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TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

The Catholic Witness

AND
CATHOLIC NEWS

VOL. XLII., NO. 26.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE FIND in last week's New York Union and Catholic Times an editorial under the heading "Transfer of Archbishops—Eh!" As to the merits or demerits of the very debatable subject to which that article refers we have nothing to say. The question, at best, is a delicate one for even those who are most intimate with its every detail, on one side or the other; therefore, we, who know but very little about the subject, dare not hazard any opinion. But we can give an opinion as to the tone of the editorial in question. We scarcely like to call it vulgar, but decidedly the man who wrote it forgot for the moment whatever literary refinement he ever possessed. We cannot help characterizing it as very disrespectful, above all coming from a Catholic journal and referring to the heads of the American hierarchy. The very second sentence is anything but polite, and we use a mild term. It runs thus: "If there were anything serious in the matter 'the long head' of Gibbons, Ireland and Keane would keep it as quiet as was kept the coming of Satolli on his mission of general amnesty to priests afflicted with the displeasure of their bishops." We will not quote any more; the same disrespect is repeated throughout the article. If the New York Catholic Times considers it smart to refuse their titles to Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops, we consider it exceedingly impolite and a mark of bad breeding. If that organ has not lost all respect for the leading members of the hierarchy, it must consider itself their equal and entitled to call them by their first names. That kind of Catholic journalism is always a source of harm, and it should be frowned down. The article in question even goes so far as to refer to persons in Washington, as well as in New York, "noted more for braying than brains." That tone is unhealthy; it is not truly Catholic; it weakens rather than assists the cause.

THE session of the Imperial House is not far off, and signs of its approach are to be noticed upon the political horizon. On last Friday, Hon. Mr. Gladstone, John Morley and Justin McCarthy held a long conference at the Prime Minister's residence. The matter under discussion was the financial proposals to be embodied in the Home Rule bill. Evidently the G. O. M. means what he says, and says what he means, when he tells us that the Home Rule question is the one of the coming session.

QUITE an amount of talk has been caused by the letter from Father Martin, the apostate priest, announcing his repudiation of Protestantism and his return to the bosom of the Church. Once already did he return and a grain went back to his family. It appears that the poor man is in a real dilemma; his family on the one hand, his Church on the other; what he supposes to be his duty towards his wife and children and what he feels to be his duty towards the sanc-

tuary that he abandoned. Two conflicting influences apparently held his poor, wavering heart in a constant state of uncertainty. Whether he has actually returned or not, we cannot say; but we think that it would be better for all parties, the public and himself, were he to be left to his own actions and his Creator. If he remains out side, the Church there is no cause for wonder nor is it a subject worthy much attention; if he has returned to the Church, the more quietly and humbly he performs his penance and makes his reparation the better.

Mrs. M. L. Shepherd told the people of Kingston (a small attendance however) that she would like to be a man that she might stump the country (a la Tarte) for a seat in the House, and once there she would show the Roman Catholics who would rule. As it is she intends to use her influence at the opening of Parliament, to settle the Manitoba School Act. This is all exceedingly lady-like, tolerant, and humble. It is a pity she were not a man, she would then be handled in a different manner by the press and the public. She accuses Catholics of intolerance and she impotently threatens all that she would do had she power. Her influence in Ottawa will not go beyond a very narrow circle, if she attempts to carry it any farther she will likely find the sergeant-at-arms upon her heels. Such people are to be pitied; but their dupes are to be despised.

SOME time ago there was great jubilation in the sectarian camp over the "astounding and most significant news," that Bishop Keane's secretary had left, turned Protestant, married a minister's daughter and started out upon a crusade against Rome. It would be very natural for a person to jump to the conclusion that the Bishop's secretary was a priest, of course that would mean another ranting anti-sacerdotal, anti-Catholic preacher. The press of the country—we mean the non-Catholic press—had a regular bonanza. It was rumored that the ex-priest was a Doctor of Divinity, and he was announced as "Rev. Dr. Snell." It appears, on the authority of Bishop Keane, that Mr. Snell, was his paid secretary, paid out of his own pocket, that he never was a priest, much less a "DD," or a Lecturer in the Washington Catholic University. He was discharged by the Bishop some three months before these matters were noised abroad. The *lie* has been circulated; how many of the daily newspapers—that helped to circulate it—will be honest enough to tell the true version of the story?

WE FIND the Roman correspondents are speculating upon the probable successor to Leo XIII. In fact, one despatch-sender has gone so far as to say that the Pope predicted Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Archbishop of Bologna, as his successor. Is it not a pity that the world cannot wait until there is at least some sign of the approaching

death of Leo XIII. before choosing the next Pope? We may say openly that neither Leo XIII. nor any other human being can regulate the question of the next incumbent of the Holy See. God Almighty, and He alone, settles that matter. Christ promised to be with His Church until the end of time, and in accordance with that promise He it is who will see to the succession of Sovereign Pontiffs. All human speculation is vain.

SOME PEOPLE cannot—or will not—grasp the difference between the civil and the canon laws, the civil tribunal and the ecclesiastical one. Yet they very readily comprehend the whole question of the harmony rather than conflict of the two laws—the human and the Divine—when it becomes a question of any other church outside the Catholic Church. In the case of the condemned publication that wants to take out a writ of mandamus against the Archbishop, the very fact of making such a threat, and of attempting seriously putting it into execution, is the very best evidence that the ban of the Church was imposed at the right time and under the proper circumstances.

THE *Witness* of the tenth has a very unhappy article under the heading, "Precedence." It pretends to ridicule the idea of any importance being attached to the act of politeness performed by Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau on New Year's Day. Then it threatens Hon. Mr. Chapleau with hints from Westminster, for having dared to place the Queen's crown at the feet of the Pope, a foreign potentate. It is too bad that there is not something done by some Catholic minister or high state official of sufficient perverseness to furnish the *Witness* with material for editorials against the Pope, the Church and the faithful. We feel for that "only religious daily," but our sentiments refuse to liquify into tears.

THE OTHER day we met with a very interesting Christmas and New Year's greeting. It comes from J. Francis Brophy, a student at the College of the Propaganda, Rome, to his friends in America. It is dated "Propaganda College, Rome, Dec. 10, 1892," and reads, "A Merry, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, 1893." It is conveyed in nine different languages, apart from the English. It is in Syrac, Arabic, Armenian, Greek, Zulu, Chinese, Molabane, Danish and Chaldean. We might say that it is from the Propaganda that missionaries are sent all over the world.

A ROMAN despatch tells us that the Pope opened his episcopal jubilee by giving a reception to children in the Consistorial hall. There were present 500 children belonging to noble Catholic families, with their parents. A choir of children sang a hymn dedicated to Christopher Columbus, after which the Pope distributed medals among the

children and dismissed them with a blessing. What a grand old man the Pope is! How faithfully he follows the desire of his Master, who ordained that little children should be allowed to come unto Him. The venerable Head of the Church, with the vast burden of the Catholic world upon his shoulders, commences his jubilee with the "little children." This incident requires no comment. Let our readers reflect seriously upon it.

WE feel great pleasure in bidding welcome to a new daily which came into existence last Thursday. It is an eight-page paper, and bears the very attractive name of THE RAINBOW. We have not been able to find out who the editor or editress is (as the case may be); but we have gleaned from its columns the fact that it has been started in the interest of a Bazaar now going on in St. Mary's Parish. A short time ago the Rev. Father O'Donnell, one of Montreal's best and most zealous priests, became pastor of that parish. In the duties of his responsible station he has had the good fortune of having the Rev. Father Shea as assistant. He took charge of the parish when a considerable debt was upon the Church, and it is for the purpose of effacing that debt that the Bazaar in question was started. Perhaps one of the most attractive features of the whole enterprise is the daily appearance of THE RAINBOW. We do not think that anyone who has seen the make-up of this charming journal and has read its columns will deny that it is second to no paper of its kind on the continent. We wish every success to Rev. Fathers O'Donnell and Shea, to the Bazaar and to the RAINBOW.

DR. CARMAN has been trying to ape Dr. Douglas, but he can only play second fiddle in this dance. Dr. Douglas got into the arena long before Dr. Carman had any idea of coming out as he did. Here in Montreal Dr. Douglas has the satisfaction of dictating his tirades, having them published in the *Witness*, then having them read for him, while he is not obliged to hear any of the criticisms that his abuse awakens. But Dr. Carman was not so very fortunate. It happened, unhappily for him, that Dr. Allison was present. He was received with great applause and heartily cheered when he sat down, after demolishing Dr. Carman's poor little attempt at Douglasism. Thus runs the report:

"He was intimately acquainted with both men, and he felt persuaded that if Dr. Carman knew Sir John Thompson as well as he did some of his remarks would not have been made. He deprecated, in discussing public men, the introduction of matters relating to their religious belief and faith, and, in closing, assured the meeting that the Premier entertained the most kindly feeling to the Methodist Church, to which his mother and sister now belonged. He had never heard a more fervent tribute to any educational institution than that paid by Sir John Thompson in the Nova Scotia Legislature to Mount Allison. This statement of Dr. Allison was greeted with hearty applause."

KITTY.

[From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.]

The weather-stained little cottage across the way, with its bare windows staring dismally at the passers-by, had been so long untenanted, that I felt a positive pleasure when I noticed one fine morning, its windows and faded door thrown open to admit the warm spring air, and some persons busily at work within. On the following day the scant, poor looking furniture arrived. "Poor people our neighbors evidently are," I remarked to my sister, and poor they surely were.

Next morning, a balmy Sunday morning, as I stepped out on the sidewalk on my way to early Mass, a little girl came from the cottage door, and coming up to me, asked shyly if I could tell her where the Catholic church was.

I introduced myself to my little neighbor, and invited her to my pew. The child's face brightened, and we chatted familiarly until we reached the church door.

Kitty Lee, that was the name she gave me, was very plainly but very tidily dressed. I noticed that though shy she was not awkward, but perfectly well-bred, and decidedly an intelligent child.

Woman-like, my heart went out to her at once, and I mentally registered myself Kitty's friend from that hour. During Mass I was much edified by her rapt attention; her dark, luminous eyes were riveted on the altar, from that her gaze did not wander once, though she was in a strange church and among strange people.

On our way home she told me that they came from Michigan; that the family consisted of her father, mother and herself; that her mother had been an invalid for some time, adding, with a quiver of the sensitive little mouth, that "Mother was not growing any stronger."

Next day I called on Mrs. Lee, and saw that consumption was well advanced in its fatal work. The poor little home had only the barest necessities, but the scant furniture was neatly arranged, and all was scrupulously clean. Mrs. Lee was surely a woman of refinement, and she interested me not less than did Kitty.

After that I visited her daily, for poor Kitty was her only nurse, and did all of the house work, though she was but thirteen years.

After some time, finding that they were not members of the Holy League, I explained its object to them. Both eagerly desired to be enrolled in its ranks. "And Mr. Lee also," I said (I had not yet met him) "will not he too join it?" A flush passed swiftly over the pale face of the invalid.

"O, dear Miss R—" she said, "you know how careless and how wilful too, men often are in these matters. I think we had better wait a little."

"Certainly," I said, as cheerily as I could, for I felt I had unwittingly laid bare a cause of anxiety they were too willing to conceal.

"We shall wait, and Kitty will join me in praying not only for him but for a brother of mine who is not yet a member. Shall we not, Kitty?"

Kitty's eyes smiled back as she said, "I'll try, Miss R—"

"That reminds me, Miss Lee," I remarked, "of a beautiful thing I once heard a celebrated missionary say in a discourse addressed to the Children of Mary. As it was the prayer of Martha and Mary, he said, that touched the Heart of Our Lord and moved Him to raise Lazarus from the dead, so must the prayers of sisters, mothers and wives ever rise to God and move Him to have mercy on erring brothers, sons and husbands. 'That is part of your mission,' the Father said, 'and there are few families throughout the land that have not a Lazarus lying dead, and 'tis your pleadings with the Heart of Jesus that must restore him to life, the beautiful life of grace.' I have often thought since I heard that sermon," I added, "that we do not make sufficient use of the magnificent power of intercessory prayer."

The tears were falling fast down Mrs. Lee's face, and Kitty's too, were flowing. "Ah!" she said, "tis lack of faith in us, for our Lord's promises surely stand true. God forgive us that we avail ourselves so little of His mercy, and starve in the midst of abundance."

One evening as I was leaving the cottage after my customary visit to Mrs. Lee, I met her husband on the doorstep. 'Twas our first meeting. Kitty,

who had accompanied me to the door, introduced us to each other, by saying, "Father, this is Miss R—" He bowed with a quiet grace, thanked me briefly for my visits to his wife, and passed in. "A drunkard surely," I said mentally, for the face, once unmistakably handsome, bore as unmistakably the disfiguring marks of intemperance.

Evening after evening as Mr. Lee passed our door, returning from his employment,—and the wonder was how he kept any position,—I noticed his gait becoming more unsteady.

Day after day, his wife drifted nearer to the shore of eternity. At length when she felt the end was close at hand, she told me her story, the story of a broken heart. Why should I repeat it here? Similar stories are, alas, being reproduced daily. And the pitying Angels of God are recording with tears the tale of man's degradation.

"Strange, is it not?" said the dying woman to me; "but of late I have had hope, that seems almost a certainty, that my husband will reform. I know Kitty is wearying Heaven with prayers for him, more especially since the day you told us what that good missionary said. I think every cross,—and she has her share, poor child,—is borne patiently for that purpose. But O, Miss R—, what will become of her when I am gone?" I promised the weeping woman that I would do everything good in my power for Kitty.

A few days afterwards her sad life ended; then began truly Kitty's life of brave, patient endurance. She was all loving and dutiful attention to her father, who, for a few weeks after his wife's death, showed signs of reformation, but, alas for the weakened will unaided by the grace of God, which he sought not, for again he had recourse to his deceitful comforter.

Poor Kitty! she never spoke of his fault, but was assiduous to please him at all times. His meals were prepared with care, his clothing washed and neatly mended by this child of thirteen years, who, I believe, added the perfume of prayer to the every kindly office.

One of our promoters, who, admired the child's tender devotion to the Sacred Heart, had given her a large, exquisite painting of the Sacred Heart. Another supplied lamp and oil and a miniature altar and Kitty was radiant with pleasure.

"I shall bless the house where an image of My Heart is honored," that's one of Our Lord's promises, is it not?" she asked me one day.

"Yes, Kitty," I answered; "and our faithful Lord keeps His every promise."

Then the poor, tired little head went down on my lap, and the child sobbed piteously; but, as if to defend her father against my unspoken thought, she said: "Father used to be so kind and good, and indeed, indeed, he is yet, only when he drinks. He has been drinking hard only for three years. While he received Holy Communion he could master himself; but he can't do it alone—I mean he can't keep himself right without Our Lord; and now, he does not even say a prayer. I get so frightened sometimes. Dear Miss R—, wouldn't it be awful if Our Lord got tired waiting for him? I think of that all the time, and pray that the Sacred Heart will take pity on him."

"Our Lord will wait, Kitty," I steadied my voice to say, for I felt that the Heart, Whose love is deeper and broader than tenderest human love, outraged though it had been, would, even for the sake of the little bleeding heart that offered itself in expiation, send again its rejected graces to the poor fallen father.

"Do not lose courage, the Heart of Jesus never loses its mercy."

"O, I never really give up hope, I know that would offend Our Lord, and I never, never wish to do that," was the fervent reply, and my little friend composed herself, and I rose to leave, humbled by the brave faith of this simple child.

One evening at dusk I went across to the cottage to make Kitty my daily visit and give the usual lesson in housekeeping, while Kitty, all unconsciously, gave me such beautiful lessons in patience, in meek submission to God's holy will, in tender, loyal devotion to the Sacred Heart.

As I stood at the open door-way, I paused with my hand upon the bell-pull. A loud, angry voice, and then low, entreating tones of my little teacher, reached me. "O Father, please don't. Miss Edith gave the lamp—"

"Stop, I'll break the thing to pieces,

I'll have no more of this silly waste." Again, the pleading voice: "Father, dear father, do not strike Our Lord's image!"

I could bear no more, but rushed into the little sitting room where Kitty stood at bay (I can express her attitude no better) before her little shrine, her arms outspread to shield the pictured Heart from insult. O, what a sight! I shall bear its teaching forever graven in my soul. The child typified, to me, all holy, fervent souls whose love, and prayer, and self sacrifice, and loyal-hearted devotion come between God and the ingratitude, the selfishness, the sins of His thankless creatures symbolized by this man, who in his madness struck blindly, as all sinners do, at the Heart of his bountiful, merciful God.

I sprang to Kitty's side. "Stand back, you unfortunate man," I cried; "do not dare to touch this picture!"

Some instinct of manhood prevented his striking me.

"I tell you, Miss R—," he shouted, "it's eyes are staring at me whichever way I turn. I can't stand that upbraiding look."

The man's eyes were blazing with delirium. "Come to the next room, Mr. Lee," I managed to say, for I was trembling in every limb. "You are ill. Pray excuse the way in which I spoke. Rest here," and I led him to the faded sofa. He submitted, and in a little while Kitty, whom I had sent flying to my sister for a potion whose efficacy I knew, came in. He took the medicine without a demur, but muttered, "God! how those eyes follow me."

Soon the composing draught did its work. He fell into a heavy slumber. I sat beside him, but Kitty hastened to kneel before Our Lord's imaged Heart, and pray. I watched her through the half-opened door, the thin hands closely clasped, and every line of her face showing the intensity of her desire.

Ah! what did not the pleading heart of the child say to the listening Heart of God?

Loneliness, poverty, neglect, unkindness: to be freed from none of these did my little friend pray; well I knew that.

"She will win," I thought as I watched, "and the anger of the Omnipotent God will yield, will melt, before the earnest, persevering prayer of a child."

And she did win. For weeks Mr. Lee lay ill, but rose from his bed a new man. As soon as he was able to walk, he staggered into the room where the sentinel lamp burned, and falling on his knees sobbed out his deep contrition.

Once more he knelt before the long deserted altar-railing, and once more did God take up his abode in the soul of His repentant creature.

Six months after, they left the city. The influence of some kind persons had obtained a good position for Mr. Lee, which took him to the far Pacific Coast. I shall probably never see Kitty again.

"Dear Miss R—," she said at parting, "I should feel so sad to leave you, only now it seems as if I never could be sad again, Father is so good. Please put my thanks in the Messenger; I shall not see it, but I'll know it will be there. O, didn't God answer well?"

And so I send Kitty's thanksgiving in this form, dear Messenger, adding that whatever your readers may think of my little heroine, there was beauty, and pathos, and poetry enough in her life to make it seem charming to me. And there was faith, and endurance, and patience, and prayer enough in it to shame me into being a better woman.

E. R.

Worse Than Orphaned.

The suit pending in the courts at East St. Louis, on behalf of fifteen-year-old Daisy Graham, to free her from her mother, and also from her adopted mother, Ada Huntley, a notorious woman of St. Louis, is now going on. Public sympathy is with the girl and her good friends and guardians, the Sisters of the Ursuline Convent. The woman Huntley says:

"I loved the child as if she were my own, and did all I could to keep her from learning my true life. I can now only let matters take their course, since she knows my life. I can't do anything, and it is wrong to think I would. They might have known that it was the child's happiness that I cared for, and nothing else. She never expressed a wish I would not gratify, and she could have anything I possessed for the asking."

"I don't know who has done this, and all I want is that she be sent to some other convent. I have not been fairly

dealt with in this matter, and both the girl's happiness and what little happiness I had have been wrecked without cause or reason. The Sisters and all those who ever took care of the child for me knew who and what I was. All I ever asked of them was to keep the child in ignorance of my life. Why they told her, or what reason they have for doing all this now, I do not know."

Those interested in the child's welfare will pay no attention to any promises the two women may make, but will see that the child is legally freed from them.

Since the foregoing was put in type, the Judge has decided that the girl should be given into the custody of William A. Dill and wife of East St. Louis, who had some time previous with the consent of the mother, been decreed an order of adoption. Mr. Dill is manager of the Teeminal Railroad. He and Mrs. Dill will make Daisy heir to all their property, and will keep her at the Alton convent until her education is finished.

A Cruel Exhibition.

"I have fancied," said a woman the other day, "that the hunting field developed only a most manly sport, and one against which no objection could be brought, particularly in these days of anised seed bags. I never saw a meet until a short time ago, when visiting some friends in a hunting country, but I am in no hurry to see another after my experience. The field got on well, and we in the carriage drove half a mile down the road to see them cross. Shortly they came, the dogs in full cry and the riders almost abreast. Two fences were taken and then the course turned, and we were preparing to go on again when a delayed rider suddenly appeared at full gallop. So the carriages stood still to watch him.

"His horse was evidently refusing to jump, which had put him behind, and as he approached the fence near us I could see him dig his spurs into the horse's sides to urge him on. The animal came up magnificently to the very rails, when he stopped and stood still. His rider swore and wheeled the horse, riding back half way across the field and then advanced again, pounding his spurred heels against the horse at every bound and plying his whip vigorously across his flanks. But the animal stopped as before when the fence was reached. And then their ensued to me a most painful scene. The rider was maddened and mortified beyond all control. Again and again he rode his horse back, beating him about the neck and head with his heavy loaded whip and using his spurs like trip hammers, the animal refusing every time to take the leap.

"Once the infuriated rider gave his mount a blow above the eye that rang out like the crack of a pistol. The horse drooped and quivered and seemed about to fall, and I turned my head to avoid the sight. But he did not, and shortly raised his head to receive more cruel thumps and blows. It was a contest between brute and brute, with, it seemed to me, the dignity on the side of the four legged one. The animal did not balk nor kick nor betray any viciousness; for some reason he could not take the leaps, and being denied speech took the only way to show it."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Look at the size of the ordinary pill. Think of all the trouble and disturbance that it causes you. Wouldn't you welcome something easier to take, and easier in its ways, if at the same time it did you more good? That is the case with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're smallest in size, the mildest in action, but the most thorough and far-reaching in results. They follow nature's methods; and they give help that lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

"If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." That is what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Doesn't it prove, better than any words could, that this is a remedy that cures Catarrh? Costs only 50 cents.

"Instructor: 'What does the soldier do when he dies?' Soldier: 'I don't know.' Instructor: 'You don't know, you donkey, that when a soldier dies he simultaneously severs his connection with the army.'"

IRISH JOURNALISM.

AN ESSAY ON THE DUBLIN PRESS.

The Nation—United Ireland—The Freeman's Journal—Davis, Dillon, Duffy, Sir John and Dwyer Gray, T. D., Sullivan, Justin McCarthy, &c.

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

My travelling companion, with his long legs carelessly thrown under yonder table, is busy writing the tale of an Irish eviction. He has a dozen Irish newspapers lying around him. A kind of pitying scorn plays over his features, and if you could get close to his table, between the puffs of his Patrick Henry, you would hear a few simple New York explosives mildly condemning the slowness and mediocrity of Irish journalism. In our walks and jaunts with Micky, he has laid it down as a principle, that he can form an idea of a country's literature from its journalism. In vain I attempt to make him recant such heresy. My arguments seem sufficient to crush in any mortal skull. On his cranium they have as little effect as holy water on a Master Orangeman. One of my most forcible trots is in this manner. Could a traveller from Altruria judge from a reading of the great New York dailies that we have had a Longfellow, Lowell, Curtis, Whitman, Emerson, and that we have a charming autocrat to add a new and fragrant spice to our breakfast cup, and a Eugene Field and Whitcomb Reilly to tickle us with things that are human. One of the poets warn us from attempting to convince a man against his will; so in deference to the Trickenham bard I shall desist. My friend then may smoke his rare Havana and describe that most heart-rending scene—an Irish eviction. I doubt, with all the powers of a trained journalist, if he can convey to our countrymen more than a glimpse of the misery of such a scene. The spectator becomes a partisan of the evicted, and years afterwards can hardly write of that crimson stain on civilization in a thoroughly impartial manner. Journalism cannot be judged by any such rules as my friend so glibly lays down, otherwise Ireland would have a sorry press to represent her cause at the bar of humanity. Public opinion of Americans as a class would condemn the Dublin dailies and weeklies as dull. What constitutes a good newspaper is a question that every country must decide for itself. The country that delights in the quaint humor of Gilbert, Burnand and the sketches of Leech and Du Maurier would find little to enjoy in the buffooneries of Puck. The nation that reads the Times, Freeman Journal, and finds their morning leaders more captivating than a jiney beefsteak, would be prone to condemn the flash sensationalism of the New York World and the Jejune editorials of the Herald. I have heard repeatedly Englishmen of culture, say that their was only one leader writer on this side "Dana of the Sun." I was glad to find that the people's Charlie had such an appreciative audience in Old England. American Journalism might be compared to a huge slop-bucket where the good and bad are to be seen curiously mixed while British journalism might be compared to a winnowing machine that separates the grain from the chaff. The difference may best be seen from the leaders or editorials. In Britain they mould public-opinion, in the States they carry little influence. In the news-department there can be no comparison between American and English newspaper. The Yankee spans the universe, the Englishman finds sufficient browsing in the United Kingdom. Both nations will follow their way, and it is for the traveller easier to note their merits than to chronicle their defects. Dublin journalism cannot become stagnant, while there are so many interests to maintain. The loyalists are represented by that combative sheet the Irish Times, the rabid fire-esters, the Mayor Saunderson type, by the Mail, the McCarthyites by the Freeman's Journal, and the Parnellites by the Independent.

Of these the best written and most influential are the Times' and Freeman's Journal. The latter was once a royalist organ, and owned by the notorious sham-squire, who died in the odor of sanctity, that is as an Irish patriot. The patient research of Mr. Fitzpatrick convinced his countrymen that he was a most

blood-thirsty scoundrel. They scratched his name from their martyrology, and in their wrath smashed a granite boulder that was supposed to cover the dead patriot's heart. It would have been better to have left him alone in his glory, such glory as Mr. Fitzpatrick conferred on him. The boulder might have warned Irishmen from calling every quack and demagogue that prates of freedom and seals his utterances with "So help me God" phrases, a disinterested patriot. The Freeman under the reign of Sir John Gray, whose statue honors the city, supported liberal measures. It was a prominent Whig journal.

Under the able editorship of Sir John's son, Dwyer Gray, it openly and powerfully aided the cause of Parnell. Converted by Dwyer Gray into a stock company, it gained new prestige and lead in the memorable fight that characterized the early leadership of Mr. Parnell and his friends. With the sad ending of that leader's career, and the deplorable folly of its espousing a cause that could by no possible means triumph, the Freeman lost its well won place as a national newspaper. From representing Ireland, it became the representative of a fanatical set of men, whose only patriotism was the fear of losing their fat and congenial berths as Irish agitators. Agitation had lifted them from the dreary dull life of rural schoolmasters amid the moorlands of Kerry, the wearers of gowns and wigs in the Four Courts and owners of the good Dublin real estate, they owed it much and valued it more than a trifle above Irish patriotism. At one time, in the career of Parnell, it was to be found in every hamlet. Barefooted urchins trotting to school, with a pile of books under one arm and a few bits of turf to keep them warm under the other could tell you what the Freeman said: A ragged young urchin at Blackrock with his fine glossy shock slyly peeping through his battered and forlorn hat, put Micky to sort, and sadly worsted the writer by stamping his little fleeked feet in the mud and saying or rather shouting in a shrill wise "Yer a nice puke to contradict the Freeman." I own that the word puke has a dampening effect. It is a word that gives a free exercise to the imagination, and like all such "twisting words." The praise is Micky's it troubles one's well-bred composure. A brick is an innocent looking thing, but if it is hurled at you even by a woman, is it not better to "pook the thing and run," another of Micky's expressive phrases. At the present time the Freeman under the caustic management of little Tim Healy is making heroic efforts to retrieve its lost honors. A friend connected with this management writes me, that these efforts so far have been unsuccessful. In the race of life it made the fatal mistake to drop and tie its shoe strings while youngsters forged ahead. A man does not like to change his Journal. It has become to him as an old friend that drops in on him every day at a certain hour to have a chat, while he smokes or sips his coffee. If he has to break with this old friend and admit a rival the chances are that the new broom may sweep out all the memory of the old. Old loves once broken are hard to mend. Like some rare old china cup that breaks, mend it as you will, there will always remain the chinks to tell of its fall, and the black thought that these chinks—my cup holds good tea now, but it may go to smash any moment United Ireland at one time was a powerful weekly and help to the cause, inasmuch as it was read by another audience than that of the Freeman. Its editorials were brief and forcible. Few journalists in any land wield a keener or more incisive style than Wm. O'Brien. Before sitting down to write, he knows what he has to say, and in what space that must be said, hence in reading his pointed leaders you are struck with the aptitude of every word used. In perusing his paragraphs you will have grasped what the man wrote, only that, and nothing more. You will never throw yourself back in your easy chair and petulantly exclaim "what is the fellow driving at?" Charming to find a journalist that has no use for glossaries or commentaries and whose English is free from barbarisms. To this journal the younger McCarthy contributed racy sketches of illustrious Irishmen, while the poems of Cleary were sparkling and cleverly constructed. United Ireland flourished during the Parnell agitation. With his passing, its prospects decreased and finally died out. It was but the comet of a season. The first really distinct national journal was the Nation. It was

the outcome of the enthusiastic literary outbreak of '48. This outbreak far more literary than revolutionary was totally different from Emmet's ill-fated rebellion. The men of '98 were revolutionists of the most pronounced type, those of '48 says Justin McCarthy were for the most part "young journalists, young scholars, amateur literateurs, poets en herbe, orators moulded on the finest pattern of Athens and the French Revolution, and aspiring youths of the Cherubino time of life, who were ambitious of distinction as heroes in the eyes of young ladies. Among the recognized leaders of the party there was hardly one in want of money. Some of them were young men of fortune, or at least the sons of wealthy parents. Not many of the dangerous revolutionary elements here to be found among these clever, respectable and precocious youths." There is here an evident air of belittling the Nation's staff. Mr. McCarthy is a delightful story-teller but as a critic of those times hardly safe. In his interesting "History of Our Own Times" written for an English market he had to repress his Irish enthusiasm when dealing with the most brilliant and romantic period of his Nation's history. Whether you agree with the historian that Davis, Duffy, Dillon, McGee were, "amateur literateurs, poets en herbe" or with the present writer that they were an earnest body of men that wanted a free government, and were prepared to get it at any risk, you will admit that no newspaper in such a short time made such a great stir, and left such a deep impress, as the Nation. Poor Mangan wrote a poem for its first issue, bespeaking a welcome for it. That welcome it royally received. Its second issue was more than 10,000 copies. Those who could not purchase it, flocked to the houses of the wealthier to listen to those songs, and that fascinating wild prose. Those were the days of the Barmecides. No nightingale songs, no rondeaus in roses, nor poems of pessimism, marred its pages but human man-like songs for freedom, and large broad utterances of a coming better time. Utterances that passed through the spirits of genuine and vigorous men. These writers of the Nation were hearty men. They were not all artists. They had no time to polish cherry stones. Many of their writings were crude, rough, unheven, but they have in them that which thrills us or subdues us, the warm heart-running blood of their authors. The writers of '48 had no literary timidities, they put in their lyrics and prose, that something which keeps all literature from becoming stagnant—a little of the writer's self. With the snuffing out of the movement, by the banishment of the brilliant coterie to the far-off colonial possessions of Victoria, the Nation became tame and insipid until the death a few years ago in Abbey street. After many reverses of fortune it passed into the hands of the Sullivan Brothers. A. M., the well-known politician, and T. D., the peasant poet. They tried their best to make it worthy of its birth, but their efforts were unsuccessful. The fact that it was a twopenny weekly was not on its side. When people could find literary pabulum enough for a penny, they did not feel like giving twopence for the same amount, even if it was wrapped in the Nation. There is something in a name, provided the bearer has some of the qualities of the maker of the name. If he lacks them people are apt to forget

him, while they honor his ancestors. The last editor was the gifted Eugene Davis, to whom the author of these vagrant jaunting-car sketches owes many a delightful memory of the poet's haunts of Dublin, and the remembrance of many a jest and story told, during rambles in the quaint, dirty streets of the Irish metropolis. With the death of the Nation a new organ was established in the interests of the Catholics and under the sanction of Archbishop Walsh. This journal bears the name of the Irish Catholic, and has prospered beyond the ideas of its publisher. It is ably edited, and has a far-reaching influence. The Irish Times in its list of representatives from the various metropolitan journals would wind up with "Frank McDonogh, the Irish Catholic." McDonogh was then a brilliant youth on the staff of the Irish Catholic, with an ambition to woo London fogs. Since then he crossed the channel, more's the pity. Ireland has trying need of such men. Since then the gentle Davis has crossed the Atlantic. All things change, as change they must, so goes the song.

W. LECKY.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

The welfare of the Indians in the Rocky Mountains has the devoted solicitude of both priests and Sisters who are living among them. From a communication received from the mother-house of the Ursulines, St. Peter, Cascade county, Montana, we can form an idea of what a truly apostolic work it is to evangelize our red brethren. The letter says:

"We are driven by suffering and want to appeal to your kind charity in the great work of converting and civilizing the Indian children. We were trying to secure a suitable building for ourselves and 300 children, where we will be at least comfortable and move out of those miserable log cabins, wholly uninhabitable, where we have experienced so much privation, sickness and suffering during the past severe winter, living upon alms.

"The little Indian children come to us in a state of filth, misery and degradation impossible to describe. Among God's poor we are the poorest. We have neither linen nor chairs; our cells are so small that we cannot move about by day unless by keeping the scant furniture upon our straw mattress; rain and snow drift in upon us at night; we fix our one umbrella over the stove while preparing meals. Our bitter cold has long since set in. One night last week we were gathered around our one last log of wood, not one cent in the house, neither sugar, flour, nor soap—nothing but potatoes and beans. We are straitened for warmth both night and day.

"We will be most grateful to any and all persons sending donations, large or small—blankets, quilts, sheeting, chairs, flour, groceries, etc."

The priests fare little better. Besides their want of means, on them rests the responsibility of continuing missions and schools already opened and of starting new ones. Some of these schools were begun under the impression that the Government would help them, but the Indian Commissioner refused to award them the contracts, and the missionaries are compelled to sustain the pupils as best they can.

There are no revenues for the priests, and the support of themselves and of their missions and schools must come from elsewhere. A secular priest who has an Indian mission writes that he "must keep himself and his mission on eleven dollars a month." A Benedictine Father announces that he has even less than this, and a Jesuit Father says he has "no need for book-keeping." If the priests had offerings for Masses, it would be a great source of relief to them, but even these they cannot obtain.

Priests and Sisters, too, are needed to continue a work so auspiciously begun and so promising of good to the Indians. Those who have borne the toil and hardships of pioneer life are now looking to others to take their places. The Lord of the harvest is calling for more laborers.

Not Crude Material. Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected and is prepared upon the principle of its digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

HOW DO YOU DO



when you buy shoes or clothing? Don't you go to the place (if you can find it) where they tell you that you may wear the articles out, and then, if you're not satisfied, they'll refund the money? Why not do the same when you buy medicine?

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is sold on that plan. It's the only blood-purifier so certain and effective that it can be guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or you have your money back.

It's not like the ordinary spring medicines or sarsaparillas. All the year round, it cleanses, builds up, and invigorates the system. If you're bilious, run-down, or dyspeptic, or have any blood-taint, nothing can equal it as a remedy.

Every description of Job Printing at THE TRUE WITNESS office.

THE LATE MR. M. P. RYAN.

A WORTHY IRISHMAN GONE.

Montreal Sustains a Great Loss in the Death of One of its Oldest and Most Respected Citizens.

We could not pay a more glowing nor a more deserved tribute to the memory of the Mr. M. P. Ryan, than in the language of Monday's Gazette. This good Catholic, true Irishman and loyal Canadian is worthy of a place in the memory of Montreal for generations to come.

"To many of the readers of the Gazette of every race and creed represented in the Dominion it will be a cause of real sorrow to learn that Mr. M. P. Ryan is no more. His health for some time has been failing, and though a rest from the duties of his office a few months ago enabled him to recuperate his powers, the respite was only temporary. He was able to attend to his duties up to the beginning of last week. Yesterday he passed away. Mr. Ryan's death has robbed our official, business and social circles of a figure that has been familiar to Montrealers during the last forty years and more. And we are only doing justice to the deceased when we say that no presence was more welcome than Mr. Ryan's to those whose opinion is a test of character and reputation. Strictly honorable in his dealings, genial and courteous in his disposition and manner, he could not help making friends, while those who enjoyed the privilege of his intimacy both loved and respected him. Fidelity and sincerity were conspicuous traits in a nature that abounded in social virtues and no one who trusted Mr. Ryan had reason to regret his confidence. His generosity was only bounded by his means. Many a one who is prosperous to-day was indebted to him for the timely aid that gave the first impulse to his popularity. To his fellow-countrymen of his own race he was always a true helper and counsellor, but we have reason to know, his benefits were not reserved for them alone. When by word or act he could be of service in the hour of need, considerations of religion or nationality never withheld his hand or his voice. In his public capacity, whether he represented his fellow citizens in the national legislature or served the state in one of its most important departments, he was ever most conscientious in the discharge of his duty and the results of his faithful attention to the country's interests could not fail to be recognized. At the same time his demeanor was gentle and conciliatory to all with whom his functions brought him into contact. In the whole Dominion, perhaps, there was no high official at once so efficient and so popular.

Mr. Ryan was proud to be an Irishman, proud to be a native of that typical Irish county whose men and women, as a poet has sung, are so hard to match. He was born at Pallas, Donohi d, Tipperary, but so much of his life was spent in his adopted country that he was rather an Irish-Canadian than a son of the old soil. It is more than fifty years since his family left the shores of Ireland to seek a home on this side of the Atlantic. The neighboring county of Chambly was the home of his boyhood. He had already, before leaving his native land, acquired the rudiments of education at the village school of Pallas—an education which he had the healthy ambition to turn to good account. Not relishing the somewhat dull routine of rural life, he made his way to Montreal and began the long career of unceasing and varied activity which has given him a place among our leading men. He was still in early manhood when he married Miss Margaret Brennan, eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Brennan, one of the successful pioneers of Western Montreal—a lady of intellectual and social gifts, which rendered her a congenial partner to one of Mr. Ryan's character and temperament. After passing through the usual stages of initiation, under the direction of older heads, Mr. Ryan, in 1849, undertook the management of the once well known Franklin House, which he conducted for nearly ten years. Subsequently he entered the ranks of commerce as a provision merchant, in which business he soon became prominent among those who took an interest in our mercantile development. He was several times elected president of the Corn Exchange and became a leading member of the Board of Trade. In these capacities he

won the respect and confidence of his brother merchants for his judgment and foresight in all that concerned the industrial growth and the commercial expansion of the city. In 1855, he reached an important stage in his public career when a number of friends—including some of the most influential business men of the city—asked him to be a candidate for the representation of St. Anne's ward in the City council. He accepted the invitation, but was opposed by Mr. William Rodden, at that time one of the principal manufacturers of Montreal. Mr. Ryan was, however, elected by a considerable majority. About this time the arrival in Canada of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee gave the Irish people of Montreal a champion whom they gladly accepted. Such a man was sure to reach a position of influence, and in a comparatively short time he was offered a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. McGee took a conspicuous share in the debates on Confederation—the most eloquent speeches and the most hopeful forecasts for that critical period being his. The election for Montreal West for the first Dominion Parliament was, nevertheless, contested with unusual bitterness, Mr. McGee's outspokenness on the subject of certain lawless organizations having aroused the enmity of a section of his constituents. He won the battle, but in the following April his seat was rendered vacant by a deed which the Irish people of Canada have not yet ceased to deplore. Mr. Ryan had at that time no desire to enter Parliament, the large business of which he had charge demanding all his attention.



THE LATE MR. M. P. RYAN.

The question at issue was, however, one which appealed to his patriotism, and he could not decline to hearken to the solicitations of his fellow-Irishmen, supported, as they were, by the generous good-will of many Protestants of other origins. Though opposition had been planned at first, he was ultimately elected by acclamation and no section of the population had reason to regret the choice. The confidence his constituents was again manifested in 1872, when he was once more returned unopposed. In 1874 the late Mr. Devlin appeared against him in the Liberal interest, but a majority of 383 attested Mr. Ryan's unabated influence. After a brief interval, during which (the seat having been declared vacant) Mr. Devlin represented the division, Mr. Ryan was returned as the standard-bearer of the National Policy, and retained the seat until 1882. Of his service in Parliament we need only say that it gave general satisfaction. Mr. Ryan was ever at his post, always ready to serve the interests of his constituents, while as the representative of the Irish population of Canada's largest and important city, he was thoroughly loyal to his trust, without, however, allowing it to interfere with his duties to the city and country at large. On the 24th June, 1882, Mr. Ryan was appointed Collector of Customs for this city. How assiduously and faithfully he discharged the functions of that important position most of our readers are aware. He has also held other offices, such as that of Commissioner of Licenses and Stamp Commissioner and was a director of the Northern Colonization railway. Whatever he undertook, he fulfilled, whether the obligation was public or private. He was trusted and he was worthy of confidence; loved and worthy of affection; esteemed and worthy of respect. He now rests from his labors and all who knew him will be sorry to know that they will know him no more."

We will add our sincere tribute of sympathy toward Mrs. Ryan and all the

bereaved friends of the deceased: and in the language of the Church we say, "May his soul rest in peace."

THE FUNERAL.

An unusually large and a thoroughly representative procession of mourners followed the remains of the late M. P. Ryan, to the grave on Tuesday morning. The procession passed down Dorchester street to the corner of Alexander and thence to St. Patrick's church. The pall-bearers were the Hon. Edward Murphy, Messrs. W. W. Ogilvie, James O'Brien, John J. McGee, of Ottawa, clerk of the Executive Council; Henry Hogan, Richard McShane, Owen McGarvey, and Richard White. The chief mourners were Messrs. Wm. Ryan, of Toronto, brother of the deceased, with his two sons; Hugh Ryan, of Toronto, a cousin; John Ryan, of Brockville, a cousin; Patrick Ryan, of Brockville, also a cousin; P. J. Brennan, of Ottawa, and J. J. Curran, M. P. Although the deceased was latterly a member of St. Anthony's congregation he had never relinquished his pew in St. Patrick's. Hence the requiem took place in that church. The celebrant was the Rev. Father Donnelly, parish priest of St. Anthony's, assisted by the Rev. Fathers James and Luke Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, as deacon and subdeacon. A full choir, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, rendered a harmonized requiem Mass. The Customs official service was largely represented, as were also St. Patrick's Society, the Corn Exchange, and other organizations with which Mr. Ryan was for years connected. Among those present were noticed: The Hon. Clarke Wallace, Comptroller of Customs; Dr. D. Bergin, M. P. for Stormont, Dr. Reid, M. P. for Grenville, Chas. R. Devlin, M. P. for Ottawa county; the Hon. Geo. Drummond, John Sinclair, E. Kavanagh, J. E. Mullins, Ald. Jeanotte, D. Gorman, C. P. Hebert, the Hon. Louis Tourville, Jno. F. Campbell, C. A. McDonnell, W. P. Howard, the Hon. James McShane, Wm. Reid, Henry Bryson, E. Lemere, T. A. Wake, the Rev. Father Strubbe and the Rev. Father Banckart of St. Ann's Church; Jas. Sheridan, Jno. McCluskey, Jas. H. Douglas, M. Neher, P. F. McCaffrey, D. Kiley, Samuel Cross, H. M. Boyd, Wm. O'Hara, J. Finlayson, J. J. Rowan, W. J. McCaffrey, Prof. A. Fowler, E. McCaffrey, A. Lanthier, A. J. Whitman, S. C. Stevenson, John A. Rafter, W. J. O'Hara, Acting Collector of Customs, P. J. Brennan, D. Brennan, W. C. Munderloh, U.S. Consul-General Knapp, Jesse Joseph, Thos. J. Quinlivan, Wm. Glendinning, Dr. Hingston, J. C. Wilson, B. Tansey, P. Kennedy, E. H. Twohey, W. Keys, Louis Selby, M. Davis, C. Egan, J. D. L. Ambroise, Jno. Hatchette, J. H. Semple, Samuel Davis, J. Dunn, J. J. Curran, T. C. O'Brien, Ald. W. H. Cunningham, P. McCrory, Remi Boyer, Surveyor of Customs; Henry McLaughlin, tide surveyor; Francis Crispo and Ira Gould.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

THE CORN EXCHANGE.

A special meeting of the members of the Corn Exchange association was held in the Reading room. Mr. D. A. McPherson, president of the association, was in the chair and briefly stated the object for which the meeting was called. Mr. W. W. Ogilvie then moved, seconded by Mr. R. M. Esdaile, the following resolution:

Resolved, That this association has learned with deep regret of the death of Mr. M. P. Ryan, for many years one of its most active members and its president from 1870 to 1873.

That Mr. Ryan's unflinching urbanity and kindness of disposition won for him the warmest esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact both as a merchant and Collector of Customs for this port, and that the members of this association regard his death as a serious loss to the community.

That the sincere condolence of this association are hereby tendered to Mrs. Ryan and family in the sad bereavement that has befallen them.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

At a meeting of the officers of the Custom house, called for the purpose of passing resolutions of regret at the loss sustained by themselves and the community at large by the death of Mr. M. P. Ryan, collector of the port, nearly every one of the officers was present in the late collector's office yesterday afternoon at 4 p.m. On motion of Mr. Appraiser Hatchette, seconded by Mr. Acting Chief Clerk A. A. Lantier, Mr. Asst.-Collector O'Hara was named chairman and Mr. S. Cross, secretary. The following resolutions were passed:

Proposed by Mr. Surveyor Boyer, se-

conded by Mr. Dominion Appraiser Ambrose:—

Whereas, it had pleased the Almighty, in His wisdom, to remove from amongst us our late chief, M. P. Ryan, Esq., collector of customs at the port of Montreal, he it resolved—That we, the officers of the Customs service at Montreal, have assembled here to give expression to the heartfelt regret which we feel at the loss we have sustained in common with his family and the community at large and to testify to the affection, esteem and respect in which the deceased was held by us, we desire to record our appreciation of the kindly qualities of heart displayed in every act of his towards the officers of this establishment; his treatment was fatherly in the extreme and at the same time just; he faithfully endeavored as much as in him lay to advance the interests of those who were worthy, without narrow distinctions of any kind. Now, that we shall not have the pleasure of meeting him again in this world, we'll miss the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice is still;" and we hope that the mercy of God "which surpasseth all understanding," has granted to the soul of our departed friend the reward of eternal bliss and glory.

Proposed by Mr. Chief Clerk Blomely, seconded by Mr. Acting Chief Clerk Lantier:

Resolved, That we tender to Mrs. Ryan the expression of our sincere sympathy in her sad bereavement, and we trust that He who doeth all things well will grant her patience and resignation to bear the parting, with the hope of a reunion in the house of our Eternal Father.

Proposed by Mr. H. A. Lemieux, seconded by Mr. Ed. Tighe:

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Ryan, and also be published in the city papers.

THE C. Y. M. SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of the council of the Catholic Young Men's Society, held last evening in their hall, 92 St. Alexander street, the following resolution of condolence was moved and adopted:—

Whereas, God in His supreme wisdom has called away suddenly, but not unexpectedly, the soul of M. P. Ryan, the much respected uncle of our esteemed member, Joseph Hayes, we, the council of the C. Y. M. S., bowing to the Divine decree, and being reminded of the deceased's past benefactions to our association, offer our warmest expressions of sympathy to his bereaved widow and relatives and our monthly general Communion of next Sunday in behalf of the departed one, and invite all the members to the funeral procession and service;

Resolved, That copies of the foregoing be forwarded to relatives and to the press.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—Reading a report of the Methodist gathering at St. John's, N.B., I was rather amused at the incidental remark of one of the ministers saying that if Sir John Thompson had married a Methodist girl, he would still be one of them; I must naturally conclude that the worthy minister looks upon woman in general, and the Methodist girl in particular, as an Almighty Power in their religious concerns. There is no doubt that woman is a great factor in human affairs, and has been so from the beginning, for old Mother Eve so charmed old grandfather Adam that he unfortunately took a bit out of the tempting apple—and so it has been ever since.

But to bring the matter home to Protestantism, there is no doubt that had there not been a woman (Catherine Bona) at the bottom of it, Luther would not have originated the so-called Reformation, and Henry VIII. would not have founded Anglicanism if Anna Boylan had not engrossed his mind; I might mention hundreds of cases where women were the cause of the falling away of clerical and lay Catholics, in other words, the passion of lust is the primary start of those desertions from the Catholic Church to all the Protestantisms i.e., Anglicanism, Methodism, &c., &c., &c., all resumed in and forming the great *ism*—Protestantism.

As to Sir John—conscience and conscience's motives alone prompted him to follow up the light which led him gradually into the bosom of that Church, which has always been and will always be the pillar of truth, the rock against which the gates of hell have never prevailed and will never; Lady Thompson was not a Catholic when Sir John joined the Church.

The fact is Sir John's conversion is such a hit to these worthy ministers that they cannot and will not swallow the pill: it sticks in their throat; I would advise them to allow it to go down quietly: it will carry away their bile.

J. A. J.

The Chiniquy pamphlet can be had after this week at all the city booksellers and at THE TRUE WITNESS office, 761 Craig Street. It should be in the hands of all Catholics, and especially would we like to see a copy of it in the possession of each member of our clergy. The refutation of a man by himself is the strongest argument to prove his errors and insincerity.

HOLY FAMILY OF NAZARETH.

THE LEAGUE OF ETERNAL UNION.

Object: Rules, Regulations and Particulars of a Most Praiseworthy Association.

We purpose this week giving a few details about a most admirable Association, known as the "Universal Association of the families consecrated to the Holy Family of Nazareth." It is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the Oblate order, and for all information the public is invited to address all communications to the Rev. Father Superior of the Oblates, St. Peter's Church, 107 Visitation street, Montreal.

The Association is established in each particular household, by the placing of the Holy Family picture, in whatever part of the house members of the family find it most convenient to meet for night prayers. The name of that picture is: *The League of Eternal Union*, and it bears the signature of Pius IX. and also those of the Spiritual Director and the head of the family. The principal and fundamental rule is, that at least the evening prayers be said daily, before the picture of the Holy Family. A special rule lays down that all members of the household, including servants participate in the benefits of the established Work, when, at least, two or three of them are faithful to the essential practice—namely, evening prayers, in union, before the picture.

This pious work is of a domestic kind in the constant practice of family night prayers: it is parochial in the public meetings of the Association. At least once each year, the Spiritual Director calls the members together in order to have them publically renew their promises of fidelity to the practice of *family evening prayers*, at the feet of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. He may choose for the annual meeting any of the festivals of the Holy Family; Christmas, the Epiphany, &c., and he will invite the members of the Association, to approach the Sacraments on that day. The ceremonies consist of an Instruction—the Consecration—and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It may be useful to know how, when and where the Association can be best established. The most favorable circumstances for the establishment of the Association would be during a retreat, or a triduum of prayers and instructions which always bring the parishioners to the church.

If the pastor has not these means at his disposal he might adopt the following plan: Let him secure before-hand, several pictures of the *Holy Family League of Eternal Union* with the *Leaflets for Associated Families*. Then he may explain the object of the Association to his parishioners and invite the heads of the households to come and inscribe their names. When the families shall have secured the pictures and leaflets, he can announce a day for the inauguration of the Association in the parochial church. On that day, and at the hour mentioned, when all the inscribed families meet in the church, the solemn inauguration takes place. Firstly, by a sermon appropriate to the occasion; secondly, by the general consecration of the families, pronounced from the pulpit, or at the foot of the altar; thirdly, by the blessing of the associated families. The whole ceremony may be interspersed with prayers and hymns, according to the pastor's pleasure. The parish priest must keep a register of the names of the heads of families inscribed, and once yearly, in the month of May he will transmit to the Diocesan Director the number of the families newly affiliated to the Association. And the Diocesan Director will transmit them to Rome, to His Eminence, the Cardinal-Vicar to His Holiness.

We cannot too highly recommend to our Catholic families the great benefits of this Association, and we hope that the good members of our clergy will try and have it established in every parish.

PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Gentlemen,—I have found B.B.B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me such perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as our family medicine. E. Bailey, North Bay, Ont.

Father Roether, S. J., of the Jesuit house at Buffalo, N. Y., died recently.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The people of St. Nicholas' Church, Zanesville, Ohio, have just celebrated the golden jubilee of their parish.

It is announced that Mgr. Tournier will be nominated temporal and spiritual administrator of Carthage.

Rev. Dr. Laughlin, chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, has been elected president of the Catholic summer school.

The decline of Protestantism in New York City has become a matter of discussion among Protestant leaders in the metropolis.

The Bishops of Prussia have addressed a joint pastoral letter to their flocks inviting them to take part in the episcopal jubilee of the Holy Father.

It is said that the successor of Cardinal Lavignerie in the See of Algiers will be Mgr. Dusserre, who has been the Cardinal's coadjutor for more than twelve years.

Rumor has it that on the occasion of his jubilee the Holy Father will make an important announcement on the subject of the re-union of the schismatic communities of the East with the Holy See.

The German police prevented Father Cathrein, S. J., one of the most distinguished preachers and writers of the German Province of the Society, from delivering a lecture on the labor question at Cologne.

The Princess Isabella, sister of the Queen Regent of Spain, on the occasion of her recent visit to Saragossa, went to the famous shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar, and hung up the diamond brooch she was wearing as an offering to Our Lady.

The late Monsignor Verius, coadjutor bishop of British New Guinea, received news of his appointment while he was in mud up to his knees, helping to draw logs from a swamp wherewith to build a mission station.

An excellent plan has been adopted by the congregation of the Church of the Ascension, Chicago, Ill, to aid the sick members of the parish. A nurse has been engaged who will visit all who may require her services.

Lord Mayor Knill, of London, visited Dublin on New Year's Day, and, in company with the lord mayor of that city, attended High Mass at the cathedral. The distinguished guest was also presented with the freedom of the city.

All the preliminaries have been settled for the foundation of a branch house of the Passionist congregation in Tasmania, His Grace the Archbishop having signed the papers connected with the handing over the mission of these Fathers.

Mgr. Combes, Bishop of Hippone, Algeria, is erecting a church in honor of St. Augustine, who so gloriously filled that See. The remains of the saint, which were taken to Pavia, Italy, during the invasion of the Vandals, were taken back to Hippone in 1842.

Bishop McQuade has warned the Catholics of the diocese of Rochester to pay no heed to much they read in the newspapers concerning the question of Catholic education. "Much of what there appears," he says, "distorts and misrepresents the truth."

Within a recent week three members of the congregation of the Passion, the Very Rev. Father Vincent, Rev. Father McKeon and the Rev. Father Henry, have sailed for Australia. Father Vincent will take charge of the house of the order there.

The Franciscan missionaries in Ecuador, South America, are making numerous converts among the Indian tribes of the provinces of Zamora, who have till now been all pagans. The converts are erecting churches in their villages, and the entire district will soon be Catholic.

The Little Sisters of the Poor have established a third home for the aged poor in Chicago with the approbation of Archbishop Feehan, and have rented two houses at Twenty-sixth street and South Park avenue, where they can accommodate twenty-five old men and twenty-five old women.

The Sisterhood of the Holy Family, a community of negro nuns in New Orleans, celebrated recently the golden jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. The foundresses were Miss Harriet Delisle, a native of New Orleans; Miss Juliette Gaudin, of Cuba; Miss Aliot, a native of France, and Miss

Josephine Charles, of New Orleans. These ladies were the daughters of free negro families, refined and well-to-do, and Miss Charles was possessed of considerable wealth, which she devoted entirely to the work of the sisterhood.

Another French religieuse has been decorated. The Minister of the Interior has decreed the presentation of a bronze medal of honor to Sister Marie-Hyppoite, a nurse at Roybon in the Iser, for the zeal and devotedness she displayed during the epidemics of diphtheria which raged in the parish in the years '90, '91 and '92.

The details of the plan and scope of the great Catholic congress to be held in September in Chicago are being rapidly completed by the energetic committees in charge, and the official programme already issued gives assurance of the event being one of the most memorable and important in the history of the church in this country.

A FIRST NEW YEAR'S CONCERT.

By the Orphan's of St. Patrick's Asylum.

In St. Patrick's Hall, on Alexander street, the orphans of the St. Patrick's Asylum will give their first annual concert, on Tuesday evening, the 24th January, and it will be repeated on Wednesday evening, the 25th January. The doors will be open at 7.30 p.m., and the performance commence at 8 sharp. The tickets are only 25 cents, and the proceeds are for the purchase of school desks for the Asylum. Tickets may be had at St. Patrick's Presbytery and Orphan Asylum. We earnestly beg of our readers to give a cordial encouragement to this most deserving institution. Try and fill the hall.

A varied and most attractive programme has been prepared by the orphans for the entertainment of the patrons who desire to help them to purchase desks for their class rooms. Their songs, dances, calisthenic exercises, military drill, dialogues, and children's one act dramas will be sure to delight every one who attends. A limited number of tickets, to suit the capacity of the Hall will be issued for each night, no ticket being available except for the date marked thereon. On Thursday, January 26th at 4 p. m., there will be a repetition of the concert for the school children of the parish. Admission tickets 10 cents, which will be sold only at the door of the hall. Children attending night concerts will be charged 25 cents.

C. M. B. A.

Election of Officers.

At a meeting held December 7, 1892, by C.M.B.A. Branch 12, Saginaw, Mich., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Henry S. Doran; vice-president, Thomas McKay; second vice-president, Samuel J. Medler; chancellor, T. E. Tarsney; treasurer, Wm. Ryan; recording secretary, S. F. Deery; assistant recording secretary, Walter Whelan; financial secretary, Wm. H. Ryan; marshal, Anthony Zyucke; guard, M. A. King; trustees, Martin Tuhy, B. J. Gilbride, John Hefferman, Arthur Loranger and August Andre.

C. M. B. A. Branch 142, G. C. of C.

Deputies G. T. Moreau and C. Dandelin installed the following officers of Branch 142, C.M.B.A., under the Grand Council of Canada:—Chaplain, Rev. M. Auclair; chancellor, A. I. Clement; president, Jas. Lozeau; first vice-president, A. B. Poitvin; second vice-president, Lucien Forget; recording secretary, N. P. Lamoureux; assistant recording secretary, W. H. Auclair; financial secretary, Frs. Verner; treasurer, Eug. R. Forest; trustees, C. A. Gervais, sr., G. Leveille, J. S. Loyer, C. F. Duranceau, P. E. Labelle. After the installation a recherche lunch was provided for the members and a very pleasant evening spent.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Diseases of the skin.—No case of disease of the skin, be its nature what it may, has failed to be benefited when those potent remedies have been properly applied. In scrofulous and scorbutic affections they are especially serviceable. Scabby eruptions, which had resisted all other modes of treatment and gradually become worse from year to year, have been completely cured by Holloway's cooling Ointment and purifying Pills, which root out the disease from the blood itself and leave the constitution free from every morbid taint. In the nursery Holloway's Ointment should be ever at hand; it will give ease in sprains, contusions, burns, scalds and infantile eruptions, and may always safely be applied by any ordinary attendant.

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

The High Speed Family Knitter
Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory, wool or cotton yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed—no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address,
J. E. GEAPHART, Clearfield, Pa.
Canadian address, Cardon & Gearheart, Dundas, Ont.

**FOR CIVILITY,
COMFORT,
CHEAPNESS**



NEW TOURIST CARS

WHICH NOW LEAVE MONTREAL AS FOLLOWS

FOR	ON
BOSTON and NEW ENGLAND.	THURSDAYS and FRIDAYS.
TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO.	TUESDAYS.
THE SOO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS.	SATURDAYS.
VANCOUVER, and PUGET SOUND.	WEDNESDAYS.

These cars are intended chiefly for the accommodation of passengers holding second class tickets, they are complete in their appointments, containing separate toilet rooms (with their requisites) for ladies and gentlemen; smoking room and department for cooking; the seats, which are elegantly upholstered, are turned into comfortable beds at night.

These cars are in charge of competent porters and accommodation in them can be secured upon payment of a small additional sum on application.

TICKET OFFICES:

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FARMS, MILLS AND HOMES
in OLD VIRGINIA, for sale and exchange. Easy Terms.
Free Catalogue, B. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

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. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.

PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Oh Rose! I never despised you. On the contrary, I loved you better than my life."

"Her whole face lighted up. I gazed at her with wonder. There was something startling in the transfiguration I beheld. Everything about her—her eyes, her lips, her blushes, her attitude—everything about her was 'pure womanly.'"

"And I have come here I continued, 'for no other purpose but to save you.'"

"These words reminded her of what she really was, and the poor girl turned deadly pale. I thought she was fainting, and hastened to prevent her from falling."

"Don't touch me," she cried, holding out her arms to keep me off, "oh! do not touch a thing like me."

"There was something appalling in the change that had come over her. She appeared to have withered in an instant. I actually saw the wrinkles creeping over her face and forehead. She sank into a chair which I had placed near her. After considering a moment, I decided upon the course I should pursue."

"Rose," said I, "here is my address. You know now you have a friend. And may God give you strength to turn back before it is too late." I laid my card on a table near her, and withdrew.

"It was a moonlight night, and I spent an hour or two looking out on the waters of the great lake. I thought of Ireland, and of the sufferings of her children; and in my desolation I thanked God that there was still something left me,—that my heart could yet thrill with mingled love and pride and grief for that dear old land. Then I thought of the peaceful valley and my own home. That same moon looked mildly down upon them! I flung myself down by the shore of the great lake, far, far away, and for the first time since my great sorrow fell upon me, I burst into tears. Since that moment I have been an altered man. Life is no longer a burden to me. There is, to be sure, a shadow upon my path; but it is not the black one that rested on it so long. I dislike crowds, and hence I have exchanged the busy city for the lonesome prairie. But since Connor Shea's arrival, I begin to think that I could enjoy the society of my old friends; and I am already longing to see my hermitage lighted up by poor Sally Cavanagh's bright looks. Connor and I are in deep plans for the future."

"But before I come to the end of my paper, let me tell you the result of my interview with Rose Mulvany. I got a note from her, which I shall copy here:—"

"Never ask to see me again. I am not worthy. I could not bear it. But send some one else to take me away from this place. May God forever bless you. Something tells me that I am saved."

"I hastened to a good Irish priest, and told him the whole story. The result is that poor Rose Mulvany has been for the last twelve months an inmate of an industrial institution under the superintendence of the Sisters of Charity. I am slow to believe in complete reformation in cases of this kind; but my reverend friend assures me that it would be harder now to tempt Rose Mulvany from the path of virtue than if she had never left it. I wonder—but shall not trouble you with my speculations, at least not now. How well I remember the night I gave you that hurriedly-written chapter of my history! I expected to hear of your marriage from Connor. My dear friend, whatever disappointment you may have met with, whatever sorrow you may have to endure, be assured that the bitterest drop has not been poured into the cup so long as there is no stain upon the fair fame of the woman you loved."

"I believe him," exclaimed Brian, and he started up as if the thought stung him. "Even now that the struggle is over, and an impassible gulf between us, even now that thought would be the bitterest drop in the cup. How this poor fellow has suffered! And my poor friend Connor Shea! What a pang those few words about him would strike to the heart of his brave wife, Good God," exclaimed Brian Purcell, as he put out one of the candles, "what selfish beings we are!

How much we think of our own griefs, and how little of the griefs of others!"

The clock at the head of the stairs struck twelve, and Brian Purcell retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Now, Corney," said Sally Cavanagh, "till I come back. Mind your two little brothers, and don't let 'em down to the road. But ye can go up the hill a start if ye like. Don't stay too long away, though, for fear poor Norah 'd be lonesome."

Norah had the youngest little boy in her arms, and her mild blue eyes beamed with pleasure as she looked up at her mother. Sally Cavanagh had on her "new cloak" for the first time since Connor left them. While she spoke she was turning back the hood before a piece of looking-glass fixed in the wall, for the purpose of displaying the black silk lining in the most becoming manner. She turned now one cheek and then the other to the glass, looking somewhat sad as she thought how thin she had grown. Possibly it never occurred to her that, so far as beauty was concerned, the change was a decided improvement; but such was the fact. Notwithstanding her splendid eyes, there was perhaps too little of the spiritual about her when she was in the full flush of health. But now she looked as if she had undergone some purifying process. There was a sweetness in her smile, as she stooped to kiss the youngest little boy, that was far more captivating than the more radiant look which was wont to light up her face before her "bright heart" had learned what sorrow and want were.

"There's a drop o' milk in the saucepan for him," she said, speaking to Norah; "an' warm it for him about dinner time, as I can't be home early enough, as I'll wait for the two Masses."

Giving a look round the bare house, Sally Cavanagh walked quickly out, brushing some dust—which an old hen had shaken from the roost over the door—from the new cloak with a "turkey-red" pocket-handkerchief.

A stranger meeting Sally Cavanagh as she tripped along the mountain road, would consider her a contented and a happy young matron, and might be inclined to set her down as a proud one; for Sally Cavanagh held her head rather high, and occasionally elevated it still higher with a toss which had something decidedly haughty about it.

She turned up a short borgen for the purpose of calling upon the gruff blacksmith's wife, who had been very useful to poor Sally for some time before. The smith's habits were so irregular that his wife was often obliged to visit the pawn-office in the next town, and poor Sally Cavanagh availed herself of Nancy Ryan's experience in pledging almost everything pledgeable she possessed. The new cloak, of which even a rich farmer's wife might feel proud, was the last thing left. It was a present from Connor, and was only worn on rare occasions, and to part with it was a sore trial.

Loud screams and cries for help made Sally Cavanagh start. She stopped for a moment, and then ran forward and rushed breathless into the smith's house. The first sight that met her eyes was our friend Shawn Gow choking his wife. A heavy three-legged stool came down with such force upon the part of Shawn Gow's person which happened to be the most elevated as he bent over the prostrate woman, that, uttering an exclamation between a grunt and a growl, he bounded into the air, and striking his shins against a chair, tumbled head over heels into the corner. When Shawn found that he was more frightened than hurt, and saw Sally with the three-legged stool in her hand, a sense of the ludicrous overcame him, and, turned his face to the wall, he relieved his feelings by a fit of laughter. It was of the silent, inward sort, however, and neither his wife nor Sally Cavanagh had any notion of the pleasant mood he was in. The bright idea of pretending to be "kilt" occurred to the overthrown son of Vulcan, and with a fearful groan hestretched out his huge limbs and remained motionless on the broad of his back. Sally's sympathy for the ill-used woman prevented her from giving a thought to her husband. Great was her astonishment then, when Nancy flew at her like a wild-cat.

"You kilt my husband," she screamed. Sally retreated backwards, defending herself as best she could with the stool.

"For God's sake, Nancy, be quiet."

Wouldn't he have destroyed you on'y for me?"

But Nancy followed up the attack like a fury.

"There's nothin' at all the matter with him," Sally cried out, on finding herself literally driven to the wall. "What harm could a little touch of a stool on the back do the big brute?"

Nancy's feelings appeared to rush into another channel, for she turned round quickly, and kneeling down by her husband, lifted up his head.

"Och! Shawn avourneen machree," she exclaimed, "won't you spake to me?"

Shawn condescended to open his eyes.

"Sally," she continued, "he's comin' to,—glory be to God! Hurry over and bould up his head, while I'm runnin' for somethin' to revive him. Or stay, bring me the bolster."

The bolster was brought, and Nancy placed it under the patient's head; then, snatching her shawl from the place where it hung, she disappeared. She was back again in five minutes, without the shame, but with some whiskey in a bottle.

To be Continued.

BORDERING ON CONSUMPTION.

When a cold is neglected it frequently develops a condition bordering on consumption. No other remedy will so quickly relieve and cure cases of this dangerous kind as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, because no other remedy possesses such curative powers as does this prince of pectoral remedies.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from Different Sources.)

There is a question of the elevation to the purple of the Rev. Father Steinhuber, of the Society of Jesus, at present attached to the German College at Rome.

The reports reaching Rome of the pilgrimages coming there for the jubilee from all parts of Europe, and from Ireland, are most consoling to His Holiness.

On Saturday last, as customary, the Holy Father celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in his private chapel and administered the Blessed Sacrament to the Papal household.

Cardinal Place, Archbishop of Rennes, is in a precarious condition of health. The prayers of the faithful are requested for his recovery. In consequence of his illness there were no receptions at his palace on New Year's Day.

Prince Aloys von Leichtenstein, chief of the United Christian party in Austria, has declared that he will oppose the Taaffe Ministry unless it will support social reform and engage to respect both the rights of the Tcheque people and the German minority in Bohemia and Moravia.

Professor Edward Persiani, who holds the chair of mathematics in two establishments in the Eternal City, has been named Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword to His Holiness. When erudition is united to worth, it never fails to be appreciated by the Power which the late Lord Russell considered as the nurse of ignorance.

An Irish party who was recently received in special audience by the Holy Father told how, in speaking of the Queen of England's visit to San Remo next spring, His Holiness said he was pleased to hear that Her Majesty would again visit Italy. "I was only sorry," she added, "that I had not the presence of mind to say 'she ought to come to Rome, most Holy Father.'"

Collective pastoral letters have been issued by the Bishops of Austria and Prussia urging the faithful to take an active part in the celebration of the Pontifical Jubilee. Importance is given to the great benefits derived to the world from the Pontificate of Leo XIII. The necessity of contributing generously to the St. Peter's Pence fund is insisted on with cogent reasons and remarkable eloquence.

Archbishops Thomas and Meignan will not go to Rome to receive the Cardinal's hat before the Consistory in spring. The new Bishops of Clermont-Ferrand, Saint-Die, and Angers, will be preconized on the same occasion. A third French Cardinal—unless he is chosen in time for the next Consistory, which is not likely—will be created coincidentally. The French Ambassador to the Holy See remains at his post, notwithstanding rumours to the contrary.

We regret to announce that Mgr. Lecocq, Bishop of Nantes, expired on Christmas morn at four after having

piously assisted at midnight Mass celebrated in his sick chamber by his nephew, the Abbe Lecocq. He succumbed to a sudden attack of spasms, but was enabled to receive Extreme Unction before he breathed his last. The beloved prelate was in his seventy-second year. He was born at Vire in Calvados in 1821, consecrated Bishop of Lucon in 1873 and transferred to Nantes in 1877. R.I.P.

A Roman correspondent says Dr. Baccelli still persists in his project of a Roman exposition in 1865. He would like to see a new Via Sacra cut in the midst of the venerable ruins in the Eternal City and all the archaeological discoveries of late years ranged on either sides. But, we permit ourselves to wonder, what sort of a barbarous effect would be produced by the hideous modern zinc buildings, kiosks, tents, etc., in the midst of these grand monuments? It recalls the picture of a grand St. Bernard dog enduring the yelping of a tiny spaniel in silence and toleration.

The following Christmas benefactions have been made by order of the Pope through the Apostolic Eleemosynary: In aid of the poor of Rome, many of the gifts being in the form of private subsidies, 13,700 lire; in aid of distressed priests, 9,980 lire; and to the officials charged with the care of the orphans and pupils of civil and military employes of the Papacy, 21,086 lire. In addition, it is necessary to bear in mind that the same institution dispensed a considerable amount of alms last September, and also gave away funds for the succor of poor ecclesiastics. The pension list of the Holy See is large and judiciously bestowed.

The city of Wurtzburg, situated on the Main in Southern Germany has been selected by the Prince of Loewenstein for the sitting of the coming Catholic German Congress. Such Congresses have already been held here—the first in 1848 and the second in 1877. The choice is approved by all German Catholics. The population of Wurtzburg is almost entirely composed of Catholics, and they possess many churches, convents, and religious houses. SS. Kilian, Todnan, and Kolonat—three Irish apostles—have suffered martyrdom here, and the city is the see of one of the most ancient dioceses in Germany. The Cathedral (Dom) was founded in the eighth century, on the spot where St. Kilian suffered martyrdom. He was an Irish missionary who came there to preach Christianity; for centuries he has been regarded as the Apostle of Franconia.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT OLDFORD, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kensington Park, London S.E., England. 30-G

It is the Life that Counts.

Come, gentlemen, let us stop this gush about converts. "Littre was a Catholic, General Sherman was a Catholic, Lafayette was a Catholic." And we go on making long lists of men who came into the Church at the last minute, or who were dragged in by their relatives.

General Sherman, it is true, always expressed unbounded respect for the Church. Littre was an open unbeliever until death almost choked him. Lafayette was a secret society man, and only a practical Catholic when it was too late to do much practising.

If Renan had died, having nodded his head when the priest asked him whether he would have Extreme Unction, would we say, in our speeches, "The great Renan died a Catholic," and claim him for one of our own. Who knows? "Ouida," Miss de la Ramee, has become a Catholic, though her life was spent in making bad literature. While thanking God for her conversion, we see no reason why we should claim her as if her life had been infused with Christian principles. The life counts.—Michigan Catholic.

The praying desk before which Columbus knelt to ask the blessing of heaven before setting sail on his perilous voyage of discovery is in the Church of Huelva in Spain. The first thing that the Queen Regent of Spain did the other day, before inaugurating the Columbus celebration, was to enter the Church and kneel on Columbus' prie dieu. Her Majesty remained in silent prayer for a considerable time.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

THE SALOON IS AGAINST THE CHURCH.

Published by the Temperance Truth Bureau and Written by the Rev. A. P. Doyle.

In the Temperance warfare we are in the thick of the battle, and victory has not so constantly crowned our efforts as to make us over-boastful of our methods of fighting.

The time has come for us to modify, at least to some extent, our tactics. A good general knows who his enemy is and where is entrenched, and in planning an attack will first endeavor to silence the enemy's batteries. It is the sign of a feeble warrior to parade his army in the open field and to allow the guns of his enemy to produce havoc and destruction among his soldiery, and to content himself with boasting of his fine organization, and especially of his magnificent medical staff and its efficiency in binding up the wounds that are made or its ability in carrying the dead from the field. Too often these have been our tactics. We have held rallies and organized societies and delivered speeches and have got men and women and children by thousands to take the pledge.

WE HAVE BUILT UP A MAGNIFICENT TEMPERANCE ARMY,

which we have paraded before the public eye, and have boasted of our deeds in reforming drunkards; but all this time the enemy has been doing its destructive work in thinning our ranks and in frightening off the stalwart men who have desired to join us, and the strangest of all is that we have not said or done nearly as much as we ought to oppose our greatest enemy. The immense stream of drunkenness bears down on its wave to destruction and death

A VAST CROWD OF 75,000 DRUNKARDS EVERY YEAR.

This stream is likened to the great Niagara River. Above the Falls it is a placid stream and the pleasure-seeking rowers confidently push out on its quiet waters. The ripple at the bow and the festive song while away the delightful hours of pleasure as they merrily float down the river. So the drunkenness—the social glass is attractive, the good-fellowship, the festive song, the companionship in the saloon: all these lull men into security as down the stream they go, till from moderate drinking, they get into the swifter currents of intoxication. Some realize their danger and pull ashore—get behind the barrier the Temperance people have built along the bank. They take the pledge or get into a Temperance Society; in its companionship they find their safety. But others, heedless of peril, are getting out into the rapids, and only when they are being plunged down with irresistible force the cataract do they become sensible of their danger, and then it is too late.

ALL ALONG THEY HAVE BEEN WARNED.

Temperance men have gone up and down the banks of that river day after day, year in and year out, and have begged them for God's sake to come ashore; they have pleaded with hands raised to heaven, they have told them of the fearful danger below, they have pictured in burning words the horrors of a drunkard's death over those terrible falls. They have done everything that human and divine ingenuity could suggest to save the poor wretches who are struggling in the boiling waters of the rapids. They have gone out to some poor fellow who, as he came almost to the brink of the precipice caught on to some jagged rock or swaying branch, and have hauled him in. But in spite of it all, in spite of the vigorous measures used to save humanity, in spite of the money spent and the vital energies expended, and efforts made by you and me and a thousand others along the banks of that river, still the stream pours on bearing on its bosom its frightful burden of ruined families, of blasted lives, of broken-hearted women and ruined children, of bloated wrecks of humanity; the 75,000 go down still year after year over that awful cataract to eternal damnation.

And what is the reason? Would that we had realized it years ago! Why, friend, there are men who make it their business to push poor, helpless fellows into that stream. Do you know who they are? Read their names over the

corner saloons of your town. The time was when, with pharisaical look, they held the first places in the churches, headed the lists of contributions with money wrung from ruined families; they used to make great professions of their religion. But now the mask has been torn away—their sinister designs have been exposed.

THE BISHOPS IN COUNCIL HAVE WARNED US AGAINST THEM.

But still to-day they go about among the Temperance workers on the banks of the stream of drunkenness, and with sleek faces and smiling looks they applaud the efforts made to rescue the men; but when the rescuers are off their guard and their backs are turned, the poor fellows who have just been snatched from the drunkard's fate are enticed to the river's edge and again pushed into the foaming rapids. Often and often on the missions, when in a rum-besotted town special efforts have been made to save poor drunkards, have the liquor-sellers publicly said: "In a week the missionaries will be gone and we shall have our inning again." Often and often was it known that the liquor-sellers, when the mission had been finished and the Fathers gone, have received the pledge signed at the mission in payment for the first drink, knowing that once it was broken they would have a lien on the poor fellow's pocket as well as his soul. Many are the artful devices used to get men to drink—the appeal to friendship, the glittering saloon with its free lunches, the salted beer provocative of thirst, the bestowal of political favors; all these and many others keep the poor slaves within the charmed circle near by the river's edge, and every now and then some poor wretch is crowded from the bank into the raging waters down to his death. And some of us have not recognized our enemy. "He is a good fellow," we say; "he is a respectable man; he would not be guilty of such awful havoc; he goes to the Sacraments." So we have been blinded and cajoled into friendship. But where is the man hating drunkenness as it deserves to be hated, who does not know that

THE SALOON IS THE DRUNKARD-FACTORY?

Where is the man who is a sincere lover of his Church, who is a well-wisher of his race, whose hearts beats in sympathy for his fellow-man, who dares not understand that one of the most potent factors in the degradation of humanity, and the most efficient agent in the destruction of man's higher nature, is the Demon of Drink?—and where this demon holds his high court is in the saloon, and his prime minister is the grog-seller. The saloon sets itself against the Church, and is wonderfully efficient in undoing the good work the Church tries to perform. See how in every effort the Church makes she is thwarted by the saloon. Her divine mission is to lead men to a higher and purer life. To do so she must have, as material to work with, the natural man with all his human qualities, his reason, his freedom of will. If there is one peculiar achievement that drunkenness can pride itself on, it is its facility to deprive man of his reason and to rob him of his free-will; and to make a Christian out of a constant drunkard is like making bricks without straw, or trying to build a solid structure on the running waters. Drink maddens the intelligence—how can faith enlighten it? Drink drives the soul to despair—how can hope give it courage? Drink demonizes the heart—how can love enoble it? What avail are sacraments where there is no manhood to Christianize? Where a town is infested with saloons drunkenness must be a prevalent vice.

The Church thrives on the religious instinct which, born in a man's heart, leads him to offer an acceptable service to God. The saloon crushes that instinct and thrives on the horrid craving for alcohol, which, once created, it seeks to foster by the most ingenious devices, until the one whom the Church would have made a noble, God-fearing Christian becomes a besotted, trembling, slavish victim.

The Church has its sacrifices; so, too, the saloon. Its votaries offer on the counter, behind which stands the high-priest, the choicest tributes a man can give—his health, his reason, the happiness of his home, the honor of his daughter, his life in this world, his soul in the next.

The Church has its moral code—it is, "Deny yourself"; the saloon teaches the

exact opposite—it says: "Eat, drink, and be merry"; the Church says, "here is the prayer-book and the rosary; the saloon says, 'here is the bottle and the glass.'" The Church says, "Sunday is the Lord's day, to be given to rest and religion." The saloon claims it as its day, to be given to rioting and debauchery. The Church calls it Sunday.

THE SALOON MAKES IT SIN-DAY.

What more is wanted to constitute the liquor-traffic a religion diametrically opposed to the religion of God? What further evidence is necessary to show that the one is set against the other; they are in silent but terrific contest? Little wonder then, to do its hellish work the saloon seeks to plant itself at the door of the Church, in order the better to grapple with its enemy. Little wonder we find it concocting its schemes and weaving its net about its victims on festive Church occasions, at the baptism of a child, at the marriage or burial of a Christian. Little wonder we find the road to the grave lined, and the gate of the cemetery surrounded by the saloon, for at unguarded moments it knows too well how to ensnare its victims.

WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF THIS TERRIBLE STRUGGLE?

The saloon power is aggressive. It has entrenched itself in the halls of legislation. No home has been too sacred for it to respect. It has forced itself almost to the gates of the sanctuary. Every attraction that ingenuity can devise, from brandy-drops for the child and the family entrance for the woman, to the brothel adjunct for the loose young man, have been pressed into service. Society has given it six days of the week; now it demands the seventh, and takes it without waiting for the permission of the law. It has sacrificed at its altar each year thousands of husbands, brothers and mothers. It is not enough—it must begin its work of corruption with the boyhood of the land. The laws of the land are openly spit upon and defied by this power. Nothing will satisfy it—its great maw is agape for fresh victims.

HERE IS OUR ENEMY—MARK HIM WELL.

This power must be chained, or respect for law must go. This power must be bridled, or institutions which we value more than life, the Christian Sunday, the Christian home, our personal liberty, the Church of God itself, will suffer disaster.

Which shall it be—old men, you who have seen red streams of precious blood flow to cement our free institutions till there was hardly a heart left that did not ache? Which shall it be, the saloon or your country? Which shall it be? Christian people who are wondering why the Church is losing ground, why the epidemic of unbelief is sweeping over the land, which shall it be, the Church of God or the saloon? Which shall it be? You cannot serve God and Mammon. Choose!

SORE THROAT.—The best cure we know of for sore throat is a gargle of Pain Killer and water—it acts like magic. Big Bottles twice the quantity in the old style.

Mgr. Satolli's Mission Explained.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Ecclesiastical secrecy has been broken by the publication of this authoritative statement: "The Papal delegate, by order of the Holy Father, has sent out an important notice to the Archbishops, to be communicated by them to the Bishops of the United States. It is a mandate from the Pope that each Bishop shall remit, within the month of January, in a sealed letter mailed to the Pope, either directly or through the intermediary of the legate, his personal, conscientious opinion of the propositions on the school question which Archbishop Satolli, in the Pope's name, laid down before the New York Conference of Archbishops in November last."

"You want me to get on the roof of that tower?" said the workman. "Yes." "Do you notice there's a clock in the tower?" "I know it. What difference does that make?" "I'll have the charge you working over time."—Washington Star.

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WEDNESDAY,.....JANUARY 18, 1893

HOME RULE.

The Boston Pilot, commenting upon Mr. T. W. Russell's adventures in that city says: "for some unexplained reason, the Boston Committee of One Hundred Know-nothings have not been able to secure the services of a man who is probably the most representative anti-Home Ruler on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. DeCobain, ex-M.P. by virtue of expulsion, Grand Master of the Orange Society by absence of any virtue, and fugitive from justice by grace of Lord Salisbury's administration. In the absence of Mr. DeCobain the Music Hall Society last Tuesday engaged the next most representative man of their own kind, T. W. Russell, M.P. for Tyrone, to tell a British-American audience what they wanted to hear about Home Rule. It was what the Boston Herald's pro-British reporter calls a 'patriotic' meeting, which means that it was officered by British-Americans and concluded its exercises with the singing of 'God Save the Queen.'"

Later on the Pilot says:

Mr. Russell is not regarded as a very high authority in British politics, being one of the middle-class folk who accept tradition for authority and have a proper respect for the dictates of their betters. It is only natural for him to confound geography with inevitable destiny and declare that a "separate Ireland was never in the ground plan of creation," just as pro-slavery advocates, a few decades ago, used to pronounce that slavery was "a divine institution." The status quo always appeals to the limited intellect as the will of God, until the march of progress changes the status."

This is the gentleman who has been stumping Canada within the past few weeks, and who believes in Goldwin Smith, not because Goldwin Smith admires him (for he does not), but because the great Professor hates Ireland and Rome, and Mr. Russell and he are in the same boat. We must confess that we were to a great extent disappointed in the progress of Mr. Russell through Canada and the United States. He came, heralded by Orange and Tory warnings that he was going to open our eyes to the light, and he evidently intended to make an impression. We expected, and not unnaturally, that he would furnish us with some important statistics from Imperial Bluebooks, to illustrate the benefits of the union, both to England and Ireland, that he would deal with emigration and migration, that he would speak of landlordism from some new stand point and give us some reason to believe that landlords constitute a persecuted class. In fact we had looked forward to some good and tangible arguments against Home Rule. Even though Mr. Russell should have borrowed them from Mr. Balfour, Joe Chamberlain, or any other leading British politician, still they would have been new to us, and if

they did not convince us at least they would furnish a few pegs whereon to hang our arguments in favor of justice to Ireland. But Mr. Russell greatly disappointed us in this expectation. He neither brought anything new, nor did he even present the old chestnutty arguments in a new or fresh style. In fact we have had several better informed and more polished as well as more rational advocates of the anti-Home Rule policy.

Mr. Russell's sole topic was "Home Rule means Rome Rule," a saying that is neither "rhyme nor reason." To make it rhyme, the words "Rome" and "Home" should follow the word "Rule," and even then there would be no reason, no meaning in the cry. By the way, let us just change Mr. Russell's cry, transpose the terms for the sake of rhyme, and we have the exact expression of what he and his Orange Unionists would like to be able to do. "Rule Home means Rule Rome." We have not space time, nor inclination (for we don't see the necessity) to enter into the ten thousand historical and other evidences of the fallacy of Mr. Russell's cry. But most assuredly, if these gentlemen could only Rule Ireland and Rule Rome—or rather, Rome's representatives in Ireland, they would be happy beyond measure; the old days of the Pale would be restored, the Penal Code revived, and the mild sway of Ireton, Cromwell and their ilk, might be expected to become perpetual.

On the whole, we do not object to men of Mr. T. W. Russell's caliber coming out here to enlighten us on the Home Rule question. The fact is they make such a poor show, they are so deficient in argument, so weak in logic, so poverty-stricken in statistics, so devoid of facts, so unconvincing in their manners and ways, that it is a real benefit to the Home Rule cause to have them abroad. We wish Mr. Russell a safe return home, and long years to live and learn the fallacy of his ways and to become persuaded that Home Rule is really the cure for all British political ills, and to become persuaded by cold experience.

FANCY WORK.

Having had our say about music in the schools we now find ourselves in presence of a subject that is not exactly in our line. However, one of the ornamental and final touches in a young lady's course is certainly the learning to do "fancy work." This does not necessarily mean that the work must be fantastic, whimsical, or anything but plain and useful. We will take needle-work for an example. Not being of the gentler sex and never having had occasion to use the needle, some of our friends may ask us what do we practically know about the subject. To be honest we don't know anything from personal and practical experience, nor do we pretend to teach needle-work. That is a duty that devolves upon the lady who has charge of that department in each school. What we pretend to point out is merely the advisability of the work being both useful and ornamental: the one does not destroy the other.

There is some plain sewing that can really be classed in the category of "fancy work," and hold place with far more right than much of the so-called "fancy-stitching" that we meet with in our day. When a pupil begins to use the needle or crochet-shuttle, or any other such instrument in a manner that indicates "cleverness," would it not be well to instil into that girl's mind the great necessity of utilizing her gift for the benefit as well as admiration of her friends? How many useful ornaments for a home-parlor; how many fine objects of wear-

ing apparel; how many things, that to purchase in stores would cost a great deal of money, can she not supply, and supply them while amusing herself and displaying her talent for needle-work? The "fancy-patchwork-quilt," even the 'crazy-quilt,' will afford a field sufficiently extensive for all kinds of designs and all manner of quilting, and when completed, you have an object of utility, something to add to the comforts of the household. It is so with lace-work, and every other species of "fancy-work." We are not talking about painting, drawing, wax-work and that class of acquirements, we speak only of the "needle-work" that comes under the heading of "fancy." It is not at all necessary to enter into any lengthy essay upon the subject; the lady teachers know well to what we refer. We want that the pupils be made understand that this "fancy sewing," as well as every other ornamental extra, is so much added to the parent's already heavy load. It is almost cruel the manner in which some thoughtless girls act in this regard, and it is downright wrong of the teachers not to make them see the "error of their ways," before it is too late.

We will take the case of a father who has two or three daughters in the convent or academy. He is a hard-working and economical man; but with all his labor and all his savings, both he and his good wife find it no easy matter to dress and educate these daughters. However, he succeeds in giving them, each, a complete course of education. Their every little move in school is a bill of expense to him—worse than the coal, wood and food at home. Not only must he pay for board and tuition, for proper clothing and similar requirements; but every feast in the school is a tax upon him, every extra that is given in the way of instruction or otherwise is a dinner for him. The happy girls never think of this, and probably their teachers never take the trouble to point it out to them. Still the good parents make no complaint; they work on and economize. Ever before them is the star of hope, great hope in the future of their girls, in the pride it will be to have them full graduates, in the comfort it will be to have their able and trained help when life grows dull and age "with its winter" flings its snow upon their hair. Probably the father has worked extra hours, or the mother has gone without some almost necessary comfort, in order to secure for their girls, a course of needle-work, or "fancy-sewing." But they shall have their reward when the girls come home! By the way it is ten to one that the father has to pay for the material used in the school as well as for the instruction of his girls in that branch. However, one fine day they come out. Not one of them can do an ordinary piece of darning, or she would not if she could. They can do raised-work and every species of artistic flower-work. It requires about twenty dollars to supply them in costly material for an exhibition of what they can do, and when the time and money are spent they produce some articles or other that are totally useless. In fact the whole cost of these things would exceed by forty times the price of them in a store, and even then they are ornamental enough, but of no other use in the world.

What we insist on is the inculcating a desire for the useful as well as the ornamental into the girls who take lessons in "fancy-work." It is due to the parents in all honesty, it is due to the pupils in justice. We also object to another innocent fraud that is constantly being perpetrated. A girl gets lessons in "fancy-work" of any kind. Of course it is necessary to let her parents know what she

can do; and if she could do nothing it is well to make them think that she can do a wonderful lot. It will console the old folks and they won't feel that they have squandered their means to no purpose. So the pupil's father buys the material for a grand piece of work to be done in competition and then to be exhibited on "Commencement day." The teacher traces out the design and the pupil performs some of the ordinary stitches, and every now and again (by way of instruction), the teacher takes up the work and does a goodly part of it. Finally, the piece of "fancy-work"—needle-work or otherwise—is completed, one-eighth done by the pupil and seven-eighths done by the teacher. It is hung up in the hall amongst a hundred other similar trophies, and the parents come to see it. They are proud of their daughter: it costs a great deal to advance her to that point of perfection, but never mind the cost, see what she has done. Strange to say that is the first and last piece of her "fancy-work" that the parents ever see.

ULTRAMONTANISM.

Since *La Verite* undertook to criticise our views upon the motives and methods of the Extremist press in France, and to honor us by placing us on a level with Father Lambert, we have received a number of communications upon the subject, the majority of which are in accord with our opinions. We have been accused of Conservatism by individuals and by sections of the press, because we advocate the advancement and promotion of Irish Catholics in every sphere, and because we are not pleased to stand by, with mouth closed and arms folded, while a few fanatics shower abuse upon the Catholic leader of the Federal Government. Well, if to speak in defence of a man whose position forbids that he should raise the cudgels in his own behalf, and if to advocate the advancement and promotion, the appointment and just recognition of our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists is what is meant by Conservatism, then we are Conservative to the backbone.

On the other hand, we are accused of Liberalism, because we cannot subscribe to the Ultramontane ideas and the really Conservative methods of Veillot and others of that school. "We have no desire to become more Catholic than the Pope 'himself,'" says the Colorado Catholic, and we re-echo the sentiment. "We cherish a very strong wish, however, to stand with the Pope on every question," as we have done so upon all questions and to the best of our ability. The same organ says: "We do not resent being called 'Liberals' by the Church Progress, but we do resent being called by its poor, foreign, faction-born antithesis, Ultramontane. In fact, so perverted is our taste in nomenclature that we rather enjoy having the odious epithet 'Liberal' applied to us. As Liberals we are never arrayed against anything within the Church, while if we were impregnated with the Ultramontane notion of the Church Progress, we would be more distinctively the opponents of Bossuet and Fenelon than of Luther and Calvin."

We happen to agree exactly with the *Colorado Catholic*. If it be a sign of Liberalism to keep within the bounds of one's own sphere, to never presume to dictate to those who are by every right our superiors in matters of religion, to refrain from dictating to the hierarchy, attacking the bishops, sweeping out farther into the sea of polemics than even Rome would choose to go, to simply defend the truth when attacked and assert the privileges and rights of our co-religionists—if to be and to do all these things

is what constitutes Liberalism, then we are Liberal to the back bone. The simple fact of the matter is that men are invoking the names of parties—without knowing the first thing about their principles—and hurling them at each other across an imaginary chasm that actually has no existence. Conservatism and Liberalism in Canada mean, as nearly as possible, the opposite of what they represent in England and above all upon the continent. And as far as religion is concerned, we doubt very much if one out of ten of our loud-voiced politico-polemical advocates could define the line of demarcation between them. If it be a mark of Conservatism to respect the relics of ages, the institutions made venerable by the passage of time, to preserve and conserve the sacred deposits left by the Founder of Christianity and to transmit them intact from one generation to another; if such be the works of Conservatism, no institution is more Conservative than the Church and no man more utterly so than Leo XIII. If it be a sign of Liberalism to adapt oneself and one's policy to the requirements of each age, each land and each race, to steer one's rudder safely in all seas, between the different forms of governments on earth, to keep pace with the advancement of civilization and the march of progress, to change and prune according as necessity requires, then no more Liberal institution than the Church, no greater Liberal than Leo XIII. We would advise some of our friends to learn the meaning of terms before indiscriminately using them.

CHARITY.

What is the "Spirit of the Age?" It is Charity. Let the worldly rave as they like, Charity cannot be driven out of the human heart. We have a very great faith in the race of man and in the goodness of our species. We don't believe that the world is all bad. We feel that there is no human being that has not some spark of Charity smouldering away in the inside caves of his existence. It requires but a breath to fan that ember into a flame. We purpose breathing upon the ashes of human kindness and producing in every breast around us the natural and normal glow of noble Charity. We will tell you a story.

One night, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, on the banks of the Jordan, strange scenes were being enacted. Three victims lay waiting in prison the advent of an execution, and a mandate from the Governor of Jerusalem was issued to several workmen to fabricate three crosses; but one was to be a special cross and a solid one. The men were hurried, for they had received their instructions at a late hour. To find wood suitable they climbed the side of the hill and they failed in the object of their search. At last one remembered that down in the valley, outside the Fish gate there was an old sycamore tree that was flung across the stream and upon which people had passed, in countless numbers, from the Vale of Giants on their way to or from Jerusalem. They at once went down and cut up the tree and proceeded to hue it into a cross. They were rough men, and they hammered, hacked and hued; meanwhile they cursed and swore and blasphemed. They could not get on sufficiently quickly with the work, for the wood was hard, their implements dull and the time short. They swore again at the tree, at the cross, at the law that ordained crucifixion and at the Victim. At last the task was completed; and on the following day Our Saviour carried that same piece of wood along the

Via Dolorosa, up the sides of Golgotha, and upon it He expiated the sins of the very men who had cursed Him, Yea, later these men became followers of St. Peter, and they often wept over the oaths they had uttered, and they would say: "had we only known that we were making the instrument of Redemption, we would have kissed the wood blessed the work and adored the Saviour." This may be all a legend; but it is a glorious figure of Charity. In the dark valley of life's woes, the stream of time separates us from the Celestial Jerusalem. Across the stream a tree has fallen and upon it we must journey if we desire to reach our destination. That tree is Charity. How, often when its wood falls into our hands, and our duty is to care and shape it for a glorious purpose, that we spurn the Cross we are making, and curse the disguised blessing in our grasp? Charity knocks at our door and we repudiate it: it meets us on the street and we spurn it; it comes to our offices and we cast it; it presents itself in a thousand forms and we curse at it and drive it from us. How little we dream that we are then swearing at the very work which is a portion of the great operation of Redemption. So it is all through life. Charity may appear in the form of a beggar on the highway, or a sick person in an hospital, a poor widow or orphan, a deserving institution or a holy church. No matter in what shape it comes to us we should never be hasty with it, nor should we and to our heavy load by cursing and refusing to hear its complaint.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Mother Teresa.

Far away from the famed Institution over which she had presided for the greater part of a lifetime, there passed away on New Year's Day, at Washington, Georgia, whither she had gone to recuperate her failing health, the Rev. Mother Teresa, late Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Flushing, L.I. Most of the New York and Brooklyn papers contain obituary articles testifying to the many sterling qualities of the deceased, as well as her extraordinary educational and administrative abilities. The deceased was born 55 years ago in New York, of Irish parents, and in the year 1857 was received into the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph. She was elected Superior of the Order in 1868, a position which she held for 24 consecutive years, until last August, when the state of her health compelled her to retire, Mother Mary Louis, the present Superior, being elected her successor.

When Mother Teresa first entered on her duties as Superior, the community numbered forty members. There is now a membership of over 400, under the jurisdiction of the Flushing House, and branches have sprung therefrom and been established in Boston and Springfield, Mass., and in Rutland, Vt. There are, of course, hundreds of other branches of the Sisters of St. Joseph throughout the United States and Canada, but they are under different jurisdictions.

In connection with the Mother House at Flushing there is a boarding school for young ladies, St. Joseph's Academy, one of the most prosperous and progressive educational establishments in America, whose fame extends throughout the Union, its flourishing condition being largely due to the exertions of Mother Teresa, through whose unremitting care and energy the success also of the numerous parochial schools throughout the diocese of Brooklyn, which are under the charge of the Sisters of her community, has been so marked.

A couple of years ago Mother Teresa paid a short visit to Montreal, on her way to the far-famed shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and was the guest of Mrs. Quinlan, of Stanley street, whose daughter (Sister St. William) has been a member of the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph for some years.

By the death of this noble woman Catholics in general and the Sisters of St. Joseph in particular sustained a great

loss. She was a person whom it was only necessary to know in order to love, and the fact that she was chosen as Mother Superior for twenty-four successive years attests the confidence and trust which the Sisters of the community placed in her. During the number of years she was at the head of the Order she discharged her duties in the most faithful and conscientious manner, and the success of the Order of St. Joseph is due in a great measure to her zealous and ardent efforts.

The mortal remains of the good and faithful Mother were conveyed from Georgia to the Convent in Flushing, where were gathered together all the grief-stricken Sisters of the community. A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated in the beautiful Chapel of the Convent on the 5th inst., the Rt. Rev. C. E. McDonell, Bishop of Brooklyn, officiating. Nearly one hundred priests were present and the sermon was preached by the eloquent Redemptorist, Rev. Father Wayrich, C.S.S.R. After the service the funeral procession wended its way to the St. Mary's Cemetery, Flushing, where, in the Sisters' plot, the body of the good Mother Teresa was laid to rest.

To the Rev. Charles H. Colton, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, New York city, who is a nephew of the deceased, as well as to the other relations and the Sisters of the Community, we beg to tender our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Requiescat in pace.

Mrs. John Wehr.

It is with regret we record the death of Margaret Farrell, widow of the late John Wehr, who died at her home in the Parish of Notre Dame des Anges, where she had lived for over 50 years. She was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, and came to this country when a child. Her age was 76 years and 7 months. She was a devout Catholic, a devoted mother and a kind neighbor. She was deeply regretted by all who knew her. May she rest in peace!

IRISH NEWS.

Father Patrick Slane, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Stewartstown, died on December 20th.

Mr. Francis Burke, son of Mr. Samuel Burke, of Killmanec, Cahir, has been sworn in a Solicitor of the supreme Court of Judicature.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Joseph D. Boyd, of Elmfield House, Limavady, to the Commission of the Peace for County Derry.

J. Brady Murray, B. L., of Dublin, and Northampton House, Kinvarra, has granted a reduction of 30 per cent. to his Kinvarra, Galway, tenants.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Thomas Rose, chairman of the Town Board, to the Commission of the Peace for the borough of Dundalk.

Robert McCance, sixteen years of age, while working in Mr. Clement's stable at Beragh recently, was kicked by a horse. He died from his injuries shortly after.

Mr. Denis Lane has given, unsolicited, a reduction of 25 per cent. to his County Waterford tenants. For a number of years past he has reduced rents when times were hard.

Martin Butterly, T. C. of Drogheda, has been appointed High Sheriff of the county of the town of Drogheda for the ensuing year, and Mr. J. Nolan has been made sub-sheriff.

The people of Suncroft parish, through the local branch of the Irish National Federation, recently presented a beautifully illuminated address to their curate, the Rev. G. P. Gowing, on the occasion of his removal to Courtwood.

Miss Beveridge, eldest daughter of Mr. John Beveridge, of Dublin, and Miss Sadie Nolan, daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Nolan, of Dublin, received the white veil of Mt. Carmel Convent, Loughrea, recently.

Mr. Wm. J. Sheridan, eldest son of Mr. Joseph Sheridan, of Spencer Park, Castlebar, has been sworn in as a solicitor. Mr. Sheridan served his apprenticeship to Mr. M. J. Kelly, Crown Solicitor for Mayo, and intends practising in Castlebar.

Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, has, through his agent, George McGill, granted a reduction of 25 per cent. on last year's rent to his tenants, in St. John's Point. Arthur Brooke, J. P., has sent a printed circular to all the tenants on the estate of H. G. Murray Stewart, at Killy-

begs, stating that he will grant a reduction of 20 per cent. on all non-judicial rents paid before Feb. 20. Robert T. Bustard, has also given a reduction of 20 per cent. on last year's rent to his Killybegs tenantry.

Sir Charles Waller has served notice on the Nenagh guardians of his intention to evict Thomas Maher from his holding at Inchadrina. Notice has also been given by Hon. Harriett Kingscote of her intention to evict Patrick Ryan from his holding at Treagh.

The Abbey ruin, at Athenry, is at present undergoing repairs, under the supervision of Sir Thomas Dean, architect to the Committee for the Preservation of Irish Monuments. The sum of £1,000 is to be expended on the work. Knockmoy Abbey is also to be repaired.

The dead body of Mary Ferris, of Managhby, was discovered by Sarah Gibbons, on Dec. 18, in a field near the house of William McKinley, a farmer for whom deceased occasionally worked. It appears the woman was sent to Derry the previous morning on business for McKinney, and was last seen at Drumaboe, she then being on her homeward journey.

Pope Leo, on learning that Bishop Brownrigg, of Ossery, had finished the handsome sacristy building, which make a notable addition to the Cathedral of Kilkenny, expressed his gratification at this happy fact and sent for the coming bazaar a prize of unusual value. It is a portrait of His Holiness by Signor Durandt, and is set in a frame of carved wood splendidly gilt.

A deputation of the people of Ballyshannon waited on the Rev. Patrick Kelly, P. P., at Raphoe, recently, and presented him with an address and a testimonial. The testimonial, which consisted of a well-filled purse of sovereigns, was the spontaneous offering of Father Kelly's late parishioners of the parish of Kibarron and Ballyshannon, among whom he had spent nearly fifteen years.

MAGAZINES.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD (Paulist Fathers, New York) sets out on its race through the new year with a "go" and vim that seems to argue a solid confidence in its staying powers. The January number not only accents its new departure in the line of illustrations by increasing the number, excellence, and interests of the pictures given, but adds another feature which to many of its oldest friends will, perhaps, be still more attractive—that of describing the beginnings, progress, and actual status of the great educational institutions throughout the United States. The opening paper of this series is devoted to Nazareth, Kentucky, under the title of *A Famous Convent School of the Southwest*. It is fully and admirably illustrated by a score or more of pictures, portraits of both persons and places. The article itself is written in a spirit both sympathetic and intelligent. The magazine promises for February another profusely illustrated article on *Maryville*, the well-known convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis.

The article on Pasteur is written by Father Zahn, of Notre Dame University, and is a thoroughly exhaustive survey of the life and wonderful achievements of the eminent biologist. It is interesting to know that Pasteur is a sincerely devout Catholic. Father Zahn considers that Pasteur has made greater conquests in the world of the infinitely little than Caesar or Napoleon ever achieved by force of arms.

Emma W. White, a professional kindergartner, writes in a masterly way of the system of Froebel and shows that the Church is not behind in her sympathy for approved methods of education, and by her many schools has done much *kindergarten system*.

Among the other articles special mention may be given to Father Conway's admirable article on *America's Workmen* and Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake's exhaustive essay on the *Birth of Spanish Literature*. Christian Reid is very entertaining in her description, with illustrations of *The Valley of the Warm Waters* in Mexico. W. D. Hughes. 120 W. 60 St., New York. D. J. Sadlier & Son 1669 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned gripping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them!

THE IRISH CAUSE.

FOR AND AGAINST IRISH HOME RULE.

Chief Secretary Morley Has Many Problems to Face.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—The points of the probable Irish Home Rule Bill, Gladstone's health, Chief Secretary Morley's experiments at local self-government in Ireland, his efforts for the destitute tenants and unemployed poor, generally, are some of the questions interesting Ireland's friends in and out of that unhappy country.

There are no new developments in the Dublin dynamite case. Chief Magistrate O'Donnell opened an inquiry on the 5th inst., under the Explosive Act regarding them. Newspaper representatives and the public were excluded from the examination, and the detectives who witnessed the explosion were first called upon to give evidence.

THE EVICTED TENANTS' COMMISSION.

The Evicted Tenants' Commission resumed its session Jan. 4, Sir James Mathew presiding.

John Dillon made an earnest plea in behalf of the reinstatement of evicted tenants, and he produced statistics showing the number of good settlements made through the Plan of Campaign between the landlords and tenants.

Even upon the Oldbert estate settlements have been come to, and there is a prospect that all the evicted tenants will be reinstated.

Nevertheless, Dillon informed the commission there were thousands of evicted tenants whose condition was so pitiable and desperate that it constituted a menace to the public peace, and he urgently advised that measures be adopted for their relief, both on the ground of humanity and publicly security.

Before the same commission, Mr. Dillon stated that the total amount received from all sources for the support of evicted tenants under the Plan of Campaign was £231,000.

FIVE POINTS OF THE PROBABLE HOME RULE BILL.

The journal, the Speaker, discusses in its latest issue five points of the probable Irish Home Rule Bill. It says that with regard to the land question, the bill will reserve to Parliament for a certain term the sole right of legislation.

Regarding the question of the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, it is not unlikely that the Government will meet the question by adopting Mr. Parnell's suggestion not to touch it until the question has been settled of the veto that might be placed on the Lord Lieutenant.

Appointing judges will be retained by the Government for the fixed time of five years, which term will be also fixed for the complete transformation of the police into a civil body.

It is hoped that England will deal liberally with Ireland, and thus contribute to the Irish revenue, as Ireland will have no power to impose protective duties.

The Speaker's article is believed to have been inspired by a member of the Government, or by some one near to Mr. Gladstone.

GLADSTONE DARED TO PRAISE AN AMERICAN BOOK.

Some time ago, Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter to Douglas Campbell, an American, praising Campbell's history of "The Puritan in Holland, England and America." In this volume the author disparages the Elizabethan era—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the average Briton.

Prof. Goldwin Smith comes out in a vigorous protest against Gladstone, and says he is the friend of every country but his own.

The newspapers call him arrogant, insolent and a traitor, and say that his dislike of the British Empire is only excelled by his especial dislike for Englishmen proper. He himself is a Scotchman, and no Englishman has ever yet forgiven the criticism from that quarter. They announce plainly that he is the best-hated man in the country, and all because he said a kind word to an American who wrote the truth about England.

Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone, according to the latest reports from Biarritz, is in excellent health, and consumed with desire for the Home Rule fight. The only fear of his friends, and one which is very real and ever present, is that the

Grand Old Man will defy his medical advisers and insist upon leading the House of Commons as fully as he did ten years ago, and thus wear himself out in the coming session.

THE OBSTRUCTIONS TO HOME RULE.

Labouchere has served notice upon the party that there are other reforms beside Irish reforms to be accomplished at this session, and that they will be pushed by the supporters of Gladstone.

"Home Rule is all right, and they will do their duty in this connection, he says, but it must not be pushed to the exclusion of such reforms as the new registration bill and the "one-man one-vote" bill.

The day selected for the introduction of the Home Rule Bill has been fixed for February 6, which means that only four days will be allowed for the debate on the address.

Gladstone returns from Biarritz to-day, and the cabinet will meet to-morrow to resume the consideration of the bill. Every thing has practically been settled except the fixing of the amount of Ireland's contribution to the imperial revenue. The Irish party understands that failure is certain if they start burdened with heavy financial liabilities.

Gladstone recognizes this also, but it is difficult to see how the revenue can be cut down. If it is reduced it will be against Harcourt's earnest protest, who has certain large schemes of official reform in view. The lowering of the revenue from Ireland would be fatal to his plans.

WHAT CHIEF SECRETARY MORLEY IS TRYING TO DO.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien had a long interview with Mr. John Morley on Jan. 7. The object of the visit was to urge upon Mr. Morley the purchase of tracts of grazing land in Connaught as a solution of the difficult question that is presenting itself of caring for the unemployed in Dublin. They urged that these tracts of land should be secured by the Government, divided into small farms and then rented to tenants at fair rates. They claimed that this course would prevent laborers flocking to Dublin and would result in great benefit to the working classes. Mr. Morley listened attentively to the details of the project and promised that he would give it his close consideration.

On the same evening Mr. Morley made a speech that is noteworthy on account of its breathing of friendliness for the people of Ireland. In the course of his remarks he said that the Government was persuaded that migration was preferable to emigration, and that the Government would do its best to meet the wishes of the Irish, but he feared that it would be impossible to do anything in the matter during the coming session of Parliament.

Morley has introduced a remarkable innovation in the Government of Ireland by offering the appointment of Privy Councillors to Justin McCarthy, the leading member of the Irish party. McCarthy has consistently declined.

It is rumored that the Royal Irish Constabulary are hereafter to wear no side arms, and are to depend only upon a short club.

—The Pilot.

The Heroes of 1837-'38-'39.

On Saturday last a meeting of gentlemen who had been volunteers or members of the militia force in the Province of Lower Canada during the troubles of 1837-'38 and '39, was held at the office of Mr. J. H. Isaacson for the purpose of adopting steps to co-operate with similar movements now being adopted in various parts of Ontario and Quebec, the object of which is to obtain from the Imperial or Dominion Government some suitable recognition of the services rendered by them during that very critical period.

A committee was appointed to enter into correspondence and co-operate with Major R. R. McLennan, M. P. for Glengarry, who has recently published a pamphlet on the subject and who has in the course of his parliamentary duties taken a prominent part in the movement, and with others, with the view to secure immediate, prompt and united action.

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KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

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Has no second chance. The first sows his seeds — 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.

THE RAINBOW'S LESSON.

It was told in ancient legend,
That a treasure should be found
By the one who first discovered
Where the rainbow touched the ground;
And from thenceforth life forever,
Should for him with joy be crowned.

Many sought to win the treasure,
Pressing on with willing feet;
Heeding not the lengthened journey,
Pausing not for cold or heat;
Confident of one day resting
Where the earth and rainbow meet.

Hope forever led them onward,
Smoothed the thorny, toilsome way;
Cheered the weary, stirred the languid,
Helped them through the longest day;
While the rainbow in the heavens,
Flushed and paled in colors gay.

Useless quest! The rainbow faded;
Was the journey all in vain?
Ah! I think not, for the travelers
Sought not to return again.
They had learned that there are treasures
Better far than golden gain.

Hope had taught them faith and patience;
Led them gently by the hand
O'er a rude and thorny pathway
To a newer, fairer land,
Where the giver was the gainer
And the generous were the grand.

Each had hoped to win the treasure,
Careless of his brother's pain;
Till the fading rainbow taught them
Selfishness is ever vain;
And they saw with clearer vision,
Sacrifice alone is gain.

What they learned in toil and sorrow,
We have known from childhood's years;
Open hands are still the richest,
Kindest hearts have fewest fears;
And a loving Father leads them
Gently through this "Vale of tears."

Soon our Rainbow will have faded,
Let us learn its lessons sweet:
In the swiftly coming future
We its fruits may gladly greet,
When our faltering footsteps lead us
Where the earth and heaven meet.

E. S.

St. Mary's.

(We regret exceedingly that the writer of the above poem—a real gem—allows her humility to conquer all other feelings and declines to give her name. For the sake of our too scanty Canadian literature, we would advise her to not only give her name, but to continue writing—constantly and energetically.—Ed. RAINBOW.)

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS ABOUT GARNISHING DISHES.

If our "good plain cooks" could only be induced to garnish their dishes and serve them up daintily, they would be far more appetizing. This involves little labor after all, and is within the reach of every housekeeper. Parsley especially gives an edible look to even a dish of cold meat, and a box of it will grow easily in a sunny window all winter and requires little or no care. A few sprigs around a dish a little chopped up and sprinkled over fried potatoes or a beefsteak makes all the difference in the world in their appearance. Take up some nasturtium roots in the autumn, cut back the ends and the buds and in a few weeks they will begin to bloom again, giving you the prettiest decorations possible for your salads.

In fact you might have a regular little kitchen garden in pots and boxes with very little trouble, and it will be almost sure to interest and delight your cook. There are no end of things that make pretty garnishes for a dish. A few fried onions help out a beefsteak immensely; French chops look particularly nice if laid in orderly fashion around a neat hillock of mashed potatoes; a handful of watercress greatly helps the look of a roast of beef; croquettes served in a napkin look twice as well as if laid in a dish. A fragrant geranium leaf floating in the water of a finger bowl looks fresh and dainty.

THOUGHTS FOR GIRLS.

Somebody says: "Girls, don't house yourself during the winter months, hovering over fires, hanging over registers, reading weak stories and eating candy. Wrap up warmly and go out into the bracing air till your blood tingles and is

all aglow with fresh life. That is the true way to keep warm. You need vigor as much as learning, and far more than amusement. Be ready for your walk every day, unless it is storming, and see how much brighter and better you will be when spring comes than if you had treated yourself like a hot-house plant."

Every girl has three distinct lives to live, and on the observance, combination and due proportion of these lives depends the good that she may leave behind her in the world. They are:

- I. Her life to herself.
- II. Her life to her family.
- III. Her life to the community.

It is certain, to begin with, that in each of these three there must be some settled plan of action.

That girl who lives on from day to day in an idle, desultory manner, with no aim in view but amusement, makes her life, instead of a great, harmonious whole, a miserable failure—the life which has been given to her as very precious, and as something to be rendered strict account of on a day to come.

AN AWKWARD REMARK.

"Mamma, please can I have some more pudding?" said Freddy.

"No, dear, you must save the remainder for dinner to-morrow."

Just then Susan came in to clear away the dinner things.

"Have you washed the glass globes in the drawing-room, Susan?" inquired her mistress.

"No, won't that do to-morrow, ma'am?"

"No, Susan; how many more times am I to tell you never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day?"

Freddy was listening attentively all the time.

The next day at dinner the pudding was missing.

"Freddy, do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, mamma; I ate it yesterday. You know you said at dinner yesterday, 'Never put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day.'"

A COSY CUSTOM.

In certain London restaurants each customer is allowed to make his (or her) own tea. The waitress lights the gas burner, which is affixed to each table, and sets thereon a silver kettle. Then she presents to the tea maker a silver caddy divided into compartments, and offering a choice of Souchong, Ceylon or green tea.

ARTISTIC AS WELL AS USEFUL.

The round-topped trunk has gone out of fashion, for the reason, the manufacturer tells us, that the trunk has so often to be part of the furniture of the room. The flat-topped trunk may have an expensive or rich cover laid over the top, with a cushion beneath, and make an ornamental if somewhat elevated seat. The front and sides of the trunk, may be hidden by a valance attached to the cushion. If not desired for a seat, a trunk that is not too large may be made to look like the treasure chest of a prince by fitting to it a covering of dark velvet, ornamented with bands of light-colored leather, applied with gold, copper and silver threads.

BROILING.

Broiling is the most expeditious mode of cooking, and it is also one of the best for meat that is in proper cooking condition, but for meat that is not, it is of all processes the worst. The reason is that being performed upon slices and not masses of meat, a high temperature is required to cook the meat before it becomes too much dried, and this of itself is sufficiently apt to toughen the meat without the assistance of other unfavorable conditions. Broiling requires a strong, glowing fire, without flame or smoke. If the fire is not quite in the state, and there is no time to wait until it "burns through," the flame may be subdued by sprinkled salt upon the coals. The gridiron, or double-wire broiler, should be first heated and then rubbed with a piece of suet or other fat to prevent the meat sticking to it. The slices to be broiled should be cut of an even thickness, not much less than from one to two inches, lest they be dried and hardened, nor more than two inches, else they will be still raw in the interior while the outside is half burnt. Beating them with a rolling pin (recommended by some writers and practiced by many cooks) is decidedly bad. It ruptures the juice vessels and

occasions a loss of gravy. If the fact can be demonstrated to the cook that meat can be made tender by softening the fibres with the action of a little vinegar, there will be no reason why she should send a tough steak to the table. All she has to do is to turn it over four or five times in a couple of hours on a plate containing a small quantity of vinegar, olive oil and pepper, instead of trying to make it tender by battering it with a rolling pin or cleaver, and so forcing out the greater part of its juices. The article broiled, especially if it be juicy, such as a beefsteak, should be turned very frequently; this not only insures it being cooked equally on both sides, but prevents the expulsion of the juice on the upper side. All broiled meats should be served the moment they are cooked.—Martha J. Bates in Food.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Devout Clients to the Rosary.

It goes without saying that all the Saints have been faithful servants of Mary: we might fill pages with the names and incidents in the lives of those who had a special devotion to the Rosary.

St. Charles Borromeo had the most fervent devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and never a day passed that he did not recite the beads. He was fond of recommending the practice to his penitents, and had in his Cathedral a chapel and confraternity of the Rosary. He experienced great consolation from the daily recital of this garland of sweet salutations to the Queen of Heaven, it seemed to dispel every doubt, dissolve every perplexity—it was a panacea for all the ills of that great soul, for the greater the soul the broader its capacity for suffering.

St. Philip Neri was another of the illustrious sons of the Church who was seldom seen during leisure hours without the Ave Maria on his lips, or a Rosary in his hand. On one memorable occasion he said to those about him: "Know, my children and believe me who knows it that there is no way more powerful to obtain favors from God than through the prayers of the Blessed Virgin."

St. Francis de Sales had a wonderful love for the Mother of God, a sensible devotion that found expression in the most endearing terms. He was wont to speak of her as a simple, affectionate child of a mother dearly cherished. He called her the "joy of his heart," and early in life made a vow to recite her beads daily, a promise which he faithfully kept. No matter how late the hour, or how great his fatigue he never allowed that day to pass on which it could be said of him that he had not recited the Rosary.

St. John Berchmans was heart and soul devoted to Mary calling her his "sweet mother" and finding his greatest pleasure and recreation in the invocation of her name through the mysteries of the Rosary. In our own times, when, though charity seems to have grown cold, there still glows and burns an unquenchable fire of faith and love in the souls of countless servants of Our Lady, honored names crowd thick and fast upon the memory as types of her unswerving champions and faithful clients.

The Cure of Ars—Father Lacordaire—Frederick Ozanam, Montalbert, Ratisbonne, Father Herman, Monsieur Dupont, Don Bosco, Pius IX, Garcia Moreno—for all these, devotion to Mary was a prominent characteristic, her Rosary the solace and companion of their hours of care, their recreation in brief moments of leisure.

And where in the history of Christianity do we read of a more zealous promoter of this beautiful devotion, a more fervent client of the Rosary than Leo XIII, our saintly pope, now gloriously reigning? He has given a new impetus to the Rosary, now promised to belong as distinctively to Our Lady as the month of May. Thus in the words of one whose lips have long since mingled with the dust, but who in his short, bright life was wont to chant the praises of the Mother whom he tenderly loved, we can fitly say:

"So will the love of Mary continue to swell and throb in the vast arteries of humanity, the veins of true Christians—thus shall Catholicism cause it to overflow lips and hearts. Fervent invocations beloved pilgrimages, heroic virtues, sublime devotedness, resound in an immense concert echoing from North to South, from East to West, to accomplish the strange prophecy which fell

from the lips of the Lily of Israel, ages ago:

"All generations shall called me blessed."—X. Y. Z.—In the Poor Soul's Advocate.



Mrs. H. D. West of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

\$200 Worth

Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with

Erysipelas

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Four bottles has done more for me than \$200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known. Mrs. H. D. WEST, Church Street, Cornwallis, N. S.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, &c.

A PRIZE REBUS

A Gift for Everybody Answering this Puzzle Correctly.



\$100 IN CASH.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to get a pail of

In the above well-known Rhyme the word "Water" is missing, and is to be found concealed in the above cut of Jack and Jill. The publishers of Our Young People will give \$100 in Cash to the person who first can find the word "Water" in the above picture. To the second word "Water" in the above picture. To the third a fine Silver Watch. To the fourth an elegant Five O'Clock Silver Tea Service. To the fifth an imported Music Box. To the sixth a Simplex Typewriter. A Solid Gold Ring to each of the next two correct answers. A \$5 Gold Piece to the next three. A gold brooch to each of the next ten correct answers. A committee consisting of five teachers from the public schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the judges in the award of prizes.

Each contestant is to cut out the Rebus and make a cross with a leadpencil on the five letters (Water) and send same to us with ten three-cent stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one year's subscription to Our Young People, which is a large, beautiful, fully illustrated 16 page magazine. A beautiful Engraving "The First Kiss" will be sent free by return mail to every answer received. Remember that you get the paper for an entire year and a chance for one or more of the prizes. This is your opportunity and if you delay you will miss and regret it. We will give to the last 20 correct answers received each a handsome Souvenir Spoon of Columbus.

READER IT IS FOR YOU TO SAY whether or not you will have Our Young People as a regular visitor at your home for the next year, and a chance of winning one of the above prizes. If you are not perfectly satisfied with your investment after receiving the first copy of Our Young People you can have your money back. Isn't this fair?

The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first post-mark will receive first reward and the balance in order as received. Be sure and answer to-day and enclose 30 cents and you will receive the best value you ever did for the money. Address (E) OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, King Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

A QUEBEC MIRACLE.

A CASE THAT HAS ASTONISHED THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

Thos. Crotty's Remarkable Recovery— Helplessness, Tortured and Deformed by Inflammatory Rheumatism—Taken to his Home from a Hospital to Die when Relief Comes— The Particulars of the Case as Investigated by a Telegraph Reporter.

The Telegraph, Quebec.

It is admitted on all sides that this is an age of wonders, and there is no reason why wonders should not be accomplished in medical as well as in other branches of scientific research. Of late scarcely a week passes but what we read in Canadian and American newspapers of remarkable cures accomplished through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We confess that we have not paid much attention to their worth until lately, when more than one marvellous cure in our midst has been brought to our attention, convincing us, as well as others, of the priceless value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among the cases thus brought to our notice is one which we consider our bounden duty to chronicle. The case is that of Mr. Thomas Crotty, a young man well known in the city of Quebec, who has been brought back from the very brink of the grave to restored health. The subject of this sketch is the son of Mr. Thomas Crotty, who resides at No. 63 St. Patrick street. Thos. Crotty, jr., is 29 years of age and for the past eight years has been a martyr to inflammatory rheumatism, in fact so much so that for the past he has been a deformed cripple. Last winter he was removed to the Hotel Dieu Hospital for treatment. Every day he gradually grew worse, and his sufferings, according to the good sisters in charge, were excruciating. The very flesh left his body; and from his chest downwards became paralyzed. His arms and legs were twisted into a misshapen condition, and the poor fellow was an object of pity to look upon. During the month of May last he became blind and deaf, and was unable to move even his head without causing intense pain. His digestive organs refused to act, and the only nourishment he could partake was milk and that had to be given him with a spoon, and at one time his mouth had to be forced open while the poor fellow was being spoon-fed. Finally his life was despaired of by the attending physicians, Drs. Vallee, Catellier and Turcotte, who admitted that they could do nothing for him, and said that his death was only a matter of time. When Crotty's mother heard this she determined on bringing her son home to die. Consequently, on the 24th of May last, the patient was wrapped up in flannels and taken to his parents' home by means of the city ambulance. After an elapse of two weeks his sight returned but otherwise his condition was apparently growing worse. It was at this juncture that the members of the family had their attention arrested by one of the remarkable cures published in the Telegraph, resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Crotty asked his mother to procure some. The good woman never for a moment thought they would be of any use, but determined to gratify him. By the time the second box was used it was seen that there was a very slight change for the better, and this gave hope to persist in the use of the Pink Pills, and Crotty continued taking them until he was brought so often to the attention of the Telegraph, that we determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, and one of our reporters was despatched to see Crotty, who we knew very well for years, as he was one of the first boys, when the Telegraph was started twenty years ago, to sell the paper, and we have known him ever since and watched his enterprising career, and the majority of the citizens of Quebec will recognize in him Thomas Crotty, the book agent.

MR. CROTTY'S STATEMENT.

When it was found that Crotty was getting better it was decided to remove

him again to the Hotel Dieu Hospital, and there our reporter found him reading a newspaper and looking quite cheerful, and apparently far from the grave. In the course of a long interview Mr. Crotty corroborated what the reporter had already heard adding that he never expected to be alive at present, and his friends who saw him alive last May entertained the same opinion. Said Crotty: "I owe my life to Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills. It is well known in this city that I have suffered with inflammatory rheumatism for the past eight years, but no one but myself can know the agony I suffered, because it is indescribable. I often prayed to be relieved by death. On the 24th of May last when the doctors gave me up I was taken home and I was resigned to meet death as a pleasure, but kind Providence had willed it otherwise. It was then that I came across one of those wonderful cures through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to try them. At my solicitation my mother got some, and, strange to say, before I had been taking them very long I felt difference in my condition. This encouraged me, and continuing their use, I could feel that the blood which had left off coursing through my veins was once more circulating. As time went on the terrible pains began to ease and my appetite began to return, and I found that I was being brought back from the grave to a new life. My legs and arms, which had been paralyzed, began to stow life and I now became sensitive to the least draught of air. I then thought that I would be better in the hospital and was again brought back, and am improving in health and strength every day. The doctors have not interfered with my taking Pink Pills, though they first examined them very curiously."

Crotty showed the reporter how his once deformed limbs were regaining their proper shape. There is a stiffness still in the joints of his knees and wrists, which is only to be expected after his years of suffering, but in other respects he is a healthy man, eating well and sleeping well. The good sisters in charge of the hospital agree that he is cured through the agency of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills, and every day they bring visitors to see the patient and the wonderful cure which has been accomplished by this remarkable remedy, which is to-day acknowledged to be one of the greatest achievements of modern science.

The reporter called at the residence of Mr. Crotty's parents and his story was fully corroborated by Mrs. Crotty, an intelligent woman, who expressed in warm terms the gratitude she felt at her son's restoration from a life of agony, from, in fact, a living death.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar for the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure 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 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

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

ANOTHER TRIUMPH!

THE GOOD WORK GOES ON!

THE WONDERFUL LETTERS ALL COME FROM CANADIANS.

A Marvellous Cure After Ordinary Means Fail!

GLADNEWS FROM OTTAWA



FREDERICK FINTER.

A few short months ago Mr. Frederick Finter, of Cedar Gate, Ottawa, Ont., suffered excruciating agony. His case was a very critical one; his hopes of life were very feeble and slim. The skill of experienced medical men was of no avail; and, the ordinary and every-day patent medicines gave no measure of relief. Mr. Finter thanks God for his wonderful and almost miraculous deliverance from death through the agency of Paine's Celery Compound. Mr. Finter's letter, which is dated December 22, 1892, reads as follows:—

"I consider it a duty to acknowledge the great good that I derived from your valuable remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. For four years I endured terrible agony and misery owing to pains in my head and chest. Life was a burden to me, and no living mortal could attempt to describe my sufferings. I was treated by doctors and used many patent medicines, but nothing gave me relief until I used your Paine's Celery Compound. I thank God for the day it was brought to my notice in the Ottawa papers. I have taken three bottles of the medicine; and, to-day I can truly say, that I feel like a new man. I feel certain that if the suffering people of Canada would only try Paine's Celery Compound, they would be cured. I will recommend the remedy whenever I have the opportunity, as it is the best ever given to sufferers."

FREDERICK FINTER.

Mr. Finter is vouched for and recommended by the Rev. W. W. Quicke, rector of St. David's Church, Ottawa.

St. Patrick's T. A. & R. Society.

A special meeting of the above society was held at St. Patrick's after Grand Mass on Sunday. Hon. Senator Murphy presided, and amongst those present were Messrs. Thos. Latimer, A. Brogan, N.P., P. Doyle, M. Sharkey, T. P. Tansey, A. Martin, Jas. Connaughton, Jas. Milloy, John H. Feeley, P. J. Reynolds, F. J. M. Collins, J. J. Costigan, Jas. Tierney, John Walsh, W. P. Doyle and about thirty others. The chairman made a short address, in the course of which he feelingly referred to the death of the late M. P. Ryan, who was for a number of years an active member and had for a term filled the position of president. A motion of condolence was moved by Mr. P. Doyle, and seconded by Mr. Jas. Connaughton, and after the transaction of some routine business, the meeting was adjourned to Sunday next.

THE HOME RULE FUND.

Since our last issue we have send the following list of additional subscribers to the Home Fund, viz:—

- Patrick Kennedy, M. L. A..... \$20.00
- C. F. Smith..... 10.00
- Michael Burke..... 10.00
- Walter Kavanagh..... 10.00

Any sum of from one dollar upward, will be thankfully accepted and duly acknowledged if sent to this office or to the Hon. Edward Murphy, Treasurer of the Fund.

Catarrh in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to effect a cure—



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 New Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor 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 PORTER DRUG 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 PASTER.

GEO. R. HEASLEY,

2087 St. Catherine Street.

Two Doors East of Bleury.

PAINTS and Artists' Materials. PICTURE FRAMING a Specialty. LUSH GOODS. LATE MIRRORS. PHOTO FRAMES. PHOTO ALBUMS. CASELS, MUSIC RACKS, Etc. LATED WARE of all kinds, CUTLERY, Etc.

PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

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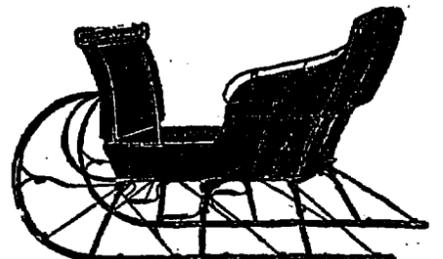
DISPENSING CHEMIST,

107 Colborne Street.

(Near Ottawa Street.)

Always on hand, an assortment of pure Drugs and Chemicals; also a choice assortment of Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY. 21L



SLEIGHS AND CARIOLES

Of all kinds. Pony Sleighs of all sizes. Speeding Sleighs. Very Light Driving Sleighs, Family Sleighs, Express and Delivery Sleighs, Farmers' Sleighs. Hundreds to choose from. Modern Styles, nicely finished. Comfortable, good, cheap. Special discounts to Cash buyers, customers at a distance and on all mail orders.

It Will Pay You to Remember the Place

LATIMER,

592, 594, 596 St. Paul St., MONTREAL. 21

A LEGEND OF OLD ENGLAND.

When England was the Isle of Saints,
In old Northumberland
A Benedictine convent stood
Beside the sea-worn strand,
In sacred choir the Sisterhood
Sent up their chant in prayer;
But one, the sweetest voice of all,
Is heard no longer there.
Their youngest and their dearest one
Lies on the bed of death,
And now they all assemble there
To watch her parting breath.
She rests serene and motionless,
Unconscious she has grown—
They almost deem the happy soul
From earth to heaven flown.

But suddenly her eyes unclose,
They beam with radiance bright;
"Dear Sisters," softly murmurs she,
"Oh pray remove the light!"
"The blessed candle, put it out?"
No, that may never be!
She raves, she knows not what she says!
The Sisterhood agree.
She turns to them with heavenly smile,
"O Sisters, could you know
The glory that now meets my view,
You would not sorrow so.
Could you but know what I now see—
The blessed glorious sight—
The little candle's feeble ray
You would not call a light.
And yet it seems to come between
My blessed Lord and me;
Its feeble gleam I cannot bear,
It seems like mockery.
Before my eyes my Love, my King,
In all His glory stands,
Surrounded by His royal court,
His shining angel bands.
He waits for me, I go to Him!
Already in my sight
Celestial glory is revealed;
I need no earthly light."

Ave Maria.

AT THE FIRESIDE.

Who knows how far a word may travel? When it leaves us it is gone forever. It has floated away into the blue heaven on wings of its own, and we cannot recall it if we would. It has set new thoughts stirring in a score of hearts, and will travel on in multiplying till the ears of men are full of it.

Only religious faith can guide through the shoals of mood—the fell darkness of eclipse—and give patience to wait for the returning light. There are many days of darkness to be lived through in most lives; but, if we hold the little clue in our hand, waiting until God's message shall tremble along the cord, there is no danger of total eclipse.

Would you be happy? Then go to work: the indolent are never happy. The sour, morose, bitter fellow is generally the lazy, shiftless, purposeless man. It is industry which makes the world hum, not only with prosperity, but with that blessed cheerfulness which crowns life with perpetual sunshine.

No man lives to himself; he could not if he would. The covetous man has a miser for his son, the light woman has a daughter hastening towards the way of shame, the unclean man poisons a workshop with his treacherous imagination, the drunkard infects a whole neighborhood with his vices, the swearer finds his little child, scarce out of babyhood, uttering bestial oaths, and shaping his tiny lips in the blasphemies which are the common speech of the house in which he lives.

A friend was visiting a lighthouse lately, and said to the keeper, "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in." "No," replied the man, "I am not afraid. We never think ourselves here." "Never think yourselves! How is that?" The reply was a good one. "We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps burning brightly and keeping the reflectors clean, so that those in danger may be saved." Merely—Accustom yourselves to think of others betimes, and learn to be unselfish.

Catarh in the Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

Bilks—Will you lend me \$10?
Silks—What for?
Bilks—For sixty or ninety days.—
Detroit Free Press.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.
"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used
ST. JACOBS OIL
and it completely cured. I give it all praise."
MRS. WM. RYDER.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

WHAT IS

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER

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

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

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

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

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

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

G. DESROSIERS, M. D.
St-Félix de Valois, January, 18th 1886.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

THE MOUNT-ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore the Province of Quebec Lottery. (Authorized by the Legislature.)
BIG PRIZES PAID BY THIS LOTTERY:

DATES.	NAMES.	ADDRESSES.	AMOUNTS.
18 August, 1890	D. A. Layton	Folly Village, N. S.	\$ 5,000 00
12 September	John Godie	Montreal	1,250 00
8 October	J. Harris & Son	"	250 00
12 November	Leon Trudeau	"	250 00
10 December	J. P. McGill	Ottawa	250 00
13	Dame Leon Gareau	"	1,250 00
1891			
10 January	E. Lusher	Montreal	500 00
14 February	Hon. A. Turcotte	"	1,250 00
11 March	L. A. Clary	Penetanguishene, Ont.	250 00
18 May	A. D. Cameron	Lancaster	250 00
13	Anonymous	Montreal	5,000 00
15 July	Wm. Boag	"	5,000 00
6 August	Justinien Benoit	Weedon, P. Q.	15,000 00
5	Alfred Myette	Montreal	250 00
19	N. D. McCallum	Carlton Place, Ont.	15,000 00
21	N. J. McCallum	Montreal	500 00
18 September	Bank of Montreal	"	250 00
18	Simon Lesage	"	5,000 00
25	Ludwig Yurs	Allan Park, Ont.	500 00
7 October	Nicholas Kearney	Montreal	250 00
4 November	E. W. Hillman	Ottawa	500 00
6	False address given	"	500 00
18	R. P. Eaton	Boston, Mass.	500 00
2 December	Honore Brodeur	Montreal	15,000 00
2	L. V. Beaudry	Valcourt Ely, P. Q.	250 00
1892			
8 February	Vital Raparie	Montreal	250 00
17	F. X. James	Trenton, Ont.	250 00
17	Jno. Malcolmson	Toronto	2,500 00
2 March	Fourth National Bank	Louisville, Ky.	500 00
18	Nap. Cormier	Contrecoeur	500 00
18	Molson's Bank	Ridgetown, Ont.	2,500 00
4 May	Mary Donovan	Montreal	15,000 00
18	Anonymous	"	250 00
1 June	Charles Cyr	Republic, Mich.	250 00
1	Louis Roy	Montreal	125 00
15	Geo. Cann	Toronto	125 00
6 July	T. J. Winship	Montreal	250 00
8	Jos. Ducloux	"	3,750 00
8 August	Nap. D'Amour	"	125 00
3	Jno. P. Wilkes	Portland, Maine	250 00
3	Miss G. Lebeau	Montreal	625 00
3	Dr. N. C. Cattanaach	Dunhouse Mills, Ont.	15,000 00
17	E. A. Bruce	"	312 50
17	T. Beaugrand	Montreal	576 00
21 September	Alex. Newlands	"	312 50
21	Dame Cyrille Lafortune	"	500 00
5 October	T. Murray	Paris, Ont.	625 00
19	J. B. Wood	Buckingham, P. Q.	2,500 00
19	Isaie Daze	Montreal	1,250 00
2 November	Ph. Routhier	Point St. Charles	625 00
2	R. J. Noller	Newmarket, Ont.	125 00
18	T. Martel	Montreal	125 00
7 December	Dame V. Duguet	"	250 00
7	Anonymous	"	3,750 00
24	Garand, Terroux & Co.	"	625 00
24	Dan. J. McQuaig	Ottawa	3,750 00

Drawings on first and third Wednesday of every month. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager.
Office, 21 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, ETC.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—
Patent Spring.....\$4.25 @ 4.35
Patent Winter.....4.10 @ 4.25
Straight Roller.....3.80 @ 3.75
Extra.....3.10 @ 3.25
Superfine.....2.70 @ 2.80
Fine.....2.35 @ 2.50
City Strong Bakers.....4.00 @ 4.15
Manitoba Bakers.....3.50 @ 4.10
Ontario bags—extra.....1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers.....2.00 @ 2.05
Superfine.....1.30 @ 1.45
Fine.....1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.00 to \$4.05; Standard \$3.80 to \$3.95. In bags, granulated \$2.00 to \$2.05, and standard \$1.90 to \$1.95.

Mill Feed.—For bran, sales reported at \$13.50 to \$14.00. Shorts are steady \$14.50 to \$15.50, and moullie at \$19 to \$22.

Wheat.—No 2 hard Manitoba has advanced 2c to 3c per bushel at Port Arthur, where it is quoted at 85c to 86c. No. 2 hard is quoted at 85c to 86c for spring shipment afloat Montreal. It has sold in car lots at North Bay at 80c to 81c.

Corn.—Teh market is quiet and purely nominal at 80c to 82c, duty paid.

Peas.—The market is quiet at 70c to 71c per 65 lbs.

Oats.—Car lots of No. 2 mixed and white have been sold on track at 31c per 34 lbs., but holders are asking 31c to 31c 10-day.

Barley.—Sales of No. 1 Ontario have been made in the West at 46c to 45c f. o. b. Feed barley is quoted at 39c to 42c.

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

Rye.—A lot of 10,000 bushels sold in the West at 50c f. o. b.

Buckwheat.—The market is quiet at 48c to 50c; with sales in the West at 42c f. o. b.

Seeds.—Timothy is quoted at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per 100 lbs. Red clover is firm at \$15 per 100 lbs; mammoth clover, \$15.25 to \$15.50 per 100 lbs, and white clover \$24 per 100 lbs. Flax seed is steady at 90c to \$1.00. Timothy is enquired for.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—
Canada short cut mess pork per brl. \$29 50 @ 21 50
Canada clear mess, per brl. 20 00 @ 21 50
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl. 00 00 @ 00 00
Mess pork, American, new, per brl. 23 00 @ 21 25
India mess beef, per tierce 00 00 @ 00 00
Extra Mess beef, per brl. 00 00 @ 12 50
Hams, city cured, per lb. 12 1/2 @ 14 00
Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 10 @ 10 1/2
Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 11 1/2 @ 12 00
Bacon, per lb. 12 @ 12 1/2
Shoulders, per lb. 11 @ 11 1/2

Dressed Hogs.—Sales of car loads having transpired at \$8.80 to \$8.65 for car lots.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:
Creamery choice fall.....22 1/2 cts @ 23c
do good to fine.....21 1/2 cts @ 22c
Eastern Township dairy, choice fall.....24 1/2 cts @ 25c
do do good to fine.....00c @ 20c
Morrisonburg & Brockville.....19c to 21c
Western.....17c to 19c

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

Roll Butter.—Rolls have sold at 17c to 18c for good to fine Western and at 18c to 20c for good to choice Morrisonburg in baskets.

Cheese.—Sales of under grades have been made at 10c to 11c, and finest Western are quoted at 11c to 11 1/2c.

SPEEDY RELIEF FOR COUP.

Gentlemen,—I have a little boy of 5, whose greatest trouble is the croup, and I find that Hagyard's Yellow Oil gives speedy relief, therefore I take pleasure in recommending it to the public. Mrs. L. H. Baldwin, Oakland, Ont.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE MERRY JESTERS.

Mr. Bloom (reading)—The diamond is the most refractory substance known.
Mrs. Bloom—Yes, I know. I haven't been able to lay hands on one since we've been married.—Jeweller's Weekly.

"How did he come to marry such a comely girl?"
"For her brains. She gave him a pair of suspenders, once, that had elastic in them."—Washington Star.

Waiter (to grumpy customer)—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?
Customer (with asperity)—Yes, sir; I've forgotten more than you ever knew.—Puck.

"So you want to marry Emma—but she is my only daughter."
"Oh, that's all right, sir. I only want one."—Life.

"What would you like best for a Christmas gift?" asked Skidls of his best girl.
"Are engagement rings very expensive?" she replied shyly.—Judge.

Mistress—How is it that I saw a policeman hugging you in the kitchen last night?
Maid—I don't know, mum, unless you was peepin' through the keyhole.—Modern Society.

Winks—"See that fellow on a bicycle—all doubled up like a jack-knife."
Jinks—"Yes; he's on pleasure bent."—New York Weekly.

A Warning—He—"If you were not so tall I'd propose to you."
She—"If you did, you'd see how short I could be."—Harper's Bazar.

De Jones—"My poor little mother never had any advantages. She only knew me when she was too old to benefit by it."—Harper's Bazar.

He—"You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in the world than money."
She—"Quite true; but it takes money to buy them."—Tit-Bits.

Tourist—"I see you have fitted up your scarecrows with hoes and rakes, so as to look like men working in the field. That's a good idea."
Farmer—"Yes, siree. Scares away tramps."—New York Weekly.

Son—"Papa, what do sailors mean when they talk about sea-board?"
Father—"Hard-tack and other indigestible food, I suppose."—Detroit Free Press.

Miggles—"Simpson is very regular in his attendance at church now?"
Wiggles—"Yes, the children in the flat are so noisy he can't get a wink of sleep at home."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Oppenstrauss—"My frent, dot ring is wort five hundred tollers, and I let you haf it for sixty-five."
Jones—"But it has the initial letter 'W' on it."
Oppenstrauss—"My frent, dot ring is such a bargain it would pay you to haf your name changed."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

WAR WELL WAGED.

What greater enemy of mankind than disease, and what nobler work than to fight against this death dealing enemy of humanity. The most successful war against disease is being steadily carried on by Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, biliousness, etc., cannot resist its powers.

It is not often that a woman has her head completely turned, but passing by another woman's new bonnet gives the head a good twist.

TRULY RECOMMENDED.

Gentlemen,—I can truly recommend Haggard's Pectoral Balsam for all coughs and colds. Less than one bottle cured my brother of a severe cold. Miss Maggie Thompson, Vasey, Ont.

There is a high scientific authority for the belief that a lobster may attain the age of a thousand years. We don't doubt it. Our experience of some imported tinned lobsters confirms this estimate.

PRISONERS LIBERATED.

Many who have been confined to their beds for years by rheumatism, lame back and kidney complaints, have been liberated from their sad prisons by the wonderful regulating and purifying action of Burdock Blood Bitters, which drives out the acrid poison from the blood and restores health to the afflicted.

Chicago is probably the largest Catholic city in the world.

Sir Charles Russell, Q. C., M. P., has contributed \$500 to the Manning memorial fund.

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.



Can Hardly Believe It. XII

JERSEYVILLE, ILL., May 30, 1898.
I take pleasure to let you know that my boy is still all right; he has not had any of the spasms since about March 20. The people can hardly believe it from the fact that he had as many as 16 a day or more. He was a very nervous child all his life, but did not show any signs of spasms until last December, after which they came in regular succession, and I had 3 doctors attending who could do nothing for him, nor even tell us what was the matter. I had despaired of his ever getting well, until I got Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After taking not quite a bottleful he got quite well and has not had the least sign of spasms since.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. E. LEYTON,
JAS. HARTY, Priest.

I testify to the facts as stated above to be strictly true.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1874 and now prepared under his direction by the

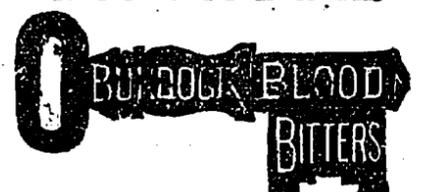
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Our Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.

In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence Street.

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

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 Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

For Sale by all Dealers.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

Adapted from the French, by the Author of "Tyborne."

What is it? Who is creeping on tiptoe in the farmyard at this hour?

A big star in the sky looked down and said:

"Where are you going, little Annie, all alone, before the dawn?"

"You know very well, beautiful star, for you are God's eye. I am going to gather flowers for the Infant Jesus."

"What! so early, little Annie! All are still asleep in the village; the horses in the stables, the dog in his kennel, the cocks and hens, the little birds, even the flowers. Go back to bed."

"No; I must be here soon to milk the cows, and I am going a long way off to find flowers for the Infant Jesus. It is his feast-day, and all the school-girls are going to bring flowers; and the priest said that the Infant Jesus would smile on the one that brought the best. I have no garden like the others where I can find flowers, but I will also offer a lovely bouquet to the Infant Jesus."

She stole along barefooted for fear of waking the cock, who would wake up the dog, who would have aroused the farm-boy, who would have cried out:

"Little Annie, where are you going so early?"

So she crept out gently and ran as fast as her feet would take her—white, pink, blue and gold, and on each sparkled like a diamond a drop of dew.

"Here are flowers, little Annie, in plenty."

"No; the goats have trodden them under foot; the goat herds come as high as this. I will have flowers that are rare and beautiful for the Infant Jesus."

"Courage, then, little Annie; climb up higher still." But the way grew more rugged and the rocks were bare.

"Where are the flowers?"

"Oh!" said little Annie, "this road is good. It leads to heaven. At the top of the mountain heaven is close by. There I shall find flowers, lovely flowers for the Infant Jesus."

And she climbed higher and higher still—not an herb, not even moss; rocks as she could toward the mountain.

"What are you going to now, little Annie?"

"The garden flowers are beautiful, but they are not mine; the flowers of the field are pretty, but men and cattle walk over them. I am going to the top of the mountain—there will be flowers that belong to no one, and which must be beautiful, the most beautiful of all, for they grow near Paradise."

And little Annie ran as fast as she could. As she climbed the mountain side the sun rose.

"Out already, little Annie!" said he; "where are you going?"

"To the top of the mountain to gather beautiful flowers for the Infant Jesus."

The morning breeze met her, and tossed her golden hair.

She climbed the hard rocks, not minding the pain to her little bare feet. A thousand little flowers bloomed at her bare and slippery feet. She crept on her hands and feet, and reached the summit.

"Where are the beautiful flowers, Annie?" Oh, here is one—a little flower white and simple—full and simple, like her faith.

"Well done, little Annie. First flower for the Infant Jesus."

Her little feet were tired; her little hands were bruised; but hope shone in her eyes. She went on further. "Oh, here is the bower in blossom. Symbol of hope, Annie; second flower for the Infant Jesus."

On, on again. Two flowers are not enough for a bouquet. The drops rolled

from her forehead; her feet were bleeding. Here, in the midst of thorns, blooms a lovely flower. She sprang forward. A thorn wounded her finger. The pink flower became deep red.

"Charity, Annie. Third flower for the Infant Jesus." Her bouquet was complete. It is beautiful. Will the Infant Jesus smile?

Now, quite happy, she turned to descend the mountain, when she heard a gentle voice:

"Where are you going, little Annie? Let me see that beautiful bouquet." A lovely child was standing by her side; his eyes were heavily blue. Is it the scene that makes rays of light round his head?

"Are they not beautiful?" she cried. "I have gathered them for the Infant Jesus."

"Give them to me, little Annie. The Infant Jesus shall have them. I will offer them to Him," and his eyes shone.

"But what shall I give Him, then? No, dear little one; really I cannot let you."

"Give them to me, little Annie." And it seemed as if he was going to cry.

"Don't cry," said she. "Take them; carry them to the Infant Jesus."

A single tear fell from her eyes upon the deep red flower.

"Thanks! thanks, little Annie." And the lovely child disappeared.

Half sad, half joyful, Annie descended the mountain.

The village was awake. Cocks, dogs, horses and cows, the farm boy and the farmer. The birds carolled in the trees; the great bell rang out from the tower, and the sun was high in the heavens.

Little Annie crept in without being seen. "Little Annie! Little Annie! it is time to arise!"

Out rang the bell; the children were hastening to church with their bouquets in their hands.

"Farmer, please let me go and see the flowers offered to the Infant Jesus."

"Go, Little Annie, and make haste back."

She ran to the church. Oh, what beautiful bouquets! and where is her own? All the flowers are offered—laid at the foot of the altar. Hers is not there—the Infant Jesus has not smiled.

"Go up, Annie, it is your turn," says a gentle voice.

"I have nothing!" she murmured, red with confusion.

"Draw near, little Annie, draw near," said the gentle voice. She went, but so ashamed she dare not raise her eyes.

"Look up," said the voice.

"What? There is on the altar the lovely child with eyes of heavenly blue. Is it the sun that makes the rays play about the head? No; the rays are not from the sun."

It is the little Infant Jesus. In his right Hand, instead of a sceptre, He holds three flowers—one white, one blue, just opening, and one red, deep red; on the last sparkled a tear.

Simple faith, artless hope, love of God and her neighbor. These were the three flowers of the mountain.

Oh, see! little Annie; see, Jesus looks on thee and smiles.—Ave Maria.

Consumption
is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful
Food Medicine, Scott's Emulsion
which is now in high repute the world over.

"CAUTION."—Beware of an substitute. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

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

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 1878, by an over-
whelming popular vote.

To Continue Until January 1, 1895.
Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS
take place Semi-Annually (June and De-
cember), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER
DRAWINGS take place in each of the other
ten months of the year, and are all drawn
in public, at the Academy of Music, New
Orleans, La.

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

Attested as follows:
"We do hereby certify that we superintend the arrange-
ments for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings
of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in per-
son manage and control the Drawings themselves, and
that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and
in good faith toward all parties and we authorize the
Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our
signatures attached, in its advertisements."

John J. Gaudin
J. A. Early
M. A. Hebble
Commissioners

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

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
J. H. O'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, FEBRUARY 7, 1893.

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

Table with columns for Prize Amount, Quantity, and Total Value. Includes categories like PRIZES OF \$10,000, \$5,000, \$1,000, etc.

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

Send Money by Express at our Expense
in Sums not less than Five Dollars,
on which we will pay all charges, and we prepay Ex-
press Charges on TICKETS and LISTS OF PRIZES for
warded to correspondents.

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.

ATTENTION—The present charter of the Louisiana
State Lottery Company, which is part of the Constitu-
tion 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 CORNAD, President; that
it is endorsed with the signatures of Generals G. T.
BAYARD, J. A. EARLY, and W. L. CAWLEY, 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

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.

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 Sup-
ply Co., Cooperstown, N. Y.

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,
Dates of Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1893: - - - Jan. 4 and 18.
PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. - CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00

LIST OF PRIZES table with columns for Prize Description, Amount, and Total Value. Includes categories like 1 Prize worth \$3,750.00, 2 Prizes worth \$1,250.00, etc.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS
TICKETS, 10 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.

All the Nutritious Constituents of Prime Beef



are preserved in
An invaluable Food for all who need strong
Nourishment in an easily-digested form.

SEELEY'S HARD-RUBBER TRUSSES
Will retain the most difficult forms of HERNIA or RUPTURE with
comfort and safety, thereby completing a radical cure of all curable
cases. Impermeable to moisture, may be used in bathing; and fitting
perfectly to the form of body, are worn without inconvenience by the
youngest child, most delicate lady, or the laboring man, avoiding all sweat,
sweaty, padded unpleasantness, being Light, Cool, Cleanly
and always reliable. The correct and skillful mechanical treatment of
HERNIA OR RUPTURE A SPECIALTY. EITHER IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
25 YEARS REFERENCE.—Prof. S. D. Gross, D. Hayes Agass, Willard Parker, W. H. Peacock, Dr. Thomas
G. Morton, and Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army and Navy. Our "Mechanical Treatment of
Hernia or Rupture and Price List," with illustrations and directions for self-measurement, mailed
on application. I. B. SEELEY & CO., 25 South 11th Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine
ranks amongst the leading
necessaries of Life.
These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act
most wonderfully yet soothingly, on the STOMACH,
LIVER, KIDNEY and BOWELS, giving tone,
energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF
LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a
never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitu-
tion, 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 un-
surpassed.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known
throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old
Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed
on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures
SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs,
Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glanular swell-
ings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism

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

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at
588 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout
the civilized world, with directions for use in almost
every language.

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

Purchasers should look to the Label of
the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 58
Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PERSONAL.—LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE
WORK in connection with burglaries, for-
geries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious dis-
appearances, and all detective work in crimi-
nal and civil business promptly attended to by
the Canadian Secret Service. Offices, Temple
Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 2181.
Private Telephones: 4658 and 6049. JOHN A.
GROSE, Supt. Commercial Work; SILAS H.
CARPENTER, Supt. Criminal Work.

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, Bron-
chitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and
Lungs. Price 25 cents

COVERNTON'S
Pile Ointment.

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

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121
Henry street, corner of Dorchester street.

W. H. D. YOUNG,
L.D.S., D.D.S.
Surgeon-Dentist

1694 Notre Dame Street.

Preservation of the Natural Teeth and pain-
less extraction. Dorsenia Laughing Gas,
Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial
work guaranteed satisfactory. [G-17-90]

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58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq.
MONTREAL.

The cheapest first-class house in Montreal.
European and American Plans.

JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S
—CELEBRATED—

ALES - AND - PORTERS
Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE."

INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER.
XXX PALE ALE. STOUT PORTER.
If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery.
Telephone 1168. THE MONTREAL BREWING Co., Brewers and Malsters, corner
Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.

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 103 of 50 and 51 Victoria; and to
amend the same by changing the name
thereof to "The St. Lawrence Insurance
Company."
Montreal, 10th January, 1893.
A. W. GRENIER,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Castor Fluid
Registered. A delight-
fully refreshing prepara-
tion 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. HANBY B.
GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Mon-
real.

Notice

Is hereby given that at the next session of the
Legislature of the Province of Quebec applica-
tion will be made for a bill to incorporate
L'Alliance Nationale, as a benevolent
society.
BEAUDIN & CARDINAL.
Attorneys for Applicants.
Montreal, December 20, 1892.

Notice of Application to the Legislature

The Testamentary Executors and the Heirs
of the late Francois Xavier Beaudry, in his
lifetime a citizen of the City of Montreal, will
apply to the Legislature of this Province, at its
next session, for the passing of an act author-
izing the said Testamentary Executors to
separate the administration of the goods willed
by the Testator for benevolent purposes, from
those left to his heirs, and to associate with
themselves, for the purpose of such adminis-
tration of the goods of the heirs, other Testa-
mentary Executors, chosen from the family,
and even to hand over to them entirely said
administration, if they so deem proper. 225

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that applica-
tion will be made to the Legislature of the
Province of Quebec, at its next Session, by the
Roman Catholic School Commissioners, of the
City of Montreal, to obtain an act ratifying the
sale consented of lot 818 on the official plan and
book of reference of St. James Ward, in the
City of Montreal, by Dame Ann Maria Devins
to said Commissioners and declaring the said
immovable to be free of all substitution.
BEIQUE, LAFONTAINE,
TURGEON & ROBERTSON,
Attorneys at law of said Commissioners.
Montreal, 14th December, 1892.

SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL

No. 1164.

Dame Olyvine Galarnreau, of the City and
District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Pelletier,
heretofore grocer, of the same place, has, this
day, instituted an action in separation as to
property against her said husband.]

Montreal, 30th November, 1892.

N. DURAND,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate,
Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery,
Spoons and Forks, A1 quality,
Choice Selections and
Low Prices.
INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.
WATSON & DICKSON,
1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter.
[Late 53 St. Sulpice.]

Kelly's Songster No. 46

CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SONGS:
Not the Only One (new topical).
I'm Another—Comic all the rage.
The Last Words Mother Said.
You Gave Me Your Love.
He Never Cares to Wander From His Home.
Tip Your Hat to Nellie.
Such a Nice Girl, Too.
Jennie and Joe—Companion to Mary and John.
These Words No Shakespeare Wrote (parody).
Jays—Hubs and Wives—A New Song.
Between Love and Duty (parody).
The Picture Turned Toward the Wall (parody).
My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon (parody).
Oh, Te-ra-ra (Lament on Te-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay).
He is an Angel Now (comic).
Ho Got Kelly to Insult Me.
The Dago Banana Peddler.
She's Pain Molly, O!
The Night We Lost the Bells.
All the above songs and a column of the latest and
most gags, jokes and conundrums, to be had at all
newsdealers, or mailed on receipt of two three-cent
stamps. P. Kelly, Song Publisher, 154 St. Antoine
street, Montreal, Qc.

McGALE'S

BUTTERNUT

PILLS

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

B. E. MCGALE,
CHEMIST &c,
2193 NOTRE DAME ST.,
MONTREAL.

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

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

3 PREMIUM PUZZLES.



CAN YOU FIND ?

In No. 1.—A Lady and her Companion.
No. 2.—Two or more Ladies at Home.
No. 3.—One or more of Our Boys and Girls.

The LADIES COMPANION is a high-class Illustrated Magazine of 32 pages and is devoted to Literature, Art, Fashion and Home Life. Its matter will be of the best—elevating both in its literary style and purity of sentiment. In beauty of pictorial embellishment and excellence of letter-press it will take front rank, and to this end it will be printed on a fine, heavy, calendar paper such as is used in no other Canadian journal. A perfectly fair and legitimate premium system is adopted by its publishers, at great outlay, in order to quickly place it and its sister publications at the head of all Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. The most exact good faith will be kept with every subscriber.

LADIES AT HOME will be the Home Magazine of Canada, "par excellence." None such has heretofore been offered at the price—only 50 cents per annum.
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS is a MARVEL at the price—25 cents per year. Every boy and girl will want it and, happily, it is within the reach of all. Who will send in the first club and secure a boys or girls GOLD WATCH ?

NO. 1.—LADIES COMPANION PREMIUM LIST.

To the first person solving puzzle No. 1, we will award an elegant Rosewood Piano, valued at \$300; the next will receive a magnificent Sleigh Robe, valued at \$65; the third, a SILK DRESS PATTERN; the fourth, a SWISS MUSIC BOX; the fifth a SILVER WATCH; the sixth a GOLD BROOCH; the seventh a BANQUET LAMP; the eighth a SILVER FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SET; to the next ten will be given a CRAYON PORTRAIT of either the sender or any friend. Size 20x25, and valued at \$10. To the middle sender and the ten following will be awarded an elegant CRAYON PORTRAIT of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to March 1st, next, will receive a GOLD WATCH. The sender next to last will receive a SILVER WATCH; ten preceding, each a CRAYON PORTRAIT.

Conditions:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with 30 cents for 3 months' subscription to the LADIES COMPANION. Address, "A" LADIES COMPANION, 168 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

NO. 2.—LADIES AT HOME PREMIUM LIST.

We want every lady in the land to send us 30 cents for a half-year's subscription to LADIES AT HOME and at the same time, while thus receiving wonderful value for that small amount, to try and secure one of the following valuable premiums. For the first correct solution of puzzle No. 2, we will award a GOLD WATCH; for the second, a beautiful SILK DRESS PATTERN; third, a fine SILVER WATCH; fourth, a MUSIC BOX; fifth, a GOLD BROOCH; sixth and the five following, a CRAYON PORTRAIT each. To the middle sender, a SILVER WATCH; to the five following, a CRAYON PORTRAIT. To the last correct answer mailed previous to March 1st next, a GOLD WATCH, and to the five preceding, each a CRAYON PORTRAIT, valued at \$10.

Conditions:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with 30 cents for six months' subscription to the LADIES AT HOME. Address, "B" LADIES AT HOME, 168 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

NO. 3.—OUR BOYS AND GIRLS PREMIUM LIST.

For the first correct solution of puzzle No. 3, will be given a boy's or girl's Gold Watch; to the second, a \$10 GOLD COIN; to the third, a SILVER WATCH; to the fourth, a \$5 GOLD COIN; to the fifth, a full-sized CRAYON PORTRAIT; to the sixth, a girl's SILVER WATCH; to each of the next ten, a GOLD BROOCH. To the middle sender a SILVER WATCH; and to the five preceding, each a handsome TOILET CASE; and to the five following the middle each a GOLD BROOCH. To the last mailed previous to March 1st, next, will be given a SWISS MUSIC BOX, and to the ten preceding the last, a GOLD BROOCH each.

Conditions:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with 30 cents for one year's subscription to OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Address, "C" OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, 168 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

N.B.—Be sure and write address plainly, in full, giving Province or State.
CLUB RATES.—To every Boy or Girl (excepting the first received) sending us 10 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each we will give a fine crayon portrait, valued at \$5. Each club subscriber also has an opportunity of obtaining one of the above mentioned valuable premiums.

S. CARSLEY'S COLUMN

S. CARSLEY'S Clearing Sale!

COSTUMES.

Useful House Jerseys for Ladies from.....\$ 50
Children's Warm Dresses from..... 50
Ladies' Cardigan Jackets from..... 75
Ladies' Walking Dresses, with material for waist..... 4.00
Ladies' Evening Silk Blouses..... 1.75

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

Fancy Dress Goods from..... 8c yd
Plain Melton Cloths from..... 12c yd
All Wool Serges, reduced from 25 to..... 18c yd
Fancy Costume Tweeds from..... 24c yd
Fancy Plaid Dress Fabrics from..... 22c yd

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Black Melton Cloths from..... 12c yd
Black Melton Cloth, 50 in. wide, from..... 27c yd
Black All Wool Cashmere from... 26c yd
Black All Wool French Merino from..... 36c yd
Black Estamene Serge from..... 43c yd

SILKS.

Pongee Silk, in all shades from... 26c yd
Colored Satins, in all shades from 32c yd
Shot Silk for Lining from..... 50c yd
Black Gros Grain Silks from 49c yd
Art Silks for Interior Draperies for..... 88c yd

VELVETS.

Colored Velveteens from..... 19c yd
Black Velveteens from..... 21c yd
Colored Plushes from..... 32c yd
Black Plushes from..... 32c yd
Fancy Velvets from..... 68c yd

LACES.

Imitation Valenciennes from..... 14c yd
Real Tulle Lace 5 in. wide from 17c yd
Fancy Veilings in all shades from 10c yd
Lace Collars and Jabots from..... 20c ea
Chiffon in all shades from..... 9c yd

LADIES' MORNING WRAPPERS.

Ladies' Print Wrappers from..... 71c ea
Reversible Cloth Wrappers from \$1.71 ea
Ladies' Flannelette Wrappers..... 1.26 ea
Opera Flannel Wrappers from.... 2.97 ea
Printed German Flannel Wrappers..... 2.12 ea

LADIES' HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Heavy Wool Hose from... 18c pr
Children's Heavy Wool Hose from 13c pr
Ladies' Heavy Wool Vests from... 37c ea
Children's Scotch Wool Drawers from..... 50c pr
Children's Scotch Wool Combinations from..... 75c ea

CORSETS.

Ladies' Strong Corsets from..... 40c pr
Ladies' Durable Corsets from..... 65c pr
Ladies' French Wove Corsets from 70c pr
Ladies' Good Wearing Corsets from..... 90c pr

MODEL MILLINERY.

\$20 Trimmed Bonnets & Hats for.. \$10 00
\$10 Trimmed Bonnets & Hats for... 5.00
\$5 Trimmed Bonnets & Hats for... 2.50
\$4 Trimmed Bonnets & Hats for... 2.00
MOURNING MILLINERY ALL REDUCED

FUR CAPS.

Natural Opposum Caps from.....\$1.65
Children's Rabbit Hoods from..... 97c
Gray Persian Lamb Caps from..... 2.10
Neutria Caps from..... 2.10
Half Lamb Caps from..... 2.10

MILLINERY TRIMMINGS.

Millinery Ornaments all reduced.
Millinery Trimmings all reduced
Millinery Ribbons all reduced
Millinery Velvets all reduced
A Lot of Millinery Gauzes at.....10c yd

RIBBONS.

All Silk Ribbons, Art Shades from 34c yd
Wide All Silk Ribbons from..... 9c yd
Extra Wide All Silk Ribbons.....18c yd
Colored Sash Ribbons from.....10c yd
Silk Brocade Sash Ribbons from..25c yd

CAPS AND APRONS.

Housemaids' Caps, 2 for.....25c
Housemaids' Caps, 4 for.....25c ea
Nurses' Aprons, large size from .23c ea
Nurses' Washing Caps from.....18c ea
Holland Cooking Aprons from.....38c ea

LADIES' KID GLOVES.

4-Button Kid Gloves, embroidered backs.....35c pr
4-Button Kid Gloves, plain backs from.....50c pr
4-Button Kid Gloves, plain backs from.....70c pr
7-Hook Lacing Kid Gloves from..85c pr
4-Button Kid Gloves, plain backs from..... \$1 pr

FABRIC GLOVES.

Ladies' Colored Cashmere Gloves from 10c per pair
Ladies' Colored Wool Gloves from 40c pair
Girls' Colored Cashmere Gloves from.....18c pair
Girls' Colored Wool Gloves from 17c pair
Boys' Fancy Gloves from.....12c pair

EMBROIDERIES.

White Hamburg Embroidery.....2c yd
White Swiss Embroidery.....2c yd
Wide Cambric Embroidery5c yd
Wide White Embroidery.....6c yd
Flannel Embroideries all reduced.

PRINTS.

Fancy Light Colored Prints from..5c yd
Fancy Dark Colored Prints from..7c yd
Good English Drillettes from.....8c yd
Fancy Checked Prints from.....8c yd
Fancy Striped Finhams from.....5c yd

S. CARSLEY.

S. CARSLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.



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 Warehouses, 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:

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