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The *Evening* Witness

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

AND

VOL. XLII., NO. 31.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LAST WEEK we made mention of the fact that Montreal has just sent \$500 to the Hon. Edward Blake for the Home Rule cause. We also expressed the conviction that, when the other remaining parishes of Montreal would be visited by the committee, the city would render a good account of itself in this instance, as it has ever done in the past. To-day we publish the appeal just sent out by the members of the Nationalist party asking for aid from the United States, Canada and Australia. It is pleasant to know that the appeal flashed across the Atlantic was met by the funds that had already left our city for London. We don't see that it is at all necessary to add anything to the document, which will be found in another column; it speaks for itself, and gives all the reasons why, at this juncture, stupendous efforts should be made to keep the ball rolling while the Grand Old Man is in the field and into the game with all his vigor.

THE CELEBRATION, on Sunday, commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the departure of the Canadian Papal Zouaves for Rome, was one of great interest and fraught with memories the most cherished. In the days of Italian confusion, when the fate of the Holy See apparently hung in the balance, and the legions of infidelity were advancing upon Rome, the spirit of Catholic chivalry was awakened on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the sons of Canada took up arms in the cause of their Faith. Like the crusaders of old they went forth with courage and assurance to face the dangers of events that looked most threatening, and they won for themselves imperishable fame. It was therefore with sentiments that can be more easily understood than expressed that these brave children of the church—real soldiers of the Church Militant—took part in the grand ceremonies of Sunday last.

WE WOULD draw attention to a short, but evidently timely, letter which we received yesterday from one of our subscribers. It is signed "A Catholic," and is headed "The Pope's Jubilee." We need only say that we agree with him that it was, to say the least, strange to have had no general illumination on such an occasion. We might, however, add that there may be many good reasons why such was not requested. Moreover, we have not heard, as yet, of any city—except Rome—in which such a demonstration was made.

"LOYALTY," is a grand, a noble, a patriotic term. We believe in it, we strive to be loyal in every proper acceptance of the term. We don't shout it from the house tops, but we feel it and are prepared to prove it. We strive to be loyal to our Church, to our country, and to the land of our forefathers. We are Home Rulers, in the fullest sense of the term, and we are thereby

loyal to the cause of Ireland and to the interests of Great Britain. From our point of view the granting of Home Rule to Ireland will be the grandest and most effective stroke in the process of cementing, in mutual bonds of friendship and interest, the different elements of the British Empire. Heretofore it was Ulster and its Orangemen that monopolized all the "loyalty." Now they proclaim openly that if Home Rule is granted "they will desert England, they will become her bitterest foes, they will thwart, humiliate, circumvent and undermine the tyrannical government that would hand them over to their enemies." In the days of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church these Orange boosters would have "kicked the Queen's Crown into the Boyne," now they "threaten to frustrate Irish recruiting for the English Army and Navy." The *Spectator* further asserts that "they will yet rid of all money tributes to any external power, and keep all for themselves." Such is their "loyalty" as British citizens. As long as the imperial government passes coercion Acts, Arms Bills, or Penal laws of any kind, as long as their class is permitted by the government to domineer over the vast majority, so long are they "loyal;" but the moment one slight act of reparation for past injuries, or one little step in the direction of justice to the Irish nation is in contemplation, at once the phantom "Loyalty" disappears and the demon of "Anarchy" leaps upon the stage. Heaven save us from Ulster Unionist Loyalty! Heaven protect both Ireland and all Great Britain from such a plague!

WE PUBLISH a letter from "L. E. C." on the question of "Early Closing." We are exceedingly pleased to know that our article of last week upon this subject has brought forth the views of those interested in the passing of the Bill, as undoubtedly expressed in the letter in question. It is only fair that every possible phase of such a question should be dwelt upon and given to the public. While still adhering to our views, as expressed last week, we see a great deal of common sense and manifest reason in what our correspondent of to-day states. There is no doubt about the hardship that clerks have to endure through long hours and constant attention to business; on the other hand there is no reason why one municipal district should be made "flesh" of, while its neighbor would be made a "kettle of fish."

SIR HENRY JAMES has written recently to the London *Standard* to express his sorrow and indignation at the horrible fact that Irish priests have interfered in politics. These priests destroy ever little project that flashes through the fertile brains of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry James. Yet this indignant Knight has only words of approval when Irish parsons parade their ideas upon the political platform of the country. When the Archdeacon of Armagh, or the Vicar of Derry pause forth

streams of insult against the Irish Catholics and strives to help the Balfourites in creating religious animosities and fanning into flames the smouldering embers of hatred, when these worthies are making the North ring with attacks upon Home Rule and all its advocates, Sir James Henry and the *Standard* are silent. If the course adopted by these religious gentlemen are to be approved, then the conduct of the priests is worthy the highest commendation. The priest never seeks to raise creed against creed, class against class; but these men of frantic fervor are looked upon as patriotic and prophets by the "loyal" *Standard*. How comes it that the same number of that organ, in which the condemnation of the priests, for their meddling in politics, appears, we find a peculiar approval of the course adopted by the parsons, in becoming political orators and agitators? Is Sir Henry James a hypocrite, or is he so prejudiced, and so blinded by his prejudice, that he cannot see himself "as others see him?" What a similarity between the dispositions and policies, each in his own sphere, of Hon. Mr. Balfour of our day, and Balfour of Barley, as pictured by the "Laird of Abbotsford."

USUALLY we confine our notices of publications to the magazine column, but there are exceptions to every rule, and this week we find such an exception in the case of that most admirable weekly, the *Ave Maria*, of Notre Dame, Indiana. We call the attention of our readers to that most instructive and ably written magazine, principally on account of the earnest and energetic manner in which its publishers and editor have commenced the year 1893. We trust it is not yet too late to inform our friends that with this year's volume several most interesting, highly instructive and charmingly written serials and essays have been commenced. We need merely mention the names of some of the writers and the titles of their papers to establish at once the value of their contributions to the Catholic periodical literature of the day. "The Vocation of Edward Conway," by Maurice Francis Egan; "Traces of Travel; Along the Vesuvian Shore," by Charles Warren Stoddard; "Talks at the Tea-Table," by Louisa May Dalton; "A Family Holiday Abroad," by Mary Catherine Crowley. We sincerely advise every Catholic family in Canada, as well as in the United States, to secure and read the *Ave Maria*; once it has entered the home it will be like the constant presence of a sweet "Hail Mary" hovering about the hearthstone and bringing blessings to all.

WE UNDERSTAND that on next Easter Sunday Prof. Fowler, the genial and accomplished organist of St. Patrick's, will celebrate the silver jubilee of his connection with that church and as head of its choir. During the quarter of a century that Mr. Fowler has presided at the organ in St. Patrick's he has not only

won for himself a high name in the musical world, but what is still better he has gained the esteem and earned the gratitude of hundreds. He has been prodigal of his time and talents, and has consecrated them to the grand work of building up the choir and in doing good on all sides. The concerts he organized, the services he gratuitously rendered on charitable and other occasions are not to be counted. We have taken the liberty of mentioning the fact of next Easter being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with St. Patrick's, in order that those who might feel interested may have time to consider whether some steps should not be taken to testify to Prof. Fowler their appreciation of all he has done for the congregation and choir of the great central parish in particular, and for the Catholics of Montreal in general.

LA PATRIE publishes a letter from Mr. J. B. Rouillard, in which he replies to Mr. Francois Tujague, of New Orleans, who warned the French-Canadians against the dangers of annexation with the United States. This worthy gentleman, who very probably would like to "shoulder his musket" if it suited his purpose to be a true Canadian, gives the readers of *La Patrie*—and much to the delight of that organ—the following piece of romance:

"We pretend to have at least as much to bid us to the United States, in a French point of view, as to the British Crown. In the first place, they have not conquered us, nor hanged our patriots, and moreover, there are now there more French-Canadians, Frenchmen and their descendants, than in Canada. The Government of the United States has never persecuted our ancestors as did the English the masters of Colonial Canada. The American republic never took hold of families, of whole populations of peaceful and laborious people to transport and disperse them to the four cardinal points, as were the Acadians, separating the child from its mother, the husband from his wife, burning, ravaging and ruining everything."

If Mr. Rouillard's brain is not rusted, his patriotism certainly is touched in that way, and he evidently is bent on rusting that of his fellow-countrymen.—*Rouillard* is a significant name for an annexationist. Would Mr. Rouillard kindly tell us what the United States Government has done for the tens of thousands of French-Canadians in the great Republic? Has Congress made any provision for the preservation of the French language, the conservation of French institutions, and the perpetuation of French laws? Also, we would like to know in what legislative hall of all the Union the French language has been preserved, and in what State has he ever heard of both languages being official? Indeed, we fear that Mr. Rouillard is really, from a national standpoint, what his name suggests.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that our trans-Atlantic friends have not been able to give us the text of Hon. Edward Blake's speech, in the House of Commons, on the Home Rule Bill. We have received comments more than sufficient to show that it was a masterpiece; but, as yet, the speech itself has not been cabled. We hope to secure it for next week's issue, as we are aware that a great number of our readers are anxious to see it.

THE GRAVE OF DAVIS.

THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF POETS

His Poem, "My Grave"—The Superintendent of Mount Jerome—The Statue of the Bard and Its Situation.

"The grave of Mr. Davis, sir," and the man in navy blue disappeared, while a middle-aged man—plump as a pudding, with bronzed face, telling of out-door life under fiercer than Irish skies, and eyes of twilight gray, set in a broad, massive skull that rose like a well-proportioned dome, bare of hair and shiny as a piece of burnished silver—took his place. There was a merry twinkle in his eye, and as he stands under the dark looming sky, that, like a fretful child, gives sunshine or tears at times, one foot resting on the monument, the other on the green sward, hat tilted back on his head and thumbs and index fingers in his vest pocket, gazing at the Yankee note-taker, I will ignore him, pleasant as he looks, for business is business was my father's odd phrase, and time and tide, says the copy-book, wait for no man. Such maxims are like genuine nerve-steadiers. You can always apply them to yourself, and they do make you seem less peccant.

I WAS DISAPPOINTED.

and felt angry with the man in navy blue. Had he said Davis' grave, or the grave of Davis, anything but that horrid Mr. It does seem so unseemly to tack on that common, every man's mouth-word, to a poet. It is like hiding a delicate-tinged flower with a piece of lead, made into the form of a crocodile. Poets' lives are the only ones that we love to fashion on our own anvil. The hard-headed mathematician may die the most picturesque death, we will not grant it: but let the poet die even so unromantic as to be cut off by a piece of hard crust, entangled in his hungry throat, and out-comes our anvil and down comes the hammer of fancy, and the crust becomes gold. Gold is a more poetical word than crust, as any rhyming dictionary will tell. Well it is good in this scientific time to have a little fancy left, to conjure up a dream and as we know

"Fancy in dreams is as uncontrolled
As a horse without a bridle."

It will cause less wonder then, that the graves of poets are so often disappointing. He may have been wrapped in a two-penny yard cotton shroud, a common white deal coffin, and buried in some desolate spot. Fancy, that played such a prank on the genial Miss Kilmansegg as to make her believe that she was a Golden Idol, will play the same tricks with us. Our poets died amid splendid scenes and they lie under green-wood trees. It is sad to shatter an ideal, but as life's way is paved by their fragments, and as we must succumb sooner or later to the real and stern I cast mine away by the grave of Davis, and found this real, which I give to you. It is not as fair as the ideal was, but it is true and the charm of truth lasts longer than that of fiction:—

"Whilst above the sod these poets were miserable enough. But charm hangs over their graves. The sternest pedestrian, even he who is most bent, on making his river by the precise path he has, with much study of the map, previously prescribed for himself, will yet often veer to the right or to the left, to visit the lonely churchyard where, as he hears by the way, lie the ashes of some brother of the tuneful quill. It may well be that this brother's verses are not frequently on your lips. It is not the lot of every bard to make quotations. It may sometimes happen to you, as you stand mournfully surveying the little heap, to rack your brains unavailingly for so much as a single couplet; nay, so treacherous is memory, the very title of his best known poem may, for the moment have slipped you. But your heart is melted all the same, and you feel it would have been a churlish thing to go on your original way, undiminished of the fact that—in yonder grave a Druid lies."

THE GRAVE OF DAVIS

has few things of interest to stamp on your memory. It is a little way from the superintendent's house, amid a nest of common graves gaudily decorated with uncommon tombstones, cut into by eulogies that show the fine swoop of the Celtic imagination. And where will you find it in all its fulness, other than in an

Irish graveyard? The Davis monument is a shapeless lump of Irish sandstone as thick and clumsy as a millstone of yesteryear. It covers the allotted grave space, and much more making verdure as scant as on a coral reef. There were no flowers, nor green grass to soften the harshness of the huge boulder. Getting on my knees, by no means a comfortable winter position, when the place is an Irish cemetery, I scraped from out the ill-shapen lettering the rank-green moss, the only emblem of life that seemed to vegetate in this plot, and copied the prose inscription which follows.

The bronzed-faced man smiled and shook his head. Head-shaking often denotes wisdom, and as for smiles, are they not tolerated by the very pinks of politeness. He might even laugh, give the full blown flower of which a smile is the bud, it mattered little. I had come to the Druid's grave and would read the guide-post of his friends. Scratched above the lettering was a woe-be-gone artistic attempt to etch a Celtic cross and then:

Them Also Which Sleep in Jesus
Will God Bring With Him
In Loving Memory of
Charlotte
Widow of John Frederick Ridley
Surgeon R. A. I.
Born 6th Nov., 1779. Died 12th Feb., 1844.
Also
Thomas Osborne Davis, B. A.
Barrister At Law
Born 24th Oct., 1814. Died 18th Sept., 1845
"He Served His Country And Loved His
Kind,"

This last line came back to me with the same sort of deliciousness as some long forgotten melody suddenly awakened to remembrance by the lute of a straggling player. Yes, that same line I had heard it was Davis' own, and then came the sad thought that the friends who had that befitting line on their heart beneath the shrine of their bard, could have buried him amid such mediocrity, and have covered his gentle spirit with such a massive stone, while in the same cemetery there was a green hill-side, a flowery daisy nook, shadowed with majestic elms. Had they buried him there they would have fulfilled his wishes, as is known to his every reader. Relatives are a queer set, and the worst of it, they have the best of us when we are dead. He may leave a hundred dying wishes, a fig for them, when we are gone. The strong hand of the Relative holds the reins and governs.

THE TROT TO THE GRAVE.

Here is one of Davis' dearest wishes. It was like the majority of such requests, laid on the table. If his land will become emancipated from her long night of bondage, in her freedom and quiet, she may reopen the subject. The poet asks a question, an old one if you will, a common one, that now and then we all ask, "Where shall they bury me?" Your ordinary man would answer it by going to the cemetery corporation and buying so many feet of parched mother earth and erecting upon it a conical headstone representing a kind of winged creature, dubbed an angel, that the angels above, nor the demons down under the sea would not fellowship with. If he is a man of wealth he might prefer Gates Ajar, Broken Shafts, Anchors, something of a pagan flavor. Wealth runs to the pagan in art, and as our cemeteries are mere curiosity shops, it is right for every man to mount and ride his hobby. Not in this wise will the poet. He mounts his Pegasus, and here are the hoof-prints:

On an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze—
Freshen the turf—put no tomb-stone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
He served his country, and loved his kind."

The poem practically ends here, but poets are prescient beings, and while he revelled in the beauty of such a grave, his mind had sad misgivings as to how his wishes would be carried out by the living. These misgivings take body in the couplet affixed to his pretty little poem:

"Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so."

Merry is the word. I have a keen hankering after such a grave, but some years since, during a will-contest I lost all faith in my relatives as fit persons to carry out a dead man's intention. To ask for such a grave would be in the eyes of the bench Solon lunacy, and what relative, be he ever so pleasant, will care to carry out a lunatic's wish. Poor Davis fared ill in Mount Jerome; might

he not have lain beneath the giant elms, with green sods and daisies above his manly heart. It is otherwise, and with a last look at the grave of the most loving nature that Ireland has had among her bards, covered with the ill-shapen boulder, I button my big coat and hasten to join Mickey.

"Poor weather lately," said the bronzed faced man, as he prepared to accompany me. I shook my head. "A good many of you Americans lately come to have a peep at Davis' grave. You know more about it than the Dublin folk. There's not ten in the city that could locate it. Well, its going to rain, Irish rain, a mean miserable kind. It will come in drops for an hour, then clear up; if you are a stranger, you will leave your umbrella at home—foolish, once disarmed it changes its tune and comes down in bucketfuls. Come over to my wigwam. You look like a journalist, in fact you are, I saw you at Jury's dining with a man that has been over here writing letters on Irish questions for three months. It's wonderful that you can listen to that everlasting Irish question. Patience, aye, you are noted for it. I am a Unionist, you are a Gladstone man, else Davis' grave would have escaped your note-book. If you had been here a few minutes sooner, I could have shown you Davis' brother. He comes here often, and although he has wisely outgrown his brother's beliefs he treasures his genius. He bears a great resemblance to the poet. Come to the wigwam or else we will be submerged."

THE INVITATION

was expressed in so hearty a manner that to the wigwam we went. Some men have a peculiar habit of (as they say in Ireland) nicknaming everything. It may have been a peculiarity of my guide, as wigwam in this instance meant a neatly furnished house, one room of exceeding interest, from its choice cabinet of rarities gathered in all the lands that had bronzed his skin. He introduces himself, and now that I know his name, permit me to introduce him as Major Gamble, Supt. of Mount Jerome. Rarely have I met a more pleasant man, brimful of quaint lore and sparkling Celtic wit. When I had partaken of his hospitality and inspected his curios, noting the warmth of the man, I cast aside all functionary restraint and asked his opinion of Davis. It was frankly given with other Davis matters then made known for the first time. He considered Davis a rare genius, a poet of no mean make. "His work was left unfinished, fragmentary, but from it we could have a tolerable estimate of the house the poet would have given us had he lived. The loss of Davis was to be deeply mourned by all classes. He was a man." I was shown the statue of Davis in front of the house. Its former location was by the grave, but owing to its perishable qualities it had been removed to its present more shaded position. It shows the bard in a stiff conventional position, and if some prints shown to me in Dublin are to be taken (as I believe they are by the poet's friends) as a speaking likeness, then the sculptor caught not in stone the features of the founder of the Nation. Davis had an extraordinary face; in the play of thought it was positively beautiful. The face in front of the Supt.'s house in Mount Jerome is a very ordinary one. You might look at it to doomsday without gaining a single speck of the poet's character.

THIS STATUE WAS NEVER PAID FOR.

Ireland is not noted for erecting tributes to her great men. The poor sculptor may have had fame, but no bread, for this piece of work. A few committees—such things in Dublin are as common as crows in a rookery—made long-winded speeches and passed serpentine resolutions, pledging themselves, on behalf of Davis' memory, Irish patriotism and coming events, to rescue from the trustees of Mount Jerome the statue and give it a more fitting home in the Corporation Hall. Despite this acrobatic word display it stands there, and owing to its decaying condition and the weather effects, may be in smash by the time the dull corporation has found funds enough to pay the original debt. We hear a great amount of clap-trap of the reverence of Irishmen for the memory of Davis. In the capital of their country they allow his only monument to perish for the sake of a few pounds. It was ever thus, as Grattan, O'Connell, etc., found in their life time, and lesser lights

may have long since discerned from better lands. More fickle than the Grecians, their gods of to-day are to be the crushed victims to-morrow. It was the Poet Priest, who wrote:

"The stranger's face makes the friend's forgot."

The history of his race passing through his mind made that line fall from his pen. It was growing dark, and the rain fell in torrents, the wind swept through the mighty elms, making them groan human-like, and now and then a flash of lightning made the tombstones like ghosts arising from their gloomy haunts. "Good-by, Major." "Good-by, sir, and health and happiness wherever you go." I joined poor drenched Mickey, patted patient Betsy, and took my seat. "Your last drive in Dublin, sir." "My last, Mickey." "God bless you, sir." "Amen, Mickey," and away went Betsy.

LECKY.

WHEN IN DESPAIR.

When in despair of being cured of lung troubles, there is still a hope, and a strong hope, of perfect cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This medicine cures even after all others have failed, and no one suffering from coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., need despair of cure while Norway Pine Syrup is obtainable.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

A most wretched lie-awake of thirty-five years, who thought himself happy if he could get twenty minutes' sleep in twenty-four hours, says in regard to his experience with hot water as a cure for sleeplessness: "I took hot water, a pint comfortably hot, one good hour before each of my three meals, and one the last thing at night naturally unmixed with anything else. The very first night I slept for three hours, then turned over and again slept till morning. I have faithfully and regularly continued the hot water, and have never had one bad night since. Pain gradually lessened and went, the shattered nerves became calm and strong, and instead of each night being one long misery spent in wearying for the morning, they are all too short for the sweet, refreshing sleep I now enjoy."

ENDORSED BY THE LEADERS.

When a remedy is endorsed by ministers, editors, merchants, farmers and lending men of all classes, it is strong evidence that that remedy has great merit and does what is claimed for it. Such a remedy is Burdock Blood Purifiers, its wonderful success as a cure for dyspepsia, bad blood, etc., is well known to young and old.

Positivism.

Positivism was put into shape by M. Auguste Comte, some fifty years ago. Himself by right a Catholic, Comte had a great love for the Catholic ritual, which he wished still to preserve after having forsaken its Divine Object. He invented accordingly a human object of worship, namely, the whole multitude of great and good men of all creeds and parties, that have been since the beginning. This collective flower of humanity he called the *Grand Etre*. Positivists in England are divided into two camps, the one under Dr. Cosgrove, who strictly keeps up the Comtist worship, the other under Mr. Frederick Harrison, who finding himself hard pressed in controversy, has so explained and whittled away the word worship, as to have nothing left in his hands but the bare name. It has come to this, that Mr. Harrison honours the memory of the good and brave of old, and so do we all. He calls that worshipping them, which we do not.

A serious drawback.—"Jack, my dear fellow, your cousin is a delightful creature. I wish I had her for a wife." "You needn't wish anything of the kind." "What? Why not?" "She can't play the piano." "Well, you don't think she is any the worse for that, surely?" "I said she could not play the piano, but the mischief is she will play, notwithstanding."

Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in Wasting Diseases and Consumption.

—Teacher—"Who was Atlas?" Boy—"Ooo! He was the biggest highwayman there ever was. He robbed everybody." Teacher—"Nonsense!" Boy—"Well, the book says he held up the earth."—Good News.

She: Do you love me for myself alone?
He: Yes; and when we are married I don't want any of the family thrown in.

AN ABLE PAPER.

WHY ANGLICANS REMAIN ANGLICANS

Some Personal Experiences—Arguments For and Against the Tenets of the Anglican Belfer.

"An ounce of practice," according to the proverbial expression which passes current—more or less justly—for truth, "is worth a pound of theory." It may, and probably, will, be admitted that, on this principle, a little personal experience is better than a great many skillful hypothesis; in any case, such an assumption, if it be nothing more, is a very reasonable excuse for apparent egotism. Further, since experience must, from the nature of things, vary considerably in each individual instance, my personal acquaintance with Anglicanism may, possibly, present, at least some points of interest to those who, for whatever reasons, are engaged in a study of this difficult and much-vexed question.

That the Anglican is a heretic, is, to a Catholic, a self-evident fact. The Greek is a schismatic, cut off from the unity of the Church Catholic; the Anglican is in a more hopeless position still. Were it possible to prove that "self-evident fact" controversy would be at an end. But the opposite party, the man to be convinced, does not, possibly, cannot, see it in quite the same light. He points, with unquestionable good faith in the validity of his argument, to the "Holy Eastern Church," as manifestly and undeniably "Catholic" in doctrine and practice, though separated for centuries from "Rome."

Here comes in a little bit of personal experience, since it is only as applied to some particular case that the controversy becomes of practical interest. This argument was used against me, not very long ago, by an Anglican "priest," of a type hitherto new to me. Far be it from me to claim for myself any special ability to deal with such a discussion; it was only, as it were, one man against another, the convert against the one who had remained an Anglican. It is to his side of the question that I wish to draw attention.

"The Eastern Church is, undoubtedly, schismatic," he admitted, "since union with Rome is the normal condition of the Church Catholic." This was a most unlooked for concession; if so much were granted, why not all the rest? "If normally, the Church is in union with the See of St. Peter, then the present condition of affairs must be abnormal." Surely, I thought, that is a legitimate inference; will he admit it to be so? "Certainly," he returned, "but a state of schism is not, necessarily, a state of heresy; the Greek Church has remained Catholic; so also—in some measure—has the Anglican Church."

The chain of reasoning was—to me—a veritable "petitio principii"; he had asserted as a fact the very matter that remained to be proved. But he had taken up a position which I found difficult to attack; others, doubtless, might have been better fitted to deal with him. However, as an example of what not only one, but many Anglicans believe, and yet remain Anglicans, the line of argument is worthy of attentive study. Still, that claim to the title "Catholic"—even in a modified and "abnormal" sense—offered, as it seemed to me, a point of vantage to my line of advance.

"How can a church be 'Catholic'?" I replied, "whose 'priests' teach, with her authority, the doctrines of the 'Evangelical' party?" Again, he had an answer ready which was perfectly satisfactory—to himself—so far as it went. "How can it not be Catholic when so many men teach and practice Catholic doctrines?" So far, inasmuch as the "High Church"—in England—outnumber the "Evangelicals" the argument was plausible. "How can a Catholic Church teach opposing and mutually-exclusive doctrines?" Once more, there was a reply, sufficient, as he, doubtless, considered it, "That is the consequence of our abnormal state of schism."

That such a course of "Reasoning" is utterly "unreasonable" and illogical is, to a Catholic, another self-evident fact, needing no proof whatever, of the two states, the "normal condition" must, of necessity, be the better one, as compared with the "abnormal," if not, absolutely and exclusively, the "right" one, as compared with the "wrong" one. Moreover, that a man—one of many—should admit so much, and yet remain an An-

glican, that is, confessedly, a member of a schismatic communion, seriously infected with heresy, is utterly incomprehensible in itself. It argues, at first sight, the "inconceivable ignorance" of the well-known story, or else insincerity, and lack of good faith.

"If union with the See of Peter," I replied, "is the normal condition of the Church Catholic, is it not also the necessary condition, seeing that the Church, like her Divine Head, must be perfect?" Would that line of argument prove his argument fallacious? "It is the ultimate condition of the Church" was the answer, "even as it was her original condition." "Why not her present and invariable condition?" I demanded. "That I cannot tell," he returned sadly, "it is, I suppose a Divine chastisement for our many sins."

Further than that, I could not press him on the general issue. That he should acknowledge the schism, and the heresy of the "Church" which was evidently dear to him, was more than could have been expected from him; that he should admit "union with Rome" as the "original," the "normal" and the ultimate condition of the Church Catholic and yet remain in a Communion which had departed, by his own admission, from the original and normal condition of the true Church, was simply incapable of explanation,—as it would seem to any Catholic. And yet, of his perfect good faith there could be no doubt whatever.

It becomes necessary to pass from the general issue to the individual interest. "If the Anglican Communion is schismatic," I said, "why do you remain in it? You, who admit so much, why do you not admit everything?" His answer will, possibly, help to a solution of the difficulty, "Why do Anglicans remain Anglicans?" "It is true that the reasons differ, as they must do, in each individual case; but if a man go so far and yet stop short of the threshold of the True Church, is it surprising that men who do not go so far also remain where they are?"

"I cannot decide so vast a question for myself," he answered; "there is so much to be said on both sides. I have been led so far, and no further." What reply could be made to that? All the arguments of all the controversialists might have been arrayed against him, and he would not have moved from his position. The vastness of the issue simply appalled him. It might be moral cowardice; he could not settle the question for himself. God—so he firmly believed—had placed him where he was; God Himself had led him "so far, and no further." With guidance, clear, distinct, unmistakable, he literally could not take another step.

It was, surely, the proper frame of mind; how could he make a choice involving his eternal destiny without being sure that he was right? Therein consists, for all Anglicans who are in good faith, the principal obstacle to their becoming Catholics. Their very good faith—if it may be so expressed—keeps them where they are. Is that a paradox? Possibly, but, examined in the light of the experience described, it will, I think, prove to be the simple truth.

Let us try to realize the conditions, mental, spiritual, hereditary, traditional, and even racial, that constitute the elements of the Anglican position. The order chosen is intentional; each "element" is worthy of distinct and close attention. The mental condition of one—more or less—typical Anglican, I have already attempted to depict; it is, in brief, that of a man who is not, naturally logical, that is of a man who does not, probably cannot, pursue a theory to its logical conclusion; to whom a "via media" appears more true than either "extremes."

His spiritual condition is that of a man who is honestly convinced that what he believes is the truth as God intended him to know it; that it is Catholic truth; not, necessarily, perfect and complete, but in the measure and degrees in which God has revealed it to him. If a 'priest' he sincerely believes that his ordination made him "a priest of the Church of God"; as a honest man, he acts in accordance with that belief. To such a man, to the 'priest especially,' to quit 'the Church of his baptism' is, not only an act of 'disloyalty,' it is little short of a wilful disobedience to the ordinance of God; an 'impatient' departure from "the position in which God has placed him."

His hereditary and traditional conditions only tend to strengthen and con-

fine these two, the mental and spiritual. The "Anglican Church" is, and always has been—so he really believes, and has been taught—the "Catholic Church in England." Here enters the racial element; the "Church of England" is, for the Englishman, "the Catholic Church." To him "England" is the central point of the universe;—socially, politically, intellectually, his views are, so to speak, bounded by that insular horizon. Is it altogether surprising that the same "localism"—which he calls "patriotism"—the same sense of "superiority"—so objectionable to his neighbours—should affect his ecclesiastical conceptions? Is it not all very human, very natural? Taken altogether, is it to be wondered at that Anglicans remain Anglicans?

Further, it is not for me to go. This is neither a sermon, nor a controversial essay, still less is it a theological treatise. It only remains to be said that, when in spite of all these obstacles, and many others affecting each individual differently, an Anglican becomes a Catholic it is a triumph of the unspeakable, unmerited grace of God. For those who remain, let there be charity, pity and fervent prayer; "those that are without"—outside the fold of the Church—"God judge"; we may not, and we dare not.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Temperance Demonstration.

St. Ann's church was filled to overflowing on the anniversary of the St. Ann's T. A. and B. society. The ceremonies were opened by prayer by the Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. A. McCullen, S.S., of St. Patrick's. The Rev. father took for his text: "If any man will come after me let him deny himself."—Matthew xvi., 24. The Rev. father's discourse was a most eloquent one, and deeply impressed the large congregation. After the benediction the pledge of total abstinence was administered to a large number. The main altar was most magnificently decorated for the occasion, being ablaze with countless colored lights and tapers. Seats of honor were arranged in the sanctuary and were occupied by Messrs. W. P. Kennedy, Jas. McGuire, M. G. Ryan, M. Cullen, S. McKillop, St. Ann's T. A. and B. society; Thos. Lattimer, A. Brogan, N. P., John Walsh, J. H. Kelly, Jas. Milloy, F. Collins, Wm. Selby, J. J. Costigan, D. Brown, S. McArthur, W. P. Doyle, M. Doohan, S. McNichols, F. Doyle, M. Sharkey, St. Patrick's T. A. and B. society; Thos. Smith, Wm. Orton, M. McCarthy, J. Kane, J. Ward, P. Polun, St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. society, and others.

Bishop Moreau and his Co-adjutor.

Bishop Moreau, of St. Hyacinthe, has issued a *mandement* officially announcing the appointment of Mgr. Deches as his coadjutor. Mgr. Moreau gives to his assistant the same jurisdiction as the one which he possesses himself and he asks the people of the diocese to have the same respect and obedience for the new prelate as they have for himself.



IN GLASS. That's the way Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets come. And it's a more important point than you think. It keeps them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. They're put up in a better way, and they act in a better way, than the huge, old-fashioned pills. No griping, no violence, no reaction afterward that sometimes leaves you worse off than before. In that way, they cure permanently. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—the smallest in size, the easiest to take, and the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get. There's nothing likely to be "just as good."

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

You say you have not strength to carry your cross; but if your strength fails you why do you not ask it of God?

Never forget either the tenderness of Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist or His mercy in the Sacrament of Penance.

Reserved people often really need the frank discussion of their sentiments and griefs more than the expressive.

Whoever does what he is commanded by obedience can merit more than if he allowed himself to be rapt with ecstasy.

Let us not fear that God who cares for all will fail those who accomplish His holy will and have wholly devoted themselves to His service.

It is, as a general rule, a bad sign when a man has not a particular feeling of devotion on the chief feasts of the year.—St. Philip Neri.

Never think of the imperfections of others, but rather of their virtues; and always have your own faults and defects before your eyes.

He who Communicates often, as one ought to do, brings forth good fruit, the fruit of humility, the fruit of patience, the fruit of all the virtues.

Let us thank God for having called us to His holy faith; it is a great gift, and the number of those who thank God as they should do for it, is small.

I hate the cowardice of immutability. It requires more courage to meet friends made foes by our changed convictions than to meet an army in battle array.

If the servant of God would fain walk with more security through so many snares scattered in every place, he should have our Blessed Lady as his mediatrix with her Son.

You are a Christian; study the origin of the name you bear; trace to its source the spiritual life that flows in you. Whence has it sprung? From Calvary; you know at what price.

When you arise in the morning, you rise up disciples of Jesus Christ. Let it be the first thing you do to kneel down at His feet. Go out to your daily work from His very side.

When suffering from weariness and when the irksomeness of our daily duties taxes our strength, let us go to Jesus in the Tabernacle; He will console and fortify us.—Ven. Archbishop Kinane.

God, for the sanctification and purification of the human heart, placed Himself within the sphere of our affections. He has made it easy to know Him and therefore easy to love Him.—Cardinal Manning.

Have recourse to prayer before beginning your actions, enkindle more and more your zeal for the glory of God; this is the means of preserving yourself from idle thoughts of vanity, and of arming yourself against self-complacency.—St. Francis of Rome.

REDUCED TO A SCIENCE.

The treatment of disease is now almost reduced to a science. A scientific product of medical skill for the cure of all blood diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, which has held popular esteem for years and increases steadily in favor is Burdock Blood Bitters. Its cures prove its worth.

A NICE PROSPECT.—Traveller: You'll please wake me to-morrow at seven. Don't let me oversleep myself, mind. Landlord: No fear of that, sir; my two Newfoundlanders bark all through the night.

Paradoxical.—Visitor to country house: Hullo! Nobody but ourselves down to breakfast? Your family don't appear to be particularly early birds, Thomkins. Squire Thomkins: Well, no, they're not. Do what one will, one cannot get the rising generation up in the morning.—Funny Folks.

Only may be.—He; If your father would but use his influence to get me a post we might be married at once. She: And what post are you fitted for, Charles? He: Well, I am just the man for a sinecure. You couldn't find one better qualified.—Pick-Me-Up.

Deep in his difficulties.—Patient: May I ask if you use gas in extracting teeth? Impecunious dentist absently: I used to, sir; but—er—it's been cut off at the main.

A curious thing about planets and stars is that those which revolve do not shoot, while those which shoot are not revolvers.—Judy.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Last week we spoke of Mr. Blake's great popularity as a speaker in England, and we stated that still greater things would be expected from him in the near future. We referred to the speech that we naturally expected he would make, in the House of Commons, upon the Home Rule Bill. Perhaps, as Canadians, we might have been somewhat prejudiced in Mr. Blake's favor, and as Irish Home Rulers we might have over estimated his powers; but, fortunately, the member for South Longford surpassed even our most sanguine expectations. That he should be listened to with every mark of respect in the Imperial House everyone expected, but that he should have stepped at one stride, into the foremost ranks of the debaters in that vast assembly, is even more than, under the circumstances, we dared hope. Yet such is the case. A colonial statesman, a member of Parliament in Canada, to cross the Atlantic and take up a cause that a few years ago was most unpopular in the British House, to enter that vast arena without a friend of his younger days beside him, almost "a stranger in a strange land," opposed to the policy of the great aristocratic and autocratic party of England, and to step upon the threshold of his Imperial political career with such a firm foot that, at once, he is recognized by all parties as a leader of men—to do all this is such a wonderful thing that we know not how to characterize it.

By what means are we to judge of the effects produced upon the British public by an address in the House of Commons? Simply by the press, both Liberal and Conservative, Home Rule and Anti-Home Rule, and by the opinions of prominent public men on either side. Let us take a few extracts from the remarks of the London press. We may as well commence with the Thunderer. The Times, which is most decidedly anti-Irish, could scarcely have a good word for such a man as Mr. Blake, were it not that his merit extorted it from that organ. Mr. Blake is no ordinary Home Ruler; he is one who went out of his way considerably to serve the cause; he left his home and country, he severed all the ties of profession, friendships, relatives and the goal for which he had sacrificed a goodly part of his life in order to cast his lot in with the people of Ireland. In spite of all this the Times says; "Mr. Blake's effort was evidently the speech of the one big man in the nationalist party." The bitter Evening News, not being able to find any fault with Mr. Blake's speech, nor with his principles and arguments, attempts to criticise his delivery, and in so doing pays him a great compliment. That organ says: "Mr. Blake's style of oratory is clerical, and there was about his speech an affectation of elocutionary perfection that tired his hearers." On the heels of this—the only piece of criticism—we find the Chronicle saying: "There was a striking fitness in the intervention of Mr. Blake in the debate yesterday. He is a coming leader and a distinct addition to the debating power of the house." Then turning to the London Star we find this remark: "Mr. Blake's speech in the Home Rule debate was forcible and effective." The Daily News says: Mr. Blake's speech in reply to Joseph Chamberlain was an important contribution to the debate and a great argument for Home Rule." In addition to these comments we find Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, saying: "Mr. Blake's speech was the best ever uttered in Parliament on the subject of Home Rule."

To such an array of testimony we can add but little. We clearly perceive now

that Canada will—through Mr. Blake—have no small share in securing for Ireland a fair and equitable measure of Home Rule. We are anxiously awaiting the full text of Mr. Blake's speech in order to give it to our readers. Meanwhile we can but wish him "godspeed" in his mission, and health and strength to fight the good fight to its triumphant end.

HOME RULE.

AN APPEAL TO IRISHMEN.

Funds Urgently Required for the Home Rule Battle.

LONDON, February 18.—The following address has been issued by Justin McCarthy and other Irish Nationalist leaders: To our kinsmen and to all friends of Ireland in the United States, Canada and Australia.—We have reached the most critical moment in the history of Ireland's long struggle for her rights. The Premier of England, the leader of the Government, and of the party ruling the British Empire, has brought in a Home Rule bill which forms, as a whole, a broad and solid and enduring plan of national self-government for Ireland. The bill offers to the Irish people a parliament practically free to deal with all of Ireland's local affairs and an executive government responsible to that parliament, and in addition the Irish people have under the bill the right to share by a delegation of eighty members in the government of the Empire. In this, as in many other respects, the settlement of 1833 places Ireland on a higher national plane than that of 1836; it increases her place in the governments of the world and offers more solid guarantees of the honorable fulfilment of the great contract between her and Great Britain.

SATISFIED WITH THE BILL.

The representatives of Ireland have accepted without hesitation the constitution proposed in the bill as a fitting consummation of the sacrifices and labors of the Irish race for so many centuries. They believe they could regard the enactment of the measure as a final and triumphant close to a long, bloody and sorrowful struggle. The enemies of Ireland do not yet, however, acknowledge that the end is close and assured. Although they know that the bill is certain to pass the House of Commons by an unbroken majority, and that any measure which secures a majority of the popular chamber is always ultimately enacted into law, they invoke the assistance of the House of Lords in postponing a settlement. We cannot, therefore, disregard the possibility of a long and desperate campaign to defeat Mr. Gladstone's noble efforts and to wreck the Irish cause. Confronted by an enemy, venomous and unsympathetic and with boundless wealth, it is impossible for us to carry on even the short remnant of the struggle without the assistance of brethren and friends in all parts of the world. It is only from people of our own blood and from American and Australian sympathizers with our principles that we have asked or accepted assistance.

MORE MONEY NEEDED.

We make an appeal to the same tried friends, more confidently on the morrow of the day when, by a vote unanimous and unchallenged, the House of Commons has stamped upon the foul and callous charge made by the paymasters of Pigott, that the independent Irish Nationalists had consented to become mercenaries of a British administration.

In the struggle of the last fourteen years almost the dominant factor next to the courage and tenacity of our people and home, has been the financial assistance from our kindred and friends beyond the seas. Our nation reduced to poverty by long centuries of misgovernment under a restricted franchise, before that assistance came to her aid, had not a voice but that of enemies in the House of Commons. The tenants were represented by evicting landlords. Their aspirations for religious liberty were represented by inveterate bigots and the never extinguished demand for national self-government by either Tories or place-hunting Whigs.

THE END IN SIGHT.

O'Connell's mighty movement for repeal broke down under the strain of this want of proper Parliamentary representation of the demands of Ireland. For a quarter of a century after his death the constitutional movement slept the sleep of death while Tories and Whigs in the House of Commons found no remedy for a single one of the evils of their country and accepted the rewards of perfidy and treason in well paid offices. In 1890 America and Australia threw themselves into the struggle. From that hour the parliamentary movement never really looked back. Aided by the generosity of our people and friends abroad, the cause of home rule found honest, faithful, courageous representatives, not one of whom during all the stress of thirteen years accepted pay or place from the British Government. These representatives fought and conquered coercion; they fought and conquered forgery. They broke the successive hostile administrations until at last they find themselves friends and allies of the greatest of British statesmen and the strongest of British parties. They ask now that they may be enabled from the same powerful and generous people to bring to consummation their labors and their principles borne by the generosity of their race they urge the long night. They ask now for the aid required, for the brief interval that still stands between her and her breaking day.

Signed, Justin McCarthy, Ed. Blake, Thomas Sexton, Michael Davitt, John Dillon, Timothy M. Healy, Wm. O'Brien, Arthur O'Connor, Thos. Power O'Connor.

After the grip, when you are weak and "played out," Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore your health and strength.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Pope's Jubilee.

To the Editor of the True Witness: SIR.—I consider it somewhat strange that the people were not requested to illuminate their houses on the Sunday evening of the Jubilee. I remember the occasion of the late glorious Pontiff's Jubilee and the brilliant scenes in our streets on the evening of that occasion. I may remark that in the church I attended on Sunday morning for High Mass, the Te Deum was not chanted as was announced it would be, which was an evident omission and failure to comply with Episcopal instructions. A CATHOLIC.

Early Closing.

To the Editor of the True Witness: SIR.—An article appears in your paper this week on which with your permission I should like to make a few comments. I refer to your criticism of Mr. Auzer's Bill for the early closing of stores. I agree with you that Montreal is to be congratulated, in this age of political corruption and public immorality, on the possession of a representative at the Legislature, like Mr. Kennedy, who has always been prepared to do his part manfully in the cause of Temperance and Right. I agree with you also that the Bill is but a partial one, that there are faults in it, and that were it passed, some would suffer inconvenience, but that it would be more than an inconvenience, that it would be an injury,—that the passing of the Bill, partial though it is, would be the cause of more harm than good, is, I think, open to question. It certainly would be better if the saloons could be closed, in fact I will go farther and say that it would be a blessing if they were wiped out of existence altogether, but that because the bill does not include them, it is undeserving of support is I think a most decided mistake. You mention the Grocery stores on St. James street and Beaver Hall Hill, when the employers "if they so desire" are unable to "give their clerks regular evenings for recreation." I have had no personal experience of the West End Grocery Establishments, but I have had some in the Dry Goods and I imagine the same causes would affect both. About the trade which "virtually ends at 7 o'clock." I may say that both employers and employees have become convinced of the fact, that as long as the stores stay open the trade will continue, and till some law is passed compelling all to close, there are always some stores which will keep open and strive to draw away the trade from those which are closed.

About the "nights for recreation." Yes, we were used to get off one night in the week at 7 p. m. What a magnificent boon! The balance we worked till 9.30 or 10.30 ordinary days and 10.30 to 11.30 or 12 Saturdays and immediately preceding holidays, and we were among the stores that closed earliest. Can you imagine now a man would feel having stood on his feet from 8 a. m. till that hour, but with a short hour, or hour and a quarter it might be, snatched for dinner and tea, with a fine hanging over his head if he were a minute late in getting back? Can you imagine how a young girl would feel under the circumstances? Can you imagine how a little boy would feel when dispatched on messages at that hour? I have known some not to reach home till nearly one o'clock in the morning. Do you think these hours tend to the moral, mental or physical development of either men, women or children? I am sure you do not, and so I will ask do you not think, when no stop can be put to them except by a law such as that proposed, that such a law would be a beneficent measure?

I fall to see how in St. Ann's Ward it could injure trade, if there are necessities to be bought, they will be bought before the stores close. It may cause the purchasers some little self sacrifice, but seeing it is for the public good, I am perfectly sure they will be willing to make it. In the northern section of the city, in which I live, the grocers have agreed to close at 7.30 till May, and the family with which I reside have not found it any very great inconvenience to do their shopping before that hour. Continuing your criticism, you speak of the father of a family going out with a dollar to purchase food, and finding all the groceries closed, spending it in a saloon, I would suggest the probability that he would hardly go out to purchase food if he knew the stores would all be closed.

The great fault I find with the bill is that to which you draw attention in your concluding paragraph, that it does not include the outskirts of the city, but as a suggestion for remedy I would say, agitate that they may be included; and even if they are not, I will say to the Christian people of the districts in question, show your sympathy with the cause of early closing; if you are called upon to make some little sacrifice, do it in the name of Him whose whole life was a sacrifice, whom you by your name profess to follow, and who has promised that even a cup of cold water given in His Name shall not lose its reward. L. E. C.

FRENCH REPUBLICAN STATISTICS.

I notice in La Semaine Religieuse, of this city, statistics taken from a French Revue, showing the rise and fall in certain matters, which establish with certainty the social, moral and religious atmosphere of France since the advent of the Republic. Rise—In 1875, 70,000 recidivists; in 1890, 100,000. Fall—Births, from the first rank France has fallen to the sixth among the nations of Europe. Rise—Divorces, 1,657 in 1884 and 5,457 in 1890. Fall—Marriages, 289,000 in 1884 and 289,000 in 1890. Rise—Illegitimate births in seven years from 7 per cent. to 10 per cent. Fall—20,000 conscripts less in the army since five years. Rise—Taverns, 358,000 in 1880; 413,000 in 1890. Rise—Taxes. Fall—Income. Rise—Cost of living. Fall—Morality. Rise—Impurity. Fall—Confidence. Rise—F-ar. So that we have there the net result of the Jewish Masonic Voltairian regime which has been and is still ruling France, and such is the regime which the sectarian clique of La Patrie and La Canada Revue are trying to foster in our fair Canada, using the very same weapons in attacking the Catholic Church as their patrons and models are wielding in old France in persecuting all that is Catholic, with this difference, however, that the power is in the hands of persecutors in France, and that in Canada the sectarians are so far precluded



INFANTILE SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES CURED BY CUTICURA EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the Raw Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humour Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the FORTY DRESS AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Baby's Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER.

from carrying out their evil purposes, but determined to do so should they ever get the upper hand. May God continue to protect our fair Dominion and shield us against the attack of the unchristian serpent trying to sting under the cover and mantle of religion and wearing the mask of philanthropy. Let us rally and press round the glorious and always victorious flag of that Church which, after nineteen centuries of warring and battle, still stands triumphant on that Peter's Rock, against which even the gates of hell will never prevail—and, pointing to the hords of heresy and infidelity, let us echo, but more truthfully than the false trumpeter Gambetta; the rallying cry—Vive l'ennemi. J. A. J.

BOURGET COLLEGE. GRAND DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

On Thursday, the 2nd March next, a grand dramatic and musical entertainment will be given by the pupils of Bourget College, Rigaud, P. Q. The admission fees are 25c and 50c. The object of the entertainment is to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, the feast of Ireland's Patron Saint. The pupils "take time by the forelock" and intend to celebrate the day on the 2nd instead of the 17th, as it gives an opportunity to many Mounterers of being present, who otherwise could not attend, owing to the city's concerts. The following is the programme in full. A great soiree may be expected, as the menu presented assures us:

Overture—St. Patrick's Day..... (Ripley) College Band.

NEIL O'CONNOR. An Irish Original Drama, in 5 Acts.

- Neil O'Connor.....George Walsh
Pyke O'Callaghan.....Louis Lauzon
John O'Connor.....Louis Larche
Sir James.....Robert Paterson
Pat. O'Callaghan.....Henry Durocher
Red Mike (a Spy).....Isaac Rancourt
Sergeant Salpes.....James Shields
Captain Wilson.....James Cleary
James.....Charles Wattle
Joe.....Bruce Durocher
Ned.....John McIntyre
Tim.....Frank Vachon
Clerk.....Frank Jameson

SOLDIERS. Charles McIntyre, George Dumouchel, George Pouliot, Edward Thomas.

PEASANTS. Henry Tyo, Octave Perron, Phillip Sylvain, George Pouliot, Armand Mongenais, James Martin, Joseph Hebert.

A TENDER ATTACHMENT. A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

- Clapboard.....Frank Jameson
Ebenzer Crotchet.....Louis Lauzon
Horace Crotchet.....Isaac Rancourt
Peter Picket.....Oscar Pailion
Obed Oakum.....Louis Larche
Timothy Tinpan.....Henry Durocher
Louis Loopstitch.....John Matte

VOCAL MUSIC. Marche DeChopin—M. Krein.....College Band
Red Star March—W.A. Barrington..... Do
Cleo Audante & Waltz..... Do
Again We Meet—Prindeville..... Do
Quickstep—W. A. Barrington..... Do
The Pride of Ireland—Ripley..... College Band

GOD SAVE IRELAND. Little Johnny's Advice.—Johnny, a bright boy of six years, while being dressed for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear and very much repaired, turned quickly to his mother and asked: "Ma, is pa rich?" "Yes—very rich, Johnny; he is worth two millions and a half." "What in, ma?" "Oh! he values you at one million, me at one million, and baby at half a million." Johnny, after thinking a moment: "Ma, tell pa to sell the baby and buy me some clothes." "The times are hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "and I find it very difficult to keep my nose above water." "You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady, "if you didn't so often keep it above brandy and water."

"A BURNING FIRE."

ST. MALACHI'S PROPHECIES.

He Foretold Plus IX. and Leo XIII. Whom Does He Mean by the Ignis Ardens?

The prophecies of Malachi, foretelling or designating in short epigrammatic form the various Pontiffs that have filled the chair of Peter from his time down to the present, and will do so to the end of the world, deserve more than a passing thought or consideration. St. Malachi was born in Armagh in the year 1094, and studied in France, where he became acquainted with St. Bernard, who calls him an "Angel and a Prophet." In 1139 he went to Rome. He died Nov. 2, 1149, at the age of 54.

It is curious to note how true these prophecies have turned out. Here are a few of them:

- 1775, Pius VI.—Peregrinus Apostolicus, the Apostolic traveller.
- 1800, Pius VII.—Aquila Rapax, a rapacious eagle.
- 1823, Leo XII.—Canis et coluber, the dog and the serpent.
- 1829, Pius VIII.—Vir religiosus, a religious man.
- 1831, Gregory XVI.—De balneis Etruriae, from the baths of Etruria.
- 1846, Pius IX.—Cruz de cruce, cross upon cross.
- 1878, Leo XIII.—Lumen de coelo, light from heaven.
- Ignis ardens, a burning fire.
- Religio depopulata, religion at a low ebb.
- Fides intrepido, intrepid faith.
- Pastor angelicus, the angel shepherd.
- Pastor et nauta, shepherd and sailor.
- Flos forum, the flower of flowers.
- De medietate lunae, from the eclipse of the moon.
- De labore solis, from the eclipse of the sun.
- Gloria olivae, the glory of the olive.
- Petrus Romanus, Peter the Roman.

To comment on these within our own recollection, who fails to perceive the sufferings and the life of martyrdom conveyed in the words cruz de cruce and verified in the letter by the venerable Pontiff, Pius IX? Lumen de coelo, predicted of Leo XIII., seemed at first to puzzle the minds of many and to cast doubts on the prophecies of St. Malachi, when lo! on inspection of the coat of arms of Cardinal Pecci, there appeared a comet, whole and entire, which, apart from all metaphorical interpretation, brought out the literal significance of light from heaven.

The next Pope is styled "Ignis ardens," a burning fire. Some say that these words clearly foreshadow the elevation of a Dominican to the Holy See, for the Dominican Order has for its pictorial representation a dog with a burning firebrand in its mouth; and, by the way, Cardinal Zigliara is a Dominican. Others have found some connection between these words and certain signs on the coat of arms of Cardinal Gibbons; while others again, since the arrival of Archbishop Satoli in America, do not hesitate to affirm that the lightning flash of his eye, the keen perception of his intellect, the uncommon despatch of his official duties, typify him as the bearer of the motto, "Ignis ardens."

According to St. Malachi there are to be two anti-Popes out of the ten that are to succeed Leo XIII. The second anti-Pope is supposed to be represented by De medietate lunae, or the eclipse of the moon, which is overclouded by the greater eclipse of the sun, after which comes peace, typified by the olive, and then Peter the Roman, or Peter the Second, the last in the line of Popes, begun by St. Peter, or Peter the First; then the end of the world. It is a strange coincidence that the first sovereign of Rome was Romulus and the last bore the same name. Peter was the name of the first Pope of Rome, and Peter is to be the name of the last.

Pastor angelicus, the fourth after the present incumbent of the Papal throne, is born, in fact was born in the 70's, is to be from Dalmatia, a Franciscan friar, who will go about the streets of Rome preaching bare-footed. This will go to show that the reign of the intervening Pontiffs will be short. Seven Popes reigned during the century 1775 to 1878, among them two with remarkably long terms of administration. Ten are left to carry the Papacy down to 2000 A. D., the end of the world.

Arguing from the past, there is no dis-



It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.
It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.
It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans everything. In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils its purpose to perfection.
SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

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crepancy about this assertion. The world had been in existence 2000 years when it was destroyed by the deluge. Two thousand more years and the same world sees a total revolution of by-gone times by the birth of the Saviour. And why should 2,000 more years, or the year 2,000 A. D., not witness another change?—N. Y. Sun.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The pilgrimage of Jerusalem in connection with the Eucharistic Congress, will start from Marseilles on April 12.

The next Congress will have more Catholic members in both houses than has yet been known in American history.

Rev. P. A. Maloy, one of the oldest priests in the diocese of Buffalo, died January 23rd at the Sisters' Retreat in that city.

A Church for the Italians of Pittsburg was dedicated recently. Father Molinari is pastor. The sermon by Bishop Phelan was very encouraging.

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

A life size statue of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, was unveiled in Dublin on Thursday. A monster parade was one of the features of the day.

The Catholic Lord Mayor of London attends High Mass at St. Mary's, Moorfields, London, in semi-state. This church used to be Cardinal Wiseman's cathedral.

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop is engaged on a work, the title of which is to be "Annals of the Visitation Order in the United States." It will be published during the present year.

The native Christians of Suen si, in Central China, have sent the Holy Father as their jubilee gifts some splendid embroideries and porcelain vases, and five living golden pheasants, beautiful birds.

On August 19th of this year Cardinal Gibbons will celebrate his silver episcopal jubilee. His Eminence was consecrated in the Baltimore Cathedral, August 16, 1868, together with Rt. Rev. Dr. Becker, Bishop of Savannah, Ga., by the late Archbishop Spaulding.

On May 24, of this year, Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville, Ky., will have been twenty-five years a bishop. He was consecrated in May 1868 in the American college, Rome, by Cardinal Russak, Archbishop of Vienna.

The unusual incident of a Catholic prelate being granted the courtesies of a state institution to deliver a public address, as was Bishop Watterson of Columbus, O., at the Ohio State University last Sunday, has been widely commented on in educational circles, and the favor with which it is viewed is a healthy sign of the times.

It is not generally known, but it is the fact, that several Indian students are preparing for the priesthood in some of our western theological seminaries. There are already a small number of Indian Benedictine nuns in the far West, and there is a prospect that their number will soon be increased. There is also an Indian Catholic priest who is laboring among the Indians of Western Canada.

The mosaics and documents to be sent to the World's Fair from the Vatican are regarded as so precious that two of

the cruiser Newark's crew will guard them day and night during the voyage to New York.

The Sultan has sent an autograph letter to the Pope on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee. The arrival of envoys bearing similar letters to the Pope from the King of Saxony and the Prince Regent of Bavaria is daily expected.

At Grand Fort Philippe, between Gravelines and Dunkirk, the hospital was laicised some time ago, and the Sisters of Good Help were replaced by paid nurses. On the outbreak of cholera in the place the nuns were invited to return and promptly accepted the invitation.

The death is announced at Troyes of a member of the Society of Jesus—Father Jung, a brave Alsatian. In 1879 this priest was curate at Reichsoffen and bore himself like a hero. Here as everywhere on the terrible field—everywhere that there was a wounded man to be consoled or a dying man to be grieved. He accompanied a French regiment of infantry into action.

The Catholic denomination in Vermont has 56 priests, 45 churches with resident priest, and 26 without, 12 chapel, 19 stations, 14 theological students, 7 academies, 19 parochial schools, 4,278 children attending schools, 15 convents, 2 hospitals, 118 orphans, from 35,000 to 36,000 French members, and from 13,000 to 14,000 Irish members. The Catholic families are estimated at about 6,400 French and 4,000 Irish.

This is the Holy Father's jubilee month, and he will have few spare movements during it, so numerous will the callers be at the Vatican. To wear a mitre fifty years is an honor that comes to few ecclesiastics, but we have an older prelate, as far as years in the purple, than Leo XIII. here in the person of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, who is now awaiting the coadjutor that the Holy See has determined to give him. Archbishop Kenrick celebrated in 1891 the jubilee which the Pope will observe on the 19th of this month.

A New Branch of the C.M.B.A.

Branch 191 of the C. M. B. A. Grand Council of Canada was organized last week at Hochelaga, by G. E. H. Howison, organizer and assistant secretary of that council. Amongst those present were District Deputies A. H. Spedding, C. Dandelin, Dr. G. T. Moreau and James Coleman. The following is the list of the officers for the ensuing year:—Spiritual adviser, Rev. Brissette, P.P.; chancellor pro tem, John J. Noonan; president, P. C. Shannon; 1st vice-president, Dr. J. P. Morin; 2nd vice-president, Narcisse Racine; recording secretary, A. A. Daigle, N.P.; assistant recording secretary, Edmond Berube; financial secretary, Arthur Demers; treasurer, Thos. McGovern; marshal, George Rollin; guard, Theo. Deslauriers; trustees, for one year, F. Whittaker and P. Filion; for two years, Dr. G. E. Baril, D. J. Gannon and Moise Brunelle. This branch will meet every second and fourth Thursday of each month in the Brothers' school, Dezery street.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE SOCIETY.

The election of officers in St. Bridget's section of St. Jean Baptiste Society resulted as follows:—T. Charpentier, president; Joseph Courtois, first vice-president; B. Dufresne, second vice-president; M. Martineau, secretary, and J. Therrien, treasurer.

LEO'S JUBILEE.

ST. PETER'S WAS CROWDED.

ROME, February 19.—At daybreak the pealing of church bells announced the celebration of the Pope's episcopal jubilee. By 4 o'clock thousands of pilgrims, tourists and citizens crowded before the doors of St. Peter's. At 5 o'clock two battalions of infantry, in full uniform, were drawn up before the cathedral, so as to be ready to help the 200 or more gendarmes in preserving order. The crowd swelled steadily, but remained quiet despite the tremendous pressure caused by some 5,000 ticket holders in their hopeless struggle to get near the doors. At 8 o'clock the cathedral doors were opened and the foremost of the crowd swept in. Within half an hour the great building was packed to the steps. Thirty thousand pilgrims and 25,000 or 30,000 Catholics from this city gained admission. No fewer than 40,000 persons, many of them ticket holders, were turned away by the military who cleared the spaces around the building so as to prevent disorder when the services started.

The Pope entered the cathedral at 9.45 o'clock, pale but smiling, and apparently in somewhat better health than usual. The cathedral rang with tumultuous cheering as the Pope was borne toward the altar. His Holiness officiated at the special jubilee Mass, intoning the opening words of the Te Deum, and giving his blessing in a clear penetrating voice. The Masses lasted until 10.45, but apparently did not fatigue His Holiness. He remained in the cathedral forty-five minutes after the celebration and then proceeded to his apartments. The crowd dispersed slowly. At noon most of them had gone, and a quarter of an hour later the military withdrew. This afternoon the Irish pilgrims attended service in the church of St. Sylvester, and were blessed by Cardinal Logue. The English pilgrims at St. George's received the blessing from Cardinal Vaughan. The weather has been magnificent here all day. This evening St. Peter's and all the other churches, all the convents and hundreds of private houses are illuminated. The streets are thronged and the square in front of St. Peter's almost impassable. Without exception, however, the people have been perfectly orderly. Not an arrest has been reported. King Humbert and Queen Margaret took their usual drive through the city to-day and everywhere were saluted respectfully.

DIED.

CARSLEY—At Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, England, Mr. William Carsley, aged 85, father of Mr. S. Carsley, of this city.

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It always re-appears! In fact, to speak figuratively, it belongs to the serpent tribe. It beguiles to betray!

THE BONUS-SYSTEM.

in business! That is what we mean. All forms of gambling appeal to that primitive animal passion in human nature, the cupidity begot of ignorance, which craves for "something for nothing." Out and out gambling is not the worst. Vice in its true colors repels. The veiled shapes of evil are dangerous and seductive. The bonus-system is an attenuated member of the great lottery family and should be avoided accordingly. It puts a premium on imprudence.

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LENT.

Comes the quiet time of year—
Now the gray road doth appear
Which reluctant feet must tread
Amidst the ashes of the dead.

Gray and chill, yet safe and sure,
Fringed with snowdrops pale and pure
Underneath a sky that grieves
O'er barren boughs and fallen leaves.

Harsh and frozen is the earth;
Distant, summer's flowers and mirth;
Gleams alone in thickets damp
The daffodil's yellow lamp.

One by one the pilgrims go
By the pathway, sad and slow;
Each one thinketh in his heart
How he doth his daily part.

Sorroweth for the sin that kills,
Mourneth o'er the will that wills
Evil 'gainst the high and good
Hero of the holy Rood:

Weepeth for a wandering world,
Out of light to darkness hurled;
Prayeth that all feet may come
To the everlasting home;

Museth on a brother's pain,
Planneth for another's gain;
Giveth dole to sick and poor
Out of great or little store;

Traineth self to stand aside,
With denial satisfied;
Smiling on another's bliss,
Adding to his happiness;

Thankful for an ampler share
Than he knows of pain or care,
Counting each a step of light
Reaching to a fairer height.

Pilgrims, we will travel there,
Through the biting wintry air,
On the narrow Lenten road,
Leading o'er the hills to God.

As we wend, it groweth sweet,
And unwearied are our feet,
When at last the bloomy spring
Comes to end our travelling.

May we, each one, keep this tryst
With the ever-blessed Christ,
Who will in one fateful day
Meet us on a lonelier way.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

Interesting Relics of the Franciscans of California.

There is an ancient and a modern history of California. The latter dates from the discovery of gold by Marshal at Sattus' Mill, January 18, 1848, and the former commenced when that sturdy Franciscan Friar, Father Junipers Serra, established the first mission at San Diego, July 1769, and thus laid the corner-stone of civilization in California. Father Junipers Serra founded not less than thirteen missions before he died in 1784.

These missions, together with several others founded by the Franciscan Friars after the death of Father Junipers Serra, extended along the Pacific Coast from San Diego to San Francisco, and have played an important part in the civilization and government of Mexican California. They were the seats of learning, the agricultural centre, and in a measure the padre of the mission ruled the country for miles around. With the establishment of a mission cultivation of the soil was begun, for each mission had to be self-supporting.

In the selection of a site for a new mission Father Junipers Serra used rare good judgment. The lands in every instance were the most fertile, best watered, and the most picturesque within a day's journey. The old mission at San Diego is situated in a beautiful valley a few miles north of the present city. Only the walls are standing, and the chief object of interest to the tourist is the old bells, which have been removed from the mission town, and now hang on a low framework close beside a new chapel and school-house.

About twenty miles north of San Diego we come to the Mission San Juan Capistrano. This mission was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake during divine service in 1812. Many lives were lost, but the church records do not give the number. Portions of the mission were rebuilt, but not equal to its former grandeur. It is still occupied by an old padre, whose principal duties now are the singing of chants, and the daily ringing of the old bells. Of these there are five, and being composed of five per cent. silver they have a rich tone that has made them famous. This mission was once quiet renowned for its school, and at one time several hundred Mexican Indians and white children daily answered its roll-call.

One of the most interesting of all the old missions is one at Santa Barbara. Although it was founded as long ago as December, 1786, it is the best looking mission church in the State, and the only one in which there still meditates a Franciscan Friar, with a shaven head, and hood and gown. This grand old structure will compare with Airla and

San Sebastian. Its bells came from Spain, and are composed of equal parts of copper and silver taken from Mexico. For more than a hundred years these sweet-sounding bells have mingled their morning melodies with those of the linnet and the thrush.

Some twenty friars live in the building, which accounts for the good state of the mission. In fact it has undergone so many repairs that the building is to some extent a modern structure. The main body of the church is 200 feet long and 40 feet wide. In a wing 130 feet long and 35 feet wide live the twenty remaining members of the community of Franciscan Friars.

A feature of the mission is its extensive garden, wherein flourishes what is said to be the largest grape vine in the world. Its trunk measures 34 inches in circumference, its branches are trained over an arbor 75 feet square, and it bears on a yearly average over four and a half tons of grapes. It has been known to yield a crop of six tons in a single season.

It is a curious law of the Franciscan Friars, and most religiously adhered to, that no woman shall be allowed to enter this garden. The only occasion when this rule has been knowingly violated, with the permission of the Franciscan Friars, was in favor of the Princess Louise at the time of her visit to the Pacific Coast a few years ago.

Probably the most interesting of the old missions, from an historic standpoint, is the Mission of San Carmelo, or Carmel, as it is commonly called. It was founded in 1770 by Father Junipero Serra.

It is there Padre Serra made his home, and there he is buried in the sanctuary fronting the "Altar of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours."

It is there that may be seen the last resting-places of several priests, who were co-workers with Padre Serra, and fifteen governors of California when it was subject to Mexico.

During the month of August in the year 1889, Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford spent some weeks at Monterey. In their drives about the old mission they used to pass the rough, wooden cross that marks the landing-place of Father Junipero Serra. Mrs. Stanford conceived the idea of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the pioneer missionary. It is ten feet high, and represents the friar, clothed in the habit of his Order, as stepping from an Indian canoe, in which is a large cross, and the planting of which was always the first step in the founding of a new mission. The features of the face are reproduced from long-preserved paintings. One hand is raised as though giving a blessing, and in the other is a small uplifted cross.

On one side at the base of the monument is this inscription:—

This monument was erected in 1891, by Jane L. Stanford, in memory of Father Junipero Serra, a philanthropist seeking the welfare of the humblest, a hero daring and ready to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow-beings, a faithful servant of his Master.

On the other side of the base is this quotation from the Holy Scriptures:—
"As the Lord liveth, even what my God saith, that will I speak."

Another interesting old mission that is yet in a fair state of preservation, is the San Buenaventura, founded by Father Junipero Serra, in March, 1782. This old church is 150 feet long and 35 feet wide. The walls are six feet thick, built of twelve bricks two-thirds the way up and topped with a dome. On June 7, 1857, the church was badly wrecked by an earthquake. The building was repaired and a shingle roof took the place of the old tile one. The interior of the church is spacious and attractive, several of the paintings being quite valuable. The altar stands as originally built, and apparently in as good condition as it was one hundred years ago.

It is curious and almost surprisingly strange that none of the numerous rich societies of California, have so far taken any steps to preserve these old missions or their interesting and historical relics. The mission of Santa Barbara is now the only one yet in possession of the Order that founded it.—the Franciscan Friars.—*London Tablet, Jan. 14, 1893.*

PAIN-KILLER.—The testimonials borne to the efficacy of this valuable medicine are sufficient to warrant its introduction into every house. Our own opinion is that no family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour. In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, &c., it is the most effectual remedy we know of. A 25c. bottle will last for a long time, and its low price places it within the reach of all.—*News, St. Johns, Que.*

THE FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM.

Protestantism is falling to pieces, where the State does not give it active support, it seems struck with some fatal disease, which undermines its constitution and soon leaves it struggling with endless divisions and controversies. It is an admitted fact that Protestantism does not reach the multitude and the poor; in the quarters inhabited by the latter there are generally no churches, only poor little chapels, served by one of the assistant clergymen attached to some other church; even where there is a properly constructed church in their neighborhood, poor Protestants do not attend. Again and again have newspapers and churches themselves sent out enumerators to count the attendance of worshippers in the churches on Sundays. As a result they have found that at the Catholic churches Masses were being celebrated every hour or every half hour from five to eight, to nine, or even ten in the morning, at which hour generally commenced Solemn High Mass. To the amazement of all except Catholics it has been shown that at all these Masses the Catholic churches were crowded with devout worshippers, men and women, old and young, rich and poor. To Catholics this is not surprising; there is an obligation binding upon the consciences of all Catholics to attend Mass on Sunday, an obligation from which only the gravest cause can excuse, and Catholics know that to fail in that is to sin grievously and be untrue to their religion.

Now, as a general rule, Catholics wish to be and endeavor to be faithful to their religion, so they make of Sunday, not a sabbath of gloom and despair, as Presbyterians, nor a day of pleasure and riot like infidels, but a day of prayer and rest; they at least attend Mass in the morning, and though not under obligation to do so, they assist in great number at Vespers and Benediction in the afternoon or evening, and during the rest of the day they take such pleasure as may be enjoyed in a quiet, happy way, innocent pleasures in which all participate, merry family meetings, making indeed of Sunday a day of prayer, of rest, and of recreation, showing that the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

Meanwhile what do the enumerators find in the Protestant churches? Generally only one morning service, at which the attendance is very select and genteel but not numerous, an afternoon service distinguished also by like lack of members and abundance of gentility; no where do they find the crowds that throng the Catholic churches, no where the poor kneeling side by side with the rich. It is fully proven and universally admitted that the proportion of church attendance among Protestants is nothing compared to Catholics.

Why is this? Because Protestantism has lost its hold upon the world. Error may for a time prosper, but it cannot last. Protestantism is to-day repeating the history of Arianism. In its time that heresy overspread Europe, Asia and Africa; in proportion to the extent of the then known world Arianism had spread as much as Protestantism, it had subjugated whole nations, it had the support of Kings and Princes, and was as proud and arrogant as Protestantism in its claim for liberality, piety, wisdom and knowledge, and yet its doom came, the doom of all heresy, Death. Its adherents gave it up, many of them embracing Catholicity, many others falling away altogether from all Christian practice, and Arianism which once overran so many nations is now only spoken of by all alike, Catholics and Protestants, as a vast heresy which desolated the world; so it is with Protestantism, it has lost its hold upon the people, they are wandering away from it, some are returning to Catholicity, some are going over to arrogant, sneering, blasphemous infidelity, many are joining the ranks of respectful Agnosticism. Sincere Agnostics are seeking for the truth, but the basis of truth being lost to them they cannot easily find it, yet having no hatred of truth, being above prejudices, with no preconceived ideas, the Agnostics, certainly a great number, are on the way to the truth, and as such are deserving of our respect and sympathy.

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

They are the deadliest enemies of Protestantism. They perhaps more than Catholics are exposing its hollow pretensions, are laying bare its true history and showing to the world its real character. In the history of the Decline and Fall of Protestantism the work of the Agnostic will occupy no inferior part.—*The Monitor.*

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE ONE, SLEEP.

Nature is sinking in peaceful repose;
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep;
Sweetly the dewdrop's asleep on the rose,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.
Heaven shield father wherever he be,
Whether on land or the billowy sea,
And bring him back to his baby and me—
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.

Lightly the ripples play over the rill,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep;
Singing the roses to sleep on the hill,
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.
Softly the katydid sings in the vines,
Up from the lowlands the murmuring winds
Steal through the stillness to play with the pines—
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.

EVERY CHILD SHOULD BELONG TO IT.

The Holy Childhood is a pious association for children, instituted for the redemption, baptism and Christian education of children of heathen lands. Any child may become a member of this association. The only obligations of membership are the monthly one cent and the recitation of one "Hail Mary" daily for the intention of the association, adding the ejaculation, "Virgin Mary, pray for us and for poor little infidel children." The association educates and sustains one hundred and fifty thousand children. Its Golden Jubilee occurs this year, 1893.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE "TOMBOY."

And what of that little nondescript known as the tomboy? asks the Philadelphia Times. What becomes of the romping, hoydenish girl who much prefers the society of the naughtiest boys to the nice, well-behaved daughters of respectable neighbors, and who cannot endure the quiet games with the aforementioned cherubs and their meek dolls, who have such a tiresome fashion of forever smiling up into one's face?

Does she still continue to enjoy masculine sports when she has arrived at years of discretion? Is she still inclined to torn frocks, disheveled locks and an abhorrence of all those things girls hold most dear? As far as our observation goes we would most flatly say no, quite the reverse. The greatest tomboy we ever knew turned out to be the most demure creature at twenty that we could imagine.

She took to fancy work and hospital-visiting with a vigor that seemed must be meant to atone for all those years when she could not be induced, save under the threat of being kept in the house, to take up a needle and struggle with the unhappy bit of patchwork that never seemed to progress beyond a most unsightly square that had been used to wipe away the tears from a very dirty little face bent over the obnoxious bit of ladylike employment, and the hospitals served to make up for the abhorrence of those childish days of anything that savored of respectable self-sacrifice.

Many other instances we have known where the most charming women have been evolved from the rude little tomboy girl; therefore, do not despair if the small daughter shows a decided penchant for tops and marbles rather than dolls and sewing.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

DEAR SIRS.—I have used your Hagar's Yellow Oil for many years, and have found it unequalled for burns, scalds, cuts, etc. Mary A. Collett, Erin, Ont.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XX.

"Mammy," said one of Connor Shea's curly-headed urchins—ah! but where are the rosy cheeks now?—"mammy, won't we have anything to eat any more?"

The question was quivering in the mother's heart when Mr. Oliver Grindem's unwieldy figure darkened the door.

"I pledge you my word, Sally," he began, in his pompous tone, "I did not promise him not to *saze* the oats."

She compressed her lips, and placed one hand over her eyes, but said nothing. She was sitting on a low chair, rocking the cradle.

"That was all a mistake," continued the landlord; "and you know I only looked for my own." She made no reply.

"And now, Sally," he went on, "I needn't tell you what a regard I always had for you; and to prove it to you, I'm after coming over myself to offer you the lodge. You can send the children to the old lady's school. They'll be well fed and clothed; in fact, ye'll want for nothing."

The children looked with hungry eyes into their mother's face.

But Sally Cavanagh would not endanger the faith of her children, even to save their lives. Besides, did she not know what his designs were? The calm manner in which his proposal was received made him certain of success.

"Hunger," thought Mr. Oliver Grindem, "is a powerful ally."

Sally Cavanagh stood up. There was a majesty in her figure, and an unearthly light flashed from her dark eyes, as she waved her hand towards the door, and said in a voice of command:

"Leave my house! Tyrant, villain, go out of my sight!"

The frightened children pressed round her, and turned their want-worn faces inquiringly up to hers. It was a grand picture: the noble mother, with hunger gnawing at her own vitals, prepared to see the children of her heart wither before her eyes, rather than expose them to the risk of losing the faith of their fathers, or imperil the priceless jewel, for which, in all her woe, and want, and misery, the daughters of Erin have been famed.

Even Mr. Oliver Grindem was awestruck.

She waited another day for the long-expected letter from America, but it did not come. The next morning poor Norah fainted while trying to lift her little brother out of his cradle. Then Sally Cavanagh made up her mind for the worst.

* * * * *

Mrs. Purcell was distributing oatmeal among a group of beggars. On seeing her husband coming from an out office she reddened (the good old soul) as if she was engaged in some unlawful work, and hurried away. Mr. Purcell threaded his way through the squalid crowd, pretending unconsciousness.

At a little distance from the house, and within view of it, might be seen a smaller group,—a mother and five children. She carried the youngest in her arms, while an emaciated fair-haired girl was trying to support the tottering footsteps of a boy who was evidently faint with hunger.

"If I had wan little bit to ate," said the boy, "I'd be able to go on."

The woman hesitated no longer, but walked through the yard hiding her face in a tattered cloak, and stood by the door.

Brian sat upon the kitchen table, swinging his legs and tossing fragments of a "quarter" of oatmeal bread to his greyhounds. On catching a glimpse of the woman's features he started, and dropped a large piece of the bread from his hand, which one of the dogs snatched up, and running outside the door, he began to crunch it at his leisure.

"Moll," said Brian, in a low voice, to the old dairy maid, "go speak to that woman at the door, and ask her where she's going."

"God save you, honest woman," said the old dairy maid.

"God save you, kindly, mam," replied the "poor woman."

"Did you come far?" inquired the old dairy maid.

"About three miles, mam," was the reply.

"A long walk for thim crathurs," said the old woman, "sich a day as this. An' would be any harm to ax you have you much farther to go to-day?"

The woman shuddered, and a heavy sob told what a struggle was going on within her. As if she had gained the mastery over her feelings, she flung back the cloak from her face, and said, in an almost defiant tone:

"We're going to the poor-house."

"Avooh! nine long miles!" exclaimed the old dairy woman. "But as for goin' to the poor-house, shure, 'tis what the decentest people in the parish must do sich times as these, glory be to God for all his mercies."

Anxious as Brian was to hear this conversation, a scene which was enacted during its continuance almost entirely absorbed his attention.

The greyhound was crunching the piece of hard oatmeal bread outside the door,—the children watching him with wolfish eyes. The eldest boy at last sprang upon the dog, and snatched the bread from him. He broke it into three parts, and hurriedly thrust one into the hand of each of the other children,—keeping none for himself. Then seizing the hound by the throat, the boy pulled a fragment of the bread from between his teeth, and devoured it ravenously!

"Kate," said Mr. Purcell to his daughter, "will you try and explain to your mother the meaning of poor-rates? There's no use in thinking she can keep up the old system—we couldn't afford it. She has a congregation of beggars at the door every hour of the day."

"And do you know, Kate," asked Brian, who had just come into the parlor, "who is among the beggars at the door now?"

"Who?" said his sister, startled by the tone of his voice.

"Sally Cavanagh!"

Kate dropped on the floor the shirt she was engaged in making.

"Yes," continued Brian, "on her way to the poor-house. And never let us know she was so badly off,—I suppose because I helped them a little when her husband was going to America."

His sister stood up, but paused irresolutely, with her hand on the door-handle.

"I declare, Brian," said she, "I have hardly courage to speak to her. She that was always so light-hearted and happy. I often said I envied her."

"Get them their breakfast, at all events," said Brian, "and we'll send a car with them to the poor-house. That's all we're able to do for them," he added bitterly, as he placed his arms on the table, and dropped his head upon them.

The car with Sally Cavanagh and her children was some distance on its way, before Brian raised his head. When he did so, he saw his greyhounds with their keen eyes fixed upon him, while *Gazelle* thrust her taper head under his arm. He seized his gun, and rushed out into the orchard,—the hounds yelping and bounding before him. He beckoned to a workman, and desiring him to follow with a spade, strode hurriedly to the farthest corner of the orchard. The dogs yelped their delight, and leaped up to caress him.

"Down, Bran! down, *Gazelle*!" The hounds crouched at his feet. He was pale as death: even his lips were bloodless.

Bang! bang! He fired both barrels in quick succession, and flung the discharged gun upon the ground. The man with the spade came up, and Brian pointed to the foot of a particular tree without speaking. He then leaped over the fence and disappeared.

His mother and sister, hearing the shots so near the house, came out in some alarm to the orchard. They found the workman staring over the fence, over which Brian had disappeared, in mute amazement.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Kate, looking horrified, "why has he done that?"

"I don't know in the world, miss," replied the man. "Shure it couldn't be account ov the gorsoon takin' the bread from wan ov 'em, for instead ov bitin' him, she stopped as quiet as a lamb."

Kate and her mother exchanged looks, which showed they understood the matter.

"Poor Brian," said Mrs. Purcell, wiping her eyes, "it is so like him."

"I'm to bury 'em on dher this thure," mam," said the workman.

But though Kate appreciated the sacrifice Brian had made, and knew he was

prompted to make it by the reflection that the cost of keeping his dogs might help to keep some poor family from starvation,—still she was shocked to think that it was his own hand stretched the noble animals lifeless and bleeding as she now beheld them.

"I declare, mamma," said she, "I feel quite nervous. How glad I am that Fanny will soon be here. Hes," she added, after listening for the sound of wheels for a moment, "here she is." She and her mother hastened in to welcome Fanny O'Gorman to Ballycorrig.

Little Fanny, while she took the prettiest little cloak and bonnet off the world, began to talk.

"Can it be, Kate," said little Fanny, "that it was Brian I saw running up the hill without his hat, like—like a wild Indian?" added little Fanny, at a loss for a moment for a comparison.

Kate told her what just occurred.

"Did he shoot *Gazelle*?" exclaimed Fanny, horrified.

Many a secret caress Fanny had lavished upon *Gazelle*.

We say secret; for whenever she found she was observed, Fanny used to blush in spite of herself. Now wasn't it odd that a young lady should blush to be seen caressing a beautiful greyhound?

But when Fanny reflected upon the motive that induced Brian to sacrifice his favorites, she clasped her hands and looked up wonderingly. Then feeling her cheeks begin to glow, she covered her face with her hands. And then little Fanny began to shed tears. Foolish little Fanny! She first pressed her hands together and turned up her eyes, as she thought: "Was there ever any one like him!" Then another thought got into her head which made her blush and hide her face. And then she thought *he* did not care about *her*—"only as a friend,"—that was all; and so little Fanny began to weep. Dear, kind-hearted little Fanny! how well she loved him, though he did not know it. Loved him all the more tenderly because of an old wound in his heart. Ah! if he knew of these tears,—would they not heal the old wound?—and would not a fragrant flower spring up in its place?

(To be continued.)

A LINCOLN COUNTY MIRACLE.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-TO-DO FARMER.

Mr. Ezra Merritt Suffers Untold Agony—Told by a Physician that Only Death Could End His Sufferings—How He Secured His Release from Pain—Anxious that Others should Benefit by His Experience.

Grimsby Independent.

How often we hear the expression: "His are green as off" as a term of disparagement. So it may be with many of our readers when they hear of anything occurring at a distance from home bordering on the wonderful. They may place little confidence in it, and, even if they do believe it, allow the matter to pass from their minds without leaving any permanent impression. Not so with local affairs. When anything startling occurs in our midst, affecting people whom we all know well, every one is interested, and all are anxious and even eager for the most minute details. For some months past there have been published in the columns of the Independent from time to time, accounts of remarkable cures made by that now justly famous medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Possibly some of our readers have looked upon some of these accounts as describing cures highly improbable, if not impossible. And yet this should not be the case, for they are all vouched for by respectable newspapers, who could have no object in stating other than the facts, and who would be discredited by their own readers were they to do so. However, seeing it believing, and Mr. Ezra Merritt, of South Grimsby, stands forth to day as living testimony to the wonderful curative powers of this not at all over-estimated medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having heard that a most remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. Merritt, the editor of the Independent, with that desire possessed by most newspaper men for verifying things coming under their notice, resolved to investigate the case and satisfy himself as to the truth of the story. Some days ago he drove over to Smithville, and at once called upon Mr. D. W. Eastman, druggist, a straightforward business man whose word is as good as his bond with all who know him. Mr. Eastman stated that he knew of the case of Mr. Merritt, and considered it a most remarkable one. Mr. Palmer Merritt had come to him one day and asked him if he could give him anything that would help his brother Ezra Merritt, who was suffering untold agony with pains in all his joints, his back and his head. Mr. Merritt stated that his brother had tried everything, and could find nothing to help him and that the doctors could give him no ease. One doctor from the United States had told him positively that there was no hope for him, and that death only could set him free from his agony. Mr. Merritt further told Mr. Eastman that his brother wished to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and asked him if he thought it would be any use. Mr. Eastman advised him to try them, as wonderful cures had been worked by their use. Mr. Merritt

acted on his advice and continued the use of Pink Pills until he is now a well and sound as ever.

The editor then drove over to see Mr. Merritt, and found that gentleman sound and hearty, looking over his cattle in his farmyard. Mr. Ezra Merritt is a well-to-do farmer, owning two fine farms about 3½ miles west of Smithville, in the township of South Grimsby. When the newspaper man told the object of his visit Mr. Merritt expressed his willingness to give him the fullest particulars of his case, and we cannot do better than give it in his own words: "The first time I was troubled," said Mr. Merritt, "was on July first, 1891. We commenced haying on that day and I felt sore and stiff in all my joints. I now believe the trouble originated through my washing some sheep in cold water the preceding April, when I went into the water and stayed so long that when I came out my legs were numb, but I did not feel any bad results until July, as I have said. I gradually grew worse until I could scarcely do anything. I kept on trying to work, but it was a terrible struggle, and the way I suffered was something awful. Every joint in my body was stiff and intensely painful. As time passed on I gradually grew worse, the pains went into my back and at times my agony was most unbearable. I had tried all home-made remedies, but without avail. I then consulted a doctor, but his medicine had no effect. At the time of the Smithville fair a doctor was over here from the States, and I consulted him. He said my case was hopeless, and I need not expect anything but death to release me from my pain. As winter came on the pain got into my head and my sufferings were something terrible. About dark the pain would start about my ear and work up until it reached the crown of my head. As morning came on the pain in my head would subside, but the pains in the rest of my body never left me, and at last I grew so bad that when I would lie on my back I could not get up to save my life without assistance. Although I had not lost my appetite I became weak, so bad that though I could walk around I could not stoop to lift a pound. I became so weak in this way that I got discouraged and lost all hope of ever getting better. It was about this time that I heard of the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and Mr. Eastman of Smithville, advised that they be given a trial. My brother got me a box and I took them but felt no good results. I took still no perceptible benefit, and I felt so weak and discouraged that I decided not to take any more. At this time a lady from Hamilton came to visit at our place and she strongly advised me to continue using the Pink Pills. She had known Mr. Marshall at the city and knew that his case was bonafide. I thought it useless to continue, but at the urgent solicitations of my friends did so, and by the time I was through with the third box I began to feel a benefit from them. This gave me hope which did not again waver, as I found myself steadily growing better, and continued the use of the Pink Pills until now I am as well as ever I was in my life. I know that it was Pink Pills that saved me when all else had failed, and I have no objections whatever to having the story of my cure being published, as it may be the means of helping some other sufferer back to health and strength and gladness." Mr. Merritt further said that he had now no fear of a hard day's work, and has not had the slightest return of the pains or the stiffness in his joints.

Returning to Smithville the editor again called upon Mr. Eastman and was informed by that gentleman that his sales of Pink Pills were something enormous. Mr. Merritt's cure having something to do with the increase in sales lately. There are other cases also in this vicinity little less than marvellous of which we may speak later on.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuritis, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of influenza, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on tumors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work 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 and wrapper, at 25c 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, nor in any form except in packages bearing the company's trade mark and any dealer who offers substitutes in any other form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided.

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 make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

JUDGE M. DOHERTY,
Consulting Counsel,
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WEDNESDAY.....FEBRUARY 22, 1893

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

There has of late been considerable talk, especially in a section of the American press, upon the subject of capital punishment. Numerous are the arguments employed both for and against this mode of punishing the most horrible of all crimes, that of murder. It has been the custom in every age and in almost every land to demand, in the name of human justice, a life for a life. It has been sanctioned not only by custom, but by the approval of the great legal, social and religious authorities of the most powerful and civilized lands. The principal object of such a means of attaining the ends of justice and of satisfying the law, is the checking of crime through the fear of death that is ever thus held before the culprit or the would be criminal. The reasoning in favor of the establishment and continuation of this execution of men guilty of the blood of others is strong and universally adopted. Without wishing to enter into the details of the discussion, we feel inclined to express some of the reasons that force us to hold capital punishment in abhorrence.

In the first place, we doubt very much if ever the hanging of one murderer prevented another one from performing his wicked deed, when the fit of passion swept over his soul and his brutal instincts were so aroused that they deadened every other thought save that of accomplishing his fell purpose. Neither in the case of sudden outbursts of passion, nor in the cooler and more diabolical study of the different ways whereby he may reach his victim, has ever the picture of the gallows arisen before the mind of the one who is bent upon taking human life. The young blackguard with his pocket revolver, which he is prepared to draw in every bar-room or at every gambling table, the excited creature laboring under the lash and torture of some supposed or real injury that cannot be supported any longer, or the Neil Cream carefully studying out his work and putting it into execution upon his unsuspecting victims, never once pause to reflect upon the consequences, if discovery should follow the deed. Or if, for a moment, any of these should catch a glimpse of the distant rope and hangman, it would be simply to shrug the shoulders and trust to luck with the hope and even semi-assurance of never being detected; the same feeling that all men have about death, in another way, although they know it is certain they hope on to the very end that it will not come to them. Had capital punishment the desired effect in that direction the

argument would be a very strong one; but facts prove that it is so far a failure in as far as it might be a preventative of crime through fear.

Taking it from a higher standpoint, we fail to see any justification at all in such a mode of punishment or rather vengeance. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and it belongs not to man. You may argue that it is not the individual man that takes the life of the criminal, but human law and human justice. Granted! Yet there is no human law that is inspired or that is perfect, and no human tribunal that is infallible. Therefore no human organization, any more than any individual man, can be positively certain that it is right when it condemns and executes a human being. "Thou shalt not kill," is a command of God; it was thundered from Sinai, and it stands there upon the decalogue in all its unqualified sternness. God did not say, "Thou shalt not kill, except in the case of the murderer." There is no exception to that law; and there is no excuse imaginable, real or otherwise, that can justify murder or the taking of a human life. Only in a case of self-defence may you slay—as you would a lion in a similar position—the one about to destroy your own life. But no man, and no body of men have a right from God to deprive a human being of life, to sever the knot that binds the soul and body together. Reason it as you may, it is impossible for you to show that any human tribunal is infallible; and if so no human tribunal can be absolutely positive of any case, especially in cases of circumstantial evidence; therefore the human tribunal is taking upon itself to kill—which God forbid to man—and to destroy what it can never repair, to do what it can never undo. No human organization has a right from heaven to perform an act that it cannot revoke.

On this point we may say that no matter how conclusive the evidence against a man, there is always room for a doubt (seeing the fallibility of all human evidence) as to the justice of the sentence. Numberless cases could we cite wherein the most convincing proof of guilt was produced, and in which, long after execution, it was discovered that an innocent man had perished. Were the tribunal to have condemned that man to perpetual imprisonment, with hard labor, isolation, and even lashes, when the error was discovered the same power could have restored him to liberty; but having sent him to the grave, that human tribunal was unable to recall his soul to reanimate his body, it was impotent to give back what it had wrongfully taken away. Our legislature may pass a law, but if that law becomes inoperative or dangerous the same legislature can amend or repeal it. All this is within the province of fallible and finite man; but we cannot recognize, under any circumstances, a fallible and finite being—or number of being—usurping the great prerogative of an infallible and infinite God. God gave the life to his creature, and He alone has the right to take it away, and He laid down a law for all human creatures, a law that admits of no qualification, no quibbling, no exception—"thou shalt not kill."

But we hear some revive the olden law of the Mosaic dispensation, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." That law does not say "a life for a life," nor is it to be taken in its literal acceptance. It means that what we take from others, even though it be as precious as the eye or the tooth, must be returned in kind, if possible. It does not mean that if a man should gouge your eye out that you are to appeal to a tribunal—or worse still, take the law in your own hands—and have one of his eyes put out; it don't

mean that if a person knocked out a couple of your teeth that the court should condemn the guilty one to have two of his teeth taken out of his jaw. In such cases the tribunal will punish that man by imprisonment, by hard labor, and by the other means which the law permits of, both as a chastisement for his crime and as a safeguard for society against him. So in the case of murder; no law of God ever dictated the barbaric principle of a "life for a life," for if it did that law would be a direct contradiction of the general one forbidding man, under all circumstances, to kill.

Again, we talk of our civilization and its refinement, it appears to us—in this particular case—that it is the refinement of barbarism that we enjoy. It matters little how the sentence is executed, it eventually resolves itself into the taking of a human life by beings liable to error, and destroying what they cannot rebuild by creatures that have no positive certainty of the justice of their act. There may be degrees of barbarism in the mode of execution, but the result is ever the same. The murderer is killed by the law, and the world rolls on as ever, the judges, the juries, the sheriffs and hangmen, in a very very short time, go down to the grave, and the human race continues on, and murders are yearly increasing in number. It might be the axe of Henry and Elizabeth, the guillotine of Robespierre, the rope at Tyburn, or the electric battery at Auburn, still the result is simply that a soul has been separated, violently, through the instrumentality of man, from the body that God gave it, and neither the axe, nor the guillotine, nor the rope, nor the battery can bring back that soul, the moment an error in the case is discovered or that by positive evidence the innocence of the victim has been established. In thus giving our honest opinion upon the question of capital punishment we desire to extend our reasoning far more strongly in the direction of the individual who commits the horrible act of taking a human life. For if the law, "thou shalt not kill," applies, in our mind, to the institution called a human tribunal, much more so does it apply to the creature who violates it without even the semblance of an excuse. Moreover, we believe that life-long confinement, solitary, and yet with hard labor, would be a much more effective means, and certainly a less barbaric and fashionable one, of checking the fearful increase of that most awful of all crimes, the crime of murder.

It is PROPOSED to give the Canadians Thursday, 3rd August next, as a day for national games at the Chicago World's Fair. A meeting was held last week in the Great Northern Hotel for the purpose of organizing for the occasion. It was pointed out that Canada's champion lacrosse teams would form a splendid attraction, while her mile runners, tug-of-war teams and wheelmen would make up a group of Athletes calculated to fill the 40,000 seats in the Park. If this programme is carried out our Montreal "Shamrocks" will come in for a good share of well-merited recognition.

AMONGST the writers who have been asked to read papers before the Catholic Congress to be held in Chicago, next fall, are the names of Miss Eliza Starr, Miss Isabel Shea, daughter of the late John Gilmory Shea, and Miss Eleanor Donnelly. These ladies have contributed in a very great degree toward the progress of Catholic literature in the United States, and they are foremost amongst the number of the women writers whose essays, stories and literary gems are the most striking ornaments in that literature.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, Etal.

We have referred so often of late to the learned and now notorious professor—Goldwin Smith—that our opinions upon the subject of his self-imposed mission, and our ideas with regard to his eccentricities and zig-zag literary, social and political movements, are pretty well known to our readers. It is not to either attack the "learned master of English," nor to "abuse him," as we have been accused of doing, that we place his name at the head of this editorial. It does not matter one straw to Mr. Smith what we think about himself, nor does it matter a pin to us whether he ever reads our articles or not; but it does concern our readers to know something about this annexation idea which has, by some strange freak of nature, got into his large head and is playing havoc with all the rational creatures of his fertile brain. Writing to the *New York Evening Post*, Mr. W. Philip Robinson, of that city, has told his readers, in a few words, the whole truth with regard to Mr. Smith and his interpretation of Canadian sentiment. Mr. Robinson says:

"Mr. Smith has no more knowledge of Canadian sentiment than these glib editors have of diplomacy, and he has no more authority to speak of the opinion of British statesmen or people than the *Tribune* has to decide the fate of Hawaii."

And to this not very complimentary statement the same gentleman adds the following very truthful, but not over-pleasant remark for Goldwin Smith to read:

"The truth is that the leader of the Continental Union of Canada has a bee in a bonnet. He need not be specially avoided, however, though he must be discounted by those who would not be led astray. His amusing meanderings are taken no more seriously in Canada than they were in the old days in England."

So much for a solid American opinion of the leading spirit in the Canadian Continental Union movement; we will come to the consideration of the movement itself in a few moments. Before so doing just read the following graphic account of Mr. Smith's right bower, Mr. E. Farrer:

"Mr. Farrer is a sort of bogey in Canada. The other day he was dealing wedge-hammer blows editorially through the *Mail* at the so-called Canadian Liberals; but he got salvation suddenly, and then in unexceptionable English told in the *Grand Organ* what dastards the Dominion Tories were. Shortly after the four other annexationists, having just perfected their plans for the cession of the Dominion to this Republic on terms most advantageous to the patriots, were on the look out for a suitable party to conduct the necessary negotiations. The versatile journalist was found available, and declared himself convinced of the justice of the Continental Union of Canada cause, whereupon the Union adjourned to the cellar of the Grange and were secretly made officers. It was understood that to keep down expenses the United States should be made to pay for his education, and the ex-editor's arguments were therefore sold to *New York* and other journals. This was regarded as a brilliant scheme, and left Mr. Smith free to conduct his campaign with proper deliberation. It would not be a dignified proceeding for the future Senator from Ontario to go about peddling other people's territory. This Mr. Smith was understood to declare firmly."

It would spoil the account of this great organization and its impressive history, were we not to give the following paragraph from the same letter:

"The fourth member of the Canadian Continental Union was until recently an officer of the Ontario Government. He resented the brutal orders of his chief, who wished him to attend to the business he was paid for doing, gave up his job, and became an enthusiastic annexationist. The fifth and last member is a mysterious personage. Nobody has seen him, nobody knows his name. Flippant Tories state that he is the Mr. Hyde of Mr. Farrer, and that the last named draws the salary of both."

Such is a somewhat humorous but none the less truthful account of the origin and history of the promoters of this annexation farce. Decidedly too much importance is attached to the utterances of such literary knights errant as Smith and Farrer. Never perhaps did any man strike the nail on the head more exactly than Mr. Robinson, when he writes that:

"These gentlemen are the annexation movement in Canada, and while it is both cruel and superfluous to interfere with them, it will be as well for editors not to confound them with real Canadians. There is not to-day, nor has there been in twenty years, one prominent reputable Canadian statesman who has advocated annexation."

Mark the words, not one "prominent reputable Canadian statesman," not even the future "senator for Ontario," nor the

most advanced commercial unionist. Some may have desired that ultimate result, but none have dared proclaim that desire to the public; and that fact alone is sufficient to prove that they know as well the hollowness of the cry and the universal Canadian opposition to its methods and object, that they dare not brave the opinion of a whole country by admitting their faith in annexation. We are told that one man—Count Mercier—has spoken emphatically in favor of annexation; but, after his fiasco on the public stage no one will call him either a "prominent" or a "reputable statesman;" in fact he seems to occupy a place not unlike that which, in the following extract, is ascribed to Goldwin Smith, at least in as far as his ramblings and instability are concerned. On two or three occasions we referred to Mr. Smith as a literary adventurer who was disappointed at home and abroad, and whose extraordinary egotism has led him into more than one foolish act, especially when he allows his vanity to be worked upon by men who know how to manipulate fulsome praise, with a view to making a dupe of the one they intend to use. In all that we have ever read concerning the learned professor, nothing has ever surpassed in exactness these words of the keen and observing writer of the letter above referred to. He writes:

"This Mr. Goldwin Smith might know if he would; but he is a recluse, almost without human sympathies, who does not make friends. He is, therefore, at the mercy of his aberrations and any unscrupulous adventurer who knows his vanity. His adoption of the annexation cry is hailed with laughter by Canadians, for his name has never been associated with a successful movement, political or social. His splenetic temperament, soured by the successive cold-shoulderings he has received in England, in the United States and in Canada, has made him extremely pessimistic, and he has become a man of abiding discontent as well as a man of no country. I defy him to produce evidence of the truth of his statement that Canada to-day favors annexation to the United States. It is entirely untrue."

The fact that Canadians do not seek, nor do they want annexation, by no means suggests the idea of antagonism toward the United States. Because a man's neighbor does not find it convenient or suitable to his interests to enter into a partnership with him does not necessitate an enmity existing between them. In fact they may be all the better friends for keeping apart, and each one minding his own business, pursuing his own course according to his own peculiar desires and methods. Nor does the absence of an annexation desire point in any way to an absence of admiration for American institutions and a faith in the grand future of the great Republic. It simply means that Canadians, as a people, find that their own constitution, institutions, methods of working out their destiny and aspirations are more in accordance with the requirements of Canada than would be those of our neighbors. In a like manner can the honest American argue, for decidedly, after one hundred and some odd years of a republican form of government, with the experience of the giant strides made by the country, no reasonable American would for a moment dream of changing their constitution or of living under any other flag than that of the stars and stripes. American institutions, customs and manners are most suitable to the progress of the flourishing Republic; in a similar way, Canadian institutions, customs and manners are best adapted to the needs and the future of Canada.

WE PUBLISH in this issue a most interesting and fair-minded contribution from a Protestant missionary to the African Catholic Missionary Magazine. It is one of the most honest statements that we have yet read upon the vexed Uganda question. We would invite all of our readers who have followed up that subject to read that article; it comes over the signature "Philo-Africanus."

LEO. XIII.

Sunday the 19th February, was the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. Although this is the jubilee year, and is especially dedicated to the joyous duty of celebrating the Golden Wedding of the Holy Father, still the particular day upon which the future Pope became Archbishop of Damietta is the one of the greatest importance. It is the duty of every faithful child of the Church, not only to rejoice with the Vicar of Christ upon such an exceptional occasion, but to pray fervently for the intentions of the Holy Father.

What an extraordinary man! what a wonderful career! Let us pause for a moment in presence of this venerable figure, the sublimest that rises out of the great plane of the nineteenth century. When young Pecci was born the world was in a state of turmoil, it was shaken by the iron hand of the greatest prodigy of genius that the human race had as yet ever gazed upon. While in the hamlet of Carpineto, on the 2d March, 1810, the wife of Count Pecci presented him with a son, and the neighbors for miles around were expressing their congratulations, the eagles of the conquering Corsican were "flying from spire to spire until they rested on the towers of Notre Dame." The nations of Europe were trembling in presence of that apparently invincible character; already had he crushed every opponent: Wagram, Austerlitz and Jena were talismanic battle-cries cheering on the conqueror to seeming immortality and omnipotence. But strange to say that the last hour of his triumph and the first of his decline was that in which he struck at the venerable head of our religion and dared to raise the immortal cross amidst his perishable trophies. He dragged the venerable Pius VII from his Roman See and carried him prisoner into France. It seemed as though the fate of the Church was sealed: that Napoleon was the "fiery horseman," foretold in the Apocalypse; that he was raised up expressly to destroy the power of Christ's Vicar on earth; that no power existed that could check his mad career; and that the ruins of the Vatican and the Church of Rome would soon be heaped upon the debris of the Cæsars' palaces and the shattered grandeur of the pagan temples.

"But Providence was neither dead nor sleeping. It mattered not that impiety seemed to prosper, that victory panted after those ensanguined banners, that his insatiate eagle as he soared against the sun seemed to replume his strength and renew his vision, it was only for a time, and in the very banquet of his triumph the Almighty's vengeance blazed upon the wall, and the diadem fell from the brow of the idolater." At that very period, and in the midst of all the darkness that surrounded the See of St. Peter, "the light from heaven" was quietly appearing upon the horizon of the future. A meteor arose in the town of Carpineto that was destined to flash across the darkness of our sphere, to shed its glories upon the last half of this eventful century, and, after its ever upward flight, to finally settle over the throne of Peter, and thence to chase away the clouds of uncertainty and peril.

The hero of a hundred battles has long since bent before the whirlwind of human and Divine vengeance upon the slopes of Waterloo; he has occupied that lonely island with its still lonelier grave in the far off Atlantic; his ashes have mouldered beneath the gold dome of the Invalides, and all that remains of his power and glory are a few tattered

flags that droop above a poor remnant of mortality. The Church has long since emerged triumphantly from the fiery furnace. The word of Christ has been made good, for He has been with His Church as He had promised. The tyrant that chained His Vicar is no more, nor are any of his works to be seen, while the successor of that venerable Pontiff is to-day looked upon by all France, and by the whole world, as the great arbiter of her destiny and the assurance of future greatness and peace to the other nations.

Thirty-three years after his birth, on the 17th February, 1843, young Pecci, the brilliant and promising ecclesiastic was consecrated Archbishop of Damietta. From that day forward his extraordinary public life commenced, a life that we cannot possibly touch on in detail, so deep and so varied has its current been. As poet, philosopher and theologian he had already made his mark, but half a century was reserved for him, in which he was to attain the highest point in the art of diplomacy, and to reach the very acme of statesmanship. From the day of his consecration he made three giant strides forward and upward. At each stride he appeared more and more conspicuously before the eyes of an astonished world. The first event following his consecration occurred on the 19th January, 1846, when he was transferred to the See of Perugia. The second move took place ten years after his consecration, when on the 18th December, 1853, he was proclaimed Cardinal by the venerable Pius IX., of immortal and sacred memory. The third and final step was taken on the 20th February, 1878, when he was elected Pope and successor to the glorious old man, the martyr-lived victim of the boisterous period just passed. On the 3rd March, 1878, Cardinal Pecci received the tiara and grasped for the first time the helm of the bark of Peter.

With a vigorous and skillful hand he seized upon that lever wherewith the successors of St. Peter during eighteen centuries and more had guided the sacred vessel upon the tempest-lashed ocean of time. In his sixty-eighth year, yet powerful mentally as well as physically, he commenced the stupendous work of steering that Divinely-built ship over the breakers, past the quicksands, through the shoals that were in her track, and to guide her into a haven of security. He had experienced the sorrows of that period when infidelity swept over Europe, when Pius IX. suffered imprisonment, exile and every degradation that could be heaped upon him by his enemies. Pecci had been schooled in the university of tribulation and warfare; he had graduated after beholding all the terrors of 1848, of 1868, and of 1870. He came upon the throne with a full knowledge and appreciation of the situation; he could not be deceived by the most subtle of hypocrites nor frightened by the most menacing of blasphemers. He knew the workings of the societies, he had seen them in all their worst aspects, he beheld the effects of the socialism, communism, and rampant infidelity of the world. His master mind had long grasped the situation, his eagle eye had detected every phase, even the most minute, of the great problems of the day and he at once set to work to change the face of the political and social world. He had studied deeply, and on emerging from his contemplation into the field of action, he saw that the great secret societies of our day were the enemies of every national and social stability, and he concluded that the vital question of the hour was that of Labor and Capital—the rights and privileges of both and the duties and obligations that they owe to each other. And in those

most wonderful encyclical letters, that have attracted the attention of the most advanced thinkers and the greatest statesmen of our age, Leo XIII. has carried into practice the idea that he had long conceived, and has done more for the benefit of our age and of the human race than any other man living, or perhaps, that ever did live—taking, of course, into consideration the very few years he has had at his disposal and the advanced age at which he ascended the throne.

It is the golden jubilee of that grand character, that wonderful Pontiff, that Venerable Father of the Faithful that we celebrate this year. True it is that Leo XIII. is a captive, that he is despoiled of his rightful possessions, that he looks out from the Vatican upon his enemies, who glance back their hatred for his pity; but away beyond the seven hills, beyond the brown Tiber, beyond the purple slopes of Albano, beyond the Papal States, beyond the limits that human hands have described for earthly potentates, the Vicar of Christ looks upon the world, and with telescopic vision takes in the furthest points of earth upon which the cross of Christianity has been planted, and with microscopic sight detects the most minute details of every question, political, social, scientific or religious that interests the world of Catholicity. It is before that venerable figure that we bow to-day, and thanking God for having given to the Church such a prince, a statesman, a saint, we join in that universal chorus of jubilation, which, arising from all lands, ascends to the throne of St. Peter's successor, and blending with angelic hymns, that the frontier hosts of heaven entone, reverberates through the aisles of Christendom up to the chancel where the Holy Father—under the snows of his eighty-three years—listens with joy and smiles his benedictions—the burden of that chorus is:

"Te Deum, laudamus,
Te Dominum, confitemur."

We learn by a London despatch that the "Thunderer" has been hauled over the coals and called upon to apologize for calumniating the Irish members. The following is an account of that portion of the debate upon the question, and will doubtless prove interesting to many of our readers, especially those who remember the anti-Irish brutality of the London Times in the past:

Mr. Sexton then stated that the Times had used the assertions of Viscount Wolmer as facts, and had seized the chance to heap lying calumnies upon Irish members. According to the Times and Viscount Wolmer, Mr. Sexton said, Mr. Gladstone's majority would be wiped out if the Irish mercenaries did not receive stipends drawn from the Liberal party fund or from the private liberality of rich English partisans. Such statements as these, Mr. Sexton declared, were utter falsehoods. No Nationalist member was ever indebted a penny either to the Liberal fund or the generosity of a rich partisan. Mr. Sexton moved that the House declare the article in the Times a gross breach of the privileges of the House.

The Speaker suggested to Viscount Wolmer that unless he was prepared with proof of his statement he should apologize. Viscount Wolmer acted upon the suggestion. He curtly expressed his regret for making the statement and tendered his apology therefor.

Mr. Sexton then declared that the editor of the Times should be compelled to apologize at the bar of the House.

Mr. Gladstone said that he sympathized with the feelings of the Irish members. The publication of the article in question by the Times, in which corruption was distinctly charged, constituted a breach of privilege.

Mr. Balfour, the Opposition leader, said that he made no attempt to defend the Times for publishing the objectionable article, but he advised the House to avoid a conflict with the press. The article in question, he said, might be interpreted to mean that the result of the Irish members being a paid party might tend to introduce future corruption.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declined to accept any such interpretation of the Times article as Mr. Balfour said could be made, and the House approved a motion made by Mr. Sexton that the editor of the Times be called to the bar of the House to apologize for the publication of the article.

The Irish members have decided not to persist in their demand that the editor of the Times appear at the bar of the House to apologize for accusing them of corrupt practices. They will be satisfied with the publication of the apology in the Times.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

To clean brass fixtures rub them with slices of lemon, then wash in hot water.

Bent whalebones can be restored and used again by simply soaking in water for a few hours, and then drying them.

In making custard for lemon pies it is better to partly beate the crust before adding the mixture, so that it may not be absorbed by the paste.

Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is readily operated upon by the water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

Always keep carbolic acid convenient for use. It is one of the best disinfectants and insect destroyers that can be used. A small quantity need only be applied at a time.

Always salt any article where lard is used instead of butter. Water is better than milk in most cookery recipes. Hickory nut meats are nice for the top of sugar cookies.

It may interest housekeepers to know that an easy way to test the quality of fresh fish is to try and bend them above the tail. If they bend easily they are probably a little stale, but if rigid they are certainly fresh.

When troubled with soreness or sense of tightness in the chest dampen a flannel cloth with kerosene and apply over the spot. Do not leave it on too long, or it will blister. One night will usually relieve the soreness.

FASHION HINTS.

Colored velvet is in great favor. Scarcely any dress of woolen material is without some trimmings or accessories of velvet, either matching or contrasting with it.

The new evening silks principally show line strips on a shot watered ground, which like the chameleon, is many colored. Velvets, silks, woolens, gauzes—is shot this season.

In freshing up a black silk gown, full sieves and collar and broad revers of shaded velvet, are used by the best dress-makers.

The fashionable mink-tail trimming that was so popular at the beginning of the season, is already practically cut of the market, the supply of this little animal's tail being entirely exhausted.

The beautifully embroidered band trimmings for dresses for all occasions are extremely fashionable and likely to continue so. The embroidery is executed in Byzantine, Turkish and Persian styles, with colored metal and gold and silver thread.

Red is very much the fashion and seems to have a growing vogue. While many persons a decided antipathy to this color, on a drear, gray day in winter some of the richer shades really have a tonic effect.

WARM UNDERCLOTHING MOST ESSENTIAL TO GOOD HEALTH.

Take care to wear good warm underclothing—advice which is scoffed at by the young and healthy, but none the less of the greatest importance, to guard against severe chills which may lay aside the sufferer therefrom for the winter and after months to come. Elastic underwear has been brought to such perfection that warmth and comfort no longer add in any perceptible degree to the size of the wearer. For example, the ladies' combinations which are made of silk and wool combined, ribbed, and fitting closely to the figure, are very warm and comfortable. Combinations may be procured in real Welsh wool, which becomes softer after washing (a great recommendation) shaped to the shoulders and with woven sleeves. Combination bodices and skirts in soft, ribbed wool are very agreeable to wear. A very useful addition to the toilet to those who wish to keep warm, is the Princess slip-bodice, which is made of a woven material and fits the figure like a glove. Flannelette underclothing in all its branches is strongly to be commended in cream white or colors.

To Get at the Fact,

Regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla, ask the people who take this medicine, or read the testimonials often published in this paper. They will certainly convince you that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses unequalled merit, and that HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's PILLS cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.



A lone hand is a weak one, when it comes to scouring and scrubbing. With *Pearline*, it can do the work of three or four hands—easier, cheaper, and better. The finer your laces and linens, the finer is *Pearline* for washing them. Nothing takes out dirt so quickly; nothing takes its place when it has been once tried.

Beware of imitations, 24 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Forty-four persons died in Marseilles from a disease somewhat resembling Asiatic cholera.

It is reported that 100 persons were killed and 500 or 600 wounded in the recent riot at Bogota.

Democratic legislators in Nebraska helped to elect Wm. V. Allen, Populist, United States Senator.

A Minnesota legislator caused a sensation by introducing a bill prohibiting the manufacture or sale of crinoline.

Windowglass men of the country have formed a \$50,000,000 combination and prices will be advanced 10 per cent.

Jack Clifford, one of the Homeesteaders under charge of murder committed during the recent strike, was acquitted Tuesday.

The whole estate of the late Bishop of Fort Wayne was less than \$500 and this includes his gold watch and other personal effects.

The six great manufactories of the various typewriters and caligraphs, it is said, have formed a combination with a capital of \$20,000,000.

The Ribot Cabinet's refusal to interfere directly in the matter of getting an extension of the Panama Canal concession was sustained by the Chamber of Deputies, 374 to 34.

As soon as spring opens the Papal delegate will start on an extended tour over the United States. He will visit the Bishops and their dioceses in order to become more familiar with the Church in this country.

Lynching is not only barbarous but effective. The strongest argument there is against the savage barbarity displayed in Paris, Tex., is that it does less to repress the crimes thus punished than steady, unrelenting, unyielding, dispassionate enforcement of law. This is civilization. The other is Sioux barbarism. Of the two, civilization is always the stronger.

At the election in Halifax on the 9th inst., to fill the seat left vacant by the death of Thomas Shaw, Liberal, W. Rawson Shaw, Liberal, received 4,617 votes; Alfred Arnold, Conservative, 4,249; John Lister, Labor, 3,028. At the Walsall election, the same day, Sir A. D. Hayter, Gladstonian, received 5,235 votes; C. T. Ritchie, Unionist, 5,156. In the last general election Frank James, Conservative, was returned by a vote of 5,226 to 4,909, but was unseated by the Corrupt Practices act.

In the matter of Catholic education the province of Cincinnati takes the lead in this country. The percentage of regular attendants of parochial schools is 45 per cent. of the Catholic school population. St. Louis comes next with 44 per cent., Milwaukee third with 42 per cent., Chicago 36 per cent., Baltimore 32 per cent., St. Paul 29 per cent., Philadelphia 28 per cent., Boston 22 per cent., San Francisco 20 per cent., New York 19 per cent., New Orleans 16 per cent.

The secret of the Italian bank scandal is said to be that several of the banks have a larger note circulation than the law allows. It is said Crispi's Government was aware of this, but said nothing, as he had need of the banks for his secret-

service fund. In consequence the muddle has now become so serious that the present Cabinet may be overthrown. The King is very much affected by the crisis. He paid 4,000,000 francs from his private purse in order to retire from the banks bills signed by politicians, who were too prominent to allow of their being prosecuted, but he could not pay for all.

A despatch from Corunna, dated the 9th inst., states that the Anchor Line steamship Trinacria has completely broken up. Her crew numbered thirty-seven, all told. Seven were saved, but nearly all of them sustained serious injuries. There were a number of passengers on the steamer, mostly members of the mission of Gibraltar and soldiers belonging to the garrison at that place. All the women were drowned. The survivors state that the Trinacria struck the Bermellas Rocks at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Anxious Mother: "I wish, Susan, that when you give baby a bath you would be careful to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature." Susan: "Oh, don't you worry about that, ma'am; I don't need no thermometers. If the little one turns red, the water is too hot; if it turns blue, it's too cold; and that's all there is about it."

IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL



through life by the rough stages of coughs, colds and consumption, be careless of yourself during the damp, cold weather and DON'T use

Allen's Lung Balsam

for that nasty cough of yours. But if you'd like to live to a green old age in health, and consequently in happiness, use

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as a preventive and cure of all Throat and Lung diseases.

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THE KEY TO HEALTH.



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

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T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

IRISH NEWS.

Sister Mary Bernard Boileau died on Jan. 21 at St. Brigid's Convent, Mount-rath. She was thirty-one years old, and had been a nun eleven years.

Mrs. Margaret Ward, of Carrigart, sister of Cardinal Logue, is dead. She was buried from the parish church on Jan. 26, with a Solemn Mass of Requiem.

The death occurred on Jan. 22, at the Presentation Convent, Carlow, of Sister Mary Stanislaus Caulfield. She was in the fifty-ninth year of her age and the twenty-eighth of her religious profession.

Father R. J. Russell, parish priest of Dunloy, died of acute inflammation of the throat on January 23. Father Russell was the son of the late Mr. George Russell, J.P., and was born at Clogher, near Downpatrick, in 1848.

At a meeting of the Cork Corporation recently it was decided that the Mayor should proceed to Rome to present, on behalf of the citizens of Cork, the address to His Holiness on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee which that body had adopted.

All the tenants on the estate at Duncourney and Clonmult, near Middleton, of Mr. Robert Kerr McBride, of Hamburg, Germany, have signed agreements proposing to buy the fee-simple of their lands at sixteen and a half years' purchase on the rent.

Mrs. Ellen Barry, a tenant on Lord Middleton's property, at Broomfield West, near Middleton, was evicted on Jan. 24 for non-payment of rent. Afterwards she was allowed back into possession as a caretaker. Mrs. Barry will be given six months for redemption from the date of eviction.

The great Munster Fair opened at Limerick on Jan. 26, and lasted two days. Although there was a large supply of horses, it was scarcely up to the average. There were 3,024 cattle on view, 656 sheep, and 2,680 pigs and bonhams. In the horse fair, the number disposed of was large, but at exceedingly low figures. The classes most in demand were "bussers" and "trammers" for the London market.

John Farrell, aged about sixteen years, arrived in Queenstown recently, from Kill, King's County, for the purpose of emigrating to New York by the steamer Britannic. On the passengers assembling on the wharf, Farrell was missing. A vigilant but fruitless search was made for him. He was last seen in a lodging house, where his luggage was found some hours later.

The Community of the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy at Ardee have sustained a severe loss in the death of Mother Mary Magdalen Finegan, who passed away on Jan. 23. Twenty-four years ago she consecrated herself to God and the service of the poor and ignorant, and her death at the comparatively early age of fifty-one brought to a close a life of edifying piety, devotedness and patience.

Some beautiful specimens of Limerick lace from the hands of experienced workers have been prepared for the Exhibition at the World's Fair, Chicago. Mrs. Vere O'Brien, who has taken a strong interest in the resuscitation of the lace industry, which many years ago won such a reputation for Limerick, has taken up the project of sending some of the material to the Exhibition, and has been successful in securing a good variety. The designs are mostly from antique models, and comprise flounces, capes and handkerchiefs.

The little village of Towney-Emon, three miles from Westport, was brilliantly illuminated on Thursday evening, January 26, in recognition of the release from Castlebar jail of Mrs. Hanly, a widow, whose only crime was that she took refuge in the house she was evicted from by Richard Gibbons, of Westport, in preference to going to the workhouse. A large bonfire was lighted in the centre of the village, and as Mrs. Hanly came along the main road a procession was formed, and as night had already set in a number of torches were lighted and rockets were fired. The men, women and children of the surrounding villages were present. Loud cheers were given, and again and again renewed, for the plucky little widow, who seems none the worse after completing two terms in jail. All the people escorted her to what once was her home. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and the windows of all the houses in the place were lighted till a late hour in the night. After heartily groaning landlord tyranny, the people quietly went to their homes.

AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

CARDINAL GIBBONS TO THE POPE.

His Earnest Letter to the Sovereign Pontiff on the School Question Written a Year Ago.

The following is a translation of a letter written in French by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.:

Most Holy Father:—Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of the American College, writes that Your Holiness wishes me to make a detailed report of what was done at the meeting of the Archbishops of St. Louis, on the occasion of Mgr. Kenrick's Episcopal Jubilee, in reference to the schools at Faribault and Stillwater.

Your Holiness manifests such constant solicitude for our diocese, and such a skilled understanding of the situation of the Church in the United States, that I am always glad of the occasions which offer to give useful information to you; and I hope that what I shall say may enable you to comprehend fully the conduct of Mgr. Ireland in the matter of the two schools.

In beginning, your Holiness will permit me to recall to your mind the letter which I had the honor of sending to you last year on the subject of the address delivered at St. Paul by Archbishop Ireland before the School Commission, on the passionate attacks upon the address, and on the motives inspiring them. The schools at Faribault and Stillwater have been attacked with no less venom and passion, and for the same causes. Further, when we were met at St. Louis, it was the wish of all the Archbishops to obtain an explanation of what had been done; and, at my request, Mgr. Ireland made an explanation with a simplicity and frankness worthy of his high position and noble character. He went so far as to say that he was "happy to submit his action to the cognizance of his colleagues, and was ready to retrace his steps if they thought that he had passed the limits of right or prudence."

This is the agreement between Mgr. Ireland and the School Commissions of Faribault and of Stillwater, and this is what has been done:

I.—The school buildings remain the property of the parish. They are leased to the School Commissioners during the school hours only; that is, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. Outside of these hours they are at the sole disposal of the parish; the pastor and the Sisters who teach can hold in them such exercises as they deem proper. The lease is for one year only; at the end of the year the Archbishop may renew the lease or resume the exclusive control of the buildings.

II.—The teachers must hold diplomas from the State, and the progress of the pupils is determined, as to the various branches of profane learning, by periodical examinations held in conformity with official requirements. The class rooms have been furnished and are kept by the School Commission, and the Sisters are paid the same salaries as are paid to the ordinary teacher.

III.—During school hours the sisters give no religious instruction; but also members of a religious order, they wear their religious habits, and do not alter their teachings in any respect. The schools, although under control of the State, are, in respect of instruction, precisely what they were before the arrangement was made. The sisters teach the catechism after school hours in such a way that the pupils notice merely a change from one lesson to another; besides, at 8½ A.M.—before the regular school hour, that is—the children attend Mass, and on Sundays the school buildings are at the exclusive disposition of the parish.

IV.—The public schools are scattered in various parts of our cities, and children are required to attend the school in the district wherein they live. Faribault and Stillwater are excepted from this rule. Catholic children can attend the schools in question from all parts of the cities, and Protestant children living in the districts where our schools are situated may do so, but are not obliged to. The result is that almost all the children of the two cities come to these schools, where they are very few Protestants, and wherein the influence is almost wholly Catholic.

This, Holy Father, is in substance the situation at Faribault and Stillwater. After Mgr. Ireland's explanation and his

answers not one of the Archbishops offered a word of blame. Many were very explicit in their approval; and Mgr. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, whose authority with us is very great, did not hesitate to say that he congratulated his colleague on the results obtained, that his own wish would be to submit the school of his diocese to a similar arrangement, and that he hoped to succeed, at least as to some.

In fact, taking things as they are, the objections to this arrangement are none; the advantages are so great that the opposition raised by it is inexplicable unless it is attributed to malice or ignorance.

In Minnesota Catholic influence is already considerable, and it increases daily, especially to the prestige enjoyed by the Archbishop of St. Paul and to the active part which he takes in everything of interest to the country. The members of the School Commission are too sincere and honest, and, besides, too knowing and prudent, to try to introduce into the schools books which in any degree would be dangerous to the faith of the children; and if they should do so their schemes would be checked quickly. The Protestant children who attend the schools are too few to have any influence on the Catholics, and cannot prevent themselves from coming under the healthful influence of their surroundings.

In this contract which he has made with the State the Archbishop took great care to safeguard the future. It is but an essay which he has made in the hope of obtaining later advantages still more weighty, and, assuming an overwhelming Protestant opposition, or bad faith on the part of the School Commissioners, he can end the contract after a year and return to the system of purely parochial schools. There is then nothing to fear.

The advantages are many. The two schools, whether from the point of view of the number of scholars or from that of their resources, were decaying; to-day all reports show that they are prospering. They are well furnished and have all the conveniences of public schools—facts which are of great practical importance for both parents and children. The teachers are paid more highly than the parish could afford to pay them; the faithful have no longer to pay the double tax to the public school and the parochial school; and the pastors no longer have to worry to find the necessary money to carry on the schools—money often impossible to procure without recourse to means inconvenient for more than one reason, and sometimes gravely so. Furthermore, almost all the Catholic children of these two cities are now under a religious influence which either did not exist or the schools which they attended were Protestant.

In placing these two schools under the School Boards, which in our country are only local and municipal organizations, Mgr. Ireland did not intend to invalidate the principle of the parochial school, though he has been accused of so intending. His plan was to save two schools which were perishing, and to procure for a large number of children in Faribault and Stillwater the religious influence of which they were deprived in the public schools. When we think that more than half of our children attend the public schools, and in spite of all we can do will continue to attend them, we cannot refrain from praising Mgr. Ireland for what he has done and obtained.

For the rest, his interest in parochial schools is well known, and his opponents have only to consult the official statistics in the "Catholic Directory" to learn that his diocese, far from being backward, is in advance of many other dioceses. Parochial schools are numerous in it, and, out of a Catholic population of 155,000, they are attended by 11,700 children; that is, one child for every fourteen Catholics. In Baltimore the proportion is almost the same; in Boston the proportion is one child for nineteen Catholics; in New York, one for every twenty.

He has not even made an innovation. Many schools are under similar rules in several dioceses—for example, in New York, Milwaukee, Albany, Buffalo, Erie, Harrisburg, Peoria, Rochester and Savannah. In this last-named city all the Catholic schools are in the same condition and Mgr. Gross, Archbishop of Savannah, before his translation to the Archbishop of Oregon, did not hesitate to say at our meeting that he had always thanked himself for that state of things.

No one had dreamed of raising objections and of accusing the bishops and

prelates of these dioceses of unfaithfulness to their mission and treason to the Church; but the passions were stirred up the instant Mgr. Ireland had acted. His enemies are bitter; it pains me much to say it. Holy Father, but they have watchmen at Rome, and will stop at nothing to ruin his prestige and his authority; and that, as I have written to you already, would be a great blow to the Church in the United States.

Your Holiness will allow me to say, in ending this letter, that the silence of the Holy See on this question has been, and will be interpreted as a virtual condemnation of the conduct and views of the great Archbishop of St. Paul. If this opinion had been shared by the American public, as it assuredly would be in time, I fear that the national sentiment would be excited, and that measures obnoxious to Catholics would be proposed in school matters. There have been attempts in this direction; they have been checked for the present, but it is important not to renew them in creating or maintaining prejudice against ourselves.

Further, most Holy Father, I dare beg Your Holiness to show to the American public in such a manner as you think best that Mgr. Ireland has your full confidence, and that you appreciate his efforts and his acts for the good of the Church in the United States.

It is with the most profound and most filial respect that I have the honor to be, most Holy Father, your Holiness's very humble servant and devoted son,

J. CARD. GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.
BALTIMORE, March 1, 1892.

—Catholic Standard.

GLADSTONE'S BOYHOOD.

A short time ago Mr. Gladstone opened a workman's institute at Saltney, near Chester. One of the company made the remark to Mr. Gladstone that he had been recently speaking to a gentleman who knew him at the time when he was a boy at school.

"What was his name?" inquired the premier.

"I—, of Liverpool," was the reply. "Indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Gladstone; "and did he tell you anything particular concerning our school days?"

"Yes sir; he said that he and you once fought and you thrashed him."

"Ah! I thought he would remember that; and did he tell you what it was we fought about?" eagerly inquired the veteran with apparent warmth.

"No sir, he did not," was the reply.

"Then I will tell you," said the grand old man, rising up with as much determination as if to enter on a debate. "He induced me to steal some strawberries from a field, and when I had done so he wanted to take the best of them. Now, when I had run all the risk of detection, I was determined not to let him have them, so we fought for them, and I thrashed him and I stuck to my strawberries."

"And when you see your friend again will you kindly remember me to him, and tell him that I do not know whether I could repeat the operation to-day, as I have not seen him for many years, and do not know the condition he is in? But I will mention this fact to you, that that field of strawberries was where Bold Street, Liverpool, now stands."

TO BRACE UP

the system after "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and used-up, the best thing in the world is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you \$500 in cash."

Brass can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites is both a food and a remedy. It is useful as a fat producer and at the same time gives vital force to the body. It is beneficial in

CONSUMPTION

because it makes fat and gives strength. It is beneficial for

SICKLY CHILDREN

because they can assimilate it when they cannot ordinary food. It is beneficial for

COUGHS AND COLDS

because it heals the irritation of the throat and builds up the body and overcomes the difficulty.

"CAUTION." Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, 125 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia. Sold by all druggists.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that an application will be made to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act to revive "An Act to Incorporate the Equity Insurance Company," being Chapter 163 of 50 and 51 Victoria; and to amend the same by changing the name thereof to "The St. Lawrence Insurance Company."

Montreal, 10th January, 1892.

A. W. GRENIER,
Solicitor for Applicants.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 162.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Delima Marin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Adelard Lauthier, hater, has this day instituted an action en separation de biens against her said husband.

Montreal, 7th February, 1892.

BEAUDIN & CARDINAL,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 127. Dame M. S. Josephine Brossent, of Montreal, authorized to enter in justice, Plaintiff, vs. Pierre Thomas Brossent, of Montreal, Defendant and Octave Dumontet, of Laprairie, Tiers-Saisi. An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 24th January, 1892.

L. CONRAD PELLETIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 162. Dame Annie Beauchamp, of Montreal, authorized to enter in justice, Plaintiff, vs. Adonias Bausseau, of Montreal, Confectioner, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 24th January, 1892.

L. CONRAD PELLETIER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

F. KELLY,

Ruling, Binding and Embossing

774 Craig Street,

MONTREAL.

216

COVERNTON'S NIPPLE : OIL.

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

COVERNTON'S Syrup of Wild Cherry.

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

COVERNTON'S Pile Ointment.

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

Prepared by G. J. COVERNTON & CO., 12 Fleury street, corner of Dorchester street.

PRAYER AND FASTING.

There is one other condition demanded before fasting can give us this precious knowledge of ourselves—a condition which gives the resolute will to carry us through our self-denial, and which gains us the light and grace of which we stand in need to make our fasting efficacious. *Prayer is good with fasting.* We fast that we may draw nearer unto God, and Lent is therefore the season of prayer. By fasting we recover possession of our soul; by prayer we recover possession of God. By fasting we mortify the deeds of the flesh; by prayer we lift up our hearts to God. Prayer gives courage and force of will to deny ourselves; fasting disposes us for prayer. If, in our fasting, we find ourselves restless, irritated, or discouraged, it is a sign that the soul is uneasy at the loss of her wonted animal comforts; it is a sign that the soul has lived upon those comforts, has rested herself within those comforts, has made her strength of them. Prayer will obtain the light to see this. Prayer will gain the strength to bear the privation, and to discipline the heart with patience. And in that patience, as divine truth tell us we recover the possession of our souls. By patience we learn to know that the distress which we suffer in fasting comes from the craving of the weak body, and not from any trouble in the soul. Happy are they who learn to direct the attention of their soul to God, instead of suffering it to relapse into the desire of comforting the animal man, instead of returning to the complete indulgence of its appetites. This is the work of prayer. By the exercise of prayer we gain a better foundation, a more spiritual support, a diviner foundation for our life. By prayer we lean on the arm of God, by prayer we obtain the strength of Christ, by prayer we receive the gift of Endurance. Fasting puts us on the cross; prayer lifts up our heart above the cross. Fasting tries the patience, which prayer strengthens. Fasting teaches us our weakness, and prayer seeks out the strength of God. Purge out, then, the old criminal leaven with fasting, and put on the new spiritual man with prayer. So shall you quickly find how *Prayer is good with fasting.*—Archbishop Ullathorne—Pastoral Feb. 12, 1863.

THE MERRY JESTERS.

—“How long can a man live without air?” “It depends on the air. Forever, if it's Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.—Kate Field's Washington.

—Mudge—“Thompson called me an idiot.” Yabsley—“You needn't mind that. Thompson always does exaggerate more or less.”—Tit-Bits.

—“To-day was prize-day at my school,” said Jimmie. “And did my little boy get anything?” asked papa. “Yep. Got kept in.”—Harper's Bazar.

—At a Ball—Snitor—“Mein Fraulein, I love you?” Rich Young Lady (pointing with her fan to her father)—“Excuse me, yonder is my business manager.”—Weiner Luft.

—Paterby—“Did you hear the news? Got a baby at our house. They say it is the very image of me.” Synnek—“I wouldn't mind. He may outgrow it.”—Boston Transcript.

—Trotter—“Women have very little appreciation of anything that is really funny.” Barlow—“I don't know about that—look at Cholly De Void. He seems to be very popular with some.”—Vogue.

—Young Bride (on train)—“I do hope that the passengers won't find out that we have just been married.” He—“I can fix that. When we near a tunnel I'll go into the smoker.”—Brooklyn Life.

—Foiled.—“Neat dodge that of Hawkins's, wasn't it?” “Like enough; but what did he do?” “Why, his grandmother left all her money to found a home for incurables, and Hawkins took to drink!”—Puck.

—“What new dishes have you had since you have had your new French cook?” Hostess—“A whole new dinner set and several extra pieces besides; and she's only been here a week.”—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NOT A PARTICLE.

A feature worth noticing in regard to Burdock Blood Bitters is that it does not contain one particle of poisonous matter. It cures, and cures quickly, without the use of any injurious ingredients. B.B.B. is a purely vegetable specific for dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, headache, biliousness and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.



Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: “My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes.

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son.” ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance

SAFE
THE GREAT
BLOOD PURIFIER
RELIABLE
PLEASANT
BRISTOL'S
SARSAPARILLA
CURES ALL
Taints of the Blood.
CERTAIN

DR. WOOD'S
Norway Pine Syrup.
Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.
A PERFECT CURE FOR
COUGHS AND COLDS
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.
PRICE 250, AND 500, PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

RULES OF INTERPRETING SCRIPTURE

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC.

The difference between the Catholic and Protestant rules, and their mode of using the Scriptures may be thus illustrated: I am placed in a strange country, over which I have to travel before I can reach my destination. Ignorant of the way, and of the difficulties and dangers I may meet, I, naturally, procure a map of the country. Not yet feeling secure, I seek a guide. I am now assisted; I do not forego the use of my eyes, to which these are only assistants. The eyes are my reason; the Scriptures are my map; the interpretation of the Church is my guide, who, I ascertain, is duly qualified. The infidel meets me; and tells me to throw away my map and to dismiss my guide, for my own eyes will guide me better. The Protestant comes up and tells me to keep my map, by all means, but to dismiss my guide. I, thinking all this very strange, keep my map in my hand, use my eyes, follow my guide, and reach the place of my destination, whilst the two gentlemen who accosted me are still disputing whether I can possibly go right with all this assistance.—*Observations on the Use and Abuse of the Sacred Scriptures, by Archbishop Ullathorne.*

Learning, science and art flourish in the Church now as they have ever done. The charity of the Church, which is the active love of God, still constrains her children to nurse the loathsome leper and tend the dying, to raise the fallen and console the afflicted. It nerves the Sister of Mercy on the battlefield, and operates secretly but none the less effectively in the village hamlet—staunching the window's tears, and following all the windings of the poor man's griefs. Amidst the clash and the turmoil of the 220 sects which have rent the seamless vesture of Christ, the Catholic Church stands immovable and unchangeable, founded on the Rock, which is Christ, secure in His promise: “Lo! I am with you always, even unto the consummation of the world.”

The anthems of the Church represent the Blessed Mary seated upon a pure white throne, more dazzling than the snow. We there behold her arrayed in splendor, as a mystical rose, or as the morning star, harbinger of the sun of grace; the brightest angels wait upon her, while celestial harps and voices form a ravishing concert around her. In that daughter of humanity we behold the refuge of sinners, the comforter of the afflicted, who, all good, all compassionate, all indulgent, averts from us the anger of the Lord.—*Chateaubriand.*

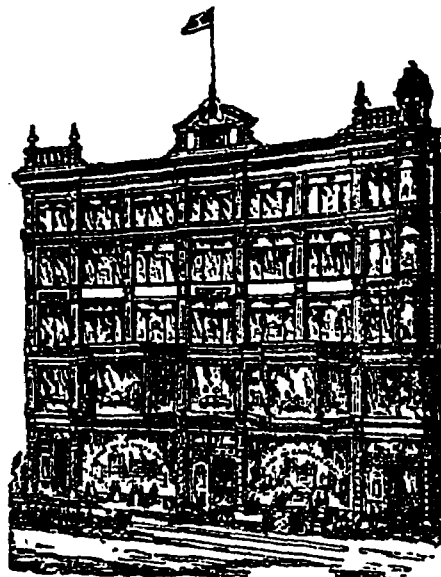
Is there not one little drawer in your soul, my sweet reader, which no hand but yours has ever opened and which none that have ever known you seem to have suspected? What does it hold?—A sin?—I hope not. What a strange thing an old dead sin laid away in a secret drawer of the soul is! Must it sometime or other be moistened with tears, until it comes to life again and begins to stir in our consciousness—as the dry wheel-animalcule, looking like a grain of dust, becomes alive, if it is wet with a drop of water.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

It is so easy for men to be lost. Look back only on your own life. It has been, perhaps, chequered all along alternately with states of sin and states of grace. It may be there have been seasons of mortal sin only for a day in which, if God had cut us off before the sun went down, salvation would have been impossible to all eternity.

Most people, when setting about their reformation or conversion, are much more anxious to spend their lives in doing difficult or unusual things than to purify their intentions and to renounce self-will in the ordinary duties of their position; but this is a great mistake. Far better make less outward alterations as to actions and more inward change in the heart which prompts them. Those who are leading a decent, well-ordered life need much more interior than exterior change when they seek to become more earnest Christians.—*Fenelon.*

BALMORAL BULLETINS.

SRS.—I had a troublesome cold which no thing would relieve until I tried Hayward's Pectoral Balsam, and I am glad to say that it completely cured me.—*Robt. McQuarrie, Balmoral, Man.*



SPECIAL NOTICE!

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Back, both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.

We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.

As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we cannot guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line, and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

Large Sales and Small Profits.

OWEN M'GARVEY & SON,
1849, 1851 & 1853
NOTRE DAME STREET.

The Sower
Has no second chance. The first supplies his needs — if he takes the wise precaution of planting
Ferry's Seeds
Ferry's Seed Annual, for 1893, contains all the latest and best information about Gardens and Gardening. It is a recognized authority. Every planter should have it. Sent free on request.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.



Special Trains

FOR

Colonists and their Effects

WILL LEAVE

Carleton Junction 9.00 p.m. Tuesdays
February 28, March 7, 14, 21, 28.
April 4, 11, 18 & 25, 1898.

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:
266 St. James Street and at Stations.

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.

AN ANECDOTE OF RUSKIN.

Mrs. Ritchie, daughter of the great Thackeray, has given to the world, in a clever book, many interesting reminiscences of famous people, and among them is the charming anecdote of Ruskin. For its authenticity Mrs. Ritchie does not vouch; but this does not matter, as Ruskin himself tells substantially the same story in his "Letters to Working Men." Mrs. Ritchie's "brogar" was, however, a Franciscan friar. From this incident dated the renowned art critic's regular visits to Assisi, a place he has never ceased to love:

"The legend begins with a dream, in which Ruskin dreamed himself a Franciscan friar. Now, I am told that when he was in Rome there was a beggar on the steps of the Pincio who begged of Mr. Ruskin every day as he passed, and who always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar suddenly caught the outstretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, drew his hand hastily away, and then, with a sudden impulse, bending forward, kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the man came to Mr. Ruskin's lodging to find him, bringing a gift, which he offered with tears in his eyes. It was a relic, he said—a shred of brown cloth which had once formed part of the robe of St. Francis. Mr. Ruskin remembered his dream when the poor beggar brought forth the relic; and thence, so I am told, came his pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Francis Assisi, where he beheld those frescos by Giotto, which seemed to him more lovely than anything Tintoretto himself had ever produced."

Though a non Catholic, poor old Ruskin is really a client of St. Francis of Assisi. Many passages in his writings bear witness to his devotion to the poet-Saint and his love of the Franciscan Order. "I shall soon be sending a letter," he writes to a friend in Italy, "to the good monks at Assisi. Give them my love always." As Mrs. Jameson, another non-Catholic art critic, wrote of St. Charles Borromeo, the Seraph of Assisi was a Saint that Jews might bless and Protestants adore. —Ave Maria.

The Carmelites, whose Review made its appearance last month, are the latest of the religious orders to engage in publication. Quite a number of our Catholic magazines are issued by these orders now. The Ave Maria, as everybody knows, comes from Notre Dame, the headquarters of the Fathers of the Holy Cross; the Dominicans give us The Rosary; the Jesuits The Messengers of the Sacred Heart; the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart publish a magazine in the interests of the college they conduct at Watertown, N. Y., and there are several other publications of lesser note issued by the members of the orders.

The Riel rebellion was recalled by the announcement of the recent death of the Oblate father, Rev. A. Andre of Calgary, in the Canadian diocese of St. Albert. Father Andre, it will be remembered, was the priest who attended the misguided Northwest patriot in his last moments. He was a Frenchman by birth, in his 60th year, and his missionary zeal was exercised in various places in the Canadian Northwest, all of which territory is under the spiritual care of the Oblates.

The three religious congregations, namely, the Daughters of Charity, the Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo, and the Franciscan of St. Elizabeth, who responded to the appeal for help of the Senate of the city of Hamburg, during the recent epidemic, have been made the recipients of a highly flattering distinction on the part of this exclusively Protestant assembly. Public thanks have been voted to them, and magnificent parchments inscribed with testimonies of their devotedness and the gratitude of the town has been delivered to them in perpetual memory of their self-sacrifice.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Weary of Life.—Derangement of the liver is one of the most eminent causes of dangerous diseases and the most prolific of those melancholy forebodings which are worse than death itself. A few doses of these noted Pills act magically in dispelling low spirits and repelling the covert attacks made on the nerves by excessive heat, impure atmospheres, over-indulgence, or exhausting excitement. The most shattered constitution may derive benefit from Holloway's Pills, which will regulate disordered action, brace the nerves, increase the energy of the intellectual faculties, and revive the falling memory. By attentively studying the instructions for taking these Pills, and obediently putting them in practice, the most despondent will soon feel confident of a perfect recovery.

Maintained the Exception.

Judge Lynch has maintained the exception *declinatoire* pleaded by Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, in the famous Pike River case. The writ of injunction taken out by the parishioners at the instance of Mr. Mercier has been quashed.

Strasburg Cathedral

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



REV. A. OUELLET.

CLERGYMEN IN CANADA

SPEAK TO BENEFIT THE PEOPLE!

MINISTERS AND PRIESTS UNANIMOUS!

MERITED TESTIMONY!

The Best Ever Submitted to Intelligent People!

A Canadian gentleman of wide experience, and a member of Parliament, recently remarked: "Fortunately for our people, the manufacturers of worthless nostrums and medicines made here and elsewhere, have not been able to use the names of clergymen and others in high stations as baits to entrap the unsuspecting and unwary. It is, however, pleasing to see, that men in all professions, and those occupying positions of honor, have come out boldly in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, a remedy removed far above any other now claiming the attention of sick and diseased people."

Amongst the large number of well-known clergymen in Canada recently restored to health and strength through the wonderful curing properties of Paine's Celery Compound, we would now mention the case of the Rev. A. Ouellet, Parish Priest of Shediac, N. B. The reverend gentleman is very popular and greatly respected in the Lower Provinces. Writing to the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound regarding his recent cure he says:

SHEDIAC, N.B., Oct. 19, 1892.

MESSRS. WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.:

Dear Sirs,—Of Paine's Celery Compound I can speak from experience. I had been laid up with fever and rheumatic gout from the 5th of January till the middle of June; hence my system was fearfully run down. I was very thin and so feeble that for several weeks I could not move along without help. I then began to take Paine's Celery Compound according to prescription; and to-day I am as fleshy and strong as I was ten years ago.

I do not say that I am radically cured as yet from gout, but the attacks are much less frequent; in fact, I have not been one single day prevented from attending to my usual work since that time. I therefore take great pleasure in certifying to the wonderful efficacy of that marvelous medicine.

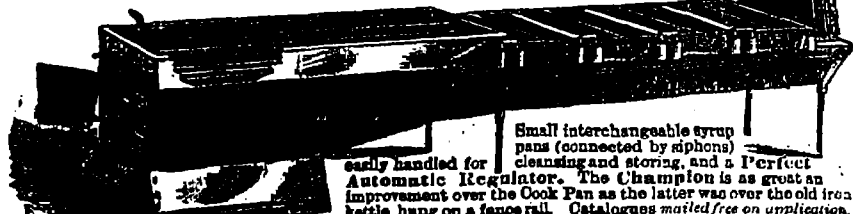
As a blood purifier, it has no equal, and its beneficial influence on the digestive system cannot be questioned. In view of these facts I do not hesitate to advise sick persons to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair trial in the various ailments for which it is recommended. As far as I am concerned I intend to follow up, if possible, the Celery treatment until a complete cure is effected.

I am faithfully yours,
A. OUELLET, P. P.

CHAMPION EVAPORATOR

For MAPLE, SORGHUM, CIDER, and FRUIT JELLIES.

Corrugated Pan over Firebox, doubling boiling capacity.



THE G. H. GRINN MFG. CO., Montreal, Que., Hudson, Ohio, and Rutland, Vt.
(29-8-60w)

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—

Patent Spring	\$4.25 @ 4.30
Patent Winter	4.10 @ 4.20
Straight Roller	3.50 @ 3.70
Extra	3.10 @ 3.20
Superfine	2.70 @ 2.80
Fine	2.35 @ 2.50
City Strong Bakers	4.00 @ 4.20
Manitoba Bakers	3.50 @ 4.10
Ontario bag—extra	1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers	1.80 @ 1.85
Superfine	1.40 @ 1.45
Fine	1.10 @ 1.15

Outmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.00 to \$4.05; standard \$3.90 to \$3.95. In bags, granulated \$2.00 to \$2.05, and standard \$1.90 to \$1.95.

Mill Feed.—Sales of car lots of bran have been made at \$14.50 to \$15. Shells are steady at \$15.50 to \$16, and moline at \$24 to \$25.50.

Wheat.—Sales of No 2 hard Manitoba are reported at 50c, North Bay, and six lake and rail.

Corn.—At 60c to 65c duty paid.

Peas.—At 70c to 75c. In store, some holders asking 75c per 60 lbs.

Oats.—Sales of No. 2 white at 36c to 37c per 35 lbs. Mixed are quoted at 32c to 33c.

Barley.—The market here is quiet and more or less nominal at 50c to 55c for malting grades, and 30c to 40c for feed.

Malt.—We quote 65c. to 70c. as to quality and size of lot.

Rye.—Prices nominal at 50c to 60c.

Buckwheat.—Prices are nominal at 50c to 55c per 45 lbs.

Seeds.—Canadian Timothy is quoted at \$3.25 per bush. of 45 lbs., and Western is quoted at \$2.75 to \$2.80 per bushel. Red clover is steady at \$7.00 to \$8.00 per bushel of 60 lbs., and \$8.00 to \$8.50 per bush. of 45 lbs. Flax seed steady at \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl.	\$23.00 @ 24.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.	22.00 @ 22.50
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.	23.00 @ 24.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.	23.50 @ 24.00
India mess beef, per tierce	10.00 @ 10.50
Extra Mess beef, per bbl.	13.00 @ 14.00
Hams, city cured, per lb.	14 @ 16
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.	13 @ 14
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.	12 @ 13
Bacon, per lb.	12 @ 13
Shoulders, per lb.	11 @ 14

Dressed Hogs.—At \$8.75 to \$8.85.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:—

Creamery choice full cream	22c to 23c.
do good to fine	21c to 22c.
Eastern Township dairy, choice full	21c to 22c.
do do good to fine	20c to 21c.
Morrisburg & Brockville	20c to 22c.
Western	18c to 20c.

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

Roll Butter.—Rolls sell readily at 19c to 20c. for Western and 20c to 21c. for Morrisburg.

Cheese.—The last sales reported were at 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c. The cable remains steady at 50c, which is as usual 2c under the price at which actual business transpires.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Held fresh is slow sale at 25c and strictly fresh stock is quoted at 25c. In the United States drop 10c per dozen a day.

Beans.—Choice hand picked selling at \$1.35 to \$1.50 as to quantity, with good ordinary at \$1.10 to \$1.20.

Honey.—Dark buckwheat extracted at 6c to 7c. fine to choice 11 1/2c to 8c. Bright comb 12c, and we quote 10c to 13c as to quality and quantity.

Hops.—We quote 10c to 21c as to quality.

Hay.—At \$8.00 to \$8.50. In this market we quote \$9 to \$9.50 for No. 2 and \$10.50 to \$11.50 for No. 1.

Ashes.—The market is firm at \$1.25 to \$1.75 for first spots and \$3.50 for seconds. Pearls quiet at 5.20.

FRUITS.

Apples.—At \$2.50 to \$3.00 in jobbing lots of good to choice fruit; but poor stock at \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Oranges.—Floridas are quoted at \$3.25 to \$3.50; Valencia, \$3.75 to \$4.00; Messina, \$2.25; Mandarines and Tangerines \$2.50 to \$1.25, as to kind and quality. Winter Oranges \$3.50 to \$4.00 per case.

Lemons.—Fancy Messina, \$2.00 to \$3.00; common to good, \$1.25 to \$2.00.

Dried Fruit.—Dried apples, 5c. to 6c.; evaporated, 8c. to 10c., with a slight advance at any moment; evaporated peaches, 2c. to 2 1/2c.; apricots, 2c. to 2 1/2c.; crystallized figs, in 5 lb boxes, at from 90c to \$1.00; do apricots, 90c to \$1.00 per box of 5 lbs.

Dates.—We quote 5c. to 5 1/2c. per lb.

Grape Fruit.—Selling in cases at from \$3.50 to \$4.00.

Grapes.—Of Almeria, there being only a few kegs, which bring \$8.00 to \$8.50, as to quality.

Cocoanuts.—Selling in lots of 100 at \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Cranberries.—Quite a number of cranberries on this market are frozen, and are selling at from \$5.00 to \$7.00.

Pineapples.—Are in good demand at \$2.75 to \$3.00 per doz., and 20c. to 25c. each.

Figs.—Sales made at from 9c. to 12c. per lb., as to quality.

FISH AND OIL.

Oils.—Cod oil remains very firm at 30c. to 40c. for Newfoundland. Cod liver oil is steady at 60c to 70c.

Pickled Fish.—A fair demand is experienced for green cod, with sales reported of No. 1 at \$6.50, and large at \$7.50. Dry cod keeps steady but quiet at \$4.75. Herrings have received a little more attention, and we quote Labrador at \$5.00, and Canso and Cape Breton \$4.00 to \$4.25.

Smoked Fish.—Yarmouth blotters \$1.25 per box of 60; smoked herring 12c per box; boneless cod fish 5c to 7c, and fish 3c to 4c.

Fresh Fish.—B. C. salmon 9c. to 10c. per lb. White fish, 7c to 7 1/2c.; dore, 8c. and pike 4c to 5c. Tommy cods, \$1.75 to \$1.85 per bbl. Frozen herring, \$1.75 to \$1.80 per bbl. Haddock, 3c. to 4c.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The day after the fair—The rainy.
An unprofitable job—Laboring under a delusion.
When do we stop the flight of time? When we stay a minute.

"What you need," said the doctor, "is change." "Yes," said the patient, "I'll need lots of it to meet your bill."

They Agreed—Wife: I know I do foolish things sometimes, and you do too, you'll admit, won't you dear? Husband: Yes, I know you do.

Dooley—They may talk about business bad, but I know a man whose trade is looking up. Dunn—Indeed! What is he? Dooley—An astronomer.

Doctor: H'm! You are run down, sir. You need an ocean voyage. What is your business? Patient: Second mate of the Anna Maria, just in from Hong Kong.

Young architect enthusiastically: Why, when you get into the new house you won't know yourselves. Miss Nurich: Excuse me, it will be other people we won't know.

Con—What is the difference between keeping a saddle horse and wearing tight boots? In the former case you have to buy your corn; and in the latter you grow your own.

A Bad Look-out—"What do you think of the board of directors of the new joint stock company?" "Half of them are people who are capable of nothing, whilst the rest are capable of anything."

Mrs. Ann—I ordered a dress pattern here yesterday to be sent. I wonder if it has been cut yet? Shopwalker—Certainly not, madam. The salesman said you hadn't been in yet to change your mind.

—A Local Touch.—Maggie Zeen—"The writer of this story lives in New York." Helen English—"How do you know?" Maggie Zeen—"The moment one of her characters gets excited he tears up the street."—Puck.

Old Mr. Bently (reading the paper)—I see that in a recent storm at sea a ship loaded with passengers went ashore. Old Mrs. Bently, placidly: How fortunate! I can imagine how glad these passengers were to get on dry land.

Colonel Fifer (her guardian): What—you want another new dress? Dresses, dresses—nothing but dresses. My dear Emily, do you think of nothing else? Emily, an heiress: Oh! yes, gaudy; I often wish for a diamond bracelet.

Lady to tramp: No; I shall not give you anything. You look strong and hearty, and well able to work. Tramp: Ah, mam, you shouldn't judge people by their looks. I thought you looked a kind-hearted lady, but I find you ain't.

Peddler—Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheerful to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home. Mrs. DeJagg—You might sell me one if you've got one that says "Better Late Than Never."

With Mean-ing.—Cicero: Says I gave the meanest spread he ever sat down to, does he? He never sat at my table, sir. Sprightly, who has: Then pay him out, old man. Cicero: Pay him out? Sprightly: Yes; ask him to.—Fun.

A student had been bragging at a party of his various accomplishments until one of the company losing his patience, said, "Now, we have heard quite enough of what you can do, just tell us what you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself." "Indeed. Well, I cannot pay my bill, and am very glad to find that you can do it," replied the student. Amid the hilarity of the company, the guest redeemed his promise.

A canny Scottish gentleman had a dispute with a London cabman over an eighteenpenny fare, the gentleman from over the Border tendering a shilling with the usual economical instincts of his race. Upon the cabman's remonstrating with him, he drew himself up, and exclaimed with dignity, "Eh, mon, but I think you dinna ken whom ye're speaking to, I'm The McIntosh." But the cockney was not impressed as he ought to have been, and retorted sharply, "I don't care if you're The Hum-berella; I mean to have that sixpence."

Dr. T. A. Slocum's OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. They who use it - Live. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Co'y.,

OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

JOHN E. DeWITT, President.

Assets December 1892.....\$6,429,927.22
Surplus according to 4 1/2 per cent. Canadian Standard..... 705,000.00
Deposit with Canadian Government for security of Canadian Policyholders 456,000.00

The Union Mutual Life Insurance Co. is the only Company whose policies are governed by the statutes of the celebrated MAINE NON-FORFEITURE LAW, which law protects policies from lapsing after they have been in force for three years. For further particulars apply to WALTER I. JOSEPH, Manager, 30 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.

WANTED two or three Special Agents for Montreal and district. To men who can command business, very liberal Contracts will be offered.

Infinitely Superior to Extract of Beef.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

Is the concentrated feeding qualities of Beef, deprived of superfluous material, skin, fat or indigestible tissue, and it is the quintessence of the virtues of Beef.

EXTRACTS OF BEEF

on the other hand, are only the extracted juices of Beef, which, at best, can only stimulate.

Walter Kavanagh, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

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SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
Assets, \$39,100,332.64.

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, OF NORWICH, ENGLAND.
Capital, \$5,000,000.

EASTERN ASSURANCE CO., OF HALIFAX N.S.
Capital, \$1,000,000.

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PAPER MILLS

HULL, P.Q.

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

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And you will get the best made.

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MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS

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

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1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter. [Late 63 St. Sulpice.]



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Preservation of the Natural Teeth and painless extraction. Dorsenta Laughing Gas, Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial work guaranteed satisfactory. TELEPHONE 2515. (G-17-90)

MOTHERS!

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

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

Wear a pair of our

SHELL CORDOVAN BOOTS,

And You

WILL NOT HAVE WET FEET.

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



The true quality of bells for Churches, Colleges, Schools, and Towns, is guaranteed. Write for Catalogue and Prices. PATENT BELLS FOUNDRY, THE VANDERBILT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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



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CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO. Church, School and Fire Alarm Bells. Catalogue with over 2200 testimonials. NO DUTY ON CHURCH BELLS. 21-26c/w Mention this paper.



BAILEY'S Compound light-spreading Silver-plated Corrugated Glass REFLECTORS. A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, Halls, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue and price list free. BAILEY REFLECTOR CO. 708 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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

Holloway's Ointment.

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

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

Gout, Rheumatism

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

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 533 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 spurious.

**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.

**UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
OVER ONE-QUARTER OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED**



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

To Continue Until January 1, 1895
its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all draws 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 arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person managed and controlled 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 our certificates, with the signatures of our names, in its advertisements."

Ed. J. Baughman

J. A. Early

M. A. Cabell

Commissioners

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

R. M. WALSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
JNO. H. CONNOR, 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, MARCH 14, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$75,000

100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF \$75,000 is.....	\$75,000
1 PRIZE OF 20,000 is.....	20,000
1 PRIZE OF 10,000 is.....	10,000
1 PRIZE OF 5,000 is.....	5,000
2 PRIZES OF 2,500 are.....	5,000
5 PRIZES OF 1,000 are.....	5,000
25 PRIZES OF 500 are.....	12,500
100 PRIZES OF 200 are.....	20,000
240 PRIZES OF 100 are.....	24,000
300 PRIZES OF 80 are.....	24,000
500 PRIZES OF 40 are.....	20,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 Prizes of \$100 are.....	\$10,000
100 Prizes of 80 are.....	8,000
100 Prizes of 40 are.....	4,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.	
999 Prizes of \$20 are.....	19,980
999 Prizes of 20 are.....	19,980
2,434 Prizes, amounting to.....	\$285,460

PRICE OF TICKETS:

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

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

IMPORTANT.

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

Give full address and make signature plain.

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

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

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

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

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

MME. BAILEY'S SURE HAIR Grower

Is guaranteed to produce a Thick, Soft and Beautiful head of Long, Flowing HAIR in 8 to 12 weeks. A purely vegetable and positively harmless compound. Endorsed by leading physicians. Two or three packages will do it. Price, 50 cents per package, or three for \$1. Sent by mail, pre-paid. Bailey Supply Co., Cooperstown, N. Y.

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,

Next Drawings: - - - - March 1 and 15.

PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. - CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$1,750.00.

LIST OF PRIZES

1 Prize worth.....	\$3,750.00	\$3,750.00
1 do.....	1,250.00	1,250.00
1 do.....	625.00	625.00
1 do.....	312.50	312.50
Prizes worth.....	125.00	250.00
5 do.....	62.50	312.50
25 do.....	12.50	312.50
100 do.....	6.25	625.00
500 do.....	2.50	1,250.00
999 do.....	1.25	1,248.75
3334 Prizes worth.....		\$13,185.00

Approximation Prizes

TICKETS, - - - - 25 CENTS

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

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

Read what the



SAY

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

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

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

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

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

L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.
Sir,

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

excellent remedy for Lung Affections in general."

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

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

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

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

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

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

For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.

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—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.
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—CELEBRATED—
ALES - AND - PORTERS
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The cheapest first-class house in Montreal.
European and American Plans.
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OF THE
Beneficencia Publica
(PUBLIC CHARITY)
ESTABLISHED IN 1878 IN THE
CITY OF MEXICO.
AND
The Only Lottery Protected by the Mexican National Government,
And in no wise connected with any other Company using the same name.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING
WILL BE HELD IN THE
Moreno Pavilion in the City of Mexico
THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1893.

THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING
\$60,000.00

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

APOLINA CASTILLO, Interventor.
Further, the company is required to distribute fifty-six per cent. of the value of all the tickets to Prizes—a larger portion than is given by any other lottery.

PRICE OF TICKETS—U. S. Currency.
Wholes, \$1; Halves, \$2; Quarters, \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize of \$60,000.....	\$60,000
1 Capital Prize of 20,000.....	20,000
1 Capital Prize of 10,000.....	10,000
5 Capital Prizes of 5,000.....	25,000
10 Prizes of 2,500.....	25,000
25 Prizes of 1,000.....	25,000
100 Prizes of 500.....	50,000
200 Prizes of 250.....	50,000
400 Prizes of 125.....	50,000
800 Prizes of 62.50.....	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Prizes of \$60, approximating to \$60,000 prize, \$6,000
100 Prizes of \$40, approximating to \$20,000 prize, 4,000
100 Prizes of \$20, approximating to \$10,000 prize, 2,000
799 Terminals of \$20, decided by \$60,000 prize, 15,980
799 Terminals of \$20, decided by \$20,000 prize, 15,980
2,761 Prizes,.....Amounting to..... \$178,580

All Prizes sold in the United States fully paid in U S Currency. Agents wanted everywhere.

Remit by ordinary letter, containing MONEY ORDERS issued by all Express Companies, or New York Exchange.
Currency must invariably be sent Registered.
Address, U. BASSETI, CITY OF MEXICO, MEXICO

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GENERAL ROOFERS and CONTRACTORS
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In Metal, Slate, Cement, Gravel.
ROOFS REPAIRED.
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PILLS

25 cents per box.

By Mail on Receipt of Price.

B. E. MCGALE,
CHEMIST & c.,2123 NOTRE DAME ST.,
MONTREAL.**Sick Headache,
Foul Stomach,
Biliousness,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

ROMAN NEWS.*(Gleaned from Different Exchanges.)*

The Pope has decided that the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico's patron saint, shall be observed as a general feast in Mexico.

In spite of all contradictions, rumor is persistent in conjecture as to the approaching visit of Queen Victoria to Italy and Rome.

On a recent Sunday the venerable servant of God, Francis Marie Bianchi Barnabite, was solemnly beatified. This is the first of the six beatifications to take place during the jubilee year.

Among the little children received in audience by Leo XIII. were ten deaf-mutes, to whom His Holiness gave special affectionate attention, presenting them with silver instead of bronze medals.

The Holy Father is in relations with the French Government as to the appointment of the new Primate of Africa. The Vatican being favorable to French interests, there is likely to be soon a friendly arrangement.

On the day before Christmas Eve the Holy Father granted a special audience to two young priests, Fathers John Rossi and Zambonelli, who were about to set out from the Pontifical Seminary of St. Peter and Paul, Rome, for missionary work in the Vicariate of Trechur, East Indies.

The Pope is much pleased with what is said in the Queen's speech in reference to home rule. He has had many long talks on the subject with Cardinal Vaughan, of England, and with Cardinal Logue, of Ireland. The Pope said the other day: "Gladstone and I, although the two oldest leaders, have the youngest ideas."

A few days since the noted Perugian artist, Guardabassi, had audience of the Holy Father, to whom he displayed a most excellent portrait of His Holiness, which he has recently completed, and proposes to exhibit at the World's Fair of Chicago. The Pope was specially pleased with the artistic beauty of the work and its destination, exclaiming the artist and dismissing him with the Apostolic benediction.

The Roman Anti-Slavery Committee has had a solemn service celebrated for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Lavignerie. Mgr. Volpin, of the White Fathers, chanted the Mass, and Cardinal Parocchi gave the absolution, assisted by the pupils of the French Seminary. There was naturally an immense concourse of French notabilities, ecclesiastical and lay. Cardinal Vaughan was conspicuous among those present.

A dinner in honor of Cardinals Vaughan and Logue was given at the Irish College recently. Cardinal Perseo, Archbishop Stoner, Bishop Clifford, and other distinguished guests, were likewise present. After the toast of the Holy Father had been duly honored, Archbishop Stoner proposed Cardinal Logue's health, and said that for the first time since the creation of the See of Armagh its occupant was a Cardinal, and one who, he firmly believed, would play a worthy part in restoring lasting peace to the people of Ireland. The primate returned thanks in a graceful speech.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.**THE PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES CELEBRATE A GREAT OCCASION.**

The Pontifical Zouaves attended the Notre Dame Church last Sunday evening, when a most solemn religious service was held by Mgr. Fabre, assisted by the clergy of the church, which was suitably decorated for the occasion with bunting, British, French and Italian flags. The altar was covered with flowers, a blaze of electric lights and candles bringing out the magnificent paintings and sculptures with effect. The choir, specially augmented for this service, rendered some beautiful music and solos, under the able leadership of Mr. Fortier. The front pews and the space in front of the altar were reserved for the invited guests, to the number of about 500, while the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. About 12,000 people were present, filling the galleries and body of the church, and finally the aisles and altar galleries, many being turned away for want of more seating capacity.

Rev. Mr. Bourassa assisted Mgr. the Archbishop in the services and preached a very able sermon to the Zouaves, using the moral of their campaign as his subject, taking up the example they had set to their co-religionists in Canada, and the sacrifice some of them had made in leaving their homes for Italy. They would some day receive their reward. Some of Montreal's most prominent citizens were the first to enlist, and proved on the field of battle, as they have since proved as citizens, that they were men and Christians.

After the service was over about 150 Zouaves and his friends sat down to a supper tendered by them to the committee which organized the Zouaves in 1867 to go to Rome. The supper, catered for by A. Duperronzel was held in the hall of the Cercle Ville-Marie. Mr. Edmond Burdie and his orchestra furnished excellent

music during the evening. The tables were nicely decorated with flowers, and at the head was a ship made from flowers, and smilax bearing the name "St. Lawrence," while the hall was ornamented with evergreens, bunting and flags.

After the menu was discussed the chairman, Recorder De Montigny, addressed his fellow-soldiers, asking them to drink the health of the man whom they had gone to defend, Pope Pius IX. which was drunk in silence in respect to one who had departed this world.

He next proposed the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and called for three hearty cheers and a tiger. The health of the clergy was next proposed and responded to by the Rev. Mr. Moreau, the chaplain of the Canadian contingent, who gave a very able address, mentioning those who died since the campaign and especially Mgr. Bourget, who was the first to propose and take steps to organize a Canadian volunteer corps for the papal war.

Hon. Sen. Tasse proposed the health of the Zouaves and recalled to their memory their old commander, Gen. Ailet, and Mr. G. E. Cartier, who aided them greatly in organizing. Mr. Larocque, in responding said, he gloried in the wounds he had received in Italy, and always cherished the memories of the friends he had made while there. To-night they had celebrated their 25th anniversary, at the same time they had celebrated the 50th anniversary of Leo XIII's appointment as bishop, and this year as the 400th year of the discovery of America by Columbus. Amongst the other speakers were Ald. Prefontaine, Chevalier Brolet, for "the Press" and Dr. Lachapelle.

The success of the evening was in the main due to Mr. G. H. Hughes, Chief of Police, and Mr. Lucien Forget, Clerk of the Recorder's Court. Similar celebrations were also held in Quebec, Three Rivers, Ottawa and St. Hyacinthe.

Amongst those present were: Recorder De Montigny, the chairman; Capt. Poulliot, of Ottawa; Mr. Legris, of Coteau; Judge Desnoyers, Judge Laconte, Mayor Desjardins, Chief Hughes, City Clerk David, Ald. Cresse, Ald. Villeneuve, Ald. Prefontaine, Messrs. G. Brolet, Derome, E. Leblanc, McGowan, Rev. Mr. Bedard, Mr. Dubuis, Rev. Mr. Moreau, enaplain, Dr. Boule, J. Tache, Dr. Lamarche, E. St. Jean, Ed. Surveilliee and the representatives of the press.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength like **HOOD'S**. It is the only one of which can truly be said "100 Doses \$1."

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

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

Salt in whitewash will make it stick better.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

Christofa Colombo—Polly O'Neil.
I've Heard from the Man in the Moon.
Right Smart Sort of a Girl.
They Are—I Don't Think.
I'm in Love with the Man in the Moon.
The Very Best Girl I Know.
I Loved You Better than You Know.
The Girl Next Door to Me.
Oh Mamma, It's Just Like Love.
She's Got You By the End of the Nose.
The Old Brass Knocker on the Door.
The Sun's My Only Beau.
He Must be a Man of Decent Height.
The Mermald's in Love With Me.
Johnny's Got the Shutters Up.
Frame Mother's Picture.

Parodies on the following songs: My Sweet-heart's the Man in the Moon, Sally in our Alley, Marguerite, Recitations on Mother's Own Baking and Only Willie, Column of End Men's Gags, Jokes and Conundrums. The above Songs and Parodies are to be had in KELLY'S SONGSTER, No. 48. For sale at all Newsdealers, or Mailed on receipt of Two Three Cent Stamps. (Mention this paper).

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New Spring Goods now arriving for every department.

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ALL LATEST EUROPEAN NOVELTIES

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Novelties in Ladies' Jackets
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New Jackets with Colored Pippings

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New Jackets and Pelerines cascaded with Fancy Plaid Silks.

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In all Fashionable Colored Cloths, with Applique Stitchings.

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Are the very late season's novelty.

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For Ladies, made in all leading colors for Spring wear.

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In every new and desirable shade with self and fancy colored stripes.

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In all the latest and most fashionable colorings.

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In Fancy stripes, floral and figured designs, for Morning Wrappers and Children's Dresses, etc.

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First season's delivery of Linen Goods just received, comprising

Linen Huckaback Towels,

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Linen Bed Tickings,

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Just received the first shipment of New Jackets and New Mantles for the Spring Trade

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New Carpets arriving each week at

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NEW CHEVIOT SERGES

In Fast Black and Indigo Blue, for Gentlemen's Suits.

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Diagonal and Fancy Black Cloths of all kinds.

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Several more pieces of New Dress Tweeds just received. The largest and most handsome stock of New Muslin de Laines in the city to select from.

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If you wear Rigby Waterproof Garments, you reduce your chances of catching cold, with its attendant disastrous results, to a minimum. Ponder this over and form your conclusions, then act.

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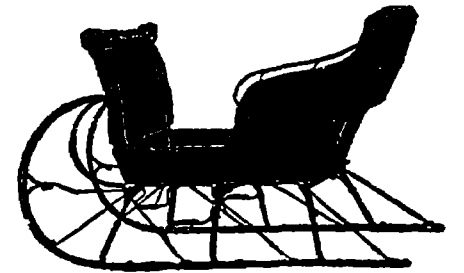
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LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

Dividend No. 113.

The Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a semi-annual dividend of Three per cent. for the last six months has been declared on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the office of the Bank on and after Monday, the 6th March next.
The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, both days inclusive.
By order of the Board of Directors.
J. S. BOUSQUET,
Cashier.

Montreal, 28th January, 1898. 20-4

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of the Banque du Peuple will be held at the office of the Bank, St. James street, on Monday, the 6th March next, at 8 o'clock p.m., in conformity with the 16th and 17th clauses of the Act of Incorporation.

By order of the Board of Directors.
J. S. BOUSQUET,
Cashier.

Montreal, 28th January, 1898. 20-4