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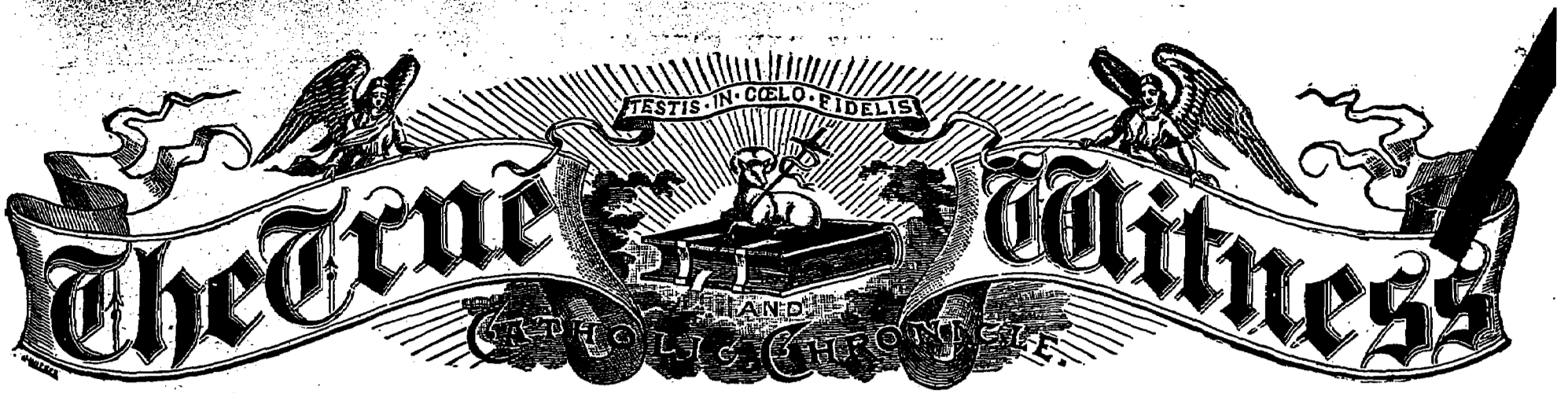
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Memphis Catholic Journal says that "the A.P.A.'s are denouncing the governor of Georgia for appointing Hon. Patrick Walsh, one of the brainiest men in the state, to the United States Senate." It is evident that the more these fanatics howl the less they are likely to attain their end.

WE learn that France has not yet forgotten the war of 1870-71 and its disasters. The London Universe says:

"The Marseillais commemorated the soldiers who perished from the department of the Mouths of the Rhone on Monday by a solemn Requiem Mass, at which the civil and military authorities knelt and prayed. It is only religion which can afford true consolation when occasions of mourning arise."

This week we are sending out a number of special copies of THE TRUE WITNESS to many of our friends who have not as yet subscribed, and who only require to have the matter brought to their notice in order to take rank amongst our subscribers. Each copy contains a slip in the form of a subscription notice, which we trust the receiver will kindly sign and return to us. We are anxious to have the name of every Catholic in the province, and of as many as possible outside of it, on our list of practical wellwishers and friends.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if the Catholic Church teaches that her faithful must have nothing in common with heretics. There is a great distinction to be drawn in answering this question. In matters of religion, in forms of worship, in all that belongs to the domain of the soul's communion with the Creator, the Church forbids her children having any connection with heretics or unbelievers, because truth can be only one, and the Church cannot sanction error in any form. But in temporal affairs, in all that pertains to this life and to the social, national, political and other matters of the earth, the Church teaches her children "to love their neighbors," to treat them in a Christian spirit, to help them and pray for them.

If any of our English-speaking Catholics wishes to show an active interest in the literature that particularly interests our people and affects our dearest interests, we would advise the immediate subscription to the TRUE WITNESS. Weekly you will receive a correct review of all the burning questions that touch upon our Church, or our people's interests. The TRUE WITNESS is not a mere rehash of the news that appears in the daily press; we strive to make our columns as original as possible. Sometimes we have twelve and even fourteen columns of editorial expression upon the topics that belong to our sphere in the journalistic world; these editorials demand more than mere writing, they necessitate a study of the different exchanges of the continent, of the many magazines and other publications of

importance. From these we glean the cream of the information, and our readers have the benefit of it, without the expense of subscribing for a vast number of papers that they would not have time to read. So is it with every other department. We trust that the public will show an appreciation of all the pains our Directors are taking to make this the leading Catholic organ of Canada, by giving us the assistance that is within the range of each one's means. Subscribe and advertise; or take stock.

THE "Pleasures of Hope," in which Campbell so graphically pictured the downfall of Poland, will be recalled by the recent celebration that took place in that wonderful and long-persecuted land. Every schoolboy will remember that line:

"And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell." The hundredth anniversary of that famous day was celebrated at Cracow; a temporary monument was unveiled to the martyr patriot on the spot where amid armed peasants he took the vow to live and die for the liberty of the people. It recalls most strikingly that "Bloodiest picture in the book of Time"—when "Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime."

At a meeting of the Methodist clergy of Chicago, held two weeks ago, a resolution was adopted and sent to Archbishop Ireland with the request that it be forwarded to Mgr. Satolli, and by the latter to Rome. It read thus:—

"Resolved, That in view of the repeated and warm approval by the clergy and laymen of the Roman Catholic Church in this country of religious freedom, as existing by law in these United States, we respectfully and earnestly request that the proper authorities of that church use their good offices, under the direction of Pope Leo XIII., to secure for the Protestants of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia the same liberty of conscience that is enjoyed by Roman Catholic citizens of this country."

Here is a most telling evidence of the influence that Leo XIII. exercises the world over; the resolution, while showing the recognized power of the Pope, does credit to the spirit of the Methodist clergymen of Chicago.

A CORRESPONDENT from Bonaventure Island, County Gaspe, asks a very reasonable question. He says that some time ago Chiniquy made some vile and abominable accusations against nuns, and that the Protestants of that district are asking the Catholics "why do not the Catholic clergy compel Chiniquy, in a court of justice, to prove his accusations." If he is unable to do this, why is he not prosecuted for making such false statements? In the first place, every one, Catholic and Protestant, layman and clergyman, (even Chiniquy himself,) knows that all his statements on this subject are false. Again, no Catholic priest could so far forget his sacred position as to rub with and be contaminated by contact—even in court

—with Chiniquy. Moreover, Chiniquy has nothing to lose, and it would serve his purpose and satisfy his thirst for notoriety were any respectable person to do him the honor of an action at law. There is a certain animal that is easily captured and destroyed—but the one who undertakes its extermination must be prepared to suffer from its smell.

BISHOP PARET, of the Episcopalian Church, Maryland, has undertaken to deny the primacy of St. Peter. He contends that St. Peter was never in Rome. Of course Bishop Paret would like to rob the Church of the greatest evidence of her apostolic mission, but he should try to attain his end without flying in the face of history. If we are to judge of his course of lectures by the first one, we must say that the treat in store for his hearers will be very meagre. The next thing we will learn is that St. Peter was never in Jerusalem; perhaps it will yet be stated that no such man ever existed. What would we think of a learned lecturer who would undertake to prove that Napoleon I. was never in Egypt, that Peter the Hermit was never in Clarimont, or that St. John never visited the Island of Patmos? Yet such a teacher of history would be no more ridiculous in his contentions than is the Rev. Bishop from Maryland.

THE Sun of Syracuse has long since gone down below the horizon of antiquity, and not a lingering ray has it left to recall the lost glory of that ancient city. Our modern Syracuse has a "Sun" in the form of a weekly publication that decidedly does not illumine the universe nor dispel the shadows of the literary night in which its scribe must have vegetated. There are spots on the sun, we are told by astronomers, and the telescope establishes the truth of their statement; it would not require a powerful lens to enable a reader to distinguish the many little specs on the Sun of Syracuse. It is a pity that such a luminary could not divest itself of the cloud of prejudice that surrounds it. In a recent reference to THE TRUE WITNESS, it advises us to change our name, and adds that "Canadian journalism is like everything else in Canada. It is blighted." Had we the power to dispel the mists of prejudice that mar the glow of what should be a Catholic organ in every sense, we would gladly do so for the sake of the Syracuse Catholics and the good of the cause in the interests of which their paper is published; but "none are so blind as those who will not see," and it would be a loss of time and breath to attempt it. If the sun sheds rays of light, it also sends forth beams that scorch, melt and wither certain portions of the earth. The simple cause of this fiery outburst on the part of the Syracuse orb, was a letter sent to us by a person purporting to be a priest; a letter that contained nothing of any great interest to our readers, but which we published simply because the writer thereof stated that he had been request-

ed by Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuade to have it appear in THE TRUE WITNESS. It in no way concerned us nor our readers; it contained the name of a gentleman whom it stated resided in Montreal, while no such man exists in this city. We had no reason to suppose that it was the work of an impostor, and were it not for the request contained in the private note we would not have deemed it worthy of space. If the Sun never gives any greater evidence of being blighted, it will certainly go on shedding its fitful light upon the journalistic world long after other orbs—of greater magnitude and importance—shall have disappeared from the sky. If everything in Canada is blighted, we hope the Sun of Syracuse will not come north, for whatever little vegetation is still left in our land would certainly be scorched to ashes by the fiery rays from that wonderful orb.

FOR sometime we have not made any mention of the fact that on the first of May all subscribers who have not paid up the last year's arrears will have their papers stopped. We trust it will not be necessary for us to change our list in that direction. In fact we much prefer to add to it than to take from it. By this time it must be evident to all our friends that the TRUE WITNESS is really on the improvement track, that all our recent troubles are over, and that we need the co-operation of the English-speaking Catholics of the country in order to establish on an immutable foundation the structure of a solid, religious, independent organ. Don't imagine because we are not constantly sending out reminders that we have all the subscribers required. We want a circulation of ten thousand—and then we may begin to look forward to more frequent issues, probably a daily in the near future. But it all depends upon the amount of assistance we receive under the present circumstances. Send in your subscriptions at once.

SOME time ago, in conversation with one of those gentlemen whose ideas of Christianity are somewhat vague and who depend entirely upon their own reading of the Scriptures to guide them in matters of faith, we had occasion to remark that according to the "Douay Bible" our contention was proven. Our friend grew indignant and said that he knew as much about the Bible as ever Douay did, and that Douay was only a half-Papist at best. This piece of information settled us, and, for very obvious reasons, we gave up all further attempt at argument. The learned gentleman was not aware that the name of that Bible is taken from the town of Douay in Flanders, where an English college was established, and in which the Rev. Gregory Martin—an Oxford graduate—translated the Holy Scriptures into English. It is wonderful how little some of our loud-voiced Scripture-quoters really know about religion, or even about the history of religion.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Synopsis of the Sermon by Rev. John J. Carroll, of St. Thomas' Church, Chicago.

In the Catholic Times, of Philadelphia, appears the following synopsis of the Irish sermon, preached by Rev. J. J. Carroll, on St. Patrick's Day. We have to thank Father Carroll for a copy in the Irish of the sermon. The Times thus prefaces the synopsis:

"It reproduces in a faint manner the charm and strength of the original, but deserves notice nevertheless, as a worthy attempt to revive and further the study of a language whose poetic tenderness and melting persuasiveness make it the most adapted of all for appeals to the heart and feelings of the faithful. God grant that the nascent movement for saving this splendid old tongue may find Irish hearts to welcome it and Irish money to erect in the Catholic University of America a chair for the teaching of its glorious literature, and the formation of students who will then sow in all parts of the United States that scientific knowledge of the Celtic necessary for any serious work in the future. Let not the poet's sad words prove true:

'Tis fading, oh, 'tis fading like leaves upon the trees!
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wall upon the breeze!
'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore,
Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters roar—
Where the parting sunbeams kisses Loch Corrib in the west,
And ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast!
The language of old Erin, of history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb.
The time-wrought shell, where murmur'd, 'mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of freedom, in annal and in song—
Is slowly, surely, sinking, into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories of those who love the Past.

Father Carrall spoke in part as follows:

Indeed, my good people, it is a beautiful and Christly custom with the Catholic Church to use the noblest of all things in her possession when she offers sacrifice to God the Almighty. It is for this reason she bedecks her altars with jewels and gold when her priests celebrate the Mass. It is for this reason she uses music of the noblest composition when she chants the praises of the Lord. It is for the same reason she erects temples that are massive, wonderful; for she regards not economy when arraying herself for her heavenly Bridegroom.

To-day I follow this usage when I speak to you in the Gaelic tongue of the mighty attributes of God. For it is my opinion that this tongue is to the languages of the classic world what the jewels and gold are to the altar; that the resistless march of its eloquence, the melting charm of its sweetness, sways and entrances like divine music; that it builds up the story of the Creator, massive, wonderful. It was in this noble tongue Patrick taught the children of the Gaal the redemption of Christ, the wisdom and mercy of God. For more than a thousand years it has heralded forth in splendor the majesty of the Eternal.

It is the only language in which no heresy has ever been spoken! I have often marveled at the grandeur of its antiquity; for it is the same tongue in which our great ancestors spoke, what time the first Scythian dominion in Asia reached from the Tigris to the River Indus. This is the reason we find in India, even to-day, remains of "Sean-scrivt," a language so puzzling to scholars because they do not seek the light of solution in the right direction. Strictly speaking the "Sean-scrivt" is not a language, but means "old writings" the Epic of the Scyths.

This was the noble tongue spoken by Ardfear and his followers among the mountains of Cosan-Gava and Ard-mionia, whither they fled before Nemrod and his "As-sior" hosts, who subjugated the plains of "Sean-Atar." This was the tongue spoken by those dauntless champions who rode like "Cent-aurs" through Thrace and Greece, before whom the wretched Helots fled like frightened deer. This the tongue spoken by the polished "Feinicians," those merchant princes whose "cities were by the sea." It was in this

tongue the mighty "Aonobaal" commanded his panoplied legions when he broke the power of the Romans at Oanna.

It is the tongue of our heroic forefathers; of the glorious Er and Iber of Eocaid and Goll the invincible! It was in this tongue that Patrick addressed the great Parliament of Errion on Tara, when he persuaded that noble assembly to forsake the false religion of Baal and follow the true faith of Christ the Saviour.

Have I not then a forceful reason to feel proud that it has been given to me this day to praise God and honor the name of Patrick in this most ancient and noble tongue?

In the days when Patrick returned to Errion as priest and primate, his first sojourn there was as a slave; the island was divided into four kingdoms: Ullad, Ultonmact, Mumain and Gaalen, all under the sway of an imperial sovereign or Ardrig, who dwelt at Tara. The people was classified into seven orders—the kings, princes, knights, chieftains, Ollam, Crumthear and the Gaal. Six of these were nobles. The Gaal included the cultivators of the soil, trades people, mechanics, soldiers, etc., provided they were descended from the race.

Then came the Danaan, the firgneath, the servants and slaves; the slaves were usually captives taken in war. To this last category belonged the Apostolic Missionary Patrick. The established religion was Baal worship, taught by a priesthood of three degrees—the Ard-crumthear, the Crumthear and the Car-neac. The Druidism, however, of the Danaan and Firgneath was tolerated. The language of that day, with regard to its purity, might be divided into two dialects—the "Beulrad Feine," which was highly polished and cultivated, written by the Ollam and spoken by the nobility, and the "Gneath beulrad," spoken by the illiterate. Every fourth year an imperial convention was held at Tara; the King and a certain number of noble electors from each of the four kingdoms were present and sat beneath where hung their shields in the great hall. It was in the presence of this august body that Patrick, like another Paul before the Areopagus, spoke his mission. Before this assemblage of Kings and nobles he gave his sermon on the "Triune God" and the "Redemption by the Saviour." God crowned it with success; for from that day we may say that the island became a part of the kingdom of Christ.

From that day the Gentilism of Bial and the Druidism of the Danaan fell without resurrection. In their place arose the benign light of our Lord and Saviour, changing the pagan "valley of tears" into the "island of saints." Our beloved Errion, may she be perpetually blessed.

The death of Kossuth recalls a historical event of peculiar interest. The Emperor of Austria has an official residence in Hungary; it is a palace built upon the rocks at Gpen and overlooking the Danube and the city of Pesth. In that palace was preserved the crown of St. Stephen, King of Hungary, presented by Pope Sylvester, A. D. 1000, and looked upon as the palladium of the Hungarian nation. Kossuth removed the crown during his campaign, but it was returned in 1867. There is a great suspension bridge connecting the palace with Pesth.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS,

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in every disease caused by torpid liver or impure blood. For Dyspepsia, Liver and Bowel derangements, and kindred ailments, nothing approaches it as a remedy.

PIERCE GUAR- ANTEES A CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.



Mrs. AURELIA VAN-KILLE, of Hamilton, Ind., writes: "My friends said I would never be any better, for I had ulceration of the bowels. By the time I had taken a bottle and a half of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the bleeding had almost stopped. My appetite was good, nothing seemed to hurt me that I ate. My improvement was wonderful. Several years have passed and my cure is permanent."

THE WORLD AROUND.

No liquor can be manufactured in Iowa.

Ten thousand men went out on a strike Monday in the Connelville coke region.

An American protectorate promises to be the satisfactory settlement of the Hawaiian question.

American insurance companies doing business in Russia are compelled to divide profits with the insurers.

The funeral services over the remains of Louis Kossuth began last Sunday. At least 150,000 persons viewed the coffin on Saturday.

An attempt to assassinate the Armenian patriarch of Constantinople was made last Friday. The assassin fired two shots at him, but none took effect.

President Cleveland has declined to join the British and Italian governments in an appeal to Peixoto to withdraw his demand upon Portugal for the surrender of Da Gama.

Hon. Patrick Wash, editor of the Augusta Chronicle, has been appointed by Gov. Northen to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate caused by the death of Senator Colquitt.

A massive standpipe at Peoria, Ill., containing 1,500,000 gallons of water, collapsed, Friday, killing one person, fatally injuring three and causing more or less serious injury to twelve others.

It is reported from Honolulu that the native royalists, seeing that restoration is impossible, now favor annexation as the best way out of the trouble. The Queen is said to be anxious to secure a bounty.

Mgr. Combs, Archbishop of Carthage and Primate of Africa, has, according to a Continental contemporary, convoked the Bishops of Algeria to arrange for the erection of a mausoleum to Cardinal Lavigerie in his cathedral at Carthage.

Cardinal Rampolla, Pontifical Secretary of State has informed the new Cardinals Lecot, Archbishop of Bordeaux, Bourree, Bishop of Rodex, and Selanch, Bishop of Gross-Waradin, that the Pope will himself give them the cardinal's hat in the next Consistory.

It is told of Father Ignatius, the Anglican monk, who has recently become a Catholic, that, having visited the late Pius IX. in his peculiar garb, he was taken gently by the ear by that good natured Pope and dismissed with the single remark, "Cowl does not make monk."

Over 3,000 painters were locked out in Chicago Tuesday by their employers because of a demand for higher wages and a threatening strike. About 400 of the men went out Monday, and the employers took matters into their own hands by locking out all members of the union.

The French Government has received information that a French reconnoitering party in the southern part of the Soudan was recently attacked by a band of natives of the village of Nasapa and Lieut. Lecterf and three native soldiers were killed and six others of the French party were wounded.

For this year the Catholics have received (from the general government) for their Indian schools, \$365,835; the Presbyterians, \$30,090; the Congregationalists, \$25,736 last year and \$3,756 this year; the Episcopalians, \$7,020; the Quakers, \$11,020; the Mennonites, \$2,750; the Unitarians, \$5,500, and the Lutherans \$15,120.

There is more trouble in Samoa on account of the foreign protectorate over the islands. Chief Justice Ide, the American who represents the governments of the United States, Germany and England, has been making some of the native chiefs work out fines on the public roads, and the natives have rebelled at the insult. King Malietoa is loyal to the Chief Justice. Serious complications are likely to arise out of the situation, and a general uprising of natives against foreigners is threatened.

In the new edition of Mr. Chas. Lindsey's History we find that he attempts to discuss the Jesuit estate question, and to trace the history and influence of the Catholic Church in Canada, from the days of Jacques Cartier down to the present. Perhaps no more one-sided, erroneous and wilfully prejudiced volume was ever penned. When a man poses as a student of history, he should begin by

laying aside all preconceived opinions and take facts as they appear, rejecting nothing—no matter how it may conflict with his own views. "This man sets out with the avowed intention of showing "the elements of a contest between mediæval ecclesiasticism and the civilization of the nineteenth century." How can such a writer pretend to historical impartiality? We have had occasion, for a special purpose, to make a careful study of the epochs to which Mr. Lindsey particularly refers, and long before his edition is sold we hope to reveal—both through the medium of the press and otherwise—a few of those secrets of Canadian history which some interested historians have deemed proper to suppress and which prejudiced men, like the one in question, have carefully studied to ignore.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Rev. Sylvester Malone has been elected one of the regents of the University of the State of New York.

The completed college of the Mariast Brothers at Hunter's Hill was blessed by Cardinal Moran on St. Patrick's Day.

The Vicar Apostolic of Kiang-Kiang, China, has received 100,000 francs indemnity for the damages inflicted on Catholic property in his jurisdiction during the recent riots. The native Christians received about 7,000 francs besides.

Sister Avoye, one of the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, died recently at Nice of an illness contracted in the Hospital of St. Joseph, at Potsdam. In the world she was Princess Radziwill, the sister of Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Olyka.

Cardinal Gibbons has taken part in the movement urging the Legislature to pass the anti-pool selling bill, which is aimed to keep the New Jersey sporting men from establishing an all-the-year-round racing track in Baltimore county, Md.

Just now the Catholics of Buffalo are, with good reason, complaining that text books abounding in anti-Catholic misrepresentations and calumnies, are used in the night schools of that city which many Catholic children attend.

During a violent thunderstorm recently, just as services were about to begin, a bolt of lightning struck the 200-foot spire of St. Columba's Church, Ottawa, Ill., tearing away hundreds of slates, shingles, and splitting the brick work at its northern side. The church was filled with people, but as fire did not follow in the path of the stroke, all save a few nearest the doors remained in their seats. The damage is probably \$1,000.

Fishop Delany, speaking at Oatlands, Tasmania, said the Sisters of St. Joseph are a distinctly Australian Order, and not a branch of any European institute. They were specially founded to meet the exigencies of colonial life in sparsely settled districts, and consequently are allowed to form small communities of two or three Sisters for the purpose of reaching many more of the little ones of Christ's flock than would be possible under ordinary conventual rules.

Patient: I've got pains all over my body, doctor; I have not the least appetite, and I can't sleep a wink at nights. Doctor: H'm. But otherwise you feel all right, don't you?

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whiteners." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whiteners" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whiteners for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whiteners, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whiteners" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN, Gower Point, Ont.

P. S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purpose, then it will save us the rush of P. O. stamps.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

A Protestant Who Says It Only Requires the Exercise of High Reason to Believe the Doctrine.

[Philadelphia Catholic Times.]

I was interested in the letter of Mr Seaman and your answer thereto, which appeared in the March 17th issue and also in that of March 24. Some fifteen years ago while studying the claims of the Catholic Church and endeavoring to obtain solutions to various difficulties which arose in my mind as the result of my Protestant education, I asked myself the question: "What is to prevent a wicked Pope from deliberately betraying his trust, and in spite of his infallibility, spreading error broadcast throughout the Church?"

As I understood it, it seemed to me that his infallibility insured his positive possession of the truth, but his peccability allowed his betrayal of it. But in reality I suppose that the doctrine of infallibility includes not only the divine guidance of the Pontiff's mind, so far as relates to his own possession of the truth, but also the overruling Providence which controls the public enunciation of it.

As a remarkable instance of how God overrules the declarations of men, when it suits His purpose to do so, I would refer your correspondent to the narrative of King Balak and Balaam the prophet as recorded in Holy Scripture (Numbers xxii. xxiii. xxiv.)

Here are shown in a most wonderful manner how, despite the weakness of the prophet and the temptation he was under, both by reason of the bride of honor and riches offered by the King as well as through the fear the prophet had of the King's anger, he was compelled by the Lord to speak the truth concerning the future of Israel and to bless, instead of cursing, the people of God and to prophesy their future glory and greatness.

The consideration of this narrative helped me very considerably to appreciate the security of mind, I might add the devout and believing Catholic possesses upon the subject of the divine guidance of the Church.

He feels at all times that over and about the human elements of the Church, whether that element arises to the sublime heights of that sanctity which is so becoming to it, or whether it falls to the depths of imperfection which is so unbecoming to it, Almighty God is present not only as enlightening, guiding, directing, but also as overruling the actions of men.

When we consider God as not merely enlightening the mind of the visible head of His utterances, the faith of Catholics is shown to be most reasonable and based upon the highest kind of certainty.

We have the command of God to "hear the Church," with a penalty attached to disobedience of this divine injunction, and coupled with this we have the divine promises: "I will be with you all days, even to the end of the world," as a teaching body. The "gates of hell shall not prevail against it" ever rings in our ears, to remind us that Christ, the founder of the Church, is as calm and undisturbed by the storms which rage around Him as He was when quietly sleeping in the company of His disciples amid the raging tempest in the Sea of Galilee.

I will add but one more sentence and then close. It does not require the exercise of "credulity," but of the highest reason on the part of your correspondent to believe in the Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. Yours very truly,

R. S. PETTET.

1926 N. TWELFTH ST., Phila.

ROME'S MONUMENTS AND RUINS.

INTERESTING DISCOURSE BY REV. T. M. LENIHAN.

Sunday's discourse at Corpus Christi church, Fort Dodge, Ia., consisted of a description of a few of Rome's ancient and historic monuments. Father Lenihan mentioned the famous Castle of St. Angelo. This was one of the best known castles in Europe and there was probably more ancient history connected with it than any other castle in the world. It had figured in most of the revolutions that had taken place in Europe for high seventeen centuries, and it helped in a great measure to shape the destinies of the Church since the time that Christianity became the established religion of the Roman empire.

The Castle of St. Angelo has always been in the possession of the rulers of Rome, and during most of those years the Popes might

be justly regarded as the rulers of the Eternal City, not only in matters spiritual, but as the sovereign heads of the papal possessions of which Rome was always the capital city.

The Castle of St. Angelo is built on the west bank of the Tiber, a quarter of a mile from St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace, and is connected with the Vatican by an elevated and enclosed passageway. Formerly the castle was called "Hadrian's Mole," because the Emperor Hadrian had built it as his monumental tomb.

Early in the centuries Hadrian's Mole was converted into a castle for the defense of the city, and in the sixth century it saved Rome from the devastating hands of the Goths. Pope Gregory the Great, while conducting a procession through Rome to pray for the cessation of a plague, beheld the archangel Michael sheathing his sword over the castle, and in memory of the event the structure was called the Castle of St. Angelo and a bronze figure of the archangel adorns the summit of the battlements. This figure had always held in its firm grasp the Papal flag until the invasion of Victor Emanuel in 1870. Then Pius IX. sent word that the guns of St. Angelo should remain silent, as he wished that no more blood should be shed in defence of the Eternal City. Since then the Castle of St. Angelo has been in the hands of the French Government and they have converted it into a military hospital and prison.

By special permission his party was shown its dark and gloomy chambers and the horrible and ghastly stories which the guide told them of the happenings that took place in the different chambers as they passed through them would fill a sensational dime novel. The guide of the castle is in the employ of the government, and he wishes to make out the former rulers of the castle tyrants and fiends of the worst type. Coming to one hall the guide told them of the awful instruments of the Inquisition which were here; in another, where heretics were tried and put to death; in a small, dark chamber he claimed that Galileo was confined and his eyes gouged out, in another where the thumb screws were applied to noble cardinals, who were conspiring for the tiara, etc. Most of these ghost stories were without foundation, as, for instance, the one regarding Galileo, who was never confined there and who lost his sight while pursuing his studies at his home in Florence, where he died. This guide was particularly bitter against the Pope and the Vatican government, though he claimed to be a devout Catholic. Most of the Italians are Catholics. Of 35,000,000 in Italy, statistics show only 350,000 non-Catholics, yet it seems the majority of the people are in favor of a government independent of the Holy See. This would bring about a unification of Italy which all desired. But he thought that before long a republic would take the place of the present bankrupt government.

From the battlements of the castle one has a fine survey of the surrounding country. At the foot of the castle flows the historic Tiber, with its broken bridges that date back to the days when the brave Horatius went down with the broken timbers into the raging torrent in defense of Rome. The Tiber is not "yellow," as so many writers claim, but a dark, turbid stream, flowing with a strong, full current to the sea. It was navigable when the Romans floated the immense obelisks, which now adorn the piazzas, from Egypt to the walls of Rome, but it is no longer. The banks, though thirty feet deep, are often overflowed and the inundations of the Tiber breeds the fatal and dreaded malaria of the Roman Campaigns.

The next point of interest was the renowned Roman Pantheon, which, though built before the days of Christ, looked strong enough to last till the end of time. Built as a pagan temple it was converted into a Christian church in the seventh century and dedicated to God under the invocation of "All Saints." In commemoration of the event the festival of All Saints was instituted by the Church and is still observed on the first day of November.

Connected with the Pantheon were the famous baths of Agrippa, not yet excavated. The Roman baths were famous. Their ruins are spread out all over Rome and many of them are now occupied by monasteries, churches and extensive vineyards. They were most sumptuous and had all kinds of hot air appliances, which we are accustomed to term modern inventions. They could accommodate over a thousand guests at a time.

Back of the Pantheon stood at one time the celebrated temple of Minerva, and now the celebrated church of the Minerva which holds the body of St. Catherine of Siena beneath its main altar.

Twenty minutes' walk from the Pantheon brings us to the celebrated Roman Forum, lying between the Capitoline and Palatine hills. At the foot of the Capitoline hill was the Mamertine prison, in which St. Peter and St. Paul were confined before their death, and where St. Peter caused a fountain of water to spring forth from the solid rock in order to baptize his jailers, whom he had converted.

From the Mamertine prison, all the way down the valley to the Colosseum, the ruins of the Roman Forum spread out like unfolded pages of ancient Roman history. They were the ruins of all that was great and glorious in pagan Rome. Here were enacted some of the most memorable scenes in the history of Rome, and here Rome began to fall into decay. Only a portion of the ruins have been excavated, but enough to reveal the history of ancient Rome. The Forum is a field of ruins—of broken triumphal arches and columns and altars and statuary—arches and palaces created by the pride of men, telling of battles fought and victories won, but now crumbling to dust and telling in their decay the old story—the vanity of life and the emptiness of human greatness.

Two convents and boarding schools are now the only inhabitants of the once famous Palatine hill.

At the end of the Forum is the great and gigantic Colosseum. It is the most imposing structure and the most picturesque and interesting ruin in Rome. Only one-third of the immense structure now remains, and yet it is overpowering in its solemn grandeur. To readers of ancient history the Colosseum has always been symbolical of the greatness of Rome and the vastness of its enterprise, but to a Christian the Colosseum must be forever associated with the early struggles of the Church and the dying moans of her fearless martyrs. Here were sacrificed to the gods of Rome thousands of her Christian martyrs and frequently the arena ran with their blood. "The Christians to the lions" was a part of each day's programme here for many years, and at the cry the wild beasts were let loose on their helpless victims. And when occasionally a fierce lion, instead of pouncing upon its victim, would crouch and cower at his feet, as was the case with the youthful Pancratius, the hundred thousand pagan spectators only cried out

the louder for his death. Instead of arousing their admiration, it only maddened them to the rage of demanding his death at the stake, the rack or the fiery furnace.

The Colosseum must always be associated with such sad, yet glorious memories of the past, for the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church. Yet, thank God! the days of religious persecution are being numbered with the dark civilization of the barbaric past. Thank God, we can all now worship God according to the dictates of our enlightened consciences. We can never feel too grateful for this heavenly boon and should never cease to pray for its continuance.—Catholic Messenger.

GREEN GRAVES.

A CRITICISM OF WALTER LECKY'S BOOK.

Glasnevin and Mount Jerome—The Graves of the Patriots, Poets, Orators and Statesmen of Ireland.

The readers of the TRUE WITNESS will remember the series of original sketches that appeared in these columns last year, over the signature of Walter Lecky. They have been compiled into book form and we could not do better, in giving a notice of the same, than to reproduce the words of Eugene Davis, the popular and able litterateur, as they appear in the Western Watchman. We, however, must take the liberty of disagreeing somewhat with Mr. Davis on a couple of points, which we shall indicate at the close. On the whole the criticism will serve to convey a fair idea of the value of this new work, and decidedly the fact of Mr. Davis giving it so much attention speaks volumes in its favor. Mr. Davis writes thus:—

"Green Graves in Ireland," by Walter Lecky, is a delightful little book of 136 pages, printed in double-leaded type, and on polished paper, and only costs a quarter. It is published by the Catholic firm of Murphy and Co. of Baltimore Md. Although the subject of graves is a rather sombre and melancholy one, the author weaves odd lanrels of humor around the pages of his book which serve to dispel the gloom, and make his readers laugh very merrily indeed. He cracks his jokes without, of course, desecrating the graves of Ireland's illustrious dead. The "green graves" which Walter Lecky visited in an Irish tour he made some years ago, are situated in a Catholic and a Protestant cemetery, Glasnevin and Mount Jerome. In the first mentioned garden of death Denis Florence MacCarthy's grave is situated. The shamrocks wave their little tendrils over the unpretentious little stone whereon are written the following words:

"Eic Jacet

D. F. MCCARTHY."

This was in accordance with the poet's wishes when he sang:

"Yes from these heights the waters beat
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie forever at thy feet,
O shamrock of the Irish shore."

The verdant trefoil is at his feet, and, I fancy, the jaded singer that rests beneath "the chosen leaf," is at rest after life's fitful and fretful fever is o'er. Mr. McCarthy was only one of the minor poets of the Young Ireland epoch, but he had a wonderful gift of melody beyond the power of most poets. His muse had all the fascinating melody of the night-ingsale. He was, moreover, true to fatherland, although, somehow or another, the British government did not think it worth its while to have him arrested in the stormy days of '48. He traveled extensively on the Continent, and was an accomplished Spanish scholar. His knowledge of Spanish impelled him to the first metrical translation of Spain's Shakespeare, Calderon, that was ever made into English. A few steps from the grave of McCarthy is a black slab of Irish slate stone, and underneath the epitaph, "J. C. Mangan's Grave." That is all; but that is enough. A garland of roses spanned the clay over his remains with the legend: "He loved liberty!" Mangan was undoubtedly the best of our Gaelic minstrels. He was a genuine first-class poet. Unfortunately he was the Edgar Allan Poe of Ireland. A round tower and a vault commemorate the memory of the great tribune, O'Connell, whose mortal remains he consigned to Ireland, surrendering his heart to Rome, and his heart to God. Near the ashes of the Liberator lie those of a distinguished jurist, a national apostle of the young Ireland era, who afterwards became Lord O'Hagan, who was the first Catholic Lord Chancellor since the days of James II. of England. In an obscure corner of the Necropolis are suitable monuments to the memories of the late Cardinals Cullen and McCabe. Mount Jerome, the Protestant cemetery of Dublin, is the casket where lies Davis' grave, with an immense slab stone weighing down on the poet's ashes. On his tomb were his own lines. "He served his country, and loved his kind." What a sweetly pathetic epitaph, brimming over with that strong, manly, and muscular affection of Davis for his motherland. His wish was to have been buried on a green hill side, but he was buried instead within the prison walls of Mount Jerome. Referring to the grave on the hill side, he sings:

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

"He had some misgivings as to where he would be buried," Lecky says. "Relatives are a queer set, and the worst of it—they have the best of it—when we are dead." Carleton's grave is also described by our author, who towards the closing pages of the volume gives the most graphic pen and ink picture of Robert Emmet that I have ever read. He defends him against his enemies with rare tact and logical skill.

CRITICISM OF THE VOLUME.

I say once more that this volume is a delightful one. It fascinates you by its delicious word painting, which is a striking characteristic of Lecky's style. He is so entertaining and so interesting and he puts you into such good humor with yourself while tasting his

quaint Irish drollery and his laughter-moving stories that you grow to actually love the author himself. When I settled myself comfortably in my rocking-chair—a fragrant cigar between my teeth—to open the book, I could not give up the absolute luxury its perusal afforded me. Not till I came to the last page was I perfectly satiated. Now it is high time for a little criticism. Referring to Thomas Davis, Walter Lecky says, speaking of his "baneful influence," that it shattered the hopes of the Repealers. Repeal was already shattered in 1843, when the last of O'Connell's monster meetings to be held in Clontarf was suppressed. O'Connell decided on restoring the suppression at first; but his courage cooed out of his heart when the eve of the fatal day came. On the eve of the meeting he issued a manifesto ordering the people to go back to their respective counties. That Sunday was a day of doom for Ireland. Daniel O'Connell was never again the Daniel of old. He had been vanquished at last by the Saxon, Clontarf was the Waterloo of the Irish Napoleon. In regard to Lecky's accusation of Davis of having a fear that Catholics would persecute Protestants after Repeal was won, I should say that the poet had good and valid reasons to be nervous on that score. In those days Catholics detested Protestants very bitterly. Many Catholics promised themselves—when they would fall into their own again—the Protestant estates, and often swore to avenge the persecution of the Penal Days. I myself remember a time when I was taught to hate the Protestant boys of my town. In the days of my boyhood in the latter part of the sixties and early seventies, I was instructed to fire stones at the Protestant juveniles, while I was trained to sing "Proddy nuddy green gut, never goes to Mass!" I now believe that there are as good and self-respecting people go to Protestant churches as to Catholic. I have been taught toleration at the feet of such men as Thomas Davis and Gavan Duffy. Davis had an extraordinary face; in the play of thought it was beautiful. There is a statue of Davis in Mount Jerome. The poor sculptor won fame, but no bread for his work of art. The Irish were too poor to pay him; but they are able to pay right well their "sweartin' tearin' members" of the English commons. Literature is at a discount as well as real self-sacrificing patriotism. Politics are quoted as very much above par. Davis never earned a cent out of his connection with the cause. He had some private means of his own. In fact the cause blighted his financial projects which could have had the support of influential friends if he had been a West Britisher. Apropos of Cardinals Cullen and McCabe, Lecky denies that they were unpatriotic. I am astonished at his judgment in this respect. There was not a millionth part of the essence of patriotism in Cardinal Cullen's heart. He was an ardent supporter of the English government, he excommunicated the Fenians, he put under a ban the Catholic followers of Isaac Butt, who advocated a beggarly measure of Home Rule! McCabe was a favorite of the Castle, whose balls he attended; yet on the night of the Cardinal's wake there was dancing and jollification galore on Cork Hill, where the Castle is situated. This criticism will please Lecky. We are such dear friends that we cannot quarrel—even if we tried to—a contingency which is impossible.

A FEW OF OUR OPINIONS.

It is true that "Repeal was already shattered in 1843," but even after the last of O'Connell's monster meetings was held, the hopes—vain hopes if you will—of the Repealers survived the memorable Clontarf manifesto of O'Connell. Until the Nation appeared in 1843, the Repealers were still more or less sanguine for their cause; but the moment that a "new spirit came into Ireland," when Davis laid down his programme and proceeded, with his towering ability, to carry it into execution, the last "hopes of the Repealers" were shattered; and O'Connell himself bowed to the inevitable. Regarding Cardinals Cullen and McCabe, it seems to us that if Walter Lecky's judgment is at fault in denying that they were unpatriotic, most certainly Mr. Davis rushes into the other extreme, apparently forgetful, in his desire to prove his contention, that neither of the Cardinals should be judged by the standard that might apply to politicians—their rank, obligations, responsibilities and imperative caution must be considered, as we think Lecky has done.

THE CATHEDRAL PEWS.

The sale of pews in the St. James Roman Catholic Cathedral took place Tuesday evening, the 10th, Messrs. Benning & Barsalou being the auctioneers. The sale was not very largely attended. Some of the best pews were sold at prices ranging from \$35 to \$25, although others had been sold privately at much higher prices. Among the buyers were Messrs. Moise Richot, who has attended service at the cathedral for the past fifty-two years, and L. J. A. Derome, W. A. Hamilton, Judge Baby, Mr. Burke, Dr. Hingston, M. Richot, L. J. Forget, Dr. Brodeur, C. A. Geoffroy, P. McCrory, D. M. Amos, J. C. Beauchamp, Mr. Quintal, P. Demers, M. Guerin, C. Hurtubise, C. A. Briggs, J. O. Gravel, H. Herbert, Mr. McCready and Louis Masson.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

[We are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—There has lately disappeared from public view a noted clergyman of the Methodist Church, in the person of the late Rev. Dr. Douglas. His many virtues and other good qualities have formed the theme of numerous sermons and obituary addresses. So that a widespread sentiment prevails among our separated brethren that a great chief has fallen in Israel. It is not my object to detract one iota from his fair name. He was without doubt a model husband, a loving father, an upright citizen, and a staunch advocate of social purity. In addition to these lofty encomiums, he was characterized at a meeting of the Ministerial Association as devoted, heart and soul, to the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, which he claimed to be not only a right, but a sacred duty, "no matter from what quarter opposition might come." Seeing the late lamented clergyman can impart no information on the subject, I would fain learn from the Ministerial Association, of which he was so conspicuous a member, from what quarter they fear opposition. Certainly not from non-Catholics; neither can it be expected to occur on the part of non-Christians and free-thinkers, who make the Scriptures a butt for criticism, and an excuse for infidelity. The opposition, if any, can arise from no other quarter than the Catholic Church. Yet this supposition can hardly fill the bill. For to the loving care of the Catholic Church, we are all indebted, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, for the conservation and perpetuation both of the Old and the New Testament. The Church, then, cannot justly be accused of opposing the Scriptures, seeing she makes use of them every day in her offices and in all her sermons and instructions. What she does oppose, and what she will never cease to condemn, is *Bible-worship*, or the attaching of more importance to the dead letter of a book than to the living voice of the Church—the chosen mouth-piece of the Almighty, which He commanded all His followers not only to hear but to obey. "He that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me." In the Bible system of Christianity these words of the Redeemer, and many others that occur in the Sacred Scriptures,—so consoling to the Catholic and confirmatory of his faith,—are to the Protestant bereft of all comfort save as a lesson of reproof.

In the sixteenth century the Church beheld nearly all over Europe, but particularly in England, Scotland and Ireland, her shrines desecrated and levelled to the ground, her altars overthrown, the daily Sacrifice abolished, and the Bible become, as it were, the abomination of desolation, "set up in the Holy Place," as alone worthy of respect and veneration. (See Dan. xii. ii). In King James' version the passage is rendered,— "abomination that maketh desolate." Accordingly, the early reformers, armed with bible in one hand, as their authority, and with crowbar in the other, proceeded to make desolate the temples and other holy places erected by the skill of our Catholic forefathers, stripping them of everything that savoured of devotion or of ornament. Not even the organ, so well adapted to elevate the soul to heavenly thoughts and aspirations could escape their blind fury, fanaticism and ferocity; it was hurled amidst jeers and derision to the floor beneath as an idolatrous "box of whistles." Nor did bible-christianity rest satisfied until the glorious Bride and Spouse of Jesus Christ was stripped of her royal jewels,—her schools, colleges and universities, and sent forth naked and desolate to seek uncertain refuge in valleys, caves and mountains. Then it was that Satan may be truly said to have roamed about like a "roaring lion seeking whom he might devour." But if he roars less lustily now than in the spring-time of the Reformation, he is far from idle. In the neighboring Republic he is now busy training the young cub A.P.A. to roar like his sire, having succeeded in devouring the Catholic schools of the Northwest. But the grand project at which he has labored assiduously in Lower Canada, though with scant success, for upwards of forty years, is to set up Bible-worship in the Sanctuary, to cause the daily Sacrifice to cease on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and to make the everlasting Church of

Jesus Christ as cold and desolate in the land of Chiniquy as he made it erstwhile in the land of Knox.

A. G. GRANT.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.

Montreal, April, 1894.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—It is astonishing to read in the daily press that Catholic Societies are announcing excursions for the 24th of May. That day is the Feast of Corpus Christi. I trust general attention will be drawn to the fact through your paper. It will not be pleasant to know that Catholics are, or will be, the cause of unnecessary work on a holy day, even allowing that some holy days have been limited during the past year.

CITY READER.

[The foregoing letter was received as we were going to press. We would remind our City Reader that Corpus Christi is not a holy day of obligation; that excursions take place even on Sundays; that whether the societies did or did not hold excursions, it being the Queen's Birthday, the same men would have to work. The non-Catholic element will have excursions on that day. Steamboat men are not going to snub to the wharf and lose that harvest, simply because it is a Catholic holiday. Railway men, street-car employees, steamboat hands, and others in like situations, could not escape work, even were the Catholic societies to forego their very legitimate excursions.—Ed. T. W.]

THAT \$50,000 CASE.

THE CANADA-REVUE AGAINST THE ARCH-BISHOP.

This case is now closed; it would be impossible for us—considering the space at our disposal—to give a full report of the trial, and any synopsis of it would necessarily be most incomplete, for it is a series of links forming an important chain. Now that argument has been heard on either side, and that the case is taken *en delibere* by the Court, it is obvious that we cannot comment upon its merits. The position we occupy, and the circumstances that surround the case, make it clear that any expression of opinion, at this stage, might be wrongly construed and our motives misrepresented. Consequently, we reserve all comment and expression of opinion until the judgment is delivered.—Ed. TRUE WITNESS.

A JOINT CONCERT

IN AID OF ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH.

On Friday evening next—the 20th April—a joint concert will be given in the new parish church of St. Gabriel's by the members of the different societies of the parish. The St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, Branch 74 C. M. B. A., Court No. 185 C. O. F., and Division No. 2 A. O. H. have combined to present a magnificent programme on the occasion. The admission fee will be 50c and 25c. The funds will go to the defraying of expenses in connection with the building of the new church. It must be gratifying to good Father O'Meara, the energetic and popular pastor of that important parish, to find such harmony and zeal in the different organizations connected with St. Gabriel's and to know that a spirit of enterprise, so strongly and tangibly manifested, exists in the community. We trust that the concert will be a grand success; not one of the parishioners should fail to attend, and outsiders—amongst whom are a legion of Father O'Meara's friends—should put in an appearance. We hope the splendid new edifice will be thronged to its utmost capacity. The floral decorations will be under the superintendence of Messrs. W. B. Davidson & Sons. St. Gabriel's fife and drum band will discourse music; and the songs, recitations, dances, instrumental pieces, fancy marching, wand drill, and other items on the programme promise—considering the well-known talent of the performers—a most successful entertainment. Miss Maggie O Byrne will preside at the piano, and Rev. Father O'Meara will deliver the introductory address. "Come one, come all!"

APPOINTMENTS.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre has appointed Abbe Pierre Leduc cure of St. Hermas, and Abbe E. Bedard, almoner to the Asylum of the Female Deaf and Dumb, on St. Denis street.

MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT.

TROUBLE MAY DELAY ITS FINAL ERECTION.

At the meeting of the Maisonneuve monument committee, in the Mechanics' Hall, on Saturday afternoon, there were present: Judge Baby (in the chair), Judges Wurtele and Pagnuelo, Dr. Leprohon, Vicomte de la Barthe, Lieut.-Col. Butler, Messrs. R. Roy, Q. C., Richard White, J. A. U. Baudry, Walter Walter Drake, J. X. Perrault, De Lery Macdonald, R. W. McLachlan, Robert Reid, J. D. Rolland and G. Brunet. Reviewing the position of affairs, the chairman remarked that those entrusted with the collection of funds had done their very best, but the question now was whether they could put up the monument in their present financial position.

Mr. White reported the subscriptions to be \$11,391.99, and after disbursements made they were left with a balance of \$64.11 only.

Judge Pagnuelo remarked that Mr. Hebert had only been paid \$6,000 on the contract price of \$16,000 for the statue, and it would be a breach of trust to take possession of it without paying the money promised. The judge also referred to the want of enthusiasm in the matter. There followed rather unpleasant explanations between Judge Pagnuelo and Mr. Reid respecting the latter's tender for the construction of the pedestal. Each gave his version as to the reason that brought on Mr. Reid's refusal to go on with the contract, and finally Mr. Reid declared that all he wanted was to get back his deposit of \$250. The judge complained that lawyers' letters to the committee, on behalf of Mr. Reid, had no doubt stopped many English subscriptions.

Dr. Leprohon paid a tribute to the generosity of the English-speaking citizens with respect to the monument.

It was finally decided to leave the matter of this slight difficulty in the hands of Judge Baby, who would arrange things amicably, after which they could proceed with the subscriptions.

A vote of thanks was tendered the chairman, and the meeting dispersed.

Under the circumstances, the chances for the inauguration of the monument in May are very small indeed.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

TO VISIT MOUNT ST. LOUIS COLLEGE.

To-morrow His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen will pay a visit to Mount St. Louis College, on Sherbrooke street. A grand reception is being prepared, and we are confident that the distinguished visitors will go away with a high impression of the students, teachers, system and organization of this, one of the foremost educational houses in Montreal.

THE STANDARD LACROSSE CLUB.

ANNUAL REPORT AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Standard Lacrosse Club held their annual meeting on Friday last, at 30 Alexander street. Mr. D. Ross occupied the chair. There were about 45 members present to encourage the team this season in bringing the championship to their quarters of the city, and from the most excellent showing they made last year against the present champions it is safe to predict that the close of this season will bring the wearers of the white and green to that coveted position. The report of last year's proceedings were read and was well received, they having shown the club to be in a flourishing condition. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Hon. president, Mr. Amos White; president, M. Callaghan; vice-president, D. Ross; 2nd vice-president, J. Daoust; secretary, J. Heaver, treasurer, M. Riley; field captain, T. Murphy. Committee: W. Talbert, D. Brown, M. O'Connor, W. Hickey and J. Dow. Delegates to Independent League: M. Callaghan and D. Ross.

A GRAND BAZAAR.

On Monday the Sisters of Providence opened a grand bazaar at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum on St. Denis street, for the benefit of that most deserving institution. We trust that the citizens of Montreal will make it a duty to contribute all they can to that worthy enterprise, for the sake of religion and of those afflicted children.

REV. FATHER SOULIER.

THE SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE OBLATS ARRIVES.

Rev. Father Jean Baptiste Louis Soulier, Superior-General of the Oblat Order, accompanied by Rev. Father Joseph Eugene Antoine, second Superior-General, and late Provincial of the Order in Canada, arrived here last night. Rev. Father Lefevre, the present provincial, went to New York to meet them. There was a demonstration at the railway station, and at the presbytery of St. Peter's, on Visitation street, the addresses of welcome were read. To-night the young men of St. Peter's congregation will give an entertainment and concert, which they have been preparing for a long time. This is the first time that a Superior-General of the Oblat Order ever left France to visit another country in such a capacity; but the object of his journey to this country is considered most important. He will only remain in this city long enough to rest himself after his journey, and he will leave for Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia, as far north as the Mackenzie River. The people of these regions, as far as their religious wants are concerned, are cared for by the Fathers of the Oblat Order. There are about three hundred members of that Order scattered over that country, including an archbishop, bishops, priests and lay brothers. The object of the Oblat Order is to settle the country, and when parishes have been established, to transfer them to secular priests; but so far there are very few secular priests in the North-West or Manitoba. The Fathers own considerable property in those regions, in the shape of colleges and churches. All questions affecting religion, naturally interest the Order greatly. All the bishops of the North-West are Oblats. Mgr. Tache, of St. Boniface; Mgr. Grandin, of St. Albert; Mgr. Grouard, of Mackenzie; Mgr. Durieux, of British Columbia, and Mgr. Clut. Their Lordships are now concerned in the troubles that are agitating the people of the West, and the Superior-General on their invitation is going out to consult with

AND ADVISE THEM.

At the last chapter of the Bishops he was requested to send one of his assistants; but he answered that he would not only do that, but go himself and see what are the wants of his priests and their flocks. He will render them all the assistance in his power. It is not known yet what will be the outcome of this visit, but it is thought that it will have much to do with the settling of the questions that now agitate the minds of the people of the North-West. It is also believed that a number of new priests will be sent west, as the Catholics have been asking for them this long time. No steps will be taken for some time yet, as everything will be well studied first, but developments will surely come. Rev. Father Soulier is the third Superior-General of the Oblat Order. He was elected in May last, and he is now sixty-six years of age. He was several years the first assistant of the Order.

Rev. Father Antoine was Provincial of the Order in Quebec and Ontario during twenty years. Seven years ago, he was called to France as second assistant of the Order, a position which he still occupies, though he also comes to Canada, this time as visitor of the Order in Canada. The rev. gentleman is well known here.

Mgr. Tache, who is another distinguished member of the Order, was the third priest of the Oblats to perform the duties of the ministry in Canada. On the return of the rev. Fathers, there will be a religious demonstration with ceremonies at St. Peter's Church. The date of their return is not settled.

C. M. B. A.

REGULAR MEETING OF BRANCH 26.

There was a large gathering of members of the C.M.B.A. in Glenora Hall, on Monday evening, at the regular meeting of Branch 26. The Secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan, read his reports, which were very interesting. Five new members were received into the Branch. A Committee was appointed to make arrangements for an open meeting which will be held on Monday, April 23. A resolution of condolence was passed with Vice-President Corcoran on the death of his wife. During the evening several of the visitors made short addresses,

THE ATHLETIC SHAMROCKS.

The Annual Meeting—The President's Report—A Most Able and Satisfactory Statement.

The Shamrock Athletic Association held their annual meeting last Monday night, and the progress shown was of the most encouraging sort, a balance of \$10,000 in round numbers being shown. Mr. T. P. Crowe, Vice-President, occupied the chair during the reading of the annual reports. Previous to calling upon the Secretary-Treasurer, he delivered a neat speech, urging upon the members the necessity of increasing their efforts to make the coming year one never to be forgotten by the lovers of lacrosse. Following is the annual report:

GENTLEMEN,—I have very much pleasure in presenting the annual report of the operations of the association, affiliated clubs and other clubs connected with it.

Although the work of organization of the association has been completed, and the noble undertaking of securing a permanent home at St. Louis de Mile End has been achieved several years ago, it was only during the month of April, 1893, the opening of the present season, that your association became an active and important factor in the cause of physical culture.

During nearly three decades the members of the Shamrock Lacrosse club have striven earnestly and zealously in the endeavor to awaken a spirit of enthusiasm among young Irish-Canadians, not alone for the great national game of lacrosse, of which it has ever been a staunch and earnest promoter, a true and foremost exponent, but also for all other branches of physical exercises which are calculated to impart strength and vigor to the manhood of our country.

In view of the fact that this report is the first regular one since the adoption of the present constitution of the association, I have deemed it eminently fitting to place upon record our appreciation and admiration for the splendid manifestations of generosity and co-operation evinced by the citizens of Montreal during the progress of the Shamrock bazaar, to the ladies who kindly assisted in its administration, and to the members of the club for the noble enthusiasm they aroused during its progress. The magnificent financial result of the bazaar, together with the enterprise displayed by several members of the executive committee, enabled the provisional directors to lay the foundations of a home and recreation grounds for the association and its affiliated clubs, which will always stand as a monument bearing testimony to the prowess of the Shamrock Lacrosse teams of the past thirty years, of the unswerving devotion of the members of the club in their endeavor to maintain an interest in manly sports, as well as an evidence that under the direction of the new organization the name of the club will be assured for the future.

During the year just closed your directors, having in view the early occupation of the grounds at St. Louis de Mile End, entered into contracts for the ploughing, rolling, seeding, draining and fencing, and the erection of suitable entrances and ticket offices. The sum of \$8,037.75 has been expended for that purpose. The plans for the grand stand and other facilities for the public at the new grounds, together with the specifications, have been prepared and adopted by your directors, who are now asking for estimates for the material and workmanship.

In connection with the question of transportation from the city to the new grounds your directors have entered into a notarial contract before A. Brogan, N.P., with the Montreal Park and Island Railway Company, by which they guarantee to double track the distance between the city and the grounds and equip a service during a period of ten years.

Your directors were also obliged to give a corresponding guarantee that the association would occupy these grounds during the same space of time.

The company have also purchased eight lots of land fronting on Shamrock avenue, and immediately adjoining the entrance, upon which they are obliged to erect a substantial and suitable depot for the general public.

During the year just closed the directors held 31 meetings, 1 of which was held at the Young Irishmen's Hall and 30 at the office of the secretary-treasurer, and the attendance was as follows:—

F. O'Reilly.....	31	J. P. Clarke.....	26
P. McKeown.....	29	D. Gallery.....	25
T. P. Crowe.....	28	P. H. Bartley.....	25
E. Halley.....	27	R. J. Cooke.....	19
F. Loye.....	28	W. J. McKenna.....	18
		A. Demers.....	13

I desire to say in justice to two members of the board of directors—Messrs. W. J. McKenna and P. H. Bartley—that the former was obliged to leave for Colorado for his health during the month of October, and the latter was ill during seven weeks and had given notification to the secretary.

At the close of the season your directors tendered the Shamrock Lacrosse team a public dinner in order to give some manifestation of their approval and appreciation of the splendid struggle they made to uphold its colors and maintain their reputation in the front rank for championship honors.

The event was a new departure and proved highly satisfactory in point of attendance and in its financial result.

We also submit statements showing the financial position of the association, the receipts and expenditures, auditors' report, reports of the secretaries of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, Young Shamrock and Junior Shamrock Lacrosse Clubs.

The approaching year is one of momentous importance to the future of the association and all clubs in connection with it, because that portion of the equipment of the new ground, which involves the largest outlay, will have to be entered upon. The estimated expenditure for the proposed grand stand and accessories will reach a figure not less than \$15,000.

The association is therefore in need of the earnest co-operation of not alone all its present members, but of all its supporters, who should regard it as their duty to have their names inscribed upon its membership roll. Its foundations have been laid broad and solid by the hands of the energetic, zealous and successful promoters of that physical culture which is the mainstay of a nation; it remains for the men of the present, who are walking so valiantly in the footsteps of their predecessors,

to carve out and erect a superstructure that will stand perfect in its form, attractive in its proportions, lofty in its stature, as a beacon light of encouragement to the young men of the next generation and a model whereby they may learn to cultivate that fraternal and magnanimous spirit which will crown their victories on the grand field of lacrosse, and firmly establish in its home and in its equipment an institution which will become an effective auxiliary in the future progress and development of our great Dominion.

The whole respectfully submitted.

J. P. CLARKE, President.

The finances showed assets \$12,434.76, and liabilities in all \$1,654.51, leaving a balance of net capital of the Association \$10,780.55. The auditors' report was as follows:—

To the President, Board and Members of the Amateur Athletic Association:

We, the undersigned auditors of the association, hereby certify that we examined carefully the books and annual statement of the association and find same to be correct.

We wish to draw your attention to the satisfactory manner in which the books of the association are kept. We find that, with a few exceptions, such as payments to visiting teams, etc., the cash receipts have been deposited with the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and that the expenditure of the association was met by 271 cheques on that bank.

We wish to express our satisfaction at the manner in which the secretary-treasurer, Mr. McDonnell, has arranged the books and vouchers of the association, and that with the system now adopted and with the hearty co-operation of the affiliated clubs and an economical administration of affairs, we are confident, and desire to express our confidence, in the ability of the association to place its finances upon a firm and permanent basis.

A. DEMERS, } Auditors.
P. H. BARTLEY, }

Montreal, 12th April, 1894.

The election of directors was then proceeded with, the vice-president giving place to Mr. J. P. Clarke, president of the association, in the chair.

The directors elected were: J. P. Clarke, E. Halley, T. P. Crowe, R. J. Cooke, P. H. Bartley, P. McKeown, F. O'Reilly, W. J. McKenna, D. Gallery, T. Butler and Joseph McCay.

The board of directors will meet at the office of the secretary-treasurer on Thursday next to elect the president and vice-president from their number.

At the suggestion of the president, to the meeting, it was moved by G. A. Carpenter, seconded by John Kavanagh, that Sir Donald A. Smith be elected a life member of the Association.

Votes of thanks were tendered to the retiring directors, and the annual report, for the first time in the history of the Association, was put in printed form before the members, and the pamphlet, issued by THE TRUE WITNESS, was greatly admired for the neatness with which it was prepared and gotten up for circulation.

ST. ANN'S PARISH NOTES.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family in St. Ann's Church on Monday evening last, the Director, Rev. Father Godts, C.S.S.R., announced that the Golden Jubilee of the Association would take place in the month of May, and that the celebration would be conducted on a grand scale, particulars of which will be announced later.

Rev. Father Catulle, C.S.S.R., Visitor of the Redemptorist Order in Canada, who went to Rome a few months ago to assist in the election of a General of the Order, is still in the Eternal City, and is expected to return to Montreal about the end of May.

Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., is still in his native land, Belgium, and his numerous friends will be glad to learn that his health is much improved, and that he expect to return in the month of May.

The Jubilee of the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family will be celebrated in St. Ann's Church by a three days' devotion,—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of May. At 7.30 p.m., special sermon; reserved seats for the men; Saturday, confessions. Sunday, at 8 o'clock, general communion for the men. At 2.30 p.m. sharp the men of the Holy Family will gather in St. Ann's Church, walk in procession to Bineecour Chapel, and visit the new Monument Chapel of the Holy Family. In the evening, at 7, closing sermon by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, pastor of St. Mary's, and solemn Benediction.

At High Mass, on Sunday week, the pastor of St. Ann's, Rev. Father Bancart, C.S.S.R., made a feeling reference to the late Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N.Y., who was for many years the pastor of St. Ann's, and who was so universally beloved by his parishioners.

He announced that in token of their affection for him, a Solemn Requiem Mass would be offered up for the repose of his soul on the following Wednesday morning, and he invited all who could be present to attend. In compliance with Father Bancart's request, St. Ann's Church was completely filled on the occasion, many of the worshippers being visibly affected, the many amiable traits in the character of the deceased being still fresh in the memory of many of the older parishioners, as well as in that of large numbers of the rising generation, who were children in the days of Father O'Farrell's pastorate of St. Ann's. Another Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was offered up in St. Ann's Church yesterday morning, and was also largely attended.

We are pleased to have to record that the circulation of THE TRUE WITNESS in St. Ann's Parish is increasing rapidly, thanks to the untiring efforts of the good Redemptorist Fathers, who have repeatedly urged their parishioners to subscribe for the only journal which they have to defend their cause.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE DR. J. C. TACHE.

The following despatch comes from Ottawa:

OTTAWA, April 16.—Dr. Tache, ex-Deputy Minister of Agriculture and brother to Archbishop Tache of Winnipeg, died at water Street Hospital late last evening. Deceased had been superannuated for about ten years. He was 74 years of age, and represented Rimouski in the Canadian Assembly from 1854 to 1857. He was appointed Deputy Minister in 1864. He has been an invalid for years past. He was the author of various works on Canada and Canadian interests.

THE LATE MRS. CHARLES MARCIL.

The death is announced of Mrs. Charles Marcil, widow of the late Mr. Charles Marcil, advocate, and mother of Mr. Charles Marcil of the Star. Her demise, which took place at her residence on St. Andre street, was caused by heart failure. The deceased lady leaves four sons. She was a sister of the late Lieut.-Col. Doherty, of St. Hyacinthe; of the late Mr. Michael Doherty, of this city, and of Major E. P. Doherty, of New York. The funeral is to take place on Wednesday morning, to St. James Roman Catholic church. The deceased was a sister of Major Doherty, who commanded the company that ran down and killed Mr. J. Wilkes Booth. [THE TRUE WITNESS extends to Mr. Marcil the expression of a sincere sympathy in the hour of gloom and sorrow, and prays that her soul may have eternal repose.]

THE LATE MR. FAHEY, OF QUEBEC.

It is with deep sorrow that we learned of the death, last week, of one of the most highly respected Catholic citizens of Quebec, in the person of Mr. Fahey, father of the Rev. Father Fahey of St. Patrick's. The funeral, which was largely attended, and obsequies that were most imposing, took place at St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, on Monday last. The Rev. Father Fahey attended, and for a second time, in almost a year, performed the sad offices over a beloved parent. Last year his mother, this year his father; the sympathy of his numerous friends and admirers in this city goes forth to the good priest and bereaved son. THE TRUE WITNESS desires to convey its expression of grief, both to Father Fahey and to the other members of his family. For over three years he has been attached to St. Patrick's here, and by his zeal, devotion to duty, kindness to all, and eloquence and fervor, he has won the affection of a vast congregation, each member of which will feel in part the sorrow that has come to him. Mr. Fahey, the deceased, was a model Catholic, a good citizen, a fond father and a noble husband. He did not long survive the partner of his life; but loaded with good deeds and amidst the prayers of all who knew him, he went to join her in the land beyond, where God keeps ever ready the rewards that He has promised to the "good and faithful" in this life. May his soul rest in peace and may the Almighty console those whom he has left to weep his loss.

THE LATE MR. JOHN QUINLIVAN.

We have this week to record the sad news of one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of the Stratford, Ont. district, in the person of the late

Mr. John Quinlivan. The deceased was an uncle of the reverend and beloved pastor of St. Patrick's church, Father Quinlivan. He was in his seventy fourth year when the summons, calling him away to the reward that is promised to all "good and faithful servants," came. Mr. Quinlivan was the eldest of a family of five—three brothers and two sisters—who came to Canada from Ireland in 1842. For over half a century he has resided near Stratford, where he built up a home for himself, created a future for his family, and secured the respect, admiration and esteem of all his fellow-citizens. Needless to say that he was a fond husband, a kind father and a practical and deeply devoted Catholic. Last week Rev. Father Quinlivan left for Stratford, where he performed the melancholy duty that, in his two-fold capacity of priest and relative, fell to his share. The sorrow throughout the whole district was heartfelt and the sympathy for the family of the departed was most universal and sincere. Mr. Quinlivan had been ailing for long years—a prey to a continued dyspepsia—but during the past few months he had enjoyed comparatively better health. The immediate cause of his demise was a severe attack of pneumonia. It was Gavin Duffy who wrote, in referring to Thomas Davi's, "great men and kindly men may be rare; but good men and true men are numerous." There are many such who move quietly and unostentatiously, like a spirit in the bosom of society. They spread a happy influence around them, and their lives are perpetual models for all who come within the circle of their sphere. And of these the late Mr. Quinlivan was certainly one. THE TRUE WITNESS desires to convey to his family and relatives the sincere expression of a true sympathy, and to the Rev. Father Quinlivan—our own pastor and good friend—we offer that condolence which he so well knows is from the heart. For the departed gentleman we can only say, with the Church he loved and obeyed so well: "May his soul rest in peace."

GRAND ORGAN RECITAL.

On Monday night Mr. Charles A. E. Harris presided, in a masterly manner, at the grand new organ in St. Anthony's Church. His selections were very felicitous. The grand overture to "Samson" brought forth the capabilities of the instrument. Guilmant's variations on "Two Christmas Themes" was thoroughly in that well-known French composer's style, the "Adeste Fideles" receiving a very happy treatment at both the composer's and player's hands. A very pleasing solo was that in which Mr. Harris utilized the "vox humana" stop on this organ, which stop is a very beautiful one. He played "Oh Rest in the Lord" on it in such a manner that the audience appreciated the peculiarly devotional feeling which such music produces. His other selections were from the masterpieces of Handel and Haydn and he concluded with a splendid march of his own composition which compelled the audience to remain in their seats to the end. Apart from the organist and the instrument a good deal of interest was naturally felt about the boy singer, Master Turnbull Sinclair. His sweet boyish voice has never been heard to better advantage than it was last night, when he sang "Oh, for the wings of a dove," and Rossini's "Inflammatus," the latter especially being wonderfully sung by the gifted boy. He also sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in such a sympathetic manner that brought many lumps in the throats of his hearers.

Mr. Stewart Blanford was in splendid voice, and by his singing of "If With All Your Hearts" and "Every Valley" showed that Montreal possesses a tenor who is a great gain to the city in being able to sing and appreciate the difficult works of oratorio. Mr. A. G. Cunningham sang splendidly and showed the acoustics of the new church to great advantage. His selections were "Why do the Nations," "Now in Heavens" and "The Trumpet Shall Sound." All these solos were sung in a manner which brought out Mr. Cunningham's beautiful voice to perfection and showed that his method is improving every day.

The Rev. J. E. Donnelly, the parish priest of St. Anthony's, may well be congratulated on the success of Monday night's concert, not only for the crowded audience, but for producing such an excellent classical concert which will be remembered for a long time as one of the best of the season.

A TIMELY WORK.

MEMOIRS OF BISHOP EDMUND BURKE.

A Volume that Contains Historical Information of Great Importance—
A Glance into the Pioneer Days of Nova Scotia—
A Charming and Instructive Book.

There is no name better known in the annals of Canadian literature than that of the Right Reverend Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., the distinguished and scholarly Archbishop of Halifax. Great or humble, no matter what work Archbishop O'Brien undertakes, it is sure to be complete, highly polished, scrupulously exact, brilliantly attractive, and sincerely patriotic. In every branch, poetry, romance, history, criticism, philosophical reasoning or theological research, the eminent prelate has attained success; because he is a student, a careful and impartial judge, and the possessor of a brilliant and inimitable style. The last addition to our literature, from the facile and eloquent pen of the learned churchman, is a gem of its class, and will sparkle brightly in the cluster of precious works which go to make up the crown of literary fame that this country owes him and that future generations shall recognize as his by all the rights of merit.

The "Memoirs of Rt. Rev. Edmund Burke, Bishop of Zion, First Vicar Apostolic of Nova Scotia," is a volume of about 150 pages, neatly bound, well illustrated, printed on the finest of paper and in a large and readable type. Externally the book is attractive, but its value lies in the contents of its pages. There is, perhaps, no period in the ecclesiastical history of our country so much neglected as the close of the last and commencement of the present centuries. In doing a splendid act of justice to the memory of the zealous missionary, the learned bishop and the erudite pioneer, whose years of life took in that special epoch, the author has also opened out a fresh avenue, almost untrodden heretofore, for the careful students of Canadian history to follow. In the preface we find these remarkable but wonderfully truthful expressions: "But our history is yet to be written; and, so far as we know, biographies in the English language of any great men are rare; although autobiographies, paid for at a certain rate per page, are not uncommon. In many superficial sketches of our history that does exist, poor missionary priests are not honored by much mention, and yet they, more than generals or admirals, laid strongly and well the basis of society, and moulded, in no small measure, its opinions, and shaped its actions. We believe that a perusal of the pages of the Memoirs will confirm this assertion."

And having carefully perused those pages we can say that the Archbishop is perfectly correct in his surmise; no person can possibly read those memoirs and close the book without feeling a current of new ideas, on the subject, gliding through his brain, and a pulsation of noble and, perhaps, heretofore unexperienced sentiments thrilling around his heart. It has evidently been a work of love—none the less is it one of true patriotism. We know not which to admire the most,—the piety and labors of the great Vicar Apostolic, the devotion to the interests of the Church which he displayed, the undying love for his native land, the unreserved sacrifice of a life in the interests of Canada, or the spirit and Catholic-Canadian sentiments of the eloquent biographer.

The reader opens the pages of this volume with the intention of glancing through it; the very first chapter, "From Ireland to Quebec," in which an account of Bishop Burke's arrival in 1786 is given, rivets the attention; the rapidity with which the panoramic pictures succeed each other, the glow of diction that lights them up—each brighter than the one before it—and the wonderfully interesting details of a most romantic yet serious career, all mesmerize you, and the moments lengthen into hours; at last you find yourself reading the closing chapter, and only then awakening from the entrancing vision of the far away past.

The account of Father Burke's life in the Quebec Seminary, and then his years of missionary work amidst the

great forests of Upper Canada, his zeal for souls, his thirst for the salvation of the Indian, the colonist, the woodman, his toils, sufferings, privations, his stupendous efforts in the cause of Faith, is given in a style that is at once fascinating and inspiring. Before giving the details of Father Burke's first work in Nova Scotia, the reader is presented with a chapter on the history of the Church in Acadia. Apart from the biography this chapter is, in itself, a priceless addition to our sources of historical information. The author points out a fact, that is too often ignored, that Nova Scotia was the cradle of Catholicity in Canada. As early as 1604 two missionaries planted the cross on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and in 1611, Fathers Biard and Masse "came to cultivate the missionary field."

It would be impossible for us to quote from the work in such a short review as our space will permit; moreover, we do not wish to mar the delight and satisfaction of the readers who will take up this volume and go on from summit to summit, bounding like antelopes, along its mountain range of solid historical information and often towering majesty of expressions. There is nothing dull, nothing commonplace, nothing weak in the "Memoirs of Bishop Burke." The history of the Church in Halifax is replete with facts gleaned from the most authentic authorities and glitters with dew drop expressions, through which the rays from the sun of the author's genius shoot prismatic combinations of thought. The characteristics of Father Burke are brought out in a most striking manner; the days of his short but vigorous and fruitful episcopal labors are presented in broad, but perfect lines; the whole biography is an historical painting of a much neglected period, and the grand central figure upon the canvas is the good Bishop, whose Memoirs are embalmed for all time by the skill of his distinguished successor.

We cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from one of the closing chapters. It is worthy the pen of Bossuet and the pencil of a Raphael; it is a combination of the deepest sentiments, noblest impulses, brightest images, strongest truths and choicest expressions, that alone might serve as a worthy monument to perpetuate the memory of the great and good prelate whose death inspired its composition. "It is appointed unto all men once to die," declares the Apostle, and weak human nature, taught by every day events, and warned by its own consciousness of decay, practically takes up the refrain and sounds it down the centuries. A stern reality is this death, whether borne on angel wings to kiss into unconsciousness a lovely child, or whirled in a chariot of fire to smite a vigorous youth, or carried slowly forward in the wallet of time to gently garner the ripened fruit of a long and well-spent life. A dispeller of illusions, too, in this restless pursuer of the human family. In the dim light of his presence all artistic groupings of deeds, all dramatic action, all fictitious presentments of our own importance, are ruthlessly shorn of the glamour that ennobled them in our eyes; and we see them only as well or ill done duties, and perhaps wasted opportunities. The setting sun throws out a shadow startling in its lengthened outlines; and the decline of life's fitful day carries the soul back over its span of years, shadowed too often with phantoms of forgotten misdeeds of giant-like proportions. The mind is no longer held captive in a network of complex subtleties, such as bias our judgment, or produce indecision during our life; it sees only the yea, yea, or the nay, nay—the systole and diastole of conscience. Death, the pursuer, at length overtakes the pursued, and, fight bravely as he may, the latter is to all human seeming invariably conquered. Yet is there a triumphant ring in the dying cry of the vanquished. "Non omnis Morior"—not all of me shall die, is the challenge the expiring Christian throws down to victorious death, as he calmly passes to a life and a state more real, though less material, than the present."

There is not a Catholic family in Canada that should be without a copy of Archbishop O'Brien's "Memoirs of Bishop Burke," upon the table and at the hand of each member of the household. It would be an admirable book for prizes in the schools, colleges and convents. Our space will not permit of any further remarks; we have, however, said enough to give an idea of the esti-

mate we place upon the work. We can find only one fault with it—and that is certainly due to the countless duties that his responsible position imposes upon the author—we find it too short. In an age when the press is pouring out tons of thrash—chaff worse than useless—it is a God-send to meet with some good wheat; here we have a handful of it—we would like if the Archbishop could have given us a bushel.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

A SOUVENIR.

[The following lines were addressed to a lady friend of the TRUE WITNESS, on the reception of an Easter gift, by the late lamented orator, poet and general litterateur, Rev. Father Graham.]

Thanks for the gift; the lesson deep,
Of mortal life it sweetly teaches,
That we must struggle up the steep,
Whose thorny heights to heaven reaches;
We, too, our Calvary and Cross
Must stern endure 'mid passion's scorning,
Its glory's light should crown our loss,
And we achieve our Easter morning.

O wondrous life of Love Divine!
In lettered light on human pages,
Writ in the soul of Adam's line,
The heritage of endless ages!
Two thousand years are nearly sped,
And, yet, grey Time, the tale adorning—
Gives to our love the thorn-crowned head
Of the first glorious Easter Morning!

The victory of life in Death,
Is ours in Him, of passing beauty;—
Be patient till the last worn breath
Drops at Love's feet the yoke of Duty.
So speaks the oracle again,
To hearts in mercy's kindest warning,
Bear bravely on thy rugged cross,
If thou wouldst have thy Easter Morning.

GLADSTONE AND THE VATICAN.

THE MONTEUR DE ROME GIVES AN ANALYSIS OF HIS CAREER; THE ONE CLOUD ON THE HORIZON.

With Mr. Gladstone there disappears the latest of statesmen who knew how to pursue an ideal of justice without losing sight of the conditions of the age in which they live, of the temper of their people or their instincts. A philosopher and a consummate tactician, Mr. Gladstone has united in his person at the same time the idealist and the realist, the theorist and the practical man. The true leader of the people is he who has dipped his spirit in the deep springs of philosophy and history, who unites an austere culture to the contemplation of eternal principles with the knowledge of the evolutions of humanity, and who in applying principles takes into account the conditions under which he works; who, whilst never forgetting the supreme end in view, tempers his ideas, adapts them to new needs, and extracts from current events all that there is in them that is good and just; who, in a word, takes as his motto, "to recognize that which exists, to do all that he is able, to direct his aims to that which should be." Mr. Gladstone belongs to that class of men, a pre eminent orator, a true magician of words, a classical and facile writer, a savant, literary critic, theologian, moralist. Gladstone has been one of the completest natures of our epoch, where so often unity and synthesis are veiled and genius itself but fragmentary. He lived a life for humanity. His disappearance makes us wish that his last acts should move others to imitate him. Our age has created four types of sham statesmen: the doctrinaires, like Rousseau, the sectaries of Voltaire, the cynical opportunists of the Bismarck class, and the Gambetta Conservative school, who know only the ideal and maintain it at the risk of losing all. At once Conservative and progressive, imbued with the ideal of justice, and with a soul open to the feelings and voices of the century, Gladstone has pursued a career where noble works and generous influences hold the rank of honor. In the evening of his life, we have seen this old man, this optimist after twenty falls, this lover of humanity and of true evolution, we have seen him espouse the noblest and most arduous of causes, the cause of the autonomy of Ireland. Public opinion, Conservative and English prejudice, racial hatreds and opposition of every kind he has faced, that he might enrich the patrimony of liberty, of tolerance, and of justice. All honor to this old man and his moral grandeur! He has fallen at the door of the temple, but the songs within will immortalize and ever glorify this act of redemption. Let him retire! He bears into his solitude and to the tomb the "certainty" that justice will carry through every opposition a definite triumph. The Conservatives have become protesting; they

themselves, if God grants them the power, will be constrained to put into realization the ideal of the Grand Old Man. Thanks to these same inspirations, Gladstone has marked in politics the point of division between yesterday and to-day, between the ideas of long ago and the aspirations of the present. Ever watchful, Gladstone has understood the democracy, has moderated it, and has saluted it as the natural heir of past generations, the dictator of the future in all things that belong to the Government and the positive programmes that will lead the people. He has been one of those rare old men—much greater in this respect than Bismarck—who have perpetually renewed their intellectual possessions, always active, always progressive, never walled within narrow and interested conceptions, never retrograde and reactionary. This is why he has aroused such envious opposition; the old could not understand this eternal young man. What they called his audacity frightened them; they were blind who did not perceive that this audacity was one form of wisdom, one of the conditions of the art of Government. It is not at this moment that we can indicate our reserves and the limit to our eulogies. History will do that. But one blemish marks this noble life, so pure; he erred. One day he forgot himself, he broke away from his ideal, in writing his *Vaticanism* and in preserving to the door of eternity the remembrance of this difference and irritation. His soul, charmed with the beauties and grandeurs of the Catholic Church, was on the point of following Newman and Manning, men of spirit and character, but Dollinger—that adorer of himself and his intellect—withdrew Gladstone into the ways of error and rebellion. The nearer he approached the sanctuary the more violently did his temper break forth into billows of corrosive recrimination. What would have happened if Gladstone had embraced Catholicity? Would he have formed a school and renewed the atmosphere of his country? Would he have undertaken this crusade in favor of the independence of Ireland? Delicate questions which God alone can solve. That which is beyond doubt is that this crisis of his life—for which Dollinger is responsible, who should have been his safety—has lowered the height of his greatness and prevented his collaboration (co operation) in the solution of the great social questions with Pope Leo XIII. If this barrier had not separated these two lives what work would not these two old men, eternally young, have performed? —*Montieur de Rome.*

PERSONAL.

The following Canadians had the honor to receive invitation to attend the Mass celebrated by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII in the Ducal Chapel at the Vatican, Rome, on Easter Sunday: The Baroness Macdonald, Ottawa; D. Parizeau, M.P.F.; Mr. Charles Hebert, Mrs. Hebert, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Louis Loranger, D. V. Parizeau, and the Rev. Pere Renand, S.J., Montreal; Mr. W. J. Maguire, Mr. George Doyle, and Mr. Ed. Doyle, Quebec; Mr. Arthur Arand, Ottawa. There are quite a number of Canadians in Rome, and many priests are at the Canadian College.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society was held in St. Ann's hall on Sunday afternoon, Mr. P. Flannery, president, in the chair. The meeting was opened with prayer and a short instruction by the Reverend Father Bancart, C.S.S., P. P. of St. Ann's. Some new members were enrolled as regular members of the society. The following resolution was moved:

WHEREAS; It has pleased Almighty God, in His wisdom, to remove from amongst us, by the hand of death, one of our oldest and most faithful members, Mr. Michael Connors, and also the wife of our respected assistant-collecting Treasurer, Mr. Jno. Ryan,

Be it resolved: That this Society do extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Jno. Ryan and family, and to Mrs. Connors and other relatives in their sad bereavement.

The Secretary was instructed to communicate the same and to publish it in THE TRUE WITNESS.

J. MCGUIRE,
Secretary St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society

A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

Celebration of the Honor Paid W. J. Onahan by the Holy Father.

The banquet given in Chicago last week in honor of the distinction conferred on Mr. Wm. J. Onahan by the Holy Father in the recent appointment by which he was made a private chamberlain of the cape and sword, was a brilliant and inspiring occasion. A number of distinguished prelates and ecclesiastics were present including Archbishop Ireland Bishops McGoldrick and Foley. Mr. Thomas A. Moran was toastmaster, and the following toasts were responded to:

"His Holiness Leo XIII., Right Rev. John S. Foley, Bishop of Detroit.
 "Our Country," Edward Osgood Brown.
 "The Catholic Layman," Right Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul.
 "The Columbian Congresses," Rev. John Henry Barrows.
 "Catholic Clubs," William A. Amberg.
 "Pontifical Honors to Laymen," Rev. P. A. De Paradis.

The first address of the evening was made by Mr. Onahan in acknowledging Mr. Moran's proposal of his health. After welcoming his guests he paid a tribute to the Holy Father and to Catholic laymen as follows:

The Holy Father's solicitude, like his responsibilities, is world wide. What a wonderful influence does he not exercise, this august "prisoner of the Vatican." Without temporal dominion, without army or navy, without the resources of empire, he yet exercises a moral influence in affairs equal to or greater than that wielded by the Emperor or the Czar, and that influence as we know is for peace, for public order, for the just rights of the people and for the welfare of the nations. How unceasingly has he not pleaded with rulers to this end?

He has invoked the aid of all the moral influences of civilization to arrest the mischievous progress of anarchy. The bond of the foremost Christian Church is naturally the bulwark of society. More than any previous Pope he has called into action the reserved forces of the lay element in the Church—not indeed for political power or temporal domination, but for the salvation of society and the preservation of social order throughout the world.

And here precisely lies the opportunity and the responsibility of the Catholic laymen. We are bound by every obligation, religious, moral and social, to be steadfast and loyal to our country, our constitution and our laws in common with every other good citizen. And, no matter what fools or fanatics may assert to the contrary, this will be the attitude of the overwhelming mass of the American-Catholic body—bishops, priests, and laymen—indeed there is scarcely need of qualification. I can confidently speak for all. They will be found, they must be found, on the side of temperance and the decent observance of the Sunday, of civic and social reform, of charity, of education and of the just rights of the laboring classes.

We have had splendid and shining examples of the high intelligence and capacities of the Catholic laymen of the United States in the congresses and in other public convocations in recent years. This power and these high capacities may be still further drawn upon for the general good. There is room and need for the employed power and zeal of the laity in multiplied useful and generous works, and in these works I should say we need not hesitate to join hands and stand shoulder to shoulder with our brethren of other creeds—or even no creed at all. Why not?

Bishop Foley, in response to the toast, "Pope Leo XIII.," said:

"The few words I have to say are concentrated on the chair occupied by Leo XIII. He has been ever ready to fulfill the sublime duties of his office. We need but to read the encyclicals that were issued from his pen to realize the deep and abiding interest he feels in the welfare of man. We have every reason to feel confidence in his leadership. No portion of the Church has received greater favors from his hands than that in this country. By making his children true and devoted to the Church he makes them true American citizens. We turn our hearts to the Pontiff who has bestowed this signal honor upon Mr. Onahan. Long live Leo XIII."

Archbishop Ireland spoke of "The Catholic Layman," and among other things, said:

"Regarding the Catholic layman in

civic life, let it be said that no power on earth can turn him from what is right. Laymen should know well their religion, for only through intelligence can men become Christians. Study well the interests of church and state; you must be the first in all good works and you must not confine yourself to Catholic organizations. Unite with everybody that you can unite with on the platform of good morals and good citizenship. You need in this great opportunity only intelligence, good will and energy. If the ten millions of Catholics in the United States were worthy of their name what an impression they would make. When God gives you talent use it in every possible way. If you can write, exert your influence through the press for everything that is good. If you can speak, speak for truth and virtue, and if you have the ability to be leaders create and execute good work for the interests of your fellow-man."

Other addresses were made by Rev. John Henry Barrows the Presbyterian clergyman associated with Mr. Onahan in the World's Fair work of religious congresses; Mr. Wm. A. Amberg, president of the Catholic Club, Rev. P. A. De Paradis and Mr. Edward Osgood Brown. A number of congratulatory letters were also read.—*Catholic Columbian.*

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

Mgr. Cicognani, of the Order of Dominicans, has been named Secretary of the Congregation of the Index.

The Holy Father celebrated Mass on Easter Sunday, and numerous strangers were admitted to the privilege of attending the Holy Sacrifice.

The date of the approaching Consistory will be definitely fixed probably before the end of the week. An intimation will be sent to Cardinals Lecot, Bourret and Schlaudt to go to Rome to receive the hat at the public consistory.

The Memorial Diplomatique announces the presence at Rome for several days of Count Von Moltke, aide-de-camp to the Emperor William. He sought an interview with the Holy Father, but it was remarked at the Quirinal that he did not visit King Humbert.

A correspondent of the Roma of Turin says that Kossuth was convinced that the days of monarchies would soon set for ever. The example of that great day of civilization would come from the United States, where the people sought their well-being in industry and commerce. Here there was corruption and intrigue and constant ignoble struggles. Italy was bound in a fatal ring of iron. The Triple Alliance was the cause of her evil condition, and would, perhaps, lead her into a disastrous war. Her interests were common with France.

In accordance with an ancient Spanish custom, the Queen-Regent accorded grace to eleven criminals condemned to death on Good Friday. At the moment of the adoration of the cross in the Royal Chapel, the Minister of Justice presents the Sovereign the sentences of the felons. Her Majesty then spreads her hands over the silver dish on which they lie and exclaims, "May God pardon me as I pardon them!" The Minister afterwards replaces the black ribbons round the sentences with white.

No later than the past summer the ex-Governor of Hungary declared it his opinion that Leo XIII. wished to give back to France its preponderance in Europe, not by means of a King or an Emperor, but by the democracy. If France understood this, and the masses perceived it in time, France of the twentieth century would be stronger than ever it had been in the bygone. Kossuth left a very important library, from the point of view of contemporaneous Hungarian history.

There is a curious coincidence regarding the statements about the Pope's health. Mgr. Kneipp was astonished at His Holiness's robust health for his age, and recommended him to use occasional frictions of olive oil and to drink a blend of wine and honey, which was particularly fortifying for old people. His Holiness remarked that on that very morning he had found a similar advice in an ancient chronicle of the time of the Emperor Agrippa, who told those who questioned him on his longevity, after he had passed the hundredth year, that he had employed the identical prescription.

FAITH IN MARY.

A VENERABLE PRIEST AND THE GREAT WORK HE HAS DONE.

Readers of the Mirror will readily recognize in the following communication to the Catholic Columbian, a true portrait of one of our well-known contributors, who writes under the nom-de-plume of "Senex."

"In a small Maryland town there is a grand old Irish priest, who illustrates how Our Lord and His Blessed Mother forward, in providential ways, what is attempted in their honor. This priest is a splendid specimen of manhood. He has the noble head and countenance of an apostle. He is a learned ecclesiastic and one of our most consummate polemical writers. A giant in controversy he is a child in charity. His record in the hour of pestilence is heroic. He has never tasted strong drink. Fitted to wear a mitre, he prefers to live in poverty, humility, almost obscurity. In a metropolis, he built a church that is a model of architecture. He proposes to repeat this act in a hamlet. Almost without a dollar, he confidentially began the work, and it is steadily progressing. He discovered on some land, owned by him officially, a stone quarry and a sand bank. By the sale of these materials to neighboring corporations he has a generous income, and the sums thus acquired are devoted to the construction of a superb church to Mary Immaculate. The other day he was told where he could cheaply procure brown stone for trimming and windows. It happened that the Episcopalians, before the war, raised \$180,000 to erect a theological college in a village or settlement near Baltimore. Hostilities between the States interrupted the work, and it was finally abandoned altogether, after the structure had been raised to the second story. A Catholic gentleman bought the property and the soil adjacent. When the dear old priest asked this gentleman what terms he exacted for the stone material, he insisted on presenting it. So from the dismantled Episcopal seminary \$10,000 worth of magnificent windows came as a free gift in the nick of time, for Our Lady's shrine. I have no doubt that as the necessity arises other friends will be mysteriously inspired, and that before many years have elapsed this church of confidence and miracle will crown a glorious hill and be a lasting memorial of the loyal, faithful priest who may be glad to depart in peace when this last and most glorious achievement is accomplished.—*Catholic Mirror.*

IRISH NEWS.

Emergency men have for some time past been busily engaged in effecting seizures for rent in the north of Kerry.

The Rev. Patrick Cosgrove, curate at Ballyfin, died on the 20th ult. He was forty-four years old, and had been a priest twenty years.

Mother Mary Gertrude, of the Presentation Convent, Clane, died on March 15. She was known in the world as Catherine Gowan, and was in the forty-eighth year of her religious life.

Two venerable Meath Catholics have passed away in the persons of Richard Courtney, of Mosney, aged ninety years, and Mrs. Mary McNally, of Kiltale, relict of the late Henry McNally, aged ninety-four years.

Father John Dowley, the venerated pastor of Dunhill, died suddenly on March 21. Father Dowley was parish priest of Dunhill for the past nineteen years, and previous to that he was curate at Stradbally.

The death is announced, at an early age, of Patrick Cahill, of Cork. The deceased was one of the most popular men in the South of Ireland and a staunch supporter of Irish home industries. He started the Cork Boot Factory, and took an active part in everything tending to keep the trade in the country.

A disagreeable incident occurred on Palm Sunday in Clonmel, outside the parish church of SS. Peter and Paul. The men of the Eighteenth Regiment were paraded in the street after attending Mass, and all, in accordance with the time-honored custom, carried in their caps pieces of palm which had been distributed in the church. Lieutenant Kelly, a young officer in charge, ordered the men to remove them from their uniforms. They complied, and some of the soldiers threw the palm away, but others retained it. Such a

thing was never heard of before as long as soldiers have been going to the parish church in Clonmel.

Evictions have been carried out at Loughglin, on Lord Dillon's property. The tenants proceed against, with the exception of Mrs. Webb, a widow, and Thomas McNulty, were allowed to remain as caretakers. Those two were evicted, and were obliged to take shelter with their neighbors. They offered to pay an increased rent after their leases expired, but Lord Dillon would make no settlement. Their families had been in their holdings for over 100 years. The sub-commissioners fixed a fair rent, but on appeal the decision was reversed.

BISHOP PARET AND ST. PETER.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maryland delivered an address in New York last Sunday, having for its object to deny that the Catholic Church received primacy and authority from the Apostles. He contended that there is no authority for the claim that St. Peter was ever bishop of Rome, and declared it absurd to say that St. Peter transmitted his Apostolic authority to the bishops of Rome who succeeded him. Upon the whole, and judging from the published report of his address, one would say that Bishop Paret had been made uncomfortable by the Catholic claims, that he had been reading Little-dale on St. Peter's primacy, and then had stopped short in his investigation. For his benefit and that of others like him we will add a word on the subject. Chamier, a Protestant writer, says, "All the fathers with great unanimity have asserted that Peter did go to Rome and that he did govern that Church." Grotius, another Protestant, says that "no true Christian will doubt" that Peter was at Rome. Pearson, still another Protestant, wrote a treatise on the subject, in which he proves that St. Peter was bishop of Rome, and that the Popes are his legitimate successors. The Protestant Archbishop Bramhall says: "That St. Peter had a fixed chair at Antioch and after that at Rome, is what no man who giveth any credit to the ancient fathers and councils and historiographers of the Church can either deny or will doubt." This striking consensus of Protestant authorities, so clear and positive, which we take from Father Rider's reply to Littledale, leaves Bishop Paret rather decidedly in the minority, and with his reputation for learning badly shattered.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

PONTIUS PILATE'S DAY.

The custom of observing Good Friday as a holiday is spreading. Banks, courts, boards of trade, and other institutions were closed here and there in almost every state in the union on that solemn anniversary this year.

Some years ago, this conversation took place between the late Chief Justice Carter, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, and the late Hon. Richard T. Merrick, the eminent lawyer, who, by the way, was a practical Catholic.

Said Mr. Merrick: "You will not hold court to-morrow, will you Judge?"

"Why not?" said the Chief Justice.

"It will be Good Friday," answered Mr. Merrick. "Court has never been held on that day."

"This court will be held," declared the Chief Justice.

"Then," said Mr. Merrick, "your honor will be the first judge who has held court on that day since Pontius Pilate."

The cutting retort went out among the legal fraternity of Washington, and every Good Friday since serves to bring it back to the public mind.

GENTLEMEN.—Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease. MRS. JOHN HURD, 13 Cross St., Toronto.

Hills: How are you succeeding as an amateur photographer? **Hulls:** Capitally. I have taken seventeen plates so far, and only sixteen were failures.

BAD BLOOD causes blotches, boils, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

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NOTICE.

All subscribers who are in arrears for more than one year are hereby notified that if the arrears are not paid up on or before the first of May next, their paper will be stopped, because the prompt payment of subscriptions is of vital importance to the financial standing of THE TRUE WITNESS, and even the stopping of the paper by no means relieves a subscriber of the legal or moral obligation of paying such a just debt.

Montreal, 28th March, 1894.

"IT BANGS BANAGHER."

Our readers must have often heard the expression, when referring to something inexpressibly bad or wonderfully peculiar, "it bangs Banagher and Banagher bangs the Devil." There is a weekly paper, published in Columbus, Ohio, that is called The Record, and has for "sole owner and proprietor," Louisa H. Brown. This Record bangs the British-Canadian, and the British-Canadian bangs Old Nick himself. After perusing Louisa H. Brown's paper (she may not be the writer of its editorials), we feel that any book-maker on the journalistic turf, when both ladies are astride of their anti-Catholic steeds, might bet two to one on her against Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd. To use a slang expression, the Canadian woman is "not in it" with the Yankee one. The British-Canadian is in favor of only "one language, one school, one flag and one nation"; the Record goes in for a Babel of tongues—and forked ones at that; it would like to see as many schools on the land as there are "schools" in the deep; it can hoist half a dozen flags, not one resembling the other, provided each is a special signal for an anti-Papal crusade; and it has a belief in all nationalities, except the Irish. It is a wonderful evidence of how people—otherwise sane enough—can be imposed upon by sham theories, and made to swallow any kind of nonsense, provided the pill is coated with a little sugar of bigotry. It claims to be most Christian in its principles—and so it should be when under the direction of a lady—and yet we doubt if any ordinary Protestant would care to have his wife and daughters peruse its columns. From its "Marriage Licenses," on the first page, to its obscene and scandalous

figures, naked and abominable cuts, in the last advertisement on its seventh page; from immorally suggestive editorial notes in the first column to its A. P. A. advertisement in the last column, it is the best specimen of a crazy patchwork of false statements, illogical deductions, fanatical appeals, unsavory remarks, indecent forms and unchristian sentiments, that we have ever had the fortune—good or bad—to come across. It would take a prize at any country fair where the quilts would not necessarily be mere bed-covers, but their patterns might be considered apart from the material of which they are composed.

In the lurid picture that each issue of this record presents, there stands one important central figure, all prominent amongst the shadings and groupings of the canvass—the Jesuit. The external horns that—figuratively speaking—he is made to wear, could only be imagined by some being who has become delirious with internal horns of something stronger than water, while the tail he is supposed to carry can only be the invention of some poor and lonely Darwinian, sighing over remote ancestors and dreaming of the distinctive appendage of some long lost forefather of his or her race.

The most recent attack upon a member of that (to the Record) mysterious and dangerous community has had for target Father Sherman. A glowing contrast between father and son is given; and in it the priest appears as "a man who holds his religion above the law of the state"—in other words a man who believes God is greater than the president or king, that the law of the Creator is more important than the law of the creature, that eternity is of more consequence than time, that the soul is more precious than the body and that the concerns of the next world should take precedence over those of this earth. For holding such views, he is—according to Louisa H. Brown's organ—"a traitor or would be if he had occasion," he is a man whom "American people must despise," he is a "priest who would shoot down men who expose the villainy of priestcraft, he is a person that requires being watched." This is a slight sample of the style and subject-matter of this A.P.A. organ. In calling it so we do not exaggerate, because in its columns we find the following:—

THE A. P. A.

Persons desiring information relative to the American Protective Association or wishing to secure the establishment of a council in any village or city in the State of Ohio, can obtain full particulars by addressing *Columbus Record*.

Taking the Jesuits as an illustration of the contradictions which it ascribes to the Church, this A. P. A. (Abominable Poisonous Asp) gives its readers the following wonderful production. Speaking of the Catholic Church it says she is "now the protector of the oppressed; now the right arm of tyrants; now breathing charity and love; now dark with the passions of hell; now beaming with celestial truth; now masked in hypocrisy and lies; now a virgin; now a harlot; an imperial queen and a tinselled actress—her transcendently dramatic life a type of the good and ill, the baseness and nobleness, the foulness and purity, the love and hate, the pride, passion, truth, falsehood, fierceness and tenderness that battle in the breast of man." Who would be a Catholic after such a deluge as that? The A. P. A. organ must be a "Record" of some dictionary of contradictory terms. A wonderful institution must be the Church which, combining in its life all these elements and characteristics, has survived the tempests of almost twenty centuries,

and is to-day as strong and as youthful as she was when the first mandate was given to St. Peter. It is pleasing to know that, while the "Record" considers no terms too harsh when applied to Rome or to Catholics, it was obliged—in looking for contrasts—to admit that the Church has been at times "the protector of the oppressed," which is more than can be said of A. P. Aism; that she "breathed charity and love"—at some period—a statement that cannot be used when referring to the concentration of bigotry and hatred that A. P. Aism represents; that she was found "beaming with celestial truth"—a fact which, once admitted, forever destroys all possibility of the Church ever knowing error; for celestial truth is the same through all time and can no more blend with untruth than oil can mix with water. There is no need of continuing the subject. We have said sufficient to let our readers know that there are even depths below those to which some of the anti Catholic ranters have descended.

Evil must be the cause and feeble, when it requires to be stimulated with such stuff as organs of the Record class decocts every week. Correspondingly grand and powerful must be the life-giving faith of a church that awakens such enemies into vindictive activity. We can imagine the terrible effect the Record must produce in Rome; we can picture Leo XIII. grasping it convulsively, and, leaving his audiences, his councils, his encyclicals, his thousand and one duties aside, rushing into some secluded corner of the Vatican, and tremblingly perusing its awe-inspiring columns—then asking, in tones of anxiety—"What are this A.P.A. and its Record? The world is surely passing away; the last day must be at hand; for, lo! Antichrist has come!" All over the Catholic world there are two hundred and fifty million people whose peace, happiness and very slumbers depend entirely upon the effusions that drop weekly from the pens of the religious amazons who ride their hobby-horses in the great circus of anti-Catholic performances. What a strange menagerie must be connected with that show; the side-tents are filled with the most extraordinary of moral monstrosities, and the ticket-sellers are "ex-nuns" and "ex-priests." It is too bad that our honest, sincere and high-minded non-Catholic neighbors are obliged to see the promoters of these exhibitions hoist the flag of Protestantism over their pavilions and be unable to force them to take it down. However, the whole affair will soon die a natural death; now is the time for the ladies of the quill to reap all the harvest they can, for the boom will soon be over and the collapse will be a financial and moral disaster. If Banagher bangs the devil—the devil will have his turn and "bang Banagher" to his heart's content some day.

A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

In the April number of Donahoe's we find, reproduced from Blackwood's, an article entitled "A Glimpse into a Jesuit Novitiate." It is from the pen of M. H. Dziewick, a writer who is anything but favorable to Catholicity, and especially our religious orders. In the very opening of his cynical and more or less exact account of a Jesuit Novitiate, he says: "I was eight years among the Jesuits—two as a novice, three as a student of philosophy and three as teacher or assistant in their colleges;" and he adds: "I left them of my own accord, though not without their consent, and after having asked their advice on the matter. Our regret was, I believe, mutual. Our

relations since that time; though infrequent, have not been unfriendly, and I am still in communion with the Church."

After this announcement he proceeds to draw a pen picture of the interior of and life in the novitiate at Pau. It is true that he states that his remarks may not apply to other novitiates, also that he merely takes a glimpse into the institution. A very plausible excuse for seizing upon an extreme case, exaggerating its details, and leaving out all that might serve as explanation of the rules and different situations. We are not afraid to say that Mr. Dziewick's account applies to no Jesuit Novitiate in the world; not even to that of the Rue Monpensier. It is a sarcastic, bitter and unfair piece of composition. The petty criticisms and the thinly veiled irreverence suffice to show that he really must have left the Jesuits both with their consent and by their advice. Far preferable the boldness of the "ex-priest" who does not disguise his enmity, but comes out with all he feels of hatred, and tells of scenes that have existence only in his fertile brain. He imposes upon no person; the world knows what to expect from him, and is surprised with no assertion or wild revelation. One could almost write his addresses beforehand for him. But it is otherwise with men of the Dziewick stamp; they so gild their false insinuations and so coat over the poisonous pill that the public is more likely to be deceived into taking for genuine their biased criticisms and exaggerated descriptions.

We are in no way surprised at Mr Dziewicke's ridiculing of the Jesuits nor does it astonish us to find his article in the pages of Blackwood's; but we confess that we do not understand a Catholic magazine, like Donahoe's giving in an important place, and without a word of comment, presenting such an unchristian and non-Catholic contribution to its readers.

DEVIL VS. CHURCH.

In our last article upon this subject we pointed out the falseness of the liberty which the secret societies offer to the candidate for admission into their circles. We showed that whatever liberty he receives at their hands, he has already fully enjoyed, and that almost all the liberty that he previously had is lost in the shadow of the oath that he must take. The next boon that they present as an inducement to the outsider is what they are pleased to call "Equality." This week we will undertake to prove that Equality is absolutely impossible, it is not in the order of things—natural or supernatural—it is a mere phantom, an *ingis fatuus* that dances over the swamps of moral slavery.

To begin at the very source of all, as long as God exists there can be no "absolute equality," and yet it is "absolute equality" that the proclamation of a French Grand Lodge offered a century ago. In order to attain "absolute equality," it would be necessary to raise man to an equality with God, or lower God to the level of man. Between the Creator and the creature there must be ever an abyss in inequality. Behold the logical result of this principle of so-called equality, in the days of the French Revolution! Through the instrumentality of the societies men of perverted morals and anti-Christian sentiments are raised to the positions of demi gods; yes, a low female character from the brothels of the Faubourg St. Antoine is seated upon the altar of Notre Dame, and, as the Goddess of Liberty, receives the homage and adoration of the mob; the altars are levelled, the churches turned into profane show-houses, the

clergy sent to the scaffold and the name of God effaced from the walls, erased from the statutes, and wiped out—as completely as a puny man, in his mad fury, could do it. And yet, after a deluge of human blood, lashed by a tempest of human passions, they finally failed in securing an equality.

But, to-day, the societies will tell us that it is not an "absolute equality" that they offer, it is merely the placing of all men upon an equal footing as between themselves. Very fine in theory, but absolutely impossible in practice. Suppose you take one hundred men, to-day, and place them upon a level of entire equality, giving to each the same amount of authority, of wealth, of opportunities; before a month some one individual would, by his superior knowledge, tact, or ability, be in possession of a greater amount of the wealth than any of the others, he would consequently have an increased authority or influence, and likewise his opportunities for the future would be proportionately augmented. If the sea were to be stationary and calm it would soon become putrid and engender death; if all the planets were of the same magnitude the harmony of the universe would be shattered; if order did not exist in everything there would be no longer any possibility of existence. "Order is heaven's first law;" the consequence of order is authority; and authority pre-supposes inequality.

What a huge farce to speak of equality between members of a secret society. To attain that object they would have to commence by doing away with Grand Masters, Past Grand Masters, and all the higher officials. What equality can there ever exist between the person who enters an "apprentice" and the great Mogul who holds the wonderful and all-important secrets of the organization? It is a humbug. Let any young man reflect on the situation seriously, and if he is endowed with an ounce of common sense, he will perceive that the offer of equality is merely a cunningly devised snare. Moreover, it is out of the question entirely to speak of an equality in this world, or in the next. "Men are born equal," says a would-be philosopher. They are not; some are weak, some are strong; some have poor constitutions, some have good and enduring physical systems; one man is born with certain mental endowments which are not possessed by his neighbor; the circumstances under which they are born all differ; the race in life is never commenced on equal conditions. It is the will of God that it should be so; it is He, in His infinite wisdom, who regulates everything connected with the order of creation; and He has imperatively ordained that equality cannot be.

Of course, we understand that the members of secret organizations will qualify everything that they ever set forth the moment that they find their words analysed and their motives studied and exposed. But, while admitting that there is nothing very serious in the Liberty and Equality which they offer, none the less are they portions of the bait flung out to catch their fish. Therefore, in examining the different devices used by the Devil in his warfare upon the Church, we deemed it advisable to point out even the least attractive and least serious of them. It will, however, be recollected that we are not now referring to the organizations that exist all over this continent and in England and which are generally known as Masonic societies; for them, there is another standard whereby to gauge their influences, aims and methods. We are speaking of that powerful, yet futile, implement which Satan snatched up to

belabor the Church, composed of the secret, oath-bound societies that held powerful sway in France, Italy and other continental countries, and in whose wake are found ruin, disorder, revolution, blood shed and misery.

FAULT-FINDERS.

How fond some people are of finding fault! If an angel were to come down from heaven and serve them they would soon grumble because it was not an archangel that was sent. But of all the fault-finders the worst are those semi-religious people, who would not miss a given number of visits to the church each day, whose knees are worn hard from all the self-imposed devotions that they most scrupulously perform, and who can tell how often each neighbor missed Mass, how many weekly and monthly communicants are in the parish, what the priest had for dinner, what hour he got home from the last sick-call, what he said to the step-mother of the woman next door to the dying man, how much fees their family paid last year, and a thousand other such like matters of wonderfully universal interest. These gossips—or rather one of them—would suffice to set a whole parish on fire, to create civil war in a community, and to bring more sin and scandal into a congregation than fifty years could rectify or efface. As a rule, the fault-finder of this class has always a great secret to tell. She (and we can say "he" as well—for the men are often worse than the women)—goes to her neighbor, after having fortified her soul with a couple of hours praying in the morning, and informs her less informed friend that she has something fearful to tell her. Of course she would not mention it to any other living being; moreover, it must not go beyond the two; it would never do if Mrs. H— heard it, for she is a fearful back-biter and she'd spread it all over the town; and if Mrs. G— got wind of it there would be no end to the additions that she would make to the story. So it is understood that Mrs. No. 1 will confide her secret to Mrs. No. 2, but the latter must swear on her honor and by virtue of her oath that she'll never breathe a word of it. After all this preliminary skirmish, and having established sufficiently her superior importance, in the possession of her secret, Mrs. No. 1 decides to whisper into the ear of Mrs. No. 2 the tale of wonderful moment. All this time Mrs. No. 2, is itching to hear the story, for she knows that Mrs. D— is over at Mrs. M's, and she wants to get there with her version of the sensation before the Mrs. D— has a chance to leave. At last the "cat is out of the bag." The story runs somewhat thus:—

"The priest's man was down last night at Mr. K's and he told the man there that the priest came in late the night before last and lit a candle, and then looked about to see that no one was watching him, and proceeded on tip-toe down stairs into the kitchen and then down to the cellar. About ten minutes passed and he came up again with a bottle in his hand. He extinguished the light in the hall, slipped on his coat, for he came in without one, and quietly stole out the front door. The man lost track of him in the dark; but there was talk of a dance down at Jimmy Somebody's, and of course that's where the priest was going. Now, never whisper a word; but remember that no good will come of it all. To think that we would be going to confession to a man like that, a man that is always complaining that he never gets his fees, and who can buy liquor to treat the fellows at night, when

he thinks nobody is watching him. And just imagine that man counting his parishioners; no wonder he'd count them, it would take twice their number to keep him in luxury. And he talks of a new altar-rail, as if the old one that was there in good Father L's—time were not enough for him. Besides didn't he purchase new Stations of the Cross and they are not like the old ones at all, not a single picture of them the same."

And so the story runs on. From one subject to the other, as rapidly as the grasshoppers, do the two ladies go jumping. There is not a move made in the parish that is not criticised, every child is found fault with, every young couple becomes an object of suspicion, every honest man is a hypocrite, every virtuous woman is a sly customer, every scoundrel is a "poor fellow that was driven bad by the church," every pious person is a designing knave; and thus they run up and down the whole gamut of fault-finding, and finally separate, Mrs. No. 1 saying to herself, "what an old villain she is to sit there and believe honest people," while Mrs. No. 2 says in her own mind, "thank heaven I don't go about inventing stories against the priest and my neighbors"—and with these words in her soul she hurries off to Mrs. M—'s in hopes that Mrs. D— is still there, to hear the story of the black bottle, the mid-night revels and the priest's bad conduct. On arriving there she finds the two ladies in the front room, both eager to hear the last piece of scandal and to swear never to repeat it to a living soul. So she has an audience, and she tells her story. But strange to say Mrs. D— has another version of it. She was down at poor old Mrs. N—'s that night. The old lady was dying, she had no food, no wood, no money; she was entirely destitute. The priest had been called in the night; he had come to the bedside of the dying creature; he heard her confession, gave her the consolations of our Holy Religion, and taking off his coat he left it to cover the chilly form of the departing woman and hastened home to bring her the bottle of wine that he had been keeping for the next pastoral visit.

The story as we make the imaginary Mrs. No. 1 tell it, is certainly embellished; but the principal facts of this case are known to ourselves, and we are happy to say that all the actors in the little drama are still in the land of the living—all except Mrs. N—. This may seem a strange way to write an editorial upon fault-finding; but it seems to us that the story, as we have told it, will suffice to explain our idea. In fact we must say that there is no greater curse to a community than the man, or woman, who wants to run the whole parish, who is anxious to warn, and guide, and protect, and help, and shield the priest. If such people would only mind their own business and let the priest mind his there would be less bickerings, less unpleasantness, less false pretences, less hypocritical devotions, less questionable communions, and correspondingly there would be an increase of peace, happiness, mutual understanding, true devotion, real interest in the affairs of the Church, an enjoyment, even of labor, for the priest and a glorious feeling of contentment in all the flock.

ONE of our American exchanges reproduces a number of very interesting items on "How to Deal with Catholics," and attributes them to the TRUE WITNESS. While we would be very glad to have the credit of penning the instructive and well-chosen paragraphs referred to, we must state that they did not appear in our columns and we are not aware that there is published any other organ bearing the same name. We make this remark because we have been told more than once that if it was not the Montreal TRUE WITNESS, it was some other paper bearing the same title that produced such or such an item. If there exists another True Witness we would like to exchange with it.

A GRAND LESSON.

In reading the recent issues of the Catholic Record, of Indianapolis, we felt deeply the sorrow that fell upon its able editor, Mr. Alex. Chomel. His editorial in the week before last was a noble appeal, a wonderful expression of a grief that none but parents—situated as he was—could feel. It was more, for it breathed a Christian resignation and a Spartan heroism, that indicate the greatness of its author's soul, and the loftiness of his Catholic Faith. That such men should be so afflicted is the will of an All-wise Providence; but that they should carry their cross with such perfect submission, is an evidence that there is yet hope for our Catholic journalism, since amongst the ranks are found characters of such an enviable caliber. In reproducing these few lines we beg of Mr. Chomel to accept from us that sympathy which he so much appreciates and to believe us that more prayers than he dreams of will go up for one that has departed. Above all do we beg of the young men to read this touching editorial, this cry of sorrow wrenched from a father's heart, this word of warning coming from a true Catholic:

"We beg the indulgence of our readers for the late appearance of The Record this week, and the omission of matter which usually appears in its columns. Our friends must also excuse us for not publishing their correspondence this week. A dear but erring son, Julius Chomel, died last Monday, about one p.m. Death, always terrible, may yet be surrounded by circumstances which make it crushing to the human heart. This is the great infliction which a merciful God, who is All-wise, and does all for the best, has laid on us. May His holy will be done. We humbly kiss His chastising hand. Dear friends, we ask the charity of your prayers for our dear son; for our part, we ask that God in His infinite mercy may never visit you with such a great cross. While under the weight it looks as if there is none like it. Yes, may our Heavenly Father never lay it on your shoulders! If we only had words to reach the hearts of young men exposed to the temptation of excessive drinking, how, from the bottom of our heart, we would adjure them to turn back in horror from such a fatal course! Let them come in spirit to the chamber of death, and hear the sobs of a devoted mother, who, for ten years, never faltered for an instant in her love and care to bring her weak, yet tender-hearted boy, to a better life! Dear friends, listen to the words of a grief-stricken heart. Have pity on your aged parents, your brothers and your sisters! Have pity on yourself! For God's sake do not make life a burden to you, and incur the danger of losing your immortal soul! Yes, yes, profit by the fearful example of so many who have fallen the unhappy victims of that great evil! You, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, raise your hands to God, and humbly ask Him to protect your homes from the curse of intemperance. Ask the Blessed Virgin and all the saints to intercede in your favor. If the cross of a dissipating son, husband, brother or friend, is laid on you, be kind to them, so that when the sad end comes, you may be consoled by the hope that you did all you could; but, above all, ask a merciful Saviour to have pity on them."

To this we are happy to add that the young man wore constantly a scapular and also a chord of St. Joseph; that he had been faithful to the prayers connected with these precious badges; and as a consequence he was granted the consolation of dying repentant, for a life that had been apparently a loss, but which served as a cross for his noble spirited parents and an example, in more than one sense, that may prove salutary to hundreds. Do you want a temperance lecture? It is not necessary to go to the halls of entertainment; read the Indianapolis Catholic Record for the first and second weeks of April. If what you therein find has no effect—then hope no longer exists for you.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LI.—Continued.

"Read it out!" cried the viceroy, as Walpole coned over the paragraph somewhat slowly to himself.

"I think, my lord, when you have heard a few words of explanation from me, you will see this charge has not the gravity these newspaper people would like to attach to it."

"Can't be explained—nothing could justify—infernal blunder—and must go."

"Pray, my lord, vouchsafe me even five minutes."

"See it all—baldersdash, explain nothing—cardinal more offended than the rest—and here, read." And he pushed a letter toward him, dated Downing street, and marked private, "The idiot you left behind you has been betrayed into writing to the rebels and making conditions with them. To disown him now is not enough."

"Really, my lord, I don't see why I should submit to the dignity of reading more of this."

His excellency crushed the letter in his hand, and puffed very vigorously at his pipe, which was nearly exhausted. "Must go," said he, at last, as a fresh volume of smoke rolled forth.

"That I can believe—that I can understand, my lord. When you tell me you cease to endorse my pledges, I feel I am a bankrupt in your esteem."

"Others smashed in the same insolency—inconceivable blunder—where was Cartwright?—what was Holmes about? No one in Dublin to keep you out of this cursed folly."

"Until your lordships patience will permit me to say a few words, I cannot hope to justify my conduct."

"No justifying—no explaining—no regular smash, and complete disgrace. Must go."

"I am quite ready to go. Your excellency has no need to recall me to the necessity."

"Knew it all—and against my will, too—said so from the first—thing I never liked—nor see my way in. Must go—must go."

"I presume, my lord, I may leave you now. I want a bath and a cup of coffee."

"Answer that!" was the gruff reply, as he tossed across the table a few lines signed: "Bertie Spencer, Private Secretary."

"I am directed to request that Mr. Walpole will enable the Right Honorable Mr. Annihough to give the flattest denial to the inclosed."

"That must be done at once," said the viceroy, as the other ceased to read the note.

"It is impossible, my lord; I cannot deny my own handwriting."

"Annihough will find some road out of it," muttered the other. *You* were a fool, and mistook your instructions or the *constable* was a fool, and required a misdirection; or the *Fenian* was a fool, which he would have been if he gave the pledge you asked for. Must go all the same."

"But I'm quite ready to go, my lord," rejoined Walpole, angrily. "There is no need to insist so often on that point."

"Who talks—who thinks of *you*, sir?" cried the other, with an irritated manner. "I speak of myself. It is I must resign—no great sacrifice, perhaps, after all—stupid office, false position—impracticable people. Make them all Papists to-morrow, and ask to be Hindoos. They've got the land, and not content if they can't shoot the landlords!"

"If you think, my lord, that by any personal explanation of mine I could enable the minister to make his answer in the House more plausible—"

"Leave the plausibility to himself, sir," and then he added, half-aloud: "He'll be unintelligible enough without you. There, go and get some breakfast. Come back afterward, and I'll dictate my letter of resignation. Maude has had a letter from Atlee. Shrewd fellow, Atlee—done the thing well."

As Walpole was near the door, his excellency said: "You can have Guatemala, if they have not given it away. It will get you out of Europe, which is the

first thing, and with the yellow fever it may do more."

"I'm profoundly grateful, my lord," said he, bowing low.

"Maude, of course, would not go, so it ends that."

"I am deeply touched by the interest your lordship vouchsafes to my concerns."

"Try and live five years, and you'll have a retiring allowance. The last fellow did, but was eaten by a crocodile out bathing." And with this he resumed his *Times*, and turned away, while Walpole hastened off to his room, in a frame of mind very far from comfortable or reassuring.

CHAPTER LII.

"A CHANCE AGREEMENT."

As Dick Kearney and young O'Shea had never attained any close intimacy, a strange sort of half jealousy, inexplicable as to its cause, served to keep them apart; it was by mere accident that the two young men met one morning after breakfast in the garden, and on Kearney's offer of a cigar, the few words that followed led to a conversation.

"I cannot pretend to give you a choice Havana, like one of Walpole's," said Dick, "but you'll perhaps find it smokable."

"I'm not difficult," said the other; "and as to Mr. Walpole's tobacco, I don't think I ever tasted it."

"And I," rejoined the other, "as seldom as I could—I mean, only when politeness obliged me."

"I thought you liked him?" said Gorman, shortly.

"I? Far from it. I thought him a consummate puppy, when I saw that he looked down on us as inveterate savages."

"He was a favorite with your ladies, I think."

"Certainly not with my sister, and I doubt very much with my cousin. Did you like him?"

"No, not at all; but then he belongs to a class of men I neither understand nor sympathize with. Whatever I know of life is associated with downright hard work. As a soldier, I had my five hours' daily drill and the care of my equipments; as a lieutenant, I had to see that my men kept to their duty; and whenever I chanced to have a little leisure I could not give it up to *ennui*, or consent to feel bored and wearied."

"And do you mean to say you had to groom your horse and clean your arms when you served in the ranks?"

"Not always. As a cadet, I had a soldier-servant—what we call a 'Bursche'—but there were periods when I was out of funds, and barely able to grope my way to the next quarter-day, and at these times I had but one meal a day, and was obliged to draw my waist-belt pretty tight to make me feel I had eaten enough. A Bursche costs very little, but I could not spare even that little."

"Confoundedly hard, that."

"All my own fault. By a little care and foresight, even without thrift, I had enough to live as well as I ought; but a reckless dash of the old spendthrift blood I came of would master me now and then, and I'd launch out into some extravagance that would leave me penniless for months after."

"I believe I can understand that. One does get horribly bored by the monotony of a well-to-do existence; just as I feel my life here—almost insupportable."

"But you are going into Parliament; you are going to be a great public man."

"That bubble has burst already; don't you know what happened at Birr? They tore down all Millars notices and mine; they smashed our booths, beat our voters out of the town, and placed Donogan—the rebel Donogan—at the head of the poll, and the head-centre is M. P. for King's County."

"And has he a right to sit in the House?"

"There's the question. The matter is discussed every day in the newspapers, and there is as many for as against him. Some aver that the popular will is a sovereign edict that rises above all eventualities; others assert that the sentence which pronounces a man a felon declares him to be dead in law."

"And which side do you incline to?"

"I believe in the latter; he'll not be permitted to take his seat."

"You'll have another chance, then?"

"No; I'll venture no more. Indeed, but for this same man, Donogan, I had never thought of it. He filled my head

with ideas of a great part to be played, and a proud place to be occupied; and that, even without high abilities, a man of a strong will, a fixed resolve, and an honest conscience might, at this time, do great things for Ireland."

"And then betrayed you?"

"No such thing: he no more dreamed of Parliament himself than you do now. He knew he was liable to the law, he was hiding from the police, and well aware that there was a price upon his head."

"But if he was true to you, why did he not refuse this honor? why did he not decline to be elected?"

"They never gave him the choice. Don't you see it is one of the strange signs of the times we are living in that the people fix upon certain men as their natural leaders, and compel them to march in the van, and that it is the force at the back of these leaders that, far more than their talents, makes them formidable in public life?"

"I only follow it in part. I scarcely see what they aim at, and I do not know if they see it more clearly themselves. And now what will you turn to?"

"I wish you could tell me."

"About as blank a future as my own!" muttered Gorman.

"Come, come, *you* have a career; you are a lieutenant of lancers; in time you will be a captain, and eventually a colonel, and who know but a general at last, with heaven knows how many crosses and medals on your breast?"

"Nothing less likely: the day has gone by when Englishmen were advanced to places of high honor and trust in the Austrian army. There are no more field-marshal like Nugent than major-generals like O'Connell. I might be made a drill-master and if I lived long enough, and was not superannuated, a major; but there my ambition must cease."

"And you are content with that prospect?"

"Of course I am not. I go back to it with something little short of despair."

"Why go back, then?"

"Tell me what else to do—tell me what other road in life to take—show me even one alternative."

The silence that now succeeded lasted several minutes, each immersed in his own thoughts, and each doubtless convinced how little presumption he had to advise or counsel the other.

"Do you know O'Shea," cried Kearney, "I used to fancy that this Austrian life of yours was a mere caprice—that you took 'a cast,' as we call it in the hunting field, among those fellows, to see what they were like and what sort of an existence was theirs—but that being your aunt's heir, and with a snug estate that must come to you, it was a mere lark, and not to be continued beyond a year or two?"

"Not a bit of it. I never presumed to think I should be my aunt's heir—and now less than ever. Do you know that even the small pension she has allowed me hitherto is now about to be withdrawn, and I shall be left to live on my pay?"

"How much does that mean?"

"A few pounds more or less than you pay for your saddle-horse at livery at Dyers."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it, and even that beggarly pittance is stopped when I am on my leave; so that at this moment my whole worldly wealth is here," and he took from his pocket a handful of loose coin, in which a few gold pieces glittered amidst a mass of discolored and smooth-looking silver.

"On my oath, I believe you are the richer man of the two," cried Kearney; "for except a few half-crowns on my dressing-table, and some coppers, I don't believe I am master of a coin with the queen's image."

"I say, Kearney, what a horrible take in we should prove to a mother with daughters to marry!"

"Not a bit of it. You may impose upon any one else—your tailor, your boot-maker, even your horsey gent that jobs your cabriolet, but you'll never cheat the mamma who has a daughter on sale."

Gorman could not help laughing at the more than ordinary irritability with which these words were spoken, and charged him at last with having uttered a personal experience.

"True, after all!" said Dick, half indolently. "I used to spoon a pretty girl in Dublin, ride with her when I

could, and dance with her at all the balls; and a certain chum of mine, a Joe Atlee—of whom you may have heard—undertook, simply by a series of artful rumors as to my future prospects—now extolling me as a man of fortune and fine estate, to-morrow exhibiting me as a mere pretender with a mock title and mock income—to determine how I should be treated in this family; and he would say to me: 'Dick, you are going to be asked to dinner on Saturday next; or: 'I say, old fellow, they're going to leave you out of that picnic at Powles Court. You'll find the Clanceys rather cold at your next meeting.'

"And he would be right in his guess?"

"To the latter! Ay, and I shame to say that the young girl answered the signal as promptly as the mother."

"I hope it cured you of your passion."

"I don't know that it did. When you begin to like a girl, and find that she has regularly installed herself in a corner of your heart, there is scarcely a thing she can do you'll not discover a good reason for, and even when your ingenuity fails, go and pay a visit; there is some artful wifery in that creation you have built up about her—for I heartily believe most of us are merely clothing a sort of lay figure of loveliness with attributes of our fancy—and the end of it is, we are about as wise about our idols as the South Sea savages in the homage to the gods of their own carving."

"I don't think that!" said Gorman, sternly. "I could no more invent the fascination that charms me than I could model a Venus or an Ariadne."

"I see where your mistake lies. You do all this, and never know you do it. Mind, I am only giving you Joe Atlee's theory all this time; for, though I believe in, I never invented it."

"And who is Atlee?"

"A chum of mine—a clever dog enough—who, as he says himself, takes a very low opinion of mankind, and, in consequence, finds this a capital world to live in."

"I should hate the fellow."

"Not if you met him. He can be very companionable, though I never saw any one take less trouble to please. He is popular almost everywhere."

"I know I should hate him."

"My Cousin Nina thought the same, and declared from the mere sight of his photograph that he was false and treacherous, and Heaven knows what else besides, and now she'll not suffer a word in his disparagement. She began exactly as you say you would, by a strong prejudice against him. I remember, the day he came down here, her manner toward him was more than distant, and I told my sister Kate how it offended me, and Kate only smiled and said: 'Have a little patience, Dick.'"

"And you took the advice? You did have a little patience?"

"Yes; and the end is, they are firm friends. I'm not sure they don't correspond."

"Is there love in the case then?"

"That is what I cannot make out. So far as I know either of them, there is no trustfulness in their dispositions; each of them must see into the nature of the other. I have heard Joe Atlee say: 'With that woman for a wife, a man might safely bet on his success in life.' And she herself one day owned: 'If a girl was obliged to marry a man without sixpence, she might take Atlee.'"

"So—I have it; they will be man and wife yet."

"Who knows! have another weed?"

Gorman declined the offered cigar, and again a pause in the conversation followed. At last he suddenly said: "She told me she thought she would marry Walpole."

"She told you that? How did it come about to make you such a confidence?"

(To be continued.)

HAVING SUFFERED over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache. ETHEL D. HAINES, Lakeview, Ont.

"Well, I'm not going to run any such risk, my dear." "That's just like you, John. Ever since you got your life insured you've been awfully afraid you'll get killed."

NORWAY PINE SYRUP cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat and diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25 and 50c.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE CARE OF THE PIANO.

Pianos are troublesome luxuries, even for their owners. They are always getting out of tune. The temperature of the room must be regulated by their needs. They get scratched and smoky on the outside, the ivories grow yellow, the sounding-board becomes warped, the strings collect dust. And inexperienced pianists will play upon them. All of these trials can be rendered endurable by a little care, except, perhaps, the last.

In the first place, a competent tuner must be engaged to come to the house at regular intervals and tune the piano. Different makes require different numbers of tunings, varying from two to six in the course of a year. That is a question which it is wiser to have settled by a reliable musical authority than by the family income.

In winter the piano must be kept in a cool part of the room, never anywhere near the register or heater. Heat will crack the sounding-board. In damp weather the piano should be closed, except when it is in use, for dampness is one of its worst foes. In dry weather the piano should be kept open, so that the dry air may reach the action and keyboard. This will keep the dampness from the action, the keys from sticking, the strings from breaking and the ivories from growing yellow, all of which things happen to pianos which are kept closed too much.

The effect of the sun upon the varnish is to blister it badly, so that unless one wishes the expense of revarnishing, which is by no means a small one, she should never allow the sun to shine upon the instrument. Dampness, on the other hand, brings a peculiar smokiness and dinginess to the varnish. This may be removed by washing with a sponge and tepid water and rubbing immediately with a chamouis, wrung out as dry as possible from water. To obtain a high polish rub with piano oil and then with a piece of cotton flannel dampened with alcohol.

SPRING FURNISHINGS.

It is almost time to take up the winter carpets and to take down the winter curtains. The question which therefore confronts the housekeeper is that of the best spring substitutes for the Brussels carpets or the oriental rugs, and the hangings of silk or heavy woolen stuffs.

When the carpets have been taken off to the cleaner's, it is an excellent time to consider whether or not the floor may be relaid in hard wood. If that is a possibility, the question of floors is settled for many years. If that is not, the familiar staining and oiling processes must be substituted. If the floor is too rough and uneven to allow of even this, there is nothing to do but to buy matting. Matting has many virtues. It is cool. It is easily kept clean. It does not harbor germs as carpets do, and it looks remarkably well. A small rug or two in addition to the India matting covering will make the room cheerful and will take away the air of bareness which matting unrelieved gives.

When the heavy draperies come down from the windows, dimity and muslin should go up. These are prettiest when made in two long draped curtains, with a full ruffle at the edge. They will wash perfectly and the dust be brushed from them frequently and easily.

AN ATTRACTIVE KITCHEN.

The wise woman is she who spends as much thought on her kitchen furnishings as on her drawing-room. She finds it more profitable to retain the affection of cook and housemaid than to please herself and her guests on "at-home" days.

The first requisites of the ideal kitchen are cleanliness and cheerfulness. The walls and cupboards must be of some material which will refuse to absorb grease and from which smoke can easily be rubbed off. Nothing is so delightful as tiles, but tiles are rather expensive. An oilcloth dado several feet high and washable paper are fairly good substitutes. A stained pine dado with a washable paper in blue and white tiled effect has the advantage of being bright and easily kept clean.

The ideal scullery should have a "vegetable" sink, which should be of spotlessly white enamelled iron. In it vegetables should be washed and prepared, and never by any chance should it be used for the ordinary sink purposes. Before both of the sinks a good-sized cork

mat should be placed to save the floor a periodical deluge.

A kitchen safe with glass doors, and bright kitchen china to hang from its hooks and pile on its shelves, will reconcile a maid to various little inconveniences in her position. The homely kitchen utensils should be neatly arranged in closets where they need not offend her eyes after her day's work is over. A window shelf of flowers, dainty, easily washed curtains, a rush-bottomed rocker and a bright carpet mat will finish the appointments of quite a cheerful little room.

A RETREAT AT LA TRAPPE.

(W. L. Scott, of Ottawa, in the Catholic World)

We were received by the "guest master" or monk charged with the reception of visitors, and were by him shown over the building, our innumerable inquiries being answered with a patience and good nature surprising when one remembers that the ordeal must be for him one of constant recurrence. For here let me say that hospitality is a traditional characteristic of the order, and right royally carried out at the present day. Whether your visit extend for hours, days or weeks you are most welcome, and the best that the monastery can afford is at your disposal. In the new stone monastery, of which I shall speak presently, one whole wing, called the hospice, is set apart for guests, and the first question asked by the porter is, "How long do you intend to stay?" not, as one might suppose, in an inhospitable spirit, but with the view to making immediate preparations for your accommodation. Nor is the hospitality of the monks by any means confined to Catholics. All are indeed welcome, and I may mention that a well-known Anglican clergyman of extreme High Church views, and himself somewhat of an ascetic, occasionally retires there for a week of prayer and mortification, and not content with the ordinary rule prescribed for guests who are making a retreat, conforms rigorously during his stay to the severe rule of the Trappists themselves.

Many are the errors passing current even among well-informed Catholics regarding the life at La Trappe, and of these one perhaps of the commonest is the idea that the Trappist rule is a novelty tolerated indeed by the Church, but owing to its extreme severity refused the formal approval of the ecclesiastical authorities. Nothing could be further from the truth. The rule followed by the Trappists is the oldest of all rules—first both in time and excellence, the model of every religious legislator, the rule laid down by St. Benedict for his followers at Monte Carlo nearly fourteen hundred years ago. The visitor to Oka, at the end of the nineteenth century, sees realized before his eyes the life of St. Benedict and his companions at the beginning of the sixth. How vividly does this thought bring back to us the lasting good that, under the Grace of God, one man may accomplish, St. Benedict after fourteen centuries still living in his works. Who shall be able to calculate the extent of sanctity and self-mortification, of glory to God and peace to men during the long course of fourteen centuries?

WHAT A WORD WILL DO.

Byron reminds us that a word is enough to rouse mankind to mutual slaughter. Yes, there is power in a word—Marathon, for instance, Waterloo, Gettysburgh, Appomatox. Great battles these, but what a great battle is going on in many a sick and suffering body. In yours, perhaps. Take courage. You can win. Call to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts powerfully upon the liver, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities; cures all humors from a common Blotch or Eruption to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially potent in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings" and Enlarged Glands.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, biliousness, sick headache and indigestion.

Hairdresser: Your hair wanted cutting badly, sir. Customer: So you seem to have thought.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

LOOKING FOR MOTHER.

One cold, dreary morning a train pulled out of the San Antonio, Tex., depot. A thin, clad, ragged little girl, with a pinched, white face, occupied one of the seats. She was so busy talking to a rag baby that she was oblivious of the kindly-faced conductor, who looked at her with surprise and amazement.

"Where are your folks, sissy? Who came with you to the train?"

"Dolly came with me," she replied, in a matter of fact manner.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Fanny, but mamma always called me 'little pet.'"

"Where is your mamma—in San Antonio?"

"I don't know where she is, but me and dolly are going to find her. Mamma went away."

"When did your mamma go away?"

"A long, long time ago. They put mamma in a long box when she was asleep, and she went away on the cars."

The conductor sat down on the seat opposite his little deadhead passenger, and by further questioning satisfied himself that the child's mother had died, and the remains had been taken to some other town for interment.

"But you don't know where your mamma went," he said.

"Me and Dolly will find mamma; she told me so last night."

The conductor took one of the child's emaciated hands in his own. Her hand was hot, and there was a feverish flush on her wan cheeks.

"You are not well, sissy. I'll send you back to San Antonio to your papa."

The next moment two tiny arms went around his neck and the child was pleading and sobbing.

"Don't send me back. Let me go with you and find my mamma. That woman will beat me again. Don't send me back and I'll give you my dolly."

The conductor understood it all. The little, half-starved waif was running away from some brutal woman, possibly a cruel stepmother. The conductor fixed her up a nice bed with his overcoat and left her happy chatty with dolly about "mamma," but two tears rolled down his cheeks as he left the car. Several times during the trip he looked into the car and saw his little deadhead passenger sleeping peacefully hugging dolly to her breast.

At last the north bound train crossed the long bridge over the Colorado river and halted at the Austin depot. The conductor hurried to the dining-room, and in a few minutes returned with a cup of coffee and some delicacies for his little friend. Just as he was entering the car he was halted by the conductor of the south-bound train, who had a telegram in his hand.

"Tom, is there a little girl on your train deadheading her way?"

"Why do you want to know?" was the gruff response.

"Because I've got a telegram here from the girl's father telling me to bring back a runaway child."

They entered the car where the fugitive was still sleeping.

"Wake up, little one. Here's some coffee for you."

On the little pinched face was a tear and a smile. "Little Pet" had found her mother.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

The man whose heart is so hard as to object to the Little Sisters of the Poor asking for a few pennies that they may feed their large families of old men and women is truly to be pitied. If the heart of such a miserable man has not been petrified, he would surely be ashamed that he ever spoke one unkind word against the Little Sisters if he could only visit their home. There he would find several hundred old people who have been given a resting-place, and who, without regard to race or religion, are fed and clothed by the delicate Sisters, whose only means of support is the charity of the people. The humility of these noble women was shown by one of them who entered a business place to secure alms, and was addressed harshly by the proprietor. She replied in a gentle voice, "I will take what you have said for myself. Now give me something for my old people." The world is sometimes cold, but neither the bigot nor the miser will envy the man who dares to criticize these angels of

mercy who have no other object in life than to shelter the old men and women who have no one else to care for them in their last days.

To be able to say "Good Day," or "Good Morning," in a foreign language is even so much, and it may lead, under certain circumstances, to friendly treatment and special attentions on the part of strangers. It is a short expression, and if said, with a smile, in the language of a foreigner, it may lead to very pleasant results in the way of future friendships. Here are a few of the different ways in which that salutation is given by the people of various nationalities:—

- French—Bon Jour.
- Spanish—Buenos Dias.
- Portuguese—Bons Dias.
- Italian—Buon Giorna.
- Hungarian—Io Regelt.
- Roumanian—Buna Dimineata.
- Maltese—Bongiornu.
- Turkish—Sabalriniz Khair Olsoun.
- Russian—Zdrastvooite.
- Polish—Dzien Dobry.
- Arabic—Sabah el Khair.
- Persian—Sabah Shouma Khair.
- Hindustani—Salam.
- Chinese—Tao Shan.
- Japanese—Ohayo.
- Latin—Salve.
- Greek (Modern)—Kal Imera.
- German—Guten Morgen.
- Dutch—Goede Morgen.
- Swedish—God Morgen.
- Norwegian—God Morgen.
- Danish—God Morgen.
- English—Good Morning.
- Welsh—Boreu Da.
- Irish—Maidin Magh, or, more generally, Dias Maghaira Agat.

FARM NOTES.

Eight pounds of bran a day fed to the cows, even when they are on good pasture, will pay.

Sweet cream butter does not please the average consumer as well as butter from ripened cream.

A spring, or weight and pulley, on the cow stable door is a good investment, as it insures against accidentally leaving it open some cold night.

There are still some people who think that in days gone by when there were none of the modern methods of butter making, the butter was just as good as now. Not as a rule, friends, if ever.

A Kansas fruit grower says that corn is undoubtedly by far the best crop for an orchard that can be grown as it breaks the wind and the trees grow up straight. Insects, as a rule, will not trouble a tree when there is plenty of green fodder and corn for them to work on.

Putting a horse upon the market unbroken and trying to get a good price for it, says a writer, is like putting green lumber on sale and expecting the value of the seasoned and finished product.

An average yield of black raspberries is about seventy-five to eighty bushels; red raspberries, seventy; blackberries, 100 bushels per acre, according to the estimates of Professor Bailey of the Cornell experiment station.

Beans after thrashing should not be stored in large quantities, as they are liable to sweat and mold; it is well to spread them in a dry room for a time, and then put them in sacks to prevent the generation of moisture.

A very handy truck for moving barrels of grain, vegetables, etc., may be made by framing together two pieces of 3x3 scantling and three strips of planks, so as to form a platform three feet long and two feet wide, and resting the same upon four piano casters.

A COMFORT SOMETIMES.

When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometime only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Rival Orators.—A candidate for Parliamentary honors was practising a political speech in his own rooms. His dog, indifferent to the charms of oratory, started growling and yelling, until at last our candidate ordered his servant to turn him out. "I will do whatever you tell me, sir," said the man; "but, to speak truth, it was yourself who began."

BRITISH POLITICS.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Budget—The Behring Sea Bill—An Increase in the Income Tax—Sir William Harcourt's Announcement.

LONDON, April 16.—The House of Lords to-day passed the Behring Sea Bill, the House of Commons having agreed to the amendments of Lord Kimberley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, including the change in clause seven. There was no debate, the final stages of the bill will be taken to-morrow. Clause seven of the Behring Sea Bill, as amended, is as follows: "Whereupon any proceeding in court against a person and ship in respect of any offence against the Act, it is proved that the ship sailed from its port of departure before the provisions of the award were known, and that such a person or master of the ship did not, after sailing and before the alleged offence became aware of those provisions, such a person shall be acquitted, and the ship shall be released and not forfeited."

THE BRITISH BUDGET.

LONDON, April 16.—The budget provides for the increase of one penny in the pound in the income tax, as presented in the House of Commons by Sir William Harcourt to-day. Sir William estimates the total expenditures at 85,433,000 pounds (about \$475,000,000) and the revenue at 90,956,000 pounds. He said that the deficit of about 4,500,000 pounds (about \$22,000,000) would not be met by borrowing, nor by abandoning the fixed reductions of the national debt. (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

The extra penny in the pound on the income tax would yield about £1,780,000 (nearly \$9,000,000). He, however, intended to raise the limit of exemption from £120 to £160, and also to relieve incomes between £400 and £500 by an abatement of £100. Those abatements would mean a yearly loss of £1,450,000, reducing the net gain on the extra penny in the pound to £730,000 (about \$3,600,000).

In order to meet the remaining £1,000,000 deficit they proposed to add 6d. per gallon on the duty on spirits and 6d. per barrel to the duty on beer.

LONDON, April 17.—The Times' parliamentary reporter says it is the general impression that the budget will lead to a prolonged discussion of the details, rather than to the defeat of the Government. The spirit tax is regarded as the crux of the situation. The Parnellites will resist it, as they consider that Ireland is already overtaxed in comparison with England. The real arbiters of the situation appear to be the anti-Parnellites. It is not likely that the Scotch members will oppose it. The Unionists admit that the budget is a clever one for electioneering purposes.

The Times editorially says: "It is only fair to say that allowing for the difficulties and pressure that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to contend with, the budget is much less objectionable than the public had reason to infer it would be from the demands and predictions of the Gladstonians. The Radicals receive a rebuff by Sir William Vernon Harcourt's recognition in this Democratic Budget that when a national emergency demands a sudden increase in the revenue, the working classes are bound to contribute their portion in the form of direct taxation."

The Standard says that the Budget proposals seem to have been framed in a sincere and sensible spirit. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, it adds, may be acquitted of any design save that of meeting the financial exigencies by equitable and honorable expedients.

In its comment on the subject, The Daily News says: "Sir William Vernon Harcourt has raised himself to the very highest rank amongst the financiers of the country. There is not a man living, except Mr. Gladstone, who could have framed this budget, or delivered such a speech as that delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in presenting it to the House of Commons."

The Chronicle calls it a notable budget, adding: "It may be regretted that while going so far, it did not go further in a Democratic direction, but while it is not perfect it is useful and practical."

CABLE GOSSIP.

THE ANTI-LORDS BILL—THE EDUCATED TENANTS' BILL.

LONDON, April 14th, 1894.—The anti-Lords bill, fathered by Lord Wolmer, Mr. Curson and Mr. Broderick, which was mentioned in these dispatches a fortnight ago, has assumed definite shape and has at once obtained the strong opposition of the Radicals, who have nothing for it but jeers. They certainly have reason to complain of its provisions, and it is very doubtful that it will be introduced without considerable change in its terms. It provides that a Peer, after sitting in the House of Commons throughout one parliament, may resume his right in the House of Lords if he shall so elect. On the other hand the bill provides that a Peer once elected to sit in the House of Lords shall forever forfeit his right to sit in the House of Commons. This is decidedly a juggled scheme and must of necessity meet with strong opposition.

The Cabinet are having considerable difficulty in arriving at a decision as to the manner in which they shall deal with the anti-lords question. The Ministers well know that the Radicals are determined to force them to a definite declaration on the question in the course of the session and are alive to the necessity of arriving at the determined course of procedure. They are continuing their discussions on the subject at every meeting of the Cabinet, and every effort is being made to reach some conclusion in the construction of some form of measure of restricting or abolishing the veto power of the Lords that will command the approval of a majority of the House of Commons.

EVICTED TENANTS' BILL.

LONDON, April 14.—The Evicted Tenants' bill will be introduced next Thursday. The bill proposes to re-enact and extend the scope of the section of the Land act encouraging voluntary arrangements between landlords and tenants, and provides that in the event of the failure of the landlord and tenant to come to terms, the Land commission has power to purchase and reinstate the tenant. This provision is designed with a view of inducing landlords to make terms. Liberal provisions are made in regard to the payment of arrears of rent, and in every essential respect the measure is an advantageous one to the tenants, while it is less onerous than might be expected to the landlords. The leaders of the McCarthyite section of the Irish party were consulted in framing every section of the bill.

BEATIFICATION CEREMONY.

AN INTERESTING SCENE IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH IN ROME.

ROME, April 15.—A most picturesque and interesting ceremony took place in St. Peter's Church this morning. The ceremony was the beatification of Juan Davilar, the Spanish theologian, who is known as the "Apostle of Andalusia." The members of the Spanish Embassy attended with seven thousand Spanish pilgrims and twenty Spanish Bishops. The imposing services were conducted by Cardinal Alois-Masella, Prefect of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, the other prelates of that congregation, Cardinal Paracciani, Arch-Priest of the Vatican Basilica, and the whole chapter of the Basilica. After promulgating the papal brief of beatification, Monsignor Fausti celebrated Mass. The Pope prayed before Davilar's altar this afternoon. Thirty thousand persons were then present. The Pope was borne into the Basilica on the Sedia Gestoria. His Holiness was escorted by twenty Cardinals and a large number of Spanish and other priests. An illuminated picture of Davilar was hung on the altar, where the Pope gave his blessing to the vast throng assembled, and personally incensed the Monstrance. At the end of the service His Holiness received gifts presented to him by the promoters of the movement that led to the beatification. He then again took his seat on the Sedia Gestoria, and was carried to the nave of the Basilica, where he again bestowed his blessing upon the kneeling thousands. As he was borne from the church he was most enthusiastically cheered.

BERLIN, April 16.—The bill permitting the return of Jesuits to Germany passed its third reading in the Reichstag to-day; 168 to 145.



JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

HE HAS FAITH IN IRELAND'S CAUSE.

LONDON, April 15.—Justin McCarthy addressed a large meeting in London this evening under the auspices of the St. Pancras branch of the National Liberal Association. He said: "Immediately after Mr. Gladstone resigned I was especially summoned to meet him to discuss the prospects of Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone had then and has still absolute confidence that the gentlemen who constitute the present Cabinet are faithful to the Home Rule cause." After mentioning Mr. Gladstone's conviction that Lord Rosebery was eager to give Ireland all the rights which the old Premier had proposed to grant her in the former Home Rule bill, Mr. McCarthy said the Irish now had on their side a ministry as strong as any previous one of the same age, not even excepting ministries led by Mr. Gladstone. Even if the Liberal party should lose control of the Government the Irish would have the democracy of England, Scotland and Wales behind them and the cause would be safe. They must ultimately win. He did not believe that the Liberals would fail Ireland, but if they should the Irish would oppose them and eject them from office at once, for the Irish hold the balance of power in Parliament. The Tories had come grovelling, cap in hand, to the Irish, and they might do so again, hoping to be enabled by the Irish to get back into office. In any case the Irish held the Government of England in the hollow of their hands. Mr. McCarthy deprecated public discussion of party differences. The majority must govern, he said. On all questions of principle, he added, the party was still united.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

The following despatch from Berlin, dated Saturday, tells a most painful story and one that would suffice to create a shudder of indignation in the breast of even the most hard-hearted:

"The authorities of Berlin and its neighborhood, and incidentally the police throughout the Empire, are investigating a terrible crime which has been committed near Gruenwald colony, on the outskirts of this city. The body of a young and beautiful Sister of Mercy was found near the road leading to Gruenwald Forest district to-day, partly concealed by some bushes, and a gaping wound in her throat showed how she had met her death. Her murder had been committed, evidently, after the commission of an assault. The ground about where the corpse was found showed that the victim had made a struggle for honor and life. Beyond the footprints of a man there was nothing to give a clue to the identity of the murderer. A few hours after the murder of the Sister of Mercy, a young peasant girl, who was passing near the Gruenwald colony, was set upon by a "man," who attempted to assault her, and tried to cut her throat when she resisted. Luckily, this was a powerful country girl, and she succeeded in fighting off her assailant and in raising such an outcry that a number of people were soon attracted to the spot, and joined in the search for the man who assaulted her.

THE PILOTS VETERANS.

The Boston Pilot, which is in its 58th volume, has been publishing letters for some weeks past from its oldest subscribers, some of whom have been regular readers of that excellent journal for over 40 years, all the writers speaking in glowing terms of their favorite paper. By the way, these subscribers are not the only veterans who have stood so long by the old—but always young—

Why not try WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?

Doctors highly recommend it to those

Who are run down;
Who have lost appetite;
Who have difficulty after eating;
Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;
And to Nursing Mothers,

as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Pilot, its venerable founder, Patrick Donahoe, being still to the fore, and we trust he may long be spared at the helm. Mr. Donahoe celebrated his 80th birthday on St. Patrick's day, on which occasion he was the recipient of many beautiful gifts and congratulations from his hosts of friends and admirers throughout the country. There is no journal among our exchanges that we hail with more real pleasure every week than the Pilot, whose gifted editor, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, occupies a position in the front rank among the Catholic writers and thinkers of the present day.

A GREAT STRIKE.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC TROUBLE TO EXTEND.

ST. PAUL, April 16.—Brief despatches this evening from all important points along the Great Northern Railway system are to the effect that no trains are running along the line between Crookston, Minn., and Seattle, Wash. The strikers gained a little ground this morning. They hung up the train which arrived at 5.20 a.m. at Fargo, thus suspending traffic between Fargo and Crookston, Minn. All branches of the line are therefore tied up except the St. Paul, Breckinridge, Barnesville and the St. Cloud and Fergus Falls. At the general offices of the company this afternoon there was a general indisposition to talk. President Hill was in conference with President Samuel Hill, of the Montana Central, and it is stated that they have instructed Superintendent Bryan to confer with the strikers at Dakota and Montana points. A large number of Brotherhood engineers and firemen along the line are willing to resume work, but the American Union men refuse to man their trains.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 16.—Rumors are afloat among the strikers and are also heard among the Great Northern officials that the Northern Pacific is to be tied up on Tuesday, and that before next week every road west of the Missouri river, with the possible exception of the Union Pacific, will be in the same condition. The mail car of the south-bound Westminster and Vancouver train was brought out this morning to leave at 9.11, but the officials refused to let it go out without the passenger cars, and it was left on the track. The strikers then took out the Canadian Pacific cars, which run on this train, and transferred them to the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern tracks, over which they went to Sumas.

MAY BECOME GENERAL.

CHICAGO, April 16.—A local paper declares that it is now settled that within the next week or ten days strikes will be declared on several northwestern roads running out of Chicago. Arrangements are about completed for the inauguration of a struggle with Pacific coast lines, which is expected to result in the settlement for some time to come of the differences existing. The contest will involve all the existing brotherhoods after the manner of a three-cornered fight, in which the older organizations will seek to annihilate the American Railway Union.

RECEIVED NOTIFICATION.

A despatch from Rome says that the Archbishop of Bologna, Milan and Ferrari, as well as Mgr. Zegna, Assessor of the Congregation of the Holy Office, and Father Steinhuber, the distinguished Bavarian member of the Society of Jesus, have received official notification that they will receive the red hats of Cardinals at the next consistory.

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

THE DYING NUN.

(Original)

The bright slanting rays of the orb of the day
Shine fair on her pillow, while out on the sea
The birds sing so sweetly, they chant her to
rest,
As quietly she lies with her hands on her
breast.

In her hand is that Cross which she carried
thro' life,
And feebly she tries, ah! the effort is strife
To lift to her lips the dear emblem of love,
Of a crucified Saviour in Heaven above.

Her eyes glance around, and as plainly they
say,
Oh, pray for me, sisters, for my poor soul, do
pray;
While kneeling and weeping with sorrow
and pain,
Her true loving sisters her last hours sus-
tain.

The birds are now silent, the sun is now set,
But the end is not come for her lips quiver yet:
But the eyes, those dear eyes, are glazed, set
and dim;
Have patience dear soul, you will soon be
with Him.

Sleep happy, dear sister, your earth work is
done,
Go forth to your God and that Heaven you've
won;
Ah! that last drawn sigh, God speed the
brave soul,
The works of a life-time await at the goal!
M. A. L.

ART GALLERY EXHIBITION.

GREAT PREPARATIONS—THE PRIZES TO BE GIVEN.

Preparations are at present in full swing at the Art Gallery for the fifteenth annual spring exhibition of the Montreal Art Association, which opens on Monday evening next with a private view for members, and on which occasion a conversation will be held. So far as the quality of the pictures is concerned the exhibition promises to be fully up to the average, and in one or two cases somewhat better. All the leading R.C.A.'s will be represented, and there will also be two or three new exhibitors who will show some good work. There will likewise be some pictures of the students of the art classes. The number of water colors will be somewhat larger than usual. The exhibition will remain open until about May 19, after which it is probable that the new gallery will be hung with Canadian pictures as an attraction for the summer, the pictures being the best in the exhibition, which opens next week. Through the liberality of several members of the association the council has been enabled to offer the following prizes for competition at the spring exhibition:

- For the best figure painting, in oil..... \$100
- For the best sea or landscape, in oil..... 100
- For the best portrait, in oil..... 75
- For the best painting, in oil, by a pupil or ex-pupil of the association (within three years)..... 50
- For the second best, in oil, by a pupil or ex-pupil of the association (within three years)..... 25
- For the best water color..... 50

The prizes will be awarded by a committee of five persons, of whom three shall be elected by the council of the Art association and two by the exhibitors. None of the committee shall vote in classes in which they are themselves competitors. A majority of the votes of the said committee shall be required to make the awards, and its decision shall be final; they shall also have the right of withholding any prize when they consider the work in competition of insufficient merit. All artists resident in Canada, or Canadian artists studying or residing abroad, may compete for these prizes. A prize shall not be awarded to any artist for the same class of work more than once in five years, nor shall more than one prize be awarded to an artist at any one exhibition. The winner of a second prize may, however, compete for the first prize at subsequent exhibitions. The work of artists who have gained prizes shall, during the period in which they are restricted from competition, be marked "non-competing," and in the catalogue each year shall be printed after their names "association prize," with date and class of work. A special prize of \$200 will be awarded to the picture obtaining the greatest number of votes of visitors attending the exhibition, for which purpose each ticket of admission shall carry one vote, each single ticket of association membership two votes, and each family ticket three votes. This competition is open to all Canadian artists, without distinction, and may be won by the recipient of any of the association prizes. It is hoped by this means to encourage a more thorough study and criticism of the work exhibited, which is almost entirely by

Canadian artists. The result of the voting will be made known, with the awarding of the association prizes, one week before the closing of the exhibition, and the details published, thereby giving the public an opportunity of criticising the result, which will necessarily be extremely interesting, and it is hoped will be fully taken advantage of.

MOTHER GOOSE.

TWO HOURS IN FAIRY LAND.

The days of the fairies are not over; angels' visits are not things of the past. In other words, thank God, we still have children. In the hurry and bustle of an electric and materialistic age, we often feel that childhood is gone forever; that boys and girls become old men and old women before their teens; that the nursery is a place unknown in the household, and that the stories that delighted our younger days and fired our baby imagination are forgotten. The parents and friends of the pupils of St. Patrick's Academy, St. Alexander street, thanks to the kindness of Rev. Mother St. Aloysius and her assistants, had a glimpse into Fairyland, on Monday evening last. The little hall was filled to overflowing. The programme was as follows:—1. Recitation of welcome. 2. Chorus, "What would you take for me, papa." 3. Drama, "The Doctor." 4. Song, "Gipsy Jane." 5. Dialogue, "Bee Time and Broom." 6. Song, "Mother's Little Maiden." 7. Sketch, "Songs of the trunk room." 8. Operetta, "Mother Goose's Birthday Party." 9. Recitation, "The Foolish Little Maiden." 10. Chorus, "The Watermelon." 11. Drama, "Curries Quarter." 12. Chorus, "Mattie Once Was Punished." 13. Operetta, "The Mortals and the Fairies." The various items were most admirably rendered, and the little girls who took part well merited the hearty applause which they received.

How delightful it was to go back into babydom! There was Mother Goose, Jack the Giant Killer, Little Red Riding Hood, Simple Simon, Peter Piper, Little Jack Horner, Cinderella, The Green Archer, and all the heroes and heroines of the land of golden dreams. "Golden Hair" and "Black Star" the fairies who played the beggars and made good children do glorious deeds, the Bee, the Clock and the Broom, were there. And foremost amongst them all was the "little tot" in blue, with her chubby face, golden curls and pussy cat—a perfect little actress of perhaps three or four years of age. It was delightful beyond expression. It was an oasis in the parched desert of a burning age—fresh, balmy, youth-inspiring. We say, thank God for the children and for the noble women whose lives are dedicated to the happiness of the little ones.

At the close of the entertainment the Rev. Father Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's, made a brief address, in the course of which he complimented the Rev. Sisters of St. Patrick's school on the talent displayed by their little charges, whose efforts were beyond all praise. The invited guests were the rev. pastor of St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Quinlivan; Rev. Father McCallen, Mr. J. K. Foran, editor of THE TRUE WITNESS; Mrs. Foran, and the parents of the pupils.

LAST WEEK'S MORTALITY.

There were 126 interments in the city cemeteries last week, 108 in the Catholic and 18 in the Protestant Cemetery. Diphtheria caused one death, scarlatina 18, typhoid 3, consumption 12, bronchitis 6 and pneumonia 7.

THE POPE REPLIES.

Rev. M. Captier, recently elected Superior-General of the order of St. Sulpice, having written to the Pope to protest of his fealty to the Holy See, His Holiness has replied in a letter, expressing ardent wishes for the prosperity of the Sulpicians.

IMMIGRATION ORPHANS.

The Catholic Protection and Rescue Society, of England, have secured a Home in Montreal for the protection of their children. The Home, No. 11, St. Thomas street, in charge of Miss A. Brennan, will be opened on the 1st of May. All applications from the country will thankfully be received and attended to by the committee, provided they are

well recommended by their parish priest or some reliable person. Please address, C. P. & R. Society, No. 11 St. Thomas street, Montreal.

CONFIRMATIONS.

On Sunday last His Grace Archbishop Fabre held a confirmation service in St. Johns, Que. At the 7.30 Mass quite a number received that sacrament, and amongst them were noticed a couple of adults. Both at Mass and at Vespers His Grace preached. On Monday he said early Mass at the convent of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, and spent the day visiting the different other institutions of the town. His Grace was accorded a hearty reception every place he went, and was the object of countless expressions of affection and devotion.

BREVITIES.

Another cabinet crisis is threatened in Spain.

Bar silver was quoted steady at 28½d. in London.

Belleville market has been leased for the ensuing year for \$2,500.

The total gold product of the United States in 1893 was \$39,950,000.

The next Presidential election in France will take place November 2 next.

Both Martini and Snider rifles will be used in the military rifle league matches this year.

Bradstreet's reports fifty-six strikes now in progress in the States, involving 65,000 people.

Stephen R. Post, a New York grain speculator, has failed for between \$50,000 and \$100,000.

Mr. James Cummings, tax collector of Hamilton, died yesterday. He was born in Ireland in 1812.

Two young men named Lee and Boudrot were drowned by the upsetting of their boat near Grandique Ferry, Cape Breton.

The American residents of Bluefields, Nicaragua, have presented resolutions of thanks to the officers of the British war-ship Cleopatra.

Twelve men are missing in connection with the fire at the glucose factory in Buffalo on Thursday night, and it is supposed they have lost their lives.

The grand jury at Platt City, Missouri, has brought indictments against forty of the leading men and women of that place for playing progressive euchre.

Wm. Vanderwater died in his room in Toronto on Thursday night through inhaling chloroform. He had been troubled with neuralgia and it is supposed was endeavoring to procure sleep.

Mr. Morley introduced the registration bill into the British Commons. The bill provides for half-yearly registrations, with a three months' residence qualification, and that all elections shall take place on the same day.

The American Railway Union has entered into a life and death struggle with

the Montana Central and the Great Northern railways, and a general strike began yesterday. The men demand that the schedule which was in effect prior to August 1, 1893, be restored.

MARRIED.

LYNCH-DOYLE.—At St. Ann's Church, April 10, 1894, by Rev. Father Bancart, C.S.S.R., Maggie Lynch, daughter of Daniel Lynch, of this city, to Mathew J. Doyle, of Wexford, Ireland. 39-1

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(But Especially in PRICES)

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Ladies should call at once while assortment is good.

New Braided and Plain Mantles and Jackets from \$4.00 up
New Braided and Plain Capes from \$2.50 up
Children's and Misses' Reefers and Jackets from \$1.50 up.

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NEW HEPTONETTE WATERPROOFS.

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In all the Leading Styles and in every size.

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TWO CENTURIES AGO.

The Jesuit Among the Hurons.

The Sacred Heart Review, in its "Catholic Missions" columns, reproduces the following interesting and graphic account:—

In the summer of 1634 might have been seen a fleet of canoes ascending the Ottawa. Side by side with the braves, battling against the current, were Fathers Breboeuf, Daniel, and Davost on their way to establish the Jesuit Huron Mission.

After the restoration of the colony of Quebec to France in 1632, the order of St. Ignatius accepted the difficult and dangerous task of converting the aborigines.

The Hurons, numbering between twenty and thirty thousand souls, were a fierce, cruel race. They dwelt in villages composed of wigwams, some of which were of immense size, sheltering as many as twenty families at one time. A journey beset with hardships and privations at length brought the missionaries to the scene of their future labors. A house was built by the natives and the little mission sprang into existence.

BEGINNINGS OF THE MISSION.

Almost daily the children were gathered together and taught a few simple prayers, translated into their own language. They were taught to make the sign of the cross and to recite the Apostles' Creed. After a few simple instructions and a distribution of small presents to insure their return they were dismissed.

The adults occasionally listened to instructions, and in answer to the teachings always declared their approval, but they were backward in embracing the faith.

They were not so slow, however, to partake of the hospitality of the good Fathers, or to gather in great numbers to witness the marvels of their ingenuity and skill, the fame of which was spread throughout the land.

In the course of a few years several additional priests had joined the original three. The number of whites had been constantly increased by the arrival of a great many Frenchmen who devoted themselves to the mission, receiving in return merely what was necessary for subsistence. The buildings also were made better fitted for accommodating the numbers that often sought shelter there. Agriculture was carried on to a remarkable extent in the little colony. The corn alone gathered in one year was sufficient to winter at least four thousand Hurons beside the whites.

SICKNESS AND FAMINE.

During the summer months when the warriors were out hunting or on scalping expeditions, the Fathers made the religious exercises of St. Ignatius, and prepared themselves for new trials.

With winter came their time of greatest hardships and sufferings. By day they plodded from village to village, attending the sick, baptizing the dying and striving to instil into all the sentiments of religion. Their nights were made hideous by the vile practices, horrible orgies and superstitious rites practiced during this season by the Hurons.

A plague swept their country in 1636. The Indians withered away like leaves beneath a heavy frost. Then were exhibited the endurance and self-sacrificing spirit of the Fathers, as they made their weary way through the snow and mud, and even spent whole nights in the depths of the forest, that they might tend the sick and bring them the few comforts at their command.

PROSPERITY.

By the year 1647 the Christians in many of the villages outnumbered the pagans. Sundays and holy days were given up to religious exercises. The ferocity of even those who refused to become Christians was lessened. There were high hopes that a bright day was dawning on the New World.

The mission had assumed quite respectable proportions, with its church, buildings for the priests and the accommodations of hundreds of Indians who made it their habitation, and the large stores of corn that seemed to defy a famine.

SAVAGE FORT.

But the Hurons were a doomed race. The hatchet of the Iroquois was to be at once their ruin and the overthrow of all the projects of the Jesuits.

It was at St. Joseph's mission. Father

Daniel had just finished Mass, and the people were yet in the church when the war cry of the Iroquois was heard as they advanced to attack the village. A few words of encouragement to the warriors to defend their homes, and the good father was hurrying among the wigwams urging unbelievers to repent. The bewildered people fell on their knees and he baptized them by sprinkling water with a wet handkerchief. When the enemy had gained entrance, the priest showed his flock a means of escape through the opposite side of the village, and promising to meet them in heaven, dismissed them, himself refusing to leave as long as there was a chance to bless one soul with the regenerating waters of baptism. At the first onset he fell uttering the name of Jesus. Bathing their faces in his blood to make them brave, the enemy gave the town to the flames.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MISSION.

But this was the death blow of the Hurons. Without union and paralyzed with fright they submitted to their fate. Part of them joined neighboring tribes, but the greater number removed to the Isle of St. Joseph, accompanied by the remaining Jesuits, who with bitter tears turned from the scenes made dear by sufferings.

Their new home on the island was agreeable while their stores lasted, but winter brought famine and the pursuing Iroquois. The Hurons died by scores daily, and their carcasses were dug up and devoured by those remaining. Then followed a pestilence. The priests labored late and early to administer to the wants of the dying. Their dress was of skins, their food principally a few acorns.

Nor did the pursuit of the Iroquois cease until the Hurons were established at a place called Indian Lorette, where, mingling with the French, the last traces of their once mighty nation are fast fading away.—*Dial*.

HISTORY OF A RELIC.

HOW MARIE ANTOINETTE'S HANDKERCHIEF CAME TO A SILESIAN CHURCH.

Within sight of the famous fortress of Galatz is the humble spire of the village church of Meundorf, marking the spot where one of the most precious relics of Queen Marie Antoinette has for more than half a century lain concealed. In the sacristy is preserved with pious care the kerchief, trimmed with Brussels lace, which that unhappy sovereign wore on the day of her execution. The way in which this relic, which still bears the traces of the Queen's tears, found its way into the church of a poor Silesian village is quite a romance.

The Queen bequeathed the kerchief to her confessor, the Abbe del'Orme, an Augustinian Father, who emigrated to England soon after her tragic death. On his decease, in 1805, he left this cherished memento by will to Father John Strobach, another member of his order, who lived at Breslau. Father Strobach dying five years later, just as the property of the convent was being secularized, the Queen's kerchief was put up to auction with other goods and chattels, and was knocked down for thirty-seven thalers to a certain Canon Leydel. The purchaser offered to give it to the imperial family of Austria if the emperor would consent to intercede on behalf of the convent with the Prussian Government.

The Emperor refused his good services, so Leydel kept the kerchief, which passed after his death to Father Kabler at Klein Kreidel, near Leubus, in Silesia. He, too, departed this life in 1825, and left the relic to Father Jaschke, vicar of Klein Kreidel, whose sister lived at Neundorf. When visiting her, Jaschke promised to bequeath the treasure to the priest of that village; but, as he died intestate, it was again put up to auction, this time fetching only four thalers. The expectant legate, however, traced the kerchief to one Wenzel Holzel, and was fortunate enough to buy it from him. It was then consigned to the modest treasury of the village church, where it has ever since been carefully guarded.—*Catholic News*.

SKIN DISEASES are more or less directly occasioned by bad blood. B. B. B. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

SMILES.

"All a woman asks is to be loved," says a gushing poet. "Then all this stuff about her wanting new bonnets and jewellery must be a vile slander."

Dear Friends—"Do you think, dear, with my cold, it would make my head bad if I were to sing?" "No, dearest; but it might make somebody else's head bad."

It is so hot that I think I must call on Miss Millions." "What has Miss Millions to do with the weather?" "She always gives me such a cool reception, don't you know?"

"Brilliant and impulsive people," declares a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or, if they don't have them, they're apt to get them if they're too impulsive."

The Only Way.—Suitor, toying with his sweetheart's hand: I hope this little hand is not counterfeit? Miss Crushing Quickly: The best way to find out is to ring it.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallacher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away angry.

"Captain, will you kindly tell me what time it is?" asked Jonesby, from the cabin of his yacht. "Six bells, sir," returned the captain. "Oh, hang bells," said Jonesby, "What time is it on shore?"

"Kind words never die." How bitterly does a man realize that truth when he sees all the kindest words that he ever used in his life glaring at him from his published letters in a breach of promise suit.

At the Tobacconist's.—Customer: Cigar-smoking is said to have a deleterious effect on the memory; are you aware of that? Tobacconist: I can quite believe it; for instance, you have not yet paid for those boxes of cigars you had last Christmas.

Poet: And what did the professor say to my tragedy? Professor's Wife, somewhat embarrassed: Oh, well—he was, in short, speechless. Poet: Speechless? What does that mean? Professor's Wife: Sir, it means a good deal for a man who can speak seven languages.

Out of Harm's Reach.—Gendarme, to person swimming in the river: Halloa,

there. Do you want to be taken up? Don't you know that it is forbidden to bathe at this spot? Bather: I don't care; my clothes are on the other side.

A Man of Some Standing.—Howley: By the way, Mrs. Ricketts, your husband is a man of considerable standing in the neighborhood, is he not? Mrs. Ricketts: You may well say that, sir. He stands glasses round to all thorough in every public house he goes into.—*Fun*.

In Peril.—Careless Cockney Sportsman: It must be confoundedly unpleasant to be in action and to know that as likely as not you will be shot. How do you feel under the circumstances, Captain Biggleswade? Captain Biggleswade pointedly: Just like I do at the present moment.

A Medical Retort.—Swell of the period: O doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still, I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science. Doctor: Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same.

Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs.
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V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V. C. M. Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

"I can recommend PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition of which has been made known to me, as an excellent remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis or Colds with no fever."
L. J. V. CLAIROUX, M. D. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. ROBAILLE, Esq. Chemist. Sir,

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

"excellent remedy for Lung Affections in general."
N. FAFARD, M. D. Prof. of chemistry at Laval University. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

"I have used your ELIXIR and find it excellent for BRONCHIAL DISEASES. I intend employing it in my practice in preference to all other preparations, because it always gives perfect satisfaction."
DR. J. ETHIER. L'Epiphanie, February 8th 1889.

"I have used with success the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR in the different cases for which it is recommended and it is with pleasure that I recommend it to the public."
Z. LAROCHE, M. D. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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

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TEMPERANCE.

OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY
C. T. A. U. of A., 415 West 59th St.,
New York, April 1, 1894.

In our last bulletin we were able to report the admission of fourteen new societies, with a membership of nearly seven hundred. This month we are able to report an additional increase of nine societies, as follows:

St. Louis (women), St. Louis, Mo., 100; St. Stephen's Cadets, Port Carbon, Pa., 50; St. Jerome, Tamaqua, Pa., 25; St. Jerome Cadets, Tamaqua, Pa., 37; St. Augustine, Bridgeport, Pa., 37; St. Augustine Cadets, Bridgeport, Pa., 50; Mother of Sorrows (girls), Philadelphia, Pa., 418; Father Mathew, Mineral Ridge, O., 20; Father Mathew, Hazleton, O., 75.

This makes an increase of membership in the National Union during the last month of 825. At this splendid news we may all well rejoice. It indicates an encouraging activity all along the line, and is the early fruitage of the renewed earnestness that has been awakened among the societies.

Besides this encouraging report of definite increase the reports from various sections indicate increases that will materialize in the early future.

From Ohio we have reports of the organization of new societies in five or six different places. The same is true also of several other Unions, notably Connecticut. In Middletown, Conn., St. Aloysius Society (young men's) has increased from 25 members of three months ago to 250 members of to-day. Notable additions are reported in all the other Connecticut societies. In Brooklyn, too, the organization of a new Executive Council embracing the Temperance Societies of the city is very nearly perfected, and will be the nucleus of effective work in the diocese.

Though it may be in no sense news to all the societies, still it is worthy of being made a matter of special mention in this bulletin, the pronounced stand made by two members of the episcopate: the warm commendatory letter of Bishop Tierney of Hartford, written to the President of the Connecticut State Union, and the strong letter from Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio, to the clergy and laity of his diocese. Both these letters should be well known throughout the entire Union, particularly the latter.

In the letter of Bishop Watterson he strongly urges the clergy of his diocese to encourage the organization of Temperance Societies among not only men and women, but cadet societies among boys and girls as well. He also voices a sentiment that has amounted to a conviction in the hearts of many priests throughout the country, and has been their rule of action in the confessional. He says: "If there are saloon-keepers in your parish who call themselves Catholics and yet carry on their business in a forbidden and disedifying way, or sell on Sundays either openly or under any sort of guise or disguise, in violation of the civil law, and to the hurt of order and religion, and scandal of any part of the community, you will refuse them absolution should they perchance come to receive the Sacraments, unless they promise to cease offending in these or other ways, and to conduct their business blamelessly if they can, or get out of it and keep out of it altogether. Their case is to be treated then and afterwards like any other relatively proximate occasion of sin." I say this sentiment has amounted to a conviction with many, and they only want the strong voice of the bishops, who are the teachers of the Church, to fortify them in their line of conduct.

This letter marks the progress of Temperance sentiment and shows to what height the rise of public opinion has come. Slowly but surely the dissemination of Temperance ideas and the enactments of the legislative bodies of the Church are moulding into laws the sentiment as it grows, and each law as it is enacted marks the progress that is made. Along with this, the educational influence has been and is doing its silent work, winning new recruits to the Temperance army, strengthening those already converted, and pushing forward the leaders to conquer new fields of thought.

It will be interesting to know what

will be the new questions up for discussion and settlement at the St. Paul convention. The temperance people look to Archbishop Ireland to mark out new lines of work or to strengthen the weak points of their attack, and to reinvigorate those who are tempted to become stragglers.

The work of gathering in the reports from the various societies is still going on. We have been gratified at the promptness and attention to duty of the majority of the secretaries, but there are still some secretaries who have yet to learn even that there is a National Union, or that there is any duty on their part to keep up a communication between their society and the parent organization. We have in some cases sent out communication after communication to existing addresses on our books, and if these secretaries are still on the face of the earth, we have no evidence of it at all. They must have received our communications, because they have never been returned to us. Now an earnest word to these delinquent secretaries. It can be said without exaggeration that one who holds the office of secretary, and will not respond to urgent communications sent him, is doing great harm to the temperance cause, and like the saloon-keeper, the sooner he gets out and keeps out of the office the better for the society.

We are pleased to say that the majority of the societies have been prompt in the payment of their per capita tax, but still there are some who are still delinquent in this matter. We would most respectfully urge, in justice to our office, that the per capita tax be remitted as soon as possible.

The negotiations towards affiliating various Councils of the Knights of Father Mathew is still going on, and we hope by next month to be able to report considerable progress in this direction.

(REV.) A. P. DOYLE,
General Secretary C.T.A.U. of A.
415 West 59th Street, New York.

"I'm sure we will be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighbourhood to the corner grocer. "No doubt of it." "Especially," he added as an afterthought, "if the terms are cash."

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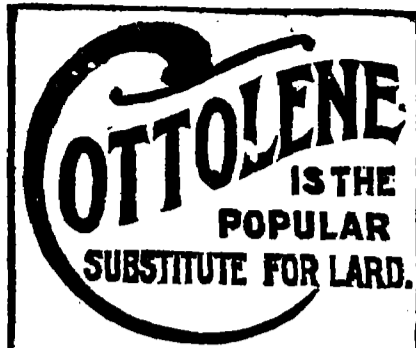
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal. No. 812.

Dame Albertine Lefebvre, of the parish of Notre Dame de Graces, said District, has instituted an action in separation as to property against Godfrey Charlebois, her husband, of the same place.

Montreal, 2nd April, 1894. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, 38-5 [Advocates for Plaintiff.

DYSPEPSIA CURED BY B.B.B.



MR. GEO. READ.

Read the Proof.

DEAR SIRS.—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for R. B. B. entirely cured me. I have also used it for my wife and family and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B.B.B. to all my friends.

I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.

Yours faithfully, GEORGE READ, Sherbrooke, Que.

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Holloway's Ointment.

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

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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 Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

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

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

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