

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE TRUE WITNESS is progressing splendidly. It will be seen by the letters we publish from time to time, and the comments of the press, some of which we reproduce this week, that both the new form and the present tone of the old Catholic organ are in accordance with the times. Thanks to our many friends, agents and subscribers.

The famous Grindelwald conference, at which all the Protestant denominations were to be united, is over, and as a natural result; they are twenty degrees farther apart than ever. The great meeting, in the Bernese Alps, has furnished them with a hundred arrows to fire at each other, arrows that were fabricated there, and of which they never before dreamed. There is only one focus at which all sects can possibly meet; it is Rome.

In Ireland so far all nominations to the Commission of the Peace were exclusively reserved for Protestants. The three-fourths of the country are Catholic. What would be thought in England if all the magistracy were reserved for the Catholics? Such a state of affairs is beyond conception. Yet anything seems good enough for the Irish—especially the Catholics of that nationality. To be a Catholic and a Nationalist has been, heretofore, a positive disability. This is to be remedied, thank God! It is the last relic of Protestant Ascendancy, and it will soon be amongst the debris of a once powerful fabric.

It was greatly to be regretted that the Hon. Edward Blake was unable to deliver an address in Montreal before his departure for England. But circumstances would not permit; and we have all to bow, at times, to circumstances. Had the distinguished Canadian Home Ruler and member of the Imperial House, been able to accept the invitation so earnestly and warmly tendered him, we are most positive that the largest Hall in the city would be too small to contain the enthusiastic audience that would have cheered the representative of Longford. But since it has been decided otherwise, we have yet a very great source of consolation left. We are in a position to say that what we are about to propose would be in accordance with Mr. Blake's own ideas and desires. The day for meetings and mere speech-making have gone past. No matter how enthusiastic an audience might be, still very little real, tangible, practical benefit is the ultimate result. What they require to-day in Ireland is pecuniary support. We need not enter into any lengthy essay upon the subject; we intend to make a proposition, to offer a suggestion. Let the different Irish and Catholic Societies of Montreal join hands, let each one send a delegate or two; let these delegates meet and form a committee; appoint a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer; start a fund; let the amount of subscription be so fixed that all the load would not fall upon the shoulders of a few; let the

figure be \$2, or \$4, or \$5, just as decided upon. In a couple of weeks a grand collection could be made and, irrespective of all politics in Canada, and of all divisions of opinions with regard to the different wings of the Home Rule party in the old country, several thousand dollars could be sent across the Atlantic. Further, we would suggest that the money be sent to Hon. Edward Blake, to be used by him for the benefit of the cause, in whatever way he may deem the most beneficial. Such a course, if taken at once, will be a thousand times more useful to those who are fighting the battle and who are on the verge of a decided victory, than all the speeches, meetings or resolutions that could be made, held, or passed. We call upon the different societies to take up the movement, and without delay. Come! which one has its regular meeting first? Which ever it may be, let it start the ball and communicate with the others, as to the formation of the committee. Our columns are open to them in any way they desire to use them.

Father Martino, the recently elected General of the Jesuits, is the twenty-fourth since the days of St. Ignatius. Here is the list of the different Generals of that world-renowned and glorious order:

	Year.
St. Ignatius of Loyola, Spaniard.....	1541
Jacques Lainez, do.....	1553
St. Francis Borgia, do.....	1565
Everard Mercurion, Belgian.....	1573
Claude Aquaviva, Neapolitan.....	1581
Mathias Vitelleschi, Roman.....	1615
Vincent Caraffa, Neapolitan.....	1646
Francois Piscicollini, Florentine.....	1649
Alexandre Gouffredo, Roman.....	1652
Goswin Nickel, German.....	1652
Jean-Paul Oliva, Genoese.....	1681
Charles de Noyelle, Belgian.....	1682
Thyrse Gonzales, Spaniard.....	1687
Michel Tamburini, Modenese.....	1706
Francois Retz, Austrian.....	1739
Ignace Visconti, Milanese.....	1761
Louis Centurioni, Genoese.....	1755
Laurent Ricci, Florentine.....	1758-1775
Thadee Brzozowski, Pole.....	1805
Louis Fortis, Veronese.....	1820
Jean Roothaan, Dutch.....	1839
Pierre Beckx, Belgian.....	1853
Antoine-Marie Anderledy, Swiss.....	1887

It will be seen that there never was a French, English or Irish General of the order.

Canon Farrar, preaching in Westminster, spoke of Lord Tennyson as a "Priest of Righteousness, of Nature and of God." He further said that the people's grief at his death should be "tempered with gratitude that such a life had been crowned by a beautiful death: and to thank God that he had died so happy a death." Yes: Tennyson was a poet—not a priest—of righteousness, for his every line is pure, truthful and just; he was a poet of nature,—no one that has ever read his works can gainsay it; he was a poet of God,—yes, in so far as being a Christian writer and a moral one may go. His parting from this life was calm and serene, "but it was not happy and beautiful in the Christian sense"—in which sense we suppose Canon Farrar spoke. He died, not with a Bible, but Shakespeare, in his hand. There was no word of God, of eternity; no minister, no prayer. It was poetic, but not sublime.

A writer in the *Contemporary* points out that the restoration of the Papal Sovereignty is not so remote an eventuality

on the face of it as it would seem. The *Catholic Times* remarks that "Englishmen imagine that all Christendom is as indifferent to the Pope's position as they are themselves." The fact is that the Roman despatches, so misleading and so false, are the sources of information upon which these non-Catholics base their conjectures. They take the Roman rabble to be the Italian people, the atheists of the societies to be the exponents of Catholic thought in the sunny peninsula. But they never hear of, nor meditate upon, the great Catholic Congresses and Conferences upon the Continent; never do they dream of the great Catholic heart that is pulsing in the bosom of the New World. Catholic America may yet be instrumental in bringing about that restoration.

The A. P. A., that Anti-Popery Association so recently established in the neighboring Republic, has been making giant efforts during the presidential campaign to crush every Catholic hope or aspiration. These mad bigots have succeeded in depriving a few Catholic teachers of situations in the public schools and have injured the prospects of a few Catholic employees in other fields of labor; but they have not prevented the Catholic Educational Exhibit from finding a place of prominence at the World's Fair; they did not check the President from communicating with the Pope on the subject of the Columbian Exhibition; they did not stop the reception of the Papal Delegate at the White House and Capitol, nor did they stay the Pope's Apostolic Benediction from falling upon the death couch of Mrs. Harrison, and like a beam of glory, at the sunset of life, shedding a glow of contentment around the last moments of that noble lady. These A. P. A. men practise petty persecution upon the humble and feeble ones of the flock, but the cowards sneak away when the Grand Shepherd appears upon the scene.

The French Minister of Public Instruction spoke over the remains of Renan, and he said: "Mr. Renan had brought back the religious feeling that animated the early Church, and his moral teachings exhorted to activity, courage and goodness." Mr. Bourgeois is a fine specimen of a Minister, especially holding the portfolio of Public Instruction. In order to be in accord with the infidel spirit of party he played the clown, as he said that which he knew to be false, but which he knew the people would pretend to believe, and for which belief he, in his heart, despised them. But the people have votes; and a man must not scruple in an unscrupulous age! Mr. Renan, instead of bringing back any religious feeling, worked hard, and too often successfully, in destroying every germ of faith, of principles or morals in Christianity. His moral teachings, instead of exhorting to activity; inculcated indifference, sloth and final spiritual lethargy. The courage they taught was exemplified in his own life; he boasted that he would love to be shot, but he always managed to keep out of the way when there was

even the slightest indication of a danger, he made sure to be absent when an opportunity turned up. The goodness that he preached was the same as he practised; goodness to himself. He was the personification of egotism and of selfishness; mean and jealous, he treated with contempt the very people to whom he pandered for praises, and he hated them because he was obliged to cringe to them. He abhorred the principles that he taught, and he so feared the future that he strove to forget all about it in preaching against the hopes of the soul—immortality and God. This the man that a Minister of Public Instruction holds up as a model for the rising generation. Poor France!

The Aldermen are back from Chicago. Last week we referred to the strange and mysterious proceedings in the way of contracts, jobs, situations, combinations, and so forth, amongst our civic authorities. Now that they have returned, we have a few questions to ask, and the answers to which we will undertake to give ourselves, if no one else can furnish them. What about the expenses of that Chicago trip? Who foots the bill? The Aldermen or the city? Does the G.T.R. get anything for placing Pullman cars at the disposal of the excursionists? Either the City Fathers pay their own way, or the poor of the city have to pay it. What then about turning off the water on the poor, the sick, the hard-working honest people? Do our representatives contemplate the rigours of an approaching winter; the countless ills and miseries to which the laborer and the poorer mechanic or tradesmen are exposed during the coming months? How many poor people could escape the cruelty of having the water turned off at this season, if to their credit were placed a portion of all that is squandered in regal outlay, show and unremunerative pleasure? Pause and reflect upon these questions; they are suggestive of many a page of commentary. These comments we will supply as the year draws to its close.

Last week we referred editorially to our right to have an Irish Catholic upon the School Board; in our editorial columns this week we speak of this local school matter from another stand-point, but we don't want to let this particular phase of the question fall into oblivion. By the census we find that the Irish Catholics, had they fair representation, should have two members upon that Committee; yet, they have none at all. We intend to go to the very bottom of the question, and secure all the information necessary to establish our case. Meanwhile we may just say that we consider it would be only just were we to have a layman and a clergyman upon that School Board. There is room there for an Irish Catholic parent and an Irish Catholic or English-speaking priest. A lay representative we must have; and we see no reason why one of the Fathers of St. Patrick's or St. Ann's should not hold a place at that important table. More of this anon!

TEMPERANCE.

WHY I AM A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

A Splendid Lecture Delivered by Rev. Walter Elliott, and Published by Temperance Truth Publication Bureau.

My pledge shows that I am in earnest. It is a practical protest before God, to my own soul, and to all my friends against the vice of intemperance.

What is so hateful as this vice? Drunkenness deprives a man of God's precious gift of Reason. Reason in man is a spark of God's intelligence. It establishes the bond of union between man as creature and God as his creator. Drunkenness dethrones the reason, and leaves man a prey to his vilest passions. God made man a little less than the angels; the drunkard makes himself a little less than the brutes.

Moreover, this horrid vice extends its blighting curse over man in his other relations. It is ruin in prosperity, and despair in adversity. Cowardice, hypocrisy, theft, cruelty, murder, contempt of God, and hatred of man go along with it and follow after it. Disease of body and imbecility of mind are notorious results of drunkenness. Whoever loves humanity hates drunkenness.

If you love religion you hate drunkenness, for drunken Catholics disgrace the Church, and if they die drunk, as too often happens, what other fate but eternal loss can await them? "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Whoever loves his fellow-man with a practical love will do something to stamp out that vice which deprives men of their highest natural good, destroys their happiness during life, and damns them to eternal perdition hereafter.

HATRED OF A VICE MEANS THE LOVE OF THE OPPOSITE VIRTUE.

The first step in practical opposition to any vice is the practice of the opposite virtue. If I hate drunkenness, I hate everything that leads to drunkenness. If I love a clean, sober life, I will cultivate every agency that makes for temperance, and thus induce the practice of that virtue in others. Total Abstinence has its heroic form. Every soldier has his flag; those who make war on drunkenness unfurl the banner of Total Abstinence. Every disease has its remedy; according to the very highest speaking authority in the Catholic Church, the "proper and truly efficacious remedy" for intemperance is the practice of Total Abstinence.

It was in this way that our Lord Jesus Christ saved the world. He not only practised the virtue contrary to the vice He attacked, but He carried the practice of it to a heroic degree.

He combated our avarice by His poverty; our impurity by being born of the Immaculate Virgin, and by leading a virgin life; our angry passions by His perfect meekness and forgiveness; our love of drink by His thirst upon the cross.

Not only Christ's life and doctrine, but the sound sense of mankind demand that sincere aversion for any vice shall be shown by the conspicuous practice of the contrary virtue.

Do you not see the need of thus making war on intemperance? Do you not know how widespread an evil it is?

What family is either without its drunkard or some one who is in danger of falling into drinking habits? What neighborhood is without its plague-spot—the saloon? What community without its steady stream of horror, crime, and misery due to drunkenness? The pathway which leads from the saloon to the poor-house, from the saloon to the jail, from the saloon to the insane asylum, is strewn with wrecks of humanity who are the accursed victims of alcohol. Therefore, every family should have its member, or members who are conspicuous for the practice of Total Abstinence. Every neighborhood should have its band of valiant men and women who protest publicly against the vice of drunkenness. Every community, civil and religious, should have its organized, permanent, and if need be costly, crusade against the saloon.

Courageous men and women are everywhere needed to protest against drunkenness, and to labor to suppress it. I have taken the pledge in order to be the better fitted to assist in this good work.

If you love a happy home, be a prac-

tical Total Abstainer, for it is the most efficacious means of showing your detestation of the family's deadliest foe.

If you love the people of God, take the pledge; for drunkenness is the worst enemy the true faith has this day to contend against.

If you have the good of society at heart, touch not the intoxicating glass; for most of the evils we have to deplore in our social and political life are the progeny of this prolific mother-vice—Intemperance.

I HAVE TAKEN THE PLEDGE BECAUSE TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS A HIGH FORM OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Every element of Christianity in me sharpens my anxiety for the welfare of my brethren. The drunkard is my brother; he needs good example to reform: I have made up my mind to give it to him. We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren (1 St. John iii. 14). I may be too poor to give money for the reform of drunkards, but I can give what is more precious—a good example.

The family that cannot profit by a Total Abstainer among its members is hard to find. The parish that is not greatly helped by a Total Abstinence Society is hard to find.

It is good to be a Total Abstainer. "It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended, or scandalized, or made weak" (Romans xvi. 21.)

It is not sinful for me to drink moderately, but for the drunkard to do so is a deadly peril. If he is going to be saved he must totally abstain, a task often as difficult as martyrdom. I will help him to do it by keeping him company. Even a saint dreads to stand alone.

Heavenly Wisdom says, "Woe to him that is alone" (Eccles. iv. 10). But when struggling with evil or contending with any overpowering passion, poor human nature looks for a comrade. The heart cries out in danger or in weakness, Help me! I am going to answer that cry. I am determined that no drunkard shall relapse for want of my help. If he is driven by necessity to take the pledge, I am driven by charity to keep him company. "The charity of Christ urges us" (2 Cor. v. 14).

Scorned and despised, the drunkard needs a friend to share his compulsory abstinence. Where is the friend who will extend the resistless hand to help him? I will do so by my total abstinence. I will pick him up from the slough of despond. I will cleanse him, and strengthen him; I will speak tender words of encouragement to him. I will be the drunkard's Good Samaritan. "But I do not need to abstain!" Yes; what my brother needs I need; and if any man needs help, then the help he needs is the help I need to give him.

MY PRIEST SHOULD HAVE TOTAL ABSTINENCE TO HELP HIM REFORM DRUNKARDS.

Unless the Catholic religion exhibits a practical morality superior to that of all other churches, she can never advance among the people. In practical everyday life a tree is only known by its fruits.

The church that earnestly and successfully makes for sobriety, the church that sets itself over against the saloon, need not argue much to convince one that it has a saving mission. We must exterminate drunkenness among Catholics.

When I take the pledge I do a Christ-like work. "Afterwards, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, said: I THIRST. Now there was a vessel set there full of vinegar. And they putting a sponge full of vinegar about hyssop, put it to his mouth." (St. John xix.)

A Total Abstainer joins with Christ Jesus in that agonizing cry. He will not permit the dying Saviour to be alone in that awful thirst. The sympathy which wells up from the bottom of a human heart compels him to unite his own self-denial with the agony his Lord suffered for poor drunkards.

For a man to say, I am strongly in favor of Total Abstinence for those who need it, is only saying, I am a Catholic.

For a man to say, I am strongly in favor of Total Abstinence for those who need it, and am willing to encourage and strengthen them by taking the pledge, is only saying, I am a sincere and earnest Catholic.

For a man to labor to create a public opinion against intemperance, and all leads to it, is only saying, I am a well-wisher of my race.

REFLECTIONS.

Suggested to the Writer by Different Circumstances.

SECRETS.

Can a woman keep a secret? This is a question which admits of an affirmative although it usually receives a negative reply, and it is the avowed conviction of many estimable persons that a woman cannot keep a secret. Through a desire for sympathy in our misfortunes we sometimes seem to forget that there is as much responsibility in imparting our own secrets as in keeping those of others, and were we a little more careful as to whom we unnecessarily confide what concerns ourselves most nearly, and would only exercise a little christian charity in discussing matters which we know the persons concerned would wish to have considered as secrets, and such circumstances as we are aware, will bring scandal upon another if told—which do not in any way concern us, and which it is not our duty to discuss, this odium would not be so generally applicable to women.

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" can be put to no better test than in an event of evil speaking. And a momentary reflection on the manner in which we would wish to be treated under similar circumstances will be found efficacious in such incidents, for who does not instinctively recoil at the thought of being spoken ill of in her absence.

To receive a friend's secret and guard it sacredly is the very perfection of friendship, and we believe there are many noble minded women capable of keeping their own and other people's secrets.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

'Tis in the woods that the glories of autumn are seen in all perfection, or on the mountain, where the varied hues are delightful harmonies, and from whence the surrounding country shows to almost better advantage than when clothed in summer verdure. Though changed from the fair scene of a few months past, when woods were green and fragrant flowers bloomed, and hushed is the caroling of birds and the hum of insect life, yet autumn hath an undefinable charm; how beautiful are the woods in their decay; the crimson ash, the silver beech and yellow maple shed their withered leaves, which fall solemnly and slowly with every fresh gust of wind, and all over the land has come a tinge of brown, with here and there a faint patch of lingering green, while the sky still retains some of its soft, summerlike blue, with the grey lines which betoken November.

Walking along briskly, unable to resist the current of thought stirred within the heart by the appearance of such decay—which bears so strong a resemblance to our destiny—we sternly realize our inevitable fate on approaching that "Silent City" which forcibly reminds us that earth with all its loveliness is but a temporary dwelling place, from whence the angel of death summons the toiler to his rest, restoring all his treasures. Nature seems to have designed the place specially as the abode of the vast multitudes who have there found their resting place; on either side stands the mountain, a huge sentinel, guarding alike the slumbers of those who are laid to rest in the first rosy dawn of life's brief day—in the bright morning sunshine, or in the noonday heat and the heyday of life and youth—in the advancing evening, and in the twilight grey—awaiting the dawn of perpetual day.

As we pause to read the inscriptions on the tombstones—those symbols of distinction between rich and poor, though death comes equally to all and makes all equal—or watch the fresh sods and lingering flowers—emblems of the resurrection—day wanes; the setting sun gilds the mountain with a ruddy ray, lengthening its shadow, while intense silence prevails, unbroken save by the sighing of the wind and the rustling of the dead leaves falling, like golden flakes, where soon, softly, silently, will descend the snow, wrapping the earth in its spotless mantle. But those trees shall bud again and flowers bloom, when winter and storms are past, so also shall those slumberers awake, in the eternal springtide, where perfect beauty reigns and knows no fading.

Daylight fades, and the trembling stars begin to shine as we wend our way city-wards, where all is life, and light, and warmth, and friendly greetings await us;

and our hearts are cheered by the ever recurring thought that the departed members of our once happy band shall advance to greet us as we draw nigh the Eternal City, and all be again united, where shines eternal day.

J. McL.

Montreal, Oct. 23rd, 1892.

IN A DAY.

Mrs. J. Ringland, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., says: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without a bottle."

Two friends meeting, the following colloquy ensued: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor; and I had hard work to make him accept a little money." "You astonish me. Why?" "Because he wanted more."

To-Day

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

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

Landlady to applicant for rooms: "Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow?" Applicant: "I am a doctor of music." "Oh, then I am glad to have you with us, and I'm sure you'll do well here, for there's lots of music in this locality that needs doctoring."

RACKED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Dear Sirs,—For ten years I suffered with rheumatism in spring and fall. I have been confined to bed for months at a time, but since using B. B. B. I have not suffered from it at all. I also suffered from the dyspepsia, which has not troubled me since using the B. B. B., and I therefore think it a splendid medicine. Mrs. Amelia Brenn, Hayesland, Ont.

A few years ago the native station-master of an out-of-the-way Indian railway station was suddenly attacked by a tiger, made bold through hunger. The startled assistant immediately rushed to the telegraph office, and wired to the European station-master at the next place on the line as follows: "Tiger on platform eating station-master; please wire instructions."

DOUBLY COMMENDED.

Sirs,—I had a very bad cold and was cured by two bottles of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. I cannot do without it. E. S. W. O. H. Perry, Sea Gull, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I can highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used. Miss F. Stephenson, Oakland, Ont.

Ministerial friend on a visit: I wonder what makes your mamma so happy to-day. She is singing all over the house. Little Nell: I guess she's thought of somefin' to scold papa about when he comes home.

INDIGESTION CURED.

Gentlemen,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady. Mrs. Davidson, Winnipeg, Man.

Husband: How much did you spend to-day? Wife: £2 18s. 6d. Husband ironically: Was that all? Wife with an injured air: That was all I had.

All those who have gray hair in the prime of life can remedy that unpleasantness and restore its natural color and beauty with Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer; wash the head clean, and, when perfectly dry, apply it as an ordinary dressing. It pleases every one who has occasion to use it. Sold by all chemists, only 50 cents a bottle.

When a holiday is most needed—On the day after a holiday.

Dr. A. T. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Difficulty of Breathing—Use It. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Why is necessity like some lawyers Because it knows no law.

"Satisfactory Results."

So says Dr. Carlett, an old and honored practitioner in Belleville, Ont., who writes:—"For Wasting Diseases and Beriberi I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

OCTOBER LYRICS.

What time the scarlet maples glow,
Like giant gladioli in bloom,
And 'gainst the balsam's emerald gloom,
The orange foliaged poplars show.

When in the mild blue, dreamy sky
That silver seed wings far and near,
When 'tis the rest-time of the year,
Come fair month of the rosary.

The autumn days assume new grace,
As each in turn its offering bears
From Mary's children, love and prayers,
To her, throned in her ancient place.

Monday and Thursday, pearls of price,
And robes of white commemorate
The joyful mysteries, souls state,
Rehearse the maiden mother's joys.

Tuesday and Friday wear a crown
Of rubies, bright with sacred blood;
Wednesday and Saturday the rood
Is changed to glory's dazzling throne.

Sunday, oh! Sunday, happy day,
God's own, all blessings and all bliss
Cluster, like precious gems in this,
Angels guard its triumphal way.

Then may October, like a queen,
Wear robes of purple, crimson, gold,
And o'er her loyal subjects hold
Benignant sway in peace serene.

E. C. M.

THROUGH IRELAND

On a Jaunting Car.

BY A RAMBLING "UNIVERSE" MAN.

Every reader of the novels of Charles Lever—works such as "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Tom Burke of Ours"—must have laughed over the freaks of the famous Enniskillen Dragoons. Very few readers of Lever, I dare say, have ever been to Enniskillen itself. More is the pity, for it is really a charming old spot, and within easy reach of some of the loveliest scenery in the land, which teems with loveliness on every hand—north, south, east, or west. On the way to Enniskillen from Londonderry you pass through Strabane and Omagh. In the last mentioned town I happened to be in the railway station just as one of the trains, a very important one seemingly, from the number of passengers, was about to start. A few minutes before the train moved away from the platform a boy about fifteen years old, entered the station with a huge parcel, which evidently contained blankets, in his arms. Coming to the first carriage at the rear of the train he shouted out,

"IS MRS. FLANAGAN THERE?"

and receiving no answer, he pushed on to the next, and so on the whole length of the train. The gentle Mrs. Flanagan, however, was nowhere to be found. This seemed to excite the boy to quite a dangerous extent, and the whistling of the engine previous to departure served only to irritate him all the more. He ran up and down the platform at well-nigh incredible speed, considering his burden, calling out in a voice half pleading, half reproachful, "Mrs. Flanagan! Mrs. Flanagan!" But the fair one answered not. The train moved away, and even when she had disappeared in the distance the poor boy could still be heard crying out "Mrs. Flanagan!" to the no small amusement of the bystanders. One is not long in Enniskillen before he becomes convinced of the fact that it is a very important military centre. You meet soldiers everywhere. They do not speak very eloquently for the physique of the British army. As an English gentleman whom I came across in Enniskillen said to me: "God help us if the safety of the country ever depends on these fellows," and certainly

A MORE WEAK KNEED, BOW-LEGGED LOT

it would be difficult to find. If the reader will take the trouble to open the map of Ireland he will find that Enniskillen is situated at the point of junction between Upper and Lower Loughs Erne. The lower lake, which is by far the finer of the two, is a magnificent sheet of water extending a distance of twenty-four miles from Enniskillen to Belleek, the well-known ceramic village, where the charming Irish pottery is manufactured. The lake varies in width from one to nine miles, and is studded with islands of singular beauty. To my mind you can with difficulty find a more delightful spectacle than an island situated in a lake and covered with trees which bend down to kiss the placid water which nourishes unfailingly their strength and beauty. The visitor to Enniskillen is daily afforded an opportunity of inspecting the beauties of the lake. A little steamer leaves every morning for Belleek, and covers the whole distance up in three

hours. Then, after a delay of three hours more at the pottery village, you are carried back again to Enniskillen in time for a late dinner. The journey up and down by steamer cost only 2s. Just after leaving Enniskillen the little steamer passes close to Devenish Island, on which there is found what is probably

THE MOST PERFECT OF THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND,

constructions which seem to baffle even the wisest archaeologists, and which raise their slender tapering forms proudly before the world, defying alike the hand of the despoiler and the power of the elements. This particular tower on Devenish Island is 83ft. 11in. high. Close to it stand the ruins.

ELOQUENT IN THEIR SILENCE,

of a priory built in 1849. To my mind the scenery around the Lower Lough Erne will bear favourable comparison, if it does not absolutely surpass, the best that can be shown in Scotland. Loch Lomond may be more rugged and impressive than Lough Erne, but the Irish lake gains immensely in softness and sweetness, which more than compensate us for the loss of the bold ruggedness which is so peculiar a feature of the Scottish lake. Arrived at Belleek one naturally inquires, first of all, for the far-famed pottery works. They are found quite readily, for though Belleek is a pretty little village, yet it possesses few buildings of a very pretentious character. Entering the works the manager appoints one of the young men to conduct you through the buildings. Here you see, for the first time probably, how it is that cups and saucers—in fact, every description of china-ware, from the most expensive to the cheapest, are manufactured. It is very interesting to watch the young girls nimbly fastening on handles to cups and jugs of all descriptions, which a few minutes hence will be

CARRIED AWAY TO THE IMMENSE FURNACE and there baked for the space of twenty-four hours. The Belleek pottery works give employment to about 150 young men and women. What a pity it is that such institutions as this are not multiplied amongst the poverty-stricken people of the West of Ireland, who are only too willing to work if work could only be given them. Belleek ware is very much in demand all through Ireland, England and Scotland seem to neglect it altogether. It is gratifying to think that there is an immense sale for it in America. So much so, in fact, that the works are kept going all the year, round at full speed supplying the numerous demands and giving weekly more and more employment to poor peasants of Donegal.

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure to any sufferer who sends his address and names this paper. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases, insures comfortable sleep and cures where others fail.

"What is wisdom?" asked the teacher of a class of small girls in a primary school. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: Information on the brain.

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

A Preparatory Course.—"Would you like your son to study the dead languages, sir?" Mr. Dolt: "Cert'nly, cert'nly. He's going to be an undertaker."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-18-e o w)

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier. "I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think? It took my leg off."

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

THE TRUE WITNESS.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS UPON OUR NEW FORM.

[The Montreal Herald, 14th October.]

THE TRUE WITNESS, which has been greatly improved during the past year, has taken another step forward and now appears in magazine form, sixteen pages, four columns to the page.

United Canada, 22nd October.

The TRUE WITNESS of Montreal has appeared in a new and improved form. Mr. J. K. Foran its present editor has much improved that paper in every respect since he assumed charge and we hope he may continue as he has begun moving upwards and onwards.

[Canadian Freeman, 9th October.]

The Montreal TRUE WITNESS sauntered into this office last week with a new make-up that compelled us to look twice before we were able to recognize our welcome weekly visitor. It is a nice size of a sheet to handle, and, filled with racy and well-selected news, should be eagerly looked for in all Catholic houses. The change is a decided improvement.

[Boston Pilot, 22nd October.]

This week the Pilot welcomes to its heavily laden exchange table some new papers and some old ones in new forms. THE TRUE WITNESS of Montreal, Can., which for several months past has been progressing from good to better, is out in the semi-magazine form of the Catholic Review. Its sixteen pages are full of excellent original and selected matter, and it announces a prosperous forty-second year of existence.

[The Antigonish Casket, 20th Oct.]

We congratulate the Montreal TRUE WITNESS not only upon its new dress, which well becomes it, but also upon the new spirit, more becoming still, which its present clever editor has managed to infuse into its columns within the past few months. A fearless defender of the Faith and the truth is needed just now among the Montreal papers. The TRUE WITNESS fills the bill.

[Chattanooga, Tenn., "Facts," 22nd Oct., 1892.]

Our venerable contemporaries, "The Monitor," and the "True Witness," came to us this week in beautiful new dresses. The "Monitor" is in its 36th year, and THE TRUE WITNESS has been "for 42 years the mouthpiece of the Irish Catholics of Montreal." The Most Rev. Archbishop Reardon, and the suffragan bishop of his province give "The Monitor" a well merited send off.

[L'Etandard, 21st October, 1892.]

"THE TRUE WITNESS."

This week's number of the excellent English-speaking Catholic organ is remarkable from every point of view. It contains 16 pages of most interesting matter and 4 pages of advertisements. The appearance of this paper, since its last transformation, is magnificent. The typographical department is all that could be desired. It is a beautiful frame, worthy of the picture it is intended to surround. That picture is traced by a hand as energetic as it is able. We would specially remark, in the last issue, that splendid article on the true Catholic Spirit; it is as solid from the stand-point of doctrine as it is brilliant in style.

If we had an advice to give our confrere, it would be to pay less attention to a certain anti-Catholic and priest-hating review, to which much too honor is paid, by its vigorous articles. It seems to us that it would be well not to give more importance to that publication, now in open revolt against the episcopacy, than one would to the Aurora or the Witness. It is just what certain barking publications, without worth or authority, desire. To have people speak of them—good or evil (little they care)—is all they ask. The disdain of honest people is all that their bad faith and insignificance deserve.

"The Ave Maria," 29th October, 1892.

In the True Witness the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal have a paper of which they may be proud, and of which they should show their appreciation by a generous support. Our bright contemporary has just appeared in a new form, enlarged and improved. It is now one of the most attractive, as it was already one of the ablest Catholic journals published in America. The editor was formerly on the Star, of Montreal, and is a trained journalist. Under his efficient management the True Witness has become a power for good in Canada, and its influence has been felt of late in many ways. It was the Catholic Citizen, we believe, that remarked some time ago that if a Catholic paper was worth anything at all, it was worth an occasional recommendation from the clergy. We will say of the Citizen, as well as the True Witness, that few Catholic journals are more deserving of such encouragement.

["The Owl," Ottawa University Magazine, for October.]

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, Montreal.—THE TRUE WITNESS has discarded its old familiar dress, and will henceforth appear under magazine form. It has made a good beginning and we are promised that not only will the present high standard of excellence be maintained, but strenuous efforts will be made in the direction of still more important improvements. May the TRUE WITNESS see its fondest hopes realized. Years ago it was the able exponent of a truly Catholic sentiment and fearlessly opposed whatsoever was in conflict with Catholic sentiment. In these days its rank was the first among the Catholic organs of Canada. These years of vigor and prosperity were followed by years of inactivity and of trial, but within the past few months the TRUE WITNESS has risen again and entered upon a new period of usefulness. Able edited, it has marked out the lines of its labor where the need of serious work is most sorely felt. Three

pages are given to editorials and notes, and every line is timely and forcible, whilst the judgment shown in the selections of the general reading matter is excellent.

MORE CONGRATULATIONS.

[The following letter is from Major Daly; a veteran now in his 85th year, and a thorough representative of "the good old times." It speaks for itself.]

Montreal, 21th Oct., 1892.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR: It is with honest pride that I have received and perused the two last numbers of the TRUE WITNESS, in its new and magazine-like form. I have read it from first to last page, without interruption. It is so convenient to place on the table, while its valuable contents, [20 pages] are being read, and then so convenient to be laid aside for future use. At the end of the year it will form from 832 to 1040 pages, [according as you issue 18 or 20 pages at a time], which for binding will form a most useful volume.

It is with pleasure that, by it, I am reminded of the first days of the TRUE WITNESS forty two years ago, when it was so much needed to refute the vile calumnies of enemies of our church and religion, as well as of the country. Then no one was too big or too little for these columnists, in those days of John Dougal, Maria Monk, Gavazzi, Chimiquy and other mostly apostates. In those days our English speaking pastors did not hesitate to enjoin its circulation of the old TRUE WITNESS from the pulpit. To-day it reminds me of its great and glorious past.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER DALY.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

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

Holloway's Pills.—Good Spirits.—Every one has frequently experienced sudden personal changes from gaiety to gloom. The wind and weather often times receive the blame when a faulty digestion is alone the cause of the depression. Holloway's Pills can be honestly recommended for regulating a disordered stomach and improving digestion. They entirely remove the sense of fullness and oppression after eating. They clear the furred tongue, and act as a wholesome stimulant to the liver, and as a gentle aperient to the bowels. They healthfully rouse both body and mind. Holloway's Pills are the best known antidotes for want of appetite, nausea, flatulency, heartburn, languor, depression, and that apathy so characteristic of chronic derangement of the digestion.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



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

For Sale by all Dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate, Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Spoons and Forks, A1 quality, Choice Selections and Low Prices.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.

WATSON & DICKSON,

1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter.

[Late 58 St. Sulpice.]

DROPSY. This disease is cured by the use of the Vegetable Compound. I have cured many thousands of cases called Dropsy. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. 10 DAYS TREATMENT FREE BY MAIL. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, SOUTHWEST ATLANTA, GA.

PERMANENT POSITIONS

With good pay are now open for a few industrious reliable Catholics willing to travel short distances. Apply with references to

BENZIGER BROS.,

15-8 36 & 38 Barclay St., N.Y. City.

A STRUGGLE AHEAD.

HOME RULE NOT TO BE HAD AT ONCE

Hon. Edward Blake Delivers His Lecture on the Irish Question -- No Prospect of Immediate Success.

A Boston despatch of the 28th reads as follows:—Hon. Edward Blake was accorded a most enthusiastic reception at Tremont Temple last night. A large number of prominent gentlemen were on the stage.

Hon. P. A. Collins opened the meeting, and Mayor Matthews introduced Mr. Blake. Mr. Blake after thanking his audience for the honor of being requested to address them on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, delivered a long and eloquent address on that subject. He said, in part: "Daniel O'Connell, who had long tried to secure redress and was in despair, going for what he called simply repeal, which did not mean independence of the crown, but which meant the restoration of Britain's Parliament, gave in a temporary adhesion to the principle of federal union, which was promoted by some men belonging to a younger generation than himself. It is true he retracted his view with relation to federalism, but there was the germ of the federal movement. It failed for the moment, and a period of disturbance ensued; but 25 years later Isaac Butt propounded the system of federal Home Rule once more, and I rejoice to say that 22 years ago he was supported in that movement by a very large number of influential people."

Mr. Blake then told of the failure of that movement which was followed by the Parnell movement, the general principles of which he described. Continuing he said that Parnell did much, and his greatest work was when his policy succeeded in fastening the eyes of England on Ireland and compelling the earnest attention of all reflecting minds in England, Wales and Scotland to the Irish question, in convincing Mr. Gladstone that injustice had been done to Ireland, and that redress was due to her, and some radical steps should be taken in order to remedy the shame and disgrace in which England, Wales and Scotland and the Empire throughout the wide world were involved by the Irish condition.

The speaker then reviewed Parnell's line of action while in Parliament, detailed how the cause, as framed by Mr. Gladstone, had enlisted such widespread sympathy, and referred to the unhappy division in the Irish party.

Continuing, he said: "We are not likely to obtain Home Rule as a completed measure this session or next session of Parliament. The Irish party has before it a struggle as critical and as difficult as it ever had. It has a struggle before it in which it is not merely propounding principles, but forcing upon the attention of the English people the necessity of redress, but it has to do with the construction part of legislation."

After the public meeting Mr. Blake was tendered an informal reception, which was followed by a dinner in the Parker House.

Mr. Blake was the guest of Mayor Matthews during the day, and in company with His Honor, the Hon. P. A. Collins and John Linehan visited the places of interest in the city. He met Governor Russell at the State House.

Mr. Blake lectures this evening at Harvard University, Cambridge, under the patronage of the Canadian Club.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

THE RECENT INVITATION TO MONTREAL.

As all our citizens are aware, and as has been given to the public through the daily press, a most hearty, pressing and generally-emanating invitation was extended to the Hon. Edward Blake, the member for South Longford in the Imperial House, to address a meeting of citizens in Montreal, prior to his departure for Europe. It was impossible for the honorable gentleman to accept the invitation, owing to the pressing engagements that filled up all the time at his disposal.

The reply sent by Hon. Mr. Blake to the committee of gentlemen who forwarded the invitation has already been published. In its last issue United Canada, our admirable and enterprising confrere of Ottawa, makes a statement to the effect that, following in the wake of the St. Patrick's Literary Society of the

Capital, the St. Patrick's Society of this city tendered that invitation. Although the fine Irish society of Ottawa is highly worthy of imitation in many respects, still in fairness to the citizens of this city, we must say that the Montreal St. Patrick's Society was not the only mover in that praiseworthy step. It is true the president and members of the St. Patrick's Society were prominent in starting the movement, yet the invitation was tendered by the citizens of Montreal, irrespective of nationality or creed. Amongst those whose names figure prominently upon the paper are ex-ministers, some Protestant, some French, also the Mayor, and English, French and Irish members of the City Council. It is only fair to all those, who are not Irishmen, but who sympathise with the Home Rule cause, to give them credit, when they show, in such a manner, their appreciation of a man of whom all Canadians are proud and their sympathy with a cause that challenges the admiration of the world. Moreover, all Irishmen are supposed to be Home Rulers, while it is not always expected of others that they should have the same leanings. "Honor to whom honor is due."

C. Y. M. S.

REGULAR MEETING—ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The regular weekly meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Society was held in their Hall, 92 Alexander street, last Wednesday evening. Mr. J. J. Ryan, president, in the chair. After the reading and adoption of the minutes the secretary informed the members that owing to the unavoidable absence of some officers their places were now vacant. The elections to fill the vacant offices were then proceeded with and resulted as follows: for 2nd vice-president, Mr. J. Bolger; to replace Mr. J. Nebb for assistant marshal, Mr. J. Stack; and the following were added to the committee, Messrs. P. Cullen, L. O'Brien, B. McAdams and W. McCaffery. Rev. Jas. Callaghan informed the Society that 104 members had attended communion in a body on the 4th Sunday of the month. The society intend having a concert about the latter part of November, at which, Mr. J. K. Foran, the editor of the TRUE WITNESS, has kindly consented to deliver a lecture. Mr. Edward Kenny, a well known member of the Society has gone to England to commence his novitiate preparatory to entering an order of the priesthood.

C. O. F.

GRAND HALLOWE'EN CONCERT.

Hallowe'en concert and social of the Catholic Order of Foresters, St. Patrick's Court No. 95, took place last Friday at the Armoury Hall, and was a big success, the seats all being filled. The opening address was given by Bro. James Davis, Chief Ranger of the Court, and many other Chief Rangers of City Courts were present, and also Presidents of St. Patrick's Society and C. M. B. A. Chief Ranger Davis introduced the High Vice Chief Ranger, Bro. Richat. The piano solo by Mr. Elster was well rendered. Bro. Murphy gave a song in usual good style. Madam H. Prevost sang "The Last Rose of Summer," which was given in her best style, this lady has a clear and powerful voice which she controls with apparent ease and grace, there was no embarrassment, and the most difficult runs were made without apparent effort, several bouquets were presented to her and many encores. The song by Mr. Stewart was well rendered also Messrs. Holland and Duquette songs. The violin solo by Bro. E. Betty was well received he playing in his usual, masterly style, and receiving an encore. Miss E. Guyon's song was given with taste. The piano solo by Miss Alice Foster was remarkably good for a child of six years. On part second Madam Prevost sang "J'aimé les Militaires," with true military style, receiving a good encore. Immediately after the concert the social took place, and wended up early Saturday morning everybody enjoying themselves.

C. O. F.

QUARTERLY COMMUNION OF ST. LAWRENCE COURT, NO. 263.

On Sunday morning, at 8 o'clock Mass in St. Patrick's, the members of St. Lawrence Court, No. 263, Catholic Order of Foresters, to the number of over eighty, attended in a body and received Holy Communion. It was the quarterly communion prescribed by the rules of the order. Rev. Father Fahy, of St. Patrick's celebrated the Mass, and delivered an eloquent and practical sermon on the particular judgment. It was a touching and pointed address, in which the Rev. Father pictured very elegantly and clearly the position of the judge, the surroundings of the soul, and the procedure of the trial. As a conclusion he begged of the congregation to so live that when death will come—as it must come to all—they will be prepared to go before that tribunal with their thoughts, words and deeds. After Mass the members of the C. O. F. returned to their hall, in a body, to deposit their insignia. We might here state that St. Lawrence Court, No. 263, is rapidly becoming one of very great importance, and its membership list is augmenting wonderfully at each meeting. Mr. T. J. Holland, the Chief Ranger, deserves great credit for the effective interest which he takes in the progress and welfare of that particular Court, as well as of the whole order, in general.

We are glad to learn that the "PAIN-KILLER" is having so large a sale in our city. We have every reason to believe it to be an almost never-failing cure for pain, and is a medicine that no family should be without. Only 25c. for a big bottle.

MUSIC—Now ready, our cheap edition of the fine song, "The Tin Dipper on the Nail," 10c, or 15c mail. Also, the splendid Reception Waltzes, by Benedict, 20c. W. STREET, 29 Beury street.

IRISH NEWS.

James O'Connor, of Cork, an old soldier, died suddenly of lung disease on Oct. 3. He was a widower, and was sixty-two years of age. He was a carpenter by trade.

Alderman Richard Power, Samuel Morris, Richard Hearne, T.C., and Wm. Smith have been appointed to the commission of the peace for the city of Waterford.

It is announced that most of the men employed in the shipbuilding and engineering trades of Belfast will receive notice of a reduction in their wages, beginning November 1.

The Countess of Lucan is promoting the weaving and spinning industry in several localities in County Mayo. She has already a large number employed, and intends to dispose of the material, etc., produced in London.

Mr. Martin J. McDonogh, son of Mr. Stephen J. McDonogh, J.P., and grandson of Mr. Martin McDonnell, of Dunmore, was shot dead with a revolver at his residence, Skahard, near Glenamaddy, on Sunday, Oct. 2. It is believed that the sad affair was accidental.

Miss Mary Curtin made her solemn profession at the Convent of the Poor Clares, Newry, on Oct. 4, taking the name in religion of Mary Francis Joseph. Bishop McGivern officiated. Both parents and the brother and sister of Sister Mary were present at the sacred ceremony.

LABORS OF A WORTHY PRIEST.

FATHER M'GLADE IN THE WEST.

The many friends in Montreal and the East of this well-known and highly esteemed Father, will be pleased to know that he and his mission are meeting with a warm and cordial reception in the West. Since Father McGlade left Montreal he has visited many sections of Canada and the States, and everywhere he went Irish hearts have extended to him a genuine *cead m'le fathia*. We understand the erection of the new church at Omagh, Ireland, has commenced, and that it will be a magnificent building, costing about £13,000 from foundation to roof. This sum does not include the erection of two spires which will adorn the sacred edifice. One pleasing fact, and one worth recording, is that the Rev. Father has received many contributions from Protestant friends, who, though now resident far away from the Green Isle, are desirous of helping in the erection of a church that will stand a grand monument of the Rev. Father's exertions and a lasting souvenir of his visit to the "land of the West and the home of the free." We take the following from the St. Louis Western Watchman, of October 18, which will be read with much interest by his friends here and in Ireland:

FATHER M'GLADE BIDS FAREWELL TO ST. LOUIS.

Sunday last, Very Rev. Martin T. Brennan entertained with genuine American hospitality at the rectory of St. Lawrence O'Toole's, a large party of ladies and gentlemen, representatives of the parish sodalities and choir. The entertainment was given for the purpose of bidding farewell to Father McGlade, of Omagh, Ireland, who had been substituting for Father Brennan during his four months tour in Europe, and was also privileged to collect in St. Louis for a much needed church in Omagh. We had occasion to notice the warm reception Father Brennan received during his tour. He seemed determined to reciprocate the kindness, and this indeed he did in a truly noble style. In the address, which delivered by Father Brennan himself, he thanked Father McGlade for his services during his absence, and took occasion to eulogise his many good qualities, which had endeared him to the people of the parish. Father McGlade, in response, paid a high tribute to the priests and people of St. Lawrence O'Toole's. He thanked them all, especially Father Brennan, for their kindness. He complimented the people of St. Lawrence O'Toole's on having such a learned and devoted pastor and two such zealous assistants as the rev. nephew of General Shields and the young and active son of their own parish, Father Watson. Father McGlade will go at the end of the week to Chicago and afterwards to Philadelphia, when the Most Rev. Archbishops Feehan and Ryan have given him permission to collect for the new church in Omagh.

Want an Irish Laureate.

DUBLIN, October 26.—Irish newspapers are urging the claims of Irishmen to the poet laureateship. They suggest that Aubrey Thomas Devere or Timothy Daniel Sullivan are well qualified to occupy the post. Mr. Devere is a son of the late Sir Aubrey Devere, of Curragh Chase, Limerick. His poetical works are numerous, and he is well known as a poetical writer. T. D. Sullivan is the author of several volumes of Irish national poems. He sits in the House of Commons for the west division of Donegal.

The Berlin correspondent of the Moscow Gazette says he learns on good authority that Count Caprivi, Chancellor of the German Empire, is about to become a Catholic. The news has caused a considerable sensation in Germany.—Liv. Cath. Times.

Sister Martha Farrell died of consumption on Wednesday, Oct. 5, at the House of the Good Shepherd, Mount and Hollins streets, Baltimore. She was 37 years of age.

Archbishop Satolli, the Papal legate, formally visited the State Department and White House.

Cathedral Services.

On Tuesday morning at High Mass, and in the evening at the Vespers His Grace the Archbishop, (who had returned from his trip through the New England States) pontificated at both offices. At nine o'clock this morning a Pontifical High Mass for the dead, was chanted in the Cathedral Chapel.

John Murphy & Co's ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Mahogany Tree.

A cosy tea-table is one of the humanizing agencies of life. It is particularly so in the long Fall and Winter evenings. It is brightened by an inner sunshine that is not dependent upon the seasons. "The Mahogany Tree," as Thackeray delighted to call it, ripens the fruit of friendship, and beneath its shadow the cares of the day fold their wings to rest. Its success is not often mainly due to the mere edible luxuries with which it is bespread. It is made beautiful and attractive in many ways. Ladies know best how! The snowy linen and the tea cosy play an important part, and in such furnishings our stock is unequalled, and merits the attention of the presiding genius of every tea-table. JOHN MURPHY & CO.

FINE TABLE LINENS

Direct From the Best Scotch and Irish Manufacturers.

Bleached Table Linen, from 40c per yd, Unbleached Table Linens, from..... Bleached and unbleached Table Napkins, all sizes. Prices from 40c per dozen.

HEMSTITCHED TABLE LINENS.

Hemstitched Table Cloths Hemstitched Table Napkins. Hemstitched Tray Cloths. Hemstitched Carvers' Cloths. Hemstitched Doilies. Hemstitched Oyster Cloths. Hemstitched Fish Cloths. Hemstitched Game Cloths. Hemstitched Table Scarfs.

For the largest assortment and the best value in Table Linens come to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Postal orders filled with care. Samples sent on application.

NEW STAMPED LINENS.

New Stamped Tea Cloths. New Stamped Tray Cloths. New Stamped Carvers' Cloths. New Stamped Fish Cloths. New Stamped Game Cloths. New Stamped Doilies (all sizes). New Stamped Centre Pieces. New Stamped Sideboard Covers. New Stamped Table Scarfs. New Stamped Tea Cosies.

All our Stamped Linens are of the newest designs.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781 and 1783 NOTRE DAME STREET, And 105, 107, 109, and 111 St. Peter st. TERMS CASH AND ONLY ONE PRICE. Telephone 2198.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory, wool or cotton yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed: no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address, J. E. CEARHART, Clearfield, Pa.

BAILIFF SALE—Province of Quebec, District of Montreal—No. 1184—Superior Court—John Lovell et al, Plaintiffs, v.s. S. L. Stwet, Defendant.

On the eleventh day of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at No. 23 and 25 St. Nicholas street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and effects of the said defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of zinc and electrical cuts, &c. Terms cash. Montreal, 2nd November, 1892. WALTER REED, B.S.C.

LADIES, —We secured three first prizes and diplomas at Montreal, Ottawa and Sherbrooke, 1891, for the extra quality of our manufacture of Silver-Ware and replating old goods equal to new. We supply private families and Hotels direct from our factory. Free delivery to any part of Canada. Samples replated at dozen rate to show work.

THE CANADA PLATING CO'Y, 763 Craig St., Montreal.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

A SUGGESTIVE COINCIDENCE.

Business Blended with Other Branches
in our Educational Establishments.
A Striking Example Gleaned
From A Letter.

We have often heard of "striking two birds with one stone." We have here an opportunity of performing, figuratively speaking, that peculiar feat. It has been our desire, for a long time past, to speak of the practical side that should be encouraged in our educational establishments, also to refute the assertions of some seemingly wise people, who proclaim "from the house tops" that our religious orders are incapable of giving a business course in the really practical acceptance of the term. We have also a desire to recall, in a special manner, the memory of the late Rev. Brother Maurice, whose obituary appeared in our last number. A striking coincidence suggests a very practical train of reasoning; we will simply mention the one and then follow out, in a hurried manner, the other.

When referring, editorially, last week, to the death of Brother Maurice, we gave extracts from the last letter that he ever penned and which was addressed to the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS. Since then, through the kindness of his brother, Mr. Sweeney of Chicago, a prominent broker, notary and general business man of that great city, we had communication of another letter, written by the same Christian Brother and received by his Chicago relative simultaneously with the telegram announcing his death. Three days before his sudden end, he wrote that very exceptional and striking epistle. Decidedly it was never intended for publication; it was a hurried page dispatched to a near relative, to a brother, and bears every mark of that haste with which letters are written by busy men. Yet the composition is strikingly correct; while the subject matter of the communication is indicative of a thousand important things, suggestive of many and many questions. Remember that it comes from a Christian Brother, a man daily occupied with all the duties of his position in the order and all the obligations that fall to the lot of a teacher; a person who held the post of Assistant Director in one of the most prominent institutions in the country. By the light of these considerations let us read the letter, which, through the kindness of its possessor, we are allowed to reproduce:—

J. M. J.
MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE,
Montreal, Oct. 18, 1892.

MY BELOVED BROTHER:—The object of the presents of a business nature. You will remember from your visit to our college, last year, that our Actual Business Department comprises several lines of goods, each having its own collection of specimens, which represent in the hands of the purchasing student a certain quantity of goods at the daily market prices. Also, each line of Business has its own particular style of Book-keeping.

This year, we intend to enlarge the Department by some additional lines of Business, as Hardware, Leather, Furs, Lumber, Railways and Real Estate. This last mentioned being your line of business, I know of no one better qualified to give me information or aid me than you, my good brother.

You will kindly request your book-keeper or one of his assistants to send me a few blank policies of each of the thirteen different insurance companies which you represent.

You may also send me blanks of any other papers you use in the insurance business. Ask your book-keeper to fill out one of each of the different forms before sending them. I would ask you to send me specimens of the books ruled up which you use in the insurance business. One or two entries made in each would amply suffice.

As you are a Notary Public, please send me blanks and written copies of the different forms used in your office. I will be thankful for any other information or specimens of forms you may forward me.

Doubtless you are very busy, but I know of no one on whose services I have a similar claim.

With love,
Yours sincerely,

BROTHER MAURICE.

P.S.—Your excellent boys are giving good satisfaction in their studies.

B. M.

There is something that savors of the practical! Just imagine the business qualities of the man who dashed off that communication. Yet he was sub-director of an institution wherein the young men of our time are seeking that commercial training that will enable them to enter on the battle of life fully equipped for the struggle. Again, he is but one member of that teaching order, but one sample of those trained trainers of youth, but an example, and by no means an exceptional example, of the thoroughly efficient men who walk, in all humility, the highest plane of usefulness and of

virtue. Not alone from the religious stand-point do we look upon the Christian Brothers as pre-eminently qualified to prepare our youth for the up-hill tug during life; but, what is equally important, in a certain sense, from the thorough practical, business stand point they and their institutions challenge our admiration. Take, for example, the Mount St. Louis College, from which that letter emanated, it is the intention of the faculty to carry out those ideas and numberless other equally practical ones, suggested by different members of the order, and, most certainly, nothing could be more encouraging for those who have confided their children to the care of their establishments.

But what we consider the most important of all, as an out come of the sad event which brought these facts to our notice, is the direct refutation which they furnish, against all the would-be educationalists, those journals that never cease harping upon a string that is completely out of accord in the great instrument of truth. They are constantly attempting to prove that, because of the secluded life led by members of a religious order, therefore they are not capable of imparting a practical business education to their pupils. As a commencement of proof, the foregoing letter must settle all who place confidence in these pessimists of the school-question. We shall have occasion, later on, to point out how in every branch, architecture, engineering and other like technical departments, these teachers can turn out pupils able to confound the generality of professionals men, who claim to have both the practice and the theory. As a rule both are rarely found, in the same individual now-a-days. The student has the theory, but not the practice; the professional man, has the practice, and he more or less forgets the theory, unless he be of the exceptional few who continue to study after receiving a diploma. Now we are prepared to affirm, that with very little encouragement, and with a few requisites—such as taking a stand on the same level as the other higher educational establishments—our Christian Brothers would be able to turn out men, possessing both the theory and practice. More of this in the near future.

OBSEQUIES.

THE LAST RITES OVER BRO. MAURICE.

On last Monday morning, the 24th October, in the splendid Chapel of the Mount Saint Louis College, there was an immense gathering to attend the requiem mass over the remains of Brother Maurice, the assistant-director of that Institution. Brother Flamian, the visitor, was surrounded by his assistants and numerous body of pupils, while members of the order, from all the other houses in the city, were present. There were several priests and a large number of citizens around the catafalque. The funeral oration was pronounced by the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, and was a touching tribute to the memory of the deceased, as well as a hopeful promise, from the Catholic point of view, in the reward of the "good and faithful servant." The altar and sanctuary were heavily draped, and each one seemed to wear a solemn mourning around the heart. The simple and humble coffin was but the friar's gown and exterior, during life,

carried into the tomb and on to the confines of the next world.

After Mass the lengthy procession wound its way towards the "city of the dead," and there found the path leading to that particular and very eloquent plot of ground where, side by side, sleep 104 members of the Christian Brothers' order. To there Brother Maurice was carried, and he was laid not far from the first veterans that "sleep the sleep of the just" in that quiet and unostentatious tomb-yard. Then the holy and imposing ceremony was performed, that is the last adieu of the Church to all her faithful children. To quote the words of Thomas Davis, a poet whose works the dead Brother passionately admired;

"The priest alone standing
They knelt all around:
Hundreds and hundreds
Like rocks on the ground."

"Kneeling and motionless, 'Ashes to ashes;
Hollow the clay on the coffin-lid dashes;

"Kneeling and motionless, 'Dust unto dust
He died as becometh the faithful and just,
Placing in God his reliance and trust."

As Brother Maurice was a particular friend of our own, we paid a visit of condolence to his superior and learned there many things, that were consoling. To give an idea of the high esteem in which the deceased was held, and the deep respect that is felt for all who are so heroic as to give up the world for the cause of God, yes, to give up the world for the sake of that world's salvation, we find that over one hundred letters of condolence and sympathy have been received at the College, from all sides, throughout Canada and the United States; from bishops, prelates, pupils, parents lawyers, doctors, merchants, and people in every walk. Some thirty odd telegrams poured in, and the universality of these expressions gives strong evidence of the esteem in which the deceased, in particular, was held, and the admiration for the order, in general, that reigns abroad. R.I.P.

A GRAND SUCCESS.

THE TOMBOLA AND BAZAAR FOR THE
"LITTLE SISTERS."

On Wednesday night last, the Grand Tombola and Bazaar in aid of the "Home for the Aged," under the direction of the "Little Sisters of the Poor" closed with a splendid concert. If any one deserves credit, for the great success of that undertaking, it is the untiring and painstaking Father Strubbe, of St. Ann's Parish. The financial result of the whole enterprise speaks volumes, and no further comment is necessary, to establish evidence of the zeal, devotion and liberality on the part of all concerned. However, a share of sincere praise is due to Mrs. Elizabeth Brennan, the able and successful president of the Bazaar; also to Miss Mary Johnson, who was the moving, animating spirit of the whole undertaking. Both these ladies were indefatigable in their exertions, and successful beyond all anticipation in their efforts. The entire receipts amount to \$7985.00. From this the following expenses are to be deducted:

Rent of Hall.....	\$500.00
Printing.....	300.00
Fundries.....	190.00

Total.....\$990.00

Leaving the grand balance, for the good work, of \$6,995.00.

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR.
STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFYS THE HAIR.
CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP.
KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL.
IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.

FOR THE HAIR.

IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR.
RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING.
IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET.
IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR.
DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle.
R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT,
MONTREAL.
PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVIANNE, ROUEN, France.

Matinee-Concert.

On Thursday, the 10th November, (Thanksgiving Day, by the way), a grand musical and literary entertainment will be given in the Armory Hall, on Cathcart street. It will be a matinee-concert, commencing at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The admission is only ten cents and it is principally for the young folks and the little ones. The Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, who is so indefatigable in his efforts for good with the young people, and whose splendid catechism classes are so successful, deserves great encouragement, and we are confident that, like on the last occasion, the hall will be thronged. A good and most amusing programme is prepared.

A Timely Sermon.

At High Mass, on Sunday, in St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan delivered a forcible and timely sermon upon Purgatory. Now that the month of November is beginning, and that the souls in that prison house of suffering are looking to us for aid and consolation, it is meet that we should reflect seriously upon that great dogma of our faith which teaches the "the holy and wholesome" thoughts of "praying for the dead that they may be released from their sins." After explaining in a most lucid manner the principles of our belief on this question, Father Martin made a very telling and eloquent appeal on behalf of the poor souls of the just that await their translation from Purgatory to Heaven.

The Representation Question

Last week we published the opinions of different organs, Grit as well as Conservative, from the Maritime Provinces, as well as from Ontario, on this important question. They all unanimously agreed with our contention of two weeks ago. Here is another opinion, from the Hamilton Spectator of the 22d October:

"Mr. Curran is a very able man. He is as true as steel—a member of the old guard—one of the men whose abilities and influence eminently qualify him for a cabinet office, and whose long, faithful and effective service gives him a claim to preferment which few men in parliament can advance. Apart from this, Mr. Curran is a most genial companion, and is one of the most popular men in the House of Commons. If circumstances shall secure him a portfolio the public service will be a distinct gainer by the promotion, and an excellent man will secure his due."

The C. M. B. A. Want Incorporation.

Notice is given of application to Parliament to incorporate the society known as "The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada," the objects of which society are to unite fraternally all persons entitled to membership under the constitution and the by-laws of the society; to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and disburse a benefit and reserve fund from which a sum not exceeding two dollars shall be paid to each member in good standing, his beneficiary or legal representatives, according to the constitution and by-laws of the society. —A Toronto despatch.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla can produce from actual cures such wonderful statements of relief to human suffering as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.

THE JOY BRINGERS.

(Read at the dinner of the Columbus Club Chicago, on Oct. 12, 1892.)

God sent three men, strong, patient and serene, Who found new worlds through tribulation sore—

One, earliest, for all a new cross bore, And taught his race what Christian love can mean;

He found a world new, glowing, fresh and green, Where avarice and pride had dwelt before, And the vile monsters chased he from the door

Of God's own temple, so the light was seen: This was St. Francis, in Assisi born, Who gave the world a world of charity, Who saw the poor hid by the dust of gain, And covered with the pall of deadly scorn;— He tore it off, and in its verity Showed this new world fed by Love's gentle rain.

Another Epoch, and another man, To change the world by giving it a world— A Titan he!—whose very locks seemed curled By breath of flame, whose thoughts tumultuous ran—

Nay, leaped like fire into the glowing van Of human progress—and he, chanting, hurled Himself to farthest Hell, the cross unfurled Upon the flag he bore where no man can; Wide and sublime he opened to our eyes, Precursor of Columbus in the faith, That glides no thing with flash of mere desire, But makes our acts as flames that Godward rise, "By Him made pure," as word of Scripture saith.

St. Francis lived by love, and beloved well, And full of Faith great Dante held his heart Torn by dire tortures, bitter was his part; Then there came one, but not to look on Hell, And freeze mankind with horror;—in a shell, A speck on Ocean, did Columbus start To save Christ's sepulchre, not to give mart For grasping men, or in earth's joys to dwell: O great Columbus, as the world you gave, And as your Hope must our hope ever be, As great our thoughts, not soiled by sordid lust;

Your Faith and Hope our caravel can save— Come gloom or storm upon our country's sea— The star of safety shines above your dust.

All genius is a light that comes from God, Its glory is His glory—His its calm That broods in silence until high its palm Of victory it raises—though His rod Fall heavy, it arises at His nod, And He who made it fills it with the balm Of His own sweetness, and its joyous psalm Triumphant rings above the mouldering sod: All men are kindred joined by genius thus, All men are bound, Columbus, your deeds That draws them nearer, though an ocean rolls

Between our lives and theirs;—a part of us Are all great acts—they answer to the needs Of moral hearts and of immortal souls! —Maurice Francis Egan.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

A THOUGHTFUL ARTICLE WHICH WILL TELL WOMEN EXACTLY WHAT TO WEAR.

The fashionable colors for autumn dresses are so soft and deep in tone as to produce a very refined and tasteful effect. Nature has been copied with rare art by our skilled and experienced dyers of silk and wool and the tints of moor and heather, rock, sea, hill and autumn tinted foliage are to be found re-echoed in the woollen materials prepared for mid-season wear. The great majority are so dark in tone that they might almost be called ombre were it not for bright lines of color crossing each other in such a way as to form a rather ample check. For instance, on a ground of rich, warm, acorn brown there are faint lines of deep green and of darker brown, the former running down the material, the latter across it.

In addition to these a number of little twists of bright red silk are brought up from below the surface by some process of the weaver, and show irregularly upon the whole face of it. Though sparsely introduced the general effect made by these is so warm and bright as to completely nullify the dark tone of the ground, which acts as bass to the treble of the silk. Diagonal stripes appear to be in much favor, especially on serges or tweeds, in such tints as brown, coffee color, almond, autumnal beech and laurel leaf, and the endless shades seen upon the oak just now. Such dresses are invariably made with perfectly plain skirts, the bodices being usually provided with a vest cut tailor fashion, or else made as a coat to be worn with a skirt.

This latter mode is so general at the present moment as to be almost a livery. Every second woman one meets wears a skirt, coat and shirt or blouse, the coat often hanging with unbecoming looseness and lack of fit at the back. The negligent air given to the toilet by this means is not admirable. The real bodices will soon become necessary again when colder weather arrives. The great feature of these is the revers, which in variety and even in eccentricity almost equals the sleeve. The idea seems to be to give an appearance of immense width across the shoulders, and this is managed not only by the sleeves, but by the frills of the revers being made very full upon the top

of the sleeves and induced to form a fluting in their ups and downs, irregular enough, but well calculated to produce the result desired.

A SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.

One of the simplest disinfectants of a sick room is ground coffee burnt on a shovel, so as to fill the atmosphere of the room with its pungent aromatic odor. If two red hot coals are placed on a fire shovel and a teaspoonful of ground coffee is sprinkled over them at a time, using three teaspoonfuls in all, it will fill the room with the aroma, and is said to have the hygienic effect of preventing the spread of various epidemic diseases. The odor is very agreeable and soothing to a sick person, where other disinfectants prove disagreeable. Physicians who doubt the power of coffee as a disinfectant frequently recommend it as a deodorizer, and it is certainly one of the very best and most agreeable. Most of the expensive disinfectants sold in the shops have no special power as such, but are simply deodorizers, the two being frequently confounded. It is best, however, to obtain from a physician in case of dangerous epidemics something that will certainly destroy the germs of the disease as well as deodorize the room.

PEACH BREAD PUDDING.

Pour boiling water on a pint of fine stale bread or cracker crumbs and stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter. Let it stand until it has thoroughly soaked. Into it stir two well beaten eggs and half a cupful of sugar. On the bottom of an oiled pudding dish put a thin layer of batter and over it a layer of sliced peaches. Dredge with sugar, then cover with batter again. Continue until the dish is full, having batter at the top. Eat with sweetened cream.

A FEW USEFUL HINTS.

To make pies or biscuit a nice color, moisten the top of them with a little sweet milk just before they are put into the oven.

For a disagreeable breath put a few drops of tincture of myrrh in a tumblerful of water and thoroughly rinse the mouth with it.

Dust the piano with a half yard of best Canton flannel, free from dust and specks. Blow out the dust from under the wires.

For slight cuts take a piece of common brown wrapping paper, like that which butchers use for meat, and blind it over the wound.

For croup use flannel cloths wrung out of very hot water and applied to the throat and chest; cover with dry ones, and renew with hot as soon as the others commence to cool.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

After U. S. Medical Men Fall Relict Comes from Canada.

The following letter tells the tale of one released from suffering, and needs no comment:—

Michigan Soldier's Home, Hospital Ward A., GRAND RAPIDS, March 27, 1892.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—I have your letter of the 24th, asking me what benefit I received from Pink Pills for Pale People, and it gives me unbounded satisfaction to reply. Within ten days after I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, those terribly excruciating pains I had experienced in my limbs, heart, stomach, back and head, began to leave me, becoming less severe and less frequent and before I had taken all of the second box they were gone. At times since I have experienced aches, but they are nothing compared to the pains I had formerly suffered. For months I could get no sleep or rest, only from the use of morphine, two, three and five times daily. Soon after I began taking the Pink Pills I discontinued the morphine and have taken it but once since, and I am now only taking my fourth box of the pills. Before I began taking Pink Pills I had no passage from my bowels except from the use of cathartics. Very soon after taking the pills my bowels moved regularly and naturally,—constipation was entirely gone. Previous to commencing the use of Pink Pills my urine was milky in color and after standing resembled a jelly substance. Now it is clear and perfectly natural, and shows no sediment whatever. I had lost the use of my legs and could not bear the weight of my body on them. By the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and



In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils its purpose to perfection. SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.

It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.

It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans every-

St. CROIX SOAP M'FG. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

ABOUT BEEF CATTLE.

With the farmer one of the principal advantages in keeping cattle is that a better opportunity is afforded of using up the roughness. To do this to the best advantage it is necessary to provide a comfortable shelter so that during growth, at least, very little grain is needed where a variety of crops is grown. A good supply of rough feed may be readily secured, and this can be fed to good thrifty cattle. At present prices it requires the very best of management to realize a fair profit from cattle. To let them make a slow growth so that three or four years is required for growth, and then when they are ready for market, must be sold as low-grade cattle, what will be realized from them will not pay for the cost of raising.

With cattle as with other stock, one of the items necessary for profit is a steady growth from birth to maturity. It is, of course, an item to secure this at as low a cost as possible, and in wintering good shelter is necessary to lessen the cost, for the reason that less grain is needed. That is, if cattle are comfortably sheltered in winter they can be kept growing steadily if they are well fed with roughness—hay, straw and corn fodder. Cattle will thrive better with a good shelter in winter with hay alone than they will with corn alone. Supplying bran in addition to roughness will be of material help, especially if the roughness is first run through a cutter box. Feeding racks should be provided so as to lessen the waste as much as possible.

It should be remembered that the value of the feed is the same, and the work necessary to the properly care for them is the same, whether the cattle are of a good grade or are scrubs, while there will be a very considerable difference in the grain secured in proportion to the food consumed.

At best, under present conditions, the margin of profit in feeding cattle is small, and every advantage should be taken to increase them. Selecting a good grade, giving them comfortable shelter and care, so to maintain a steady growth, are all important.—St. Louis Republic.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

GIRLS.

On this most interesting topic the following pointers are given to young gentlemen:

- A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity. A fighting girl—Hittie Maginn. Not a Christian girl—Hettie Rodoxy, A sweet girl—Carrie Mel. A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity. A sick girl—Amelia Ration. One of the best girls—Ella Gant. A clear case of girl—E Lucy Date. A geometrical girl—Polly Gone. A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron. A musical girl—Sarah Nade. A profound girl—Mettie Physics. A star girl—Meta Oric. A clinging girl—Jessie Mine. A nervous girl—Hester Ical. An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent. A sad girl—Ella G. A serene girl—Mollie Fy. A great big girl—Ellie Phant. A warlike girl—Millie Tary. The best girl of all—Your own.

The Wealth of Health Is in Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest, SCOTT'S EMULSION Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites possesses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. Are you all run down? Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

SWEET SACRED HEART.

("SON, GIVE ME THY HEART.")

Dear Sacred Heart! so sweetly pleading
With human hearts to come to Thee;
Sweet Sacred Heart, so sorely bleeding
For sins of poor humanity.
We offer Thee this reparation
For whom Thy Precious Blood did flow,
For those whose awful desecrations
Have filled Thy Sacred Heart with woe.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! deign to listen,
Look on our prayers, our sighs, our tears,
Bright tears of Love and Sorrow glisten
In eyes that have not wept for years!
Vain are the words we vain would borrow
To voice the grief our spirits feel,
The silent tear of secret sorrow
More fitly may that grief reveal.

Dear Heart of Christ! forever dwelling
In Thy eternal home above,
And on Thy earthly Altars swelling
With blessed, boundless, burning Love!
Our hearts with tenderest thoughts are thrill-
ing
When'er we turn, Sweet Heart, to Thee,
Our eyes with tenderest spots are filling
When Thy dear Heart all pierced we see!

Sweet Son of God, we humbly offer
Our hearts, our souls, ourselves, to Thee,
Have mercy on the sinful scoffer,
The blind of heart who cannot see.
All praise to Thee, Eternal Father,
All praise to Thee, Eternal Son,
All praise to Thee, most holy Spirit,
Thrice blessed Three, in God-head One.

Hear the sweet Heart of Mary pleading
To Thy offended Majesty,
To Thee the wretched captive leading,
Heart of the Holy Trinity,
Let her sweet prayers to Thee ascending
Call Thy divinest blessings down,
That on our heads and hearts descending
May form an everlasting Crown.

Great Heart of God! we fall Before Thee,
Infinite Heart, Who lovest all,
Most Sacred Heart, let all adore Thee,
On Thy Infinite Love we call!
Save us, dear Jesus, or we perish,
Hear the despairing seaman's cry,
O, Heart of Jesus, Thee we cherish,
O, let us for Thee live and die.

MICHAEL WHELAN.

Renous River, N.B., October, 1892.

AN IRISH MECCA.

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS TIMES.

A Most Interesting Sketch of the Men
and Days That Have Become For-
ever Historical—The Shades
of Departed Authors.

Moslems go to Mecca; it is the shrine of their prophet. In Dublin there is a Mecca for all those who have reveled in the golden period of England's literature. I care not a straw whether you be a lover of rhyme or a knight of prose, to this Mecca will your footsteps tend. You may be a politician—adverse to the whole scribbling tribe—or a monger of curiosities, yet at this shrine will you find some memory to pique your curiosity. Mahomet's name and spell dominates Mecca—Dean Swift, St. Patrick's. It is long since the Dean took farewell of his seat, yet such is the glamour of genius, that you stand at every few steps, and gaze intently, hoping to catch a glimpse of that faded face, or the sound of that long hushed voice. Awake from your dreaming, for the Dean has long since been daad; it is but a nightmare of memories that enthalls. St. Patrick's has had a strange history. The historians agree—a remarkable thing, by the way—that it was built by Archbishop Comyn in 1190. A hundred years later it was burnt to the ground, to be rebuilt in a more beautiful design. The Reformation came, and in the usual way laid its hands upon St. Patrick's, turning it over to a few communicants of the new faith. The Irish Catholics well might mourn the loss of their national church, sanctified to them by so many memories. In those days mourning was no unusual thing. It had the same effect on the conqueror as a red rag shook in the face of a mad bull. That effect was once described by a National school teacher as that "irrepressible incitation to gore;" you may have your opinion of that phrase. Might it not have been a hobby that the pedagogue rode. "Nay, if you come to that, sir, have not the wisest of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himself, have they not had their hobby horses, their running horses, their coins and their cockle-shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallets, their maggots and their butterflies? And so long as a man rides his hobby horse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you nor me to get up behind, pray, sir, what have either you or I to do with it?" Criticise not the school-master, he may ride a better spirited nag than you, sir. There are many historic objects in this church, but you cannot think of them, for the spell of Jonathan

Swift is everywhere. "He once walked these aisles," says a bright Miss from Boston, as she took from one of the pigeon-holes of her mind a standing family opinion. "He certainly preached from that pulpit," says another. "Per-haps Stella used to meet him here," says a third. "He was a bad man to have been a minister; think of Phillip Brooks carrying on in such a way," said Mama with an air of indifference, and then went that family to see a Pantomime at the Royal. I dare not utter a word against comely maidens from my native side, but, in passing, I would say that there are those that will not take the last word in criticism from a being labelled New Athens. Left in quiet, I recalled what I had read of this extraordinary man, that had so stamped his own age with his striking individuality. I tried to form a picture of him as he officiated in presence of an audience that he valued not a whit higher than savages. So many portraits came tripping along, signed Sheridan, Scott, Thackeray, etc., that I was unable to say which photographer had taken the most natural likeness of the Dean.

Years before, this same difficulty had appeared. After reading Scott's picturesque sketch in a New England harvest field. I laid down on a pallet of golden corn to watch a while the fading glory of the crimson setting sun. Me thought that one of the genii came to solve the riddle. "So you would have a portrait of Swift," said he. "Seek such a thing," I made answer. "That you must draw from his works. Scott, Jeffrey, Macaulay have gone to his works, and yet the pictures are unequal. They have gone in as party men, and brought out party pictures. One carried a pail of whitewash, another a pail of blackening fluid. Minor artists have borrowed a little whitewash from Scott and a little fluid from Jeffrey, this mixture gives a kind of gray coat, but it is not the color of the Dean's." "Then," said I, "there is no picture of Jonathan that I can hang up in any library as genuine."

"None" said the genii sadly. "The men that you have named were great artists, but their palets did not contain enough colours to paint Swift. His character is yet as much a mystery as the man of the Iron Mask, or who killed Cock Robin."

I arose with some kind of a hazy feeling that Henry James a heralded coming man would have colours enough to paint Swift, and, when that shall happen, "may I be there to see."

There are many men incapable of taking in at a glance a cathedral, but who are very capable of passing comment on the porch or door. Since we cannot take the Dean as a whole let us take an interesting part of him. That which caused Irishmen of his own time, as well as those of the present day to look on him as a kind of martyr and benefactor of their race. It is one of the illusions these of strange, over grateful people.

That Ireland has suffered more from a heart distraught, than a brain distraught will be evident when we come to analyze the shaky foundation of Ireland's love for Jonathan. You have never been at an Irish hustings, and hence you have yet to see one of those comic scenes, whose memory will give you laughter for the rest of your days. There, one of the stock phrases is "Shades of Swift, Molyneux, Lucas, we will avenge the wrongs of years" (loud applause from the audience.) What these shades have to do with giving their country Home Rule is a mystery to me. If the respected shades could rise, I fear that Molyneux would write a pamphlet showing the enormity of such a scheme. Lucas become a prominent unionist orator, while Swift's satirical pen would have no hesitation in writing of Gladstone as an unmitigated Yahoo. Swift cannot be reckoned by any possible latitude as an Irishman. From the letters of Steele we know that he was importuning his friends to snatch him from a country that had nothing in common with him. His whole life in Ireland was one of exile. How he longs to escape from the commonplaces of Dublin to the London of Pope, Bolingbroke and Gay. He had used his terrible talents for Whig and Tory alike. They had made promises, and held before his mind rich livings in England, and ended with making the mightiest intellect of the days of Queen Anne an Irish Dean. Proud and imperious by nature, the great man not only resented this, but brooded over it, until his warring life

slept in peace. Minor things play often the greatest roles in the making of history. It is a schoolboy tale that cackling geese saved Rome, and be it known that a copper penny made the Dean an Irish hero.

The reverse of Horace's phrase is applied to heroes. They are not born such; circumstances make them. The process, like the coloring of woollens, differs, in regard to the kind of color wanted. Of such stuff are heroes made is a ballad phrase. I know of no such stuff. A hero is often an ordinary man, made prominent by extraordinary circumstances that he could not escape. But if you will have heroes, follow the old song and be made out of stuff—you must needs be told that modern heroes are very poor "stuff." I hear some one say that's the fault of machinery. Ireland wanted a copper coinage. Walpole, who had little scruple in regard to English affairs, and none in Irish, gave the contract to a Mr. Wood. This gentleman was to give a little of the profits to the notorious Duchess of Kendall. It mattered not three straws to the people if Wood had coined his pennies. The brooding Dean, however, from his post of advantage saw his opportunity. From his eyrie he swept down upon Wood. The fight might be likened to that between a golden eagle and a plain jenny wren. In order to catch the people, it was represented as a quarrel between Ireland and William Wood. The Ireland was the Dean, and his pen was of more service, than if all the Irish had formed a scrubbing club and made a joint attack. His arguments now-a-days would seem futile, but then, Adam Smith was unknown, and political economy was in the womb. Under Swift's invective, "a kind of filth from which neither courage nor dexterity can afford protection" the issue of Wood's pennies were stopped. "For the first time in Irish history public opinion" says an Irish writer "unsupported by arms had carried its point, an epoch of vast importance in the history of every country." From that moment the Dean became a hero, his name was enshrined in every Irish heart, and tales of his greatness told by every fireside. Ballad singers sang his praise and homely oratory told of his virtues, until the Dean of the peasantry became as much a myth as the banshee. How the impulsive people received him on his return from London, showed that he was the idol of the people. Bells peeled merrily, bonfires blazed on every street. The Dean, amid the wild greeting of the populace, entered the deanery. To a man of such penetration, it must have been evident that he was a hero, by accident, and that that shouting throng were giving him homage by ignorance. They considered him tolerant when he was bigoted, kind when he was only selfish. It must be borne in mind that Dean Swift was devoid of patriotism and bitterly opposed to the just demands of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. He considered the penal-laws, as an institution admirable in every respect, and well worthy of his support. For the old religion Swift had nothing but malice; for its followers contempt. When he speaks of them it is with "scorn and reprobation." An acute writer puts it thus. "His Irish politics may all be referred so one principle—a desire to insult and embarrass the government by which he was neglected, and with which he despaired of being reconciled:—A single fact is decisive on this point. While his friends were in power, we hear nothing of the grievances of Ireland: and to the last we hear nothing of its radical grievance, the oppression of its Catholic population. His object was not to do good to Ireland, but to vex and annoy the English ministry." A poor god this for young Ireland to invoke. Amid the great men of Queen Anne's time in the very first niche if you will put the witty Dean, but it is a mockery to place him in the hall, dedicated to Irish patriotism. He had likened himself to a decaying tree, and the likeness proved apt. The mighty intellect that had dazzled the age became dark, and "the great and gloomy man stalked in silence about his rooms." Here Thackeray speaks of that last and awful scene. "What a night, my God, it was? What a lonely rage and long agony? what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant?" He died a raving maniac behind bars, bequeathing his property to a hospital for lunatics.

"To show by one satiric touch
No nation needed it so much."

He was no sooner gone, than a wild cry of grief came from the nation's heart.

Their defender was dead. Men and women rushed to the chamber begging a hair of the great Dean.

"Bequeathing it as a real legacy
Upon their issue."

In the great aisle of St. Patrick's near to his Stella they laid him to rest. The great friends were few. "But we need not wonder at that. A funeral is a well-known 'bore,' and besides the most brilliant way cannot be amusing on the occasion of his own interment."

WALTER LECKY.



Mrs. A. A. Williams
Lynn, Mass.

For the Good of Others

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

We are pleased to present this from Rev. A. A. Williams, of the Sillsbee street Christian Church, Lynn, Mass.:

"I see no reason why a clergyman, more than a layman, who knows whereof he speaks, should hesitate to approve an

Article of Merit

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

Nervous Headache

for which she found little help. She has tried many things that promised well but performed little. Last fall a friend gave her a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems surprising what simply one bottle could and did do for her. The attacks of headache decreased in number and were less violent in their intensity, while her general health has been improved. Her appetite has also been better. From our experience with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I have no hesitation in endorsing its merits."
A. A. WILLIAMS.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. Price 25c

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order

**Bowels,
Liver,
Kidneys,
Inside Skin,
Outside Skin.**

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by

DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.

COVERNTON'S
NIPPLE : OIL.

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

COVERNTON'S
Syrup of Wild Cherry.

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

COVERNTON'S
Pile Ointment.

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

Prepared by G. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121 Bleury street, corner of Dorchester street.

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT

No. 761, Craig Street Montreal, Canada.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Country.....\$1 00
City..... 1 50
If not paid in advance: \$1.50 (Country) and \$2 (City) will be charged.

Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of THE TRUE WITNESS ranks it among the best advertising mediums in Canada.

All Business letters, and Communications intended for publication, should be addressed to D. M. QUINN, Proprietor of THE TRUE WITNESS, No. 761 Craig street, Montreal, P. Q.

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

- 1st.—All communications must be signed with the writer's name, or at least the name must accompany the manuscript, for purpose of identification.
- 2nd.—All letters, or other communications must be as short as possible, and be written on one side of the sheet only.
- 3rd.—No article or letter that reaches the office later than Saturday will appear in the next issue.
- 4th.—No news items received later than Monday afternoon will be published.
- 5th.—We will not guarantee the returning of any rejected communication unless it is accompanied with sufficient stamps for postage.

WEDNESDAY,.....NOVEMBER 2, 1892

ALL SOULS' DAY.

The second of November has been set aside, by the Church, for the special commemoration of the souls suffering in Purgatory. If the first of this sombre month is consecrated, in an especial manner, to the members of the Church Triumphant, the second day and all the remainder of grey and dreary November, belong particularly to the Church Suffering—but still the Church Glorious. Like the misty, dim weather that comes with the fall of the leaf and the approach of winter, there is something sad and gloomy in the spiritual atmosphere. Still it is a twilight gloom—half grief and half joy. The somberness of funereal drapings, of mourning decorations, of requiem psalms, of *de Profundis* chants, of death bells tolling, and *Liberas* swelling, all blend with the lights, that flash upon the altars, the hopefulness of the hymns that rise, the certainty of the efficacy of those supplications and the assurance of souls relieved from purgatorial pains and entering the portals that swing between Time and Infinite Happiness.

In other Churches there are tears of human regret shed upon the palls and upon the tombs of the departed. For all time, until the end of life, the sad separation must continue, no longer any communion of spirit, no longer any helping hand to be extended, no longer any kindness to be showered upon the beloved ones. At the grave the parting is a dreary one, indeed. But in the Church of Rome, where the Faith of Ages has been preserved, where the words of Machabeus are repeated, where the words of Christ are preserved intact and undisputed, there is not an unending separation at the tomb. It is really then that the link of spiritual communion is welded. Across the chasm of death soul speaks to soul; the departed cry out for help in their sufferings, for they no longer can aid themselves; the living send forth their supplications to Heaven and as each prayer is laid at the footstool of the Divine, by the Angelic or Saintly messengers, there is a link struck off the chain that binds the sufferer and holds captive the soul that seeks but to soar to God. And each prayer is placed to the credit of the faithful one on earth, while its immediate benefit is felt by the suffering soul in purgatory. But deep and ineffable, upon the fine memory of that member of the Church Suffering, is the act impressed, and when that being feels the last

coil fall off and its own purity wafts it to God, is eternal gratitude becomes the reward, the inestimable recompense of the faithful one on earth.

Walk into the silent city of the dead, upon a dull and misty November day, when the air is damp, like the moisture of the place, when the surroundings are all suggestive of saddest reflections; step slowly, from mound to mound, some more or less decorated, some more or less neglected, pause at the headstones and read the engraven names and dates, that the merciless hand of time will soon efface: there is a feeling of oppression that comes upon one, a breath of cold, unsympathetic misery fans the brow, there is something at once repulsive and attractive about the place; the ghosts of the dead seem to haunt the dreariness around, all is sombre, unlovely and unloveable. But if the fire of Faith burns within the heart, the visitor will kneel reverently upon the sod, before the cross engraved tomb-stone, and in communion with the spirits of the departed, pour forth those supplications which the Church has taught him. The scene changes as if by magic, the wand of Faith has conjured up another picture, and the star of Hope—Hope beyond the tomb—flashes upon the cold churchyard, while the flame of Love—superhuman Charity, warms the chilly atmosphere of the spirit. Then surrounded by the shades of the dead, the memories of their goodness and virtues arise and pass in phantom procession before the vision; their present sufferings and approaching glories move in panoramic succession past; their smiles of gratitude and the assurances of graces, in interest a hundred fold, in kaleidoscopic brightness dance upon the scene. All the sting has been drawn from death; the victory has been snatched from the grave; and Faith, triumphant over all, bends, like a rainbow of promise across the darkened sky of expectancy, and unites, with its seven prismatic hues of virtue, the soul of the dead and the soul of the living; while bursting from behind the distant clouds, the sun of Infinite Justice flashes its beams of glory along the horizon of Time and upon the hill tops of Eternity.

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

Since last week's issue we learn that steps are being taken by the Provincial Cabinet to restore the much required night schools in the city of Montreal. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the utility, the very necessity of these establishments: on that all agree. We, however, desire to make a suggestion to the Government, one which it is to be hoped they will take into careful consideration. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. It would be merely a loss of money, of time, and of opportunity to establish inefficient and poorly equipped schools. The first item to be considered is the capacity and qualifications of the teachers. Previously, when the boon of night schools was granted to the poor and working classes of Montreal, the teachers were mostly all appointed on account, not of their ability or suitable qualifications, but on the grounds of political influence and patronage. We would ask of the Government to rise above any meaner or narrower political considerations, and, while granting the schools, to give them good and competent teachers. Let the applicant's knowledge and experience weigh in the balance against any political influence or services. By so doing the donors will earn the unalloyed gratitude of the people. We may say that often the instructors know less than the persons who frequent the schools. By some friend's strong influence the place is secured and no question is ever asked:

later on it turns out that the teacher is not capable of instructing the attendants. That is merely a shame; the ring of the metal is not there. Let the schools be supplied with good, competent instructors, and let the books, maps and other requisites be most serviceable and in accordance with all requirements. We will be excused for these suggestions; but we repeat that when the Government goes to the expense and trouble of establishing these night schools, let them be so organized that the greatest possible good will result.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Yesterday was the Feast of All Saints. For some there is nothing very exceptional in that festival; but for the Catholic who thoroughly understands his faith there is a something indescribably consoling and inexpressibly glorious in that unique anniversary. Each Saint in Heaven has a special day in the calendar of the year set aside for special honors and devotions to him or her; but there are too few days in the year to allow each particular saint to have an anniversary festival; there are many thousands of saints, in the mansions of God's glory, whose names have never been recorded upon the Church's list. There are martyrs and missionaries who have suffered for the faith in unknown places and under unrecorded circumstances, and who reign in eternal bliss, yet whose feast days are unknown to the world.

On account of these the Church has set aside one particular day of the year which is specially consecrated to the commemoration of All Saints. It is a glorious anniversary, it is the special day of the Church Triumphant. Away beyond the reach of sin and strife, in the pure chancel of the celestial Jerusalem, the millions of members of that Church Triumphant rejoice in the eternal reward of the Beatific Vision. By the Communion of Saints, by means of Prayer—that chain of union between this world and the next—we, the wayfarers along the rough path of mortal existence, are enabled to unite, in spirit, with them and to contemplate their triumphs while asking them to intercede for us with God that His graces may be showered upon us.

There is, however, a grand lesson to be learned from the truths that Faith teaches us upon that day. We are taught and we believe and know that the saints in heaven enjoy the endless recompense that Christ has promised to "the good and faithful servant." Their crowns are of undying flowers—the works, the words and the thoughts culled along the pathway of their earthly career. Yet these saints were once men and women moving through the valley of time. They had flesh and bones, blood and nerves, passions and temptations, joys and sorrows, successes and reverses, just as we have to-day. They were not all anchorites or monks: some of them occupied thrones in this life, some led armies, some legislated for the country, some walked the avenues of commerce, and some were found, even for years, amongst the ranks of the vain, the sinful, the faithless. Still they learned what their duties were and they performed them to the best of their ability. They conquered their passions, they shunned temptations, they fought the flesh with the sword of the spirit, and they subdued it. Therefore is it that they have been deemed worthy to join the hosts of arch-angels and angels to sing, throughout the endless cycles of the yet to be, the glories of their Creator, Redeemer and Rewarder.

What has been possible to man must still be so; what they could do every

other human being can accomplish. There is no reason to the contrary. No matter what our vocation in life may be, no matter into what groove we may have been set by the Hand of God, we all can learn what our duties are, in that sphere, and if we so desire, we all can perform those duties to the best of our abilities. That is all that the Almighty requires of any one; and the person who is faithful to fulfil, in thought, word and action, each and all the obligations of his station in life, is sure to receive one day the nimbus of a saint as his eternal crown and glory. There is something consoling in these thoughts and in this assurance. And, again, the feast of All Saints is rendered dearer to the Catholic heart in the fact that upon that day it joins in communion with the elect around God's throne, the princes and the chosen ones in the Court of Heaven. By invoking them we draw them towards us, and through their instrumentality, their power with God, their influence in Heaven, we can obtain untold blessings and graces—gifts that through our own merits we could never secure. In Heaven's sanctuary we make friends, and there, where ingratitude is unknown, these friends assist us along the way of mortal existence. There is a promise in the celebration of All Saints' Day that comes home to every Christian: follow the example of these glorious ones, whom you honor, and the time will come, when you, in your turn, from over the ivory balustrade of undying Blessedness, shall look down, as saints, upon the Church Militant appealing to and honoring yourselves.

OUR SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Last week we spoke of the first item of our programme, i.e., representation upon the School Board; it is in order this week to say a few words our lay teachers. Obviously this is a subject that is open to much development; we can only touch upon one phase of the question this time. But we shall follow out our stated programme until we see some of the many and much required improvements realized.

We imagine—no, we are positive that our Catholic lay teachers are not properly nor fairly treated. Most decidedly there is no encouragement for them. It is not necessary that we enter a plea for the poor teacher and go over the long story of his trials, small remuneration and general poverty; in bold and masterly strokes these pictures have often been drawn, and have many times been exaggerated. We come to speak of facts, not to draw upon the imagination; we refer to local and passing events, we are not going to sympathize with and theorize upon supposed cases.

Any person who knows anything about mental work and its effects, is aware that no more trying labor exists than that which falls to the lot of the school teacher. We speak of the conscientious teacher, the one who honestly performs his (or her) duties. That work is never ending, it is unencouraging, it is unthankful, and unremunerative. It is wearing upon the system, for it requires a constant attention and application; it never terminates because each day, or week, or month, or term it has to be re-commenced, and with a new batch of pupils who are to be drilled, as were those of the year gone past and as will be those of the year to come. A work that has no ending, that turns in a vicious circle is the most killing, the most wearing physically and mentally; therefore, is it the most unencouraging and unencouraged of all labor. There is no reward, no prize, no preference, no—let us say it—no thanks for the most painstaking and honestly slaving of teachers. Misjudged by parents on re-

ports of children; misunderstood by children, whose good and advancement he seeks; but worst, unfairest, unkindest of all, cruelly and unjustly treated by his employers and superiors. We do not speak of any individual case here; we refer to what generally takes place every day in the teaching world. The pedagogue is often looked upon as the best sample of the domineering individual; if he is, then his superiors personify the tyrannizing character.

Now we come to the point upon which, for this issue, we want to insist. We have many pages yet to write upon this question, and especially upon the Irish Catholic teachers and how they are served. We tell you there is necessity for representation upon that Board. Everything comes back to that point; by the time we get through speaking of parents' rights, teachers' treatment, pupils' claims, our readers will admit that a change is absolutely imperative. Let us not forget the present question—unremunerative work of the poor teacher.

We boldly tell the Board that the wages are what can only be called "starvation wages." And yet thousands of dollars are flung away upon trees and grounds, and decorations, on pillars, and ornaments, and castle splendors: luxury surrounds the few chosen ones, and they who do the work are forced to pinch and strain, and stint for the very necessities of existence. And that is not enough; it is not sufficient that the men whose brains are used, and without whom the whole system (if there be one) would crumble, are forced to beg for their petty pittance. Let us take a sample of this high-handedness. One of those poor teachers, striving to eke out an existence for his wife and children, finds that his salary will scarcely suffice to clothe and support himself. But they are thrifty, both he and his good wife, and they start a little store. His helpmate sells a few shillings' worth of groceries in the day. Perchance, when the evening comes, on a Saturday night, or when a good rush of business makes a spasmodic appearance, he can assist his wife for an hour or so to collect in a few coppers. What could be more praiseworthy, more to be encouraged? Yet, those sages of the higher rank, who have the making or unmaking of rules and regulations, pass a so-called law, that "no teacher carry on any trade, nor shall sell or buy, while exercising his duties of teacher." There is no exception to this iron rule. The poor man must choose between his little shop and his class. He, of course, is forced to close his little store, and his wife must turn to heavy manual labor in order to make both ends meet in that household. Yet, he never sold during school hours, his little trade (or rather here) in no way interfered with the duties of instructor; and he is expected to dress neatly, to look happy, and to devote all his attention to his work. For shame! How comes it that the law thus passed does not apply universally? How comes it, that while the poor teacher has the loaf of bread snatched from his child's mouth by your arbitrary rule, that you who made that rule, and you who put it into its cruel execution, sell and traffic with, and make a large percentage upon all the school supplies? How comes it that you sell, not only at stated hours, but whenever it suits you? How comes that you hold a monopoly of that kind, while you grasp by the throat the weaker ones? But some people imagine that because they constitute the only governing authority over others less fortunate, that these latter have no recourse, no choice but to slave, and cringe, and submit in silence, have no tribunal to which they can ap-

peal. Well, we take upon ourselves to inform whomsoever it may concern, that there is a tribunal of public opinion, and we are prepared to become the advocates whereby it can be reached. Remember that if ever another investigation commission is established its deliberations and its reports will not be stowed away in the musty pigeon-holes in the Quebec offices. And such a commission we can promise you will be granted, unless the changes that are required take place, unless the wrongs we propose pointing out and exposing are rectified. There are too many interests at stake to make light of the question.

HALLOWE'EN.

Hallowee'n! Tricks and gambols! mirth and music! Snap-apples and tubs! Masks and lanterns! Legends of old memories of far-away lands! The eve of All Saints, with its pancakes and *latire*, its molten lead and mystic symbols! It is a time-honored anniversary, and was worthily celebrated this year at the Windsor Hall. What recollections for some; what souvenirs of far-away homes and scenes long gone! It is a real Gaelic night, when songs are sung that tell of—

"Callouda the stern and wild
Meet nurse of a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

When strains of music are heard that once awakened the echoes of Benledi or Loch Lomond; when poems are repeated that "frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats," were known all over Bonnie Scotland. These good old festivals are the life of the dreary year, they are welcome with their joys and promises, their remembrances and fond thoughts, their meetings and their souvenirs! A merry, a jolly, a happy Hallowee'n to all!

FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.

Sometime ago we made mention of Rev. Mr. Laing's speech before the Pan-Protestant meeting in Toronto. He told us with great complaisance that "Romanism in Canada is essentially the same as everywhere else." That is exactly what we Catholics contend; that our Faith is the same, in all its essentials, since the dawn of redemption down to our day, and in every country and under every circumstance. Then he proceeds to tell us that the first attempt at evangelizing the French Canadians, was in 1815, by the Wesleyans, but it was unsuccessful. The second was in 1834, by Henri Oliver, a minister from the Swiss Cantons. He then follows on till the days of Lalleur, Charbonnel, and Chiniquy, and winds up thus: "Such is the result of fifty three years of efforts, for before that time, there was not a French Canadian Protestant on the shores of the St. Lawrence."

Evidently Mr. Laing, of Dundas, knows very little about his subject; or if he has any knowledge of the Church history of this country he must be a deliberate falsifier of facts. He must know, or else he has never read Canadian history, that before the days of the conquest there were Huguenots in Canada. In an admirable article upon this subject, La Minerve of the 10th October, has a splendid answer for this specimen of ultra fanaticism. In fact, were Mr. Laing to have been met at the Pan assembly by such solid historical arguments, he would have jumped from the Pan into the Fire. Thus comments La Minerve: "The same ignorance is manifest in all the speech of this preacher, who passes over in silence the period from 1764 to 1815—a slight subtraction of fifty one years in a lapse of one hundred and twenty six.

Let us look at the facts for the enlightenment of Mr. Laing and his friends. From 1764 representations were made to the English government that there were many French Protestants in Canada, although really their number was small. It was a pretext to secure Swiss ministers. Messrs. de Hisle, de Montmollin and Veyssiere, were sent to the parishes of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, with £200 sterling each. Mr. de Montmollin was very ready to sacrifice himself provided it paid well. Finding £200 sterling too little he demanded to have tithes, which Governor Carleton refused. As a consequence, when the Governor was on a visit to the Upper Ottawa, Messrs. de Montmollin, and Vayssiere took out a writ of *mandamus* against him, by which they demanded to be installed in their respective parishes. The Governor had to give way before the positive orders of the Imperial Government, although he had a poor opinion of these gentleman, especially of Mr. Veyssiere.

"If we are to believe an official document published by Mr. Bremner, the Archivist, these reverend gentlemen paid little attention to anything beyond the drawing of their large salaries. The neglect of their professional duties was most shameful. There success was very poor. For example, from 1766 to 1787, scarcely did Mr. de Hisle, titular pastor of the Church of England, find one French baptism on the register of civil status, and only one death of a non-Huguenot French man. Finally Mr. de Hisle's usefulness had so far disappeared, even in the eyes of the English themselves, that they preferred the services of a Presbyterian minister. Twenty years of preaching was not able to raise a single Protestant Church in the Province. At Montreal, their faithful met, on Sunday, in the Recollet chapel, which they had taken by force. All the Swiss preachers were discharged and replaced by English and Scotch ministers.

"Thus did the evangelization of the French Canadians drag along until about 1840, that is to say during three quarters of a century, even though aided by a disrobed Jesuit and an unfrocked Recollet, also by Governor Haldimand, a reformed Swiss himself. That is a whole period of our history that Mr. Laing seems to completely ignore. About 1840 two other Swiss preachers appeared on the scene, the Reverend Messrs. Oliver and Roussy of Lausanne in Switzerland. It was the name of their nationality that caused the good habitants to give the name of *Suisse* to all preachers who spoke French and to their followers.

"Then came Lalleur, Chiniquy and all that mission of Grande Ligne. If there are 20,000 French-Canadian Protestants, as Mr. Laing states, the number is due to the augmentation by births and by immigration. * * * * * By the last census our Catholic population augmented in this Province, at the rate of ten per cent, while the Protestant population scarcely reached an increase of four per cent."

We would advise Mr. Laing and all such gentlemen of the priest-hating spirit and the Rome-detesting principles, to read and study history before attempting to make use of it to prop up their wild assertions and give a color of truth to their frantic declamations against the Catholic Church. Did they study more carefully, and speak more conscientiously they might be doing some good, both for their hearers and for their own souls; as it is they only befool the former and blacken the latter.

To-morrow, His Grace Archbishop Fabre, will preside at the installation of relics in the College of Joliette.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

It was once said of a prominent orator that he "had a square head on his shoulders." Some of Goldwin Smith's blind admirers might say the same of the worthy ex-professor; and others might add that he has a face on every side of the square. To begin with, we will admit that Goldwin Smith is a master of the English language; but that is all he is master of. Even his style has a little of the pedagogue's dictation in it; but that is not his fault, he was once a professor. He has finally written one page too many, and that on the eve of his "retiring from politics." What a pity he did not retire before writing that page, at least, he would not have added one more glaring contradiction to his numberless erratic flights.

There is a writer, in the *Mail* of 21st, who claims to speak for all Irishmen—(wherever he got his mandate; the Lord only knows), and who says that no matter how we differ on other points, we must all agree that Goldwin Smith was right and wise, in that most illogical and stupid (excuse us professor) letter upon Edward Blake and Irish Home Rule. It seems to us that the gentleman of the *Mail* letter has about as much authority to speak for all the Irishmen as Goldwin Smith has to voice the sentiments of the whole human race. Speaking merely for our humble little selves, we have no hesitation in contradicting most flatly the Irishman who says that Edward Blake made a mistake in accepting an invitation to enter Imperial politics as a Home Ruler, and in telling Goldwin Smith that his last effusion, a valedictory one he says, is the most unreasonable and contradictory of all his recent illogical compositions.

Goldwin Smith speaks of his library door and when and how he would like to close it. Over that door, on some "pallid bust," like Poe's Raven, the genius of cold cynicism must have perched, and its eyes burned into his "very core." But there was another spirit that must haunt that room, it is the evil one anti-Irishism. We have no intention of going into all the details of this last and most peculiar effusion, suffice to say that in tracing those lines, the author painted a face on the fourth side of that square head. In England he was, and would be again, an ultra-Tory, an anti-Home Ruler, an autocratic sycophant under the eye of the British Lion. Here, in Canada, in "the first colony of the Mother Country," he is an out and out annexationist; he is an autocratic cringer beneath the glare of the American eagle. An enthusiastic Britisher at home, a lover of the old Mother Country, he becomes the advocate of a most anti-British policy abroad, and is prepared to "sell her offspring into bondage," even when that eldest child has given him a shelter and allowed him to make his home at her hearth. As to his deep-rooted hatred for all that savors of Irish, or fair play towards Ireland; as to his innate detestation of Catholicity and all that belongs to the Faith of Ages, we cannot here speak, but we will some day have occasion to analyze a few of his bigotted and narrow, cold and elegant phrases, and we are confident that it will surprise some of our readers to gaze upon the Great and Only Goldwin Smith, as a Professor, a British Tory, a Political Failure, an Anti-Home Ruler, an American Annexationist, a constitutional advocate of unconstitutional measures, and a disappointed literary egotist.

To-day the Forty Hours devotions commence at Annunciation du Lac, on Friday these exercises will begin at St. Lin; and on next Sunday at St. Thomas.



MRS. HENRY LEWIS.

Spreading Sunshine and Joy.

PEOPLE WHO ARE DOING A GOOD WORK!

Rescuing From the Valley of the Shadow of Death!

MEN AND WOMEN THOROUGHLY INTERESTED!

Great Hope for the Future!

There are many joys in life, but few that are so pure, so grand, and so satisfying as the joy of doing good to others. He or she, who, when they have the opportunity and power, refuses to do good, will afterwards suffer distress when the opportunity is lost.

We have in our midst, in all sections of Canada, many men or women who are doing a vast amount of good amongst a class who suffer both mental and bodily agonies. These men and women are willingly spreading the joyful news that they have been rescued from the valley of the shadow of death, and brought to the glorious haven of security and happiness.

The wonderful stories of acute sufferings, terrible agonies, wretchedness, misery and woes, having been banished by simple and effective means, have contributed more to real happiness, than any other scheme ever devised for the alleviation of human distress.

Would to Heaven that we had a still greater number of such earnest and active missionaries; there is ample room for them in our fair Canada. The harvest is indeed, great, but the laborers are too few; still we are thankful for the earnest workers already in the field who are uttering no feeble or uncertain sound.

The great majority of these willing workers are rescued ones, who can sympathize and feel for the suffering, weak and distressed. They have felt and carried the cross of disease, and have had a glimpse of that dreadful, dark and repulsive road that leads to the grave. With honest purpose, these saved ones are pointing out to unfortunate brothers and sisters the true way of life, and with commendable zeal are endeavoring to induce those in need to take hold of the great agent which leads to health, strength and long years.

To-day, it is our privilege to give all interested readers a brief account of the rescue of a Montreal lady, Mrs. Henry Lewis. This aged woman for two years suffered from sleeplessness, headache, biliousness, kidney trouble and sore back; her life was made miserable and wretched, and she despaired of being in health again.

Mrs. Lewis, like thousands of other people, had worried and fretted over continual failings with physicians and common advertised remedies. Her condition was daily becoming more alarming and critical, and her hold on life was getting weaker. In this state, she had many advisers and counsellors; all were heard with interest and anxiety, because a decision at this time meant life or death.

Thank God right influences prevailed, and Mrs. Lewis was directed to that unfailing remedy of nature, Paine's Celery Compound. In her extremity of suffering and woe, Mrs. Lewis decided to give the great Compound a fair trial; it cured others who were far advanced in disease and pain, and she had faith that its powers were sufficient to meet her case.

The wonderful medicine was used with regularity; a grand cure was wrought;

the blood now courses through its proper channels with regularity and freedom; the whole body is re-built and fortified; mental activity is increased, and many long years added to life.

To-day, Mrs. Lewis is doing her best to extend the fame of Paine's Celery Compound; she is using her influence and experience for the benefit of those who need the great renewer of life. She has been saved and her object is to let others know the medium of her salvation.

No other remedy ever given to the world can boast of such an army of advocates. Men and women of all ranks of society, and even children, unite in its praise and recommendation, because of its honesty, wonders and grand results.

Mrs. Lewis' letter of testimony reads as follows:

1897 Notre Dame St. West,
Montreal, October 3rd, 1892.

Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal P.Q.,

DEAR SIRS:—I am now an old woman, being in my seventy-third year, and can most frankly confess that no action of my life has ever given me greater pleasure, than the present one of testifying with my whole heart and soul in favor of your Paine's Celery Compound. From my experience with other advertised remedies, I may say, that they are not to be compared with your grand medicine for a moment. Paine's Celery Compound to me was new health and increased strength. All other medicines I found worthless, and my money spent in vain.

Two years ago, I became weak, sleepless and restless, and my appetite was almost gone. Severe headaches, biliousness, kidney trouble and sore back, made life a misery to me, and I despaired of ever being in health again.

These distressing troubles often confined me to bed for a week or ten days at a time; and it is almost impossible to describe the agonies and wretchedness I endured during these severe attacks. A friend advised me to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial; others insisted that I required careful nourishment and dieting. I had heard, however, of such wonderful results from the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that I determined to honestly and carefully test its value in my case; and I bless God that I had sufficient courage and will-power to do so, as it has made me a new woman. I used your Compound simply as directed; and found after commencing the second bottle, that the virtues of the great medicine were instilling a new vitality, and giving me a new existence.

Up to date, I have used about twelve bottles, and I am now completely and permanently restored; I do all my own housework; I am cheerful and happy, and do not experience any of the fatigue and weakness that troubled me some months ago.

I live and enjoy long life to-day; and thank God for the great agent of life that cured me.

I trust thousands of women will have a chance to read this testimony, and profit by my experience. I strongly appeal to every woman, to give up other medicines that they are now vainly using, and commence at once with Paine's Celery Compound, which alone can bring back lost health. I wish I could personally visit every woman in Canada who is suffering as I once suffered; I am sure my words of testimony would soon convince all, that there is only one honest, worthy and meritorious medicine that can meet their troubles, and that medicine is Paine's Celery Compound.

Yours very truly,

MRS. HENRY LEWIS,

The proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound are now making an effort to reach honest and worthy sufferers who are unable to buy medicines or employ a physician. They are in a position to deal liberally with those lacking means, and who are seeking relief from suffering. All who wish to obtain a supply of the great life-giver—Paine's Celery Compound—can have it by sending in with their application, a letter from some Clergyman, Mayor, Reeve, Justice of the Peace or Postmaster testifying to their character and standing.

Scores have sent in, and their hearts have been gladdened and cheered by receiving the great medicine free. Address Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal.

United States farm mortgages amount to \$15,350,575,000.

Tenor: Have you heard me sing my last song? She; No; but I wish I had.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROTESTANT OR CATHOLIC BIBLE.

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me to state a few facts and to ask you to draw the conclusion—

At our Montreal Custom House there are quite a number of Catholic officials, and at the same time Catholic merchants, brokers and clerks doing business there daily and all the year round; now then, these Catholic officials and business men are obliged in due course of business, to administer and take the oath on a Protestant bible, the only one supplied by Government.

Well then according to the hue and cry of certain Protestants, constantly clamoring for equal civil and religious liberty, should not and have not Catholics the right to be sworn on a Catholic bible which they believe to be the true Word of God, and not on a book rejected by them and their Church as a falsified bible, and therefore not binding on their conscience in the solemn act of an oath?

Let us hope the Customs authorities here and at Ottawa will provide Catholic officials with Catholic bibles for the convenience of Catholics, invoking also as my authority the Queen's motto, "Dieu et mon droit." J. A. J.

IRISH CATHOLIC REPRESENTATION ON THE SCHOOL BOARD.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR.—The Irish Catholics of Montreal owe you a deep debt of gratitude for your able vindication of their civil, religious and political rights. Your latest move, demanding representation on the School Board will commend itself to all right thinking people, no matter what their creed or nationality. The Irish Catholics are entitled by a law long since enacted, to at least one representative on the School Board; and if we now take their numerical strength and influence into consideration, they should have two seats out of the six now existing. Why have we not a priest from either of the influential parishes of St. Ann or St. Patrick to look after the proper distribution of our taxes, and also the literary and religious training of our children, is matter for anxious enquiry? The priests of those two parishes are as accountable for the religious and literary training of our children in the public schools as they are for their attendance at their respective churches to make their "Paschal" duties. This being the case the Irish Catholic taxpayers should demand representation for one or other of their respective pastors on the School Board. There should be no hesitation, no milk-and-water appeals to the powers that be, but a thoroughly earnest and unwavering demand. Neither Protestants nor French-Canadians go about their demands in a half-hearted manner. Why should we cringe and crouch and be thankful for small favors instead of our just rights? We are in a minority here, but we must have our minority rights respected; we will not allow them to be trampled upon as they are at the present time on the School Board.

Again, we want a good, live, intelligent layman, a man of leisure and business training, on the Board, who could look after the financing of that institution, so as to preserve an equilibrium of interests. We want no *milk-sop* in this case,—nothing less than a thorough and uncompromising advocate of our interests should satisfy. To my mind the very best man in our ranks to meet the proposed requirements would be the Hon. James McShane, our present Mayor, if he could be induced to accept the position. It is true, we require new legislation on this important matter. We want to have the School Board elective. Let the nominations be taken out of the hands of the Legislature and Corporation. We know there are some men in the Legislature, and not a few in the Corporation, who know no more about School Board requirements than they know about a mathematical problem. Our interests are not safe in the hands of such men. Neither can they be said to be safe in the hands of the present Board of School Commissioners, seeing we have no representation for our community of interests. Our people should organize meetings to discuss the entire school question, and the selection of the School Board. Now would be a favorable time—a little in advance of our municipal elections. Let this School Board question be made a plank in the coming municipal elections, and let no Irish Catholic cast a vote for any candidate who will not pledge himself to having the Board elective, and at least two acceptable Irish representatives on the Board. In this way, Mr. Editor, we shall have our minority rights respected.

MINORITY RIGHTS.

P.S.—Enclosed card and address.

IRELAND'S FRIEND.

SECRETARY MORLEY SHOWS HIMSELF TO BE THEIR STEADFAST FRIEND.

The main ground of the dissatisfaction with the Gladstone Government, as expressed by John E. Redmond and his friends, was the failure to call an autumn session of Parliament in order that steps might be taken toward the immediate relief of the evicted tenants. Events, however, have not justified the assumption that Mr. Morley, the virtual head of the Irish administration, intended to make no effort during the recess to alleviate the sufferings of the victims of landlord rapacity. He has appointed a commission for the purpose of investigating their grievances and devising remedial measures to be laid before Parliament as soon as it assembles. Mr. Redmond could not but regard this commission with approval, but he pointed out that pending its investigations the evicted tenants would be destitute of food and shelter. Keenly sensible of this fact, Mr. Morley has endeavored to obtain some means of affording provisional assistance. At a meeting of the Cabinet, held in London on Friday, he recommended compliance with the request of the Irish Evicted Tenants' Association for a grant of \$1,250,000, this money to be applied to the support of evicted persons during the interval that must elapse before some definite provisions can be made for them by the legislature. It is said that Mr. Morley's colleagues were disposed to promise one half of the amount asked for by the association, but deemed themselves unable to turn over the money in advance of the meeting of Parliament. It is barely possible that the association might be able to borrow a considerable sum for immediate necessities should they receive from Mr. Morley a positive assurance that it will be eventually paid by the Government.

The gravity of the financial problem presented by the case of the evicted tenants is

scarcely appreciated on this side of the Atlantic. The number of tenants who have been actually ejected from their holdings and who are dependent upon charity for their support is 4,500, and it must be remembered that each of these is the head of a considerable household. We understand the truth when we say that as a result of evictions already carried out 25,000 human beings are in want of bread and of a roof over their heads. Yet the suffering represented by these figures is insignificant compared with that which will be witnessed if the Tory landlords carry out their threat of making trouble for the Liberal Government by the rigorous exaction of their legal rents. It is said that the number of eviction notices which have been served does not fall far short of thirty thousand. Every tenant who has received one of these notices must pay his arrears within a term fixed by law, or he will render himself liable to summary ejectment from his farm. The eviction of ten, or even fifteen thousand tenants during the next few months would cause an amount of destitution with which the resources of Ministry, in the absence of a Parliamentary grant, would be entirely inadequate to deal. It is therefore not at all impossible, in case the landlords should proceed with relentless severity against tenants in arrears, that a session of Parliament may be called for a date earlier than was originally intended.

Meanwhile it is evident that the relief applicable to the present and prospective victims of eviction must depend mainly, if not wholly, upon private contributions, and it is on this account that the Irish Federation in their lately published manifesto appealed to Americans for sympathy and aid.—N. Y. Sun.

Catarrah, Not Local, But Constitutional.

Dr. Dio Lewis, the eminent Boston physician, in a magazine article says: "A radical error underlies nearly all medical treatment of catarrh. It is not a disease of the man's nose; it is a disease of the man, showing itself in the nose—a local exhibition of a Constitutional trouble." Therefore, he argues, the use of snuff and other local applications is wrong, and while they seem to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence, the only proper method of cure for catarrh is by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, reaching every part of the body through the blood, does eliminate all impurities and makes the whole man healthier. It removes the cause of the trouble and restores the diseased membrane to proper condition. That this is the practical result is proven by thousands of people who have been cured of catarrh by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Papa," said a little boy, "ought the master to flog me for what I did not do?" "Certainly not, my boy," replied the father. "Well," said the little fellow, "he did to-day when I didn't do my sum."

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The fear of death is excited by any severe attack of disease, especially colds or coughs. This need not be where Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is kept on hand for family use. This unrivalled remedy cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung diseases. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by druggists.

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

1892—SEASON—1892.

The following steamers will run as under and call at the usual intermediate ports.

To QUEBEC—Commencing about 25th April, the Steamers QUEBEC and MONTREAL will leave Montreal daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 p.m.

To TORONTO—Commencing Wednesday, 1st June, leave daily (Sundays excepted), at 10 a.m., from Lachine at 12.30 p.m., from Coleau Landing at 6.30 p.m.

To the SAGUENAY—About 3rd May will leave Quebec every Tuesday and Friday at 7.30 a.m., and from 23rd June to 15th September four times a week—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

To CORNWALL—When canal ready, Str. BOHEMIAN will leave every Tuesday and Friday at noon.

To THREE RIVERS—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m.

To CHAMBLY—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m.

To BOUCHERVILLE, VARANNES, VERCHERES and BOUT DE L'ISLE—Daily (Sundays excepted), per Steamer TERREBONNE at 3.30 p.m., Saturdays at 2.30 p.m.

LONGUEUIL FERRY—From Longueuil 5 a.m. and every subsequent hour. From Montreal commencing at 5.30 a.m. Last trip 8.30 p.m. See time table.

To LAPRAIRIE—From Laprairie—From 18th April to 2nd May, 7 and 10 a.m. From Montreal—3 a.m. and 4 p.m.

EXCURSIONS—Commencing Sunday, May 1st, by Steamer Terrebonne every Saturday at 2.30 p.m. for Vercheres, and Sundays at 7 a.m. for Contrecoeur, returning same evening at about 8 p.m.

For all information apply at Company's Ticket Office, Richelieu Pier, Windsor Hotel, Balmoral Hotel.

ALEX. MILLOY, JULIEN CHABOT,
Traffic Manager General Manager.

The Question of the Day.

Often Asked.—Where can I find a home? Where can I make a living? Where can I, with ordinary diligence, prudence and economy, provide my family with the necessities of life, and feel assured that at the end of it I can leave to my children a decent inheritance? To what place can I go and find good land on terms so reasonable that I may get a portion of it without burdening myself with debt, which I can never hope to pay off? Where can I find such a place on these terms and safe from crop failures, and allow me to devote myself to any special branch of agriculture for which I may feel myself fitted?

Answered in a few words. Get a home in the great Flour State of Minnesota. It never yet had a crop failure—where land values are increasing rapidly. Write without delay to the International Land Company, Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, Minn., for all information. They can sell you farms on any terms you may desire so that you will be satisfied.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untonanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER III.

"My heart is broken, Mr. Brian," said Connor Shea.

He spoke in a hoarse, hollow voice, while his worn, haggard aspect gave a fearful significance to his words.

"Good God, Connor, how changed you are; and in so short a time!"

"No wonder for me to be changed. I worked like a galley slave. I wore the flesh off my bones. I let my little family go in rags; ay, an' half-starved 'em, but it was no use: I was back a few pounds in the rint."

"And why didn't you apply to me, Connor? Didn't you know I'd lend you a few pounds, even if I was obliged to borrow it?"

"You done too much before for me," said Connor Shea; "an', besides, I saw no chance of paying it back. He was determined to hunt me as well as the rest, an' sure the wonder is why he spared me when he was clearin' 'em all off."

"I'm after bein' down through the county Kerry," he continued, "jobbin' on a few cows. I never went through such hardships as I did for the last three weeks, travellin' from wan fair to another, strivin' to make up what I was short in the rint. I have it now, and what I called in for before I go over to the hall, is to ax your advice whether I ought to give it to him."

"I cannot venture to advise you one way or the other," replied Brian.

"I know myself 'tis to America I ought to go, but I haven't the courage to take them five young ones to a strange country—not knowin' what might be afore 'em, an' Sally isn't the stout, able woman she was, either."

"'Tis a hard case, and I wish to Heaven it was in my power to help you."

"I'll go and pay this gale, anyway," said Connor Shea, after some deliberation, "though I'm afeard the poorhouse 'll be the end of it."

He went directly and presented himself in the landlord's office. "Well, Shea, I hope my indulgence has not been thrown away on you—have you the rent?" asked Mr. Oliver Grindem.

"I have it, sir," replied Connor Shea, and he sighed deeply as he untwisted a faded calico bag and took a bundle of crumpled notes from it.

"Four pounds more, Connor!"

"Why, sir, isn't it the half year's rint to the penny?"

"Yes, Connor, but the costs—four pounds to pay the bailiffs."

"What bailiffs?" inquired Connor, looking aghast.

"Why, the bailiffs I had taking care of your haggard while you were away from home," and Mr. Oliver Grindem rubbed his huge yellow hand over his flabby face, and turned his red eyes towards the ceiling.

Connor Shea was literally staggered by this unlooked-for blow. He grasped the back of a chair for support with one hand, while he held out the other hand, and gasping for breath, exclaimed:

"Give me back the money, an' we'll give up an' go to America."

Mr. Grindem sneered coldly. "Pray, Mr. Shea," he said, "do you see any sign of a fool about me this morning?"

"The pueates are blighted," said Connor Shea, as if in soliloquy; "we have nothing to live on but oats. If that's taken they'll starve—starve," he repeated, while the muscles of his mouth worked convulsively as he fixed his gaze upon Grindem in a way which caused the worthy magistrate to tap in a peculiar manner upon the desk. Immediately a ruffianly-looking member of the Crowbar Brigade entered the office.

"May God direct me what to do," exclaimed Connor Shea, as he moved towards the door. He paused for a moment, and struck his hand violently against his forehead.

"Give me back three pounds o' the money," said he, "and say you'll lave 'em the couple uv stacks uv oats to get over the winther, an' I'll go myself to America, an' thry an' sind for 'em comin' on spring."

A smile—no, it was not a smile—a grin of triumph agitated the heavy, brutal features of Mr. Oliver Grindem, as he

handed the sum required to his victim, and said: "Very well, Shea, let it be so; I really think it is the best thing you can do, and I'll be glad to hear of your success."

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh! what harm if we were together—if we were all together—if it was to the poor-house or to the grave itself, I'd be satisfied," sobbed Sally Cavanagh, as she clung to her husband.

"Have courage, Sally; be brave as you always wor, an' with God's blessin' 'twill be all for the best. An' now God be with you, Sally, a *gra gal macroidhe*!" and as he uttered the endearing phrase, he bent fondly over her, while his voice assumed a tone of such melting softness, that it fell upon her heart like an echo of their bridal day, for they were the very words that thrilled her with a strange ecstasy when she first entered his home a proud and happy bride. She hid her face in his bosom while her heart swelled almost to bursting. The children crowded round him, crying piteously:—"O father, father, are you goin' away from us?" "O Sally, O, childer, childer, will ye break yer father's heart?" he sobbed, as he took them one by one in his arms and kissed them; and the strong man's tears fell like rain upon the faces of the little ones.

Some of the neighbors interposed, and tore away the heart-broken wife and weeping children by main force; and Connor Shea staggered like a drunken man out of the house, supported by the arm of Brian Purcell.

Their way lay round a wood that skirted part of the mountain. When they reached the corner of the wood, which was to shut out the last glimpse of the valley. Connor Shea paused. "Yes, there it is," he said, looking towards his own house "lonesome enough now, though there was a day, and I wouldn't change it for a palace; an' there a black heart in it that was a bright heart wance." He gazed in silence for some minutes, the working of his face telling too plainly the agony he suffered. He knelt down with his face against a rock and prayed. He rose from his knees with a look of calm resignation. For one moment a dark frown gathered on his brow, as his eye caught the glimmer of carriage lamps which went flashing through the trees along the avenue at Grindem Hall.

"There's a great ball there to-night," he muttered.

"Come, Connor, let us be moving," said Brian.

He made no reply. He was wrestling with a dark thought which he fancied he had forever driven from his heart, but which at that moment came back to renew the assault with the strength of a legion of fiends. He thrust his hand into his breast as if in search of something.

"'Tis all right," said he, at last, "all right. I was afeard I lost the *Agnus Dei* Mrs. James gave me. We may as well be goin' now, Mr. Brian;" and giving one more look at the white house, they turned the corner of the wood and proceeded on their way in silence. They soon came up with a crowd of other emigrants and their friends, who were awaiting Connor Shea's arrival at the Finger-post, which was the place of rendezvous agreed upon.

"Farewell, old friend!" said Brian Purcell, holding out his hand with a full heart. Connor Shea did not take the proffered hand; but flinging his arm round the young man's shoulders, he strained him to his breast. Brian stood alone in the mild moonlight leaning against the Finger-post. The road, which led through a gap in the mountain, was overhung on one side by large rocks which rose up abruptly, as if nature intended them to keep the wood from sliding from its place, and tumbling down the precipice at the opposite side into the valley. We need hardly say that the Finger-post stood where two roads met at an acute angle, one, "the mail-coach road," skirting the mountain toward the east, and the other leading directly from the heart of the secluded valley. Here Brian Purcell stood, watching the cars laden with the outcast children of Erin, as they toiled wearily up the hill through the gap; and wail after wail of agony, as if hearts were rent asunder, was borne upon the breeze, as friends turned back after bidding a *last* farewell.

At this moment, the last vehicle in the melancholy procession stopped opposite the Finger-post. It was a donkey's cart in which were an old woman and two young children, her grandchild-

ren, whose father had "sent for them." Donkeys are not proverbially quick in obeying the rein. The little boy who guided this one, though he pulled with might and main and with both hands, was not able to get out of the middle of the road fast enough. A carriage whirled up the road; there was a crash; a wheel rolled away from the donkey's cart, and the poor old woman and her grandchildren tumbled after it.

"Why don't you go on?" was the impatient exclamation heard from the carriage in a clear and even musical voice, but totally void of that sweetness of tone which is such an "excellent thing in woman." The coachman, seeing the mischief he had done, hesitated, and wished to help in remedying it. The glass of the carriage was pulled down by a jeweled hand, and a young lady with shoulders and arms bare leant forward.

"You horrid old woman," exclaimed the clear, but not sweet voice, "why didn't you keep your nasty old cart out of the way?"

Brian advanced from the shadow of the Finger-post, with the intention of assisting the poor wayfarers. He stood so close to the lady that she might have touched him with her hand. Their eyes met, and the stare of astonishment with which she at first regarded him, gave place to one partly shame and partly of pain, as she drew back and leant her head against the soft lining of the carriage.

Brian set about putting the donkey's cart to rights with his own hands. But as he did so, he breathed hard, and mentally exclaimed, "Good heavens! how a woman's nature can be changed! I have seen those eyes filled with tears at the sight of distress. I have heard that voice become tremulous as it whispered kindly words into the ear of wretchedness." He was cut short by the old woman, who had just found the linchpin which she had been groping for. "The Lord bless you, Mr. Purcell," she exclaimed, "sure 'tis to lose our passage we would, only for you. An' He will bless you an' reward you, for you wor already wud a helpin' hand for the poor."

Here Brian noticed for the first time a little boy who, quite in a manly way, was helping to "tackle" the ass, and who had just inquired of the boy who was driving "how many links he was to hang in the draught?" Brian could not help smiling at the figure the little fellow cut. His outer garments was a man's waistcoat, which reached to the calves of his sturdy little legs. A huge felt hat hung crosswise on his poll, and seemed every moment to threaten to fall down over his face and extinguish him. He held a formidable "blackthorn" under his arm, which, having completed the "tackling" process, he was about applying to the donkey's back to make him pull out of the way for the carriage to pass, when Brian laid hold of him by the shoulders.

"Neddy!" said he in astonishment, "what on earth brought you here?"

"Goin' to America, sir," replied the boy, half frightened, but resolutely.

"But, Ned, my man, what will your poor mother do?"

The boy's lip trembled as he replied: "Has't she Norah, an' Tom, an' Corney an' Willie?"

"But you're the biggest, Ned."

"I'll go to America wid my daddy," exclaimed the boy retreating backwards as if he feared Brian thought of compelling him to return by force. Brian understood the whole case at once. Here was Connor Shea's eldest son, after stealing away from his mother, resolved to follow the father that loved him and was so proud of him, and away from whom the boy thought he could not live even for a month. The waistcoat, and the hat, and the formidable blackthorn illustrated poor Neddy's notions of equipment for a voyage across the Atlantic. After a moment's reflection, Brian put his finger to his lips and whistled. In an instant, another whistle was loud and piercing replied from the upper end of the "gap." Brian whistled a second time, and many minutes did not elapse when Connor Shea was seen hurrying down the hill.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in some anxiety.

Brian pointed to the little boy, who stood bolt upright before him. The father's heart swelled as he looked at him, and turning away his head he dashed the tears repeatedly from his eyes before he was able to speak.

"Now, Neddy," said he, "like a good fellow go back with Mr. Purcell. Wouldn't you rather stay at home and mind the rest of 'em for me till I'm sendin'

for the whole of ye together—when I'll have the grand new house built an' ready an' all for ye?"

The boy looked at him in silence for a moment, his face swollen with the intensity of his emotions. He then rushed to his father, and locking his arms round his knees, uttered a shriek, so shrill, so piercing, so fraught with the agony of the young creature's heart, that both Brian and the father stood for a moment petrified, not knowing what to do.

The boy clung convulsively to his father's legs. The lady in the carriage forgot the impassiveness upon which she had prided herself, and alighted and stood by Brian Purcell's side.

"What am I to do?" said Connor Shea.

"Bring him with you," replied Brian, "and I'll send over and let his mother know what has happened the moment I reach home."

"Come, Neddy," said Connor, "I'll take Mr. Purcell's advice, and let you come with me." The boy let go his hold, and stood by his side, sobbing tremulously, but making great efforts to suppress his emotion.

"Do you know me?" inquired the lady, stooping low, and speak into his ear.

"No, ma'am."

"Do you know that Mr. Purcell is your godfather?"

"I do, ma'am."

"And did you never hear who was your godmother?"

"No, ma'am," said the boy, taking courage to look into her face.

The lady remained lost in thought for awhile. "Poor Sally," said she, half aloud; "she never could forgive me."

When Sally Cavanagh lived with her father, she was a near neighbor and a great favorite of this young lady's family. And the admiration of the warm-hearted peasant girl was divided between her and Brian Purcell, who, in her mind, was the flower, the *ne plus ultra* of creation. She got them to "stand" for her first child. But when she discovered that Miss Evans' extraordinary beauty, together with a fortunate windfall in the shape of a legacy, had lifted her quite above the sphere of her young lover, and that, in fact, to speak mildly, she had given him up, the unsophisticated heart of Sally Cavanagh revolted against the whole proceeding. It was so opposed to all her preconceived notions, and to her very nature, that the fickle beauty's name—which before was the theme of her praises morning, noon and night—was never heard to pass her lips. Which shows how wofully in the rough poor Sally Cavanagh was, and how sadly ignorant of the world and its ways.

Miss Evans took her purse, but recollecting that there were only a few shillings in it, she put it back again. She drew a ring from her finger, and placing it in the boy's hand, she whispered to him to keep it safe, and when they reached Waterford to give it to his father. There was another hurried leave-taking with Brian; and Connor Shea and his little son trudged briskly up the hill to overtake the melancholy stream which slowly, but surely, was creeping on to the sea, and growing as it crept on—for, ever and anon, little tributaries of bruised and bleeding hearts flowed into and on with it, on to the sea!

The collision with the donkey cart had broken a bolt of one of the carriage springs. What was to be done? The nearest smithy was two miles off. And it was "so dreadful" to remain in that lonely place till the smith should arrive. Brian could not do less than to suggest that she could walk to his house, and wait there for the carriage.

"But, at such an unseasonable hour," said Miss Evans.

"That consideration need not influence your decision, Miss Evans," said Brian, "as it happens, our people are stirring by this time; my father and sister are going with a visitor to K—, where she must be before six o'clock to meet the first train."

(To be continued.)

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparill as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

Jobson: They say that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Robson: Do they? Well, the man who wrote that never lived in a small town and kept a communicative servant.

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

THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.

AN IMPROMPTU POEM.]

Tennyson, Tennyson, tender and true,
Many the hearts that are mourning for you,
Many the mourners, with tear-swimming eyes,
Who stand by the grave where our Tennyson lies.

Low lies the laurels on Tennyson's brow,
Who is the worthy one wearing them now?
Who shall succeed him, who sung for us all—
In his grand Poem of Locksley Hall?

In his sweet Princess and lovely May Queen,
In his grand Idylls and Life Psalms serene?
In his great Charge of the brave Light Bri-
gade—
Laurels he won that are never to fade.

Tennyson's glory stands out all alone,
Carved not in marble, in bronze, nor in stone,
But in the works of his hand, heart and brain
Lives the great laureate singing again.

At last he has yielded up sceptre and crown,
His life-labor finished, its burden laid down;
One shall succeed him well worthy to wear
The leaf of the laurel entwined in his hair.

For God is not wanting to His great designs,
He is not wanting in men nor in minds,
Freely He gave them and freely He gives,
One is scarce dead when another one lives.

For each has a mission to fill here below,
And he but goes when God calls him to go;
Others will follow, the world's work to do,
Tennyson, Tennyson, tender and true!

MICHAEL WHELAN.

Renous River, N. B., Oct. 1892.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

This very interesting and instructive publication, from Philadelphia, is always made up of well-written and practical essays. The October number is the fourth of its second volume and it contains an admirable paper on "University Extension on England," by Harriet Stanton Blatch. There is an article from the London Journal of Education on "New openings in the teaching profession," from which we intend to quote editorially in the course of our coming issues. On the whole the number is an admirable one.

THE HUMANITARIAN.

The October number is only the fourth one of this very timely publication. If it follows out the course indicated in its prospectus, there is no doubt of its success, and it will be the means of instilling kinder and more generous sentiments into the souls of all who may read it. The selections are choice and varied—both prose and verse. We could not do better than quote the lines that it has adopted as a motto, from Longfellow's immortal Indian poem:

NAWADAH—THE SINGER IN HIAWATHA.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wonderful birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

This splendid publication comes out of Notre Dame, Indiana, that focus of so much rich literature and bright conceptions. In its October 15th number it gives a tragedy, in five acts, entitled "Hermenigild; or, the two Crowns," a very fine portrait of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, with a glowing account of the golden jubilee celebration of the venerable father of the Institution. The number is one worth procuring and preserving.

PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

Here comes the November number of that charming publication. We take advantage of its presence to reproduce a special notice that it sends out. On and after October 25th, the offices of the Head Centre of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart, and the editorial rooms of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart and Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs will be at 1611 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. Directors of Local Centre of the League, Promoters, Associates, and subscribers to the Messenger and Pilgrim will please address all future communications to the Apostleship of Prayer, 1611 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. We would specially recommend to our readers the perusal of the November number.

THE AVE MARIA.

Weekly and then monthly, the Ave Maria comes along. In each succeeding number there is something new, refreshing, entertaining, instructive and above all edifying. Those "Chats with good listeners" from the facile pen of Mr. M. F. Egan, as well as his other admirable

contributions; those select poems and literary gleanings; those admirable pages consecrated to the young folks; those bright editorial comments; and all those fine pictures of Catholic scenes and Catholic people, drawn by the able pens of its many contributors, go to make up a most charming publication, and to place the Ave Maria as high in the ranks of Catholic journalism, as is the prayer, whence it derives its name, in the list of Catholic orisons.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The October, or quadricentennial, number of the Catholic World contains two excellent articles on Columbus and his work, one contributed by Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., and the other by Rev. L. A. Dutto. The former needs no words of this time. His able writings, both in prose and poetry, have made him famous throughout the country. His graceful style, his complete knowledge of the language, his deep study, his polish and force are all exhibited in the paper, "Columbus," which opens the volume. A number of choice engravings lend interest to the author's story. The second article is likewise interesting and able. It is a translation of the voyage of discovery as narrated by Las Casas, with an introduction by Father Dutto. As the author states, this is the first time that Las Casas' work has appeared in English, and philological students will feel indebted to Father Dutto for his fidelity to the original, preserving, as he does, the learned author's peculiarities of form and expression. These two articles, however, are by no means the only ones of interest in the number. "Another Word on Other Worlds," by Very Rev. Augustine Hewit, "How Shall the Negro Be Educated?" by Rev. J. R. Shattery, "The Jesuit 'Ratio Studiorum' in Popular Literature," by Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J., "The Indian of the Future," by Rev. Thomas McMillan, and "Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams, First Bishop of Ogdensburg," by Rev. C. A. Walworth, are articles of surpassing interest.—For sale by D. & J. Sadlier, Notre Dame Street.

THE MONTHLY BULLETIN OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

On the first of September appeared the first number of this splendid publication, devoted to the interests of Catholic literature, and Catholic readers. We have the October number before us. It hails from St. Paul, Minn., and is, perhaps, the most enterprising departure in the world of Catholic publications that we have yet met with. It is published and edited by Mr. Lorenzo J. Markoe and is sold at fifty cents per year. There are about thirty pages in each number and it is covered and stitched. It gives all the movements going on in the Catholic newspaper world, in the Truth societies, it tells of libraries, scientific discoveries, new publications, current literature, and—in a word—everything that can be gleaned from magazine, book, periodical or newspaper, that is of any value to the Catholic reading public. We add in a notice that we clip from its own pages, and we hope sincerely, in the interests of Catholic literature, that this new publication may receive good encouragement. "Subscriptions to the Bulletin can either be sent direct to 37 Gillilan Block, St. Paul, Minnesota; or in St. Paul they can be paid to Messrs. McCarthy & Donnelly, on Wabash Street, and J. A. Willwerscheid on St. Peter Street; and in Minneapolis to Mr. P. H. Prendergast, cor. 2nd Av. & 2nd St. S. Single copies will also be on sale at these three places hereafter, at 10 cents a piece.

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

THIRTY YEARS.



Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

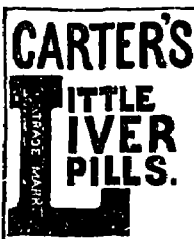
and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

CASTLE & SON
MEMORIALS AND
LEADED GLASS

"CHURCH BELLS—TUBULAR CHIMES AND BELLS

CHURCH FURNITURE
MEMORIAL BRASSES
FONTS LECTERNSCASTLE & SONS, 20 University Street,
Montreal.

CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

DELICATE
MURRAY &
LANMAN'S
REFRESHING
PURE SWEET LASTING
RICH RARE PUNGENT
IMPERISHABLE
FLORIDA WATER
STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
FRAGRANT

HOTEL BALMORAL, MONTREAL—NOW under an entire change of management, is unrivalled by any hotel in Canada. The equipment is most complete, the cuisine is unexcelled and every consideration is given to the comfort of guests. It is in the heart of the city and within a few minutes walk of the R. R. depots and steamboat landings. Terms \$2 to \$8 per day. JAMES SMITH, Proprietor. 22 G

GRAND TRUNK
RAILWAY.

CHANGE OF TIME.

Commencing Sunday, June 26th, 1892,
Trains will run as follows:

For Toronto, Detroit and Chicago—9.30 a.m., 8 p.m. (Sundays included), 10.15 p.m.
For Cornwall—5 p.m.
For Ottawa—9 a.m., 4.45 p.m.
For Lachine—5.20, 6.30, 8.05 and 9.15 a.m., 12.05, 2.05 (Saturdays only), 5.05, 6.20 and 7.40 p.m.
For St. Anne's—10.15 a.m., 9 p.m.
For Vaudreuil—1.20 p.m. (except Saturdays and Sundays), 1.55 p.m. (Saturdays only), 8.15 p.m. and 11.20 p.m.
For Dorval—3.30 p.m.
For Brockville—12.30 p.m. (Mixed).
For St. Laurent—7.40 a.m., 12 noon, 5.26 p.m.

EASTBOUND.

For Portland, Quebec and St. Flavie—7.55 a.m.
For Portland—8.45 p.m.
For Quebec, St. John and Halifax—11.15 p.m.
For Island Pond—3.55 p.m.
For St. Hyacinthe—5.20 p.m.
Mixed for Quebec and Island Pond—6.45 a.m.
For St. Hilaire—1.10 p.m. (Saturdays only).

SOUTHBOUND.

For Rouse's Point and D. & H. C. Co.—7.15 a.m., 7.20 (Sundays included).
St. John and C. V. Ry.—7.30 and 8.30 a.m., 4.30, 7.30 (Sundays included), and 8.35 p.m. (Sundays included).
For Massena Springs—6.45 a.m., 3.45 p.m.
Mixed for Rouse's Point—5 a.m.
For St. Lambert—5.00 and 6.45 a.m., 12.10, 2.00, 5.00 and 6.30 p.m.

Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars will be run on the day trains and Pullman Sleeping Cars on the night trains in each direction between Montreal, Portland and Old Orchard Beach.

The new train leaving Montreal at 8.45 p.m. and Portland at 8.15 p.m. will make connections for and from the seaside beaches and islands of Casco Bay.

Through Pullman Sleeping Car, Montreal to Chicago, on 9.30 morning train, arriving at Chicago next afternoon at 4.50.

Through Pullman Sleeping Car on 10.15 night train for Chicago, via Hamilton and London, arriving at Chicago 8.30 next evening.

Pullman Sleeping Car on 8 p.m. train for Toronto.

Through Pullman Sleeping Car on 11.15 p.m. train for Halifax.

Through Parlor Car on 7.55 a.m. train for St. Flavie. 497

World's Columbian Exposition,
Chicago, 1893.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada has accepted the invitation of the Government of the United States to take part in the World's Columbian Exposition, to be held in Chicago from 1st May to 31st October, 1893. As it is important that a very full display of Canadian products be made on that occasion, a general invitation is extended to Canadian producers and manufacturers in agriculture, horticulture, products of forests, fisheries, minerals, machinery, manufactures, arts, &c., to assist in bringing together such a display of the natural resources and industrial products of Canada as will be a credit to the country.

An Executive Commissioner for Canada has been appointed, who will have the general charge of the exhibits and the allotment of space, and the several Provincial Governments have been invited to cooperate with the view of making the exhibition as complete and satisfactory as possible.

The Dominion Government will pay the transport of exhibits going and returning, and for the placing of articles sent.

Entries must be made not later than 31st July. The reception of articles at the Exposition buildings will commence 1st November, 1893, and all exhibits, excepting Live Stock, must be in place by 1st April, 1893.

Forms of applications for space and general information can be obtained on applying by letter post free, to the undersigned,

WM. FAUNDERS,
Executive Commissioner for Canada.Department of Agriculture,
Ottawa, 6th April, 1893.

CARPETS!!

Carpets for the most cultivated desires in art.
Carpets for the thrifty and humble household.
Carpets that will look and wear well at moderate prices.
Carpeting houses of every description a speciality.
Carpeting of Institutions and Public Buildings carefully attended to.
Church and office Carpets, special designs.
Curtains, Shades and Draperies.
Rugs, Mat- and Art Squares.
Anglo-Indian Bordered Carpets.

Thomas Ligget,

1884 NOTRE DAME ST.

GLENORA BUILDING.

The Catholic Association of Canada.

(Last week we reproduced the following letter, and the result was that a score of new members joined the Catholic Association of Canada, at the meeting held on last Friday night. At the request of the C. A. of C., we again give this lucky epistle to our readers, and merely change the date therein to that of the next meeting. May it bring a dozen this time—Ed. T. W.)

To the Editor of the Star:—SIR,—The Montreal branch of "The Catholic Association" numbers at present over one hundred members, who are all working with great zeal and energy, for the greater honor and glory of God, and the salvation of souls, as well as for the welfare of that holy Church, which was founded more than 1800 years ago by Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. The noble Association was established in Montreal about a year ago by a small number of English converts, and since then, under the direction of its spiritual director, a Rev. Jesuit Father, has made wonderful progress, and to-day gives hopes of becoming a flourishing society. The members of this Association (which is composed chiefly of English converts) are strictly honest and temperate men, most of them (if not all) belonging to one of our many temperance societies of the city. I had the happiness of attending their last meeting, which took place on Friday, the seventh of October, and I can say, without the least misgiving, that their Society will surely prove itself a great boon to the Roman Catholic Church of Canada. I plainly saw by the manner in which they carried on their business, that each and every member was heart and soul in the good work which the Society demands of its members. The Catholic Association is a society of men, young and old, married and single, poor and rich, who assemble together once a month to find out and put in execution the best means of making known to the country the "True Church of God." Therefore they may be justly styled so many Apostles, going forth seeking whom they may convert to the true fold of Christ. All of us, no matter what state of life we may be in, are obliged to do our utmost to lead souls to God, by prayer and good example. The members of the Society knowing this full well, have formed a resolution to do all in their power for that end. It now remains for us to follow their good example and strive to become as zealous as they. Let each one who reads this article ask himself the simple question: "What have I done for God during my life?" Should the answer to this question inform you that you have done nothing or very little so far, form there and then a firm resolution to do all in your power for the honor of your Creator, in future and in order to keep your resolution, make it a point of duty to come to the next meeting on Friday, the 18th Nov., at 8 p. m., in the basement of the Jesuits' Church on Bleury street, and sign your name as a member of the Catholic Association, and may God bless you and yours. P. J. D. CLERIC.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND COLONIZATION, Quebec, October 25th, 1892.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS. DEAR SIR,—Since the issue of my last circular on the subject of the grant of a prize for the encouragement of the manufacture of butter in winter, I have received, from different quarters, a great many communications, asking me if it is the intention of the Government to carry out the policy inaugurated this fall, for many years.

I authorize you to inform all those engaged in the Dairy Industry that it is our intention to maintain this policy for three consecutive years from the 1st July 1893, besides the current year, always providing, however, that the House consents, the Government will ask its consent next session.

I wish to add however that to be entitled to receive this prize, the creameries, should form part of a syndicate. They will not be released from this obligation by the Department without sufficient reason. This condition, however, does not apply to the current year.

Believe me, my dear sir, Yours truly, LOUIS BEAUBIEN, Commissioner of Agriculture and Colonization

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTH.

PARK—At Cote St. Henry, Que., on the 26th, the wife of A. W. Park, of a daughter.

DOLAN—At No. 39 Closse street, on the 26th instant, Mrs. Jas. J. Dolan of a daughter.

MARRIED.

BELEC—O'CONNELL—At St. Ann's church, on October 25, by the Rev. Father Leberal, cousin of the groom, Medrie Belec to Julia O'Connell, both of this city.

MACDONALD—URQUHART—On Thursday, Oct. 25, at St. Patrick's church, by the Rev. Father Quinlivan, D. A. MacDonald to Margaret Urquhart, of Alexandria, Ont.

DIED.

ARNOLDI—In this city, at the age of 18, Marie Eugenie, daughter of Charles Arnoldi, of the City Treasurer's Department.

KELLY—In this city, on October 28, Isabella Kelly, aged 20 years and 4 months, second eldest daughter of the late Wm. Kelly.

LIONAIS—In this city, on October 25, Hardoin Lionais, aged 84 years and two months.

READ—In this city, on October 27, in her 88th year, Sarah M. Coleman, widow of the late Michael Read, of St. John's, Nfld.

TURGEON—In this city, on October 27, at the age of 51 years 3 months and 3 days, Dame Marie Elizabeth Giroux, beloved wife of Mr. B. M. O. Turgeon.

FENEY—In this city, on the 31st instant, at 23 Quessel street, James Feeny, aged 59 years, a native of County Sligo, Ireland. (New York and Fall River, Mass., papers please copy.)

STUART—Died, at Hon. Louis Beaubien's residence, Outremont, on the 28th instant, James de Gaspé Stuart, of Quebec, third son of the late Sir Andrew Stuart, of Quebec.

UPHAM—At Chicago, on October 20th, accidentally killed, Clinton Edward, eldest son of the late Edward Upham, of Sydenham, Ont., and of Mrs. E. Upham, Mansfield street, Montreal. (Brookville, Kingston, and Watertown, N. Y., papers please copy.)

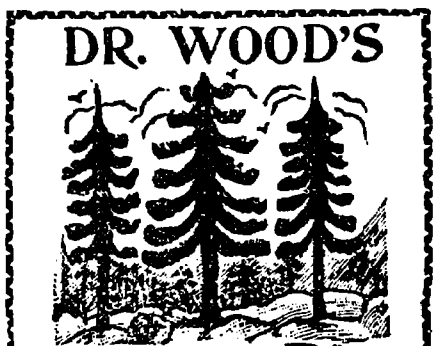


Often in the still night, When Cholera Morbus found me, "Pain Killer" fixed me right, Nor wakened those around me.

Most OLD PEOPLE are friends of

Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER

and often its very best friends, because for many years they have found it a friend in need. It is the best Family Remedy for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache. To get rid of any such pains before they become aches, use PAIN KILLER. Buy it right now. Keep it near you. Use it promptly. For sale everywhere. IT KILLS PAIN.



DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup. PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The finest quality of Bells for Churches, Chimes, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, The VAN DUSEN & TIFT CO., Cincinnati, O.

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

MENEELY & COMPANY, WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS. Favorably known to the public since 1824. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells, also, Chimes and Peals.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO. CINCINNATI, O. Sole makers of the "Blymyer" Church, School and Fire Alarm Bells. Catalogue with over 2500 testimonials. NO DUTY ON CHURCH BELLS. 24-26sow Mention this paper.

BAILEY'S Compound light-spreading Silico-plastic Concentrated Glass REFLECTORS. A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue and price list free. Send for one. BAILEY REFLECTOR CO. 708 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE MONKEY AND THE PIE.

An Indian fakir had a monkey that he had brought up from babyhood. The pair were fast friends, the monkey being a faithful attendant on his master and as good as a watchdog. One day the fakir made a pie for dinner and left it to cook on a charcoal fire while he went for a walk. As the cooking proceeded the savory smell was too much for the monkey. It raised the crust and tasted the chicken. Finding the food very tasty it ate more and more, till nothing but the crust remained. Then it remembered its master, who would shortly come back hungry and ready to enjoy his meal. What was to be done? The sharp eyes of the monkey detected some crows not far away, so without loss of time it lay down on the ground as if dead. By and by a crow came along and pecked at the monkey, which seized the bird in a twinkling, strangled it, stripped off the feathers, placed it in pieces in the dish, covered it over with the crust and then contentedly awaited the return of the fakir, to whom the whole incident was afterwards related by a witness of it.

ABOUT MY KITTY.

We live in Philadelphia, and I and kitty have lots of room to play in. I am going to tell you all about her. The first I ever saw of her was one evening when I was afraid she would not come; I was expecting her to come if they could get her and nothing happened; but I was told to come up in Mama's room, and when I got there, I found

a little kitten head sticking out from the bed covers, and Mama said, for fun, "your little brother." When I first had her, I rocked her in a cradle; she is a tabby. Mama named her Candy, and that was a very nice name for her. Isn't it a good name for her? I call her, and but she is big enough to call a lie. I call her, and Mama does too, sometimes, Scamper, and Teetah. She is so fat and big. Once, when she was smaller we put her in the closet for something, but of course we left the door a crack; kitty was not going to be melancholy, so what do you think she did? She hid some fun by jumping in the bag on the inside of the door and swinging herself to sleep in it; may be she did. She begs as well as a dog and sometimes jumps up on me of her own accord. There are just three games she plays with me of her accord, but quite three games; one is chase, the other is tiger, a game we made up together. I play I am running out from home, and she comes after me and bounces up on me, as if she was a tiger, and she plays hide-and-seek, and she pushes doors open and hangs on the knob. I would not sell her for a good deal—not for \$200.00. ANTOINETTE E. GAZZAM age 8 yrs.

IT BEATS JACK FROST.

Dear Sirs,—We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family and know it is a sure cure for lumbago and frost bites. My wife was so bad with lumbago that she could not straighten herself, and Yellow Oil completely cured her. It has been a fortune to us. Oliver Allen, Owen Sound, Ont.

Every description of Job Printing done at THE TRUE WITNESS office.

SEELEY'S HARD-RUBBER TRUSSES. Beware of Imitations. L.B. SEELEY & CO. WARRANTED. HERNIA OR RUPTURE, A SPECIALTY. EITHER IN PERSON OR BY MAIL. 25 YEARS REFERENCES.—Facts: S. D. Gross, D. Hays, J. Agnew, Willard Parker, W. H. Parrott, Dr. Thomas G. Morton, and Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army and Navy. Our "Mechanical Treatment of Hernia or Rupture and Price List," with illustrations and directions for self-measurement, mailed on application. L. B. SEELEY & CO., 25 South 11th Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Department of Crown Lands.

WOODS AND FOREST.

Quebec, 15th October, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that conformably to sections 1331, 1335 and 1336, of the Consolidated Statutes of the Province of Quebec, the following timber limits will be offered for sale at public auction in the sales' room of the Department of Crown Lands, in this city, on THURSDAY, the 15th DECEMBER next, at HALF-PASTTEN A.M., subject to the conditions mentioned below, namely:

- Upper Ottawa Agency. North 1/4 No. 10, 2nd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—South 1/4 No. 10, 2nd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—North 1/4 No. 11, 2nd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—South 1/4 No. 11, 2nd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—North 1/4 No. 12, 2nd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—South 1/4 No. 12, 2nd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—North 1/4 No. 10, 3rd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—South 1/4 No. 10, 3rd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—North 1/4 No. 11, 3rd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—South 1/4 No. 11, 3rd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—North 1/4 No. 12, 3rd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—South 1/4 No. 12, 3rd range, block A, 25 sq. m.—River Ottawa limits Nos. 572, 34 sq. m.—573, 25 sq. m.—574, 31 sq. m.—575, 25 sq. m.—576, 25 sq. m.—577, 25 sq. m.—578, 25 sq. m.—579, 25 sq. m.—580, 25 sq. m.—581, 25 sq. m.—582, 17 sq. m.—583, 15 sq. m.—584, 32 1/2 sq. m.—585, 25 sq. m.—586, 25 sq. m.—587, 25 sq. m.—588, 25 sq. m.—589, 25 sq. m.—590, 29 sq. m.—591, 24 sq. m.—592, 25 sq. m.—593, 25 sq. m.—594, 25 sq. m.—595, 32 sq. m.—596, 19 sq. m.—597, 22 sq. m.—607, 22 sq. m.—608, 29 sq. m.—609, 21 sq. m.—611, 17 sq. m.—612, 19 sq. m.—Block A, No. 8, 3rd range, 50 sq. m.—Block A, No. 9, 3rd range, 50 sq. m.—River Ottawa limits Nos. 605, 21 sq. m.—606, 21 sq. m.—607, 50 sq. m.—608, 47 sq. m.—609, 40 sq. m.—610, 28 sq. m.—611, 26 sq. m.—River Gatineau Nos. 615, 29 sq. m.—616, 29 sq. m.

Saint Maurice Agency. Saint Maurice, No. 13 west, 50 sq. m.—Saint Maurice, No. 14 west, 50 sq. m.—River Pierliche, No. 1 east, 35 sq. m.—River Trench, No. 2 east, 35 sq. m.—Bostonnais Island, 10 sq. m.—River Bostonnais, No. 4 north, 25 sq. m.—No. 4 south, 20 sq. m.—River River Bostonnais, No. 2 south, 40 sq. m.—River No. 3 south, 45 sq. m.—River No. B south, 25 sq. m.—River River Batiscan, No. 7 east, 38 sq. m.—River River Bostonnais, No. C south, 20 sq. m.—River Batiscan, No. 7 east, 24 sq. m.

Lake Saint John Agency. No. 135, rear Outalchouan, west, 16 sq. m.—No. 136, rear Outalchouan, west, 20 sq. m.—No. 139, Lac des Commissaires, south-west, 24 sq. m.—No. 141, west part River Metabetchouan, 20 sq. m.—No. 141, east part River Metabetchouan, 17 sq. m.—No. 142, River Metabetchouan, 25 sq. m.—No. 145, west of Lake Kamamigougue, 36 sq. m.—No. 144, south 1/2, River Metabetchouan, 20 sq. m.—No. 144 1/2, north 1/2, 20 sq. m.—No. 121, River Petite Peribonka, 50 sq. m.—No. 124, 50 sq. m.—Limit canton Ross, 4 m.—Limit canton Kenogami, No. 1, 7 sq. m.—Limit canton Kenogami, No. 2, 8 sq. m.—Limit canton Dalmus, 21 sq. m.—Limit River Marguerite, No. 169, 32 1/2 sq. m.

Saguenay Agency. River Malbaie, No. 1, 54 sq. m.—No. 3, 34 sq. m.—No. 4, 32 sq. m.—No. 5, 38 sq. m.—No. 6, 45 sq. m.—No. 7, 47 sq. m.—No. 8, 21 sq. m.—No. 9, 58 sq. m.—No. 10, 45 sq. m.—No. 11, 38 sq. m.—No. 12, 42 sq. m.—No. 13, 35 sq. m.—No. 14, 37 sq. m.—No. 15, 50 sq. m.—No. 16, 60 sq. m.—No. 17, 54 sq. m.—No. 18, 49 sq. m.—Limit township Perigny, 21 sq. m.—Limit Lac des Sables, 44 sq. m.—Limit River au Rocher, No. 1, 48 sq. m.—No. 2, 58 sq. m.—No. 3, 48 sq. m.—No. 4, 40 sq. m.—No. 5, 40 sq. m.—No. 6, 23 sq. m.—No. 7, 82 sq. m.—River au Rocher Bras N. O.—20 sq. m.—River Manitou, No. 3 east, 32 sq. m.—No. 3 west, 32 sq. m.—No. 4, 24 sq. m.—River la Chaloupe, 32 sq. m.—River la Trinite, No. 1 east, 50 sq. m.—No. 1 west, 50 sq. m.—No. 2 east, 50 sq. m.—No. 2 west, 50 sq. m.—River Petite Trinite, No. 1 east, 14 sq. m.—No. 1 west, 14 sq. m.—No. 2 east, 14 sq. m.—No. 2 west, 14 sq. m.—River Calumet, No. 1 east, 25 sq. m.—No. 1 west, 25 sq. m.

Montmagny Agency. River Noir No. 56, 20 sq. m.—No. 58, 18 sq. m.—Limit township Roux, 164 sq. m.—Limit township Rolette, 22 sq. m.—Limit township Montminy, 124 sq. m.

Grandville Agency. Limit township Parke, 64 sq. m.—Limit township Pohenegeau, 244 sq. m.—River Boisbousenche No. 2, 12 sq. m.

Rimouski Agency. Limit township Neigotte No. 1, 30 sq. m.—No. 2, 124 sq. m.—Limit township Macpes, 12 sq. m.—Limit township Cabot No. 2, 151 sq. m.—Limit township Matane, 54 sq. m.—Township Lepage No. 1, 47 sq. m.—River Kedwicka No. 2, 10 m.—River Causapic, 31 sq. m.—Limit township Dalbairre West, 45 sq. m.—Limit township Grand Mechin, 88 sq. m.—Limit township Dalbairre East, 43 sq. m.—Township Romieux West, 41 sq. m.—Romieux East, 41 sq. m.—Limit rear township Romieux No. 1, 45 sq. m.—Rear township Dalbairre No. 1, 47 sq. m.

Gaspé Agency. Limit township Cap Chat East, 28 sq. m.—Limit township Cap Chat West, 383 sq. m.—Limit township Tourelle West, 417 sq. m.—Limit township Tourelle East, 434 sq. m.—Limit township Christie, 463 sq. m.—Limit township Duchesneau West, 33 sq. m.—Limit township Taschereau, 51 sq. m.—Limit township Denoué, 19 sq. m.—River Magdeleine No. 1 West, 50 sq. m.—No. 2 west, 50 sq. m.—No. 1 east, 50 sq. m.—No. 1 south, 50 sq. m.—No. 2 south, 50 sq. m.—River Dartmouth, No. 1 north, 193 sq. m.—No. 1 south, 21 sq. m.—Rear No. 1 north, 32 sq. m.—River Sydenham south, 174 sq. m.—Limit Gaspé north, 12 sq. m.—River Saint-Jean south, No. 1, 12 sq. m.—North, 14 sq. m.—Limit township Malbaie No. 2, 8 sq. m.—Gaspé Fay south, 11 sq. m.—Limit township Rameau No. 2, 21 sq. m.

Bonaventure Agency. River Patapedia, 31-55 sq. m.—Township Patapedia, No. 1, 8 sq. m.—Petite River Rouge, 5 sq. m.—Limit Millstream No. 3, 12 sq. m.—River Matapedia No. 1.—Township Minkak, 15 sq. m.—Limit Assemctaganan No. 1 east, 12 sq. m.—No. 1 west, 12 sq. m.—No. A, 9 sq. m.—Clark's Brook, 15 sq. m.—River Riatgouche No. 4, 10 sq. m.—River Escuminac, 11 sq. m.—Rear River Nouvelle No. 1 west, 10 sq. m.—Township Nouvelle No. 2 west, 9 sq. m.—River Grande Cascapedia 35 sq. m.—Limit Joshua Brook, 4 sq. m.—Jonathan Brook 3 sq. m.—River Petite Cascapedia Branch East, No. 3 west, 14 sq. m.—No. 3 east, 14 sq. m.—River Patapedia Limit East Branch No. 1, 22 sq. m.—West Branch No. 1 west, 26 sq. m.—West Branch No. 1 east, 204 sq. m.—Patapedia River main Branch, 114 sq. m.—River Andre 8 sq. m.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The above timber limits at their estimated area, more or less, will be offered at an upset price to be made known on the day of sale, and will be adjudged to the highest bidder. No limits to be adjudged unless the purchase price be immediately deposited in cash or by cheques accepted by duly incorporated banks. The commissioner may in any particular case, at the sale, impose as a condition, that any limits sold will have to be worked within a delay of two years under pain of forfeiture of the license. These timber locations will be subject to the provisions of all timber regulations now in force or which may be enacted hereafter. Plans of limits offered for sale, will be open for inspection, in the Department of Crown Lands, in this city, and at the offices of the local agents, up to the day of sale. E. J. FLYNN, Commissioner of Crown Lands. P. S.—According to law, no newspapers other than those named by order in council, are authorized to publish this notice.

Piano AND ORGAN

Purchasers are invited to the Warerooms of

WILLIS & CO.

1824 Notre Dame St.

(Near McGill St.)

MONTREAL.

To examine their Great Stock of Pianos and Organs,

KNABE, BELL, WILLIAMS PIANOS

-AND-

BELL ORGANS.

Old Pianos and Organs taken as part Payment and full value allowed.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ORATION

Delivered by Rev. Joseph Quinn, Ancient Missionary of Canada and the United States on the 17th of March, 1892.

Before an Immense and Very Refined Audience of Seven Different Nationalities.

The eloquent orator electrified his audience, from the commencement of his superb and magnificent discourse. The multitude grew patriotically enthusiastic as the orator waxed passionate in the profound discriminating historical thought of the theme, and wild applause greeted him throughout, as his splendid voice sonorously concluded a passionate appeal to the glory of Ireland or the weird lamentation of her multiplied injustices and national wrongs. It was a unique discourse, and one long to be remembered, as well for its historical quaintness as for the learning of the reverend orator. It was a peerless speech and one to be long recorded; unique and original in its composition, such a discourse should not be left pass by into oblivion. Hence at the urgent request of many friends, the rev. author has reluctantly consented to have this marvellous production of genius expressed in pamphlet form, and thus perpetuated to future generations as an enduring tribute to the genius and eloquence of its renowned author. We hope the public will regard this production in its true light, and give to it the serious contemplation that such a profound production necessarily calls for. The author is not a volatile writer, he swings a trenchant pen; he is not a trivial thinker, but a profound one. Therefore the perusal of this little pamphlet will require more than ordinary intelligence and historical discrimination. That this work may be a source of intellectual pleasure, usefulness to ether, and contribute to the glory of God, which the rev. author would feign have it be, is the sincere hope of him who has the distinguished honor of introducing to the public gaze this paragon of historical learning and varied profound erudition, the Rev. Joseph Quinn, Ancient Missionary of Canada and the United States.

Now Ready in Pamphlet Form

REVD. JOSEPH QUINN'S DISCOURSE

-ON-

"THE FAITH OF THE IRISH NATION,"

Delivered on the 17th March, 1892.

Sanctioned by the Late Vicar General Marechal, and Dedicated to the Archbishop of Montreal.

FOR SALE BY

D. & J. SADLER & CO., and at TRUE WITNESS OFFICE.

PRICE, . . . 25 Cents.

T. CHRISTY,

Plumber, - Steam - and - Gas-fitter,

Importer and Dealer in

ALL KINDS OF GAS FIXTURES and FANCY SHADES.

No. 135 Bleury Street, MONTREAL.

House Drainage and Ventilation a specialty. Steam, Hot Water and Combination Furnaces fitted up. All kinds of Roofing attended to. BELL TELEPHONE

PERSONAL.-LEGITIMATE-DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Secret Service. Offices, Temple Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 2131. Private Telephones: 4653 and 6046. JOHN A. GROSE, Supt. Commercial Work; SILAS H. CARPENTER, Supt. Criminal Work.

FREE

The True Witness will be mailed free for balance of the year to new subscribers. \$1.00, Country, \$1.50, City, will pay subscription to January 1894. Induce your friends to subscribe for the best and cheapest Catholic weekly newspaper published in Canada.

TOOTHACHE

Positively Cured in two minutes, by

"NERVOL"

The Wonderful Remedy,

ONE APPLICATION ON THE CHEEK OUTSIDE IS SUFFICIENT.

CURES ALSO HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

John T. Lyons, Corner Craig and Bleury Streets, Montreal.

SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

THE E. B. EDDY CO.

MAMMOTH

PAPER MILLS

HULL, P.Q.

LARGEST - IN - CANADA

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

ASK FOR THE E. B. EDDY CO.'S PAPER

And you will get the best made.

MONTREAL BRANCH (Telephone 1619) 318 ST. JAMES Street.

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S

—CELEBRATED—

ALES - AND - PORTERS

Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE."

INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled.

SAND PORTER.

XXX PALE ALE.

STOUT PORTER.

If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery. Telephone 1168. THE MONTREAL BREWING Co., Brewers and Malsters, corner Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.

MONTREAL PAPER MILLS CO.

St. Lawrence Paper Mills,

588 Craig Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Book, Toned and News, Prints, Colored Posters.

Bleached and Unbleached Manillas.

Brown and Straw Wrappings.

White and Tinted Flat Writings.

Bill Heads, Note and Memo. Forms.

and General Printers' Supplies.

SAMPLES AND PRICES SENT ON APPLICATION.

TELEPHONE, 2690.

P. O. Box, 1133



AMERICAN SELF-RAISING FLOUR,

Prepared with PROF. HORSFORD'S Phosphate of Lime or Cream of Tartar Substitute. This substitute was Patented in the United States several years ago by Prof. Horsford; it is a simple sold, Phosphate of Lime, and restores to the flour the healthful and nutritious Phosphates that are lost with the bran in the process of bolting.

M. HICKEY, 1061 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

MOTHERS!

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

DOHERTY & SICOTTE,

(Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY.)

Advocates : and : Barristers,

180 ST. JAMES STREET,

City and District Bank Building.

Job Printing of every description done at this office.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

THROUGH TOURIST CARS

For the accommodation of Holders of Second-Class Tickets Will be run as under.

MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER

Leave Dalhousie Square Station, 8.40 p.m. Every Wednesday.

MONTREAL TO ST. PAUL

Leave Windsor Street Station, 11.45 a.m. Every Saturday.

MONTREAL TO CHICAGO

Leave Windsor Street Station, 9.00 p.m. Every Tuesday.

MONTREAL TO BOSTON

Leave Windsor Street Station, 8.20 p.m. Every Thursday and Friday. And at 9.00 a.m. every Saturday.

TICKET OFFICES,

265 St. James Street, (corner McGill), and at Stations.

P. N. Y. PIANO CO.

This Company still leads in fine American

PIANOS and ORGANS.

They are now receiving their full supply of the beautiful

Weber, Decker, Vose and Hale PIANOS.

Fine specimens of which can be seen in the stores,

No. 228 ST. JAMES STREET.

It is a fact not generally known to our readers that this Company sells beautiful new Upright Pianos at \$225. They have also a large number of

Second-hand Pianos at from \$50 upwards.

Our readers should call and examine the stock and prices at N. Y. PIANO CO'S stores.

DR. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY FOR



Trade Mark.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Croup, &c.

The successful experience of many years with numerous patients entitles Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC to the public confidence.

Numerous testimonials highly extol the merits of this remarkable preparation, but lack of space compels us to publish only a few lines of two of these testimonials.

The Rev. Sister A. Boire, of the St. Boniface (Manitoba) General Hospital, says:

As regards Dr. Ney's Asthma Specific, I believe its value has not been over rated. If it does not always cure, IT NEVER FAILS TO GIVE RELIEF.

St. Boniface, June 8th 1890. SISTER A. BOIRE.

Dr. G. Desrochers writes Nov. 12th 1890.

I have used Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC in several cases of Asthma with very good success. I had a particularly bad case of asthma recently. An old man of 73 years of age had been an inveterate asthmatic for the last 12 or 15 years. His sufferings were so severe that he apprehended suffocation. I made him inhale the fumes of Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC and he immediately breathed freely. It is several weeks since this occurred and from what I know he has enjoyed an excellent health from that day. I cannot but congratulate myself upon having tried this most excellent preparation."

St-Paul de Valois. G. DESROCHERS, M. D.

Sold by all Druggists at 50 cts. & \$1.00 per box

Free by mail on receipt of price.

ROBITAILLE, CHEMIST,

SOLE PREPARATOR

JOLIFTE, P. Q. Canada.

Catalogues, Bill-Heads, Cards, Programmes, Posters, every description of Job work, done at this office.

A FEARFUL BLAZE.

VILLAGE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

A special to the Gazette says:—

The village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre came near being completely wiped out on the morning of October 24th and the famous shrine of Ste. Anne had an almost miraculous escape, being only saved by the blowing up of a wooden building which threatened to carry the flames to it. At 2 a. m. the people of the village were awakened from their slumbers by cries of "fire" and they rushed out of them only half dressed, to find that the outbuildings owned by Adolpe Pare, in the rear of the post-office, were ablaze. A rush was made to the spot to arrest the flames if possible, for the villagers well knew that if they were not got under control at once there was little hope of saving the village. Before anything could be done, however, the flames had spread to the Dominion hotel, the ground floor of which was occupied by a general store, in which the postoffice was located and a grocery store. The hotel was speedily a mass of roaring flame, which swept along the street from building to building, destroying everything in its course. The buildings were mostly of wood and so closely together that the flames spread readily from one to another and the few brick houses which the village possessed did not serve to arrest their progress. The church authorities got out their hose and the people worked with a will, not to extinguish the fire, for that was clearly impossible, but to save the church, and in this they were eminently successful, for not only the church, but the convent, the Q. M. & C. depot and the Regina hotel escaped. All the other principal buildings in the village, nineteen in number, including nearly all the large boarding-houses for pilgrims, were completely destroyed, though the furniture were saved in some cases. The insurance on the burned buildings is estimated at \$15,000.

George—"Do you think it is safe for me to approach your pa on the subject?"

Lucy—"I think, George, you had better wait until later in the fall. He always has the rheumatism then."

A lady writer asks:—"Why don't bachelors marry?"

That's so—"Why don't they?"
"Come to think about it, we have never yet seen a bachelor who was married. It's lamentable, too."

"Miss De Trop had on the longest gloves last night that I ever saw. She buttoned them from her wrist to her elbow."

"That's nothing. My girl buttons her's all the way from home to the theatre."

She—"How dare you ask to kiss me when you have only known me two weeks?"

He—"I beg your pardon, but Jack Hurdlow said the night he called he had only known you a week."

She—"True. But mother was not in the next room that night."

—He (after many days)—"Do you think, as some do, that love is a disease?" She (responsively and hopefully)—"Really, I cannot say what it is; but think—I am sure it is catching."
—Detroit Free Press

—Educational Note.—Travers—"How long a course does your son take at college?" Dobson—"That's just the question I asked. He wrote back that it would be 'two miles with a turn.'"—N. Y. Sun.

—A Reason for It.—Wife—"Why do they call these small bankers who discount notes shavers?" Husband—"I presume, my dear, it is because they are money raisers."
—Detroit Free Press.

—Featherstone—"What did your sister say when you told her I was here in the parlor waiting for her?" Bobby—"Nothin'." But she took a ring off one finger and put it on another."

—Another Point.—Fangle—"The question is, 'Should women smoke?'" Cumso—"Well, they certainly should not smoke the brands of cigars you use."
—Detroit Free Press.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

That "early American" work, Allen's Biographical Dictionary, published in 1809, refers incidentally to persons bearing such names as Preserved Fish, Adam Eve, and Pickled Ham. These combinations indicate a certain whimsicality in the minds of those who made them. But equally striking effects sometimes make themselves apparent in a way leaving little room for doubt that they are accidental. The city hall of a certain American city was erected with a strict regard for honesty which does honor to all concerned. The three citizens of credit and renown who formed the construction committee saw that the work was done faithfully, and then handed back to the treasury a large surplus. The names of these gentlemen—inscribed on a small and not at all conspicuous plate in the building—are Robb, Steele and Swindell.

In the same city, not long ago, two physicians happened to rent offices in the same house, and the wayfaring public saw displayed over its door the startling signs of Doctor Slay and Doctor Blood.

It would be strange if chance did not sometimes bring about a really appropriate conjunction of titles. It did this with great success in the case of a recent marriage ceremony, when a Miss Post and a Mr. Stump were fitly united by the Rev. Mr. Lockwood.

"What have you named your baby, Rastus?"

"Sam Pro Tem Johnson, sah."

"What is the Pro Tem for?"

"To show that the name is only temporary, sah. We kind o' thought Sam might like to choose his own name when he growed up, sah, so we put Pro Tem in as a warning to the public."

HAZELTON KLANICH & BACH FISCHER DOMINION BERLIN PIANOS

—AND THE—

Æolian, Peloubet and Dominion Organs.

Largest stock. No Canvassers. One price only and the lowest. Easy Terms. Old instruments taken in exchange. Pianos to rent. Repairing. Second-hand Pianos at all prices.

Visits and Correspondence Solicited.

L. E. N. PRATTE 1676 NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

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

RIENDEAU HOTEL, 58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq., MONTREAL.

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

JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.

MME. BAILEY'S SURE HAIR Grower

is guaranteed to produce a Thick, Soft and Beautiful head of Long, Flowing HAIR in 8 to 12 weeks. A purely vegetable and positively harmless compound. Endorsed by leading physicians. Two or three packages will do it. Price, 50 cents per package, or three for \$1.50. Sent by mail, prepaid. Bailey, Supply Co., Cooperstown, N. Y.



Sustaining, Strength-giving, Invigorating.

JOHNSTON'S - FLUID - BEEF

Is a Perfect Food for

Invalids and Convalescents,

Supplying all the nutritious properties of PRIME BEEF in an easily-digested form.

THE SUNBEAM,

An Illustrated Monthly Paper

FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH.

Approved by His Lordship Archbishop Fabre; edited by an eminent young priest of the Diocese. Parents and guardians of Catholic youth should subscribe for it. Literature of the highest standard—instructive, entertaining, amusing. 50 cents a year. Sample copy on application. The limited space given up to business announcements makes this periodical, with its large circulation (10,000) in Canada and the United States, a valuable advertising medium. Write for terms.

THE SUNBEAM,

No. 761 Craig Street, Montreal, P.Q.

THE TRUE WITNESS is a first-class advertising medium. Business men using weekly newspapers for their trade announcements will do well to place it on their lists. Write for terms before closing your contract for 1903.

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

Wear a pair of our

SHELL CORDOVAN BOOTS,

And You

WILL NOT HAVE WET FEET.

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

Compagnie Hypothecaire Canadienne

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session, for an act incorporating "La Compagnie Hypothecaire Canadienne," for the purpose of making loans to land owners in towns and in rural districts in the Province of Quebec. The principal place of business of the Company will be in Montreal.

Montreal, October 4, 1892.

TAILLON, BONIN & PAGNUELO, Attorneys for the Petitioner.

W. H. D. YOUNG,

L.D.S., D.D.S.

Surgeon-Dentist,

1694 Notre Dame Street.

Preservation of the Natural Teeth and painless extraction. Dorsen's Lancing Gas, Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial work guaranteed satisfactory. Telephone 215. (G-17-90)

Painting.

J. GRACE, 51 University street, House and Sign Painter and Paper-hanger. All orders promptly attended to. Keeps in stock ASPINALL'S & DEVOIS' ENAMEL PAINTS, as also an assortment of prepared Paints ready for use. Gold and plain Wall Papers, Window Glass, Glue, Paint Brushes, Paris Green, Kalsomine and Varnishes, which will be sold at the lowest market prices.

51 University Street.

HARDWARE

HOUSE FURNISHING and BUILDING Hardware Plated-Ware, Cutlery, &c. Prices very low

A. SUBRYER'S, 6 St. Lawrence St.

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

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

Holloway's Ointment.

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

This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, a salt into the ear, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ARTHRA for Glandular swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism

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

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

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

Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 588 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN.

McGALE'S

BUTTERNUT

PILLS

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

B. E. McGALE, CHEMIST &c, 2123 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

FOR . .

Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—We quote:— Patent Spring.....\$4.20 @ 4.25 Patent Winter.....3.90 @ 4.15 Straight Roller.....3.60 @ 3.65 Extra.....3.05 @ 3.15 Superfine.....2.75 @ 2.95 Fine.....2.45 @ 2.60 City Strong Bakers.....3.90 @ 4.00 Manitoba Bakers.....3.45 @ 3.90 Ontario bag—extra.....1.45 @ 1.55 Straight Rollers.....1.85 @ 1.95 Superfine.....1.25 @ 1.45 Fine.....1.05 @ 1.10

Oatmeal.—We quote jobbing lots as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4. to \$4.10; Standard \$3.90 to \$4. In bags, granulated \$2 to \$2.05, and standard \$1.90 to \$1.95

Mill Feed.—Sales of car lots having been made at \$3.00 to \$3.50, with sales of jobbing lots \$14.00. Shorts are quoted at \$15.00 to \$16.00, and middling at \$16.50 to \$17. Moultle is quoted at \$20. to \$24. with lower prices for inferior brands.

Wheat.—This market there have been sales of 2 hard at 82c about, but it is said that shippers would not pay this figure to-day, owing to the advance in freights.

Corn.—Prices continue nominal at 50c to 52c in bond and 58c to 60c duty paid.

Peas.—Sales, however, have been made in the West at equal to 75c and 75c here per 68 lbs, and we quote 75c to 76c, in store. Advice from the West report sales at 59c to 60c per 60 lbs f. o. b.

Oats.—The market is quiet but steady at 34c per 84 lbs for No. 2 that figure having been paid for a considerable quantity; sales are also reported 33c, and at 33c for No. 3.

Barley.—There have been sales of good malting barley to brewers ranging from 50c to 58c. Feed barley is quoted at 40c to 43c.

Malt.—The market is quiet and steady at 70c to 75c per bushel in bond.

Rye.—Sales have been made at 51c to 52c.

Rye.—Prices are in buyers' favor, quotations ranging from 50c to 51c for car lots.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—The market for pork is firm. Lard is also firm. We quote:—

Canada short cut mess pork per bbl. \$15.75 @ 17.25 Canada clear mess, per bbl. 16.00 @ 18.50 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl. 00.00 @ 00.00 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl. 16.00 @ 16.50 India mess beef, per tierce. 00.00 @ 00.00 Extra Mess beef, per bbl. 11.50 @ 12.50 Hams, city cured, per lb. 11 @ 12c Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 8 @ 9c Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 7 @ 7c Bacon, per lb. 11 @ 12c Shoulders, per lb. 9 @ 10c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Creamery could be moved at 23c for late made, but holders ask 1c more which is quite sufficient to block business. We quote:— Creamery choice full. 23c to 24c do good to fine. 22c to 22c Eastern Township dairy, choice full. 21c to 22c do good to fine. 19c to 20c Morrisburg & Brockville. 19c to 21c Western. 17c to 19c

Roll Butter.—Sales of Western being reported at 17c to 19c as to quality and quantity.

Cheese.—French cheese at the boat at 10c to 10 1/2-16. Finest Western cannot be obtained under 10c. There has also been a fair amount of business at a range of 9c to 10c. Private cables quote 52s to 52s 6d. Sales have just been made of finest Western at 10c to 10c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales have been made at 15c to 16c for round lots of ordinary stock, and at 17c to 18c for fresh gathered.

Beans.—Sales of 5 to 10 bags lots have been made at \$1.40 per bushel for hand picked, and at \$1.20 to \$1.25 for less desirable lots.

Game.—Sales of partridges reported of No. 1 at 60 to 65c, one lot being sold at 65c for frata. Seconds are quoted at 35c to 40c.

Hops.—Prices are 18c to 19c, while holders ask from 20c to 22c.

Ashes.—Last sales, were made at \$5.00 for frata, which price would be paid to-day. Seconds are quoted at \$4.25.

Honey.—Extracted has been sold at 7c to 8c per lb., and choice comb honey at 13c, less desirable bringing from 10c to 12c.

Hay.—Sales of car lots of No. 2 pressed being reported at \$3.50 for car lots on track. No. 1 has sold at \$10.00 for shipment to Boston. Sales have taken place in the country at \$7.50 to \$7.75 f. o. b. for No. 2. Straw is quoted at \$3.50 to \$5.00 as to quality.

Dressed Poultry.—The arrivals are chiefly confined to chickens, which have changed hands at 8c per lb.

FRUITS.

Apples.—Sales of fall apples having been made in car lots at \$1.70 to \$1.80 for good to choice fall fruit. Sales of car lots of winter varieties have been made at \$2.50 to \$2.60.

Malaga Grapes.—Are going to be scarce, kegs, of ordinary light selling at from \$5.00 to \$5.00; heavy from \$4.00 to \$7.00.

Dried Fruit.—Dried Apples 5c to 5c, evaporated 6c to 7c. Dried Peaches 14c to 15c. New dried and evaporated apples are in fair demand.

Pears.—Quoted at from 50c to 90c as to quality, barrels \$5 to \$7.

Grapes.—We quote Concord 3c to 4c. Red Rogers and Niagara 4c to 4c.

Cocoanuts.—Are selling freely in bags of 100 at \$4 to 4.50.

Figs.—The market remains steady at 10c to 12c per lb in large boxes

Dates.—Sales of large boxes at 5c to 7c per lb.

Quinces.—Are quoted in baskets at 40c, inferior 30c to 35c.

Bananas.—The American cargo sold on the wharf at from 50c to \$1.25 per bunch according to quality.

Nuts.—Pecans 10c to 12c per lb. Tarragona almonds 14c to 15c. Grenoble Walnuts 13c to 14c. Filberts 9c to 10c. Ivica 12c to 13c. Bordeaux 9c to 10c. Peanuts No. 1 roasted 9c. Brazil 11c to 12c. Marbots 11c per lb.

Peaches.—A few boxes of choice California Toka are selling at \$2.75.

Lemons.—Sales of choice Messina being reported at from \$5.50 to \$6.50 according to quality.

Oranges.—Price remain firm, boxes selling at \$3.50 to \$4.50. Barrels \$6.50 to \$7 according to size and quality.

Sweet Potatoes.—Are in fair demand, choice fresh arrivals selling at from \$3 to \$3.25; old stock \$2.75.

Cranberries.—Barrels selling at \$7.50 to \$8.

Onions.—The demand for choice Spanish onions has been good as they are scarce. A lot of 1,000 crates were received per SS. "Oregon" on Wednesday, and sold at 5c.

Potatoes.—Choice Early Rose in car lots being sold at from 60c to 70c; less desirable 40c to 50c. A lot of 380 double bags were sold at auction on wharf at \$1.12 1/2 to \$1.15.

FISH AND OILS.

Oils.—We quote 35c to 38c for Newfoundland, and 22c to 23c for Gaspe; Steam refined seal oil is quiet and steady at 35c to 36c. Cod liver oil is quoted at 22c to 25c.

Pickled Fish.—The sale of cargo of French show herring is reported at \$1 50, but genuine Labrador are quoted at \$5.25 and Cape Breton at \$5.50. A few lots of green cod have been sold at \$4.25 for No. 1 and at \$4.50 for large.

Smoked Fish.—Kipper herring, \$2.50 to \$3 per box of 100. Bloaters \$1.25 to \$2.50 per box as to quality. Finnan haddies 7c to 8c per lb. Boneless cod 5c to 7c and do fish 3c to 4c. Scalloped herring 14c to 16c for new and 8c to 10c for old.

Fresh Fish.—British Columbia salmon has been coming in and selling at 13c to 14c.

HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.

Gentlemen,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor and started to use B. B. B., and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all. Bert J. Reid, Wingham, Ont.



Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

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

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1873 and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9. In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence Street.

Webster's Unabridged DICTIONARY

Until November 30th, the following offer will hold good, namely,

ONE OF WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARIES

Will be given with all purchases of \$30 or over in one day or with purchases amounting to \$50 within a week or six consecutive days.

DESCRIPTION.

The Dictionary measures 10 1/2 inches long, 9 inches broad, 4 1/2 inches thick.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame Street.

The World

The best manufacturing markets of the world for all kinds of Dry Goods are visited by our buyers twice every year.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame Street.

The Result!

The result is that our business keeps increasing every season.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame Street

The Greatest Increase.

The increase of Trade this fall is pretty general throughout the Store, but the largest increase of Sales is in Mantle, Jackets and Dress Goods.

Our Mantle and Jacket Department is assuming such magnitude, that if the Sales continue to increase some Department on the Show Room Floor will again have to be removed to give more room for mantles.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame Street

Thousands Saved,

We consider it safe to assert that some thousands of dollars have been saved to the Montreal public this Fall in our Mantle Department compared with prices charged elsewhere.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street.

S. CARSLY,

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

Besides the Advantage!

Besides the saving of money, our customers have the advantage of being sure of the very latest styles, which is almost everything when buying a good Mantle or Jacket.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street.

DRESS GOODS IN PARTICULAR

The special increase in sales of Dress Goods this Fall is accounted for

IN TWO WAYS.

First—A larger stock than usual of high class costume material has been imported.

Second—Our low and medium price Dress Goods are extra good value, and the assortment of styles for the Winter trade is something immense.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street.

The Three Best.

Mantles, Dress Goods and Millinery are the three best or most attractive departments in the city. Don't fail to visit them.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street

Boys' Overcoats.

A TREMENDOUS STOCK

Of Boys' and Youths' comprising all the latest Season's styles.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street.

Evening Gloves.

24-Button Length Mousquetaire Gloves. SILK EVENING GLOVES in all Shades. Special Line.

LADIES' 8-BUTTON LENGTH SWEDES.

In all shades of Tan, Crown, Grey and Black, \$1.75 pair

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street.

Montreal : : : : ROOFING

: : : : Company, GENERAL ROOFERS and CONTRACTORS

ROOFING

In Metal, Slate, Cement, Gravel,

ROOFS REPAIRED.

Before giving your orders get prices from us.

OFFICE and WORKS, corner Latour Street and Busby Lane.

Telephones—Bell, 120; Federal 1622. Post Office Box 906.

KNABE PIANOS

The Recognized Standard of Modern Piano Manufacture.

BALTIMORE. WASHINGTON. NEW YORK. WILLIS & CO., Sole Agents. 1824 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 18-3m

ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Under the care of the Irish Christian Brother

This College affords, at moderate expense excellent advantages to students. The healthiness of its situation, the equipment of the Schools, and the general furnishing of the establishment, leave nothing to be desired for the comfort and improvement of the pupils.

THREE COURSES: Preparatory, Commercial and Matriculation [London University.]

TERMS: Day Pupils, \$12, \$15, etc., per annum, according to class. Boarders—\$100 per annum.

Prospectuses and further particulars on application to

J. L. SLATTERY