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THE TRINITY COLLEGE

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

VOL. XLII, NO. 29.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are highly pleased to learn that, on account of an error in the addition of the total qualified voters in St. Ann's Ward, it has been discovered that the rumor of more voters than were on the list being polled, as alleged, has no foundation. We are exceedingly glad of this; for were it otherwise the whole Section of St. Ann's Ward would be under an undesirable cloud. True we were anxious to see Mr. McGrail elected, and simply because he was an anti-boodle candidate and a young man of energy and ability worthy of confidence; but we would prefer to see any candidate beaten rather than have it established that an election was carried by such wholesale methods of dishonesty. Mr. Girard, of the City Clerk's Office, deserves thanks for having discovered the error. While rejoicing to learn that the electors of St. Ann's Ward are freed from all suspicion on the question, still we cannot help taking notice of how gladly the general public, in other sections, seized upon the piece of political gossip and how very rapidly it found circulation in the press. Look at it from whatever standpoint you may, there lurks an unjust anti-Irish prejudice in the bosom of thousands, whose experience and pretensions should raise them above the level of common bigots.

In the records of human brutality we doubt if there can be found anything to surpass the barbaric action of that mob in Paris, Texas, the story of whose atrocities was published to the world last week. So revolting are the details that no pen—save that of a cruel sensationalist—would attempt to describe them. They talk of annexation to the United States. Before our civilized Canada could join in such a union she would want, amongst a thousand other things, a guarantee that the law of the Republic be sufficiently strong to reach and punish the incarnate fiends that were guilty of such action. It is a poor recommendation for such a great and Christian nation if the executive does not take steps to civilize that land of white savages. It would not be wonderful to use the language of a Celtic bard, if—

"Fev'ers would burn them,
And agues would freeze them,
And the strong hand of God,
In His red anger, seize them."

It is true that the wretched victim of the Satanic scene had committed a fearful crime; but for that crime the law of the land has ordained a fit punishment. Moreover, it is not the province of a mob any more than it is of an individual, to take away human life. But even the taking of life would be a mercy compared to the infernal tortures to which twenty thousand human tigers subjected one poor human creature. The persecutions of Nero were merciful compared to that death, and the stake of the Iroquois was a bed of roses compared to that gibbet.

We are pleased to inform our readers that a letter has been received at Valley

field, from Mgr. Emard, the Bishop of that diocese, informing his priests that he and his travelling companions, Rev. Messrs. Allard and Primeau, reached France on Sunday evening the 15th January last. They had most pleasant trip and so far are in the best of health. Needless to add that we are rejoiced to hear such a good account of Bishop Emard's journey to Rome, and that we wish him, and his companions, all manner of success and prosperity in their pilgrimage to and from the Eternal City.

THE now notorious Mrs. Shepherd has gravitated to Belleville. We notice by a programme, which a friend from that city sent us, that she has been heralded with considerable praise from a certain section of the press. She seems evidently determined on wiping out the Catholic Church. She has a pretty heavy contract on hand, one in which many of her eminent predecessors have ignominiously failed. The Roman emperors strove to choke the Church of Christ at its foundation, and they failed; Mahomet sought to carve the Cross to pieces with his sword, but the emblem of salvation is still triumphant. Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Henry VIII. sought with all their might to efface Catholicity, but they have passed into eternity, while Catholicity remains. Mazzini, Bismarck and Garibaldi did their utmost against a divinely instituted establishment; their power is gone, and the institution of Faith continues to flourish. In fact the devil has, ever since the dawn of Redemption, been striving to pull down the Church of Christ, still his Satanic Majesty has been ever defeated. Perchance it has been reserved for Mrs. Shepherd to knock the foundation from under the Church of Rome. If so it can be justly said that she was more successful than the Emperors, more lucky than Mahomet, more fortunate than Luther, more clever than Mazzini, and that above all, "she beats the Devil!"

IN our editorial columns we reproduce a splendid leader from The Irish Catholic of Dublin, under the heading "The Home Rule Session." We would advise our readers to carefully peruse that forecast of the coming probabilities and possibilities in regard to the Home Rule question during the present session of the Imperial House. We had intended writing this week upon the subject, but the article that we quote covers the ground so well, and coming from one who is within earshot of all that is actually taking place beyond the Atlantic, that we feel our readers will thank us for the reproduction of it, for no article of our own could possibly touch the chords so correctly and forcibly.

THE English and foreign press still keep up the agitation about that dynamite outrage in Dublin. The Times and a few Unionist journals did their utmost to make political capital out of the unfortunate event, and to use it to the detriment of Mr. Gladstone and his policy; but owing to the attitude taken

in Ireland and in England by Irishmen their attempts proved nothing but failures. The Speaker, must have reflected the sentiments of all honest and just Englishmen when, speaking for its party, it said that:—

"The intelligent foreigner had only to read the farrago of envenomed nonsense which appeared in the shape of the reflections of the Times upon this event, in order to understand at least one-half of the Irish question at a glance. How can a nation, the leading journal of which is capable of speaking in such a spirit on such a subject, ever hope to conciliate the Irish people by applying to them its own methods of government? How can the people of that country entertain either respect or affection for those who seem to be at once their accusers, their judges, and their executioners? If we believed that the sentiments of the Times were the sentiments of the people of Great Britain, or of any but a small and malignant section of the nation, we should be compelled to give up the hope of any reconciliation between the two countries, and to watch them drift apart into a perpetual enmity as mischievous and dangerous to the one as to the other. Happily there are those among us who can keep their heads, even under the shock of a dynamite outrage, and to them and to the general sense of fair play which is not yet lost in Great Britain we can appeal from the frantic partisans who are willing to condemn a whole people because of the sin of one man."

THE following, from the *London Universe*, is timely indeed as a warning against placing faith in those would-be Irish humorists who merely draw ridicule upon the nation and do injustice to the race.

"There was a dreary yarn affecting to be funny, signed Major Rory O'Gore, in a half-penny morning paper of London the other day, professing to give details of the Dublin dynamite outrage (if dynamite it was in reality). This is intended to probe an open wound or to cover with a transparent screen of sneering sarcasm a very gross piece of criminal folly, which is condignly censured by Irishmen of every class and creed. If the author meant to be humorous, he should have followed the lines of one of Carleton's parodies:

His desire is neither to distort his countrymen into demons, nor to enshrine them as suffering innocents and saints, but to exhibit them as they really are—warm-hearted, hot-headed, affectionate creatures—the very finest materials in the world for either the poet or agitator—capable of great culpability, and of great and energetic goodness—sudden in their passions as the red and rapid gush of their mountain streams—variable in their temper as the climate that sends them the mutability of sun and shower—at times rugged and gloomy as the moorland sides of their mountains—often sweet, soft, and gay as the sunlit meadows of their valleys.

But this "bogtrotter" (as he describes himself) makes the man with the infernal machine an Irishman, makes all Irishmen sympathize with him secretly, and daubs over the typical Pat with a coating of loathsome blackness."

WONDERFUL the power, sometimes, of one song. Wolfe has become immortal on account of the "Burial of Sir John Moore;" Gray's fame is almost entirely due to his "Elegy in a Churchyard;" Rouget Delisle shall go down to posterity embalmed in the imperishable strains of the "Marsaillaise." There lives to-day a man, who is a professor in "Trinity College," Dublin, and who is a solid "loyalist," an opponent of the Home Rule cause, and yet whose name shall live in the patriotic literature of Ireland as long as the "Memory of the Dead" shall be played or sung. The *Chicago Citizen*, speaking of him some time ago, said: "The aged 'loyalist' will pass into oblivion; but the fiery gospel of his rebel muse will forever illumine the name and the fame of John Kells Ingram." No matter how he may have survived the grand enthusiasm of other days, he certainly has given to the Irish race the most national and soul-stirring song that was ever penned by man or sung by patriot. At this particular period in the critical moment in Ireland's prospects, there is a stanza that will not only bear

reproduction, but which alone should suffice to rescue the name of Ingram from oblivion and preserve it green (for the sake of his song) in every Irish heart.

"Then here's their memory may it be
For us a guiding light—
To cheer our strife for liberty
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men be you, men,
Like those of 'Ninety-eight.'"

THE grand four weeks retreat, preached by the Redemptorist Fathers, closed on Sunday night. On Sunday morning at 7.30 o'clock the members of St. Ann's Y. M. S. proceeded in a body to the church headed by their band. At mass the general communion took place, and it is calculated that over fourteen hundred persons were present. The retreat was a great success. The first week was for the married women and at the close there were 2225 communions; the second week for the married men ended with 1875 communions; the third week for the unmarried women closed with 2358 communions; and the fourth week for the young men, which terminated last Sunday, resulted in 2100 communions. It was, indeed, a harvest of souls for God, and the Redemptorist Fathers are most highly satisfied with the results. Elsewhere we publish a synopsis of the sermon preached Sunday evening by Rev. Fr. Strubbe C.S.S.R.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH has been in New York; he spoke of calling upon President-elect Cleveland. He is on his way to Washington with his semi-annual budget of news and information picked up during his semi-annual residence in Canada. Goldwin Smith must "speak with forked tongues," as the Indian was accustomed to say, for in New York he is reported to have told the American public that a large majority of Canadians would hoist the annexation standard tomorrow, that they would vote for that measure. Yet he did not so speak in Toronto, before leaving for the United States. Here were his words in Canada:

"If I am asked what is the state of opinion here, I shall venture to say that there is among our people generally a growing desire for closer relations with the rest of our race upon this continent. If there is not, why are all those alarm bells ringing? I shall admit at the same time that there is a powerful combination of organized interests, official, commercial, and social, as well as traditions and established sentiment, arrayed on the other side. I shall admit also that there is among us, and especially among our politicians, a good deal of caution, and that the number of those who in their hearts look forward to continental union is much larger than the number of those who avow their opinion."

In justice to Goldwin Smith we must say that he has, over his own signature, denied the report of his remarks made in New York, and which purported to be a direct contradiction of the above. However the professor exposes himself greatly to just suspicion by his self-imposed diplomatic missions to and from Washington.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

THE PENAL CODE AND ITS INIQUITIES

Thomas Davis as the Sower of Seed upon Soil Prepared by the Immortal Liberator.

The grave was that of Thomas Davis, whose memory is enshrined in the heart of his nation. While we leisurely follow the little crooked path that leads to his grave, I will tell you in a whisper, what I know of him. If my picture does not fall in with your encyclopaedia sketch, you must blame my camera. Photographers, when they make a poor negative, are apt to blame the weather. I might avail myself of this excuse. "I assure thee on my faith" says Sir Thomas More, "that if the parties will at my hands call for justice, then were it that my father stood on one side, and the devil on the other, the devil should have his right, if his cause was good." In a spirit akin to that which prompted these words, is that which prompts me to write, if the devil has his due why not the weather. And the weather, sir, it was charming, that is for Irish weather, blame it not rather the artist and his defective camera. Here is the sketch:

Thomas Osborne Davis was born in the picturesque little village of Mallow, Co. Cork, in 1814 "Though Irish of the Irish in spirit, he did not belong to the Irish branch of the great Celtic family, his father being a native of Wales," that is the fine way one of his countrymen has of saying that Davis' father was a Welshman. His early days were passed amid the wild, enchanting scenery of his native county, while his young mind was led into every nook and corner of fairydom and ghostdom by his rollicking Irish nunes. Poets are born not made, is a headline in copybooks, I believe. It may convey a truth, Albert Buffon, in his tower, thought otherwise, and our own charming Howells pats old Buffon on the shoulder, and tells him not to shirk from an encounter with the clear-eyed Roman bard. I have no desire to quarrel with Horace, but would simply suggest that if poets are born, it takes a certain kind of environment to mature them. Bagehot has

ANOTHER WORD

for this—"atmosphere" he calls it—an apt word. The atmosphere of Davis was all that could be desired. The Ireland of his birth was a sad spectacle, a land consumed by a bigotry and intolerance that finds no parallel in the history of civilized nations. Grattan's hard won but short-lived parliament, a few years prior to his birth had died amid a corruption that beggars description. The Ireland of those times was in the forcible but inelegant language of Lord Clare "our damnable country as full as ever of their Popish projects." The Popish projects that disturbed the otherwise plain style of Clare, may be best understood when it is stated that they consisted of an humble, fawning petition to Pitt, and their Irish Parliament, that could vote men and money to strangle our young Republic, but was unaware of the famine and misery of more than two-thirds of their countrymen at home to repeal the following enactments.

- 1—Catholic peers are deprived of votes.
- 2—Catholic gentlemen are forbidden to be elected members of parliament or to hold any clerical office.
- 3—All Catholics are denied the liberty of voting.
- 4—Catholics that will abstain from Protestant form of worship a fine of 60 pound per month.
- 5—All Catholics are forbidden to travel five miles from their houses, to keep arms, to maintain suits at law, or to be guardians or executors.
- 6—Any four Justices of the peace may without further trial, banish any man for life if he refuses to attend Protestant service.
- 7—Any two Justices of the Peace can call any man over sixteen before them, and if he refuses to abjure the Catholic Religion, they can bestow his property on the next of kin.
- 8—No Catholic can send his children to a Catholic school-master, and if he sends them abroad for education, he is liable to a fine of not less than 100 pounds, and the child cannot inherit any property either in England or Ireland.
- 9. Any Catholic priest coming to the country should be hanged.
- 10. Any Protestant suspecting any other Protestant of holding property in

trust for any Catholic may file a bill against the suspected trustee and take the estate or property from him.

11. Any Protestant seeing a Catholic tenant-at-will on a farm, which in his opinion yielded one-third more than the yearly rent, may enter on that farm, and by simply swearing to the fact take possession.

12. Any Protestant can take away the horse of a Catholic, no matter how valuable, by simply paying him five pound.

13. Horses and waggons belonging to Catholics are in all cases to be seized for the use of the militia.

14. Any Catholic gentleman's child becoming a Protestant might at once take possession of his father's property.

THIS ATROCIOUS CODE

of general enactments, ratified by an Irish parliament calling itself Christian, was more rigidly carried out, strange as it may appear to us, in the land of Davis than what is now called the Black North. The Ulster dissenters had tasted themselves the bitter cup of religious persecution, and many of them were loath to press it to the lips of their fellow-men. One of the resolutions of the Volunteers was aimed at a relaxation of the penal code. It was no wonder that the great mind of Burke laughed at the absurdity of relaxing a code that could not legally exist, when it should have been swept off the statute-book. The time, however, was not ripe; bigotry dies slowly. Even in his shroud he is powerful. Long after Cromwell had left the human stage crying Irish babies were hushed to sleep by the sound of his name. It was a strange saying of O'Connell's "that no landed estates could have remained in the possession of Catholics, only that individual Protestants were found a great deal honestier than the laws." Some of these individual Protestants, like Grattan, saw clearly that bigotry was the true cause of their country's misery Grattan wrote "so long as the penal code remains we can never be a great nation" and Neilson a United Irishman far ahead of his age goes at once to the root of the saucer "our efforts for reform hitherto have been ineffectual, and they deserved to be so, for they have been selfish and unjust, as not including the rights of the Catholics in the claims we put forward for ourselves." This may seem a depression, but it has a purpose and that purpose is to show that the bigotry and intolerance of those times surrounded the Davis homestead as a net-work and deeply tinged the youth and placed its mark on the manhood of Thomas Davis, a mark whose baneful influence in a subsequent period of his life shattered the dreams of Repealers, and drove his enthusiastic followers into an unprepared and disastrous revolution of '48. I am no hero-worshipper, yet I would not willingly take an inch from

THE STATUTE OF DAVIS.

The oak looks more massive and sturdy from its knots and holes, and the defects of a man often heighten his beauties. Such is true in the case of Davis, he could not rid himself of the prejudice that bigotry had cast over his young mind, and what he actually did for his Catholic countrymen is heightened by the acknowledgement of the inherent prejudice. A band of Irish rhapsodists for a generation have given us a picture of the founders of the Nation, that is historically a caricature. They represent him as an angelic being, with the kind of fire that the archangel possessed, when he drove Lucifer from heaven. For every shade of light, they give their hero, they give a corresponding one of dark, to the character of O'Connell. Happily for the Liberator his fame is easily out of the maddening crowd, and the sweet-turned rhapsodists of his over dreamy and quixotic land. That these men write proves O'Connell dead. Men may write that with the birth of Thomas Davis "a new soul came into Ireland," while at the same time they recognize that with the birth of O'Connell was born a giant, whose life aim was to crush bigotry and intolerance beneath his heel, and prepare the land for the seed that other men should sow. Davis' mind was rich and fruitful, he was of the mould of Burke, a sower of good seed, but who made the barren soil fertile, who cleared off the briars and thistles, who carted away the stones, who ploughed the land and made it a fit repository for the seed of Thomas Davis. Impartial history will readily answer this question. It was the giant O'Connell whose stature, Gavin Duffy and his friends would have us alter. You could not

dwarf the grandeur of the sphinx by putting an ordinary sized statue alongside it, much less can you dwarf the life of O'Connell written in the innermost recesses of the Irish heart, by a fragment of Irish history on paper and published by Cassell and Co. There is a large enough stage for both men to air their genius.

IT IS A FUTILE MISTAKE

to try and improve the work of the Creator. To give thanks for such men as Daniel O'Connell and Thomas Davis, will be a work of love to all those who love truth and justice. In different ways they worked for a common end. One was of a hated and persecuted race, the son of whose sires for centuries had been tortured by hypocrisy; the other was of a race pampered and master of its ways, but who was a natural born lover of freedom. O'Connell loved liberty, and clearly and joyfully saw that the nearest approach to it was the out that led to Catholic Emancipation, and later repeal. Davis loved liberty as well, but even to his dying day he was unable to clearly discern the road that led to it. He would not cast his lot with O'Connell, a fact to be deeply deplored, by all those who feel with the writer, that Irish history is a chapter of reforms shattered on the eve of their fulfillment by that curse of English union, Irish disunion. Here can the historian trace the early prejudice of Davis. In the case of Repeal would not the Catholics become triumphant, and then, mark well the dire shadow of the Penal Code: would they not tyrannize over their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Might not Home Rule mean Rome Rule. Poor Davis half persuaded himself to such conclusions. He writes to O'Brien "requiring from O'Connell some disavowal of it." He imagined that he and his friends were to be assailed for condemning the Roman-censorship, for praising the simplicity of Presbyterian tenants, for not believing O'Connell's miracle, for appreciating Wm. Carleton's genius. Soured by these things, acting on his early prejudice, he comes to the absurd conclusion that the final question is not Repeal but religious liberty. A strange conclusion for a member of a religion that had so generously enacted the provisions of

THE PENAL CODE.

To the great leader with his sympathies for the oppressed of every land, and whose hatred of bigotry in all its forms, was often shown, these phantoms that were worrying our poet were extremely unpalatable. He would not mince matters, this leader, so he writes his mind to Davis, and who will not say, that after such a letter, it should have been the wise policy, the only one, for Davis to have banished from his teeming brain the phantom of bigotry. The letter is dated Derrinane, Oct. 30th, 1844, and ends thus:—"If I did not believe that the Catholic religion could compete upon equal and free terms, with any other religion, I would not continue a Catholic for one hour. You have vexed me a little by the insinuations which your letter necessarily contains, but I heartily forgive you, you are really an exceedingly clever fellow, and I should most bitterly regret that we lost you by reason of any Protestant mono-

mania. We Papists require co-operation, support, combination, but we do not want protection. I beg of you my dear Davis, to believe as you, may do, in the fullest confidence, that I am most sincerely

Your attached friend,
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

It would have been a blessed day for Ireland had Davis' doubts disappeared with this letter. The circle of his friends dubbed O'Connell a fox, a man that more than verified the saying of the apostle, *omnis homo mendax*. The letter of the liberator was a piece of cunning, and the phantoms of the poet's brain became bolder. It is sad to see the otherwise generous and lovable bard assume the prophet's ungraceful mantle, and in the calm of his study speculate on "an attempt to establish a Catholic ascendancy." The ascendancy once established what next—"a civil war in which justice, Protestantism and the sympathy of the world would triumph over Catholic injustice." A Spanish painter of renown, in whose lovely Roman studio I had the honor to pass one of those pleasant evenings whose memories light up one's life, astonished me by this remarkable saying: "If I were to paint a picture of Irish disunion, I should seize that memorable scene in the old Irish House of Commons, when the patriot Grattan, in merciless language, attacks the patriot Flood." Strong as that scene undoubtedly would be, there is a still stronger one, it is that moment

IN CONCILIATION HALL,

amid a breathless multitude, when the aged O'Connell asks the young patriot Davis, "If it is a crime to be a Catholic" and the "No, sir, No," of Thomas Davis rings through the hall; then silence for his deep voice is choked, and tears run down his cheeks, even the aged Liberator bows his massive head. In that hush the death knell of Repeal was sounded and the germ of an ill-fated revolution came into being.

A few months later the younger combatant was carried to the grave I seek, and in little more than a year after the elder left his Ireland a dying man. That encounter bruised two great hearts. May it not have hopelessly crushed the younger as it undoubtedly pressed heavy on the heart of the elder. Of Davis O'Connell wrote, "in the few years, if years they be, still left to me, I cannot expect to look upon his like again, or to see the place he has left vacant adequately filled up." Of each of them might it be written:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand
up,
And say to all the world, This was a Man."

WALTER LECKY.

Easy to take—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Smallest, easiest, cheapest, best. They're tiny, sugar-coated, antibilious granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetation, Indigestion, Billious Attack, Sick and Billious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved and cured. Permanently cured, too. By their mild and natural action, these little Pellets leads the system into natural ways again. Their influence lasts.

Everything catarrhal is in its nature, catarrh itself, and all the troubles that come from catarrh, are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. No matter how bad your case or of long standing, you can be cured.

Trappists on the Congo.

King Leopold II. of Belgium is very anxious to see the Trappists established in his Congo State. At His Majesty's request Leo XIII. wrote to the Belgian Trappists, inviting them to take a share in the missionary labors of that part of Africa. Immediately the Provincial of Belgium called upon M. van Etodde, the Minister of the Congo State, to declare that his monks were ready to start. The mission will be undertaken by the Trappists of Westmæl, near Antwerp, aided by those of Aohel. Twelve monks will soon start and settle at Leopoldville, when the State will give them a free grant of a thousand hectares of land (2,470 acres). The Trappists, as in South Africa, North China and other foreign missions, will devote themselves to teaching agriculture to the natives, and if the foundation is a success it is intended to add a penal colony to be placed under their care.—Illustrated Catholic Missions.

Coughs and Colds.—At this season when coughs are so prevalent, an effectual remedy; and one easily obtained, is *Perry Davis' Vegetable "Pain-Killer."* It is no new nostrum, vended by unknow agents, but has stood the test of over five years; and those who use the article, internally or externally, will connect with it grateful recollections of its worthy inventor.



THE MOST STUBBORN

Skin and Scalp Diseases, the worst forms of Scrofula, 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 kindred ailment, are completely and permanently cured by it.

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

A LONDON LETTER.

PIGOTISM AND DYNAMITE.

Two Catholic Lord Mayors—An Unprecedented Incident—The Lord Lieutenant and his Flunkies.

The malignant fairy who seems to have the privilege of spoiling Ireland's plan at critical moments, has been at work again; this time with a dynamite bomb on a Christmas Eve, blowing an unfortunate detective into pieces, and nearly sending a barrackful of others to share his fate. All the desperate men of the world are not confined to Paris. Of course the enemies of Ireland have seized upon this incident as if it were a godsend from the sky.

The Times, like the Jabberwock in Lewis Carroll's tale, fairly glories in its joy, and the good old days of Piggotism would seem to have returned for it again. The press, big and little throughout the land, are in such jubilation that one would think that Home Rule was already wrecked and Lord Salisbury back in Downing Street. It is singular that it does not occur to them that all this indecent exploitation furnishes a striking support to the theory that the outrage was the work of a Tory conspiracy. They are certainly the only people who derive any profit by it. As Colonel Johnson, of the Primrose League of Kinross, to gathering of that body last week: "Out of evil cometh good"; he could not help thinking that, greatly as they regretted the perpetration of the crime, it would have an injurious and weakening effect upon the cause they are fighting against."

For my own part, however, I am inclined to think that on the whole the occurrence will not do so much damage as might be supposed. The efforts of the enemy will not succeed in smirching Irish Nationalists of any section with this outrage. The time for that is gone by. One of the good results of the Piggot Commission was to expose the utter and baseless dishonesty of the attempts to prove a connection between Nationalism, or what used to be called Parnellism, and crime. Piggot's too ingenious pen pricked that bubble once for all, and it will be impossible ever again to reinstate it. Moreover, it is highly probable that the crime may be proved to have no political character at all, not even an Orange one. The police themselves incline to this view. Criminal lunatics are possible in other countries besides that which produced Jack the Ripper. It is quite possible that there is a lunatic, animated by a dynamiting mania, at large in Dublin; for this is not the first explosion of the kind that has taken place within the year. Just this twelve months ago an explosion, similarly purposeless and inexplicable, took place in the Castle yard. That was during Mr. Balfour's rule, as the one on Christmas Eve was under Mr. Morley's. Whatever way the matter turns out, however, unfortunate though it is in any point of view, I do not think the enemies of Home Rule will reap quite so much profit out of it as they imagine.

In contrast to this sinister affair is the very interesting incident which is taking place in connection with the civic life of Dublin this week. This week the Lord Mayor of London pays a visit in state to his brother of Dublin, bringing over all his gorgeous equipages and retinue to astonish the eyes of the gamins of O'Connell street. As the present Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Knill, about whom I have written before, is a Catholic, and as the outgoing Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Parnellite Alderman Meade, whose duty it will be to receive him, is also a Catholic, there will be witnessed a spectacle absolutely unprecedented in the history of these countries. Both Lord Mayors will proceed in state to Marlborough Street Cathedral, where High Mass, at which Archbishop Walsh will preside, will be celebrated in thanksgiving for the blessings of the past year. Lord Mayor Knill will be drawn from the Mansion House in his own state carriage with four horses, and will be attended by the city marshal and mace and sword bearers of London; so you can imagine the excitement in the narrow causeways around Marlborough street. Lord Mayor Knill, by the way, has been winning golden opinions since he came to the civic chair, by his charity, liberality and dignity; and it seems now quite clear that the Catholic Lord Mayor will prove one of the most popular

chief magistrates London has had for many years. The outgoing Lord Mayor of Dublin, Alderman Meade, has likewise won remarkable popularity. A very wealthy and very able man, he succeeded during his two terms of office in restoring to the Mansion House much of its old prestige. During his regime it was certainly the most brilliant social centre in Dublin, and quite outshone the Castle in the gaiety, sparkle and "go" of its entertainments. Mr. Meade's successor in the Lord Mayoralty is Mr. Shants, a Protestant, though like his predecessor, a Parnellite Nationalist.

Talking of the Castle; Lord Houghton, who both socially and politically is maintaining his success is, nevertheless, finding some thorns among the roses. The officers of his household have set themselves to making all the trouble they can for him. These are a set of officials whom successive Lord Lieutenants take over from each other as they take over the Castle furniture. Needless to say they are Tories and Unionists of the bitterest type, and they see with horror the approach of Home Rule, and the consequent abolition of the Castle regime, from which they derive their being. Lord Houghton has shown but little disposition to stand any of their nonsense, and they are said to have sworn a solemn oath to drive him out of the Viceroynalty, "or else know for what." I am aware that after the general election, when it first became clear that a Home Rule Lord Lieutenant was coming to the Castle, these personages resolved to strike in a body; but more prudent counsels prevailed. As Lord Houghton up to this has shown no signs of either going or allowing himself to be bossed by them, they were reviving the idea of striking again. The Master of the House, Col. Forster to resign, "as he cannot perform his duties under the conditions insisted on by Lord Houghton." The amusing thing about this is the assumption of these personages that if they resigned, the whole Viceroynal fabric would crumble to pieces. They are a set of mere flunkies, and if they left their places to-morrow, from the very same class as themselves there would be hosts applying for the vacant situations. Not that it would make any difference to Lord Houghton whether there were or not. Like other sorts of domestic servants, of course they have it in their power to make a household uncomfortable while they are at their misbehavior. But like other domestic servants who give impudence, the proper way for their master to deal with them is to take them at their word and "fire them out." If Lord Houghton does this (as he is not at all unlikely to do), he will have a much easier time all round. This little "palace intrigue" is interesting as showing the lengths to which the doomed ascendancy in Ireland is prepared in its last hours to carry its petty and impotent spite.—T. P. G. in Boston Pilot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—I observe that the city victuallers have held a meeting composed of the big and small fry of the Publican fraternity, i.e., swell hotels and humble corner taverns, and have sent to Quebec, a deputation with a long list of detailed instructions to oppose all that the clergy and laity of all denominations have been adopting to improve the religious, moral, and social condition of the unfortunate beings who find in our city bar-rooms, high and low, an encouragement to their vicious propensities.

The long list of instructions might be summarized in the following words, or to that effect, viz.: these good victuallers must not be interfered with in any way, ought to be permitted to sell liquor in any shape and form, adulterated or not, to anybody, at any time, in any place—get a license in the easiest way possible, and at the lowest rate. As to the question of morality, social improvement of the working classes, health of individuals, decrease of criminality, etc., what do they care for these matters; the naked fact is, they want to make money—honestly, I suppose, if they can, but money they must have *cost que cost*, of course all that under-current words such as—business, free trade, progress, etc.

Now then, as the bar-room is the natural anti-chamber of the Lupanar, would it be a matter of great surprise if the ladies of the *demi-monde* followed the example of their patrons and purveyors, and formed themselves into a self-mutual

Protective Association against the encroachments of the civil power and laws, hold meetings, send delegates to parliament, with also a long list of instructions, such as: a British subjects home is his castle—free to visitors, without limit to number, free access to victuals, cigars, etc., said ladies entitled by the British Constitution to free personal liberty, etc., without the interference of the civil authorities. In conclusion, the business of both is bad and objectionable, and all measures adopted to thwart their every effort should be strongly supported by moral and religious men of all creeds, parties and nationalities, regardless of whatever retaliation these people may adopt against their opponents.

Although I am not a Prohibitionist, I most firmly hold that all legitimate means should be adopted to encourage in every shape and form the cause of temperance, and all that can be done to stamp out the odious rise of intemperance, for the bar-room and the Lupanar are the deadly enemies of temperance, purity and honor.

J. A. J.

THE CUSTODY OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN

BY W. C. MAUDE, M.A.

(Published by the Catholic Truth Society.)

The Law as to the Custody of Children, especially in its bearing upon their religious education, is of great importance to Catholics at the present time.

The subject has been more fully entered into in a shilling book by Mr. Dudley Leathley and myself, published by the Catholic Truth Society, called "Outlines of the Law as to the Custody of Children," and to its pages I must refer those who wish for fuller information. Chapters will there be found dealing with the rights of parents regarding their illegitimate children, the prevention of cruelty to children, the appointment of guardians, and other matters of a kindred nature.

CHILDREN OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

1. If the father be the Catholic, the position of the children is far more satisfactory, from a legal point of view, than it would be if the mother were the Catholic.

The father's position is very strong, and the Law will not allow his right to be interfered with, except where the interest of the child clearly demands it.

No promise which the father may have made, either before or after marriage, as to the religious education of his children, has any binding effect. So long as he takes proper steps during his life time to have his children brought up in his own religion and appoints a Catholic guardian to carry on the good work after his death, neither the mother nor any of the relatives will be allowed to interfere in the matter.

2. If the mother be the Catholic the position is much more difficult, and it is important for her to know exactly what her rights are.

She can apply to the Court about the custody and control of the child; and the Judge in making his order will consider the interest of the child and the conduct and wishes of both parents; but he will be very loath to interfere with the father's right, and a strong case will have to be made out against the father before anything can be done towards removing the child from him. Even if it be removed from his custody on account of his immorality or irreligious opinions, still, in most cases, his directions as to the education will be followed, unless clearly prejudicial to the child; for the Court will not interfere with the father merely because it does not approve of his method of bringing up the child.

The mother has power provisionally to appoint a guardian to act with the father on her death, but the Court is not bound to adopt any such appointment, and certainly will not confirm it (and such confirmation is necessary to its validity) unless the father is unfit to have the sole custody.

If the mother survive the father, she becomes, on his death, the legal guardian, either alone, or jointly with any persons appointed by the father; but, as the law at present stands, her position is no stronger than that of any other guardian, and the law will, as a rule, compel the guardian to follow the wishes, expressed or implied, of the father in the religious education of the children. Still, in cases where the father has during his lifetime practically abandoned his rights as to the education of his child, and has omitted to appoint guardians, the mother is often able to bring up her child in her own religion. An agreement by a Protestant father that his children shall be reared as Catholics is evidence of an abandonment of these rights, though not by itself conclusive, for in each instance the whole circumstances of the particular case will be taken into consideration. If, on the whole evidence, such an abandonment is proved, the Court will look only to what it considers to be the interest of the child.

The Court does not show any preference for one form of Christianity over another, but it will give great weight to the religion or wishes of the father. When, however, the child has received deep impressions through having been educated for some time in a form of religion

other than that of the father, the Court will generally order the same religious teaching to be continued lest all belief should be unsettled.

The mother has power to appoint guardians to act after her death and the death of the father; and when guardians are appointed by both parents they act jointly.

CHILDREN IN PROTESTANT HOMES.

No agreement, however solemn, signed by a parent on the admission of a child into one of these Homes, giving the Manager the custody and control of the child, is binding; and any such authority should be immediately revoked, and the return of the child demanded.

The Manager has no legal right to retain the child, either as security for the repayment of sums expended for its past maintenance, or on any other ground, after a demand for the restoration of the child has been made by the parent. If such demand is not complied with, the parent should at once send particulars to the Secretaries of the Catholic Truth Society, 18 West Square, London, S.E., who will communicate with those who will take the proper preliminary steps towards compelling the Manager to produce the infant.

If the parent demanding the release of the child from the Protestant Home feels that his or her character and antecedents will not bear investigation, the demand should be that the child may be handed over, not to the parent, but to some Catholic of undoubted respectability, or to the Manager of some Catholic Institution. For, although the character of the parent may be such as to preclude the Court from giving him or her the custody of the infant, yet, in many cases, the Judge will allow such parent to direct the education of the child.

The Advertising

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

Some Letters of Native Christians.

[From Illustrated Catholic Missions]

It is pleasing to cull a few edifying specimens of letters from native Christians, young and old, to their spiritual fathers. The first is one directed to our Holy Father himself. Its history is as follows: Mgr. Virjus, coadjutor of the Vicar Apostolic of New Guinea, lately arrived in Rome with several missionaries. He presented the Pope with a great relief map of the New Guinea mission, the work of the missionaries themselves, who since April, 1884, have converted several tribes and the whole island of Roro to the True Faith. The people of Roro sent also the following touching letter in their native tongue to the Holy father:

To Leo XIII., Pope and Great Chief:

O, Leo, thou art our father who hast sent all these missionaries to come and enlighten us. They have come to sanctify our souls. They signed this land with thy name and said: "This shall be called Port Leo." Now behold us, children of Jesus; and our daily prayer is this: "O, Jesus, give length of days to the great Leo." Now we send thee our war clubs and battle axes, to signify that to-morrow and the day after to-morrow and for the future we will fight no more. We send thee our crowns, to signify that thou art our great chief. We send thee our flag of peace. We offer to thee the figure of our land (i.e., the map mentioned above) to signify that we are thy sons. We send thee this writing in our own language in order that thou mayst understand us. O Leo, Pope and Great Chief, mayst thou be well throughout thy days.
For thy sons of Roro; Bera, Rama, O'Bara.

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT.

SIRS.—We use Hayward's Yellow Oil in our family for colds and sore throat and it is excellent. My sister had asthma since childhood, but on trying Yellow Oil for it she soon was cured, Miss LIZZIE CHAPPELL, Baldwin, Ont.

Cardinal Foulon Dead.

A despatch from Paris announces the death of Cardinal Joseph Alfred Foulon, Archbishop of Lyons.

Cardinal Joseph Alfred Foulon was born in Paris April 24, 1828. He was educated at the Petit Seminaire of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet under the famous Bishop Dupanloup. Here he taught for some time, acquiring a taste for theatrical representations and the humanities. He had a theatre set up in the seminary, in which Greek and Latin plays were acted by the students. Later he decided to enter the Church and became a priest.

In 1867 he was appointed bishop of Nancy and Toul, taking the place of Mgr. Lavignerie, the great abolitionist. Mgr. Foulon was later promoted to Besancon and afterwards to the Archiepiscopal See of Lyons. He was created a Cardinal May 24, 1889. He prided himself on being a Hellenist and was at one time ambitious of entering the academy. He was the author of a number of books which he put forward as his baggage litteraire when visiting academicians to solicit their votes. He leaned towards liberalism in politics and during the Boulangist uprising, when nearly all the other leaders of the Church in France declared against the republic, kept himself aloof from the controversy. Cardinal Foulon was a Knight of the Legion of Honor. His death reduces the number of Cardinals to sixty-three, of whom nine are French.

NOW IS THE TIME.

In this the season of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and other throat and lung complaints, it is well to be provided with a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which effectually cures all such diseases, and that very promptly and pleasantly. Price 25 and 50c. Sold by all druggists.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Continued from first page.

LIMERICK, "The city of the broken treaty," has given an extraordinary reception to James Egan, the liberated prisoner. The mayor of the city presided over the immense meeting with which the demonstration closed. The city was ablaze with bonfires and torchlight processions paraded with bands and banners. Limerick was ever a city of enthusiasm. It was to its town hall that Meagher, Smith O'Brien and McManus were invited when they were out on bail from the Clonmel prison in 1848. The grandest reception ever given to Parnell in the heyday of his popularity, was on the occasion of the presentation of the "liberty of the city" by the mayor and corporation of Limerick. It would seem as if that old treaty stone, outside the Thomond gate, had been the loadstone to attract the hearts that were true as steel to the cause of Ireland. "St. Mary's grey towers with their battlements brown" have flung their shadows on many an enthusiastic scene, while across the lordly Shannon the blue hills of Clare have often re-echoed the voices of patriotic fervor.

CRIME is certainly rampant in the world to-day, and no where more than upon our continent. "The Chicago Tribune has kept track," says the Catholic Review, "of the murders and the suicides that took place in the United States last year." Then a list is given and the Review adds: "And these lists are necessarily incomplete, for the news of every homicide and of every suicide is not sent over the wires. Yet the totals are appalling, and show the nation needs more moral education." In fact a mere glance at the figures should suffice to prove that the lack of Christian training, of moral influence, of higher education, is awe-inspiring.

"The number of murders committed in 1892 reached 6,792, as compared with 5,906 in 1881, 4,290 in 1890 and 3,567 in 1889. The number of suicides in 1892 was 3,860, as compared with 3,331 in 1891, 2,640 in 1890 and 2,224 in 1889. The causes for which the murders were done are classified as follows: Quarrels, 2,937; Liquor, 748; Unknown, 769; Jealousy, 513; By highwaymen, 376; Infanticide, 314; Resisting arrest, 240; Highwaymen killed, 148; Self-defense, 81; Insanity, 111; Outrages, 28; Strikes, 82; Riots, 6."

THE following is a most interesting piece of information coming from that Eternal city of historic relics and sacred memories.

"A discovery has been made in the Church of St. Lorenzo, in Panisperna, which is being restored by the Pope in remembrance of his episcopal consecration there fifty years ago. This find was made the other day in the second chapel to the left, which is dedicated to St. Bridget. Inside the altar which had been taken to pieces was found a marble pagan sarcophagus. It is decorated with bas-reliefs on the sides, but of not very good sculpture. Signor Marucchi, the well-known archæologist, has decided that it dates from about the end of the second century. The bas-relief on the front of it represents four little figures, the symbols of the four seasons. In the middle is sculptured a half-open door representing the ingress to the sepulchre. On the cornice, running the length of the sarcophagus, are emblems of the worship of Bacchus. This sarcophagus it seems was taken from some pagan tomb in the Campagna many years ago, and was simply an ornament in the garden of the nuns of San Lorenzo. In the year 1818, however, Mgr. Menochio, since dead, put into it some relics in a round wooden box with his name and the date inscribed on it. He then placed the sarcophagus in the chapel of St. Bridget and the altar was built over it. The inscription on the box further says that the relics therein enclosed (part of a shoulder-blade and other smaller bones) belong to the celebrated St. Bridget. This is confirmed in a document that has been found in the

archives of the sacristy of the church. This illustrious woman, who in Rome was famous for her sanctity, used often to visit the Church of San Lorenzo, in Panisperna, as it seems she had great veneration for the saint. In the fourth volume of the Bollandists, where is to be found a long and important account of her life, one reads that she died in Rome in October, 1373, and in a small house near the Church of San Lorenzo. Her body afterwards was taken to Sweden and placed in the celebrated monastery of Vaalena. This is also mentioned in the decree of canonization granted by Pope Boniface IX, and it further says that several bones of the sacred body were in Rome and in the Church of San Lorenzo, in Panisperna. It seems remarkable that these relics of this saint should have been found (who was devoted even to enthusiasm to the Church and to the Papacy) at a time when preparations are being made to celebrate Leo XIII's jubilee.

THE Liverpool Catholic Times, always so well informed and so attractively written, has a special column of short editorials in which the reader may find nearly every important subject of the week discussed and to the point. In referring to the recent assembly of enthusiasts and excursionists the Times says:

"It is announced that the gentlemen who assembled at Grindewald last summer and demonstrated anew the impossibility of Protestants forming one religious body, are going on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. If the expedition had no other object, it would not be open to criticism; but it is said that the pilgrims will visit, not Rome only, as well as the Holy Land, but Athens, Egypt, and the Pyramids. This suggests a holiday excursion, rather than a true pilgrimage; for it is difficult to see how a journey to the Pyramids can satisfy devotional longings, or stimulate religious fervour. The idea of the promoters seems to be that the travellers should be enabled to study Christianity as it exists under the influence of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Coptic creeds. But this again would mean a philosophical investigation which could not possibly be made in the space of a few days. Possibly the "pilgrims" are under the impression that their different forms of faith are not yet sufficiently varied, and that they might be improved by a tincture of Latin, Greek, and Coptic Christianity. In this they may be right; but we fail to see how anything can be gained by a holiday scamper through the East. The result will probably be that the "pilgrims" will only be confirmed in their impression that any form of Christianity, so long as it is not Catholic, is tolerable, and that is best which leaves its adherents at perfect liberty to believe whatever they choose."

NINETY TWO.

Rev. Father O'Connell's Birthday.

On the evening of the 2nd inst., a very enjoyable event occurred in the dining-room of the lady and gentleman boarders, connected with the Grey Nunery. One of the boarders, the Revd. Father O'Connell had just completed his ninety-second year. Sixty-three of them having passed since he received Ordination at the hands of Monseigneur Lartigue, first Bishop of Montreal. Hale, hearty, erect in figure, blest with a genial happy disposition, one would place him among the "seventies," instead of "nineties." Many of his friends congratulated him, on the attainment of such a golden age. A magnificent four storied frosted cake, (got up in the most approved fashion, tastefully decorated with flowers bearing amidst the foliage "92" in large gleaming figures), was placed on the Revd. Father's table, the gift of some of the Sisters, who had been his penitents in the far-off past of their happy childhood, and who remember him with reverence as priest and director of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, working conjoining as fellow labourer, with the well remembered and beloved Father Phelan, between old Bonsecours and the Recollect Church. His very presence among the present generation, may be regarded as a blessing, while to the few, who now remain, —and who knew him as their "Soggarth aroon" —he will be indeed "The Link between the past and the present." Up to the past three weeks, he has said his daily Mass, but his sight, becom-

ing dim; and his friends fearing on account of his great age, that he may over-strain, the delicate visual organ, — have counselled, a perfect rest, to the eyes. CONTRIBUTOR.

MONTREAL, Feb. 6th 1893.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from different sources.)

Mgr. Canano, Bishop of Isernia, has been appointed Archbishop of Aquila, and the vicar of Ascoli Satriano has been appointed Bishop of Isernia.

Mgr. Trazusta, a domestic prelate of the Holy See, and formerly a senator of Uruguay, has been appointed representative of that republic to the Holy See.

The Ezequator is granted to the Bishops of Ventimiglia and Lacedonia. The Placet for promotion is given to Father Biraghi, who becomes chief of the Chapter of Milan.

The pilgrimage from Metz, which was to have arrived at Rome this week, has been deferred until the month of April on account of the severity of the weather.

Mgr. Tripepi, the illustrious historiographer of the Papacy, has offered the Holy Father eight splendidly-bound volumes containing his most recent studies on the lives and labours of the Pontiffs.

The Catholics of Italy are petitioning in large numbers against the bill for giving the civil marriage rite precedence over the religious ceremony. The measure was rejected by the Senate in 1880, when a hundred thousand Catholics petitioned against it.

An Indian Prince, the Maharajah of Gwalior, has sent the Holy Father as jubilee presents two magnificent red shawls, embroidered in gold. The presents will be tendered to His Holiness by the prince's aide-de-camp, Mr. Telesse, who is now in Italy.

The Holy Father has lately received in audience Cardinal di Rende, Archbishop of Benevento, and the Bishops-elect of Vicenza, Ternoli, Pontremoli, Telesse, and Cerreto, also the Bishop of Fiesole and the titular Bishop of Epifania.

At the instance of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, the Holy See has erected the Prefecture Apostolic of British Honduras into a Vicariate Apostolic. Father Salvador Di Pietro, who was Prefect Apostolic, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic with episcopal dignity.

Canon di Favendier has brought out and forwarded to His Holiness on the occasion of his Jubilee a book entitled, "Jubilee Gold: Crowned Turned Towards the Tiara." It is accompanied by a hymn to the Pope by Signor Krassunski. Leo XIII. is very much pleased with it, and has sent a silver medal to the donor.

Amongst other objects that the Pope is sending to the World's Fair at Chicago are four large Mosaic pictures executed in the celebrated Mosaic works of the Vatican. They represent the "Prophet Isaiah," "Theology," a copy of the celebrated picture by Raphael, St. Peter's, and the Roman Forum.

The French Government has decided to send to Rome a complete collection of the engravings of the masterpieces of the Louvre, with the following inscription: "To His Holiness Leo XIII., the French Academy and the French School of Archaeology." This is amongst the most valuable presentations that will be made.

It is reported that Queen Victoria has addressed a letter to the Pope thanking him for the elevation to the Cardinalate of Archbishop Vaughan. We know not how true this is, but if it be true it is very much to the credit of Her Majesty's good sense.

An old sarcophagus containing the remains of St. Bridget has been discovered under the altar dedicated to the saint in the Church of St. Lorenzo in Panisperna during the work of restoration actually going on in that church. It is thought that they have remained here ever since the death of St. Bridget in 525, and were probably placed in the sarcophagus when the church was restored in 1818.

The vicar of the Chapter of Viterbo had sent to the Pope an address recalling to His Holiness the eight years he passed in the college of that city. The Holy Father has benevolently answered, dwelling with pleasure on the days of his youth, and acknowledging the homage from his ancient college with intense gratitude.

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. Isaac Molloy, M. A., has been elected chairman of the Kingstown Township Commissioners.

Mayor William N. Perse, of Roxborough, Longhrea, has been appointed Deputy-Lieutenant for County Galway.

The death occurred on the 8th ult., at Newtownbutler, of the Rev. Hugh Canon Ward, P. P.

The death occurred on Jan. 9, of Sister Mary Alphonsus McLaughlin, of St. Louis' Convent, Middletown, Armagh. She was on the thirty-second year of her age and the fifteenth of her religious life.

Archbishop McEvilly ordained the Revs. Jeremiah O'Toole, Patrick Loftus, Patrick Coyne and Michael Hughes to the priesthood at the Cathedral, Tuam, on Sunday, Jan. 8.

Sergeant William Brennan, late of the D Division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, has been promoted to the rank and pay of Station Sergeant and transferred to the E Division.

These gentlemen have been chosen members of the board of governors of the Clare Lunatic Asylum: John Culligan, J.P.; Wm. Kenny, J.P.; Patrick O'Brien, C. L. Ryne, and Hugh Tarpey, J.P. The board now numbers nine Protestants and nine Catholics.

There was no criminal case for trial at the Hillary Quarter Sessions Court in Carlow, in recognition of which R. R. Kane, County Court Judge, was given a pair of white gloves by E. L. Jameson, sub-sheriff. At the previous session there had been only one trivial criminal case for trial.

Sister Mary Stanislaus, of the Sacred Heart Convent of Marcy, Conakitty, died in Jan. 3. She was known in the world as Miss Sarah O'Brien, and was the daughter of the late Jeremiah, D. O'Brien, of Dublin. She was fifty years old, and was in the thirty-third year of her religious life.

The following are the new members of the Board of the Mayo Lunatic Asylum for 1893:—Bishop John Conway, D.D., of Ballina; James Faulkner, of Castlebar; C. A. Gallagher, J.P., of Banree, Ballina; Bishop James O'Sullivan, D.D., of Tuam; and Joseph Pratt, of Enniscove, Crossmolina.

Mr. David Hennessey, a cabinet-maker and upholsterer, of Newry, died on Jan. 9, at the ripe old age of 100 years. He went to Newry from Scotland with his father in 1807. Deceased retained all his faculties up to the last, although confined to his house for the last sixteen months.

Her many friends will regret to learn of the death, which occurred on Dec. 29, of Mrs. Catherine Lynch, of Carrick-on-Suir, wife of Mr. J. Lynch, of Kichham Street. She was seventy-three years old, and was the daughter of the late Mr. Richard Doherty, of Portlaw.

Owing to the depression in the cattle trade and the low prices obtained for farm produce this season, the tenants on the Tuckvallen estate, Stewartston, petitioned their landlord, Mr. Keough, for a reduction of this year's rent, which they are unable to pay. For a reply he processed every tenant on the estate for the rent in full.

The board of governors of the Kilkenny District Lunatic Asylum consists of twenty members, six of whom are new appointments, viz.: Messrs. Nicholas Grace, of Gaulstown; Thomas Shelly, of Callan; Edward Walsh, of Knocktopher; Dr. James White, of Kilkenny; Thomas White, of Castlecoomer, and the Mayor of Kilkenny. They are all Catholics.

The Chief Secretary has appointed five Catholics in room of five Unionists, as governors of the County Down Lunatic Asylum. The new governors are: The Rev. Richard Marner, D.D., Messrs. Michael McCartan, J.P., Richard McNabb, George Murney, J.P., and James Murray.

The traders of Newry have established steam communication with Dublin by sea. The steamer has been chartered to run on alternate days to carry merchandise to and from the metropolis. This step was taken at a meeting of the traders to the town recently held to consider the revised railway tariffs so far as they affected them. The Dundalk Chamber of Commerce are threatening to take a similar course, and, like the Fevery body, to continue the running of the steamers until the railway tolls are brought back to the old figure.

AN ABLE SERMON

ON CHRISTIAN HUMILITY,

Preached on Last Sunday Night, in St. Ann's Church, at the Close of the Retreat, by Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R.

"Amen, Amen, I say unto you, unless you become like unto little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Upon the above text the Rev. Father Strubbe based a most timely and learned sermon. It was the close of the young men's retreat, and as a fitting termination to all those exercises, the subject of Christian Humility was most appropriate. By way of introduction, the preacher pointed out that young men, in order to persevere and fight the good fight out to the end should remain children. For truly to become great men it is necessary to become little children. No better, mightier and greater men than the Apostles, and they were ever like unto children. Their lives were noble, their deeds heroic, their works most effective and their fame—and that of the Church they had a mission to establish—immortal, and yet in heart they were children and beloved accordingly of God.

What is humility? St. Theresa tells us that it is the knowledge of the Truth; St. Francis de Sales says it is the courage to acknowledge before God what we are. There is nothing more certain than that we are frail, weak, and miserable. We are of ourselves impotent of good. Without the aid from above we are no more able to do anything than we are to grasp the stars. In a word we are weakness itself. But this our proud and foolish nature will not allow us to admit. We love to be considered powerful, and we glory in a strength that is not ours. But the acknowledgement of our littleness and our weakness is the humility we must have if we wish to be children and to persevere.

In order that we may succeed in this great race of life we have two laws of existence, two rules whereby to guide ourselves, two apparently contradictory, but really harmonious rules to guide us. The first is the law of separation; the second the law of union. Let us take a hurried glance at each of these as applied to our future. We will merely give the outlines of a picture the details of which the mind and experience of the hearer must fill in.

By the law of separation the young man will stay aloof from whatever might increase his weakness, from all temptations and causes of temptations. Here the preacher dwelt at length upon the numberless sources of weakness, the causes of so many falls in the pit of sin; the principal springs whence issue the waters of moral devastation. Amongst others he referred to the theatres, bad books, bad company, forbidden dances and saloons. On the point of dances he lingered for a time and pointed out the dangers of that perilous enjoyment. The round dances he said are forbidden by the Pope, the councils of the Church, the Bishops and the clergy. Moreover, common sense and experience combine to teach us that they are a fruitful source of temptation and therefore sin. Thus if a young man wishes to become a great man, in the true sense of the word, and to be humble as a child, he must follow into daily practice that rule of separation. He must separate from that pernicious literature that corrupts the mind, the evil companions that kill the soul, the occasions of sin in the whirl of the dance, the positive and unfailing danger ever present in the saloons.

The second rule is one of union. We must join in with whatever may decrease our weakness and augment proportionately our strength. There are for the young men present three particular objects to which they must unite themselves; if they are to become like unto little children, humble in heart and worthy the Kingdom of Heaven. The first is to join the Young Men's Society. In union is strength, and the Lord Himself has told us that when a few are collected in his name, lo! He is with them. On this point of the utility and extraordinary bulwark against sin to be found in such an organization for young men, the preacher spoke to some extent. Then he passed to the second object for which the young man should unite, that is the frequenting of the sacraments. Once each month, at least, should a man—a young man, especially—

approach the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. After this came the third point of the union referred to by the preacher, namely, a deep and sincere devotion for the Blessed Virgin Mary. On this point a strong appeal was made, and a glowing tribute paid to the Mother of God.

By way of a most fitting peroration Father Strubbe repeated the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and followed it with the Papal Benediction. During that portion of the ceremony, which combined with the closing of the sermon, the church and all the altars were gorgeously illuminated, especially the jewelled and flower-decorated shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Each of the young men held a lighted taper in his hand as the act of consecration was being pronounced and thus closed a magnificent sermon that will long be remembered by the young men of St. Ann's.

We may add, as a piece of church news, that during the retreat of four weeks ten converts were baptized, and several others are under instruction.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Vatican has chosen Cardinal Gibbons to be delegate to the Catholic Congress to be held at Chicago in September.

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

The Dominicans in this country celebrate a *triduum*, or three days' prayer of thanksgiving for the Pope's Jubilee, from the 6th to the 10th of February.

The latest case of treasure trove which has occurred in Hertfordshire, England, is the finding of three silver chalices that have probably been buried since the days of the Reformation.

The Pope has sent 40,000 francs, or \$8,000, through the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, to the Apostolic Vicar of the Upper Congo for the redemption of the African slaves.

The growth of the Church in New Jersey has been wonderful. There are now in that State 191 Catholic churches with a seating capacity of 99,290. The Catholics in New Jersey number, it is said, as many as all the other churches together.

The Paulist Fathers of New York will shortly inaugurate a new religious departure by giving missions to non-Catholics. The first work in this direction will be in Detroit, at the request of Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, and will be under the direction of Rev. Walter Elliott.

The Holy Father has nominated Cardinal Camillus Mazzella, of the Society of Jesus, Cardinal-Protector of the Order of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God and the Poor. These nuns, who have their mother-house in Rome, have houses in Paris, London, Liverpool, Dublin, Roehampton, etc.

Two brothers, Lodovico and Raffaele Spiridon, will exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, an original model of St. Peter's, Rome, according to the plans of Michael Angelo. This artistic work was begun in 1800 and finished in 1700. It is 30 feet long by 15 feet broad and reproduces the minutest details of the famous basilica, with its 500 statues. It is estimated to be worth half a million of Italian lire.

Monsignor Kain, who is now named in connection with the St. Louis coadjutorship was spoken of some time ago as likely to become auxiliary to Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, whose health is not of the best. The other prominent candidate, Bishop Spalding of Peoria, has, as is well known, been mentioned with reference to about every important vacancy that has occurred for years back in the hierarchy; and yet, according to himself, he prefers remaining where he is at the present time.

Archbishop Logue's promotion to the cardinalate appears to have given the greatest satisfaction to Catholic Ireland, all classes of which country are united in honoring the primate and congratulating him on the new dignity which has so meritedly come to him. The wonder is that some successor of St. Patrick was not made to be a cardinal before this. Ireland is confessedly the most Catholic of nations, and Armagh is, of course, the foremost of her sees; so it is somewhat strange that the red hat has not been worn by some of its earlier archbishops. The action of Leo XIII. in

granting cardinalical rank to Dr. Logue will commend him, if such a thing be possible, more warmly than before to the Irish Catholics. Cardinal Logue comes by birth from Carriffharr, near Letterkenny, and he was thus born within a few miles of his illustrious predecessor, Archbishop McGettigan. He is a comparatively young man, 53.

Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, observed the tenth anniversary of his consecration on January 21st, he having been mitred January 21, 1883. Dr. O'Brien has quite a literature; he has written at least one novel, and contributed verses to several Catholic publications. Bishop Moreau, of St. Hyacinthe, is another Canadian prelate who has an anniversary the 17th, of his consecration to celebrate in January. He was consecrated January 16, 1876, in succession to Dr. LaRocque, deceased.

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

OBITUARY.

The Late James McCarthy.

It is our painful duty to record this week the death of a bright and promising young man in the person of James McCarthy, third son of our esteemed citizen, Mr. James McCarthy, section foreman of the G. T. R. at Point St. Charles. The sad event took place on the 30th January last. The deceased was in his eighteenth year. His young life was touched by the cold hand of consumption, and the Angel of Death came to his relief, even as he entered upon the path of success and honor. He was pursuing the course of studies at St. Laurent College, and had reached this class of versification. The funeral service was chanted by Rev. Father Shea, of St. Mary's, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Pelletier and Casey. At the grave the *Libera* was sung by Rev. Father O'Meara, of St. Gabriel's church. On the following day a solemn service was chanted in the College chapel at St. Laurent, where all his teachers and late companions assembled to pray for his soul and pay a well deserved tribute to his memory. While expressing our sincere sympathy to his relatives and friends, we join the church in saying, "May he rest in peace."

A Chapter of Accidents.

Three men killed outright, one seriously, if not fatally, injured, four others with wounds and bruises, a gas tank blown up, one horse dead, two injured, and a building blown to pieces, are the outcome of two accidents yesterday afternoon within two hours. The first fatality was at the scene of the recent fire on St. James street, while the second was at the works of the Montreal City Gas company at the corners of Da-house and Ottawa streets, and although not so destructive to human life, it was yet the most dangerous, and the monetary damage was far greater.

This is Meant for You.

It has been truly said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Comparatively few of us have perfect health, owing to the impure condition of our blood. But we rub along from day to day, with scarcely a thought, unless forced to our attention, of the thousands all about us who are suffering from scrofula, salt rheum and other serious blood disorders, and whose agonies can only be imagined. The marked success of Hood's Sarsaparilla for these troubles, as shown in our advertising columns frequently, certainly seems to justify urging the use of this excellent medicine by all who know that their blood is disordered. Every claim in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully backed up by what the medicine has done and is still doing, and when its proprietors urge its merits and its use upon all who suffer from impure blood, in great or small degrees, they certainly mean to include you.

Colonel Blusterton: I am a brave man, sir, and the man who aspires to marry my daughter must have done something heroic—something exceptionally courageous. Young Blusterton: Well—er—haven't I just asked your permission to pay my addresses to her?—*Funny Folks.*

Everything.

Mr. W. H. Holabird, Gen'l Agent, Coronado Beach Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, as well as in my kennels and stables, and it has never failed in a single instance to do everything that could be expected of it."



Matchless
for every purpose of cleanliness — *Pearline*. Nothing saves as much work; nothing does as much work. It cleans without corroding, and washes without wear and tear. It does better than any soap, anything that soap can do. Any housekeeper will tell you how cheap it is, but it is so dear to her that she will never give it up.
Never peddled. 233 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

Professed Religion.

Thursday morning the following pronounced vows at the convent of Jesus-Mary, Hochelaga:

Vocal—Miss Alvina Morrissette, Hochelaga; Miss Malvina Champagne, Sorel; Miss R. A. Laplante, Beauharnois; Miss Delphine Dugenas, Sault au Recollet; Miss Maggie Kearney, Roxton Falls; Miss Catherine Carey, St. Pierre-Joly, Man.; Miss Eliza Cown, Sarnia, Ont.; Miss Catherine Gosselin, Belœil; Miss Augustine Ecrement, Montreal.

Converse—Miss V. Labissonniere, Red Lake Falls; Miss Georgiana Vezina, St. Narcisse; Miss Alphonsine Desloges, St. Timothy, Ont.; Miss Lea Geneet, St. Casimir; Miss Pomona Gauthier, Sandwich, Ont.; Miss A. Janisse, Sandwich, Ont. Archbishop Fabre presided at the ceremony.

What Will the Parnellites Do?

It cannot be denied that the Parnellite faction of the Irish Nationalist party has hitherto commanded a good deal of sympathy on this side of the Atlantic. This sympathy has been wholly due to the ardent affection with which Mr. Parnell was regarded by Irish-Americans, and to the widespread feeling of regret at his untimely death. It would have been, and it will be, at once extinguished if Mr. John Redmond and his followers, betraying the cause to which Mr. Parnell gave his life, set the interests of their faction above those of their country, and repudiate a Home Rule measure which their deceased chief would have welcomed.

The new bill for the self-government of Ireland has been submitted to the leaders of the McCarthy party, and it has met with their approval. They do not say that it is a perfect measure; that it gives all that patriotic Irishmen would like to have; but they admit that it embodies the utmost concessions that could possibly be extorted from the present House of Commons. They declare, moreover, that it is a signal improvement on the bill of 1886, which Mr. Parnell accepted and commended to his countrymen. We have reason to believe that the superiority of the new bill is particularly marked in the delegation to the Dublin Government of control over the judiciary and the constabulary, and in the reduction of Ireland's share of the fiscal burdens of the United Kingdom.

We shall know very speedily whether these assertions are well founded. If they are, Mr. Redmond and his eight Parliamentary colleagues will do well to support Mr. Gladstone's measure, if they desire to excite any feeling but disgust and indignation among the real friends of Ireland in the United States. If the new bill shall prove to be a good bill—a better bill than that which had Mr. Parnell's approval—any Irishman who takes advantage of his seat in the House of Commons to co-operate with the opponents of the measure will deserve to be branded as a traitor to his country. No pretext will avail to save him from detestation and contempt.

It will be useless for Mr. Redmond to allege that his opposition is justified by Mr. Gladstone's inability to recast the bill at his dictation, or to accept an amendment which would drive away ten English votes for every Parnellite vote it might attract. Nothing could be more preposterous than the notion that nine members of Parliament should prescribe a course of action for 340 members. There is but one way in which Mr. Redmond could justify the desertion of Mr. Gladstone at this juncture, and that is by convincing intelligent Irishmen that the new bill, if passed, would place Ireland in a worse position than she now occupies. He would find it impossible to do this if the new bill were a *facsimile* of that which Mr. Parnell advocated. How much more should it represent a decided advance upon the former measure!

The readers of the Sun will have an opportunity of comparing, feature by feature, the forthcoming Home Rule bill with that introduced nearly seven years ago. They will be enabled to judge for themselves whether it embodies larger concessions to Ireland than those which Mr. Parnell was eager to obtain.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SELF-RELIANCE.

BY J. T. GALLAGHER, M.D.

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks, They have a King who buys and sells. In native swords and native ranks Your only hope of freedom dwells." -Byron.

Oh, would that Irishmen would take This glorious lesson to their heart, And from the sleep of bondage wake And on the road to freedom start. Oh, would at last they'd learn to know If they would bid the foe defiance, If they would strike successful blow, Their hope and shield is self-reliance.

'Tis well to win the stranger's ear, 'Tis good to have a nation—friend, But when the dark storm rages near Can foreign friendship shelter send? Have ships o'er ocean's breast to glide, Be veered in all the "modern science," The rock, when rolls war's dreadful tide, That will resist, is self-reliance.

In years gone by, our fathers tried To snap the chain that binds our land; The foe that now assails defied And nobly bared the gleaming brand. But, though they braver were than we, And then the foe was less defiant, Their struggles ended wretchedly, And why? They were not self-reliant.

Then take a lesson from the past, And though yours be a mighty foe, Defeated she must sink at last. 'Neath a united people's blow, For never yet has history shown, By ancient force or "modern science," A state or nation overthrown, Whose motto had been self-reliance.

Then onward! Sons of Innisfall! The bright and glorious goal you're nearing On mountain top and down the vale The rays of freedom's sun are peering. Let cowards mock, let cravens fear! Let calliffs laugh at "modern science," The dawn of freedom's day is near. If in your hearts you've self-reliance.

-Boston Republic.

AN ABLE ADDRESS.

BY MR. HENRY J. KAVANAGH Q. C.

Should Irishmen in America Aid the Present Irish Nationalist Party.

Speaking at the Home Rule meeting, held last week in the hall of the Young Men's Catholic Society in St. Ann's parish, Mr. Kavanagh, advocate, referred as follows to the division in the Home Rule ranks :-

I have been careful not to say that this money, we intend offering to the Hon. Edward Blake, is from the Irishmen of Montreal, for I know it would be a much larger sum and might fairly represent the united subscription of the earnest Irishmen of this city if the Irish at Home were not divided. We are inclined to divide very much in the same way; there were two opinions here also but not having been through an electoral fight, we do not hold these opinions fiercely and we all of us would gladly give up our previous opinions in the interest of the triumph of the cause. Not even those of us who consider their course unwise at the present time, can help admiring those few Irish Members of Parliament who, in their chivalrous attachment to the memory of the great statesman, their lost leader, still desire only to be known as Parnellites.

It is true that the majority of the Irish Nationalist Party are not called Parnellites, and it is also true that the few I have referred to, and with whom I am most in sympathy, are known distinctively by that name. But, if I have contributed and ask others to contribute to their Home Rule fund, it is because I am sincerely convinced that the men whom the Hon. Mr. Blake has joined are actuated by the principles taught them by the greatest Irish statesmen of the latter half of this century.—because I have the confident trust that these men, if you except one of his little following, are and will be always true to the political principles and independent methods learned under the leadership of the great Parnell. If unfortunately as it is unlikely we are mistaken in this confidence and trust, then certainly we shall have missed our aim, but I think I can show you that, for us who cannot stand tamely by and show no sign while the fight goes on, for us who want to help, there is no other channel through which we can usefully reach it save through those men who once, some think, were weak.

Let us not discuss whether they were wrong then or not; the very fact that the Irish people at home and abroad are so divided in opinion, should compel us at least to admit that it was possible to hold the wrong opinion honestly. But that is a thing of the past, and the really

useful question to consider now is not what should have been then, but what should we do now.

The principle of Irish Home Rule has practically triumphed. I don't care who may be Prime Minister in England when that triumph appears on the Statute-book, when the history of these times comes to be written that history will tell how the first Prime Minister in Ireland since 1800 owed the creation of his office to the courage and statesmanship, to the life and the labors of Mr. Parnell. There would not be now an Irish Party to divide had Parnell not lived, and had that party not divided there is much reason to believe that he would be living still. Beyond all doubt, the fact that Home Rule for Ireland is to-day the foremost measure of Mr. Gladstone's government is due to Charles Stewart Parnell.

But while he is gone, his work remains on the very verge of completion. However, the government pledged to this depends for its very existence on those members who follow McCarthy and whom the Hon. Edward Blake has joined. If for any reason Mr. Gladstone were deprived of the full support of Mr. McCarthy's following, the government would be defeated on the next division. Let me remind you of more. The full support of these necessary votes on which Home Rule depends cannot be given in the House unless Irishmen at home and abroad aid with their money. Will they do so—have they enough confidence in the independence of that following? Among them we know are such men as O'Brien and Dillon. Surely these men, whose patriotic honesty of purpose is as undoubted as Parnell's, may be trusted implicitly. Besides, these men by their numbers can prevent defeat; without them Mr. Redmond is powerless to save Home Rule.

The question then is plainly—will you say:—"No; these men once made a mistake, and though we see that they are the only men through whom at the present time it can be obtained, we will not have Home Rule through them? If last summer it had appeared that the Irish people were about to elect men of Mr. Redmond's choice there is no reason to doubt that the Hon. Edward Blake would have been willing to join them, because evidently his only wish is to serve the cause where he can be useful.

That is exactly our wish and for that reason we are willing to set aside and forget our prejudices. We have always understood that it is necessary that the Irish should act independently of English party politics,—but if so they must be made independent of English party funds. The Nationalists M. P.'s number about 85 or 90, and of the seven I believe are led by Mr. Redmond. All of them of course elected to support Home Rule, which measure Mr. Gladstone's government is pledged to carry if possible. For this the McCarthy votes are absolutely necessary; the Redmond votes may not be. If then for want of the means in the power of the Irish here to supply but which, let us suppose they refuse him, Mr. McCarthy should find it impossible to record the full vote of his following, what must inevitably happen? Certainly it would mean the defeat of Home Rule for the present. But you want to help in the course, you have with your money for that purpose, money hard-earned no doubt, which might procure you many pleasures, but which can afford you no pleasure that can compare with the happiness there is in the thought that you are giving it to the dear old mother-land? For her indeed it is intended and, before giving this much needed money away, you wish to know and be sure that it will be applied in the true service of her cause. Suppose, that there were only two parties in Ireland, Tories on one side and the Home Rule followers of Mr. McCarthy on the other. Then there would be no difficulty. Let me ask you, how much different is the case now? It is not at all different. Let us suppose however a breach in the Home Rule party and that Mr. Redmond and one or two others only held, the case would not be practically changed. But let us cease our supposition. Mr. Redmond and six Home Rulers are separated from the other Home Rulers. The case is still practically the same. Because, bear this in mind, they are not on the eve of a general election, but on the eve of a vote in Parliament, and if the majority led by Mr. McCarthy were absent Home Rule would be lost and Mr. Redmond would be powerless to save it.

Will we then be so obstinately headstrong as to decide that, unless Home Rule is to be obtained in the precise manner and by the very means we had counted on, we will shut our purses, save our money, have no part and lend no aid in the obtaining of it? I cannot believe this, for it would only mean a selfish sticking to your own first opinions, which good men should give up in matters not essential when the triumph of a good cause demands the sacrifice. The Irishmen of Montreal have already proved by frequent and generous subscriptions that there is no city in America where Irishmen and their sons are more attached to the old land.

There is one man among the Irish members who hated Parnell and still attempts to blacken his memory.—If there is anything which tends to take away from the full confidence I am inclined to give to the party to which Dillon and O'Brien belong, it is the presence in it of this man. If I refer to him at all it is because I was speaking of your devotion to the Irish cause and I was thinking of a celebrated speech he made in Dublin before he took up the disgraceful occupation of vilifying his master. Do you remember, he compared the Irish Home Rule cause to a ship in a storm and he spoke of Parnell then as "the man at the wheel." But the man at the wheel, in whom you had full confidence, has been swept overboard, and still the storm rages and the ship is far from port. The helmsman cannot turn the heavy wheel alone and he asks your help—he asks it whom you blame, to same extent at least, for the loss of the master. But the ship is in peril and there is no other helmsman on board but one who, faithful to his regretted master, will not work with the ship's company. What will you do? Will you refuse and let the vessel perish, or will you not rather come to the rescue of the ship and lend the power of your arm to help "the man at the wheel?"

C. M. B. A.

OFFICIAL.

Office of the Grand President of the } Grand Council C.M.B.A. of Canada. } BROOKVILLE, Jan. 30, 1893.

The following is the full list of Deputies at present under commission for the Province of Quebec:-

GRAND DEPUTIES.

M. F. Hackett, M.P.P., Stanstead; Charles Hebert, Three Rivers; for the Province of Quebec; J. E. Mercier, Quebec, for the Archdiocese of Quebec; and T. J. Finn for Montreal.

DISTRICT DEPUTIES.

P. J. Montreuil, Levis, for the Counties of Montmagny, L'Islet, Kamouraska, Temiscouata, Rimouski, Bonaventure and Gaspe. A. E. Demers, Lauzon, for Dorchester and Lotbiniere. Wilfrid Camirand, Nicolet, for Megantic, Nicolet, Arthabaska and Yamaska. Charles Bedard, Richmond, for Richmond, Drummond, Wolfe and Beauce. J. A. Pheasant, M. D., Waterloo, for Shefford, Broome, Iberville, St. Johns and Missisquoi. H. A. Beaurgard, St. Hyacinthe, for St. Hyacinthe. H. A. Trudeau, St. Laurent, for Jacques Cartier. G. B. Lanarche, St. Vincent de Paul, for Laval, Terrebonne and L'Assomption. J. B. A. Richard, Joliette, for Joliette. A. H. Spedding, St. Jean Baptiste, Montreal, for Vaudeville and Soulanges. Feeley, for the Diocese of Valleyfield and Counties of Laprairie and Chambly. M. Galvin, Renfrew, Ont., for Pontiac and Ottawa. James Coleman, Dr. Moreau, J. E. H. Howison, and C. Daudelin, for the city of Montreal. Michel Fiset, M. D., 805 St. Valler, street, St. Sauveur; and Maurice Enright, (care of Messrs. Behan Bros.), Quebec, for Quebec city and counties of Quebec, Chicoutimi, Saguenay, Charlevoix, Montmorency and Portneuf. ORGANIZER AND ASSISTANT SECRETARY. J. E. H. Howison, 44 Lauroix street, Montreal.

Branch 54, C. M. B. A.

More than forty members were present at the installation of the officers of Branch 54, C. M. B. A. The following were duly installed: Spiritual adviser, Rev. P. J. O'Donnell, chancellor, L. Purcell; president, Jas. Coleman; first vice-president, T. A. Cahill; second vice-president, N. Chamberlain; recording secretary, J. McDewitt; assistant secretary, E. McKenna; financial secretary, M. Green; treasurer, T. McDonnell; marshal, E. Kavanagh; guard, George Pattingale; trustees, E. C. Dowd, Jas. Cuddy, Chancellor O'Brien, Thos. McDonnell, N. Chamberlain.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.

MAKE no mistake when buying a remedy for dyspepsia, headache, constipation or bad blood be sure to get the kind that cures, Burdock Blood Bitters. "It is an excellent remedy for headache."—C. Blackett Robinson, Pub. Canada Presbyterian.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

FATHER JOHN EGAN.

Rev. Father Egan of Thornhill, Ont. whose late visit to Montreal was marked by a learned sermon in St. Patrick's Church, and on the following evening by an instructive lecture on the "Bible" before the Catholic Young Men's Society, in their hall, has been promoted, by special appointment of His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, to the dignity of Dean of Barrie. His distinguished Rev. brother Father P. Egan of Boston, U. S. A., formerly a curate in St. Patrick's, was most popular among St. Patrick's parishioners. Rev. Father John is a great controversialist, a clever writer, a genuine hospitable clergyman and well liked by the Protestant classes of society in Upper Canada. We congratulate Father John.

"Why, I'd like to know," said a lady once to a distinguished judge, "cannot a woman become a successful lawyer?" "It simply arises from her invariable habit of giving her opinion without any pay," answered the judge.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent! Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

Advertisement for Bristol's Safe Sugar-Coated Vegetable Pills. Includes text: SAFE, BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED VEGETABLE PILLS, EASY TO TAKE, INFALLIBLE, PROMPT.

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

TO THE SPHYNX.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

(1896)

The old, the new!—they jostle close each other,
The new is old, the old is ever new,
O year, O daughter of a fairer mother,
When you depart, what shall we say of you?
Dear year, past year, we hold the good you
gave us;
Can any new love dim the love you left?
Can any new joy from the sorrows save us?
The losses that have made us sigh "Bereft!"

New year, we shiver as your cold winds chill
us,
New year, we wonder at your dark, calm
look,
And all past sorrows with forebodings fill us,
Ah, you are really sibly's sealed book:
You are the sphynx that in the land of Nibus,
Stood calm and still, unsmiling, age on age,
Ah, that your claim to calmness could beguile
us,
And leave no wish to read next year's dull
page!

Bring what you will! It cannot be all sorrow,
Bring what you will! It cannot be all joy;
To-day is but a picture of to-morrow,
The man the image of the hopeful boy;
What we have known will come again, my
brothers,
The new year's but the blossom of the bud,
And each new day has likeness to all others—
As streams that ebb are like to streams in flood!

This we may know, in spite of fear and doubt-
ing,
Naught that you hold can crush us soon or
late,
Not maled hands nor cohorts with fierce shout-
ing,
For Will is Will, and Will can conquer fate!
Troop in, ye sorrows, heart of man is greater,
Come, come, ye joys, ye leave us only men,
Come, even Death, of earthly joys the hater,
We go out with him,—but to come again!

There is no parting; we shall live forever;
"Good-by" means "God be with you"—and
"farewell"
Is "I are you well"—these sad words but en-
deavor
To say a thing that no mere words can tell!
Send joys, O year, and we shall not reclaim
you,
Beyond last year that brought us joy before;
Send sorrow, and our tongues cannot defame
you;
Who has not seen Death's sign at every doort?

We are no slaves of time, O queen of minutes,
You cannot fright us with your sphynx-like
face;
Bring you the sound of storm or singing linnets,
We will not weep or laugh at your mere
grace—
Then, welcome, year, we neither love nor fear
you,
For Will is Will, and Will can conquer fate;
So sang the poet; yet as we come near you,
Who does not shiver, Dark One, at the gate?

SOME ASPECTS OF ANGLICANISM.

A Second Able Paper on this Important Subject.

Anglicanism has been spoken of as interesting to many as a "form of human thought in the domain of theology." To the lover of his fellows, that is, to the faithful imitator of Christ, this aspect of the subject must have many attractions, as well as to those more philosophically inclined. Even to the healthen philosopher "nothing human" was without interest: as the faith which rules the daily life of many thousands of our fellow-men "for whom Christ died" how can Anglicanism be unworthy of the study and attention of Catholics?

But it is as a possibly ally—within well defined limits—in the great world-conflict between Christianity and Atheism that Anglicanism appears to those who begin to realize what that conflict really implies. That it will be fought out "to the bitter end" who can venture to doubt? That the hosts of infidelity are marshalled and prepared who can deny? Differing among themselves on "minor" points; called by different names, Agnostics, Freethinkers, Atheists, Skeptics; at variance, doubtless, on many matters, they are fully in accord on one vital point; their utter, invincible, insatiable enmity against every possible form of dogmatic Christianity.

"Eas est ab hoste doceri" says the wise Latin proverb; it is wise to take a lesson from the enemy. Are the hosts of Christianity marshalled and prepared? God forbid that we should minimize, of one iota, the differences between the perfect Christianity and the imperfect; but, face to face with an utterly unscrupulous, united enemy, who forgets his differences for the sake of the object to be attained, would it not be better to dwell on our points of agreement, instead of angrily emphasizing our differences? Surely, any Christianity, however imperfect, is better than none at all; and a dogmatic Christianity, possessing a certain measure of Catholic truth, a certain degree of order and discipline, a certain amount of historic continuity, is better than a Christianity of negatives, of most inflexible, bigoted Protestantism of modern invention? Of all possible allies against infidelity, Anglicanism, with its large infusion,—or rather survival—of Catholic doctrines, ritual and discipline, its high-

ly educated, earnest clergy, its wealthy, generous, and devout laity, is surely the one, of all others, we should be most ready to accept.

Even as against "Protestantism" in its cruder, and more aggressive forms, Anglicanism has proved itself, already, a champion not to be despised. The man of the "Tractarian" and later "Ritualistic movement," however much in error we, as Catholics, may know them to be, have proved themselves heroes, and even martyrs, in defense of their convictions. "Other men labored, and we are entered into their labors," ritual, processions, doctrines, intolerable to British prejudice as "Popery" have been, first tolerated, and then approved under the guise of "advanced Anglicanism." Even for this, all Catholics, and most of all Catholics in England have cause for gratitude. In all matters of religious education, of dogmatic religion, of faith as against infidelity, Anglicanism will surely be found on the side of the true Church. Shall we accept the assistance, such as it is, as freely as it is offered; or shall we proudly refuse it?

Now only remains to consider Anglicanism from the point of view of the convert; that is, necessarily, I am afraid, from that of personal experience. So regarded, how, it may be asked, does it appear to me now? As the city of confusion; where the "Evangelical" of the old school claimed fellowship, proudly, "with all other Protestant Church," and the "New Evangelical" cautiously proclaimed his "churchmanship" in preference to the "forms of our non-conformist fellow Christians," and mildly insisted on the "superior advantages" of Episcopal ordination, while strenuously denying "the fable of Apostolic Succession." But the Evangelical taught me the absolute necessity of subjective, individual faith, and of a life to prove its reality, notwithstanding his condemnation of the "Popish doctrines of meritorious actions;" and his "Churchy" brother-parson of "the newer school" taught me some measure of outward reserve, and imbued me with a decided love of "musical services."

Then came "the strife of tongues." The "moderate churchman," one step in advance of the "Neo-Evangelical" had a holy horror of "Rome," and a devout belief in the purity, continuity, and "Scripture truth" of "the good old church of England." But he first set me thinking about "continuity," with all that "continuity" implies; first hinted at, rather than taught me the "necessity of objective religion," and a mild, "safe" sacramentalism. It was the beginning of troubles, of doubts, of conflict; but it was also the beginning of the end.

"Evangelicacism" which seemed to make the acceptance of it peculiar, and somewhat barren, not to say negative dogmas the test of sincerity, if not of salvation, had been unable to satisfy my heart. Other men, equally in earnest, equally ministers of the same church, held doctrines diametrically opposite, who had given to the Evangelical party the authority to decide, without further question, what was true, and what was not? If to use their favorite argument, a man prayed for the guidance of The Holy Spirit, he must learn truth; if he reached a conclusion different to theirs, was he, of necessity, insincere, deceiving himself? Who but God, or an infallible authority, God-inspired could decide such a momentous question, involving—so they taught—the eternal destinies of a human soul?

Even so continuity which involved "reformation" did not satisfy my "in-subordinate disposition." How could the Church of God, continuous from the beginning, with the mission "to teach all nations," need "reformation"? If the church could err, as according to the Articles of the Churches of Rome and Jerusalem have erred "how could it claim to teach men the truth of God?" Further, if the doctrine of baptismal regeneration taught alike by Rome and by the "Church of England" were true, who had authority to decide the divergences between the "two churches"? Both had "continuity"—so I was taught; of the two the continuity of Rome was the more self-consistent. Who could settle the question, once for all? That is what Anglicanism has been to myself; it has been much the same, doubt-

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less, to many others, and will be, to those to whom God shall give, in His own good time, the wondrous grace of true conversion. The city of confusion, of the strife of tongues; yes, but, at the same time, the "court of the Gentiles" through which many souls have passed, are passing, and will pass, before entering into the Temple of the Living and True God. Truly, "a school-master to bring us to Christ" when God gives us the grace to learn the lesson rightly.

Think of those who have passed through, and thank God; of those who are passing through, and ask Him to bring them quickly out of it; of those who linger yet, and pray to Him to pity them. But however we regard it; as city of confusion, as heresy, as dangerous, as an ally in the strife against infidelity, as a school for "seekers after God," Anglicanism, in all its aspects, is surely worthy of study.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

C. Y. M. S.

At the weekly meeting of the U. Y. M. S. Literary Academy, held in their hall, No. 92 St. Alexander street. Mr. J. J. Ryan occupied the chair. Mr. N. J. Brittan delivered an able poetic composition, "The Drunkard's Dream." The elocutionary powers of the young gentleman were favorably commented on. Appropriate remarks were made by Messrs. F. McKenna, Cleary, Wall, Bolger, L. O'Brien, L. O'Brien, L. McDonald and M. Steek, who entered into a warm discussion on the sterling qualities of an orator. Rev. James Callaghan then followed with a short sketch from Canadian history. The following is a synopsis of his concise lecture on "Jacques Cartier, the Discoverer of Canada":

Jacques Cartier, the Columbus of Canada native of Saint Malo, in Normandy, France, and a sailor from his early years. He made four official voyages to Canada from the port of St. Malo. According to appearances, he undertook the first and second exclusively to open a passage through North America to Japan and China; the third partly for the same purpose, partly to found new settlements; the fourth and last to carry the colonists back to France. In his first trip, dated 20th April, 1544, he discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence the 11th of June, entered Chaleurs Bay the 3rd July and in sign of conquest to Churob and France planted on the shores of Gaspé Bay a cross thirty feet high, with the royal coat of arms, the three "fleur-de-lys" and the inscription motto: "Long live the King of France."

In his second and most eventful voyage in date of 10th May, 1535, the French Admiral on board the Grande Hermine, with two smaller vessels and a crew of 110 seamen, cast anchor the 10th August at the mouth of the Hochelaga, which he named the St. Lawrence, from the patron feast of the day, sailed up its waters, stopped over at Stadacona, or Quebec, arrived the 2nd October at Hochelaga, or Montreal, went back the 11th to Sainte-Croix harbor, near Quebec, where, in his temporary absence his fellow-explorers had built a fortification closed in with staves and mounted with cannons as a protection against the inroads of the savage Indian, and finally took, according to customary form, on the 6th May, 1536, official possession of the St. Lawrence on his way back to France.

The third expedition of Cartier was by royal appointment, 15th Jan., 1540. He was created Captain-General and Master-Pilot of the fleet, in conjunction with François de la Roque de Roberval, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of the new lands. Cartier set sail from St. Malo, May the 23rd, 1540, and Roberval launched out from la Rochelle, the 16th April, 1542, only. Roberval's delay of nine years was a bone of contention among the new colonists who clamored for their native soil, especially when their rations began to give out. Cartier and Roberval met at Newfoundland, the 7th June, 1542. He related to the Viceroy how he replaced Fort Sainte Croix by Fort Charlebourg-Royal at the mouth of Cape Rouge River, 12 miles west of the ancient fortress, crossed the St. Louis Rapids above and near Montreal, failed to go up the unnavigable Ottawa and Upper Lakes on account of the intersecting Rapids, found out the imaginary Saguenay gold to be but copper, and detected a stormy civil strife brewing betwixt the natives and the colonists. The parley being over, the Viceroy and the Admiral parted Roberval, with 200 persons, reached, in July, Fort Charlebourg Royal or Fort France-Roy, as he named it, but hunger, insubordination and sickness, necessitated a rather prompt departure to France. Cartier brought back the colonists to France in 1544. History is as silent in the details of his death as its voice is loud in praise of his life's magnanimous deeds. The Rev. Father James will discourse next Wednesday on "Samuel Champlain, the Founder of Quebec."

BRONCHITIS CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I have suffered four or five years from bronchitis and a severe hacking cough, and could get nothing to do me any good. A friend told me to get Hagyard's Peccoral Balsam, and I did so with good results. Two bottles cured me and I hardly know what a cold is now. ARTHUR BYRNE, Guelph.

Bookkeeper: If you are out when Mr. Owen comes in to-morrow to order a suit of clothes, what shall I tell him? Tailor: How do you know he's coming? Bookkeeper: He sent £2 to-day as an instalment on that old account.

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Country Cousin (wishing to invest to Friend on the Stock Exchange): Now, what do you recommend a fellow to buy? Stock Exchange Friend: Barometers, my good sir; for they are bound to rise.—Kurr.

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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT

No. 761, Craig Street Montreal, Canada.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

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

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

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WEDNESDAY.....FEBRUARY 8, 1893

THE MAYOR-ELECT.

In the *Star* of the 2d inst., Hon. Mr. Desjardins, the Mayor-elect, is reported to have said: "As for St. Ann's ward, he was sorry that the Irish section of the population had not shown a proper appreciation of the situation. He regretted it and was convinced his Irish fellow-citizens would also come to regret it in the near future." This has somewhat the semblance of a threat: let us continue on! "We have had a minority in that (St. Ann's) ward," said the hon. gentleman, "but we will bear no malice. One lesson, however, we have learned, and that is, that in future, when we make a contract with any one, we will demand security before hand." Was it thus the hon. gentleman spoke (in English) when he addressed the electors of what he called the "English quarter?"

Before commenting upon Senator Desjardins's remarks we will quote *L'Etendard*. Speaking of Mr. McShane that organ said: "Not only did the Irish Catholics rally round him *en masse*, which fact should no longer astonish us, because we have long since known that the best French Canadian candidate may be sure to have them against him, but more than this, the living personification of charlatanism and demagogy found partisans among our people in large numbers." One more quotation from *La Minerve* and we pass to what we have to say: "We relied on the Irish Catholic element," says that organ. "It was an illusion. Mr. Desjardins did not get five per cent. of their vote. We are poorly repaid for our generosity towards the element which Mr. McShane represents."

It appears to us that our editorial, on the question of the Mayoralty, in our issue of the week before last, was sufficiently explicit to be understood, and sufficiently copied by the press of the city to have come to the knowledge of Hon. Mr. Desjardins and the two journals above referred to. We must take it for granted that the Mayor-elect read that editorial, for it was reproduced in part by both the morning and one of the evening papers, while the *Star* gave it a most prominent place. If he did not read it he must have failed to follow the events of the campaign. Moreover, it was printed and commented upon in the French press of the city. If Hon. Mr. Desjardins did not read that repudiation of Hon. Mr. McShane's course, in seeking a third term, then he should not be surprised that he did not poll a bigger vote in St. Ann's ward, for he certainly must not have taken the trouble to ask for the suffrages of the electors. If he did read it he has no right to attribute to the Irish Catholics of Montreal the blame for Mr. McShane's disregard of the tacit agreement. Mr. McShane

proclaimed himself as much a Frenchman's candidate as an Irishman's. Moreover, he, and he alone, sought to break through that unwritten compact. It was a week before the election that we explained the situation most fully and pointed out what has since taken place. We disclaimed all responsibility for Mr. McShane's course, for, as we anticipated, it would be sought to cast the burden of the mistake upon the shoulders of all the Irish Catholics. In spite of that disclaimer, that widespread and open repudiation, we find Hon. Senator Desjardins insinuating in a semi-threatening manner, what the results are likely to be, and our two esteemed contemporaries—above mentioned—openly laying the blame, for Mr. McShane's overreaching ambition, at the door of the Irish Catholic element.

One organ complains that the Senator did not get more than five per cent. of the votes in that ward. The wonder is that he got even as many as he did. We doubt very much if there is one man in every hundred who ever heard of him in that section of the city, until he suddenly appeared as candidate for the Mayoralty; and, most positively, not one in five hundred would know him by sight were they to meet on the street. Moreover, everything was uncertain and yet done in a very short space of time. There was talk of several other candidates, and especially of Mr. J. D. Rolland—who, were it not for that cablegram, would be the most eligible man—while Hon. Mr. Desjardins wavered for a comparatively long time before finally accepting. All this time the name of Mr. McShane was upon the lips of a host of canvassers, and he is known in every house in the district in question.

We would advise our confederates of the *Minerve* and *Etendard* to be a little less anti-Irish in their zeal to find some fault with our people. The Irish Catholics never yet got a kind word from them, much less a favor of any species. Not so with us when there is question of fair play and justice towards our French Canadian citizens. And the Hon. Mayor-elect should not be in such a hurry to show his teeth; it would be policy on his part—if nothing else—to wait till he finds the civic chair solid under him.

IRISH ECHOES.

Under this heading a correspondent, "T. S. B.," writes weekly from Dublin to the *Montreal Star*. His letters are of considerable interest from the fact that they cover a large domain and go into a great number of details. Besides the information given is varied and generally instructive. However, we notice, on the part of that writer, a tendency to often give the Irish people an undeserved cut. In his letter of the 20th January last, and published in Saturday night's *Star*, we find considerable information regarding the distress in the South-West, and statistics on the subject of crops and farming in general. He says, speaking of particular districts, that "where a system of market gardening is carried out three crops in the year are often taken off the land." There is no doubt of the truth of this statement, when applied to some of the more fortunate localities. But he gratuitously adds: "In the mild portions of Ireland much more could be done than is done if it were not for the apathy and laziness of the people."

We admit that there are to be found lazy Irishmen as well as lazy Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, or other nationalities. But any fair-minded person, conversant at all with the subject,

will have to admit that the lazy ones are the exceptions. We have rarely ever met with an Irishman, who received proper encouragement and ordinary fair play, that could be styled lazy. In fact, the very contrary is the case. The Irish are admittedly a lively, enthusiastic, energetic and hard working people. He did well, however, to make a distinction between the apathy and the laziness. The latter, did it exist, would be a great fault on the part of a race or of an individual, but the former is generally the result of adverse circumstances over which neither the race nor the man has any control.

There are certain portions of Ireland in which considerable apathy has been at different times, exhibited. And why? Simply because the heart of the people was crushed by unjust legislation, and the spirit of the race was broken by the continued and ever augmenting series of troubles and hapless difficulties that have been cast in its way. If, from father to son, it had been made evident that no matter how they improved the soil, never could they claim it as their own; if generation after generation has learned, from bitter experience, that the more the people labor the harder becomes their lot; if they are made to understand, by means of constant facts to that effect, that every extra exertion on their part to make the land more valuable is a step towards higher rent and heavier burdens, then it is not to be wondered at that a certain apathy sets in. But that apathy is not due to any natural inactivity, much less to laziness, on the part of the Irish peasant; it is inflicted upon them by a system under which their life-blood has been sucked out and their every hope and ambition destroyed. In fact they have learned that the greater their apathy the less their load of troubles. If the *Star's* correspondent, who evidently knows a great deal about Ireland, would look the matter honestly in the face, lay aside all prejudice and squarely allow his best judgment to dictate his remarks, he would attribute that apathy, not to any shirking of labor on the part of the Irish, but to the presence in the land of legalized oppression to such an extent that no other people in the world could have survived its baneful influence for many generations.

Take those same Irishmen off their little holdings in the very "mild parts of Ireland" and transport them to Canada or the United States, and see how quickly they will turn the "wilderness into a garden." Why so? Because, on this side of the Atlantic, they live under fair laws that recognize only a man's honest worth. Here they do not make the slightest improvement on their farms that is not repaid to them many fold. The soil that they till and the land upon which drops the "sweat of their brows" may some day be their own. With that bright prospect ahead, they set to with a heart. There is no apathy to be found where the Irish pioneer or farmer swings his axe or drives his plough. Much less is there any laziness in his household. We are speaking facts that neither "T.S.B." nor any one else can deny. Again, we repeat that he did well to use the both terms; still they are not synonymous, as his letter would lead a reader to believe. Laziness can scarcely exist without a subsequent apathy; but apathy does not necessarily presuppose the existence of laziness. As far as being lazy is concerned, we deny *in toto* that it is a characteristic of the Irish. As far as the apathy goes, if it ever exists, it is not an offshoot of natural growth, but rather an exotic that strangers have sought to plan and cultivate—for their

own sinister purposes—upon the Irish soil. The one is a fault that belongs not to the people; the other is a state to which tyrannical legislation has brought portions of an active race.

THE Mass recently celebrated in the chapel of the Church of Notre Dame on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. was an event little commented upon by the English press of the city. Yet there was something touchingly sublime in the *requiem* event. It told plainly that the genius of Catholic France, the soul of *la Fille ainee de l'Eglise* had not departed from earth as the soul of the "son of St. Louis ascended into heaven." Although principally a Royalist celebration, still, if properly understood it should have been an occasion for all true Frenchmen to pause and glance back over the changes that a century has wrought. One hundred years ago the evil genius of the Revolution arose, and in the giant grasp of his nervous fanaticism, shook the throne and the altar, murdered the clergy, destroyed the nobles, cut off the venerable head of Louis XVI., and then, drunken with the blood of the good and great, ran riot through the frantic masses, raising the red cap of Liberty in the place of the Cross, and planting a prostitute from the slums of St. Antoine upon the sacred altar of Notre Dame, to represent the goddess of Reason and receive the homage of the brutalized mob. The fall of Louis was the signal for "The Reign of Terror." At last "the mob-executioner of to-day became the mob-victim of tomorrow;" Danton, Robespierre and their co-executioners became co-victims. "And all this was done in the sacred name of Liberty; although, in the deluge of human blood, they left not one mountain-top for the Ark Liberty to rest upon." Sublimely upon the confines of two centuries towers aloft of the figure of the Royal martyr, one hand pointing to the dawn of western civilization, the other indicating the chaotic confusion of Empire, Revolution, Kingdom, Revolution, Empire, Revolution, Republic, Revolution and Republic, and so on till the end of the nineteenth century. Again that picturesque character stands upon the limit of land and sea, the spot where the solid Rock of Faith, that upheld the structure of the Church, was met by the in-rolling tide of infidelity, irreligion, social, political and national confusion. It was an anniversary truly historical, and be it ever to the credit of the Montrealer's who had that solemn Mass sung for the dead King of one hundred years ago.

THE *Liverpool Catholic Times*, speaking of the coming Eucharistic Congress in Jerusalem refers to another change that will be noticed, a change now in progress. Its remarks run thus:

"Hastened by the persecutions in Russia, the Holy City is now rapidly filling with Jews, their numbers now being not far short of 50,000. Less than twenty years ago there were only a few villas outside the ancient city walls, but now there is a Jewish suburb extending for a mile towards the west, and in the northern portion of the city numbers of houses are being erected. In order to prevent too great an influx, the Jewish building-clubs have adopted the rule enforced of old by the Prophet Nehemiah, that only one out of each ten families should be selected by lot to reside in Jerusalem—the rest to scatter over the land for developing agriculture. Many Jewish settlements are springing up around Jerusalem and over the country generally, when fruit, wine, oil, and grain are produced for their own consumption and for purposes of export. Are we witnessing the fulfilment of those prophecies which declare that the remnant of the Jews will in the last days return to the Holy land and seek their God?"

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

The following appeared in Monday night's *Witness*:

In speaking of Secret Societies, the *New Bedford, Mass., Evening Journal* says:—"Secret societies are falling more readily in with the idea of appointing a press agent, as the usefulness of such a person becomes apparent. A press agent who understands his business can be of untold value to his lodge as well as a great help to the press. We hope that the time is not far distant when not only secret societies but public and religious societies as well, will not consider their organization complete until they have a press agent in their list of officers or committees."

There is considerable truth in the statement that the societies are anxious to control, as much as possible, the press of the day. They are subtle, organized and experienced and they recognize the power of the press. In Italy, ever since the days of Mazzini, the societies have sought to hold the mighty lever of journalism under their hands. To a great extent they succeeded and the world, especially the Catholic world, knows the results. In France it has been, and even is to-day, the same. On this side of the Atlantic the tactics of European secret societies are repeated. And now we learn, from most reliable sources, that they seek to get possession of the press in every land.

It was on account of this tendency on the part of the societies that we have recently heard so much about the Apostolate of the Press. Knowing the might of the pen and the influence of the type the Paulist Fathers had been thundering from the pulpits of the Continent in favor of the Apostolate of the Press. When you know your enemy the next thing to do is to learn what arms he uses. You cannot meet a modern repeating rifle with a quiver of arrows and a wooden bow. If the enemies of our Faith use the press as a gattling gun against the Divine Institution of the Church, it is policy that would suggest the defence with similar weapons. The same holds good in every walk of literature. The bad novel must be met by the good romance; the faith destroying work on science, must be confronted with a scientific work in accordance with the principles of truth; the Secret Society organs must be combatted with the Catholic press. The newspaper of our day has an influence such as no other means of communicating human thought ever before had. There is scarcely a man, woman, or youth, no matter in what sphere of society, that does not drink inspiration daily from the fountain of the press. The draughts are either pure or corrupt according as the channel through which they flow is truthful or false. Therefore, they are either invigorating and refreshing, or else they are moral opiates and destined to poison the spiritual life of the reader.

There are some who believe every line they read in a newspaper; there are others who will not put faith in a printed word. These are both extremists. In every newspaper, especially a daily, there is something to be taken with a certain amount of caution, while there is always a great deal of reliable information and most exact statements. We cannot ever regard despatches as infallible, yet that don't mean that they are necessarily false. On the other hand, it is rarely—very rarely—that a newspaper writer will make a deliberate and intentionally false statement in the editorial columns of his organ. In fact there is always something to guard against and others to be taken in full. As a rule the press is pretty exact, for the simple reason that there is such an amount of competition now-a-days and such great facilities of communication, it would be almost impossible for a false

statement to go twenty-four hours unrefuted; and if a paper once got the reputation of being constantly checked it might as well close its pages forever. So that for the great, the vast majority of men the press is a guide which they take up and according to which they mould their ideas on matters social, political, religious and otherwise. The morning paper is on the breakfast table and the evening one is on the parlor or library table. Men would as soon think for going all day without their regular meals as to be deprived of their newspapers.

In that ubiquity of the press lies its great power, and the men or organizations that practise to make use of that mighty engine must necessarily augment their influence in the world. None know this fact better than do the members of the secret societies, and none know better how to make use of the weapon that our enlightened age has placed at their disposal. It, therefore, behooves the Catholic to encourage his own press, to see that its influence is extended as much as possible, and to aid, to the best of his ability and according to his sphere in life, the advancement and propagation of the Apostolate of the Press. And for those whose duty it is to guide the pens that trace Catholic editorials, it is their sacred duty, as well as part of their mission, to elevate, as far as in them lies, the tone of the Catholic press; to thereby make it become a more and more powerful weapon for good. These warnings that the societies are bestirring themselves in that direction should stimulate the Catholic newspaper men to higher and greater work.

BRAIN LABOR.

The recent and sad event recorded of John Ruakin and his brain failure, due to overwork, recalls to our mind a very natural but very wrong idea that is abroad, especially amongst the working classes. It is to the effect that the man, seated at his desk for several hours each day, and maybe for a few additional hours at night, is having an easy time of it and that he does no work. We have known a timber-hewer on the Upper Ottawa, who insisted that a lawyer, a doctor, a priest, or a journalist does nothing. "It is an easy job to sit down ten or even fourteen hours out of twenty-four and hold a pen or a book in one's hand; they would find a difference if they had to work from dawn to dusk with a broad-axe." We saw that same man spend a whole Sunday afternoon in a perfect state of torture, striving to concoct and pen a four page letter to his wife. In the end he had to give up, and from pure fatigue he was obliged to lie down in order to rest his reeling brain and his crippled limbs.

There is a great organic law of our being that cannot be denied. It is to the effect that "brain work subtracts vitality from the fountain, while muscle work only makes draughts upon one of the ramifying streams of life. It is estimated by scientific observers that man will use up as much vital force in working his brains two hours as he will in working his muscles eight." There is no denying this fact, and we feel certain that the laborer in any sphere, outside the literary one, is the best off of men. He has his regular work; once it is done he has no bother, he has merely to sleep and eat, and thereby recuperate for the morrow. But the one who is weak from overworking of the mental faculties finds neither rest, nor ease, nor respite—night or day—on this side of the grave. Read these beautiful thoughts of Rev. J. F. Corning:—

"While I sit at my study-table with my pen in hand, the fingers moving with

tardy paces at the beckon of my brain, I hear right below my window, in the adjacent field, the monotonous ring of a laborer's hoe upon the corn hills. While he hoes, he whistles hour by hour until the clock strikes twelve, and then, with ravenous appetite, repairs to his bountiful yet simple meal, only to resume his task again, and pursue it to the setting of the sun. As I stood at the window watching his toil, and turned again to pen and ink, I asked myself how it was that the man with the hoe will labor his eight or ten hours a day with less fatigue than the man with his pen will toil his three or four.

"Hugh Miller was a great worker with the shovel and pick—would have made a good hand in the slate quarry, in grading a railroad or digging a canal. But one night, as you know, he shot himself in a fit of nervous fever. What was the difference between the great geologist and the man with the hoe whistling under my window? Simply this: the former was the worker of brain, and the latter a worker of muscle. Let this man with the hoe lay down his husbandry for a little while, and set himself to studying one of the stalks of corn or the chemistry of one of these hills of soil, and very likely he would soon learn what it is to lose one's appetite, and hear the clock strike nearly all the night hours in feverish wakefulness."

Well and truly did Denis Florence McCarthy draw his picture of the laborer and the peace he enjoys, compared to the man who has no object in life—except the animal one of conserving life as long as possible. Although once before we quoted these lines, still they are so exquisitely exact that we feel they can bear repeating:

"Ah! little they know of true happiness,
They whom satiety fills,
Who, sung on the rich breast of luxury,
Eat of the rankness that kills;
Ah! little they know of the blessedness
Till-purchased slumber enjoys,
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,
Taste of the sleep that destroys.
Nothing to hope for, or labor for,
Nothing to live for, or gain,
Nothing to light, in its vividness,
Lightning like bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony,
Rippling it o'er with its breath,
Nothing but dulness and lethargy,
Weariness, sorrow and death!"

"But blessed the child of humanity,
Happiest man amongst men,
Who with hammer, or chisel, or pencil,
With rudder, or ploughshare, or pen,
Laboreth, ever and ever with hope
Through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities,
Love-worshipped children and wife!
Round swings the hammer of industry,
Quickly the sharp chisel rings;
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings
That stir not the bosom of kings.
He the true ruler and conqueror,
He the true lord of his race,
Who nerves his own for life's combat,
And looks a strong world in the face!"

"THE HOME RULE SESSION."

The following is the editorial, taken from the columns of the Dublin Irish Catholic, and to which we refer upon our first page. It requires no preface:—

The Session of Parliament which opens at Westminster on Tuesday next will probably be one of the most important for Ireland which has ever been held since the treachery of some amongst her own children and the folly of others deprived her of her right to legislate for her own needs and those of her people. From the declarations which have already been made by certain amongst the most prominent and responsible of the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, it is at least probable that the Home Rule measure which Mr. Gladstone is about to introduce will be not only one well calculated to redress the admitted wrongs of Ireland, but one which may not improbably put an end to the fictitious alarms which have been sought to be generated in the minds of some Protestant Irishmen. If this should prove to be the case—and we have not the least reason for supposing that it will not prove to be so—there seems little likelihood that any opposition to Mr. Gladstone's measure which may be organized in the House of Commons will be capable of defeating a policy which the electors of Great Britain and Ireland have already endorsed and approved. That the reception and treatment of the proposed Bill when it reaches the House of Lords may be different from that which it is pretty sure to receive in the other branch of the legislature is a probability which is already so far discounted beforehand that the

verdict or action of the upper House—should it prove to be of an antagonistic character—will be completely deprived of all political interest or importance. Indeed as matters now stand it is not affirming too much to assert that the only possible way in which the House of Lords could hope to recover any of its olden prestige or could make its decision, in the case of the Home Rule Bill, either noteworthy or important, would be by casting an overwhelming vote in its favor.

So far is this assertion well founded, that it is unquestionably true to say that any vote by the House of Lords adverse to the Home Rule Bill will only come as fresh proof that that assembly is one rather of automatons and puppets moved by the wires of antique prejudice and modern ignorance than of really effective legislators and debaters. According to what is, we believe, an apocryphal legend invented for the delectation of French bivouacs, the Commander of the Old Guard at Waterloo declared that that famous corps preferred to die rather than surrender. The genius who devised this pretty fiction might have with much more truth represented an English lordling as declaring that the assembly of which he was a hereditary ornament preferred to be abolished rather than to be either reasonable or useful. We are far from denying to the English House of Lords all theoretically useful qualities; we are still farther from asserting that on its benches are not to be found some men—such, for instance, as Earl Spencer, on one side, or the Duke of Argyll on the other—whose personal abilities would mark them out for foremost rank as politicians and public men, even if no hereditary title or no hereditary right of legislation was numbered amongst their possessions. Such men as these, however, no more constitute the English House of Lords, as we know it by its actual action, than we much fear they will be able to save it from the destruction it sometimes seems to invoke. The House of Lords which will reject the Home Rule Bill—if it should be rejected—will be that House of Lords, which is unlettered, uneducated, and unwise; the House of Lords whose curriculum has been studied at Epsom, Cowes, or Tattersall's, and whose acquaintance with the olden and more responsible seats of English learning has been perfunctory, if it ever existed at all. Legislators of such type as this are more dangerous to themselves than to anyone else, and it is at least certain that if the hopes of Ireland are to be delayed of attainment by such votes, Mr. Gladstone will have an united democracy behind him in taking whatever steps he may decide on in retaliation.

No matter what the action of the House of Lords may be—and as to what it will be we have had, as we have said, sufficient notice to attach no validity to a decision proclaimed long before its announcers had even the remotest inkling as to what they were to decide—the sterling fact remains that, in the estimation of the most capable and competent of judges, the Home Rule Bill about to be laid before the public is of a nature certain to disarm the criticism of all honest and reasonable opponents. That it or any other measure can possibly be equally successful in the case of deliberately captious and obstructive critics would be, of course more than could possibly be expected. That, on the other hand, it will be found to be of a nature entirely satisfactory to the people of Ireland, while, at the same time, providing those safeguards and checks which reasonable politicians never refuse to yield to the fears of the timorous or cautious, is, we have good reason for believing, certain. If amongst these should be found provisions specially devised with a view to allaying the fears and anxieties which gentlemen of the type of Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, Mr. T. W. Russell and Major Saunderson have shown themselves so assiduous in promoting in the minds of Ulster Protestants, no Irish Nationalist will do anything but welcome the probable enactment of a law which will be in itself, in its wording, and in its supporters a standing monument of the tolerance, the wisdom, and the self-governing capacity of the majority of the citizens of the ancient realm of Ireland.

DR. A. T. SLOOUM'S
OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you are Feeble and Emaciated—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 85 cents per bottle.

WHY AM I A ROMAN CATHOLIC ?

[Published by the Catholic Truth Society.]

Because I believe in Jesus Christ. I believe that He has the words of eternal life. I believe that He, being the Son of God, knew what to teach, and how to teach it, and that, consequently, what He said is law for ever. Though Heaven and earth shall pass away, His words shall not pass away (St. Mark xiii. 31). I can only believe, therefore, in ONE Christianity, and that must be the ORIGINAL Christianity which came from the lips of Jesus.

Now Christ entrusted all His doctrine to a certain body of living teachers, to be spread by them throughout the world. These teachers were the twelve Apostles, the first Bishops of the Christian Church. They were first instructed by Christ in the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven (Matt. xiii. 11), and in all that he had heard from the Father (St. John xv. 15); the Holy Ghost was promised them to make them remember it all (St. John xiv. 26); and lastly, they were commanded to teach that doctrine, Christianity, or Christian religion, to all the nations (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20).

Now in order to provide a written record of the founding of the Church, and of its glorious promises made to it, and of its constitution and organization, and some of the words of Christ and His Apostles, certain of the Apostles and their disciples were inspired by the Holy Ghost to write Books of the New Testament. The Testament, therefore, is the inspired Word of God.

The Testament, however, nowhere says or implies that it contains "all the counsel of God." It nowhere tells us what books form a part of it, nor even how many books there are. It prescribes no system of public worship; it does not give in full the rite for administering any sacrament. It makes allusion merely to many things, in which the reader is supposed to have been already instructed (See Heb. vi. 1, 2; 2 Thess. ii. 14; 2 Tim. i. 13). Thus the Bible shows that the Bible alone was never intended to teach the whole religion of Christ.

On the contrary, it points to a body of living men who were the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God (1 Cor. iv. 1, 2). Moreover, it describes them as forming a Kingdom or Church, and as having one Lord, one faith, one baptism (Ephes. iv. 6). And it speaks of the Church as a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle (Ephes. v. 27); as the pillar and ground of the truth (1 Tim. iii. 15); as founded on Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ being its chief corner-stone (Ephes. ii. 20); as a Kingdom that shall never be destroyed (Dan. ii. 44); against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail (St. Matt. xvi. 18); and to which from the beginning God has added daily such as are to be saved (Acts ii. 47).

In other words, if I want true Christianity, I must seek it in the true Christian Church; and the true Christian Church must be the original Christian Church; and the original Christian Church is that which is Roman and Catholic. Roman, because its chief pastor has always been Bishop of Rome, since the day when St. Peter on whom Christ built His Church (St. Matt. xvi. 18), first fixed his See in that city; and Catholic, because it is universal or world-wide in its extent, teaching all nations to observe all things commanded by Christ.

Here, then, is a consideration which alone would suffice to make me a Catholic. It destroys whole volumes of Protestant objections. You tell me, for instance, that the Church of Rome, pure in the beginning, in course of time corrupted its doctrine, introduced practices unwarranted by Scripture, and so ceased to be the true Church of Jesus Christ; and hence the need of the "glorious Reformation," as you call it.

But observe, the original Church, having Christ with it all days, even to the end of the world (St. Matt. xxviii. 20), and the Holy Ghost abiding with it for ever (St. John xiv. 16), and leading it in all truth (St. John xvi. 13), could never lose the purity of its faith. Whoever else might fall, the Church could not apostatize. We have God's promise that it shall stand for ever (Dan. ii. 44), and that "the gates," or power of Hell shall not prevail against it (St. Matt. 18).

And again, when Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII., and their followers were starting in their mad career, either the true religion was the world, or it was not. If it was, they committed grievous

crimes in making new religions to oppose it. If it was not, they were powerless to create it. It takes a Christ, not a Luther, to create a Christianity. On either supposition, therefore, Protestantism is not the true religion of Jesus Christ.

My dear friend, you talk nonsense when you tell me that the doctrines of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, Papal Supremacy, and the like, are corruptions. For first, they are taught in the Bible; and secondly, they are portions of the doctrine of the Original Church; and God has given to that Church the commission to teach all nations, and and therefore to teach both you and me, what are corruptions and what are not. He has given you no commission to teach His Church. Nor did He give any such commission to the first Protestant preachers.

Submit yourself then to the Original Church. Learn and believe its doctrines. They are all scriptural, all holy, all beautiful. You may possibly have much to suffer from friends or foes, for the devil hates converts. But if you want genuine, true, and perfect Christianity, you can only find it in the Original, Catholic, and Roman Church.

TWO BUSINESS MEN.

A SHORT SKETCH OF TWO PROMINENT CONTRACTORS.

In this issue we present to our readers a short sketch of two men, Messrs. M. and N. Connolly, two men whose energy and business ability have placed them in the front rank of Canada's men of enterprise. Both the Messrs. Connolly are self-made men, both owe the position they now occupy to their zeal, foresight and great business capacity. They were born in the County Monaghan, Ireland, but when quite young removed to England, where their father had contracts for supplies from the Derwin Iron Works Company, of Durham county. At an early age they came to this country, and settled in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, where they tried their prentice hand, and where they acquired some valuable property, thus gaining their first success in the commercial world. Then came the building of the Welland Canal, where fortunes were made the lost. In this huge enterprise the Connolly brothers took a large part, and the greatness of the work revealed the powers of the men, their mechanical skill and engineering ability. After this work was completed, they, in company with Captain Larkin, of St. Catharines, secured the contract for the Lewis graving dock. When this was completed they engaged in that great undertaking known as the Quebec harbor improvement. This immense work, costing somewhere in the neighborhood of two millions of dollars, was successfully carried out, and stands forth to-day the most complete of its kind on the continent of America. Before this contract was finished they undertook the completion of the Esquimaux graving dock, at British Columbia. Through the extent and difficulties of this work had already proved too much for a firm then well established, yet the Connollys knew no such word as fail. They surmounted every difficulty, bore down all obstructions, and the dock, as now completed, stands forth to-day a fitting monument to their unflagging energy and unceasing determination. The Kingston dry dock was their next field of labor, and the completeness of this work, its massive solidity and perfect proportions could be carried out only by a master's hand.

But possibly their business foresight is best seen in the deep interest they have taken in the welfare of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, a concern in which they are deeply interested. The spirit of successful enterprise which has marked their whole career, they infused into the working of this company. The old boats took on a new and more inviting appearance. Magnificent vessels fitted up with all the conveniences modern comfort demands, were placed at the disposal of the traveller and the tourist, and the increased revenue shows the wisdom of their judgment.

Though, by their business ability and tireless industry, they have reached a high place in the ranks of Canadian financiers, yet they are both liberal and charitable. They are beloved by their employees, whose confidence they have gained by kindness and generosity, and who look upon them with veneration and respect. They have never refused to assist a deserving individual or a worthy enterprise. In dispensing their bounty they were kind alike to all, taking no cognizance of class or creed. Many a young man has reason to remember their generous and timely assistance.

It can be truly said of the Connollys that in all the great works in which they have been engaged they never shirked their responsibility or refused to do their duty. Whatever the results would be, whether gain or loss, they faithfully carried out their obligations. Men like these make a nation's greatness. As pioneers of material progress, they are worthy of our highest commendation and of the generous assistance and hearty co-operation of every loyal Canadian, for their enterprise and ability have safeguarded our interests and enriched our commerce by increasing our national facilities and by adding to our national resources.—Kingston Daily News.

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

A gentleman having had his boots cleaned by a boy in Dublin street paid the shoeblick with a considerable degree of haughtiness, on which the little fellow, when the other had got a short way off, said: "Arrah, now! all the polish you have is on your boots, and I gave it to ye."

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

AN ILLINOIS MIRACLE.

A CASE OF DEEP INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN.

Saved Through a Casual Glance at a Newspaper—Weak, Pale and in a Desplorable Condition When Relief Came—Another Remarkable Triumph for a Great Canadian Remedy.

Dubuque Times—

Among the peculiar conditions with which the people of the present age are endowed, is a remarkable capacity for doubting. A full belief only comes after a careful investigation, and after positive proofs have been presented. Current report said there had been a remarkable cure in the case of a lady of Savanna, Ill., but as current report is not always accurate, and as the story told was one possessing deep interest for the public, The Times determined upon a thorough investigation into the matter. The result of this investigation proved that not only was the story true, but that the case was even more remarkable than the public had been given to understand.

Mr. A. R. Keynon is the fortunate owner of a comfortable home, well kept and with pleasant surroundings, situated on Chicago Avenue, Savanna, Ill., and it was there the reporter sought him to learn of the sickness of his wife, and the cure of which so much is being said. In answer to the bell a lady appeared at the door, and to an enquiry for Mr. Keynon said, he was employed by the railroad company, worked at nights and was asleep. "Is Mrs. Keynon well enough to see me?" the reporter then asked. With a very suggestive smile she said: "There is no doubt of it" and inviting the reporter in, informed him that she was the lady in question. When told the reporter's mission she said: "The statement of facts as you have made it, is quite true. I did not think my case was of special interest to anyone outside of my own family and friends, but if what information I can give you will be of use to anyone else you are welcome to it. I only my present good health to a casual glance at a newspaper, and as with me some other woman may be fortunate." Mrs. Keynon is an intelligent lady-like woman, and her home bears evidence of her great capabilities as a house-wife. She told her story as follows:—

"I was born in Warren county, New York, thirty-three years ago. I was married when I was 19 and came to Savanna seven years ago. With the exception of being at times subject to violent sick headache, I considered myself a healthy woman up to five years ago. At that time I was very much run down and an easy prey to the ever present malaria in and about the Mississippi bottom lands. I was taken violently ill and during the succeeding five or six months was the greater part of the time helpless. The local physicians said I had been affected by malarial and intermittent fevers. I continually grew weaker and finally went to see Dr. McAvey of Clinton, Ia., who is reputed to be one of the ablest physicians in the Mississippi Valley. He treated me for a time without beneficial effects, and finally told me he thought he could help me if I would absolutely abstain from work. That was not to be thought of. If able to go about I had to look after my household duties. I then consulted Dr. Johnston of Savanna. My stomach would not retain the medicine he gave me and he came to the conclusion that my stomach was badly diseased. Occasionally I would choke down and nearly suffocate. I then went to Dr. Maloney and he pronounced it a case of heart trouble. He helped me temporarily, but, like the rest, said I must stop all work or nothing could be done for me. All this time I had grown weaker and paler until I was in a deplorable condition. I had a continual feeling of tiredness, my muscular power was nearly gone, and I could not go up half a dozen steps without resting, and often that much exercise would cause me to have a terrible pain in the side. Seemingly the blood had left my veins. I was pale as death; my lips were blue and cold, and I had given up all hope of ever being better. About the first of April last a young man boarding with us received a Fulton, Ill., paper. It was his home paper sent him by his mother. I picked it one day, and in glancing casually over its columns came across an account of a marvellous cure the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Candidly, I did not believe the story, and when my husband suggested that it would do no harm for me to try the pills I laughed at the idea. He insisted and I submitted, but I had no faith whatever in the pills. My husband sent for two boxes and I took them. When I had used these I was somewhat improved in health. I continued their use and I felt that I was growing stronger my sleep refreshed me and it seems as if I could feel new blood coursing through my veins. I kept on taking Pink Pills until a short time ago and I now consider myself a healthy, rugged woman. My house is full of boarders and I superintend all the work. In other words I work all the time and am happy all the time. I am positive that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life, and I believe there are thousands of women who would find great relief if they used them. The sick headaches I was subject to have disappeared, and have not had a single attack since I commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"Were there any disagreeable effects from the medicine?" asked the reporter. "None whatever," replied Mrs. Keynon. "They are pleasant to take and the conditions imposed by the directions are easily complied with. In common parlance I took Pink Pills and they did the rest." Mrs. Keynon stated that all her neighbors knew of her former condition and her restoration, and one of them was called in, and when asked of her knowledge of the case said: "I have been intimately acquainted with Mrs. Keynon and know of her illness. I look upon her recovery as something marvellous. It is surely the unexpected that happened in her case. Of my own knowledge I cannot say what the nature of her ailment was, but I know that she was reduced to a mere shadow; was the palest and most ghost-like person I had ever seen. Here was a remarkable case. She would be helpless one day, and the next would be supervising the work of her house, but all the time there was a noticeable loss of strength, and the natural vivaciousness of her nature had disappeared. It was generally thought she must die, as none of the physicians who attended her seemed to understand her case or help her in the least. I was told of the sending for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and of course thought it the whim

of a dying woman, or perhaps a sign that her husband still insisted in hoping against hope. But you can see the result for yourself, and if miracles are not performed in these days I would be pleased to know how to describe a case of this kind."

It is a remarkable case. There is no reason to doubt the sickness of Mrs. Keynon and it is just the form she describes it. Hundreds of people in that immediate neighborhood are fully conversant with the facts of both sickness and cure, and discuss it with sympathizing earnestness. But few persons have gone so close to the dividing line between life and eternity and returned; and from the facts stated there is but a single conclusion to be drawn—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical effect cure, in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

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

Magistrate: Your hand was found in the prosecutor's pocket. Have you anything to say? Prisoner: Only that I used to be a lawyer, your worship, and habit is strong.

Mrs. Notting Hill: I really must be getting on. I've been here the best party of the afternoon. Mr. Mincing Lane: Ah! Mrs. Hill, while you were here it was sure to be the best part of the afternoon.

Ada Elderly: That was a portrait of me when I was a little girl. Rude Man: Um? Faded, like the original.

ECCLIASTICAL GLASS—CHURCH BELLS.

CASTLE & SON MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS

ADDRESS—20 UNIVERSITY STREET, MONTREAL

The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation COMPANY.



NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co. will be held at the Company's Office, on

Thursday, February 9th next,

at half-past ten o'clock a.m., in conformity with the fourth clause of the Act of Incorporation of the Company.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 30th January to the 9th February next, both days inclusive.

By order of the board,

J. N. BEAUDRY, Secretary.

Montreal, January 26th, 1893.

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

Dividend No. 113.

The Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a semi-annual dividend of Three per cent. for the last six months has been declared on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the office of the Bank on and after Monday, the 6th March next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier.

Montreal, 28th January, 1893.

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

NOTICE.

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

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier.

Montreal, 28th January, 1893.

The Wealth of Health

Is in Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

possesses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. Are you all run down? Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure and get the genuine.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Brian felt a queer sensation about his heart on hearing this.

"Do you think she cares for him?" he asked, in a tone of affected carelessness.

"I won't tell you anything at all about her," replied Kate. "Find it out yourself."

"How did it happen that you and she became such friends?"

"Well, I suppose because I liked her better than any one I ever met. We became friends almost the first day she came to the convent. I suppose her uncle being our parish priest, and her aunt having known mamma, had something to do with it. But no one could know little Fanny O'Gorman without loving her. Don't you think so, Brian?"

"Well, I do think so," said Brian. "She is a most lovable little creature."

Kate's eyes sparkled with pleasure at hearing him say so. She really believed that Fanny loved him, even before she ever saw him,—for which piece of foolishness Kate was responsible; for when they were at school together, Kate never tired of talking about her brother, and Fanny never tired of listening to her. It was the dearest wish of her heart (except one, perhaps, but that was only a dream) that Brian should love the little maiden who loved him.

Brian and Kate had been silent for some time, when their father came in, brushing the snow from his coat.

"We'll have a heavy fall of snow," he remarked: "do you think they put in your lambs?"

"Oh, yes," replied Brian; "since I got Mick Dunphy everything is sure to be all right."

"Tim Croak is in the kitchen, and wants to speak to you. Maybe 'tis some message from Grindem."

"Well, Tim," said Brian, on reaching the kitchen.

Tim Croak, who was accompanied by one of Mr. Grindem's grooms, called him, aside: "The master that's after ridin' off somewhere, blazin' drunk," said Tim, "an' from somethin' they h'ard him sayin' I thought we'd find him over in this direction."

"He wasn't here," replied Brian.

"Where the deuce must he be after faoin' to? Dick Fahy saw him passin' his door about half an hour ago."

Brian whispered a word in Tim Croak's ear.

"Begob aye!" Tim exclaimed, and lighting the candle in his lantern, and catching up his long wattle, he beckoned to the groom, and started for the mountain foot in a sling trot.

There was a deep frown upon Brian Purcell's face, and he had some thought of following them. But after reflecting for a moment, he changed his mind and returned to the parlor.

"Kate," said he, "I'll tell you to-morrow whether I'll ask Captain Dawson to dine with us. And, by the way, I thought his manner rather odd for some time back; but I see the reason now. He knew his uncle was determined to have

us in his clutches. Dawson was always a good-natured fellow."

Brian never suspected the real cause of the change in Captain Dawson's manner towards him.

Tim Croak found his master stupidly drunk at Sally Cavanagh's door.

"Make a load of him," said Tim to the groom. They lifted Mr. Grindem to his saddle. The well-trained cob had remained quietly in the snow. A colossal figure approached them from the shed in the yard, and the groom started as a voice broke upon the stillness as if it issued from a cavern of the mountain. The words, however, were commonplace enough. They were simply: "Very well for him."

The colossal figure disappeared in the darkness; but Tim Croak had no difficulty in recognizing Shawn Gow, the blacksmith.

Brian Purcell had given the blacksmith a hint, that there was a possibility that Sally Cavanagh might need a protector; and Shawn Gow rested his brawny arm upon the half-door, and took a short survey of Connor Shea's little white house. He then took hold of the handle of the forge bellows and swayed it gently up and down. Then, suddenly becoming more energetic in his movements, he snatched a "coultter," at a white heat, from the fire, and struck it edgewise on the anvil, making Brian retreat from the shower of sparks that flew about in every direction. He then hammered at the iron while the heat lasted, and thrust it again into the fire. After which, he commenced blowing the bellows again, and turning to Brian Purcell, Shawn at last appeared to think a reply in words necessary.

"Lave that to me," says Shawn Gow. From that moment Brian was satisfied that Sally Cavanagh had a friend at hand.

Tim Croak and the groom held Mr. Oliver Grindem on his horse, as they might hold a bag of wheat, till they reached Grindem Hall.

"Tim," said the groom, in a whisper, as they came down the stairs after depositing their burden on his bed "he's worse nor I thought."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND what has a certain little friend of ours been doing all this time?

Ever since the night the proud beauty's lips touched her cheek Fanny O'Gorman has been heroically resolving never to think of Brian Purcell except as a friend—"a dear, dear friend." She begs and prays her aunt, however, to induce her father to give up the notion of marrying her to Mr. M., whom she never could like. But she has become wondrous kind to that young medical student, who is in such a frightened state of mind since the night he danced with her at Doctor C.'s. For Fanny says she'll never again laugh at any one who truly loves.

"I suppose," Aunt Sarah remarks, noticing Fanny's little sad, "I suppose you feel disappointed, as Kate Purcell could not come."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Fanny. "But you will be glad to see your uncle?"

Fanny put her two little hands together, as if she were going to pray.

"I declare, Aunt Sarah," said she, "Uncle Paul's smile would do any one good. 'Tis like—"

"Like the sun," suggested Aunt Sarah, seeing her at a loss.

"No, that's not it."

"Well, like the moon, then."

"Oh, no, the moon is too cold."

"Well, I suppose, then, his smile is like I don't know what. Is not that what it is like?" And whatever Aunt Sarah's own smile was like as she spoke, it was certainly a very sweet smile.

"I think," said Fanny, "that Uncle Paul's smile is like the glow of a turf fire."

"Well, that is quite an original idea, at all events."

Fanny looked out at the Wicklow mountain. We suspect she was thinking of a mountain farther south.

"Aunt Sarah," said Fanny, after a silence of some minutes, "you never told me what sort of a person Mr. O'Donnell was. I mean his appearance."

Aunt Sarah was engaged on some sort of needlework, and her hand shook as she asked, "what put it into your head, Fanny, to ask such an odd question?"

"Well, I was thinking about—about all of them."

"I really believe you are always thinking about them. But there is no time now to gratify your curiosity, as I must

go see about the dinner. They'll be here by next omnibus."

Fanny knew the "they" meant her father, and uncle, and Brian Purcell. Mr. O'Gorman had sent out a note from his warehouse, saying that two friends of his who had just arrived from the country had engaged to dine with him. And Fanny, who had a letter from Kate Purcell in the morning, had no difficulty in guessing who the two friends were.

The bus stopped at the gate. Fanny felt her heart sinking in spite of her, when she saw her father and her father and Father O'Gorman coming up the door, and nobody with them. Father Paul clasped her hand between his own two, and that wonderful smile of his immediately sent a pleasant glow all over her.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed Father Paul as he shook hands with Miss Conway, "here I am, a gray-headed old man; and there are you, Sarah, almost the same as I saw you—I won't say how many years ago."

Aunt Sarah blushed, for she remembered when she used to think she could spoil her brother-in-law's vocation for the Church if she had a mind to.

"But where is Brian?" asked Father Paul. "He went to see a friend, and promised to be here before us."

There was a knock at the door, and Fanny ran to open it herself. She returned immediately, holding Brian Purcell by the hand. Miss Conway held out her hand to him, and Fanny, observing his look of surprise, said, laughing, "Tis Aunt Sarah."

Brian had pictured to himself a sour-looking old maid, and hence his astonishment. The handsome, ladylike person before him was so unlike the Aunt Sarah of his imagination.

"I'll leave you to Fanny, Mr. Purcell," said she, "while I am going to see what they are doing with dinner."

But the dinner bell rang before Miss Conway appeared again. Fanny knocked at her room door, which was locked.

"Oh, how like him he is," thought Aunt Sarah, as she rose to open the door. "Poor little Fanny! I do hope he cares for her."

She opened the door, and Fanny looked into her eyes. Aunt Sarah replied by pressing her lips to little Fanny's forehead. We sometimes think that what is called constancy runs in families.

The two brothers talked "of happy days when they were young," and kept the conversation pretty well to themselves during dinner.

"I am sorry, Mr. Purcell," said the host, after the cloth was removed, "to hear about this bad landlord you have got."

"It is an unfortunate affair, sir," replied Brian.

"But you have a good farm of which you have a lease, I understand."

"Yes," said Brian, "and I have done my best to persuade my father to give up Ballycorrig, but I could not get him to think of it. Indeed I fear he will not live long if he is obliged to leave the place."

"Could you not offer the landlord a fine, and get a lease of it?"

"Well, I have thought of that," said Brian. "I find we can afford to do so, as I am sure of getting this money about which I have come to Dublin. But then I fear this landlord simply wants to ruin us. And, besides, he cannot bear to see a tenant independent of him. My lease of Coolbawn is the only one on his whole property."

"'Tis no wonder the country is going to the bad," Mr. O'Gorman observed. "How can the people improve their land while such men have the power to rob them? In fact there is no security for the tiller of the soil, and I very much fear the people will continue to fly from a land where, as Baron Pennefather said, the laws are all for the landlord, and against the tenant. And if the peasantry and working farmers go we are all down."

"I believe that," said Father Paul; "but God is good, and something will turn up yet to save old Ireland."

"Come, Brian," he continued, "your place is with the ladies. Leave Ned and me to talk over old times together."

"How do you like him?" was Father Paul's first question when Brian was gone.

"He is evidently a fine fellow," Mr. O'Gorman replied.

"And now, Ned," continued Father Paul, "what do you think of what I was saying to you?"

"I need not tell you," said his brother, "that Fanny's happiness is my first object."

"If it be, you'll take my advice. Happiness! Why, you might as well bury the poor child alive as send her among those people."

"If I thought that, there would be an end of the matter. But how do you know your plan would be more welcome to her than mine?"

"Well, I know it," said Father Paul, with his pleasant smile.

"And have you any reason to think that your friend is particularly anxious about the matter?"

"Leave that to me," said the good-natured priest. "I'll settle that, never fear. Just let her come down with me for a few weeks. There need be no hurry about it. And, please God, you'll see her as happy as a queen."

"Well, I have no objection to her going. Between you and Sarah I am almost persuaded to give up what you call my ambitious views. Yet, Paul, few men in my position would do so. Think of M.'s respectability."

"Nonsense! The happiness of your child is of more importance than gentility. And besides, Ned, barring the few thousands you have scraped together, Brian Purcell is good enough for you."

"Well, let it be so. But mind, nothing is to be decided upon for at least a year."

"Very well, very well," said Father Paul, cheerfully; "there's no hurry: easy things are best."

Brian and Aunt Sarah were chatting pleasantly in the drawing-room, with little Fanny sitting on a low stool near them. He felt himself falling head and ears in love with Aunt Sarah,—she was so gentle and handsome, and there was such a winning grace about her altogether. And then her love for her niece was as apparent as Fanny's love for her.

"This is a woman with a heart," he thought. And he could almost fancy his uncle's spirit smiling down upon them.

"The fact is, Mr. Purcell," said Aunt Sarah, "ye have Fanny quite spoiled."

Before Brian could reply, Father O'Gorman opened the door, and coming up to Fanny, exclaimed, with a knowing wink: "All right, Fanny."

Fanny clapped her hands, as was her wont when suddenly surprised with good news.

"What is it?" Aunt Sarah asked.

"I have got leave to go," replied Fanny, with delight dancing in her eyes.

Miss Conway stole a sidelong look at Brian, without being observed.

"No; he does not love her," she thought. Though why she should think so we are at a loss to conjecture; for there certainly was a great deal of fondness in Brian Purcell's look at that moment. But women are much better judges of these things than we can pretend to be.

"Fanny," said Miss Conway, quietly, "you appear to have forgotten your engagement."

Fanny looked dismayed; and she hung her head as if she felt rather ashamed of herself for requiring the reminder.

The word "engagement" sounded ominously in Brian's ears: he could not help turning to Miss Conway for an explanation, with an expression of countenance decidedly blank. Miss Conway felt bound to reply to Brian Purcell's face, for though she waited for the expected question, he did not speak.

"A friend of Fanny's," said Aunt Sarah, "is to be married the week after next, and she is to be the bridesmaid."

Brian felt considerably relieved.

Little Fanny was so much distressed that her aunt, who was the soul of good nature, said:—

"Well, Fanny, a week or ten days won't make much difference, and I'll engage that you can go after the wedding. That is, if Mr. Purcell will think it worth his while to send the car to meet you at K—"

But Fanny's distress was not altogether the result of disappointment. She was quite ashamed of herself for having forgotten the great compliment her friend had paid her in asking her to be her bridesmaid. She was shocked with herself for ingratitude.

(To be continued)

OPEN AS DAY.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

MR. SATOLLI ON THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

The Apostolic Delegate on American Liberty and the Mission of the Press.

Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, was interviewed last Saturday at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., by a representative of the New York World. The newspaper man met a cordial reception from the representative of Pope Leo XIII., and a conversation followed in the Italian tongue. Mgr. Satolli said:

"My first visit to America, as you know, was in 1859, three years ago. I was sent by the Holy Father to be present at the celebration of the centenary of the Catholic Church in America, and to participate in the inauguration of this University. I was most favorably impressed with what I was then able to see and learn of America. I am very grateful to the Holy Father for having chosen me for this present mission. I am now learning much of American matters and affairs; but there are so many things here that have hardly been thought of yet in Europe."

"What is your impression of the Americans as a people?" asked the representative of the New York World.

"Under their liberal and admirable Constitution the American people have every opportunity to cultivate serious character of thought and broad ideas. The American nation has apparently absorbed all that is best of the various races of which it is composed. I have been struck with the energy, perseverance and general intelligence of the people."

"And as to American liberty, Mgr. Satolli?"

"Ah! my impressions of this as formed on my previous visit have been deepened by my return here. As I have said many times before, American liberty is true liberty for everybody in the State. The press, inspired by a true Christian spirit, is one of the great agencies for advancement of thought and preservation of freedom. The energy and enterprise of the American reporter is not understood in Europe. He is essentially an American development."

"The press," Mgr. Satolli cried with earnestness, "is the main cause of the rapid advance in art, literature and practical sciences that marks the nineteenth century. If I were to specify its particular mission in the United States I should say it is destined to unify all the races here and all the States into one great national family."

"In this great work it is an ally of the Church. Surely the facts, the thoughts, the appreciations of events that the press serves up every morning to every home in the land must tend to make a people with common interests and produce unification."

"In the comment of the press on your own mission here?"

"As to myself personally, I cannot but be grateful to the press of the country for the interest it has taken in the establishment of a permanent Apostolic Delegation. I frankly own that the universal satisfaction with which this important move of the Pope has been received all over this land is owed mostly to the power and kindness of the great American journals of all your great cities."

"What of the bearing of American liberty on the Church?"

"Here," the prelate declared with emphasis, "everyone is free to practise his own religion. American liberty enables the Catholic Church to extend benefits even to those outside of the fold. American liberty has made possible the rapid growth of the Catholic Church here. The Church is treated with respect by those of all shades of religious faith."

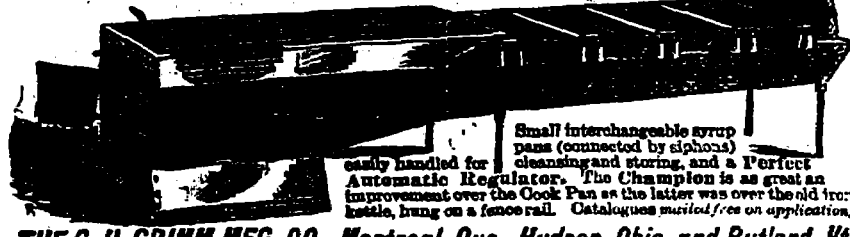
"What is the condition of the Catholic Church here?"

"Among the Catholics there is the strongest devotion and hearty co-operation," Mgr. Satolli replied thoughtfully. "The Church as a whole is united in its sympathies and its aims. There is the utmost harmony between the clergy and the people. Misinformation has sometimes magnified trivial differences of opinion into what appears to those outside the Church as a lack of harmony. The Catholic Church in America was

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never in more healthy condition or its prospects so bright. The influence of the Church is recognized as healthful. It is a great moral force and is indispensable to the State."

After a moment's thought the Monsignor continued:

"America is constantly receiving an ever-growing influx of immigrants, a very large proportion of whom are Catholics. To keep together and preserve unity among these various elements there is required a superior moral force ever working among them and steadily, if silently, effecting their assimilation, binding all in a common feeling and interest. No stronger power is at hand to effect this than the Catholic Church."

"It is the consciousness of this mission incumbent on the Church that dictates to Leo XIII. the policy he is outlining for the Catholics of the United States."—*Boston Pilot.*

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The St. Louis Cathedral at New Orleans will celebrate its centenary April 25.

Mr. Bayard is visiting Mr. Cleveland at Lakewood, and it is supposed he will go into the Cabinet.

John C. Green, who has returned to San Francisco from Alaska, says the Inuit Indians to the number of 500 along the Fish river are in a starving condition.

Mrs. Mary A. Forrest, widow of Gen. N. Bedford Forrest, one of the most famous commanders of the Confederacy, died in Memphis, Tenn., Sunday last.

Information from Berlin says that seventeen new cases of cholera and nine deaths occurred in the Nitleben Asylum in Halle.

German employes in factories in Russian Poland have been granted one year in which to learn the Russian language.

Dynamite explosions damaged a hotel and other property in Rome, but nobody was hurt.

The Catholic Truth Society, of St. Paul, has undertaken the task of collecting all possible information respecting the "ex-priests," "ex nuns" and other irreligious monstrosities.

New Mexico, Utah and Arizona will probably be admitted to Statehood by the present Congress.

The Infanta Isabella has withdrawn her provisional promise to open the Church Columbian Exhibition. It has been learned from good authority that her chief reason for declining to visit the United States is that if she did so she would be obliged to visit also Cuba and Porto Rico, where yellow fever generally prevails.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. (12-13-cow)

The Rev. John McGrorty, parish priest of Donoughmore, died at the parochial residence Kellygordon, on Jan. 10, in his eightieth year.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

Lake Erie is frozen over for many miles from shore.

A SCENE IN PARLIAMENT.

COL. SAUNDERSON'S ATTACK ON THE IRISH HOTLY RESENTED.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—In the House of Commons Col. Edward James Saunderson (Con.), member for North Armagh, generally regarded as leader of the Irish Unionists, attacked the evicted tenants commission in a fierce tirade. He spoke of Ulster's loyalty to England, and about the resolution of Protestant Ireland to oppose by every means the designs of the Separatists. The evicted tenants commission he described as a body pledged in advance to a cause of injustice and oppression, and headed in its outrageous work by a partisan president. Its course, Col. Saunderson asserted, was in a line with the policy of the Irish Chief Secretary in releasing the Gweedore assassins, who, led by a murderous ruffian, had done to death a faithful officer.

The term "murderous ruffian" was interpreted by a number of the Irish members as alluding to Father McFadden. Several voices from the Irish benches were lifted in loud protest against Col. Saunderson's utterance.

Col. Saunderson went on defiantly and undauntedly. "Yes," he cried, "they were led by a murderous ruffian."

A number of Irish members were on their feet in an instant with cries of "order, order," "withdraw the expression," "it is a ruffianly utterance." The speaker demanded order.

The clamor among the Irish Nationalists continued and seemed to be gaining in energy of expression when Mr. Gladstone arose. As the Premier began to speak all became silent and listening with attention to his words. Mr. Gladstone spoke earnestly and with deep feeling. He appealed to the Irish Nationalists to restrain themselves. In the interests of the honor and dignity of Parliament all the members should assist in bringing the scene to a close as soon as possible. "Surely," added Mr. Gladstone, "the honorable member from North Armagh will refrain from calling a gentleman held by many in the highest respect a 'murderous ruffian.'"

Col. Saunderson showed no sign of yielding, even to the premier.

Then Mr. Balfour, the Conservative leader and former Chief Secretary for Ireland, arose.

"I appeal," said Mr. Balfour, "to the honorable member to withdraw the expression and substitute that of excited politician."

Then Col. Saunderson, obedient to the voice of his leader, said slowly, and deliberately: "I accept the suggestion, and withdraw the expression for that mentioned by the Right Honorable member from East Manchester."

The tumult ceased, but Col. Saunderson did not subside. He proceeded to attack Mr. Gladstone for attempting to establish Roman Catholic ascendancy in Ireland. The priests, Col. Saunderson said, had grabbed political power and never intended to relax their grasp. The Dublin Parliament, if established, would be a slave to the priesthood. As a specimen of the men to whom it was proposed to deliver the Government of Ireland, they might take the member from North Louth, who had recently called the Parnellite members "Jackasses of the Billy Redmond type with no more sense than a hen." (Laughter.)

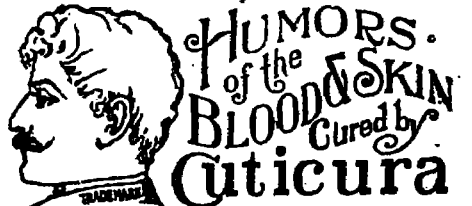
A correspondent writing from Shanghai, China, says that there will probably be another outbreak of persecution against Catholics in that country soon. In one of the northwestern provinces there has been a riot against the missionaries, and one French priest was killed.

IT IS EASY TO DIE.

It is easy to die
When one's work is done—
To pass from the earth
Like a harvest day's sun,
After opening the flowers and ripening the grain,
Round the homes and the scenes where our friends remain.

It is easy to die
When one's work is done—
Like Simeon, the priest,
Who saw God's Son;
In the fullness of years, and the fullness of faith,
It is easy to sleep in the clay couch of death

But 'tis hard to die
While one's native land
Has scarce strength to cry
'Neath the spoiler's hand;
O merciful God! vouchsafe that I
May see Ireland free—and then let me die!
T. D'Arcy McGee.



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Note this fact! It is worthy of every lady's attention who goes bargain-hunting! It is simply this, that the ORIGINAL PRICES OF OUR GOODS ARE INVARIABLY RATED LOW. Our prices are cash prices, and carry only a cash profit, which is naturally lighter—much lighter—than a credit profit. Our clearing values are, therefore, better in many instances than where a very large discount is taken off prices originally placed high. This is "plain as a pike-staff," and ladies out shopping ought to bear it in mind. JOHN MURPHY & CO.

TAILOR-MADE DRESSMAKING

Our Tailor-made Dressmaking is the best in Canada. We are giving special reductions on our usual prices for the month of February. JOHN MURPHY & CO.

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\$ 7.50.....for.....\$ 5.00
11.00.....for.....4.00
15.50.....for.....10.00

COLLARS.

\$10.00.....for.....\$ 6.00
10.50.....for.....7.00
21.00.....for.....10.00

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

WOOL SEALETTE COATS, 20 per cent. discount will be allowed off Wool Sealette Coats this week only.

FILK SEALETTE COATS, 20 per cent. discount this week only.

Misses' and Children's ULSTERS, with long Capes, 20 per cent. discount this week only.

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HALF-PRICE.

Ladies' BLACK ULSTERS, trimmed fur. Also, a lot of TWEED ULSTERS (no capes). Ladies' BLANKET ULSTERS, to clear at Half Price.

A few RUSSIAN WRAPS for \$2.00, original price \$3.00.
A lot of LADIES' JACKETS to clear at Half Price.

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THE SAVED MAN TELLS HIS STORY!



A. E. HAMMOND.

The story of the rescue from death of Mr. A. E. Hammond, the well-known carriage builder, of Mansenville, P.Q., needs no elaborate introduction. His own letter fully sets forth the value of the wonderful remedy that renewed his life. Mr. Hammond writes as follows:

"Some five years ago it was my sad misfortune to be afflicted with scrofula sores, of which I had five on one leg and three on the other. These were running sores for four years. In addition to this I was taken down with rheumatism in the small of my back so badly that I could not get off my bed; and, to further intensify my sufferings, I had sick headache in the worst form.

While in this condition, a friend of mine, Mr. Perkins, a merchant of this place, sold me a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, with the express understanding that if it did me no good I should pay nothing for it.

In accepting this offer, I had no idea of ever feeling under any obligation to pay for the Compound, as I had no faith in its doing me good. To my very great surprise, however, I grew better; and, by the time I had used three bottles I was as well as ever, and what I never expected to see was realized, viz: the sores on my legs were entirely healed.

It would mean the use of pages to tell one-half of what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. This marvellous cure has been in effect for nearly a year.

There are many other cases of wonderful cures in this locality from the use of the same great agency; and no case of failure has ever been recorded, nor can there ever be one in my opinion after such tests as I have personally witnessed. I am 36 years of age, and have always lived in this place."

Katy-Did and Katy-Didn't.

It was a riddle long unguessed, but I will tell the answer true,
Just what it was that Katy did, and all that Katy didn't do.
She did go straight to bed at eight, and didn't want to wait till nine;
She didn't care for party gowns, she did set stitches nice and fine;
She did sit very still in church, and didn't break her little fan;
She did right all vacation time, and didn't fret when school began.
No wonder this surprising child is sung about with such delight
Beneath the great round harvest-moon, on every pleasant autumn night.

SAFE AND SURE.

Not only safety from mineral poison (of which B.B.B. does not contain the slightest trace), but prompt and certain action in the cure of disease may be confidently relied on from the use of this unrivalled natural specific for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad blood, Headache, Biliousness and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Taking Toll.

An American lady visiting Paris was continually interested in the smart little boys, in white caps and aprons, who deliver the wares of the pastry cooks. One day she said to one of these boys who had brought her some cake: "Ah, I suppose you get the benefit of one of these cakes yourself, sometimes?" "What do you mean, madame?" "You eat a cake now and then?" "Eat them? Oh, no, madame, that wouldn't do. I only lick 'em as I come along."

The Archbishop's Academy.

On last Saturday the monthly exercise of the roll of honor took place in the Archbishop's academy. The following pupils deserved to have their names inscribed:—

First class—J. Lusignan, J. McCarrey, R. Carruel, M. McCrory, B. Carignan, J. Clement, J. Hicks, P. Kenehan, B. Grenier, J. Lyburner, W. Mullen, G. McCarthy, R. Ouellete, C. Leroux, D. Robillard, J. Trudel, P. Neilligan, J. O'Neil.

Special class—J. Boucher, A. Brunet, A. Aubry, A. Dufresne, Av. Dufresne, D. Lortie, J. McCarrey.

Second class—R. Soullere, W. Twohey, B. Campbell, O. O'Flaherty, J. Warren, T. Coghlin, E. Garrick, W. McKenna, A. Cassidy, A. Sauvageau, J. Mullen, P. McCrory, L. Morin, W. Fitzgerald, R. Labelle, C. Courroy, E. Tracey, F. McKenna, W. Warren.

Third class—T. Kearney, H. Hoobin, T. Hewitt, P. O'Flaherty, E. Wilson, E. Naud, T. Doherty, J. McMahon, L. Russel, T. Flannery.

Fourth class—E. Markum, W. Hickey, J. Lynch, L. Dubrule, W. Kearney, H. Grenier, A. McCarrey, A. Labelle, R. Lariu, A. Gagnon, J. Loyer, R. McShane, R. Thibault.

Fifth class—P. Enright, S. McCrory, E. Ethier, H. Fitzgerald, J. Macdonell, A. Viau, A. St. Cyr, J. Mulcair, A. McCarrey, F. McShane.

The First Native Christian Civilian of India.

Mr. Francis Xavier De Sousa, who has passed successfully the Competitive Examination for the Civil Service of India, and who is the fourteenth on the list out of thirty-two successful competitors, is the first native Christian who has earned this distinction. He was educated by the Jesuit Fathers, and had thoroughly mastered the French and German languages, besides taking the B. A. degree in the Madras University before proceeding to England.—*The Myslapore Register.*

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—For the cure of burns, scalds, wounds and ulcers, this justly celebrated Ointment stands unrivalled. Its balsamic virtues, immediately on application, lull the pain and smarting, protect the exposed nerves from the air, give to the vessels the vigour necessary to heal the sore, and confer on the blood a purity which permits it only to lay down healthy flesh in place of that destroyed. Holloway's Pills, simultaneously taken, must assist the Ointment's purifying and soothing power. Together these medicines act like a charm; no invalid, after a fair trial, has found them fail to relieve his pain, or completely cure his disease. The combined action of the Ointment and Pills, in all disorders, is too irresistible to be withstood.



A tea-kettle of hot water

Gives enough hot water to do the entire wash when SURPRISE SOAP is used.

There's no wash boiler required.

There's none of that hot steam about the house on wash day.

This is a simple easy way of washing the clothes without boiling or scalding them. It gives the sweetest, cleanest clothes, and the whitest.

SURPRISE SOAP does it.

145

READ the directions on the wrapper

A PRIZE PORTRAIT PUZZLE.



Find The Grandmother.

The young lady in the above cut has a grandmother whose picture is combined in the above portrait. If you can find the Grandmother in the above Portrait you may receive a reward which will pay you many times over for your trouble.

The Proprietors of the LADIES' HOME MONTHLY offer either a first-class Upright Piano or cheque for Three Hundred Dollars to the person who can first find the grandmother. A reward of a pair of Diamond Ear-Rings to the second person who can find the grandmother. A complete Business Education at a Commercial College to the third person who can find the grandmother. A Gold Watch for each of the next two who can find the grandmother. An elegant Gold Brooch (Solid Gold) for each of the next five who can find the grandmother.

Each Contestant must cut out the Portrait Puzzle and make a cross with a lead-pencil or ink on the grandmother's eye and mouth.

Everyone sending an answer must enclose with the same Ten three-cent stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for three months' subscription to the LADIES' HOME MONTHLY, Canada's most popular journal. The date of post-mark on letters is given precedence, so that persons living at a distance have just as good an opportunity of securing a valuable prize.

For the person who can find the grandmother that is received last is offered a Simplex Typewriter. For the next to the last will be given a Solid Silver Watch. To the third, fourth, fifth and sixth from the last received with correct answers will receive each a Solid Gold Brooch.

If there should be as many as two hundred persons sending correct answers, each will be awarded with a valuable prize. Names of those receiving leading prizes will be published in our next issue. Extra premiums will be offered to all who are willing to assist in increasing the subscription list of this popular journal. The object in offering this Prize Puzzle is to attract attention, and to introduce our publication. Perfect impartiality is guaranteed in giving the rewards.

The following names are winners of the leading prizes in our last PRIZE PUZZLE:

T. E. Shipley, 27 Elm St., Toronto, Piano; Miss Bancroft, 167 Lippincott St., Toronto, Bicycle; Miss Barnes, Ridgeway, Ont., Bedroom Set; Gladys McPherson, 54 Henry St., Toronto, Gold Watch; L. B. Southam, 86 Maple St., London, Ont., Gold Watch; Mrs. J. S. McAdam, 442 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont., \$20 in Gold; M. Hampton, 800 N. Y. Life Bld., Kansas City, Mo., \$10 in Gold; Emily Riley, 85 Alexander St. E., Winnipeg, Man., Banquet Lamp; Jean Taylor, 104 Mackay St., Ottawa, Ont., Banquet Lamp; John Armour, 185 Main St. W., Hamilton, Ont., Banquet Lamp; W. E. Gilroy, Mount Forest, Ont., Banquet Lamp; J. L. Forest, 319 Vistation St., Montreal, Que., Banquet Lamp; W. E. Ramsay, 270 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont., Banquet Lamp; Florence White, 125 Scott St., Quebec City, Banquet Lamp; Mrs. L. E. Thompson, 69 St. Louis St., Lewis, Que., Banquet Lamp; M. E. Goodwin, Lakeview House, Bowmanville, Ont., Banquet Lamp; Mrs. G. Cunningham, 45 Carnarthen St., St. John, N. B., Banquet Lamp.

Answer to-day, and enclose 30 cents and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address,

(D) LADIES' HOME MONTHLY,
192 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that an application will be made to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act to revive "An Act to incorporate the Equity Insurance Company," being Chapter 103 of 50 and 51 Victoria; and to amend the same by changing the name thereof to "The St. Lawrence Insurance Company."

Montreal, 10th January, 1891.

A. W. GRENIER,

Solicitor for Applicants.

Kelly's Songster No. 47

CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SONGS:

Wake Up, There's a Man in the Room.
Parody on My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon
His Remedies—The Village Girl,
My Twenty-First Birthday,
Call Me Your Darling Again.
An Aggravating Ditty.
A Pretty Girl, from "Wang."
Will You Walk Around the Block With Me.
The Wreck of the Scotch Express, Recitation
When the Days Grow Longer.
The Barber Shop—The Widow.
Ting-a-Ling-Ting-Tar.
Parodies on the following songs:—
Old Home Down on the Farm.
Molly O—Peggy Oline.
Molly and I and the Baby.
He never Cares to Wander From His Own Fireside.
Just a Song at Twilight.
I'll Make a Law to Stop It.
And 10 other popular songs.

All the above songs and a column of the latest and most interesting men gags, jokes and conundrums, to be had at all newsdealers, or mailed on receipt of two three-cent stamps. P. Kelly, Song Publisher, 154 St. Antoine street, Montreal, Que.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant play syrup.

PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

F. KELLY,

Ruling, Binding and Embossing

774 Craig Street,

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DOHERTY & SICOTTE,

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

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT

of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 127. Dame M. B. Josephine Brosseau, of Montreal, authorized to ester en justice, Plaintiff, vs. Pierre Thomas Brosseau, of Montreal, Defendant, and Octave Dumontet, of Laprairie, Tiers-saisi. An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 28th January, 1891.

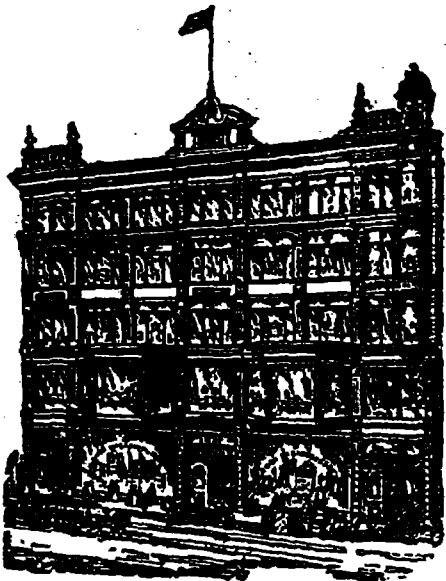
L. CONRAD PELLETIER,
28-5 Attorney for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT

of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 1832. Dame Annie Beauchamp, of Montreal, authorized to ester en justice, Plaintiff, vs. Adonias Dansereau, of Montreal, Confectioner, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 28th January, 1891.

L. CONRAD PELLETIER,
28-5 Attorney for Plaintiff.



SPECIAL NOTICE!

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

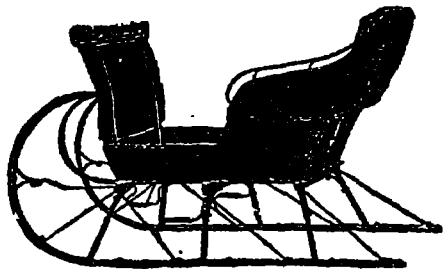
We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Back, both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.

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

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

Large Sales and Small Profits.

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



SLEIGHS AND CARIOLES

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

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

RIENDEAU HOTEL,
58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq.
MONTREAL
The cheapest first-class house in Montreal.
European and American Plans.

JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor

PERSONAL—LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Secret Service. Offices, Temple Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 2121. Private Telephones: 4658 and 8049. **JOHN A. GHOSE, Supt. Comm. Work; SYLVA E. CARPENTER, Supt. Criminal Work.**

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—CELEBRATED—
ALES - AND - PORTERS

Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE."
INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER.
XXX PALE ALE. STOUT PORTER
If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery.
Telephone 1168. THE MONTREAL BREWING CO., Brewers and Malsters, corner
Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.

DRUNKENNESS.
—ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE CURE FOR—
DRUNKENNESS OR THE MORPHINE HABIT?
Have you a Husband, Bro'her, 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.**

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



SAY

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

"I certify that I have prescribed the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR for affections of the throat and lungs and that I am perfectly satisfied with its use. I recommend it therefore cordially to Physicians for diseases of the respiratory organs."
V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V. C. M.
Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

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

L. ROBITAILLE, Eq. Chemist.
Sir,
"Having been made acquainted with the composition of PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think it my duty to recommend it as an

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

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

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

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

For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.

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

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SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
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NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, OF NORWICH, ENGLAND.
Capital, \$5,000,000.
EASTERN ASSURANCE CO., OF HALIFAX N.S.
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TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL BELTS,
ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c.
P. McCORMACK & CO.,
Druggists.
COR: MCGILL and NOTRE DAME STS.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S
Self-Raising Flour
as THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it: all others are imitations.

MOTHERS!

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

FOR CIVILITY, COMFORT, CHEAPNESS
—TRAVEL BY THE—



NEW TOURIST CARS
WHICH NOW LEAVE MONTREAL AS FOLLOWS:
FOR BOSTON and NEW ENGLAND. ON THURSDAYS and FRIDAYS.
TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO. TUESDAYS.
THE SOO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS. SATURDAYS.
VANCOUVER, and PUGET SOUND. WEDNESDAYS.

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

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

TICKET OFFICES:
265 St. James Street and at Stations.

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

Wear a pair of our **SHELL CORDOVAN BOOTS,**

And You **WILL NOT HAVE WET FEET.**

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

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our Breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."
"Civil Service Gazette."
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: **JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.**
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MME. BAILEY'S SURE HAIR Grower
is guaranteed to produce a Thick, Soft and Beautiful head of Long, Flowing HAIR in 8 to 12 weeks. A purely vegetable and positively harmless compound. Endorsed by leading physicians. Two or three packages will do it. Price, 50 cents per package, or three for \$1. Sent by mail, pre-paid. Bailey Supply Co., Cooperstown, N. Y.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
OVER ONE-QUARTER OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED



Louisiana State Lottery Company
Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an ever-wholehearted popular vote.

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

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

Attested as follows:
"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that these are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with the signatures of our signatories attached, in its advertisements."

Att. Comptroller
J. E. Early
M. J. Hebl
Commissioners

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

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
J. O. H. CONNOR, Pres. State National Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank.
O. K. KUHN, President Union National Bank.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$75,000

100,000 Numbers in the Wheel

Table with columns for prize amounts and quantities. Includes 'LIST OF PRIZES' and 'APPROXIMATION PRIZES'.

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

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

IMPORTANT.
Send Money by Express at our Expense
in Sums not less than Five Dollars,
on which we will pay all charges, and we prepay Express Charges on TICKETS and LISTS OF PRIZES for wanted to correspondents.
Address PAUL CONRAD, New Orleans, La.

Give full address and make signature plain.

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

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

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

In buying a Louisiana State Lottery Ticket, see that the Ticket is dated at New Orleans; that the Prize drawn to its number is payable in New Orleans; that the Ticket is signed by PAUL CONRAD, President; that it is endorsed with the signatures of Generals G. T. BRAVERMAN, J. A. EARLY, and W. L. GARNETT, 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

COVERNTON'S NIPPLE : OIL.

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

COVERNTON'S Syrup of Wild Cherry.

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

COVERNTON'S Pile Ointment.

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

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

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MAMMOTH PAPER MILLS

HULL, P. Q.
LARGEST - IN - CANADA

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

ASK FOR THE E. B. EDDY CO.'S PAPER
And you will get the best made.

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THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,
Next Drawings : - - - - Feb. 1 and 15.

PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. - CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00.

Table with columns for prize amounts and quantities. Includes 'LIST OF PRIZES' and 'Approximation Prizes'.

2184 Prizes worth.....\$13,185.00

TICKETS, 25 CENTS
TICKETS, 10 CENTS
Tickets can be obtained until five o'clock p.m., on the day before the Drawing. Orders received on the day of the drawing are applied to next drawing.
Head Office, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. - S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager.

Reading maketh a full Man,
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AND
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF a strong Man.

All the strength-giving qualities of Prime Beef are present in JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF in a form available to all, as very little vital energy is needed in the process of perfect digestion and assimilation. EXTRACTS OF BEEF are void of all nutrition

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers
This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swelling, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.
The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 588 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.
The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.
Purchasers should look to the Label the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Be sure and get a copy of the February Number of THE SUNBEAM,



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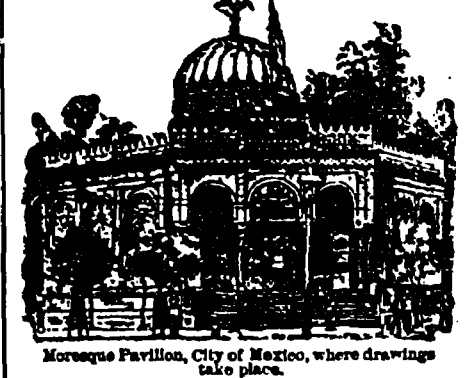
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Before giving your orders get price from us.

OFFICE and WORKS, corner Latour Street and Busby Lane.

Telephones—Bell, 130; Federal 1603.
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MEXICAN



Moresque Pavilion, City of Mexico, where drawings take place.

LOTTERY

OF THE
Beneficencia Publica
(PUBLIC CHARITY)
ESTABLISHED IN 1873 IN THE
CITY OF MEXICO,
AND
The Only Lottery Protected by the Mexican National Government,
And in no wise connected with any other Company using the same name.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING

WILL BE HELD IN THE
Moresque Pavilion in the City of Mexico
THURSDAY, FEB. 16, 1893.

THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING
\$60,000.00

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme before selling a single ticket, and receive the following official permit.
CERTIFICATE—I hereby certify that the Bank of London and Mexico has on deposit the necessary funds to guarantee the payment of all prizes drawn by the Loteria de la Beneficencia Publica.
A. POLINAR CASTILLO, Intervenor
Further, the company is required to distribute fifty-six per cent. of the value of all the tickets in Prizes—a larger portion than is given by any other lottery.

PRICE OF TICKETS—U. S. Currency.
Wholes, \$4; Halves, \$2; Quarters, \$1

Table with columns for prize amounts and quantities. Includes 'LIST OF PRIZES' and 'APPROXIMATION PRIZES'.

2,761 Prizes,.....Amounting to.....\$178,560

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

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

W. H. D. YOUNG,

L.D.S., D.D.S.
Surgeon-Dentist
1694 Notre Dame Street.

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

McGALE'S FOR . . .
BUTTERNUT
PILLS
 25 cents per box.
 By Mail on Receipt of Price.
B. E. McGALE,
 CHEMIST &c.,
 2188 NOTRE DAME ST.,
 MONTREAL.
Sick Headache,
Foul Stomach,
Biliousness,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.
 For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Co'y.,
 OF PORTLAND, MAINE.
 ESTABLISHED 1848. JOHN E. DeWITT, President.

Assets December 1892.....	\$6,429,927.22
Surplus according to 4 1/2 per cent. Canadian Standard.....	705,000.00
Deposit with Canadian Government for security of Canadian Policyholders	486,000.00

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

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

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.
 Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—
 Patent Spring.....\$4.25 @ 4.35
 Patent Winter.....4.10 @ 4.25
 Straight Roller.....3.80 @ 3.75
 Extra.....3.10 @ 3.25
 Superfine.....2.70 @ 2.90
 Fine.....2.35 @ 2.50
 City Strong Bakers.....4.15 @ 4.25
 Manitoba Bakers.....3.50 @ 4.15
 Ontario bags—extra.....1.40 @ 1.50
 Straight Rollers.....1.80 @ 1.85
 Superfine.....1.90 @ 1.25
 Fine.....1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—We quote prices as follows:—
 Rolled and granulated \$4.00 to \$4.05; Standard \$3.90 to \$3.95. In bags, granulated \$2.00 to \$2.05, and standard \$1.90 to \$1.95.
Mill Feed.—From the West car lots have been sold at \$13 to \$18.50. Shorts are steady at \$14.50 to 15, and mouille \$19 to \$20.
Wheat.—No 2 red winter wheat is offered at Port Arthur at 74c May, which is equal to about 83c to 84c afloat in this port for May delivery. Canada red and white winter wheat is quoted at 65c to 67c f.o.b. West of Toronto. Wheat in Chicago sold down to 70c, but has since reached 78c May.

Corn.—Car lots quoted at 64c to 65c duty paid.
Peas.—Peas are steady, and prices are now quoted at 72c to 78c in store per 60 lbs. Sales at points West of Toronto are reported at 56c to 57c f.o.b. per 60 lbs.
Oats.—No. 2 white at 32c without getting a buyer. A lot of No. 2 mixed was sold at 32c.
Barley.—In the West of No. 3 extra at 37c. No. 2 at 41c, and No. 1 at 46c. Here we quote malting grades at 59c to 66c, and feed barley at 39c to 42c.
Malt.—We quote 65c to 75c as to quality and size of lot.
Rye.—At 58c to 60c.
Buckwheat.—At 48c to 50c per 48 lbs for export.
Seeds.—Canadian timothy is quoted at \$3 25 per bushel of 45 lbs, and Western is quoted at \$2.75 to \$2.80 per bus. Red clover is steady at \$7.80 to \$8.00 per bushel of 60 lbs, alsike \$3.40 to \$3.50 per bushel. Flax seed remains steady at \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.
Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—
 Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$22 50 @ 23.00
 Canada clear mess, per bbl.....19.00 @ 22.00
 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....00.00 @ 00.00
 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl. 24.00 @ 24.25
 India mess beef, per tierce.....00.00 @ 00.00
 Extra Mess beef, per bbl.....00.00 @ 12.50
 Hams, city cured, per lb.....13 @ 14c
 Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....13 1/2 @ 14c
 Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....10 1/2 @ 11c
 Bacon, per lb.....12 1/2 @ 13c
 Shoulders, per lb.....11 @ 11 1/2
Dressed Hogs.—There have been sales at \$8.90 to \$9.00 for car loads since our last issue. The sale of 800 hogs was reported at \$9.00

DAIRY PRODUCE.
Butter.—We quote:—
 Creamery choice fall.....22c to 23c
 do good to fine.....21c to 22c
 Eastern Township dairy, choice fall.....21c to 22c
 do good to fine.....20c to 21c
 Morrisburg & Brookville.....20c to 22c
 Western.....18c to 20c
 About 1c to 2c may be added to above prices for choice selections of single tubs.
Roll Butter.—Sales of Western at 18c to 19c and Morrisburg at 18c to 20c.
Cheese.—Sales of finest colored have been made in this market at 11c to 11 1/2c finest white being quotable at 12c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of Montreal limed have been made at 22c to 23c, while Western limed have changed hands at 19c to 20c. Held fresh stock is quiet, a few sales being reported at 22c to 23c, and fresh stock is firm at 20c to 23c.
Beans.—Hand-picked selling at \$1.35 to \$1.50 as to quantity, with good ordinary at \$1.10 to \$1.20.
Honey.—Large tins going at 50c, but it is very dark, fine to choice tins sell at 70c to 80c. We quote 10c to 18c as to quality and quantity.
Hops.—At 19c to 21c for fair to choice, although some holders ask 22c for the latter.
Hay.—Considerable hay is still going forward from Boston and New York at a 20c freight rate. In this market we quote \$9 to \$9.50 for No. 2 and \$10.50 to \$11.50 for No. 1.
Dressed Poultry.—We quote turkeys 18c to 14c, chickens 10c to 12c, geese 10c to 11c, and ducks 12c to 13c.
Game.—Partridge—We quote 75c to 80c.
Ashes.—The market is firm at \$4.25 to \$4.80 for first pots and \$3.65 for seconds. Pearls quiet at \$5.20.

FRUITS.

Apples.—Two car loads of 1st tierlor stock were sold at \$1.25, and finest car lots are held at \$2.50, but it is said \$2.25 is about all that can be realized.
Oranges.—Valencia oranges, \$3.75 to \$4.00; Messina, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Florida oranges, \$3.25; Mandarins in half boxes, \$2.50; large, \$4.25; Tangerines, half boxes bringing \$3.00 to \$3.25 as to quality.
Lemons.—We quote:—Fancy \$2.50 to \$3.00; fair, \$1.25 to \$2.00, as to kind and quality.
Bananas.—We quote:—\$3.25 to \$3.50 per bunch for choice; \$2.75 to \$3.00, for fair stock bunches.
Dried Fruit.—We quote:—Evaporated apples, 7c to 8c; evaporated peaches, 20c to 21c; apricots, 21c to 22c; crystallized figs, in 5-lb boxes, at from 90c to \$1.00; do apricots, 90c to \$1.00 per box of 5-lbs.
Grapes.—At \$7.00 to \$8.00 per keg for Almeria.
Cocoanuts.—New nuts are selling at from \$4.00 to \$4.25 per bag of 100.
Cranberries.—A few lots of frozen stock was sold at \$3.00.
Pineapples.—At 20c a piece.
Potatoes.—At \$1.00 to \$1.50 per bag of 90 lbs.
Onions.—Sales of Spanish in crates being made at from 90c to \$1.00. Red and yellow in barrels at \$2.50 to \$2.75 for good sound stock.

FISH AND OIL.

Oils.—We quote 51c to 53c. Newfoundland cod oil is firm at 38c to 39c; Gaspe at 37c, and Nova Scotia at 35c to 38c; Cod liver oil 55c to 75c.
Pickled Fish.—Green cod has been sold at \$5.75 to \$6 for No. 1, while large is held at \$7 to \$7.25. Dry cod has met with very little changed and prices are quoted at \$4.50 to \$5. Labrador herring move slowly, and values are quoted at \$5 to \$5.25; Canso and Cape Breton being quoted at \$4.50 to \$4.75.
Smoked Fish.—Yarmouth blasters \$1.25 per box of 60; smoked herring 12c per box; boneless cod fish 5c to 7c, and fish 8c to 4c.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the merit to secure the confidence of entire communities and hold it year after year, like **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN
NOTICE.
 Cocoa, Coffee and Tea, served free all this week.
Just Arrived
 —AND—
Put into Stock
 Sprinklings of New Spring Dress Goods.
S. CARSLY,
 Notre Dame Street.

NEW FRENCH CHALLIES.
 ALL WOOL
 In all the richest and most choice designs and colourings, in fact the best patterns that have ever been introduced.
NEW SCOTCH COSTUME TWEEDS
 In Spring Weights
 All N-w Shades All New Patterns
NEW GOODS
 Now arriving by every Steamer.
S. CARSLY,
 Notre Dame Street.

CHENILLE CURTAINS.
 Special Sale of Chenille Curtains, all this week.
 At S. CARSLY'S.

TAPESTRY CURTAINS.
 Several lots of Tapestry and Raw Silk Curtains, to be offered this week at from 25 per cent. to Half Price off.
 At S. CARSLY'S.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.
 Just received, first deliveries of New Brussels Carpets.
 New Brussels Body Carpets
 New Brussels Borderings
 New Brussels Stair Carpets
 New Brussels Hall Carpets
 An immense variety of patterns and rich designs.
S. CARSLY,
 Notre Dame Street.

ENGLISH OILCLOTHS.
 Several pieces of English Oilcloth also received into stock.
 Oilcloths thoroughly seasoned
 Oilcloths in newest patterns
 Oilcloths in all widths
S. CARSLY,
 Notre Dame Street.

A FEW ODD LOTS STILL LEFT
 AN ODD LOT OF MANTLES.
 Lined with Silk and trimmed with Fur for \$3 75, worth \$8.00.
S. CARSLY.

AN ODD LOT OF TRAY CLOTHS
 Fancy Oatmeal Damask, Tray Cloths with Fringed and Colored Borders, only 37 1/2c each.
S. CARSLY.

AN ODD LOT OF SHADES.
 Window Shades of odd makes to be cleared at Odd Prices.
S. CARSLY.

AN ODD LOT OF BLANKETS.
 Heavy Wool Blankets, only \$1.75 pr.
 New Leaflet Blankets, from 72c each.
S. CARSLY.

AN ODD LOT OF CARPET.
 Wide and Heavy Reversible Hemp Carpet, in good colours only 10c yd.
S. CARSLY.

AN ODD LOT OF JACKETS.
 Ladies' Short Jackets, to be cleared at Half Price.
S. CARSLY.

AN ODD LOT OF MILLINERY.
 Trimmed Millinery and Models, to be cleared at Half Price.
S. CARSLY,
 Notre Dame Street.

RIGBY I RIGBY I RIGBY I
 Next time you buy a Tweed Waterproof Ulster or Cloak be sure and purchase a Rigby at S. Carlsley's. See that the name is on it and take none but Rigby. They are good wherever you find them.
S. CARSLY,
 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779
 NOTRE DAME STREET,
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 The Recognized Standard of Modern Piano Manufacture.
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } District of Montreal. } No. 162.
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
 Dame Delima Marin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Adelard Lanthier, latter, has this day instituted an action en separation de biens against her said husband.
 Montreal, 7th February, 1893.
BEAUDIN & CARDINAL,
 29-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, Superior Court, No. 2425.
 Eliza Jane Laughlin, Plaintiff, vs. William D. McLaren, Jr., Defendant. On the seventeenth of February, 1893, at eight of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of the said Defendant, No. 83 St. Mathew street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture. Terms cash. C. T. JETTE, B. S. C. Montreal, 4th February, 1893.

SMILES.
 The Young Man.—"Grace, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?" The Young Woman (wiping away a tear)—"He says he doesn't see anything in you, Algernon. That is why he objects."
 Mrs. Smythe's Sense.—Smythe: "What is worse than a jealous wife?" "Mrs. Smythe: "Well, probably the husband who gives her cause for jealousy."
 "Oh, Henry, I had such a delightful dream. I dreamt I had such a love of a bonnet sent me." "Did you, dear? Isn't it singular that I had a nightmare, and dreamt I had to pay the bill."
 "You have heard, my love, that Amanda is about to marry Arthur?" "I know it, but what I can't understand is a woman as intelligent as she is can consent to marry a man stupid enough to marry her."
 At It Again.—"The clove," said the exchange editor, "is probably the strongest thing of its size"— "Isn't the nutmeg grater?" broke in the financial editor. "You think so?" retorted the other, glaring at him, "because it bears the mace!" "Such talk as that," thundered the railway editor, grabbing his cane, "I despise!"