE, Supt. Comm. & Gen. Work; SILAS E. CARPENTER, Supt. Criminal Work.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION IN EVERY QUARTER OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

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

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

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

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

J. J. Enly, M. A. Labelle, J. J. M. M. Commissioners

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

We do not encourage banks and bankers to play at Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery which may be presented at our counters. R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank. JNO. H. GINSO, Pres. State National Bank. A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank. CARL KOHN, President Union National Bank.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1893.

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

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Amount. Includes 1 Prize of \$75,000, 1 Prize of \$25,000, 1 Prize of \$10,000, etc.

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

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

IMPORTANT.

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

Give full address and make signature plain.

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

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

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

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

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

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

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

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THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,

Next Drawings: April 19 and May 3. PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00.

Table with 3 columns: Prize description, Value, and Approximation. Includes 1 Prize worth \$3,750.00, 1 Prize worth \$1,250.50, etc.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS. Tickets can be obtained until five o'clock p.m. on the day before the Drawing. Orders received on the day of the drawing are applied to next drawing. Head Office, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. S. F. LEFEBVRE, Manager.

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

Read what the

DOCTORS SAY

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

I certify that I have prescribed the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR for affections of the throat and lungs and that I am perfectly satisfied with its use. I recommend it therefore cordially to Physicians for diseases of the respiratory organs. V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V.C.M. Kamouraska, June 10th 1885. I can recommend PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition of which has been made known to me, as an excellent remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis or Colds with no fever. L. J. V. CLAIBOURN, M. D. Montreal, March 27th 1889. L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist. Sir, Having been made acquainted with the composition of PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think it my duty to recommend it as an excellent remedy for Lung Affections in general. N. FAFARD, M. D. Prof. of Chemistry at Laval University. Montreal, March 27th 1889. I have used your ELIXIR and find it excellent for BRONCHIAL DISEASES. I intend employing it in my practice in preference to all other preparations, because it always gives perfect satisfaction. DR. J. ETHIER. L'Epiphanie, February 8th 1889. I have used with success the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR in the different cases for which it is recommended and it is with pleasure that I recommend it to the public. Z. LAROCHE, M. D. Montreal, March 27th 1889. Lack of space obliges us to omit several other flattering testimonials from well known physicians.

For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.



EVERY SKIN, SCALP, & BLOOD DISEASE Cured by Cuticura. VERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, if burning, humbling, itching, burning, bleeding, and crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood whether scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and CUTICURA HAIR LUBRICANT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and creator of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians admit other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infants to the aged attest their wonderful, infallible and incomparable efficacy. Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c. RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the F. T. PERL AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER 30c.



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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

Holloway's Ointment.

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

This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, a salt int. next it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For ulcerular swellings, abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 588 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

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

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES DYSPEPSIA. Wrong action of the stomach and digestive organs causes Dyspepsia and kindred diseases, such as Sour Stomach, Waterbrash, Heartburn, Dizziness, Constipation, SICK HEADACHE, Lost Appetite, all-gone feeling at pit of stomach and distress after eating. To be dyspeptic is to be miserable, hopeless, languid and depressed in body and mind. No case, however, is so obstinate or severe that B. B. B. cannot cure or relieve it. I was in misery from Dyspepsia but two bottles of B. B. B. entirely freed me from it. Mrs L. A. KUHN, Hamilton, Ont. B. B. B. Cures Dyspepsia.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS AS A SPRING MEDICINE. No other remedy exercises so powerful an effect on the entire system as Burdock Blood Bitters. It purifies, cleanses, tones and strengthens. IN SPRINGTIME various disorders may attack the liver. The strong food taken during winter overloads the system, clogs the bowels and produces biliousness, constipation, sick headache, boils, pimples, bad blood, skin diseases, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters unlocks all the clogged avenues of the system, carries off all foul humors and impurities, and cures the above named diseases, while at the same time giving health and strength to the entire system. B. B. B. Best Spring Tonic.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES BAD BLOOD. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness are causes of Bad Blood. Good Blood cannot be made by any one suffering from these complaints. The results of Bad Blood are BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, Eruptions, Sores, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters really cures bad blood, driving away every vestige of it from a common pimple to the worst Scrofulous sore. It is the kind that cures. Mr. H. M. Lockwood, of Lindsay, Ont., had 63 boils in one year but was entirely cured by B. B. B. B. B. B. Cures Bad Blood.

McGALE'S FOR . . .

BUTTERNUT
PILLS

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

B. E. MCGALE,
CHEMIST & Co.,
2188 NOTRE DAME ST.,
MONTREAL.

**Sick Headache,
Foul Stomach,
Biliousness,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

SUCCESS IS ASSURED.

The Macdonald Club Banquet Will be a Big Affair—Mr Foster's Letter.

The arrangement for the annual banquet of the Sir John A. Macdonald club, which takes place at the St. Lawrence hall on Saturday next, are now complete. The following is a full list of invited guests who have already accepted the club's invitation:—Hon. G. E. Foster, Hon. A. R. Angers, Hon. W. B. Ives, Hon. J. A. O'Connell and Senator General Curran, representing the Dominion Cabinet; Sir Donald A. Smith, Dr. W. H. Montague and Lachapelle, the House of Commons; and Premier L. O. Taillon, the Quebec Legislature. The sister clubs will be represented by Senator Tasse, Association Conservateur; Richard Armstrong, Toronto Liberal Conservative club; Dr. Herald, King-ton Macdonald club; Col. F. C. Henshaw, Junior Conservative club; J. A. O'Connell, Club Conservateur. The following members of the Board of Trade will also be present: Hon. G. A. Drummond, Senator Ed. Murphy, Hon. A. W. Ogilvie, James Cantlie, James O'Brien, A. F. Gault, James Crathern, Frank Stephen, R. L. Gault, H. & A. Allan and others.

The banquet will be as follows:—1. The Queen; 2. the Dominion Cabinet; 3. Canada; 4. House of Commons; 5. Commercial Interests of Canada; 6. Quebec Legislature; 7. Sister Clubs; 8. Press; 9. Ladies. The dinner will begin at 7 o'clock sharp. Ladies who desire to attend will assemble in the parlors at 820. The banner which is to be presented to the club will be finished on Friday next, and will be submitted to the ladies at a meeting in the afternoon. Gruenwald's band has been engaged to furnish the music.

The subscription list will close on Thursday. The ministers and other guests not resident in the city will arrive on Saturday morning. The secretary received a letter of regret yesterday morning from Prof. Weidon and Mr. Hugh John Macdonald, M. P.'s.

Secretary Jacobs yesterday received the following letter from the Minister of Finance:—

OTTAWA, April 15, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—I will come down on Saturday by the Sault train, arriving about 3 p.m. I believe I will go to the Windsor, where you will find me before the banquet. Mrs. Foster will accompany me, and if ladies are to be present in the evening I should be pleased if a seat could be reserved for her. I hope nothing will occur to hinder what promises to be a most successful meeting.

Yours, etc.,
G. E. FOSTER.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Mgr. Satolli will visit Portland, Ore., some time during May or about the first of June.

Representatives of the Catholic press of Hungary have held a meeting to organize a league against Freemasonry.

The grand cross of the Order of St. Stephen has been conferred on Cardinal Galimberti by the Emperor of Austria.

The beautiful new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Winnipeg, Manitoba, was dedicated with solemn service last month.

In the churches of Barcelona, Communion was given to 40,000 persons on the occasion of the Pope's Episcopal Golden Jubilee.

It is a fact of curious interest, says an exchange, that irreligious France sent the Pope more "Peter's pence"—\$450,000—than any other nation.

The one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Diocese of New Orleans will be celebrated in that city on April

26th. As Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ryan are both to be present there, the annual dinner of the Alumni Association of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., which was to have taken place in Philadelphia on the evening of April 26th, has been postponed to May 3d.

Mr. Pietro Balan, the Italian historian, one of the most learned champions of the Catholic Church, died very recently at Bologna at the age of 50.

The Franciscan Sisters of Little Falls, Minn., have purchased a handsome residence in a beautiful location at Rock Island, Ill., for \$5,000, and will establish a mercy hospital at once.

Randolph Churchill says it is a trite saying that "Home Rule is Rome Rule." This is another way of saying that Catholicity is conservative democracy.—*Western Watchman*.

The Catholic population of the Indian Empire is 1,502,729, plus the Catholics of French and Portuguese India; in all, 1,906,991. The Catholic population from 1881 to 1891 increased 300,000.

The will of Pierce Maher, of Atlantic, Iowa, who died recently, was probated March 10. It includes a bequest of \$50,000 to be used for the construction of a new Catholic Church edifice in that city.

The Very Rev. Sebastian Stutts and Rev. Charles Lang, two members of the Passionists Order, well known in Baltimore, sailed for Italy last week to assist at the election of a new Father General of their order.

To commemorate the Catholic marriage of Queen Victoria's grand-daughter, Marie, of Edinburgh, thirty-two marriages took place the same day in the thirty-two Catholic churches of Bucharest, in Roumania, whose prince married Marie.

Architect Lovett is preparing plans for a colored orphanage to cost \$20,000. It will be erected at Thirteenth and French streets, Wilmington, Del., and be under the immediate supervision of St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

The largest half of the Paris Lenten preachers this year belong to the secular clergy; the other half include eighteen Dominicans, sixteen Jesuits, three Redemptorists, four Eudistes, three Capuchins, two Marists, one Franciscan, and one Carmelite.

An interesting exhibit will be made by the Catholic Historical Society at the World's Fair. It will consist of several valuable relics, including some of the old alms, missals, the first Bible published in this country, and the soup tureen of Commodore Barry.

The month of April is consecrated by Catholic devotion to the Passion of the Redeemer. Among the notable feasts of the month are Low Sunday, 8; St. John Damascene, 10; St. Leo, 11; St. Anicetus, 16; St. Anselm, 21; Patronage of St. Joseph, 23; St. Mark, 25; St. Turibius, 27; St. Paul of the Cross, 28, and St. Catherine of Siena, 30.

A new bell was blessed in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Cleveland, O., on Sunday week by Bishop Horstmann. The bell is a massive one, weighing 2,500 pounds, and is the gift of the Society Svornost, of the parish.

There are in France 1,253 sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin, which are more or less frequented by pilgrims. The diocese of Paris has twelve such places of pilgrimage, the principal one being Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris.

MARRIAGE.

MCCARTHY-CARTHY—On the 18th April, at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. J. J. Quinn, P. P., John McCarthy to Johanna Carthy of Westport, Leeds County, Ont.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

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HEADQUARTERS
HEADQUARTERS

FOR
FOR
FOR

LADIES' SPRING CAPES
LADIES' SPRING CAPES
LADIES' SPRING CAPES

AND JACKETS
AND JACKETS
AND JACKETS

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BRUSSELS CARPETS, 45c yd.. S. CARSLY'S

JACKETS FOR LADIES.

Jackets in all new Styles.
Jackets in all new Colors.
Jackets in all fashionable lengths.
Jackets made of Fancy Cloth.
Jackets made of Fancy Tweed.
Jackets with Capes.
Jackets with Silk Vests.
Jackets Handsomely Trimmed.

LADIES' NEW JACKETS, FROM \$3.75,

S. CARSLY.

KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS, 30c YD

CAPES FOR LADIES.

Capes in all new Styles.
Capes in all new Colors.
Capes in all stylish lengths.
Capes made of New Cloths.
Capes made of New Tweeds.
Capes Trimmed with Lace.
Capes Cascaded with Silk.
Capes in Lace and Silk.

LADIES' NEW CAPES, FROM \$2.50.

S. CARSLY.

TAPESTRY CARPETS, 25c at S. CARSLY'S.

Waterproof Cloaks in Ladies' Sizes.
Waterproof Cloaks in Rigby Cloth.
Waterproof Cloaks in Gravenette.
Waterproof Cloaks in Shot Silk.
Waterproof Cloaks in Scotch Tweed.
Waterproof Cloaks in New Styles.
Waterproof Cloaks in All Colors.
Waterproof Cloaks with Long Cipes.
Waterproof Cloaks for Misses.
Waterproof Cloaks for Children.

LADIES' WATERPROOF CLOAKS

At all prices from \$2.15 each.

S. CARSLY.

BRUSSELS STAIR CARPETS, 45c YD

TWEEDS FOR COSTUMES.

In all Newest Effects
In all Newest Effects

Tweeds in Plaid Effects.
Tweeds in Hop Puckating Effects.
Tweeds in Figured Effects.
Tweeds in Striped Effects.
Tweeds in All Qualities.

COSTUME TWEEDS FROM 28c YARD

S. CARSLY.

ENGLISH OILCLOTHS, 80c YARD AT S. CARSLY'S.

DRESS GOODS

In New Effects

Poplins in Shot Effects.
Whipcords in Shot Effects.
Cheviot Serges in Shot Effects.
Diagonal Cloths in Shot Effects.
Dress Patterns in Shot Effects.

STRIPED WHIPCORDS, all colors, 55c

Dress Goods in Paid Effects.
Dress Goods in Silk and Wool Effects.
Dress Goods in Every Shade.

S. CARSLY.

The flowers that bloom in the Spring,
True to the season,
Have nothing to do with the case:
'Tis the cold piercing winds, the rain
and the sleet,
When "Rigby" comes into the race.

RIGBY WATERPROOF CLOTHING

For Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear has
no competitors when merit is considered.

S. CARSLY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779

NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL

MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.—The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at its Office, St. James street, on TUESDAY, the 2nd May next, at one o'clock p.m., for the reception of the annual report and statements and the election of Directors.

By order of the Board.

HY. BARBEAU,

March 30, 1893.

CARPETS!

R. G. SILK & CO.

New Spring Styles now in. Our Carpets are more desirable, because every pattern and coloring is selected on account of its special fitness for the room it is intended to adorn.

Wilton Velvet CARPETS.
Body Brussels CARPETS.
Tapestry Brussels CARPETS.
Extra Superior All Wool CARPETS.
Extra Superior Half Wool CARPETS.
Extra Quality Union CARPETS.
Tapestry Velvet CARPETS.
Balmoral Tapestry CARPETS.
Best 9 and 10 Wire Tapestry CARPETS.
Special line 7 Wire Tapestry CARPETS.
Floor Cloths.
Linoleums from 40c upwards.
English Oils from 30c upwards.
Jute Carpets from 10c upwards.
Stair Oilcloth from 10c upwards.
Curtains, Curtain Poles and Shades.
Mquette Rugs and Mats, all sizes.
Smyrna Rugs and Mats, all sizes.

MONTREAL CARPET WAREHOUSE

R. G. SILK & CO.,

357 St. James Street.

(Fee & Martin block.)

Telephone No. 2843.

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

The Night schools.

Referring to the last season of the night schools, just closed, the *Semaine Religieuse* remarks that, for the Catholic section, the total number of names registered was only 800, while the newspaper reports fixed them at over 2,000, the previous season. During the last month, only 200 pupils attended the schools. The *Semaine Religieuse* deeply deplores this state of things, considering the necessity of proper mental culture in this age of progress.

CAN YOU THINK?

Can you think of a worse disease than dyspepsia, it punges its victim in gloom and despondency, makes him a burden to himself and others, and causes constipation and bad blood. Yet Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia or indigestion, and has done so in thousands of cases.

"HAVE you read my last speech?" said an orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.