

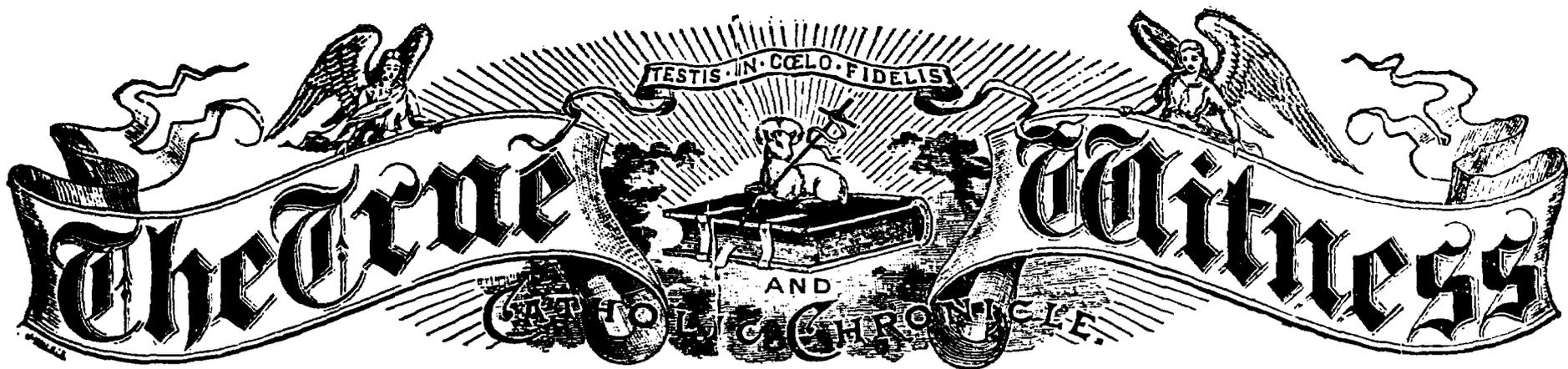
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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

In the *Belleveille Intelligencer* appears a telegram from Winnipeg, dated 28th March, which states that "the Dominion Government has decided to erect a large industrial school for Indians at Brandon. It will be in charge of the Methodist church and will be erected next to the Dominion Experimental Farm." It may be of interest to know that the paper to which this piece of information was sent is the personal organ of the Hon. Senator Bowell, Minister of Trade and Commerce. Whether it is the intention of the Government to erect the school in question, or not, we cannot say. The item thus flung off may be merely a feeler in the direction indicated. It appears to us that it would require even more hardihood, than certain sections of what is called the government possess, to impose upon the Catholics of this Dominion the tax of supporting Methodist industrial schools, and that in the very centre of our own missionary operations. The next thing we will hear of is a demand to have our convents abandoned for the use of some Orange lodges. We once said that the Protestant element is the one to reap the most benefit from the advent of a Catholic Premier to power; it seems that we were not far astray. Clarke Wallace and Mackenzie Bowell (we place them in the order of their importance—not in the cabinet, but in the lodges) will soon run amuck in every direction, unless Sir John is able to satisfy them and their followers with the sacrifice of every Catholic interest. As a just man that he is, Sir John will not allow any section of our cosmopolitan people to suffer injustice at the hands of any other one; the inevitable result will be that as long as the Controller of Customs strives to take control of more than mere customs and manners, the Premier will find the Orange *Oliver Twist* eternally crying for "more." But the country and the government may both tire of the cry.

"We bring our years to an end,  
As a tale that is told."

With these words does the *New York Mail and Express* preface its obituary of the late notorious editor of that organ, Col. Elliott F. Shepard. The name Shepard is anything but a moral perfume in the noses of Montrealers; that of the late fire-eating, Rome-hating editor of the most vituperative and lying sheet that *New York* sends forth, has been synonymous for barefaced mendacity in the mind of every self-respecting man and every reading Catholic in the United States. The text of his obituary is most appropriate. His life has ended "like a tale that is told"; and like the story in a dime novel, at that. It was a tale on a par with the sensational literature of the day, and just as pernicious in its effects upon the moral and religious training of the generation. Col. Shepard did three things in his life that are worth recording. He married an heiress; he edited a paper; and he died. The first act

brought him wealth that he had not the trouble to earn; the second gave him an opportunity of blackguarding Catholicity and all belonging thereto—the objects of his baseless hatred; and the third secured for him a last resting place in the Vanderbilt tomb on Staten Island. The wealth he can no longer enjoy; the paper he can never edit again; the grandeur of the tomb overshadows even his name and memory, while the Catholic Church still continues to flourish and the cross to triumph in all lands.

Now and again we hear, even in modern times, of severe and terrible visitations of God, especially in cases of horrid blasphemy. Not long ago at Nashville, Tenn., in the Criminal Court, a man named Harvey Weakly, on trial for murder, fell dead in the witness stand. When asked if he had killed the victim, Weakly said he "hoped God would strike him dead if he had." Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips when he dropped dead upon the floor. Sometime ago we related the story of the boy who was paralyzed, at Lacolle, when blaspheming. These are lessons which God teaches in order to warn others as well as punish the guilty. It is a terrible think to take the name of the Lord God in vain!

BENZIGER BROTHERS, the popular and world-famed Catholic publishers of New York, have just issued from their press a neat and elegant volume entitled "A Gentleman." It is the work of that prominent and able *littérateur* Mr. Maurice F. Egan, LL.D. The chapters consist of several essays upon subjects that should be read by every young man of the world, and especially by parents and teachers whose duty it is to train the rising generation. In the last part of the volume are some of Mr. Egan's "chats with good listeners," from the pages of the *Ave Maria*. We will just mention the contents, and leave to any of our readers, anxious to learn the requirements of society and the little points of etiquette which go to make up the gentleman, the pleasant task of pursuing the work itself. "The Need of Good Manners;" "Rules of Etiquette;" "What makes a Gentleman;" "What does not make a Gentleman;" "How to express one's Thoughts;" "Letter-writing;" "What to Read;" "The Home Book-shelf;" "Shakspeare;" "Talk, Work and Amusement;" and "The Little Joys of Life."

THE Russian Nihilist and the French Socialist, or Anarchist, come in for nearly all the blame whenever there is question of criminal outrages, foul political murders, or dynamite attacks. Yet, unfortunately, these anti-Christians are not the sole monopolists of the questionable distinction of menacing society and human life. The Italian anti-clerical, the member of the accursed *Illuminati*, the follower of Lemmi has a right to a share in this kind of notoriety. One day, the week before last, six bombs were thrown in the city of Rome. We can

readily understand that it was not in honor of the Pope's jubilee that such pyrotechnics were let off. The first explosion occurred soon after the outrage at the Marigonola Palace, that took place the night previous. This was the third palace that had been attacked in four days. A bomb was also thrown at the residence of the American Minister. Surely these mad men cannot claim to be the sons of Liberty when they attack the representative of the freest country on earth. But they are blinded by passion and frantic with hate.

WE DESIRE to raise our humble voice in the chorus of congratulations that has been swelling around that noble veteran Catholic journalist of Boston, Mr. Patrick Donahoe. The University of Notre Dame, Indiana, has conferred upon him its Latere Medal in recognition of his countless services in the cause of religion. He has been the founder and main spirit of *Donahoe's Magazine*; he has been long manager of the good old *Boston Pilot*, and the work he has done and the benefits he has scattered on all sides are incalculable. Long may he live to rejoice in his well earned honor.

THE following is the text of the petition from a number of Irish Roman Catholic Unionists, to the Imperial Government. It requires no comment, as it sufficiently explains itself:

"To the Honorable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled. The humble petition of Roman Catholics in Ireland sheweth, that we entertain unshaken allegiance and devotion to the Crown and constitution under which we live and enjoy full civil and religious liberty. That we regard the maintenance of the Union between England and Ireland as a necessary safeguard of that liberty. That we believe the establishment in Ireland of a separate Legislature and Executive in the manner proposed in the Government of Ireland Bill recently introduced into your honorable house would be most prejudicial to our religion and disastrous to the best interests of Ireland. We beseech your honorable house to reject the said Bill. And your petitioners will ever pray."

The foregoing had a goodly number of signatures, the four-fifths of which are the names of earls, lords, and members of the landed gentry. Here are a few of them:

"Signed, Fingall, Killeen Castle, Co. Meath; Kenmare, Killarney house, Co. Kerry; Louth, Louth-hall, Ardee; Enly, Fervoe, Limerick; De Freyne, Frenchpark, Roscommon; Westmeath, Pallas, Co. Galway; Count de la Poer, D. L., Gurteen, Co. Waterford; John Harrold Barry, Cork; C. B. Bellew, Dunleer, Co. Meath; Henry Grattan Bellew, Bart., Mount Bellew, Co. Galway; J. Ross, of Bladenburg, Rostrevor house, Co. Down; John V. Cassidy, 53 Upper Mount street, Dublin; W. H. F. Cogan, P. C., Tinode, Co. Dublin; Daniel O'Connell, D.L., Derrynane."

We pause at the last one. The name and the place. Great Heavens! We wonder that the ashes of the Liberator do not arise from the tomb in Glasnevin, his heart come forth from its resting place in Rome, and his spirit descend from the skies to haunt the familiar walls of

old Derrynane, and to blast with indignation the unworthy bearer of an immortal name. This petition teaches two lessons; one to the Orange Unionists, that it is not a question of Rome Rule; the other to the faithful Nationalists, that there are interested lovers of tyranny, who are ready to bind the chains faster around the limbs of Erin.

WE were considerably amused with a series of letters appearing in that hard, adamant, conglomerate, stoney organ of extreme anti-Catholic ideas in England, the *Rock*, and signed by different unknown writers. Amongst them is one from the pen of an "Englishman." This character exceeds any one we have yet met with in his attacks upon our Church, and in his ignorance of what that Church is; he has also surpasses any modern writer in his criticism on Irish affairs, and his complete hollowness upon the most elementary questions connected with that land. In speaking of this "Englishman," the *London Universe* has a very timely editorial note. Before quoting from it we would remark that we hope this would-be educator of the masses, is not a sample "Englishman." There are but two regions from which such characters emerge; either the rocks of the Cornish coast, where ignorance and bigotry are proverbial, or the slums of the Seven Dials, where they flourish in the atmosphere of crime. Thus does the *Universe* analyze the man and the work:—"He not only talks nonsense, but all that he quotes is incorrect, and his names of persons and things are incorrect also. The very column in which his stupidities appear seems to reel as though intoxicated. He heads his letter, 'Queen and Pope,' and from beginning to end introduces neither." In order to give our readers an idea of the class of writers from whom our anti-Catholic organs love to quote, we will furnish another extract from the same criticism. The *Universe* says, still speaking of this "Englishman": "He talks of the Bull '*Cæni Domini*,' and of the 'Rev. Mr. O'Reefe;' he says '*dynamite* explosions might be called *gunpowder* treasons.' Clearly he is in love with the 5th of November national anthem, which sings of 'gunpowder treason and plot.' He next lets us know that he wrote once to Lord Iddesleigh to ask him 'to reduce the number of Irish members,' but having received a snub, 'wrote to the *Rock*.' He ought to have done this in the first place. The *Rock* is the natural home of this 'Englishman,' and of all who are like him. Indeed, we may call him the eagle of the *Rock*, although everywhere else he will pass for nothing higher than a jay or a jackdaw. He knows 'most of the Irish leaders, at least by sight,' and this gives him a right 'to feel that he knows something of the country.' Let us add that this hopeless blockhead is, at the same time, something of a villain. At the end of his letter he proposes punishment as the remedy for the misery and wrongs of Ireland. He deserves to be tarred and feathered, and 'ridden on a rail.'"

## AN ELOQUENT ORATION,

O'CONNELL, THE GREAT CHRISTIAN  
AGITATOR.Delivered at St. Laurent College, March  
22, 1893, by John J. O'Donnell.

In every country and in every clime, where a nation or a people has been downtrodden and oppressed, God has raised up some man to deliver that nation, to deliver that people from the grinding power of despotism. History chronicles the glorious name of Demosthenes who delivered his people from the tyrant, Philip of Macedon; of Cicero, who saved the Roman people from the conspiracy of Catiline; of William Tell, who, rising against the Austrian tyrant, battled for the rights of heroic Switzerland; and, finally, the name of Washington, who, with a handful of ragged soldiers, delivered his country from the iron rule of the oppressor, gained freedom for his countrymen, and laid the corner stone of the nation's happiness and prosperity, so that, to-day, she stands pre-eminent among the nations of the world—"the land of the free and the home of the brave." Yes, those heroes delivered their countrymen from the hand of oppression, and gained for them political and civil liberty, but liberty of conscience was left to the hero of my theme, to Ireland's hero, the great Daniel O'Connell. Great was the work to be accomplished; small were the means with which to accomplish it, and colossal was the power opposing. For seven hundred years a chivalrous and most christian nation lay crushed at the feet of despotism, crushed but unconquered; right lay crushed at the feet of might; but right, like truth, is omnipotent, and must prevail, for "the eternal years of God are hers."

"For each single wreck in the warpath of  
might,  
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

The nobility of the nation were robbed of their rights and titles; the people and the nobles were robbed of their lands; the whole nation was robbed of its political rights; the citizens were robbed of their civil rights, of their natural and human rights—the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, according to the teachings of that Church founded by Christ through His apostles,—that Church in testimony of the truths of whose doctrines over 17,000,000 martyrs bled and died. From the Conquest till 1782, Ireland had a parliament that was not a parliament, but a mock parliament, which, in the words of the immortal Grattan, "sold and destroyed the trade and liberty of Ireland."

## THE GENIUS OF HENRY GRATTAN

wrung from George III. and his parliament the right for Ireland to wear her imperial national crown, the right to make her own laws, the right to govern her own commerce, the right to make her own treaties, the right to impose her own taxes. This Grattan did not ask as a boon, but demanded as a right in the name of the nation. This was often, in the past, declared to be the right, pure and simple, of the Irish people by this same giant genius, Henry Grattan; but, then, he stood alone. Now 80,000 armed volunteers stand at his back, and Grattan speaks through the mouth of their cannon, thundering for justice for his oppressed country. He gave an English parliament and an English king one month to decide; and the leaden arguments of 80,000 volunteers prevailed, and brought a British king and British parliament to their knees; made them subscribe to a condemnation of their past conduct, and forced them to right the wrongs of centuries towards Ireland.

"When Grattan arose, none dared oppose  
The claims he made for freedom;  
They knew our swords, to back his words,  
Were ready, did he need them."

Can I say that Grattan's parliament, as it is called, righted the wrongs of Ireland? I am compelled to say no. The ban of political, civil and religious ostracism stood out in all its grim reality against four-fifths of the people; for, notwithstanding the pleadings of Grattan for Catholic Emancipation, the Irish Protestant parliament (there was not a single Catholic in it) and the volunteers refused to petition for or grant constitutional freedom to their fellow Catholic subjects. O, Prejudice, where is thy reason! O, Bigotry, where is thy blush!

A Catholic could not rise in the army; a Catholic could not rise in the navy; a Catholic could not plead at the bar; a Catholic could not sit on the bench; a Catholic could not practise his religion—could not worship his God in security. Men that demanded liberty in the name of humanity, in the name of the principles of eternal justice, now denied this same liberty to their followers. But the scourge of God swept away this parliament by the base, venal bribery of its members. Like the golden statue of the tyrant of old, it had but feet of clay; but as formerly God raised up Moses to deliver the Israelites from the heavy hand of Egyptian oppression, so now did He raise up a Moses for Ireland, who, with the magic wand of his matchless eloquence, smote, again and again, the citadel of British tyranny, and compelled the English lords to throw open the doors of justice to the Irish people. And this Moses of Erin was the great christian agitator, the immortal Irish Liberator, Daniel O'Connell.

In 1813 he took charge of the Catholic Association, and pledged himself to Catholic Emancipation. Consider, if you will, the difficulties that must be overcome in order to reach this desired goal. The Catholics of England were against him; the titled Catholics of his own country were against him; the Church of England was against him; even the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland were against him, for the holy bishops had seen their innocent flocks

## LED UP TO THE BLOCK

a hundred times to be slaughtered, and they had no heart for another trial. Unjust laws ever hung over O'Connell's head, and an assassin was on his track; but God was watching over the great Liberator, and the Liberator said: "I will raise up this people; I will mould their hearts into a thunderbolt, and hurl it against the omnipotence of Great Britain."

O'Connell became a leader of the people when, in company with nine others whom he had assembled at the Dublin Hotel, he began an agitation for the repeal of Irish disabilities; and, in the words of Wendell Phillips, "Before those ten men who met in an upper chamber, the proudest government in all Europe, and the most selfish,—with the Duke of Wellington at its head—surrendered within twenty years. Notwithstanding the resistance of the government, the Catholic Association increased in strength and influence as time rolled on. Soon, however, the Catholic Association was suppressed, and all political meetings proscribed. Then O'Connell invited all his political friends to a breakfast at the Dublin Hotel, where they, seated around the table, each with a muffin in one hand and a cup of tea in the other, discussed politics. This was not a political meeting, but an Irish breakfast.

Wellington became prime minister of England, and the Catholic Association, full of the courage and determination of O'Connell, its leader, declared that no man who accepted office under Wellington should be returned to Parliament. In one county alone was the Government candidate unopposed; that was the County Clare; but when the minister of the Crown came back for re-election, like the thunder-clap that breaks the tranquillity of the mid-summer's afternoon, the voice of O'Connell was heard crying out: "I am going to stand for Clare: no more landlord intimidation." England stood aghast, literally stunned at the audacity of such a declaration. The whole world stood aghast and turned to Ireland in astonishment. O'Connell was elected to Parliament by a sweeping majority,—a majority that did honor to the integrity and loyalty of the Irish people. Consider the courage of the man to place himself in this position, defying the laws of England to obtain justice for his country, yet holding England's constitution in his hand. Whilst Parliament was discussing on what terms it could grant Emancipation, O'Connell, with all the majesty of a king, walked into the House of Commons, and advanced to the clerk's desk to take the oath, and the oath put into his hands was to the effect that "The sacrifice of the Mass, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Saints, is damnable idolatry." O'Connell replied: "In the name of 200,000,000, in the name of 8,000,000 of the Irish race, in the name of antiquity, in the name of history, in the name of the God of heaven, the high God of truth, I reject this oath, and say that it is a damnable oath. I will swear

loyalty to my king and to all just laws made by Parliament; but I will never swear to heresy. I demand to be admitted to Parliament to prove my right." This bold demand was granted more through curiosity, however, than through a sense of justice. The great man enters without a right to enter, stands on the floor without a right to stand, raises his voice without a right to raise it, and has the law repealed. O Angel, to whom is committed the guardianship of Ireland, come to the aid of her generous advocate! Never was a grander cause deliberated upon by an assembly of men; never did greater interests hang on the words of one man; the liberty or the servitude, political, civil and religious, of a great people depended upon the issue. Already these thoughts have lifted O'Connell above himself; already they have inspired him with the grandeur of his mission. The Parliament becomes grave and serious; all eyes are turned upon him; all hearts beat, some in sympathy and some in antipathy with the man and his cause. Hope rises in the breasts of some, fear in the breasts of others. O'Connell spoke with majestic firmness; his sentiments were noble; his reasoning forcible. The fiery emotions of his genius flashed forth with such

## MAGNIFICENT GRANDEUR

that he convinced the most prejudiced; subdued the most rebellious; moved the most insensible, and stupified the whole assembly. There he stood with the British constitution in his hand, and, in virtue of this great charter of freedom, demanded, for himself and the humblest of his countrymen, the rights, and only the rights, of British subjects, and the lintels of the doors of tyranny were smitten by the eloquence of O'Connell. An unwilling parliament and an unwilling king gave, reluctantly and with ill grace, political, civil and religious freedom to Christian Ireland; and Erin, at the voice of her Constantine, came forth from her catacombs: her priests could stand upon a free altar, and her people could kneel before a free altar. The Catholic Association, under the leadership of O'Connell, was as a little mountain stream, small and insignificant at first, but gradually increasing until now it had swelled into a mighty torrent—headlong, irresistible in its course,—sweeping before it all things, even England's omnipotence.

O'Connell now turned his attention to the Repeal of the Union, and for this he labored with untiring zeal. He kept the spirit of resistance and obedience alive in the souls of the people. Thousands hung upon his lips as upon those of a prophet. First, he was heard within the walls of Dundalk; next, his mighty genius displayed itself on the famous hill of Tara; then, he addressed two hundred and fifty thousand people beside the Croppy's grave; wherever he went, the people followed, in goodly numbers, that they might drink in, in limpid draughts, those words of freedom that flowed from the fountains of his eloquence. But a dark cloud dimmed the shining splendor of her prosperity; and, after the meeting of Clontarf was dispersed, the sweet dream of Repeal floated away on the dismal wings



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of adversity. O'Connell, by an unjust sentence, was cast into prison, the House of Lords, though his bitterest enemies, declared the sentence to be unjust, and, although he was liberated in a few months, he came forth a mere wreck of the once magnificent form of him who towered over the whole world by his eloquence. Then came the awful year of 1846. Oh! would that I had the power of the burning soul of Thomas Davis, that I might picture to you the dreadful scenes of hardship and privation that the Irish people endured! The gaunt form of Famine stalked over the land; and Pestilence, her attendant, followed in her wake. O'Connell saw the wings of death settling on the defenseless heads of the people, and made one last, grand effort—the effort of a broken heart to protect them.

## HE APPEALED TO PARLIAMENT;

but England was deaf to his voice. The father of his people saw them perishing, heard their appeals for help; but, alas! he was unable to assist them. When he could no longer relieve that country that he loved so well, and that loved him so well, he turned his heart's eyes from earth to Heaven, and his footsteps to the heaven of this earth,—the seat of the Vicar of Christ,—to Rome, that there, on the tombs of the Apostles, he might breathe forth his soul to God. But as Moses of old was not permitted to enter the promised Land—the paradise of his hopes, neither was the Moses of Erin permitted to enter the paradise of this earth; for at Genoa, his soul passed into the hands of its Maker: His last words were, "My soul to my God, my heart to Rome, and my body to my country."

Thus ended the closing scene in the life of Ireland's greatest, grandest and noblest son—a son of whom Lacordaire says: "He was not only the Liberator of Ireland, but also the Liberator of the whole world." He not only wished his own people to be free; but also those of every clime, of every condition, and from every oppression. When he had but two votes in Parliament, and being offered twenty-seven more if he did not oppose slave-trade, he replied: "Gentlemen, God knows that I am here in the cause of the saddest people that the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, when, to help Ireland—even Ireland,—I forget the negro for a single hour."

And, now, let us come to the condition of that country for which this great man lived and died. For seven hundred years, the Anglo-Saxons had striven, with all the force of its power, to grind the Irish race into dust. As well might they try to pluck the stars from their ethereal dome in the heavens; for after those seven hundred years, Ireland still stands glorious and triumphant, with the flag of Erin in one hand, and the crucifix of her faith in the other.

To-day, her prospects are brighter than ever before. To-day, isolated though she is from the rest of the continent, she commands the attention of the whole world. To-day, in England's Parliament, stands England's greatest son and statesman, William E. Gladstone, demanding for Ireland, the right to govern herself, demanding, with words of burning eloquence, Irish Home Rule. God grant he may obtain it, God grant that St. Patrick's Day, 1894, may see, once more, what O'Connell lived for, strove for and died for,—an Irish Parliament in College Green.

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Girls who do not dance at all are called wall flowers, while those who waltz to excess are often a little dazy.

## THE WORDS ON THE CROSS.

SERMON BY REV. CANON BRUCHESI

An Eloquent, Touching and Instructive  
Oration, Delivered on Good Friday  
Night, in the Cathedral  
Chapel.

Nothing would afford us greater pleasure than to be able to give our readers a full report of the magnificent sermon preached on last Friday evening, by the Rev. Canon Bruchesi, of the Archbishop's palace; but for many good reasons such is impossible. In the first place the reverend gentleman spoke in French, and no English translation could render—in any way exactly—the elegant diction and forcible expressions of the speaker; in the second place we were so affected by the uninterrupted attraction of the clear cut and touchingly conveyed ideas, that it was out of the question to attempt even to take notes, moreover, the chapel was too dark to use pencil and paper, besides the sermon was never written, but spoken extemporaneously; and finally we believe that unless a person were present and heard it as delivered, no adequate conception of its effects could be formed from a mere synopsis or newspaper report. However, let us strive, by dint of forcing our memory, to recall a few of the most striking passages. There was a practical side to every point taken, and no matter how coldly we may convey the ideas of the preacher, still they should not be allowed to die upon the air, as the music that was heard or the hymns that were sung. By way of comment, we merely state—and perhaps no better and truer praise could we bestow—that we were inwardly touched by that eloquent discourse upon the "Words on the Cross," so much so that even when the language and form are forgotten, the substance of the remarks must long remain engraven upon our memory.

The text was taken from the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter xxvii, verse 34: *Vere filius Dei erat iste*; "Truly this man was the Son of God." It was the centurion, as he left the scene on Calvary, and looking back, while the earth quaked and all nature manifested its horror, who cried out—pointing to the crucified—"truly this man was the Son of God." The most disinterested and most wonderful testimony to the Divinity of Christ that could have been pronounced. Nearly two thousand years ago that scene took place, and the story of the event has been transmitted down the ages. The millions of faithful flock into the basilicas and chapels of the world, on Good Friday, and they ask of the priests to speak to them about that death. "Tell us," they say, "the oft-repeated story of His death, for we love to hear it and we glory in it." The one who has had the misfortune to have a relative or ancestor who suffered execution, blushes at the mention of the name, and shudders when he hears an allusion to the disgrace of his family. Yet, no man ever suffered a more ignominious death than Christ, and still hundreds upon hundreds of thousands, in all lands, in all ages, have gloried in being ranked amongst his followers, have exulted in the story of His sufferings, have gone into the temples—as do all who are present here to-night—and have begged of the priests, His anointed envoys, to speak to them of Jesus crucified. To-night, then, in answer to that appeal, I come to talk to you of a death scene, to tell you of an execution, to repeat the story of a sacrifice. And, Great God! what a death! The death of the Cross; the execution of Innocence; the sacrifice of a Divinity! Without pausing to contemplate the scenes of the passion, the details of which are read in the gospel, we will at once ascend the rocks of Golgotha, and there listen to the words that Christ pronounced upon the gibbet of the Cross. We will hearken to them and draw from them the lessons they were intended to convey.

When at the age of twelve Christ went into the temple and held converse with the doctors of the law, they declared that never before had they heard such wisdom as fell from His lips. It was said of Him, when He preached during His public life, that "no man had ever spoken as that man." True it is that His words were always fraught with

superhuman wisdom and import; but, above all, when we reflect upon what He said while hanging to the cross, most assuredly can we say, "no man has ever spoken as that man." It was there on His deathbed of suffering that Jesus expressed His last will; it was there, in the midst of infinite agony that he pronounced words as precious as they were few. After all the tortures he had gone through, the mockery, the blows, the contempt, the misery, surrounded by His executioners and the weeping group, of which one was His mother, we would expect that to the agonizing and loving ones His first words would be addressed. Not so. It was of His persecutors that He spoke, for them He raised His voice. Suspended between earth and sky, and looking up to His Father in Heaven, Christ addressed the Eternal. That Father was the God of all justice; the one who caused fire from heaven to descend upon the persecutors of His prophet, who sent wild beasts from the desert to devour those who ridiculed His servant, who caused the earth to open and swallow the menaces of His anointed, who warned the people to beware of laying hands upon His Christ; to that Father the suffering Victim was about to speak. Was it to call upon the Father to crush with the thunders of His wrath the unhappy executioners, the miserable Jews? Not at all. The first words of Christ on the cross were words of pardon. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Ah! you who await to-night the moment when you shall come to kiss the feet of the Divine Saviour, harken to the words—"forgive them." Have you not some secret hatred in your heart, do you not cherish some vengeance for wrongs inflicted; is there not some old score that you keep against those who have injured you? What, oh! what are your injuries to those that Christ underwent, and yet He cried out "Father, forgive them." Before you kiss his pierced feet to-night soften your hearts, and recalling all the wrongs you have suffered, unite your voices with that of Christ, and as He addressed His Father, asking of Him to forgive the wickedness of the worst of persecutors, do you address Him and say "Christ forgive us as we forgive them who have injured us."

For a time in silent agony hung the Redeemer of mankind. Suspended between two robbers, He looked down upon the world for which He was about to die. He had asked His Father to forgive His persecutors; but He saw down the vista of ages each one of us, and He beheld the crimes of the millions yet unborn; and for all of them did He ask pardon. He had come to save not to destroy; His mission was one of mercy, not of vengeance. The robber hanging at His right, turned to the Saviour and said: "Lord, remember me when Thou art in Thy Kingdom." Thy Kingdom! Mark the words! The culprit expiating his sins knew that Jesus was a King, and that His Kingdom was not of this world. The Jews, in mockery, had written it over the Cross, "Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews;" but the thief recognized, in the moment of grace and faith, that the dying Saviour was not only King of the Jews, but King of the Heavens and the Earth. He asked to be remembered by the dying One, when in His Kingdom. What answer did Christ make? Did he say that He would remember the converted thief; did He promise to think of the one who had asked for pardon? No, He spoke as a King, as the Son of God, and His words were the sweetest that could have fallen from lips. To the dying thief He said: "This day, thou shalt be with me in Paradise." What an answer to the one who believed and trusted in Him! "This very day," to be with Christ in His eternal Kingdom. Had Judas, Limeself, who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver, had the grace and courage to have asked for pardon, he would have received it. In those words of the expiring Saviour to the penitent thief, we hear a sermon of love and mercy. In them is a promise to each of us, that we have but to go to the Divine Redeemer and beg of Him to remember us in His Kingdom, and we are certain of more than we ask. As He opened the gates of Paradise to the expiring culprit, so does He daily fling them open for the sinners of the world. He but awaits our turning towards Him, to joyfully promise that with Him we shall be in Paradise.

Christ had given all that He could possibly bestow: He had given His body to be tortured, His heart to be lacerated, His soul to be agonized, His blood to be

poured out till the last drop, and there remained nothing more that He possessed and with which He could part. Ah! Yes, there was still something more. He had His mother. There she stood at the foot of the Cross, suffering tortures that no woman before ever underwent. Beside her the Beloved Disciple. Here there was the greatest gift that Christ could bestow upon us. He who loved to call the First Person, "Father," found next in sweetness the name of "Mother," when applied to the one who gave Him the blood that he was shedding for the world. Yet, in order to suffer every conceivable anguish, of mind as well as of body, of heart as well as of soul, He refrained from calling the beloved one "Mother." In giving her to the children of men, and in giving them to her, Christ said: "Woman behold thy Son." There and then did Mary give spiritually birth to each of us; there and then we became her special care, her children for all time. To complete His sacrifice the Saviour left us not only His own body and blood, but also His Holy Mother. She whom the ages called Blessed, she who is the purest of created beings, became the protectress and mother of the human family. Therefore, to-night, when we express our love for Christ, we must add to it our love for Mary; when we ask pardon of Him, we must ask it also of His and our Mother; when we reflect upon His sufferings, we must couple with them the agonies of the Virgin Immaculate; when we invoke His Holy Name, we must ask of her to be our advocate at the throne of glory. For truly she is our Mother: from the cross Christ left her to us, and gave us to her.

The mighty sacrifice was apparently completed; but yet the law was to be fulfilled to the letter and the predictions of the prophets to be carried out to the very minutest detail. It was foretold that the Messiah should drink gall and vinegar. The hour was fast approaching when all was to be over, and yet this little—seemingly insignificant still most important—act had to be performed. In the burning fever of His agony Christ cried out "I thirst." The soldier, taking a sponge placed vinegar and gall upon it, and with a long stick handed it to the dying Saviour. It touched His lips; He drank of it; the word of the prophet had been fulfilled. But apart from that physical thirst of which Christ complained there was another drought far more burning. He looked down the centuries and each and all of us passed before His vision. He thirsted for our souls, for our love, for our faith, for our gratitude, for our salvation; He thirsted for the happiness of the human race. It is for us to contemplate that fearful agony of a parched and fevered victim, expiring for our iniquities and thirsting for our attachment and devotion. How often have we not handed him gall and vinegar, a mockery in the hour of His sufferings? Before kissing His feet to-night let us resolve that the beloved Saviour of mankind shall no longer thirst in vain for our souls.

After a pause Christ turned His eyes towards Heaven, and in an agony that only the Infinite can comprehend, He gave expression to the most extraordinary and astounding words that had yet fallen from His Divine lips. He had been betrayed by Judas, abandoned by His disciples, forsaken by His friends; left alone with the full weight of all the crimes of men—past and future—upon His shoulders and He seemed to have drunk the chalice of expiation even to its dregs. Could there be anything left that He had not done; could there be aught more that He might give up; could there be a torture, physical or spiritual, that He had not undergone? It is computed that at the pillar He had received five thousand lashes; He was one mass of wounds; not a drop of blood remained in His body and not a spot—as big as a pin's head—upon all that body was unmarked. He had been tortured mentally until apparently nothing more was left to add to the load. Yet He had accepted the crimes of man; these crimes being against an Infinite God, they required an Infinite power to expiate them and satisfy the Divine Justice. As God He could not suffer; but in the mysterious union with the human, which can suffer, Christ was enabled to give infinite satisfaction to the Almighty. It was in that fearful moment of untold misery, when all had fled from Him, and His enemies seem to triumph, that He cried out, in almost what might be called an agony of despair

"My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Of these words I cannot tell the meaning; but the lesson they teach is one to be taken to heart. How often have we not found ourselves abandoned by the world, forsaken by our friends, discarded by our relatives, insulted, envied, hated and left to the mercy of the cold and careless? Yet, even then, when our loneliness is unbearable, our affliction most cruel, our hopes blasted, our friends fled and our future a blank, we have the great example of Calvary's Victim before us,—who, even in His Divine assurance, felt as though the Father had forsaken Him completely. To that last extreme of misery did Christ allow Himself to be brought, in order that we might feel that there is no condition in life so bad, so abandoned, so hopeless but that it might be worse; and therein let us find courage in all our afflictions.

The last words upon the Cross, before the dying expression, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," were perhaps the most solemn ever spoken on earth, *Consummatum est*—"It is consummated." The work of redemption was done. Every article of the Law had been accomplished. There remained nothing more for the suffering Victim to do—but to expire. It seems to me that never could Christ have spoken words of greater personal relief. From the cradle in the stable to the flight into exile, through all the weary years of poverty and privation, during the period of labor and the time of passion, the Son of God had suffered all, and more than all, that it is possible for humanity to undergo. And all that was over. He had fulfilled His mission. The future was to be one of glory eternal, of repose unending. *Consummatum est*—"it is all over"—all over with sorrow, torture, misery, sin, or rather the penalties of sin. It was a consummation of Infinite Justice: for, as I explained, it required an Infinite power of suffering to expiate the sins committed against an Infinite Being. It was a consummation of human wickedness and malice; because all that the evil ingenuity of man could devise, in the way of torture and suffering, had been called into action and put into practice by the enemies, persecutors and executioners of Christ. It was a consummation of Divine love, for it absorbed all that a God could do for the salvation and regeneration of a fallen creature. It was the consummation of a work that only the union of the Divine with the Human could have accomplished. The work of Redemption was completed, and we will all go now to the feet of the Saviour and ask of Him the grace to participate fully in the merits of the great event of Good Friday. But before you come to touch with your lips the pierced feet of the Crucified, I would ask you to pause a moment and question your own hearts.

Amongst the Jews it was a custom that whenever the body of a murdered man was found on a person's land it was carried into the public place and exposed. Each one of the relatives and neighbors of the one on whose property it was found was obliged to pass by the corpse, and holding his hand over it, to swear that he was innocent of the blood of that man. As you approach, to-night, to kiss the dead Saviour, the victim of the most barbaric and terrible of executions, how many of you can place your hand upon that figure, and say, "I am innocent of the death of this Just One?" I for one cannot; nor do I believe can any one here to-night. Then it we, through our sins, are guilty of the blood and sufferings of the Redeemer, we must come with contrition, compunction, humility and sincerity, and striking our breasts, acknowledge our sins, and ask for that pardon which Christ gave to the penitent thief. He bestowed it from the cross, and in it we all shall participate.

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

EDITORIAL NOTES.

(Continued from first page.)

WE would remind our friends that Easter is a season of considerable outlay, and that several of them may have forgotten their little indebtedness to the TRUE WITNESS. We do not like to be constantly harping upon the same old string; it grows wearisome both for the writer and the reader. Just kindly glance at the date upon the label attached to your paper and see if you do not still owe for your subscription. If so spare us the trouble of sending out those abominable dunning letters, and make the Easter season one of promise for your Catholic paper, but giving it practical encouragement.

WE suppose that every Government in the world has a perfect right to pass whatever law it deems proper for the regulation of the country's affairs; however, there are some queer laws in the world, and we know of no Government on earth that has passed more unnecessary and more unjust enacting than has that of Italy. It appears that the owner of any of the works by the old masters has not a right, according to law, to sell them to any person residing outside of Italy, without first obtaining the consent of the Government. This may be a wise precaution, and indeed we cannot find fault with the regulation. It is natural that Italy should seek to keep all the treasures of art that she possesses. Yet, it appears somewhat hard to think that a free citizen cannot dispose of his goods and effects as best suits his circumstances. The other day a fine of 6,250 lire was imposed upon Maffeo Barberini Colonna di Sciarra, Prince of Carignano, and he has been sent to prison for three months, for having violated this law. He had the pictures in the Palace Sciarra and sold them to some Parisians. Evidently the prince was obliged to sell his relics of the old masters or he would not have parted with such heirlooms. A few more such sales, and the accompanying fines and imprisonments, and the Prince of many titles, will be able to change his family name for that which McGee once bestowed upon a member of the same line—"Car (pet) bag-and-go."

LAST WEEK the Michigan Catholic, in explaining the reason why a certain contribution was not published in its last issue, passed a few wise and timely remarks that we desire to reproduce for the benefit of a few of our own friends. Thus speaks the Catholic:

"Anybody who knows anything at all about newspaper work knows that all copy for an edition must be in by a certain time, otherwise, no matter how important it may be, it must hold over. We make these remarks in answer to a Jackson friend who takes exception to our unavoidable crowding out of the day's event there. One of the greatest crosses of a Catholic newspaper publisher is the continual complaints of people who want to know why it is that this, that or the other thing was not published. Everything worth publishing is published, if it arrives in time. If you do not see it in The Catholic, your communication, we mean, it was either because it was not up to our standard of literary merit, contained personalities, or arrived too late."

We will add to this that many of the contributions sent, while of great individual importance to the one sending them, are totally without interest for the mass of the readers. In fact, some persons would like to monopolize space, seemingly impressed with the idea that what they think most interesting and important must necessarily be so for the twenty thousand or more readers into whose hands this paper goes. Then again we receive many very fine contributions, but they are too lengthy. Our

space will not permit of articles and stories that fill up two or more pages. Thus continues the Catholic:

"Now, most of these complainers are well aware of this, but simply because this is a Catholic paper they imagine because they are Catholics they have a right to command its space, and even dictate what should and should not be published. The same men who excite themselves to frenzy because a Catholic paper fails to publish what they send or consider good, because it is not worth publishing or comes too late, when they are snubbed by a daily paper for the same reasons, meekly submit to the inevitable, learn a lesson, say nothing, and the next time they have anything to say, say it better and send it sooner. The fact of the matter is they should have more consideration for the Catholic paper which works under greater difficulties than the daily."

THE Orangeman is making quite a little noise in the world these days. He is a strange creature, and one that we think sails under false colors, for he strives to appear as a Protestant of the purer water. We are under the impression that there is no more Protestantism about him than there is Mahomedanism about our humble selves. He wears a color that he generally imagines has given the name to his Order, for there are few of that Society who know why King William was called the Prince of Orange; he makes a noise, with a big drum, that it is as hollow, as loud and as harmless as himself. In the Lowell Aren't an Irish Protestant editor gives the following definition of that species of world disturbing being. He says:

"The Orangeman is a ranting, roaring, noisy b'atheskite, with just enough Scotch in him to be devoid of humor; just enough Irish in him to be pugnacious; just enough religion in him to be a bigot; and just enough reverence in him to bow down to a lord and insult God Almighty. He is a case of perverted intelligence; an illustration of what misdirected skill in the hands of generations of knaves can produce by covering ignorance with a religious coat of paint. The Orangeman is a *rara avis*; an Irishman who hates Ireland; a slave who loves his chains and stripes; a Christian who despises the teaching of Christ; a patriot who clamors for bad laws for his country, and who glories in the oppression of his fellow-countrymen and humiliation of his motherland."

EASTER SERVICES.

Grand Music and Singing in our Different Churches.  
NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

The choir and orchestra of Notre Dame Church, under the direction of Mr. Achille Fortier, executed the following programme:

At High Mass: Entree, Marche des Pretres, Mendelssohn; Kyrie, Gloria et Credo, Haydn; Hæc Dies, Riga; Sanctus, Haydn; Agnus Dei, G. Wichtl; Sortie, Allegro finale, L. Wily.

At Vespers: Entree, Variations sur O Filii Baptiste; Psalms Harmonises, G. Couture; Magnificat, Mozart; Sanctus, Haydn; Hæc Dies, Riga; Regina Cæli, Cherubini; Tantum Ergo, Haydn; Sortie: Laus Deo, Th. Dubois. The soloists were Messrs. Bourdon, Dubois, Larivie, Maillet, Marchildon, Payette and J. P. Roger.

AT THE Gesù.  
Messrs Solennelle 3rd (Messe de Paques) executed for the first time in Canada, Gounod; offertory, Regina Cæli; Schubert-Liszt, chorus and solo by M. E. LeBel; sortie, Prelude, Lefebvre-Wely. Benediction, 8 p.m.: Entree, Symphony, Mascagni; Sanctus (Messe de Paques), Ch. Gounod; Regina Cæli, Schubert-Liszt; Hæc Dies, F. Riga; Tantum Ergo, F. Riga. The chorus and orchestra under the leadership of Prof. A. Clerk. Organist, M. D. Ducharme.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.  
The choir of St. Anthony's Church sang Fauconier's Easter Mass with full orchestra accompaniment. At the offertory Regina Cæli of Weninger. The solos were taken by Messrs. J. Kidd and A. Plamondon, tenors; L. Charlehois and W. P. Kearney, baritones; R. Hammill and A. Desmaris, basses. Before Mass the orchestra with Mr. Cavallo as "violin

primo" rendered March of the Priests from Athalie, and after Mass March from Tannhauser. Mr. A. Plamondon, conductor, Mr. A. P. McGuirk, organist and musical director.

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH.

High Mass was chanted at 10 o'clock. The celebrant, Rev. Father O'Mara, was assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The choir sang Archambault's Mass in F. Soloists, 1st tenor, J. Shea; 2nd tenor, J. Ellis; alto, J. Coury, and bass, U. Denis. At the offertory Lambillotte's "Resurrexit" with violin accompaniment. The evening services consisted of musical vespers and solemn benediction. The above soloists rendered Regina Cæli and Lambillotte's Tantum Ergo. Miss M. O'Byrne, organist, and Mr. J. S. Shea, leader.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

Morning: A choir of thirty voices rendered the following items with complete orchestral accompaniment. Mercadante's Kyrie and Gloria; Farmer's Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, at the offertory; Tinel's "Regina Cæli." The following gentlemen as soloists in the Mass; Messrs. J. Morgan, Wm. Murphy, M. Mullarkey, J. Atkinson and Ed. Quinn. At the conclusion of the Mass the orchestra performed Handel's "Festive March" with organ accompaniment. Rev. Fr. Strabbe wielded the baton, whilst Mr. P. Shea, musical director, presided at the organ.

Evening: Rossi's beautiful vespers, O Salutaris, Gluck. Solo and choir, Wm. Murphy; Ave Maria, Cherubini, soloist, J. Morgan; Regina Cæli, Tinel, choir; Tantum Ergo, Rossini; Messrs. Morgan, Mullarkey, Morgan, Quinn and choir; Laudate Dominum, Lambillotte, choir; Marche Festive, Handel, orchestra.

ST. BRIGIDE.

The choir of this parish sang the Winter's Mass, accompanied by the orchestra of Ville Marie; at the Offertory, the Resurrexit of Lambillotte; in the afternoon, the Vespers in faux Bourbons; at Benediction, Resurrexit, by Lambillotte; Ave Verum, by Millard, and Tantum Ergo, Battman. At the beginning and at the end of the Mass, marches by the orchestra Ville Marie. The soloists were Messrs. Chartier, E. Loiseau and Pere. M. Gariepy played the organ under the direction of the professor, A. Perrault, organist of this parish.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

At eight o'clock a.m. singing during Mass by the ladies' choir, and congregational singing at 10 o'clock High Mass. Professor Fowler's new Mass was given by the full choir with organ accompaniment. This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of Prof. Fowler as organist of St. Patrick's Church. Tenor soloists, Mr. A. J. J. Rowan and Mr. Henault; baritone soloist, Mr. J. P. Hammill; bass soloists, Mr. H. M. Bolger and Mr. R. Bissonette. At the offertory, Regina Cæli by Wilson. Tenor solo, was sung by Mr. Henault. At half past seven p.m., musical vespers and solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Baritone solo "Sanctus" was given by Mr. J. P. Hammill. Tantum Ergo by Verduseeu, chorus. Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, conductor, Prof. J. A. Fowler, organist.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10 a.m. The celebrant was Rev. Fr. McGarry, of St. Lawrence College, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Donnell and Shea as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. During Mass the choir sang Millard's Mass in G. complete, with full orchestra. Soloists, tenors, Messrs. C. Hamlin, F. Butler, E. Brennan, Fred Butler, J. Kennedy, J. Malone, 2nd tenor, J. Ransom and J. Brennan. Basses, Messrs. J. Murray and G. Smith. At the offertory M. Labat's Regina Cæli, soloist, F. Butler. At the conclusion of the Mass the orchestra performed Palmieri's Grande Marche Sacre; at Vespers, harmonized psalms; at Benediction, Battman's Hæc Dies; duet and chorus, Millard's Ave Maria in E, soloist, Mr. C. Hamlin; Tantum Ergo, by Auge, soloist, Mr. J. B. Paquette. Prof. Jas. Wilson, organist and musical director; Mr. J. B. Paquette, conductor, and Mr. W. Sullivan, leader of the orchestra.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, MONTREAL.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. A. Lacoste, the organist being E. Rivet, jr., gave the mass of "Lucon." Solos given by L. Collette, A. Lacoste, A. Sanguinet, etc. Vespers in music, and at the benediction Adoro Te, by H. Ouellette; Regina Cæli, of Lambillotte, and Tantum Ergo, by Millard.

A CONVERT TO THE FAITH. The Ceremonies at Tingwick on Easter Sunday.

Just as we go to press we have received the following account of an imposing and interesting ceremony that took place on Easter Sunday at Tingwick.

"Easter! The feast of all feasts, that in itself is most solemn, had a two-fold attraction for Tingwick, on account of the abjuration and subsequent baptism of a young convert, of twenty-two years of age—Mr. Ernest Olney. The ceremony, which corresponded with the celebration of Easter, took place at Mass, in presence of the pleased and enraptured parishioners.

The newly baptised replied to all the ordinary questions, pronounced his profession of faith, and abjured his errors in a firm voice, clear and filled with the emotions of his soul. The God-father was Mr. Denis William, mayor of the place; the God-mother was Mrs. Philippe Hebert; and the witness to the abjuration was Mr. J. E. Bourbeau.

At Communion time the young convert approached the Holy Table with remarkable piety, and with faith and love received the God of Love. After Mass the throne retired respectfully and silently, blessing God for the immense graces that He had showered upon them, and each one, in spirit, renewed the resolutions of fidelity to God and His Holy Church. Each certainly felt the force of that admirable expression: "How beautiful and consoling the Religion of Christ!"

A Tribute to Blake.

A letter from Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., to Mr. F. B. Hayes, of Ottawa, contains a fine tribute to the worth of the Hon. Mr. Blake. He says:

"We are ever so grateful to the people of Canada for the pecuniary and moral help they have given us, but above all for the invaluable auxiliary they have sent us in the person of Mr. Blake. He is exceeding our best anticipations, and they were great indeed. His first speech in the House was one of the finest and closest debating speeches I ever heard. His services are so much in demand in the English constituencies that we are afraid he may break down in the gallant attempt he is making to cover as much ground as possible. He is in every respect an honor and an ornament to our party. I sometimes wish he had spent a good many years amongst us, as his leadership might have saved us very many troubles. There is every hope that we shall be able to struggle through triumphantly."

Donahoe's Magazine.

The April number of the new Donahoe's Magazine is a gem. Right royally is this excellent monthly cleaving its way to the front in periodical literature, each succeeding number being a decided advance over its predecessor. The features of the current issues are: "Catholic Music for Holy Week and Easter," by Nathan Haskell Dole; "A Spring Opening," by Hebert M. Sylvester; "The Present Pension System," by Congressman Joseph H. O'Neil; "The Catholic Summer School," by George Parsons Luthrop; "In American Studies," by Henry Austin; "True Solution of the Women Question," by Mary Elizabeth Blake; "Feminism," by Captain John M. Tobin; "The Peers and the Home Rule Bill," by Thomas C. Quinn; and poetry by Julia Ward Howe, Charles S. O'Neil, Georgia Allen Peck, Magdalen Rock, Herbert M. Sylvester, J. Gertrude Menard and others. In fiction there is an excellent story of Irish life, entitled "The Twin Sea Flowers of Kitkee," by John J. O'Shea, and other matters of interest. The number is exceedingly rich in illustrations, while its regular departments are filled with bright and timely contributions.

This morning Mr. Scarlett, left for a new field of usefulness in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He has accepted a position as Secretary and Advertising Manager to the "International Land Company," Minnesota. He has disposed of all the rights of the Advertising Agency here to Messrs. Duff and Bragg, who will still carry on the business here. Needless to say that we heartily wish Mr. Scarlett every imaginable success in his new sphere. No correspondent, especially on Irish affairs, is better known in Canada and America, than Mr. Scarlett. He is a true-hearted Celt, one of the real good stock, a man of exceptional ability and integrity, and will be an honor to his race wheresoever he may go.

RI-KN.

(The following beautiful lines were sent to us by some unknown poet, who wishes to be anonymous, even to the editor. Such productions are worthy a world-wide circulation. —The writer, however, is too humble — name day we hope that he or she will arise in the atmosphere of fame.—Ed. T. W.)

In thought I wandered down the vale  
Where erst my footsteps stray'd,  
And o'er jutting precipice surveyed  
The glid-d' den whose fumes exhaled  
The strength of sensuous youth.  
A lawdry she-n of gaudy hues  
Arose to meet my eye serene,  
Whose ray was purged in nobler scene,  
As vapor from a mine  
Soar up to purer zone  
Then, as our with a new joy riven,  
Turned I toward that d-d'ened self,  
Where grief to passion yielded self,  
And cried, "Not here I am, but risen."

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting of Ireland's Benevolent Institution.

The annual meeting of the St. Patrick's society was held last night. Hon. Solicitor General Curran, president, in the chair. The attendance was good and considerable interest was taken in the proceedings.

Mr. Curran having announced his intention some time ago of retiring from the presidency, the society parted with his services very regretfully.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Hon. James McShane; first vice-president, J. O'Shaughnessy; second vice-president, P. Kelly (acclamation); treasurer, George Murphy (acclamation); corresponding secretary, J. F. McGrail (acclamation); recording secretary, Samuel Cross (acclamation). Committee—M. Delahanty, J. P. Nugent, J. Meek, J. Foley, F. Callahan, J. Hoolahan, B. Campbell, M. F. Nolan, J. McLane, G. Craven, P. O'Reilly, B. Connaughton, R. Gahan, J. Byrne, P. Kehoe, P. Connoily, D. O'Neil. Grand Marshal, W. Davis. Physicians, Drs. Guerin, Devlin and Gaherty.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers and the meeting adjourned.

IRISH NEWS.

The Cork committee has made its twelfth instalment of £200 to the tenants' defence fund. This makes a total of £3,850.

Recent contributions to the tenants' defence fund: Ballylooby parish, £6; Duhill parish, £5; Mullinahone parish £26 10s.

Newtown and Kilmacathor united parishes, through Mr. David Kinsey, have remitted £21 14s. to the tenants' fund.

The Silgo corporation voted to send no delegation to the national convention in Dublin. The vote on the question was a tie and the deciding negative vote was cast by the mayor.

The people of Kilkenny express great satisfaction with the report of the evicted tenants' commission recently submitted to Parliament. Speedy relief is now expected for the poor tenants.

The following named have appointed magistrates of county Donegal: James Black, Patrick Kelly, Andrew Gamble, Joseph William Gallagher, Ambrose Sweeney, Michael White and John McFadden.

The following gentlemen have been appointed magistrates for county Meath: Hugh J. Cullen, John Ball, Laurence Ward, Christopher McCormick, Mark Delany, Owen Murtagh, Thomas Smith, Edmund Morris.

At the opening of the assizes at Omagh, Judge Murphy, addressing the grand jury, said he was glad to be able to offer them his congratulations on the peaceful state of the country. The bills to go before them were few in number, and required no particular observations.

A Mallow correspondent writes: "I extremely regret to have to announce the demise of one of our most enterprising and respected townsmen, Mr. Michael F. Walpole, T. C. Mr. Walpole's death will be heard with regret by every member of the community."

At the opening of the spring assizes in Clonmel the lord chief baron, addressing the grand jury, said he was happy to be able to tell them that there was a decrease of crime specially reported by the constabulary as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

Eviction notices have been served three more tenants on the D. Moore O'Farrell estate at Balliher. Father Ryan, C. C., vice-president of the Ballyhaunis branch of the National Federa-

tion, has been requested by the branch and the tenants to communicate with the landlord for the purpose of endeavoring to effect a satisfactory settlement.

At the spring assizes at Monaghan last week, Judge Madden, addressing the grand jury, said it was his pleasant duty on the occasion of his first visit to their county to inform them that the cases to come before them were few in number and of the most ordinary character.

Mr. James F. Hogan, Nationalist, who was lately returned unopposed for M. d. Tipperary, in succession to the late Mr. J. F. McCarthy, Nationalist, is a native of Nenagh, County Tipperary, and is a Catholic. He spent some years in Australia, and now represents several Australian papers in London.

A SILVER JUBILEE.

St. Patrick's Choir Celebrates Prof. Fowler's 25th Anniversary as Director.

Twenty-five years ago on Easter Sunday morning at Grand mass at St. Patrick's church, Prof. J. A. Fowler practically commenced his career as an organist and director. He had held the position of organist previously, at the Hotel Dieu, but it was only for a brief term. A vacancy occurring at St. Patrick's church the late lamented Father Dowd offered the directorship of the choir to Prof. Fowler, and although he had scarcely reached his majority at that time considering the many kind words of encouragement received from the pastor, and the desire he cherished himself to hold a position which would bring into exercise any talents he possessed, he decided to accept the offer. That he has



PROF. J. A. FOWLER.

succeeded in the undertaking is evident by the numerous expressions in congratulations received from all classes in the parish on Easter Sunday.

The members of the choir past and present, however, desired to celebrate the occasion in an especial manner and therefore turned out in full force. The president had arranged with the members of the choir to meet at the residence of Prof. Fowler at 8 o'clock. At that hour nearly sixty of their number had assembled and found that their director, who had not received any intimation whatever of the arrangement, had gone to St. Patrick's hall for the purpose of holding a rehearsal of the boy choristers for the approaching choir concert. Mr. Robert Warren was deputed to inform the director that his presence was required at his residence. When Prof. Fowler returned with the president his look of astonishment can be better imagined than described when he saw the large gathering which filled his parlors. Amongst those present were: W. P. Beauchamp, R. Bissonnette, H. M. Bolger, T. Britt, J. M. C. Maghan, G. A. Carpenter, L. Charlevoix, M. M. Cloran, R. J. Conway, W. J. Crowe, J. P. Curran, F. J. Doyle, V. Dntrizac, F. M. Feron, M. J. Feron, P. W. Fogarty, J. M. Gorman, A. G. Grant, F. J. Green, J. M. Hainault, J. P. Hammill, E. A. Hewitt, M. Kelly, E. M. McCaffrey, P. F. McCaffrey, P. S. McCaffrey, W. J. McCaffrey, J. A. McCann, C. A. McDonnell, A. P. McGuirk, T. J. Mooney, M. Neher, T. C. O'Brien, W. J. O'Hara, L. Ratto, J. E. Rowan, J. J. Rowan, D. J. Stephen, D. Tansay, M. J. Tansey, R. Warren, R. V. Warren, J. J. Carmody, D. L. McAndrews.

Mr. Robert Warren, the veteran choristers and president of the choir, was called upon to preside. He said that all present were aware of the object of the meeting, it was to offer congratulations to Prof. Fowler upon the completion of his twenty-fifth year of service at St. Pat-

rick's church as organist and director. Mr Warren paid a high tribute to the zeal and ability display by Prof. Fowler during the long period of his association with the choir. He also referred to the many triumphs achieved by the organization on festival occasions, notably the O'Connell centenary, when more than three hundred amateurs occupied the choir gallery all of which were due to the energy, enthusiasm and professional talent of Prof. Fowler. Mr. Warren also referred in terms of the highest praise to the recent efforts of their director in his new pursuit of composing sacred songs, and also a complete Mass, as well as to the graceful and generous acts of hospitality which marked his administration and which was so fruitful in creating a spirit of harmony among the members. He also took occasion to inform the members of the choir that the pastor, Father Quinlivan, not only approved of the recognition of Prof. Fowler's splendid work, but also placed his name on the list amongst the members who subscribed for a nice figure. Mr. Warren concluded in expressing the earnest hope that Prof. Fowler would long be spared to continue his noble work, because he was an honor to the parish and to the choir organization. He called on Mr. George A. Carpenter, the honorary secretary, to read the following address, which was beautifully illuminated and enclosed in a richly gilt frame, chastely carved with many figures appropriate to the professor's calling:—

Professor Joseph Andre Fowler, Laureate of the Academy of Music, Quebec, Organist of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal:

DEAR SIR,—In tendering you our felicitations on this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your occupancy of the position of organist at St. Patrick's, we combine with them the expression of our most sincere admiration of the able and faithful manner in which you have performed your duties during that lengthy period.

In your dual capacity as organist and musical director you have had many opportunities to display your talents as an accomplished musician and an administrator of exceptional eminence. Notwithstanding the amount of labor entailed in training our members to a proper knowledge of harmony, your relations with the choir have at all times been most cordial, and it is highly creditable to your tact and wisdom that these have been maintained unbroken for a quarter of a century.

As a souvenir of the occasion and a very slight mark of the esteem in which we hold you, we ask your acceptance of the accompanying service contributed by the present and many of the past members of St. Patrick's choir. This token may serve to remind you of the good feeling which has at all times existed between us.

We earnestly hope that you may be spared for many years of usefulness to St. Patrick's church, and that we may continue to benefit by your direction and kindly interest in our improvement.

On behalf of St. Patrick's choir, Montreal, April 3rd, 1893.

(Signed)  
JOHN QUINLIVAN, pastor.  
A. G. GRANT, hon. president.  
ROBERT WARREN, president.  
MARTIN NEHER, vice president.  
GEO. A. CARPENTER, hon. secretary.  
P. F. McCAFFREY, asst. conductor.

Mr. A. G. Grant, the honorary president of the choir, removed the covering from a magnificent silver service and parlor lamp which was also handsomely engraved and bore the initials of Professor Fowler, and in a few chosen words made the presentation.

We may here remark that the engraving on the silver service was executed from a design made by Mr. John Rowan, the well known solo tenor of the choir, and was greatly admired by all.

When Prof. Fowler rose to reply, he was greeted with cheer after cheer, and "For he's a jolly good fellow," and it was several minutes ere he could be heard. He said: My dear friends, I am at loss for words to thank you for the generous sentiments contained in the beautiful address which has just been read by Mr. Carpenter, as well as for the magnificent gifts which accompany it. I can assure you, my dear friends, that you have over-estimated my humble efforts, and particularly outwitted me by the manner in which you have kept your movements so secret. When I entered upon the duties of organist at St. Patrick's church it was at a time when I was inexperienced and needed counsel and advice, and I am glad to say now that during the long term of association with the church and choir I have always been cheered on in my undertaking by many good friends. And my dear friends, happy as this occasion is to me, through your generosity and the warm congratulations of the parishioners, it is doubly happy through the memory of past associations and kindnesses. I cannot forget the late lamented Father Dowd who, during the course of his life, was my guide and adviser, also the other kind-hearted priests and our present pastor, Father Quinlivan, whom Mr. Warren said had liberally subscribed, and to you good friends

I am deeply grateful. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. If I have succeeded in the work of the choir, you share the honor with me. Again I thank you for your noble present and I can only say God bless you all.

After the conclusion of Prof. Fowler's remarks, Mr. Martin Neher, vice president, stepped forward and presented Mrs. Fowler, the genial and warm-hearted mother of Prof. Fowler, with a bouquet of flowers on behalf of the choir as an evidence of their appreciation of her many kindnesses to the choristers.

Speeches were also delivered by Mr. W. J. O'Hara, representing the past members, and also by the assistant director, Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, and by Messrs. John Hammill, John Rowan, J. A. McCann, T. C. O'Brien, A. P. McGuirk, E. A. Hewitt, M. J. Feron and others.

Songs and choruses were then indulged in for several hours.

Special credit is due to Messrs. R. Warren, G. A. Carpenter and P. F. McCaffrey, who were the promoters in the matter. The silver service and lamp, with the address and engraved tablet showing the names of subscribers, cost \$350, and, with the exception of Father Quinlivan's donation, the amount was entirely subscribed in a most spontaneous manner by the choristers past and present.

The Archbishop of Rennes.

(From London Tablet, March 18th.)

Cardinal Place (whose death we recorded last week), Archbishop of Rennes, was born in 1814. From an early age he was much occupied in religious works, especially those connected with the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. By the advice of Pere Ravignion he went to Rome in order to study theology, in which science he made great and successful progress.

During the troublous times of his stay there Pius IX. was one day a prisoner, and a mob was in arms. Mgr. de Merodes hastened to join the Holy Father at the risk of his life; one friend alone was at his side, M. Place. After his admittance to the priesthood he was appointed Superior of a small seminary. In 1863 he was named Bishop of Puy, but declined the honor. Three years later, however, he was persuaded to accept the Bishopric of Marseilles, and was consecrated by Pius IX. himself.

An anecdote is related by Mr. Tapie, in the Monde Chretien, to the effect that in 1871, during the Commune in Marseilles, the house of the Jesuits was attacked by the rioters, and the fathers were unable to escape; the Bishop hastened thither, and alone penetrated the chapel, then filled by the mob, pushed through the crowd, and ascended the steps of the altar when the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. One of the men asked respectfully what he wanted; his only answer was, to light the candles and take possession of the Holy Bread of Life. As he left the chapel the leader of the armed anarchists shouted out: "Four men to escort the Holy Sacrament; present arms!" In 1878, Mgr. Place was named Archbishop of Rennes, and in 1886, was made a Cardinal.—R.I.P.

Home Rule Fund.

We are pleased to acknowledge the sum of one dollar, subscribed by Mr. Peter Clark, to the Home Rule Fund.

"The Beauty" of having a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in the home is, that you are prepared for the "worst." Croup or Cholera, the Pain-Killer is a sovereign remedy. 25c. Big Bottle.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Reliable Remedies.—In wounds, bruises, glandular swellings, enlarged veins, neuralgic pains and rheumatism, the application of this soothing Ointment to the affected parts not only gives the greatest ease, but likewise cures the complaint. The Pills much assist in finishing the tendency to rheumatism and similar painful disorders, whilst the Ointment cures the local ailment. The Pills remove the constitutional disturbance and regulate every impaired function of every organ throughout the human body. The cure is neither temporary nor superficial, but permanent and complete, and the disease rarely recurs, so perfect has been the purification performed by these searching yet harmless preparations.

THE TRUTH.

You can buy Parlor, Dining Room and Chamber Carpet, including Curtains and Poles, for \$32, at the Montreal Carpet Warehouse, R. G. SILK & CO., 357 St. James street, (Fee & Martin's Block.)

R. G. SILK & Co.

Oil Cloth from 25 cents to \$2.00 per yard. Tapestry Carpets from 24 cents to 85 cents. Come one, come all. Montreal Carpet Warehouse, 357 St. James street, (Fee & Martin's Block.)

## CRITICISM AND RIDICULE.

Another Able Article From the Pen of a Talented Correspondent.

At first sight there appears to be no connection between the terms criticism and ridicule, nor in reality is there any; yet, as a matter of fact we confound them with one another every day. For instance, a person is given to picking out the flaws in a neighbour's manner, speech, mode of dressing and so forth, and holding them up to ridicule. Before long such a one is dubbed a critic by her little circle and is either admired or detested by her companions very heartily. I say her, because just now I am writing for the benefit of my own sex. That men can do and see their neighbors faults and gossip about them with a certain amount of relish I am very well aware, nor are their attentions upon this point confined exclusively to members of their own sex, on the contrary. But, as Josiah Allen's wife says, "I am a eppisodin, and to reason." In every little social circle we find one or two who have obtained the character of critics by the facility they display in seizing upon and holding up to derision the mental, moral or social weak spots of their neighbors. It may be well to remark just here that this character is not an enviable one and is much harder to sustain than that of being a humorist, which everybody knows is hard enough. Having once obtained the reputation we feel ourselves obliged to find fault with everything. It is expected of us. Do we attend a party, we are expected to pull our hostess and the entertainment to pieces as soon as we leave her house. In our little circle no one presumes to praise until we have spoken, they wait to hear our verdict. We may have qualms of conscience or of honor and feel that we are doing rather a mean thing, but the temptation is a subtle one and we generally go down before it; then our companions laugh and say, "what a critic you are, you see through everybody," and we feel flattered and elated when we should feel ashamed of ourselves. But this is not really criticism, it is only ridicule. Criticism would see the good points as well as the bad ones of the object criticised and would treat both impartially, while ridicule is blind to the good and takes a magnifying glass to discover the bad. Any one can be a critic of this kind. It does not require education, sensibility, sympathy or insight; indeed those things would be rather in the way as tending to weaken that eagle-eyed penetration which detects the spots upon the sun and wonders where the daylight comes from. The desire to be thought cleverer and smarter than our friends is the origin of the ridiculing critic, if I may be allowed to use such a designation. To have a clear idea within us as to the locations of Lisbon and Madrid while we hear some less fortunate neighbor mixing Spain and Portugal gives us a thrill of superiority that we always find pleasant. This would be harmless if we confined it to our own breasts, but there would be no fun in that; so we communicate our neighbor's ignorance and, incidentally, our own knowledge, to another neighbor at the first opportunity and the process of ridiculing begins. I wonder how we would feel if suddenly called upon to state the location of any of the hundreds of places in the civilized world that we don't know anything at all about beyond having heard their names. I'm afraid we'd be vexed if laughed at by the questioner for our ignorance.

All this is small; pitifully small. What is the knowledge of the most learned man on earth when weighed against what he does not know? Does not daily experience teach us that we have hardly mastered the alphabet of our own narrow lives yet, without venturing to glance at the vast abysses of science and natural history that the touch of modern research is beginning to light up? And if this is true of the finite world we inhabit, what shall we say of that other whose meanest inhabitant possesses an intelligence before which the learning of all the philosophers and scientists and wise men who have ever lived shrinks into nothing?

Little can be said upon this subject that has not been said before. It is as old as the hills. Man's ignorance and man's vanity. The theme is almost worn out and we have not yet learned the lesson it would inculcate; that he who possesses the widest and deepest learning looks with lenient eye upon the ignorance of his fellow mortals, and the

one who holds that ignorance up to ridicule proclaims aloud the narrow and cramped environments of his own soul.

KATHARINE ALLAN.

## ST. ANN'S Y. M. S.

Interesting Monthly Meeting.

On Sunday afternoon the St. Ann's Young Men's Society held their regular monthly meeting, which was largely attended, over two hundred members being present. Amongst other matters transacted was the election of a new secretary. The choice fell upon Mr. P. Bergin, one of the most popular young men in the society, and certainly one of the most competent to fulfil the duties of that important office. It was announced that the St. Patrick's Night entertainment had been a grand success, financially as well as otherwise. Also, it was made known that the Society had secured the splendid steamer "Three Rivers" for an excursion on the 24th of May next. Great exertions are being made to have a most successful day of it, and no pains are being spared to prepare well for the occasion. It is to be hoped that the excursion will in every way be up to the expectations and anticipations of the society.

## BLAKE'S GOOD WORK.

Banquetted by the Manchester Reform Club.

On the 15th of March Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., was the guest of the Manchester Reform club, at a banquet, with the president of the club in the chair. In introducing Mr. Blake, the president of the club said the British Liberals welcomed Mr. Blake at a powerful ally in the great political conflict they were now waging. One of the most remarkable things in the recent development of the Irish question was the way in which the men of high capacity and statesmanlike mind united in the cause. Nothing was more full of hope for the future than the fact that such men had ranged themselves on the side of the Irish people and were prepared to take their part in the government of the country. Perhaps no maiden speech had ever produced a greater impression than that delivered by Mr. Blake. It had lifted him at once into the front rank.

In reply to the toast of his health, Mr. Blake made a splendid speech upon the political situation in the United Kingdom, which is fully reported in the Manchester Guardian, the leading newspaper of the city. Dealing editorially with Mr. Blake's speech the Guardian says: "Even more important than these acute suggestions was the large faith and high enthusiasm of the speech. Mr. Blake himself belongs by birth to the minority, to the old party of ascendancy; and though he has learnt to put away those childish things and to be an Irishman in the full meaning of the word, he still would be the last man in the world to accept a scheme which he believed would result in the 'oppression' of the class and creed from which he sprang. So also Mr. Blake is very evidently a loyal subject of the Queen and heartily attached to the great empire in which he has played no unimportant part. Bearing these facts in mind we shall more fully understand the meaning and value of his 'fundamental objection to the whole course of action on the part their political opponents.' This fundamental objection was that 'they insisted upon two propositions which he wholly denied. The first was 'that there existed an irreconcilable division and alienation between the people of Ireland and the people of Great Britain, and do what you would, you could not obtain a better state of feeling. The second was that 'between the majority and the minority in Ireland there was a division incapable of being removed.' Experience, in Mr. Blake's opinion, will remove it. When the majority and the minority have to live together in Ireland, without constant reference by the latter to the mother-in-law over the water, they will live altogether, and not before. We know that the Union in its present form has not made Irishmen loyal subjects of the common empire; we need only read the reports of these 'Unionist' meetings now going on in Ireland to see that it has not made them understand or trust one another. From both points of view, then it is a failure, and so great a failure that nothing worse is possible. Home

Rule is an experiment, no doubt, but as Mr. Blake said, it is a noble one, an appeal to those 'better feelings of humanity' to which appeal is seldom made in vain, and we share his conviction that faith in human nature will once more be justified by the result."

## CATHOLIC NEWS

Socialists at Roubaix, France, attacked a Catholic church last Sunday threw the priest into the street, dispersed the congregation, and broke up the furniture.

It is reported that a Dutch Protestant who was recently converted to the Roman Catholic faith while on a visit to Laudes has presented the sum of 3,000,000 francs to the Bishop of Tarbes for the completion of the parish church of that famous place of pilgrimage.

Bishop Howley, of St. George, Newfoundland, who was recently the guest of the Jesuit Fathers of Boston College, was surprised a few days ago to receive a present of a beautiful gold watch from some of his Newfoundland friends in Boston.

The next great feast of the church comes on Ascension Thursday, which follows forty days after Easter, and will, therefore, fall this year on May 11. Ten days after the Ascension comes Pentecost, or Whit Sunday, May 21, and a week later will bring Trinity Sunday and the close of the Paschal season, May 28.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has on recommendation of the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehy, Lord Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, conferred the degree of Doctor of Theology on the Very Rev. W. H. Sheehy, President of St. John's College, Waterford. At the Cathedral on Friday evening the Bishop read the Papal mandate, after which Father Sheehy made a profession of faith.

Monseigneur Capel, who has been dwelling in seclusion for some years back out on the Pacific slope, appeared in public print last week, his communication having reference to the absurd claims of the Ritualists that mass is celebrated in their churches. The monsignor does not seem to have accepted that invitation which was said to have been extended to him by Cardinal Vaughan to return to London, and it is an open question if such invitation was ever seen.

The Passionist Fathers, Mount Argus, Dublin, are engaged in collecting materials for a life of the late Father Charles. The fathers would feel deeply grateful if those who have received letters from Father Charles, which might be considered suitable for insertion in the biography, would kindly send them to Mt. Argus, or any other information calculated to facilitate their labors.

After Easter we may obtain some definite information from Rome regarding the many episcopal nominations which the country has been expecting for some time past. There are quite a number of such appointments to be made now, the most important ones being the St. Louis co-adjutorship, which may entail other nominations; the Fort Wayne bishopric and the vacant see of St. Joseph. The Dallas diocese is also without a prelate, since it is authoritatively stated that Bishop Brennan has resigned that see.

The daily press corroborated the other day the statement made in this column last week that the principal motive of the western trip which Monseigneur Satolli will undertake shortly after Easter is to be the present as the Pope's representative at the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago, May 1. The apostolic delegate is to stop first, at Cincinnati, Archbishop Elder of that city having extended him some time ago a pressing invitation to visit his archiepiscopal city and see for himself in what a prosperous condition Catholicity exists in Cincinnati. The Monsignor will also visit Columbus to arrange for the transfer to the Propaganda of the institution in that city known as the Josephinum.

ARITHMETICAL EXAMINATION.—School Inspector: Well, my little girl, how many inches to a foot? Little Girl: Twelve, sir. School Inspector: Right. Now, boy, what does a yard contain? Little Boy: Well, sir, ours contains a tool house and a chicken run, to say nothing of a broken swing and a d-d-bin.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. YEOMANS, A. B. M. D. 37-2

## ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the Universe and other sources.)

The King of Roumania has sent Cardinal Rampolla the grand cordon of the Star of Roumania.

The German Emperor has intimated to the Pope that he and his wife will pay him a solemn visit at the Vatican at the end of April.

The Sultan has conveyed to the Holy Father his conviction that the moral power of the Papacy would guarantee the European social order.

Mgr. Lasagna has been consecrated by Cardinal Rampolla, and will leave on the 3rd of April with thirty missionaries for his diocese in Central America.

The Empress of Austria has presented the Holy Father the sum of one hundred thousands francs to defray the expenses of the new reading-room lately added to the new Vatican library.

Mgr. Toulotte, Bishop of Tagaste, has been appointed, on the suggestion of the Propaganda, Vicar-Apostolic of the Sahara. This ecclesiastic was formerly auxiliary to Cardinal Lavignerie.

The Bishop of Grenoble has been warmly received by the Pope, who expressed his paternal feelings towards France and advised her to follow the pathway traced in his instructions.

The Dutch Minister of War, Colonel Seyffart, has issued an order that Catholic soldiers shall be exempt from duty on all holidays of obligation in their Church, although the dates may not be legal holidays. They are more tolerant in the Netherlands than in some Catholic countries.

The Papal Jubilee was celebrated on Sunday throughout Belgium. There was much pious rejoicing, and exhibition of acts of zeal and munificence for the glory of the Church and in honour of the Pontiff. Te Deums, services, processions and exultation were the order of proceedings.

The solemn beatification of the Venerable Leopoldo Gaiche, professed priest of the Order of Reformed Minors of St. Francesco, took place on Sunday in the Vatican. The Archbishop of Perugia was present. In the afternoon His Holiness visited the Hall over the portico of the Basilica to venerate the relics of the beatified.

The Countess de Hahn of Copenhagen, daughter of Baron Hedemann, a former high functionary of the Danish marine, has taken the veil of novice in the Convent of Augustines at Meran, in the Tyrol. The lady is aged 70. Of Protestant origin herself, her husband and three children were converted to Catholicity. Having lost the companion of her life, the Countess determined to give herself up entirely to God.

The Papal Jubilee has been kept on Mount Lebanon with extraordinary enthusiasm. Prince Hossen de Khasen, belonging to the most illustrious of Maronite families, desired that every homage should be rendered to the eminent successor of St. Peter. Illuminations on a grand scale were given after a service in the Church of St. Anthony of Daraoun, and immense crowds separated to cries ten times repeated of "Long live Leo XIII!"

The Scotch pilgrims who were received by the Pope on Sunday, the 26th of February, at 4 p.m., numbered about two hundred persons, and were presented by the rector of the Scots College, Mgr. Campbell. The Archbishop of Edinburgh, the Most Rev. Dr. Smith, and the secular chief of the pilgrimage, Lord Ralph Kerr, read addresses in Latin. The Holy Father replied in the same tongue through the medium of Mgr. Mery del Val, his *cameriere segreto partecipante*, his physicians having absolutely forbidden the fatigue of oratory. His Holiness granted the usual Pontifical indulgences, and gave the priests permission to give the Apostolic Benediction to their congregations upon their return to Scotland.

REGULAR PROGRAMME.—Little Mabel: If you don't stop. I'll tell mamma, and she'll tell papa, and then papa will whip you. Little Johnny: Then I'll cry, and then grandma will give me some chocolates, and I won't give you any.

## BEWARE OF CHOLERA.

The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera, therefore, wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics.

THE VALUE OF THE PRESS.

A POWER FOR GOOD OR FOR EVIL.

A Protestant Journalist's Views on the Catholic Press—Bluster and Brag of the Methodist Press—Interesting Statistics About Journalism.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

A few years ago, there appeared, from the London Catholic Press, a little pamphlet dealing with Catholic interests in England. It was readable, and had a wide circulation. Its author, in the first page, informs us that Catholics are, as a set, too depreciatory of themselves:—that they occupy a better position than they are willing to acknowledge. This may be true of England. One would not like to hazard a similar opinion of the States. Our critics are never weary of telling us how prone we are to exaggerate, how rash in our estimate. They laugh at the adjective conservative when it qualifies the town estimate. Statisticians toss their head when we number our strength, and find it exceeds their sleight-of-hand computation by a good round million. We may confess that we are different from our English-brothers, without meriting all the censures of our critics. Criticism need to be an earnest desire to find the best; now it may be defined an earnest desire to find the worst. When it touches the Papacy, it is neither illuminative nor constructive. Criticism and bigotry are not neighbourly. Criticism, I mean true criticism, lives in the arctic regions, where the intellect holds court; bigotry in the torrid zone, where passion is king. Most of our teachers acknowledge his sway, and it takes a little laudation on our part, to keep our heads above the torrents of their dispraise. It will hardly be questioned, by those who weigh our times, in a just balance, that, for woe or woe, the Press is the greatest instrument. The age has been scientific; it has discovered much and speculated more. Its discoveries have been pressed into the service of the Press. The newspaper of to-day is the true representative of the age. Its pages mirror our current life, good, and bad, so strangely mixed. To ignore it were madness; not to use it were treachery to our cause. Fossils may pride themselves on holding aloof from its influence. They might as well pride themselves on

LIVING WITHOUT AIR.

The superstructure of this pride would be fiction; the base, ignorance. Live men—and they are the only kind that survive in a world like ours—know the value of the Press, and use it. If it has been made a power in the devil's camp, it can surely be made a power in the bringing men nearer to God. Brought under the sweet influence of Religion, what a power for good! The voice of the most powerful champion in God's warfare against sin can reach but a limited few. Let it be borne on the wings of the Press, and the millions are thrilled. The sermon of a Monsabre, or Agostino might die amid cathedral aisles; fostered by the Press, they live for the delight of ages yet to come. Men like Bishop Spaulding—leaders, not in the stormy and treacherous arena of politics, but in a greater one, the Coliseum of culture,—have long taught the power of the Press, and made noble use of it in the fight against the transient mud-gods of the age.

If, then, we Catholics have learned the power of this great instrument, or are learning it, it may be taken as the test of our worth as a growing and progressive factor of the forces for good. Our laudation will pass and the depreciation of our enemies will prove but a stimulus, what the spur is to a spirited horse. Let us see: The other night a well-known journalist, driven by the mountain winds to take refuge in my cottage, after a hot supper and a Havana, unbosomed himself in this wise: "I have been now and then writing articles against your church for a period of thirty years. The articles were not serious. Just smart shafts tabooing your statistics and bantering your pretended progress. It was the line of my paper,—a business matter, a bread-and-butter scheme. My arrows were too slight to pierce the pachydermatous skin of your religion. After so many centuries it is pretty well-seasoned against abuse. While I was grinding out this harmless fiction in regard to

THE MOTHER CHURCH,

I learned the fact that your particular church was about the only church that

was making progress. The other churches were engaged in that fascinating game of running things to smash. Where did I get that idea? From your Press. It was my duty to call from it what my sister was pleased to term 'absurdities.' That is a big word. It may mean, at least the extracts, that were covered by the word "points of wisdom to Cardinal Gibbons." I am not so absurd as to call that cultivated man absurd; but then it all depends on your point of view. Your Press is really wonderful. A few years ago it was without head or tail, not worth the time spent on its perusal. To-day it is not to be ignored; it counts, it is a power. The Press of the sects that used to make merry over your few half-inked sheets stand in arms, combat a consolidated Press that is far superior to their own. With the exception of the Independent, edited ably by Ward, and the Christian Union, by Mabie, our Protestant Journals are a farce. They are filled with bluster and brag, weak swords to conquer with. Take that religious monopoly, the Methodist Advocates, they are all written for the ill-educated that peruse them. Despite the annual conference booming by the capitalists that are interested, I can assure you the Methodist Press exerts little influence. It is different with Catholic papers, they have a growing influence; a growing power. You are just learning how to use the Press, that once thoroughly learned, therein shall rest your strength." I was a little interested, and set about to see, if there was any foundation in fact, for optimistic views of this well-trianed journalist. A few years ago, I had noted, that the German Catholics as a test of their strength and importance, and that in a crucial time, had adduced their Press as the most pointed point they could make. It was accepted by their enemies as a fair criterion of their standing; with this criterion in view let us glance at

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC PRESS.

To every impartial mind I am convinced that it will be a revelation. In order to see fully the development of this Press, let us have a starting point. "A list of Catholic Periodicals published in the United States for the year 1859 lies on my desk. The list runs:—

The New York Freeman Journal published every Saturday in the city of N. Y., J. A. McMaster editor.

N. Y. Tablet published every Saturday, D. and J. Sadlier, publishers.

The United States Catholic Miscellany published every Saturday in Cincinnati; edited by V. Rev. Edward Purcell, Rev. S. Rosecrans, D.D.

Catholic Herald Visitor published every Thursday in Philadelphia; edited by Joseph R. Chandler.

Le Propagateur Catholique (French paper) published every Saturday in New Orleans, La., by H. Meridier.

The Pittsburgh Catholic published every Saturday by Jacob Porter, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Catholic Mirror published every Saturday by P. J. Hedian, Baltimore.

The Pilot published every Saturday at Boston and New York. Pat. Donahoe publisher and proprietor. Der Herald des Glaubens, published every Saturday at St. Louis Mo.

Weekly.

Der Wahrheit's Freund, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Der Religion Freund, weekly, Baltimore, Ma.

Katholische Kirchen Zeitung, weekly, N. Y.

Buffalo Sentinel weekly, Buffalo, N.Y.; edited by Michael Hagan.

Catholic Standard, Weekly, New Orleans, La.; edited by Jas. A. Kennedy.

Western Star, Weekly, Dubuque, Iowa.

The Guardian, Louisville, Ky.; pub. by Webb.

The Monitor, Weekly, San Francisco, Cal.

Monthly.

The Metropolitan, Baltimore; edited by M. Kearney.

The Catholic Youths Magazine, Baltimore.

The Catholic Institute Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.

Theodora, German, Springfield, Illinois.

Quarterly.

Brownson's, devoted to religion, philosophy and general literature, published in N. Y.; edited by Orestes Brownson.

In 1859 the total of our publications amounted to 24, in 1893 it amounted to 200, and that exclusive of College Journals, many of them better worth reading than the weeklies

of '59. In that year there were published 17 in English, six in German, one in French. To-day there are 136 English, 37 German, 14 French, 5 Polish, 2 Italian, 2 English and German, 1 Hollandish, 1 Spanish, 1 Bohemian, 1 Slavonian. In '59 there were 13 English weeklies published; in '93 the number had increased to 84. In New York city last year were published more papers than the whole country published in 1859. This may be seen from the actual figures. 1859, total Catholic papers published in the United States, 24; 1893, Catholic papers published in N. Y. city, 30. In 1859 there were 3 monthlies; to-day the number has doubled. Brownson's Quarterly, it is true, was a great power in the days of '59. Every page bore the impress of that great man and profound thinker. While we miss Brownson, it is but truth to state that the Catholic Quarterly of Philadelphia has ably man-d the breach made by his death. The articles in that periodical, in point of scholarship and erudition, may well claim comparison with the heavy artillery of England, as the Nineteenth Century, Fortnightly, etc. In comparing the press of '59 with that of '93, its increase and its wider circulation, is not, what astonishes most. It is the superiority of the journal of to-day compared with that of thirty years ago. With the single exception of MacMaster, an able journalist after a fashion, well fitted for those stirring times to plead the cause of a hopeless minority, the Catholic Press did not have a journalist of any prominence. It was not to be wondered at, as journals in those days led the same precarious existence as the boiler-plate sheets of our time. It is fairly a question whether in the true sense of the word, these journals might be called Catholic or not. Their columns contained little of the practice or doctrine of their Church. More than three-fourths of their pages were occupied, in discussing lunary schemes to free green Erin from the Sassenach. The editorials were rant, prancing in the same direction. The influence, if any, was limited to the particular faction of the schemers, whose scheme the editor supported. The difference may best be seen by comparing the Pilot or Tablet of the sixties, with that of to-day. The readers of those papers, to-day, will demand news up to date, not only in things Catholic, but an intelligent calling of the world's news. They will demand editorials that will put before them in an able and comprehensive form, the live issues of their time. If they dabble in Irish matters, it will be to reproduce the cream of Irish-thought, not the bitter word-madness of professional agitators.

Let it be borne in mind, and that despite the recent magazine clap-trap to the contrary, that to produce a live paper you must have a live editor. To paraphrase the poet.

The editor makes the paper  
The want of him the sheet.

In the sixties with the single exception of MacMaster, there were no editors. It is different now-a-days. The Catholic Press numbers among her editors the best minds of her communion; no wonder then her best thought. Among the clergy, a new force, and, if judged by ability, the strongest, one must begin with Lambert, whose irresistible logic, couched in trenchant style, makes wroth to silence the agnostic fry; Cronin whose style is nimble and effective; Whelan, pricker of shams; Conway; Malone, full of the eagerness of the West. Among the laity what a brilliant list.—Roche, Pallen, Tello, Wolff, Valette, Flanagan, Hyde; Editor of Facts; Connecticut Catholic, etc. One might fill a page with names, whose work is the good seed, weekly nourishing the thousand Catholic homes.

The monthlies of those days were of the most slender build. One must pity our fathers, whose literary pabulum, was supplied by the monthlies. They were not hard to please. The bill of fare consisted of goody, goody stories, where villains painted pie-bald wisdom and died dramatically penitent, saccharine dishes from the French, and poems fresh from the tortured brain of rural bards. The editing was slipshod and the pace, one that child's. Compare them with the new competitor for fame. Donahoe's, that genuine triumph, and

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honor to us Catholics and, but we will not be harsh. There is no comparison possible. In conclusion I believe I have but established the truth of the journalist's assertion, and by the way, that we can afford to be laudatory at the risk of offending the so-called critics and statisticians.

At the same time let us hold before us a high ideal of journalism and aim to do better and better. The nearer we approach the ideal, the better the real journal. The writer is not blind to the many defects of the Catholic Press, defects that will be overcome; chief among them is the reckless use that some journals make of stereotype matter. A Catholic editor showed the writer, a scrap-book, made up of extracts taken, from Catholic Weeklies. These extracts if published in book-form would find a place on the index. The writer read a vile attack on Jansens the Catholic historian in the padded pages of a Catholic Weekly. Such papers are dangerous, it is surely the wolf in sheep's-clothing. A Catholic editor must be vigilant. Even if his paper is poor he must aim high, never distrust his, must be a great heart, and as Spaulding has it. "Distrust is the last wisdom a great heart learns."

WALTER LECKY.

THE COUNT TIPPERARY.

"Gallant Tipperary" does not hold its own against the forces working for the population of Ireland. No country has suffered more than the premier country. The population of 435,533 which it had in 1841 was reduced before 1881 to 190,612; the 66,381 homes which nestled in Tipperary in the following year to 35,302. Now a further reduction has to be recorded. The country lost by emigration, during the past decade, 32,762, or over 6,300 more than in the previous decade, and the reduction in the population is 26,424, or 13.2 per cent. This is one of the highest rates for Ireland. One portion of the country—that of part of Callan Union which falls within it, lost nearly one-fifth of its inhabitants—19.6 per cent. The heaviest decrease in the baronies was in the Baronies of Silevardagh and Middlethird, the lowest in Upper Ormond and Ikerrin.

One of the most remarkable features of the decline is that the towns have suffered nearly as much as the rural districts. The percentage of decrease in the former was 12.2, and in the latter 13.5. Cashel and Carrick-on-Suir show the greatest falling away. The Catholic population shows, on the whole, a greater decrease than the Protestant. The proportion of Catholics has slightly fallen from 94.2 to 94.0 per cent. The war against illiteracy goes steadily and successfully on. The percentage of illiterates in the population over 5 years of age has decreased from 21.7 to 15.1; while the percentage of persons between the ages of 5 and 20 who were at school on census days increasing from 46.9 to 48.1. The schoolgoers, who were only 8.72 per cent of the population in 1891, 16.29; the Catholics percentage for the two years were 8.51 and 16.51.

The Irish language is dying there. The decrease in bilingual Tipperary was nearly 50 per cent. for the decade. In 1851 there were in Tipperary 248 persons who could speak Irish only, and 23,558 who speak Irish and English. The numbers fell to 68 and 12,244 for 1891. Even these figures do not represent the decay. "The child is father of the man;" and while of the parents of the Tipperary of the future 1,488 knew Irish in 1881 only 517 knew the language in 1891. Ifa and Offa, Clanwilliam and Middlethird, are the homes of the Irish-speakers. Only in Ifa and Offa West are children taught to speak it. As elsewhere, so in Tipperary—pauperism does not decrease with the export of the country's strength. The pouper rate has receded only from 1 to 26 to in 28 of the population; while the marriage rate was low, even for Ireland—3.7 per 1,006. Moreover, the deathrate was nearly up to the average, although over 77 per cent. of the population is rural. The Sangrado policy is not a prospering one.—*Irish American.*

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WEDNESDAY.....APRIL 5, 1893

## EASTER.

On Friday afternoon the great sacrifice of Redemption was accomplished; expiring the Saviour turned His last loving gaze upon His agonizing Mother, upon the model of all penitents, Mary Magdalene, and upon humanity represented in the person of the Beloved Disciple St. John; then He looked aloft and, as the supreme moment approached, He cried out in a loud voice *Consummatum est*, "it is consummated." The Divine spirit left the human body, and the visible form of the Redeemer hung lifeless upon the Cross. There was joy in the hearts of the Jews, for they felt that they had conquered the One who had proclaimed Himself their king. The Roman soldiers were relieved, for their day's duty was done and the One whom they instinctively feared had succumbed to the fate of all men. The rocking of the earth, the darkening of the sun and the tearing of the temple's veil, were forgotten by the Priests, Scribes and Pharisees, in their exultation over the accomplishment of their bloody purpose. With scornful looks they turned towards the scene on Golgotha and pointed to the suspended and inanimate form of the Messiah. In their hearts they defied Him. "Carry Him to the tomb," they said; "place a heavy stone against its portal, put the seal of the city thereon, set guards to watch it by day and by night, let not His followers steal the body and then boast that He has arisen. Ah! Thou carpenter's son from little Nazareth, Thou leader of a few blind fishermen from Galilee, Thou imposter and pretender, where are Thy vaunted powers, Thy miracles and Thy royal prerogatives? Thou hast said it Thyself; in Thy utter despair, in the moment when Death claimed Thee, at the close of Thy audacious career Thou hast admitted Thy weakness and the failure of Thy plans. Did we not hear Him cry out in the agony of mortal pain, and in the greater agony of defeated ambition, *Consummatum est*—'it is consummated?'"

And thus they chuckled in their security; thus they rejoiced in their apparent triumph; three days did they congratulate each other on the success of their vengeance. Three days rolled past; the crosses still stood upon the Skull-hill; the tomb in the valley behind, which Joseph of Arimathea had carved in the rock, held the body of the Crucified; Roman guards kept watch over that sepulchre; the stone was sealed with the official stamp of doomed Jerusalem; nature was once more undisturbed by

extraordinary phenomena; the eagles of the Empire flapped their wings over a conquered world; peace reigned throughout the vast dominions of the Cæsars; the book of the prophets was laid aside by the Wise Ones who had pondered over it striving to disprove the truth of Christ's mission; on the Palestine hill, in a palace of glory sat the monarch of earth; in a tomb behind Calvary reposed the One who had proclaimed Himself "King of the Jews."

The sun arose on Easter morning, and its herald beams tipped the hills of Judea; they flashed upon the temple up on the sides of Moriah; they gilded the tower of David, off by the Damascus gate; they penetrated the valley of Giants and they fell upon the guarded tomb by the side of the Cedron. Was it the blaze of the Eastern sun, coming forth in morning glory, that dazzled the Roman soldiers by the sepulchre? Was it the power of the day-god that paralyzed their arms, and caused the swords and spears to clash upon the rocks as they fell from their nerveless grasps? Was it the genius of nature's revival that appeared in garments of incandescent whiteness, and approaching, rolled away the mighty stone, broke the city's seal, and flung open the entrance to the vault? The earth did not tremble, but the heavens were thrilled with jubilation; the sun did not darken, but he exulted in almost supernatural refulgence on that morning; the temple's veil was not torn, but the veil that hides from human eyes the majesty of the Invisible, was split, and through the rent the pagan soldiers beheld the Saviour of mankind come forth "glorious and triumphant" from the tomb.

*Consummatum est* was the burden of Friday's wail; *Resurrexit sicut dixit* was the chant of Sunday's triumph. It was taken up by the myriad host of heaven; it rang down the chancel of the Infinite; it awoke the souls of the patriarchs, the prophets and the just men of the past; it startled the Apostles and Disciples of the new dispensation; it re-echoed along the ages yet to come. On Friday they destroyed the temple, in three days He rebuilt it. All the promises of four thousand years had been fulfilled. From the hour when man first fell under the rightful anger of God, from the moment that Satan had conquered in Eden, the Second Person of the Trinity had offered Himself as the sacrifice of expiation for the sins of Adam and the untold sins of the millions that were to come. For this did the just look forward; for this did the children of Israel wait and long. In expectation of the accomplishment of that compact of Infinite Love, the prophets arose and proclaimed their messages, the white tents appeared in the desert, the decalogue was thundered from the summit of Sinai; and the years rolled past as the fulfilment of His time approached. At last it came. And in the exultant hymn of triumph that rang on Easter morning all through the universe, in that cry *Resurrexit sicut dixit* was heard the liberation of the millions from the chains of Limbo, the freedom of trillions from the power of Satan, the ending of the old laws of preparation and expectation, the beginning of the new dispensation of Love, Mercy, and Spiritual Emancipation.

On that Easter morning the standard of Pagan Rome was flung out over every portion of the then known world; soon was it to be replaced, all over the earth, by the banner of Christian Rome—the immortal Cross. On that day of the Resurrection the Emperor sent forth his commands from the golden palace by the Tiber; soon was the Vicar of Christ to issue his mandates from the down fallen throne of the Cæsars. The rays of that glorious Sun of Redemption flashed upon

the darkness of Time, lit up the clouds of paganism and illumined the shades of barbarism. They penetrated the groves where the priests of the idol-faith held worship; they descended into the catacombs, where the living adored in the abode of the dead; they tipped with splendor the monuments of ages, and crowned those storied works of a buried time with the light of undying Truth; they came forth from the darkness of the subterranean temples to fling their glories upon the cross that towers sublimely above the dome of St. Peter's; they followed the human race into all lands; they have been conserved and transmitted throughout the ages by the unbroken series of Christ's Vicars upon earth; and to-day they gleam anew—even as of old upon the first Easter morning—upon the clouds of infidelity that thicken along the horizon. In the brilliancy of those beams the wonderful figure of Leo XIII. appears to-day, an object of universal admiration, of untold veneration, of unbounded love. Transformed in the glow of his Jubilee Easter, another transfiguration, the grand old Pontiff appears before the world the personification of all that is great and good, of all that is supernaturally noble in man, of all that is inspired by heaven, as he transmits to each one the blessings and the graces of the Holy season of the Resurrection.

From the centre of Christian unity; from the home of Catholic devotion; from the burning focus to which converge all the rays of redemption, the Holy Father calls upon us—upon all Catholics, yes, and upon non-Catholics—to arise from the tomb of spiritual death, to come forth from the moral sepulchre in which nearly all have slumbered, and to participate in the resurrection of Easter. Upon this his jubilee year, amidst the throngs of pilgrims that surge around the Vatican, in the midst of the universal manifestations of Faith and Love, in presence of these wonderful evidences—not only of Christ's resurrection, but also of His fulfilled promises to His Church, surrounded thus, the great Leo XIII. calls upon each one of his children to shake off the trappings of the grave, to fling aside the chains of sinfulness, and to unite with himself and with the Holy Church, in a worthy participation in the merits of the Saviour's resurrection.

In wishing our readers a happy Easter, we cannot express our hope in a more befitting manner than by saying, "may each one enjoy both the temporal and spiritual blessings of the season; and of each one may it truthfully be said, *Resurrexit sicut dixit; he has arisen as he promised the Church he would do.*"

## THE SHEPHERD CASE.

Our readers need not be alarmed, we have no intention of entering into the details of the now famous Sheperd case which has attracted so much attention of late, and of which our daily press was so full. It is well known that the two Sheperds, and their associate, Hamilton, were about the very worst samples of public swindlers that ever appeared in Canada. They were most heartless scoundrels, because it was not the rich that they fleeced, but the poor and almost penniless. They were at last brought to time, through the efforts of Detective Grose and others. They were indicted before the Grand Jury; True Bills will returned; their trial, on one indictment was fixed; and the prosecution was immediately proceeded with. On all this we have no remarks to make. Our object in referring at all to the case is to express a square opinion upon the course pursued by the Montreal Star with regard to Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q. C.,

and Mr. J. L. Archambault, Q. C. the joint-crown prosecutors. We desire to call special attention to Mr. Quinn's case.

For reasons which His Honor Judge Taschereau most clearly explained on Saturday morning last in Court, the first case came to a somewhat sudden and unexpected termination, owing to the prisoners having pleaded guilty. The fine imposed by the Court was \$100 each or a term of imprisonment. This penalty was severely commented upon by the press, and in regard to it the Honorable Judge, said:—"The Court could only take into consideration what was before it, and under the circumstances the sentence passed appeared to me to avenge public morality and punish the guilty parties. I am accountable to no one except God and my conscience, I am not, thank God, accountable to the newspapers, who, no doubt would have desired that my sentence be based on their partial appeals, or on facts which had not as yet been legally established, but published by newspapers as certainly incriminating the accused."

His Honor then expressed regret at the charges or insinuations, made by the newspapers, to the effect that the Crown lawyers, and even those for the defence, were guilty of a shameful compromise; It was clearly demonstrated that not even the shadow of a shade of evidence existed to justify any such suspicions. Mr. Quinn, in his remarks, said:—

"The article to which I particularly refer is that appearing in the STAR of Thursday last. This, or rather these articles, for there are two, are headed in a most sensational manner, and I think in a manner that reflects on the dignity of the Court. It is not my intention to refer to these articles in so far as they treat with the Crown prosecutors. I and my colleagues will have an opportunity of expressing our opinions in all probability under different circumstances. But what I wish to draw the attention of the Court to is the manner in which the Court is being titiled in the eyes of the public. This is an outcome of a system of journalism which is a disgrace to the continent of America, but which exists happily to a small extent only in Canada. I have nothing further to say about the matter further than to draw the attention of the Court to the articles, and, as I said before, as far as I am concerned personally I will have other opportunities of discussing the matter. There is no charge made except a low, calumnious and malicious insinuation, which of course cannot be borne out by facts; but the attack upon the Court is something of a more grave and serious nature, because if confidence is lost in the court, what confidence can the public have and what can be the result? Simply ruin and anarchy and the reign of mob law."

As we said in opening, we have no intention of entering into the merits of this case, nor of commenting upon the course pursued by the Star with regard to the publication of sensationally headed articles and reports, while the matter was *sub judice*; but we do intend pointing out a couple of the obvious reasons that have caused the Star to make a special target of Mr. M. J. F. Quinn. In the first place, the sudden termination of the Sheperd case, robbed the Star of what it had expected, namely, a long series of sensational reports with equally sensational comments. That case meant money for the Star. It is well known that the Star lives upon the sensational: it breathes that unwholesome atmosphere,—therefore, are so many of its flaming articles, its loud announcements taken with a mighty big grain of salt. Its style reminds us somewhat of the remark of a New York editor to a new reporter: "Get facts and make them sensational, and if you can't get facts—well, make them sensational all the same." This Sheperd case was a bonanza for the Star; and its abrupt termination created

a real sensation in that twinkler's sanctum—but a very unlooked-for and undesired sensation. At once vengeance had to be satisfied. Upon whose head would the angry organ pour out the vials of its wrath? On the Crown Prosecutors, of course! On the senior one, above all! On M. J. F. Quinn, to be sure! What a glorious chance! Long, long had the Star been looking for such an opportunity. Now was the time!

We remember well when Mr. Quinn was appointed Crown Prosecutor the opposition to his nomination that came from the quarter of the heavens in which the Star shone with its uncertain light. During a time, immediately before and immediately after the appointment, the Star never ceased firing its poisoned and often hidden shafts at Mr. Quinn. The choice, by the Government, of that gentleman evidently did not please the Star. Here was the first excuse for an attack upon him; and spurred on by loss of a sensational case, that organ made the very most of its chance. Notwithstanding all, it failed; as its vexed and would-be sarcastic editorial of Saturday night most evidently shows. The first cause, therefore, of this attack by the Star was its vexation at the loss of a long chain of most exciting reports. The second cause was the open and evident hostility of that organ towards Mr. Quinn. In plain English, had Mr. Quinn been anything but an Irish-Catholic no such insinuations would ever have been made by the Star. Had there been a Protestant Crown Prosecutor there, or a Protestant Judge on the bench, the liberal minded and un-biased Star would have swallowed the pill of disappointment and have applauded the course taken—the only wise one under the circumstances, and the only one the law would permit. But a French Catholic Judge, a French Catholic Crown Prosecutor, and (worst of all) an Irish Catholic Crown Prosecutor, and (to cap the climax) Mr. M. J. F. Quinn at that: the combination was too much for the Star's unprejudiced soul, and "hence these tears!" The Witness is an open adversary; we know where to find it: but how different that other evening orb!

#### THE LATE MRS. MACKENZIE.

During Easter time last year the Angel of Death summoned from this earthly sphere the spirit of a good, an honest and a universally admired man. After years of toil and exertions, after rising from the more humble walks of life to the highest station within the gift of the Canadian people, after feeling that the end of all his work was slowly but surely approaching, in the peace of a quiet home, in the arms of a loving and faithful wife, surrounded by the regrets of the entire Dominion, irrespective of creed or politics, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie passed away to the repose that knows no breaking. Scarcely a year has gone past, and once more the summoning messenger of God has knocked at the same door, and called forth the soul of the faithful and noble companion of the late statesman's checkered life. It would seem as if her mission on earth had been to care for and watch over her husband, and now that he no longer requires her aid, the time has come for her departure. To say that the late Mrs. Mackenzie was a remarkable woman, would be only the truth, but not the whole truth. She was a model in every sense; one whose example is not only worthy of imitation, but should be preserved for the benefit of future generations of Canadian women.

Mrs. Mackenzie began life, like her husband, in a comparatively humble

sphere. This she never forgot even when occupying the position of first lady in the land. As wife of the Hon. Premier of Canada, she was as unassuming, as honestly simple, as perfect a lady as when merely the helpmate of young Alexander Mackenzie. The elevation to an exalted station in no way affected her manners, nor did it take from that charm of domestic interest which her presence flung around the home of her husband. Yet never did woman do greater honor to the position than Mrs. Mackenzie, and souvenirs of her time—when mistress of the festive seasons at Ottawa—are fresh and will long remain green in the hearts of thousands of our people. There is scarcely an institution of education or benevolence in all our broad Dominion that owes not some debt of gratitude to the deceased lady. But it was not in the days of their prosperity, when thousands paid homage to her husband as he ruled the destinies of the country, when her receptions were the most attractive at the capital, that the genuine worth of Mrs. Mackenzie was made manifest. It was in the earlier days, during those long years of struggle, of labor, of mutual assistance, that the virtues of the true helpmate were most apparent. And again in that third and last period of life, after its sun had passed the noon of prosperity, and slowly crept down the western slopes, when shattered in mind and broken in body the venerable statesman trembled between the active existence gone forever and the certain repose so positively approaching, that the fidelity of the wife and the nobility of the true women were exemplified in Mrs. Mackenzie. How carefully she watched over the stricken partner of her days; how fondly she clung to him, anxious to meet his every wish and fulfil his every desire; how unremittently she kept guard by his bed side! Even during the last two sessions that he attended in Ottawa, Mrs. Mackenzie exerted herself beyond the ordinary to make her invalid husband feel as much as possible that his time was not forever passed.

Last week that good and model woman departed calmly from her quiet home on earth, leaving behind her memories that are the most enviable in life. When the story of Canada's early political struggles will be written, when the eventful period of the first quarter of a century of our confederation will be recorded, one of the most conspicuous names on the page of our history will be that of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie; and side by side with it, written in lines of admiration and regret, will appear that of his faithful and loving wife.

#### SENSATIONAL REPORTS.

We are getting accustomed to false and sensational cable despatches from all over Europe. We are not in the least surprised when we read of the Pope's sudden illness, the rumored accident to such or such a royal personage, the hints at dynamite outrages, and dozens of other reports that find birth in the fertile imaginations of European special correspondents. Even these statements are not so bad, for no body is taken in by them; but we would like to draw the line at death and the rumor of death. Last Week the Daily Witness startled us somewhat with a second hand despatch, said to have been received in Toronto, and stating that it was said that Sir John Thompson had died suddenly in Paris. Whosoever concocted that fake cannot be commended for his brains, but he is certainly remarkable for his want of delicacy; he may be smart, in his own estimation, but he is decidedly a

heartless fool in the opinion of all respectable people. Such beings should be ostracized by society, for they are dangerous to the public welfare.

Mean and low as the act of originating such a report may be, the insignificance of its author's sits it into the shade; but the avidity with which our esteemed friend the Daily Witness caught the ball from the bat, and fired it into the open field, is something still more significant. It is evident that with the extremists of the Douglas class and the organs of the Witness ilk, the "wish was father to the thought." What a howl of joy would not rise to heaven were it only true that Canada's Premier had suddenly disappeared from the scene! There is something so barbaric in the conception of such a report that we will not attempt to characterize it. What surprises us the most is that men could be so blinded by prejudice, either political or religious, as to lose sight of the importance of the man who is to-day the chief adviser of Her Majesty's representative. In the city of Paris to-day are assembled the representatives of the principal nations of the world, and the eyes of the public, from both sides of the Atlantic, are centered upon Canada's representative and Great Britain's arbitrator.

No Canadian statesman was ever looked up to as is Sir John Thompson to-day. He is an honor, not only to Canada but to the whole British Empire. At the present juncture his disappearance from the political firmament would be a loss that for many a year would remain irreparable. Seen as we may the horizon, we cannot perceive the sign of any orb equal in magnitude and in importance to his.

But this false despatch should suffice to teach a lesson to all honest Canadians. It confirms, in our mind, the truth of that fearful definition of a bigot by Charles Phillips. We once thought that the great Irish-Protestant crator had drawn upon his imagination, but we fear there are in our day beings to whom his words might apply. "A bigot," said Phillips, "is a wretch red with the fires of hell and bending under the crimes of earth, who would erect his murderous divinity upon a throne of skulls and would fain feed, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altars."

#### WHAT HAPPENED YATES?

Where on earth has Edmund Yates been hiding during the past couple of weeks? He certainly must have been sleeping, otherwise he would not have omitted to send a full and exact, a real official account of the visit paid by the Prince of Wales and other members of British royalty to the Pope; he surely could not have overlooked the significant event of such a reception as Leo XIII. gave the heir-apparent to the Crown of England. In his letter to the Tribune the court gossip gave long paragraphs about Her Majesty's health and the different events of her trip to Italy. We would have thought that the details of the scene enacted on the 23rd of March last, in the Throne Room, at the Vatican, were of more importance, if only on account of being more extraordinary and less frequent, than the different rests taken by the Queen from London to Florence. Yet, Mr. Yates omitted to give any account of that very important event. We hope it was due to his forgetfulness, or else his overload of work; we would be long sorry to think that the editor of the World could be sufficiently anti-Catholic in his prejudices to refrain from telling how British royalty acknowledged in a most emphatic manner, the sovereign right of the Holy

Pontiff to the title and power of a temporal as well as spiritual monarch. Since Mr. Yates did not see fit to tell his numberless readers of the reception in question, we will give our friends the following account, as forwarded in a despatch, dated Rome, 24th March.

"The Throne Room at the Vatican yesterday presented a magnificent sight—the entire Pontifical Court having assembled to participate in the reception of a portion of England's royal family, headed by Victoria's successor, the Prince of Wales—Prince George the Duke of York, with the Princesses Victoria and Maud, accompanied the Princess of Wales, and the ceremony was accompanied by all the regal splendor for which Rome is famed. To add impressiveness to the occasion all the English prelates now in the city had been specially invited to be present.

"While there was much that promised to make the ceremonial visit one long to be remembered, there was in it all a cordiality that visibly impressed those who for the first time were privileged to meet the Holy Father in person. The visitors were met, after they had left their carriages, at the royal staircase by members of the Papal Court and quickly conducted to the Throne Room. There the private audience took place. No trace of the recent illness of the Holy Father remained, and during the time the royal visitors were present he evidenced the most loving interest in the questions asked about the royal family and events in England. Upon their departure the visitors expressed themselves as delighted with the audience and were particularly pleased concerning the much-improved physical condition of the Pontiff."

There is, to us, something very significant in this ceremonial and at the same time friendly visit, of the future monarch of the British Empire, to the Father of the Catholic world, the imprisoned prince of millions, the persecuted Vicar of Christ on earth. There is in that action, especially during this jubilee year, a sign of recognition, not only of the spiritual authority of the venerable successor of St. Peter, but even of the temporal rights of the aged victim of of infidel injustice. How wonderful that other fact! The secular press of this country seems to have faithfully imitated Mr. Yates, for only in small paragraphs, and in obscure corners did they allude at all to the event. "By the horns is beast known."

For a third time Emile Zola has attempted to gain admission to the French Academy; for a third time have the "Immortals" rejected him. On this occasion he received one vote, and that was given by the man who proposed him. It is an honor to the members of the Academy that they will not allow the personification of immorality and the apostle of corruption to sit in their midst. Zola wields a powerful pen and he possesses the French language to comparative perfection; but these are the gifts which he prostitutes, and the decorations with which he dresses up the rotten forms of his foul conceptions. He must be satisfied with the money his volumes bring him, the price of hearts corroded and souls damned. His works are *m dols*, but they are plagues; his mind is active, but it is leperous; the Academy cannot admit him, and the Academy is wise.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. Editor, wishing to put an end to the confusion occasioned by an interview recently published in newspapers, I must declare that I have nothing to do whatever with "The Keely Institute for the treatment of alcoholism," and therefore all those interested should apply to my namesake, Doctor Severin Lachapelle of St. Henri, member for the county of Hochelaga.

E. PERSILLER-LACHAPPELLE, M.D.  
President of the Board of Health of the Province of Quebec.  
MONTREAL, March 31st, 1893.

**YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.**

**LAUGHTER AND TEARS.**

Laughter and Tears met one day in a shady lane. The sunshine and shade mingled pleasantly there, and the breath of the woods was strong in the air, as was also the fragrance of the clover field near by. But the lane was all too narrow to allow both to pass, for Laughter was boisterous and romped about so much that he took up a deal of room; while Tears seemed to be half blind and could scarcely see her way.

She said, in a voice like the song of a night bird:

"Why don't you let me pass? This is my path."

"No," replied Laughter. "this lane is mine, and I am in a hurry, so you'd better climb the fence into the dark woods and walk through the dead leaves."

"Why don't you climb the other fence, said Tears softly, "and run along through the clover in the sunshine? I am sure you'd like it better."

"Well," rejoined Laughter, pleasantly, "I am sure I don't want to quarrel with so gentle a maiden, and so, as we don't seem able to agree about the path, suppose I turn about and go with you?"

"That would be very pleasant, indeed," said Tears, "for I am lonely."

So they went on together through the twinkling shine and shadow, and each felt better for the company of the other.

And that is why it is that when you meet Laughter you are almost sure to find Tears not far away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**THE PUG AND THE CAT.**

A lady has a pug dog, also a cat, of which the dog was always very jealous, chasing it about whenever he saw it. One day the pug astonished his mistress by coming to her, sitting up and begging, then barking and running a little distance from her, till it was evident he wished to persuade her to come with him. He continued to beg and to run on in the same manner till he led her out into the garden to the foot of an apple tree against which he raised himself on his hind legs and barked vehemently. On looking up the lady saw the cat with a trap on its foot, evidently in great pain. She got it down and relieved it of the trap; the dog, meantime, showing the greatest joy, and on the cat being placed on the ground, the dog, which before had never done anything but hunt and worry it, gave it many dog kisses and ever since they have been the best of friends.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**A LITTLE GIRL'S RECITATION.**

Little folks don't always understand things aright, says the *Hartford Post*. At one of the public schools recently the teacher was instilling "Barbara Fritchie" into the minds of her charges for concerted recitation. The lines "Up from the meadows rich with corn, clear, on a cool September morn, the clustered spires of Frederic stand," had been drilled and drilled until all had them perfect, to all appearances. But one little girl, on reaching home, recited the lines in this style: "Up from the meadows rich with corn, clear, on a cool September morn, the 'custard pies' of Frederic stand."

**WEST INDIES.**

**THE LEPER ASYLUM OF TRINIDAD.**

We have been favored with a copy of the official report, issued last year for the year 1891, on "Leprosy and the Trinidad Leper Asylum," by W. V. M. Koch, M.B., M.Ch. (government printing office, port of Spain, 1892). The famous *Leprosie*, of Cocovite, and its devoted Dominican Sisters are quite familiar to all our readers. But it is pleasing to read the warm testimony with which the medical officers conclude this able and scientifically valuable report:

"I cannot conclude without expressing my grateful thanks to the nursing staff for the able, willing and efficient manner in which they have assisted me during the past year. Upon them has the burden of the work fallen, and only those acquainted with the nature of this work and the drudgery the Sisters have to undergo can appreciate the self-denying zeal which prompts these good ladies to sacrifice themselves to this service. Long before the question of nursing lepers was brought into prominence by events which occurred a few years back, had this band of devoted women been working in the Trinidad Leper Asylum, unknown to the outside world, quietly, cheerfully and

devotedly giving their lives to this service. Ill-timed and malicious bigotry may cavil at them, and misplaced religious fervor may jeer at them, but a work in its essence so Christ like and so self-denying, is worthy of, and ought to command the respect of all creeds, and ought to be far beyond all petty criticism and jealousy. As one who has ample opportunity of seeing and judging their work in the asylum, and who is about to sever his connection with that institution, I feel that I ought in justice to them to bear my testimony to the fact that the colony and the government are indeed fortunate in possessing a nursing staff so experienced and efficient, so single-minded, and devoted, and zealous in the performance of their duties as the Dominican Sisters."

Many of Dr. Koch's statistics are interesting enough to quote here. During the year the total number of admissions was 44, and the total number of inmates at the close of the year was 209. The deaths during the year were 26. Of the 44 admitted, 15 were Catholics, 12 Church of England, and 16 heathens (i.e., Hindus). In fact the great proportion among the lepers of East Indian Coolies is specially remarked by the doctor. Of the total admissions in the year 43.18 per cent. were natives of India, 49.91 per cent. natives of Trinidad, and 15.91 per cent. of other countries, chiefly West Indian islands. These Coolies are nearly all Hindus from North India, not Tamil Coolies, in fact, 18 were natives of Calcutta, and only one of Madras. Dr. Koch is of opinion, after careful calculation, that these Hindus do not bring the disease with them, but contract it in Trinidad. He also writes that in British Guiana, on the authority of Dr. Hillis, "leprosy has increased among the East Indian Coolies."

Lastly, we note that extensive experiments were made with the much vaunted "tuberculine" of Dr. Koch, of Berlin, by his Trinidadian namesake, as a cure for leprosy. They have proved failures.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

**STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.**

**PENANG.**

The Right Rev. Mgr. Gasnier, Bishop of Malacca, is an old friend and patron of I.C.M. Our readers will, therefore, be glad to see an extract from His Lordship's account of a visit to Penang, when he for a time took up pastoral duties in the absence on sick leave of Father Rivet, who had just recovered, almost miraculously, from brain fever, just as his coffin had been made and the vault prepared to receive him.

"I set off alone," the Bishop writes, "with my Angel Guardian only, to the port of George Town, the capital of Penang island. All my luggage was a carpet bag and my crozier case. At last I was near Sacred Heart mission. A Chinaman, with a musket loaded up to the muzzle, gave the signal. A few hundred yards further, a second discharge; finally I reached my destination. As next day there was to be general communion and confirmation, between 200 and 300 Chinese men and women were waiting for confession. The church is on a hill. In front there is an ascent, bordered with majestic trees, and from end to end two lines of fervent christians kneeling down for the blessing of the Cnouka, or "grand master of doctrine." I entered the church, followed by all these good people. There some prayers were chanted, I blessed them again, and then retired to the presbytery.

"This place has had a priest only for a few years. When I came here fourteen years ago there were about a hundred christians; and now there are 900, all farmers. We have obtained land for them; they have cut down and burnt the jungle, and after laboring as only Chinese can, they are now relatively well off. Fourteen years ago we had only a little house of bamboo, covered with leaves; now we have built a church which will soon be too small, and last year I laid the stone of yet another one, which I find this time completed.

"Next day, at 7.50, the church was crowded. The Chinese sang the rosary, and then the Litany of Our Lady. Before Mass I confirmed seventy Chinese,

male and female, of whom sixty were newly baptized adults. There were 270 communions.

"After Mass and a cup of coffee, I sat down, and then began a procession of between 600 and 700 Chinese, who came to kiss my ring and ask my blessing. I had to say to each one, *Tien chow paio*, "God bless you!" When all was over my arm was quite numb. But what a consolation to see that God allows us to make some conversions among these Chinese. It was high time for them to take some food, for some had come three or four miles with wives and children. I ought to add that all the time the good folks were saluting me, a long and formidable detonation of crackers and squibs delighted these children of the Celestial Empire.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

**CHINA.**

**SUFFERING OF AN ENGLISH FRANCISCAN.**

Mgr. Pagumhi, O.S.F., Vicar Apostolic of Northern Thieu-si, gives an account of the cruel sufferings of Father Hugo Schablai, whom he calls "an English Franciscan." The fanatic pagans made an attack upon the mission residence, scattered the school children, and tried to force the catechists to apostasy. They tied their wrists so tightly, that the cords cut into the flesh. But the valiant young men in the midst of this torture exclaimed: "If you want to kill us, cords will not suffice. Take your swords; but we will remain faithful to our religion and save our souls." At last the persecutor let them go; but F. Hugo having been to the mandarin to ask protection, they all fell upon him, stoned him, and left him for dead in the street, together, with two neophytes. Fortunately they were rescued, and after a long and cruel illness, F. Hugo is once more quite recovered.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

**SOUTH SHAN-TUNG.**

Bishop Awzer, of South Shan-tung, has once more a consoling report of progress to give for last year. It is true, indeed, that Divine Providence has sorely tried his Vicariate by every variety of misfortune,—the locust plague, drought, followed by great inundations, cholera, and a terrible rebellion. Concerning the latter trouble, which visited all China, as will be remembered, the Bishop says: "Scarcely was the conflagration quenched in Central China, when the flames burst out with renewed violence in the Steppe of Mongolia, and although the troops mastered the rebellion, yet the scourge is by no means at an end. In Ho-Nan the old, irrepressible hatred of the foreigners still burns; in Shen-si the telegraph lines have been destroyed by the mob; in the island of Formosa the imperial troops have been miserably routed by the wild natives, and even in Shan-tung well organized bands of robbers threaten the peaceful citizens and countrymen."

Yet in spite of all these visitations, Christianity has greatly prospered in Mgr. Awzer's vicariate during the twelve months, as a brief table shows:—

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Baptized Christians still living.....    | 4,000  |
| New Conversions in 1892 .....            | 3,707  |
| Total number of Catechumens.....         | 11,432 |
| Baptisms. { Adult Pagans.....            | 900    |
| { Children of Christians .....           | 106    |
| { Pagan Children in danger of death..... | 775    |
| Number of Orphans.....                   | 466    |

Bishop Awzer attributes a great share of his prosperity to the establishment of the German protectorate over his mission, thus leaving him peace and freedom for the development of his work.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

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

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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

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

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TO MY WISHING-CAP.

The following poem by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the distinguished Canadian orator, statesman and poet, is characteristic of his lighter moods.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, I would be  
Far away, far away o'er the sea  
Where the red birch roots  
Down the ribbed rock shoots,  
In Donegal the bays,  
And white-sailed skiffs  
Speckle the cliffs,  
And the gannet drags the wave.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, I would lie  
On a Wicklow hill, and stare the sky,  
Or count the human atoms that pass  
The thread-like road through Glenmacnass,  
Where once the clans of O'Byrne were;  
Or talk to the breeze  
Under sycamore trees,  
In Glenart's forests fair.

Wishing-cap, Wishing cap, let us away  
To walk in the cloisters, at close of day,  
Once trod by triars or orders gray  
In Norman Selkirk's renowned abaye,  
And Carman's ancient town;  
For I would kneel at my mother's grave,  
Where the plummy churchyard elms wave,  
And the old war-walls look down.

COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

TWO LITTLE HOME RULERS.

Some of Her Plans—The Irish Village at the World's Fair—The Real, Original Blarney Stone May Be Exhibited.

The Irish papers of the past few weeks have been filled with accounts of the tour through Ireland of the Countess of Aberdeen and her husband, in the interest of the Irish Home Industries Association. It has been in every sense a triumphal tour and fittingly so, for Lady Aberdeen comes to Ireland, not as an alien or a stranger, but as a well-beloved friend and happily remembered ruler. Everywhere arches have been erected in her honor, the cities and towns have been decorated, presentation speeches have been made by the mayor or town council and the warm hearted Irish people have greeted her with huzzas and blessings. In Dublin no hall was large enough to hold the thousands assembled to greet her.

The Irish people may be divided on all questions, but they are not divided in their devotion to the Countess of Aberdeen. On that issue they are unanimous. At the meeting in Dublin Lady Aberdeen spoke at length on the part the Irish were to take in the Chicago exposition. She gave a short history of the Irish Home Industries Association, its purpose and plan of work. Founded in 1886, it started in a comparatively quiet manner and had gradually grown to its present flourishing condition. Its purpose was to foster the cottage industries of Ireland—spinning, weaving, lace-making, embroidery, wood-carving, etc. It has always kept three main principles in view—first, that it should be free from any political leaning; second, that it should be thoroughly comprehensive, and though intended primarily for the encouragement of the cottage industries of Ireland, it should take a friendly interest in every industry; third, and it should be practical and based on strict business methods. These three principles had never been deviated from, and it needed no words of hers to show the people that the Irish Industries Association was a success.

WHERE IRELAND'S FIRST POTATO GREW.

From Dublin Lady Aberdeen proceeded to the historic town of Youghal—the spot where the first potato was grown in Ireland and where Sir Walter Raleigh's house still stands. A large crowd was waiting for her at the station, and when she stepped upon the platform she was loudly cheered. She visited the Presentation Convent, inspected the lace works, witnessed a drill of the children and later was presented with an address by the town commissioners. The scene was repeated at New Ross, where she visited the Carmelite Convent.

Her reception in Cork is vividly described: It was a genuine ovation. The Irish Times devoted five columns (equally to twelve columns in an American paper) to an account of it. The most influential gentleman of Cork were upon the stage. The hall was crowded, and when the proceedings commenced the scene was one of great animation. Everything that was possible was done to add eclat to the gathering. The long corridors leading to the hall were draped with

bright materials and a striking effect was produced by the firemen in their uniforms and brass helmets lining the way and forming an avenue through which the visitors passed. Inside the hall the scene was even gayer. Every window was draped with a flag; flags graced the golden fluted pillars, flags were the background for the platform and were skillfully selected so as to represent in an allagorical way the Irish village, the Chicago exposition and the English friends of Irish industries.

At the appointed hour the town sergeants and sword bearer entered, followed by the alderman and the mayor in his official robes. Immediately therefore came the countess of Aberdeen. Her dress is described as blue and drab, made of Tyrone tweed, trimmed with blue Irish poplin with Clones crocheted cuffs; at her side, also dress in Irish tweed, was her little daughter, Lady Margorie Gordon. Lady Margorie is well known not only in Ireland, but through England and Scotland, for, though only a small damsel of 12 summers, she is already the editor of a magazine. It is called Wee Willie Winkie.

When the mayor and honorable gentlemen had finished their addresses of welcome and Lady Aberdeen rose to speak she was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. The audience rose en masse and waved their handkerchiefs and hats and the cheering did not subside for several minutes. Taking advantage of a storm, Lady Aberdeen began. After thanking the people for their flattering reception of her and of her husband she said: "I can only ask you to believe once more that anything that Lord Aberdeen and I can ever do for the welfare of Ireland will be a pride and a pleasure to us. The sons and daughters of Ireland are not wont to think of the labor which they may be able to do for their country; and I must again remain you, ladies and gentlemen, of that which is not always recognized and it is that although I am three-quarters a Scotchwoman and proud to be so, I am also one quarter an Irishwoman. I thank you for your recognition of me, but surely the blood of the O'Neills would qualify anyone to work for Ireland without any thanks being due to them."

THE IRISH VILLAGE.

Lady Aberdeen then went on to explain what the Irish Industries Association had started out to do and what it was now doing to bring the various centers of industry into communication with one another, to place good designs within the reach of workers in all parts of Ireland, to establish local centers for the exhibition and sale of work, and in every way to promote the industrial instruction and training of the people. She then proceeded to give the latest particulars about the Irish village now in process of construction at the World's Fair in Chicago. The village is to be quadrangular in form, to be entered by a doorway taken from Cashel, through the cloisters to Muckross.

"In all we shall have some seventeen cottages," said Lady Aberdeen. "We shall have woolen weaving from Donegal and spinning from the North, and we shall have a dairy with some of the Kerry cows—and better still, some of the pretty Munster dairy maids to milk them. We shall not only show the process of butter making, but we hope to sell milk as a drink, and drinks made from milk which will reflect credit on our Irish dairy maids. We shall have a cottage devoted to bog oak carving, and the bog oak articles will be very attractive. Then we shall have a large number of blackthorns, but I am almost afraid to tell you the number of the first consignment. Another cottage is to be devoted to wood-carving, another to the making of small articles of jewelry, and in another we intend to do a large business in Irish turf. We are taking over some tons of Irish turf which we mean to cut up in small pieces and tie with ribbons for our friends to take away with them as a remembrance. And need I tell you that the Irish shamrock will not be forgotten? We hope to make one cottage a thoroughly home cottage, and by the fireside an old woman knitting. For this purpose we want to find the prettiest old woman in Ireland. We shall have an Irish piper and an Irish songstress, Irish jigs will be danced and Irish entertainments of all sorts given every night. At one end of the village there will be an object of great interest, namely, a representation on an exact scale of Blarney

Castle. In Blarney Castle our girls will be lodged so as to make them more Irish than they were when they went out. And I may mention the hope, the great hope, that Sir George Colthurst may be prevailed upon to lend us the Blarney stone."

If Lady Aberdeen is to do the coaxing it is quite needless to say that the Blarney stone will undoubtedly be here. No man can resist her—least of all an Irishman. Among the other things to be exhibited in the Irish village is a set of very elaborate lace vestments made for Cardinal Gibbons, another for Archbishop Feehan, another for Archbishop Ryan, and another for the ever popular Archbishop Ireland. Also the picture which will be seen in the art galleries of the exposition, "The Home Rulers," or as she elsewhere calls them, "Two Little Paddies"—two of her own little sons as painted two years ago by Mme. Carziani. The two little "scaramouches," as their mother lovingly calls them, in their bright, fancy costumes, make indeed a very charming picture, and that they are native born Democrats—not scions of an effete aristocracy at all—may be evinced from the fact stated by the editor of the magazine, Lady Aberdeen herself, that they are often employed as messenger boys in the office. The scene of the picture is in reality not far from Haddo House and the little boys are supposed to have been playing at digging up potatoes during their father's dinner hour and are now resting from their so-called work to give him "a surprise."—Mary Josephine Onahan in The Chicago Herald.

Important Correction.

We regret to observe an error in an article last month on "The Catholic Population of Our Indian Empire." In our calculations, p. 146, we stated that the Catholics of Ceylon according to the census of 1861, amounted to 302,127. As a matter of fact, that is the total of all Christians in Ceylon, and by a slip of the pen, was substituted for the exclusively Catholic Christians, whose numbers, as correctly recorded by us in our issue for November, (p. 110), are 246,214. This will make the total of Catholics in care of the Indian Hierarchy 1,315,078.—Illustrated Catholic Missions.

Life is short and time is fleeting, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will bless humanity as the ages roll on. Try it this season.



M - Emmanuel - Champigneulle

PARIS. BAR LE DUC. FRANCE.

FIGURE WINDOWS FOR CHURCHES. STATUARY

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

NEW PREMIUM PUZZLE.



With this HANDSOME LADY the faces of two others are shown. Can you find them? If so, mark faces and send to us as directed. LADIES AT HOME is the Home Magazine of Canada. Its reading matter and illustrations are all of the best. Nothing like it at the price—only 50 cents per year—has ever before been published in this country. It and its sister publications will soon lead all other Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. To ensure this a fair and legitimate premium system has been adopted at much outlay. During 1893 we purpose giving away Four Elegant Upright Pianos. W. Willison, ex-Reeve of Ayr, Ont., was awarded the splendid Rosewood Piano which was viewed by admiring thousands passing by our showroom during the past two weeks.

We publish Ladies' Companion, \$1.00 a year. Also Ladies at Home, 50 cents a year. Do not mistake any other—with the word "Ladies" or "Home" in the name—for either of these fine magazines. We also publish Our Boys and Girls, at 25 cents a year. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS has no connection with a young people's paper published on King st., west, which advertises for subscribers but gives no street number in its address.

PREMIUM LIST.

To the first person solving puzzle we will award \$100 in Cash; the next will receive Gold Watch; the third a Silver Water Service; the fourth a Silk Dress Pattern; the fifth a BANQUET LAMP; the sixth a DRESSMAKER'S MAGIC SCALE with instructions; the seventh a SILVER FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SET; the eighth a CRYSTAL PORTRAIT; the ninth a TOILET SET; the tenth a GOLD BROOCH; the eleventh a SILVER WATCH; the twelfth a PLUSH WORK CASE; to the next nine each a HANDSOME BROOCH. To the middle sender will be awarded an Upright Piano, valued at \$375. To the ten following, each a crayon portrait of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to July 15th next, will receive a Sewing Machine, valued at \$40. The sender next to last will receive a Silver Watch; ten preceding, each a beautiful Gold Brooch.

CONDITIONS.—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with fifty cents for a year's subscription to LADIES AT HOME. Address plainly, "2" LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO., 166 King St., West, Toronto, Can.

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SATISFACTORY PROGRESS.

Annual Meeting of the St. Patrick Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

The annual meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. society was held at St. Patrick's hall, St. Alexander street. Mr. Thomas Latimore presided at the opening of the meeting and there was a large attendance of members. The first business was the reading of the annual report of the secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan. That officer prefaced his report with the statement that the report was the 53rd annual one, and his 14th annual report as secretary of the society. The total number of meetings held during the year was 34, the attendance at all meetings had been satisfactory. The progress of temperance during the year was most satisfactory, and in this connection great praise was given the Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., rev. president of the society, for his indefatigable efforts to promote the cause. The pledge of total abstinence was administered at the meetings during the year to 160 persons; of this number 66 became members of the ordinary branch of the society, and 33 became members of the benefit branch. The annual religious celebration was largely attended, and was highly successful; 50 persons took the pledge on the occasion. The society was fully represented at the religious celebrations of the sister societies of St. Ann's and St. Gabriel parishes. The report dwelt upon the services rendered the society by the treasurer and financial secretaries. The report also dwelt at length on the workings and property of the society, and closed by an expression of thanks to the members from the committee of management and the secretary. Mr. John Hoolahan, seconded by Mr. James McVey, moved the adoption of the report, which was carried.

Mr. James Tierney, treasurer, presented his report, which gave in detail the receipts and expenditure for the year. Only two death claims, amounting to \$200, were paid out during the year. Mr. A. Martin, seconded by John Walsh, moved the adoption of the report.

The report of the auditors, Messrs. W. G. Kerr, M. F. Murphy and J. Smallshire, showed that they had carefully examined the books and accounts, which showed the society to be in a sound financial condition. The balance in bank to the credit of the society was \$2,181.42, with no liabilities. The adoption of the report was moved by Mr. James H. Kelly, seconded by Mr. James Tierney.

The rev. president of the society, after the adoption of the reports, took the chair, and the election of officers was proceeded with, Messrs. Bernard Taylor, Thomas Alty and John H. Feeley were appointed scrutineers. The following was the result: Rev. president, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S. (by appointment of the Rev. Superior of St. Sulpic); vice-president, Hon. Senator Murphy, re-elected; second vice-president, Mr. Michael Sharkey; secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan, re-elected; assistant secretary, Mr. F. J. M. Collins, re-elected; treasurer, Mr. James Tierney, re-elected; financial secretary,

Mr. W. P. Doyle, re-elected; assistant financial secretary, Mr. Tobias Kavanagh, re-elected; grand marshal, Mr. James Milloy, re-elected; assistant marshal, Thomas Martin, re-elected. Committee—Messrs. James McNaughton, Thomas Lattimore, A. Brogan, N.P., John A. Feeley, John Walsh, John Howard James H. Kelly, A. Martin, David McArthur, M. Duncan, Joseph O'Toole.

The rev. president made a brief address to those present on their duties as members. The progress made by the society during the past year was a cause of satisfaction to them all. He urged all those present to continue their efforts and spread the usefulness of the society.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected officers at which Mr. Costigan presided, Mr. John Walsh was unanimously elected permanent chairman of the committee of management.

The most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, the worst form of Scr-fula, all blood-taints and poisons of every name and nature, are utterly rooted out by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so certain and effective that it can be guaranteed. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings, and every kind of ailment, are completely and permanently cured by it.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour—Prices are quoted as follows:—Patent Spring, \$4.25 @ 4.35; Patent Winter, 4.10 @ 4.25; Straight Roller, 3.40 @ 3.65; Extra, 3.00 @ 3.15; Superfine, 2.70 @ 2.85; Fine, 2.35 @ 2.50; City Strong Bakers, 4.00 @ 4.10; Manitoba Bakers, 3.50 @ 4.10; Ontario bag—extra, 1.40 @ 1.50; Straight Rollers, 1.75 @ 1.90; Superfine, 1.30 @ 1.45; Fine, 1.10 @ 1.20.

Outmeal—In jobbing lots we quote:—Rolled and granulated \$1.10 to \$1.25, standard \$3.95 to \$4.05. In bag, granulated and rolled \$2.00 to \$2.10, and standard \$1.90 to \$2.05.

Milk Feed.—Here prices are easier and lower, car lots being quoted at \$16.91. Shorts are quoted at \$17.00 to \$18.00, and mouille \$19.00 to \$22.50.

Wheat.—Car lots of No 2 hard Manitoba for county millers are quoted at 81c, but for export 78c to 79c are the rates quoted. At Port Arthur No 2 hard is quoted at 70c May. Upper Canada white and red winter wheat is quoted in this market at 68c to 70c.

Corn.—Prices continue nominal at 63c to 65c duly paid.

Pens.—The market here is quiet, and prices are quoted at 72c to 74c per 60 lbs. in store, and at 78c to 77c at the mill. At points West and North of Stratford the market is steady at 56 to 57c per 60 lbs.

Oats.—No. 2 white oats at 31c per 34 lbs. for storage till May 15th. No. 3 is quoted at 33c to 33 1/2c.

Barley.—The sale of 2 cars of malting barley was reported to arrive at 52c, said to be of very good quality, and we quote 50c to 55c. Feed barley is quoted at 40c to 42c.

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

Rye.—We quote 60c to 62c.

Buckwheat.—We quote 53c to 54c.

Seeds.—Timothy seed is quoted at \$2.50 to \$2.60 for Western and \$2.70 to \$2.80 for Quebec. Red clover at \$9 to \$9.50 per bushel of 60 lbs., and alsike \$8.50 to \$7.00. Flax seed \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—Canada short cut pork per bbl. \$21.75 @ 22.25; Canada clear mess, per bbl. 20.00 @ 21.00; Chicago short cut mess, per bbl. 00.00 @ 00.00; Mess pork, American, new, per bbl. 21.50 @ 22.00; India mess beef, per tierce, 00.00 @ 00.00; Extra mess beef, per bbl. 14.00 @ 15.00; Hams, city cured, per lb. 12 1/2 @ 14.00; Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 12 1/2 @ 13.00; Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 10 1/2 @ 12.00; Bacon, per lb. 12 @ 13c; Shoulders, per lb. 11 @ 11 1/2.

Dressed Hogs.—We quote \$8.25 to \$8.35 here. One party says he can buy at \$7.50 in the West.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:—Creamery choice late made, 21c to 21 1/2c; do good to fine, 20c; Eastern Township dairy, choice fall, 20c to 21c; do do good to fine, 00c to 20c; Morrisburg & Brookville, 00c to 20c; Western, 18c to 20c; New Oranery, 23c to 25c; New Dairy, 21c to 23c.

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

Roll Butter.—Sales have been made at 18c to 19c, a few fancy baskets bringing 20c.

Cheese.—It is believed that more April cheese will be made this year than last; here prices of old cheese are nominally quoted at 11 1/2 to 11 3/4 for finest.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Good demand for Easter, and prices are firmer at 18c to day. For the past few days sales have been made at 15 1/2c, which was the lowest price this season.

Beans.—The market is firm at \$1.60 to \$1.65

per bu. hel, ordinary to good lots being quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.50, and inferior lots \$1 to \$1.10. Honey.—Quoted all the way from 5 1/2c to 7c per lb. as to quality. Comb honey is quoted at 12 1/2c to 14c, and dark lots 7c to 9c per lb. Maple Syrup.—The first few lots received sold at \$1.00 per imperial gallon less, but we are now quoted small lots at 75c. Maple Sugar.—Maple sugar in 1-lb. bricks have been more at 8c to 8 1/2c per lb. Hops.—We quote 18c to 19c as a fair range, ordinary lots 15c to 17c.

Baled Hay.—Prices at country points range from \$3.00 to \$3.25 for No. 2, although some business has been done at \$7.50. There is a fair demand for No. 1 timothy, which is quoted in this market at \$11.00 to \$10.50 per ton. Some of this hay has been shipped to Boston, recent account sales of which show that it realized \$14.00 per ton for fancy lots. Straw is quoted here at \$3.50 to \$5.00 per ton.

FRUITS, Etc.

Oranges.—Florida, \$1.75 to \$4. California \$3 to \$3.50, Messina \$2.50 to 2.75, Valencia \$1.75 to \$2.00, Blood Oranges, half boxes, \$2.25, large 4.00 to \$4.50.

Lemons.—Fancy Lemons \$2.75 to \$3.00, choice \$2.25 to \$2.50, common \$1.25 to \$2.00 as to kind and quality.

Dried Fruit.—Dried apple, 5c. to 6c.; evaporated, 8c. to 9c.; peaches and apricots 19c to 21c.

Pine Apples.—Choice pines are meeting with ready sale at from 15c to 25c.

Bananas.—We quote choice bunches \$2.50 to \$3.00, fair to good \$1.25 to \$2.00 as to quality.

Cucumbers.—Are selling in lots of 100 at from \$4 to \$4.50.

Onions.—Red are selling at from \$2.90 to \$3.25, yellows meeting with good demand at from \$2.75 to \$3. Spanish onions in crates are selling at 80c to \$1.00.

Potatoes.—Prices are easier at from 90c to 85c per bbl. of 60 lbs. in car lots.

FISH AND OIL.

Oils.—Cod oil there is some enquiry from Chicago, and prices here are firm at 40c to 41c for Newfoundland and Gaspe 3c. Cod liver oil 65c to 75c.

Pickled Fish.—Herring are still quoted \$3.75 to \$4.25 as to quality. Green cod \$5.50 to \$7.00 for No. 1 and \$7.50 for large. Dry cod \$4.50, and case cod at \$4.75.

Fresh Fish.—Haddock is in fair demand and wholesale lots sell at 40c to 5c per lb. Haddock herring, weighing 60 lbs. per 100 count, are selling at \$2.25 per 100.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.

(Report of the Montreal Horse Exchange, Point St. Charles)

The receipts of horses at these stables for the week ending April 1, were 294. There was a good lively trade during the week, the demand being brisk, the sales averaging from \$90 to \$140, a few choice drivers bringing an average from \$150 to \$200. We are advised of 3 carloads coming in for next week, including one from Mr. Hutchinson, of Woodstock, which contains fine draught horses.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Trade during the week was not as good as might have been expected during Easter time. Although there was a fine display of stock, the demand was not extra brisk. Good stock brought fair prices. Sheep, lambs, hogs and calves found already markets at fair prices. Extra good beef brought from 5c to 5 1/2c. We quote the following as being fair values:—Cattle—Butchers' good, 4c to 4 1/2c; Butchers' medium, 3c to 3 1/2c; Butchers' culls, 2c to 3c; Sheep and lambs, 5c to 5 1/2c; Hogs, \$6.50 to \$6.75; Calves, \$8.00 to \$10.00.

GIVES STRENGTH AND APPETITE.

DEAR SIRS,—Last year I was very thin and reducing very fast, owing to the bad state of my blood and appetite. A friend of mine induced me to get a bottle of B. B. B., which I did. I obtained immediate perceptible relief from it, have gained strength and appetite, and now weigh 138 pounds. M. T. MURPHY, Dorchester Bridge, Cur-bee, Que.



Cuticura Soap FOR COMPLEXIONS, BAD ROUGH HANDS AND BABY HUMORS. BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, BLOTCHY, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends, and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world wide celebrity. It simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unexcelled for the Toilet and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands and prevents inflammation and itching of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the world. Price 50c. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases," address PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c.

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All our Departments are now stocked with the latest novelties and the freshest ideas. "New, Good, and Cheap," is our motto for the season. Ladies who patronize our stores are always sure to be in the height of fashion. They need have no regretting on this point. And it is worth something to have this security, and to know that you are dealing with a firm that excels in Good Taste. JOHN MURPHY & CO.

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**SALLY CAVANAGH,**

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Brian Purcell stood among the fern on the mountain side, just where we found him at the commencement of our story. He had been loitering there for nearly an hour and now looked at his watch, and then down at a little thatched house with the tall hollyhocks at one end of it. A crowd was collected in the yard, and groups of men were moving about in the little meadow where Connor Shea chanted the history of the farmer's daughter, "whose parents died and willed her five hundred pounds in gold,"—the morning Brian found him rocking the cradle, and "having an eye to number five."

It seems but yesterday when he saw the manly peasant in the midst of his blooming children, while the radiant smile of Sally Cavanagh threw a glow of rosy light upon the picture. He can scarcely believe that the reality is not a hideous dream.

"How bravely the poor fellow has borne up," he thought. "I trust the one consolation for which he prayed so fervently was granted to him."

When Brian Purcell returned home on the day of Mr. Oliver Grindem's death it occurred to him that Connor Shea and his wife must have gone through the wood, for had they taken any other road he could not have missed them. He then remembered that their house had not been leveled by the crowbar brigade, because it "happened to be on the commonage," as Connor himself said, and the landlord had no claim to it. Brian hastened to the mountain foot, and saw the door of Connor Shea's house open. He entered, but a hand was raised to beckon him back. Connor Shea sat upon the floor, his back against the wall, supporting his poor wife's head, which rested on his breast. She was asleep. In obedience to the motion of his hand, Brian retired softly. It occurred to him that the best thing he could do was to call upon Mrs. Hazlitt and enlist her benevolence in favor of the sufferers.

"Matt, Matt," says Mrs. Hazlitt, when she had heard the story, "run up to Shawn Gow's, and tell him to call to Tim Croak, and let the two of 'em and Nancy and Betty come here to me without delay. An' do you, Mr. Purcell, send Mick Dunphy over with a horse an' car, an' lave the rest to me." Brian was satisfied that Sally Cavanagh would be well cared for, and he and Matt hastened to execute Mrs. Hazlitt's commands.

The next morning, Brian could scarcely believe his eyes when he looked round Connor Shea's kitchen, which presented so desolate an appearance the day before. Tim Croak and Shawn Gow, and Nancy and Betty sat by the fire, as if resting from their labor, while Mrs. Hazlitt was pouring out a cup of tea at the dresser, which was resplendent with pewter and china, and St. Patrick baptizing the King of Munster parted on the side of it. Mrs. Hazlitt held up her finger in token of silence, and pointed to the room door.

"She's finely," she whispered. "You're a wonderful woman," said Brian, in the same low tone, as he looked around, and saw every thing precisely as it was on the day he found Connor Shea rocking the cradle.

"You see, sir," said Mrs. Hazlitt, "I thought nothing 'd help to bring her round like the sight of the things she was used to."

The room door was opened, and Connor, after grasping Brian by the hand, beckoned to him to follow him.

"Don't stay long out, Connor," said Mrs. Hazlitt; "the tay is filled out, and a warm cup 'll do you good."

Connor shook his head with a sad but grateful smile, and he and Brian Purcell walked out into the little garden.

"Well, Connor, how is she?"

"She won't hold long sir," was the reply. "An, I b'lieve 'tis a mercy to have her go. But oh, good God! 'tis breaking my heart to think that she 'll go an' never know me."

"Have courage, Connor. I 'll send out for the doctor, and perhaps something might be done for her."

"Do, sir. Matt Hazlitt is after goin' for Father O'Gorman to read over her."

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

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**SURPRISE SOAP**

While the best for all household uses, has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

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Brian remembered that Matt passed him on the road, on his yellow pony, riding furiously.

"I 'll bid you good morning now," said Brian. "And be advised by Mrs. Hazlitt, and take some breakfast."

"May God bless her!" exclaimed Connor Shea. And Brian saw the big tears start into his eyes. His own eyes were not dry as he turned away and walked quickly down the little by-road.

On his way to the mountain foot, Matt Hazlitt was improving the occasion by endeavoring to convince Father O'Gorman that St. Patrick was a Protestant— as sure as he, Matt Hazlitt, was a Protestant. But Matt broke off in the middle of his argument by saying "Brown Jack" for a lazy brute, so impatient was he to have the priest read over poor Sally Cavanagh.

"Very well, Matt," said Father O'Gorman, smiling, and putting spurs to his horse; "we'll put off the discussion to a more favorable opportunity."

Connor Shea was right—she did not "hold long." And few will think he was not right, too, when he said it was "a mercy to have her go."

Brian Purcell has come to the mountain-foot to-day to attend Sally Cavanagh's funeral. He arrived early, and preferring to be alone, walked up the hill, where he could indulge his grief undisturbed.

Noticing a movement among the crowd he thought it time to go down to the house, as he wished to be one of the first to bear Sally Cavanagh's coffin down the little by-road to the hearse which was in waiting. He paused for a moment before getting over the wall of the meadow, and heard some young men talking on the other side.

"The Lord save us!" said one, "there's not a man in the townland that wouldn't venture his life for her: an' isn't quare she to be let go to the poor-house at all?"

"After all," was the reply, "if you look into it, 't isn't surprisin'." She went to the poor-house like hundreds of the neighbors. An' unless she went about beggin' a bit an' a sup for her childer I don't see what could be done for her."

"Many's the pleasant evenin' we ever had at poor Connor's," said a third speaker. "An' 'twas Sally was the good warrant to get up a dance for us. She'd hand Connor his flute, an' ketch a houlty wan uv the boys an' haul him out on the flure." "I was better than a weddin' for a few uv the boys an' girls to meet there uv an evenin'." And the honest fellow drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes. "There's Father O'Gorman an' Parson Stephens," he continued; "let's move down. She'll be taken out immediately."

Brian followed them. When we went into the room to remove the coffin, a peculiar expression in Connor Shea's face attracted his attention, and rather surprised him. But he understood it when Connor came to his side, and said:—

"Thank God, she knew me, Mr. Brian."

After the funeral, Brian took Connor Shea home with him in his gig. Soon

after their arrival at Ballycorrig, the servant announced Parson Stephens and Captain Dawson.

The captain asked to see Mr. Purcell. "I need not tell you, sir," said Captain Dawson, when Mr. Purcell made his appearance, "that I was no party to the proceedings which have been taken against you. I have written to my lawyer to put a stop to them. And I now come to offer you a lease at your former rent."

"I thank you, sir," Mr. Purcell replied, "I expected nothing else from you."

"And Shea," said the captain, "you can have your farm back again, and whatever I can do for you I will do."

"I'm thankful to you, captain," said Connor Shea; "but I couldn't live there now."

"Don't leave old Ireland, Shea," said Mr. Stephens.

"I hope to see old Ireland again, sir," And Connor Shea drew himself up to his full height, while his eyes flashed fire from under his knitted brows.

Connor Shea was always a great favorite with Captain Dawson, whom he often accompanied in his shooting and coursing excursions on the mountain. The captain, mistaking the expression in his face, felt hurt, and said:—

"Shea, I never expected this from you. You know I always wished you well. And he who acted so severely towards you is no more."

"I wasn't thinkin' of him, sir," replied Connor. "I was thinkin' of the Government that crushes us. You know, captain, I'm atter bein' in the land of liberty, an' I larned something there that wasn't clear to me afore."

"I very much fear," Mr. Stephens observed, "if a war breaks out between the United States and these countries, our Government will find they have committed a grievous mistake in driving the men who recruited our army, and contributed so much to the glory of England, into the ranks of our foes. For America does not love us."

"All we want," remarked Mr. Purcell, whose loyalty had been revived by the promised leave, "is a settlement of the land question."

"And that you'll never get," said Brian. "I know what your views are," said the parson, in a good-humored way, turning to Brian. "I consider them visionary, and worse. And yet it is hard to blame intelligent Irishmen for being discontented with the present state of things."

"You are more liberal, sir," said Brian, "than some of our own clergy, who have been honored with the title of 'sacredotal incendiaries,' as a reward for their loyalty."

Connor Shea was about leaving the room when Brian said to him:—

"By the way, Connor, what about this ring you sent to me by Tom Burke? 'Tis worth at least twice as much as I gave him."

"I'm glad you reminded me of it," said Connor, taking out his purse and counting five sovereigns on the table.

"Don't mind the money," said Brian; "here's the ring."

"I have more money than I want now," replied Connor. "An' give the ring to the young lady—an' may God bless her."

"What young lady?" Brian asked in surprise.

"I thought you knew all about it," said Connor; and he told how Miss Evans had given the ring to his little son at the Finger-post.

Captain Dawson brightened up on hearing the story, and even Brian felt grateful to her. After all, his consent to know that a once-worshiped idol was not altogether worthless.

"Perhaps," said Brian, as the captain and his reverend friend were preparing to leave, "perhaps Captain Dawson will be good enough to return the ring to the owner."

The captain promised to do so. But fate would not have it so.

That very morning Miss Evans got a hint for the first time of how matters stood between her old lover and Fanny O'Gorman. She could not believe it. She thought Brian Purcell never could love another,—at least while she herself remained unmarried. But her vanity was wounded and her jealousy roused, nevertheless. So she resolved "to do something,"—what, she did not exactly know.

Captain Dawson's horse cast a shoe, and he stopped at Shawn Gow's forge to get it on.

Tim Croak, whom we fear meant mischief, walked in to light his pipe.

"Wisha, captain," says Tim, "would you lave this bit av a note at Matt Hazlitt's as you 're passin', an' let me go home the short cut."

The captain took the note, but the moment the eye rested on the address he trust it back into Tim's hand, saying that he had to ride over to the globe.

When he was gone, Tim grinned maliciously as he said to Shawn Gow:—

"I was over at Moorview wud a braos' cock from the ould lady, an' I got this to deliver to Mr. Brian into his own hands, as she said. An' begob, Shawn, she's a thoroughbred an' no mistake. I never seen such pints wud a woman."

Captain Dawson really did ride to the globe, but it was for the purpose of asking Mr. Stephens to return the ring to the county of Moorview House.

Brian read the note, which only contained these few words: "Meet me at one o'clock tomorrow, at the cottage. I want to see you *particularly*. Don't refuse me this *last request*." J. E.

Kate, who we must say was too suspicious, stood near the window with the envelope in her hand, watching him anxiously. She turned her head away quickly, lest he should notice the smile that lighted up her face when she saw him toss the note into the fire.

"Kate," said he, "had you no letter from Fanny to-day?"

(to be continued.)

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

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

"Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to swear?" "No'm, I'm just telling it what it musn't say."

**RESTORED TO HEALTH.**

DEAR SIRS,—For years I was troubled with indigestion, but being advised to try B.B.B. I did so and find myself quite restored to health. HOWARD SULLIVAN, Mgr. Sullivan Farm, Dunbar, Ont.

Mabel: "Isn't it hard to keep a diary?" Army: "Yes, indeed; harder than to keep a secret."

Death and Love are the two wings which bear men from earth to heaven.—*Michael Angelo.*

## THE QUESTION OF DANCING.

The Logic of It.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

'Twas Mardi Gras—the midnight hour was o'er,  
Still waltzed the damsel on the ball room floor,  
More like a Natch girl than a Christian maid,  
In robe deuillette, only half arrayed;  
And not a blush her maiden shame to speak,  
Save that which art had painted on her cheek.

Now in the arms of one—now of another  
Wine-flush'd Adonis (neither sire nor brother)  
She thought no longer of the Virgin Queen,  
[Whose modest, shirking child she erst had been].

Nor of the lover of all lovers best,  
Who 'mongst the lilies doth delight to rest.

The last waltz over—to a vacant place  
Among the look-on—with heated face,  
Her cavalier escorted her, and there  
Left her to languish in a velvet chair,  
Her locks dishevel'd and her bosom bold  
Displaying (O, the shame!) a cross of gold!

Sudden, beside her, as he piled her fan,  
Uprose a silver-haired and keen-eyed man,  
Who, on her face a smile sardonic bent,  
And, bowing low, with gesture eloquent,  
Pleaded: "Dear maid! with many beauties  
graced,  
Please, may I twine my arm around your waist?"

"Sir! you insult me!" flamed the angry girl,  
Giving her fan a most indignant whirl;  
"The manager shall show you to the door,  
I'm sure I never saw your face before!  
What right have you?" "The right [his scorn  
rang clear].

"Of all these stranger youths assembled here?"

"Free were they all, unchecked to come and go,  
To clasp you close, to whirl you to and fro;  
Their right's my wrong, but, if sweet music's  
strain

The music vells—then bid it sound again!  
That I, like these, who have your charms em-  
braced,

May, unrebuk'd, inclasp your yielding waist!"

## HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

## USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

Borax water will remove stains from the hands.

Remove egg stains from spoons by rubbing with salt.

A small box filled with lime will absorb dampness.

Gum camphor scattered about mice haunts will drive them away.

Cream and acids do not curdle, but milk and acids will.

Emery powder will remove ordinary stains from ivory knife handles.

To remove fruit stains dip the spots several times in scalding milk.

Leather chairs may be revived by rubbing with the white of an egg.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by scrubbing with ammonia and rinsing in clear water.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware. Apply with a damp cloth and rub well and wipe dry.

Spirits of camphor applied with a flannel cloth will remove unsightly white spots from furniture.

After peeling onions rub the hands with celery or mustard, and the odor will be entirely removed.

A teaspoonful of pulverized alum mixed with stove polish will give the stove a fine and lasting luster.

When boiling cabbage tie a piece of dry bread in a bag and drop it in the pot to remove the disagreeable odor.

To keep jellies from molding, cover with pulverized sugar to the depth of a quarter of an inch; they will keep for years.

For starching muslins, gingham and calicoes dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hickory-nut for every pint of starch. This will keep the colors bright for a long time.

Leaking for cakes may be prevented from cracking, when being cut, by adding one teaspoonful of sweet cream to each unbeaten egg; beat all together and sugar until as stiff as can be stirred.

## THE TEASPOON IS BANISHED.

The teaspoon has been banished from the table of the ultra elegant. Its use has long been forbidden to assist in eating any sort of kernel and soft vegetables, but it survived for a time as an aid to consuming what our grandmothers called "sauce," and certain desserts of a custard nature or ices and ice cream. Now its employment is considered as the fashionable woman told her child, "worse than wicked—vulgar—" in any such service. So, like Fatima in the "Arabian Nights" eating her grains of rice, we pick at all those yielding, gelatinous and elusive substances with a little fork. The teaspoon is restricted to the teacup, and that alone.

## BABY'S FIRST SHOES.

In buying the baby the first pair of shoes, great care should be taken that no

squeezing takes place, for it is owing to this that so many misshapen feet are tramping round the world belonging to men and women who could not tell their toes were cramped and whose comfort as well as comeliness was sacrificed to a mother's vanity. The sole of baby's bare foot is not unlike a wedge in shape, the broad part being at the toes. The ideal shoe should conform to this shape as much as possible and be neither too loose nor too tight. It should be amply wide across the big toe joint, allowing room for spreading, instead of compressing, the "little pigs that went to the market" uncomfortably close together.

## DO YOU? HOW?

Do you answer your letters?

"Of course we do," comes from an overwhelming chorus of voices that spurn the notion that the hastily scribbled notes are not answers to the epistles sent them by their numerous friends, yet hardly one woman in ten—yes, in twenty—really answers her letters.

Have we not all been to the verge of desperation by the anxiously awaited communication that is to set our minds at rest on many points, arriving, and with apparently studied rudeness, the writer has skipped over every detail and question that prompted our own effusion, and indulging in bit or miss comment on ordinary happenings with a nonchalant disregard for our questions that was simply maddening.

Would we be so rude if engaged in conversation? Suppose, for instance, Miss Wilson is making you a call, and you say: "How is your mother, my dear?" and she replies: "You ought to have been to the dog show, it was just too lovely." Would you not consider Miss Wilson a very rude young person? Yet every day letters are flying back and forth through the mails with questions and answers as entirely irrelevant as the foregoing.

Do not, in your anxiety to relate the social happenings or domestic troubles of your own circle, forget to be polite, for you are talking by mail, and though your questioner may be hundreds of miles away, he or she expects an answer, or they would not have asked you what may seem utterly trivial and unimportant to you, yet which interests them far more than the two or three pages of your own doings, criss-crossed until hieroglyphics would be clear in comparison.

## Weak Children

will derive strength and acquire robust health

by a persevering use of the great

Food Medicine  
SCOTT'S  
EMULSION

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

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HAVE FURNISHED 35,000  
CHURCH SCHOOLS & OTHER PUREST BEST  
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## R. C. SILK &amp; Co.

Busy Day. To clear this week consignment lot of 8,000 yards best Tapestry, at 65 cents, worth 80 cents. Montreal Carpet Warehouse, 87 St. James street, (Fee & Martin's Block.)

## YOUR HEALTH!



IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN  
TRY

the  
D.L. EMULSION

It Will Make You Eat.  
Will Tone Your Nerves.  
Will Make You Strong.  
Will Make You Feel Like  
Yourself Again.

FOR CHRONIC COUGH IT  
IS ALMOST SPECIFIC.

In all Pulmonary Diseases with emaciation, as well as with spitting of blood, the effects of this remedy are very marked.

50c. AND \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

BE SURE YOU GET THE "D. & L."

## DAN MCCARTHY'S SONGS.

As Sung by Him in the "Rambler from Clare"

Do Not Weep, Dear Mother.  
Romie Dwyer—Molly Malone.  
The Birth Place of Barney.  
Dear Old Friends—Mr. McCarthy and Miss  
St. George Hussy's big hit.  
The Boat that First Brought Me Over.  
Everybody's Favorite Song Sweet Nellie  
Bawn.  
Lying in a British Soldier's Grave.  
Mary Jane Casey from the County Mayo.  
Dreaming as She Sleeps, and fifty other  
popular songs, can be had in Kelly's Songster  
No. 50 Price 10 cents. P. KELLY, Song  
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INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled.  
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## WONDER IN WELLAND!

A Representative Farmer  
Speaks.



MR. C. C. HAUN.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have seen one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN,  
Welland P.O.

In this connection the following letter from T. Cumines, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself: Me Mrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly,  
THOMAS CUMINES,  
Welland, Ont.

The steadily increasing sale of B. B. B., the length of time it has been before the people, and the fact that it cures to stay cured, attest the sterling merit of this monarch of medicines, the people's favorite blood purifier, tonic and regulator.

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INFANTILE SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES CURED BY CUTICURA

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, with their torturing disfigurement...

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, \$1.50.

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The above shows our great facilities for placing large lines of Insurance, in addition to which we have connection with several other leading Companies in Montreal and New York.

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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.

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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

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Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,

Next Drawings : - - - April 6 and 19.

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

LIST OF PRIZES

Table listing prizes: 1 Prize worth \$3,750.00, 1 do 1,250.50, 1 do 625.00, 1 do 312.50, 2 Prizes worth 125.00, 5 do 62.50, 25 do 12.50, 100 do 6.25, 200 do 3.75, Approximation Prizes: 100 do 6.25, 100 do 3.75, 100 do 2.50, 500 do 2.50, 999 do 1.25, 999 do 1.25.

3184 Prizes worth \$13,185.00

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

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

Read what the



SAY

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UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTIVE



LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY

(Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1878, by an overwhelming popular vote.)

To Continue Until January 1, 1895.

its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING will take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

PAID FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR INTEGRITY OF ITS DRAWINGS AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF PRIZES

Attested as follows: We do hereby certify that we supervised the drawings for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and the prizes were managed and controlled the drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, and in a good faith toward all parties and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with the initials of our signatories attached to its advertisements.

Handwritten signatures: J. J. Enely, M. A. Leblanc, J. J. Villere.

Col. C. J. Villere succeeds G. H. Beauregard as one of our Commissioners to supervise our Monthly and Semi-Annual drawings. G. H. Beauregard always selected Mr. Villere to represent him at the drawings whenever he was absent. Mr. Villere has already supervised nine of our drawings.

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

C. M. WALSH, Esq., Pres. Louisiana National Bank. F. O. H. BASSO, Esq., Pres. State National Bank. A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank. EARL KOHN, President Union National Bank.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING

WILL TAKE PLACE At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$75,000

100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

Table of prizes: PRIZES OF \$75,000 1, PRIZES OF \$25,000 10, PRIZES OF \$10,000 10, PRIZES OF \$5,000 10, PRIZES OF \$2,500 10, PRIZES OF \$1,000 10, PRIZES OF \$500 10, PRIZES OF \$200 10, PRIZES OF \$100 10, PRIZES OF \$50 10, PRIZES OF \$25 10.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES: 100 Prizes of \$100 are \$10,000, 100 Prizes of \$50 are \$5,000, 100 Prizes of \$25 are \$2,500.

TERRITORIAL PRIZES: 999 Prizes of \$20 are \$19,980, 999 Prizes of \$10 are \$9,980.

3,184 Prizes, amounting to \$263,460

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

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

IMPORTANT.

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

Address PAUL CONRAD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Give full address and make signature plain.

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

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

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

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

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

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