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A PRIEST'S LIFE.

WHY PRIESTS DIE AT A COMPARATIVELY YOUNG AGE.

THEIR VERY HARD WORK—SOME OF THE DUTIES WHICH TELL ON THEIR CONSTITUTION—IT LOOKS AN EASY LIFE, BUT IT IS HARD.

When some American priests applied a few years ago to the insurance companies to insure their lives in favor of the churches which they had built, and were at the time heavily in debt, the companies before issuing policies, deemed it prudent to make inquiries as to the number of years Catholic priests in the United States lived after their ordination.

Their actaries made a report, based on a period of forty years, and the figures were startling. From this report it was shown that the average life of a priest, after his ordination—say when twenty-four years of age—was fifteen. And if it should be asked: "What is the cause of this alarming mortality?" we will not have to go far for an answer.

Writes Very Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines, in his recently published book, "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula." When the young man enters the priesthood, after passing four or five years in college and seminary, he is scarcely fit for the rough, hard work of missionary life. All aglow with fervor and zeal, his piety prompts him to undertake more than very often what his strength warrants, or he is assigned as assistant to a large parish, where his labors are more than his young constitution can bear.

After a year or two he is appointed to the charge of a scattered parish, where on Sundays he is compelled to rise early, hear confessions, say Mass, and drive eight or ten miles to another church, where he again offers up the Holy Sacrifice, and while he is still fasting, addresses his people.

In his parish, as is very often the case, he is territorially large, he is compelled in the most trying season of the year—Lent and Advent—to give Stations in the more remote parts of the mission. Returning some afternoon from one of these Stations, he finds, when he reaches home, that perhaps a "sick call" awaits him in another part of his parish.

A case of this nature is imperative, and cannot be neglected under pain of mortal sin, whether it come at day or night, in a pelting rain, or the severest frost of winter. Nor can he excuse himself on the plea that the dying patient is stricken with smallpox or diphtheria. The Catholic Church holds that the salvation of a soul counts for more than the life of a priest, and she commands that under all circumstances, where possible, the dying man must receive the sacraments.

The young priest, scarcely giving himself time to snatch a morsel of food, leaves to attend the sick man, and returning that night, he takes to his bed and never may rise from it again. The already enfeebled constitution is not equal to the strain and in a few days all is over.

Let us take another case. The newly-ordained priest is appointed by his Bishop in a large city parish, where three priests are trying to do the work of six. The pastor is engaged in building or what is perhaps more onerous, agitating a heavy debt on a church already built. The repeated calls upon his time as the responsible head of the parish, throw upon the shoulders of his assistant the visitation of the sick, and much of the labor, which, under more favorable circumstances, would devolve upon the parish priest.

For seven hours on Saturday the priests in large parishes are morally chained to the Confessional, and none but a priest can conceive what this trying ordeal means. The following day brings severe work and more severe responsibilities. The young curate may be on the altar at seven o'clock saying his Mass, in which he administers Holy Communion to 150 or 200 people. After Mass he drives to some Catholic institution and again offers up the Holy Sacrifice. In the afternoon he superintends the catechism classes, attends the meetings of religious societies, and in the evening is expected to deliver an excellent sermon.

He retires to bed at ten or eleven o'clock, anticipating a fair night's sleep, when about one o'clock the door bells ring. When he opens the door a man tells him that one of his parishioners has been taken suddenly ill and wishes to see the priest immediately. The messenger is unable to give any clear account of the nature of the attack, the extent of the danger, or the opinion of the doctor—for no doctor has as yet been called in. The tired priest may hesitate for a moment, and be tempted to argue with himself that the case is not so urgent as to call for immediate attendance. Frequently before he had been summoned at night to attend the sick and found that he might have remained in bed without any risk of serious consequences to the sick person, or of conscientious remorse to himself. However, or a moment's reflection, he remembered that after a succession of some dozen or more of these cases, in which he might have put off the visit to a more convenient time, there was one instance in which he found the patient in his agony, and had barely time to administer Extreme Unction. So he goes to the church, takes the blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle, the holy oils from the sacristy, and, in the darkness of night, walks the silent street till he arrives at the door of the sick man, only to find that the patient has no serious illness.

Nothing is so trying to the patience of city priests as this practice, which prevails among the poor, of summoning them at inconvenient hours without necessity, and of exaggerating the urgency of the case, in order to secure their attendance. Still, there can be no doubt that their anxiety for the presence of the priest at the side of the sick, his foundation in a deep sense of the importance of his ministrations in sickness and at the hour of death. It is also a recognition of the potency and efficacy

of those sacraments, on the proper reception of which the salvation of a sinner may depend. "The Catholic poor," writes Dean Oakley, "look upon the priest as Protectors do upon the physician, and as every reasonable and humane person would call in a physician where there is the slightest chance of illness being serious, even though, in fact, it be not so, I hope the time will never come when we shall pass a severe judgment upon our poor for summoning the priest in twenty cases of which nineteen had been less urgent than their fears had led them to suppose."

This continued wear and tear soon tells upon any but a rugged constitution, and if he lives till the age of 50, the priest is practically an old man. It is gratifying, however, to learn that the vocations for the holy priesthood are increasing, and that, in the division of labor which will follow, the priest will have a better chance for a long life—Catholic Sun.

MRS. PARNELL AT EIGHTY.

SHE SEES FOR HER PICTURE AND TELLS HER LEADS OF LIVING TO A GRAND OLD AGE.

Mrs. D. M. Stewart Parnell, mother of the Irish patriot and statesman, sat for her picture last week at the age of 80 years. When the artist asked her to pose for him she said with a laugh: "It is unusual for me, and it is almost an impossibility for any woman to do so." She has passed through Jordanstown, N. J., for an indefinite term, and will soon go abroad to join her daughter, Anna.

In her 80th year she reads the news papers without the aid of glasses. She says: "I am hard to kill. I have the Stewart bones, and they are hard and do not break. I should like to leave this world for fear I am going to live to be very old. Before I was struck down I was congratulating myself on my physical strength and the long distances I could walk. Now my limbs are feeble, but my will is strong."

Mrs. Parnell is a perfectly preserved woman who does not look her age, and is keenly alive to all the questions of the day. Her face is almost as fresh as a schoolgirl's and is free from wrinkles. She was born in Philadelphia in 1816. Her education was far in advance of her time, as she became accomplished in music, art, language and dancing. She says she likes dancing still. She married J. H. Parnell in 1835, not having come to Washington with Lord Powerscourt. He took her back to Ireland and they lived in the County Wicklow to 1849. She is the mother of ten children, and was acquainted with Tompkins, Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade and Napoleon III, having once given the Emperor a red rose out of her basket at a costume ball.

AN IRISH SAMSON.

THE VICTIM OF A JOKE, BUT HE SURPRISED THE JOKERS.

At one of the Algheney foundries, where large cast-iron car wheels are made, a long-standing joke, practiced on great hands by some of the older employes, was to send two men after a pair of wheels. The old employe, who, in accordance with the custom, picked up a wheel which was an exact counterpart of the cast-iron wheels weighing 500 pounds each, and fitting his light burden, dragged away to another part of the establishment, while the other workman, concealed in various places, laughed themselves hoarse at the frantic efforts made by the new man to carry the heavy iron wheel. Last week a big, strapping young Irishman, just landed from Limerick, secured employment at the place as a laborer. He was put to work with a little Englishman, not more than five feet three inches in height, and who weighed only 112 pounds.

The two were often sent to carry molds and other heavy articles, and the big Irishman complained that his partner was only a half man and not fit to carry wheels for a clock time, not to talk about working in an iron foundry. The other men, seeing how affairs stood

Women do many things that get them all out of order. Careless dressing, exposure to draughts, over exertion—these and many others start the trouble. A slight cold may run into the most serious complications. Perhaps none of these things would amount to much if only care were exercised to remedy them at once. Neglect is a most prolific cause of serious female troubles. By and by, the trouble is so much aggravated that the physician's skill is needed and then the dread of the examinations so much in vogue at present, deter the sufferer still longer. As a matter of fact, examinations and "local treatment" should not be submitted to till everything else has failed. Nine times in ten, they are wholly unnecessary. Women were cured before these obnoxious methods came into practice. For over 30 years, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been successfully prescribed for all derangements of the womanly organism. It is remarkable for its effect on the whole system. It makes the blood pure, makes digestion better, helps stomach, kidneys and bowels and is wonderful in its effects on the generative organs. It immediately begins to allay the inflammation and stops the debilitating drain that is always apparent. As the inflammation ceases, the pain stops, the nerves are quieted and the increased bodily strength does the rest.

All suffering women should send for the 168 page book "Women and their Diseases" by Dr. R. V. Pierce. It will be sent free in plain sealed package on receipt of ten cents in partly covered postage, by World's Dispensary, Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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between the two who were so unevenly matched in strength, perceived an excellent opportunity to work the car wheel joke for the hundredth time. They posted the little Englishman and, after getting the foreman's consent, had the wooden wheel with its counterpart, a cast-iron one weighing 550 pounds, attached at the lower end of the foundry, and then they ordered the Irish giant and the British dwarf to go quickly and bring the couple of wheels.

The two started off together and the men hid behind boxes and barrels, and in anticipation of the run, unbuttoned their vests so as to give their lungs full play for laughter. Little Billy, the Britisher, reached the place first, and picking up the wooden wheel hoisted it on the top of his head and started off with an easy motion that surprised the son of Erin, who was in doubt about the ability of the little fellow carrying one side of a wheel, not to talk about lugging a whole one.

Pat then bent down, and after giving the iron wheel a mighty tug straightened himself up, and with a look of the utmost amazement depicted on his face watched the Englishman hurrying away with his load. Then it was that those who were near enough to the scene heard Pat make use of an emphatic remark, and stooping down he seized the heavy wheel, and by an almost superhuman effort raised it to a level with his head, and with his tremendous lead in the air staggered into the other room and threw it to the floor with a crash that shook the whole building. The floor gave way under the shock and the wheel went clear through to the cellar, while the men who stood by in amazement watching the prodigious feat of strength finally broke forth in a shout of laughter and applause. Many a time had the joke been perpetrated, but never before was the iron wheel lifted and carried till Pat performed the formidable task.—Pittsburg Post.

AGAINST THEM.

THE POPE DISAPPROVES OF PARLIAMENTS OF RELIGION.

THE BRIEF TAKEN FROM THE CIVILTA CATHOLICA OF ROME BELIEVED TO BE THE ORIGIN OF THE VATICAN.

The year just ended will be memorable for the American Catholicity. At its beginning appeared the great encyclical of His Holiness addressed to the Catholic church in the United States. Its ending was signified by the publication of the Papal brief disapproving promiscuous congresses, otherwise called "Parliaments of Religion."

Looking at 1895 under another aspect, it is especially remarkable because it has, so to speak, gathered together and rounded off a full cycle of years, the most agitated and critical in the history of the church.

Three years have passed since His Excellency Mgr. Satoili, now his Eminence the Cardinal, came to America, and it some grave question up to that time remained unsolved, not a few rose up towards. Now, it can be said that, thanks to the zeal and intelligence of the illustrious representative of the Holy Father, all these questions have been completely and definitely brought to a close with the closing of the year 1895. And if there still remain a vestige of a question after all the heaven has been removed, it is because convalescence does not bring back at once full strength. Let us hope, at least, with the mercy of God, that nothing will arise to cause a relapse.

We have had the curious phenomenon of seeing renegeated a very old error, and this error is nothing less than that of Pelagianism, its reappearance among a certain class of persons is jokingly called "Neo Pelagianism." It consists in proclaiming, preaching and publishing in public the goodness, the probity, the holiness of those who live far from the bosom of the Catholic Church, the only ark of salvation and sole depository of the means which produce spiritual virtues.

This neo-pelagianism has peeped out a little everywhere, but it has never been so eloquent as when addressed to non-Catholics, as when written up in their papers, and as when accepting the full offer of brotherhood. Its advocates sang aloud, causing the most tender chord to vibrate, that goodness was all around us, and evil as well, and alluding clearly to the Catholic Church. It was like a plant, striking root, and separating into two branches. Both are out of this year by the decisions of the Holy See, communicated by the most eminent Apostolic Delegate.

The first branch took root in ground eminently practical, and had reached a considerable degree of development in the so-called year. It consisted in accommodating itself to every sort of sect, entering as well into their societies, secret ones though they were, with the intent to enjoy the pecuniary and social advantages which belong to them. Three such associations were, during last year, prohibited to Catholics, namely, the Odd-fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and the Sons of Temperance. Not a few others are very much suspected, and in the meantime the condemnation mentioned has had the effect of a very powerful shock.

The second branch of neo-pelagianism is covered with the theological mantle, impelled by zeal "for the reign of truth and charity among men," and waxes eloquent in favor of a "friendly and fraternal commingling of religions convictions," inasmuch as "reasonable persons cannot otherwise come to an agreement concerning the chief truths which are the basis of every religion." Hence it is that this new system of theological doctrine applauds the idea of a Parliament of Religions, "an inspiration almost divine." Exactly such a Parliament took place in Chicago, and its effects surpassed those of any other ordinary inspiration; the effect of a flash of lightning and of a dazzling brightness which leaves behind a trail of woes, of scandals, of indifference, of blasphemous to which an air of decency has been given by a gathering of ministers of religions. And so seducing appeared the results of it

that it was thought worth while to try a second edition in Toronto, Canada, under the name of the "Pan-American Congress of Religions and Education," with the design, it seems, among others, to have the Canadian prelates lend to it their presence and add to its brilliancy, which was very much desired and thought to be very necessary. One of the prime movers of the plan wrote: "I am sure that it will meet with the universal approbation of our Canadian prelates and the cordial co-operation of the Catholics of Toronto."

Subsequent facts, however, did not confirm such a judgment; worse still, only two months after the affair at Toronto, and at a distance of only two years from the splendors of Chicago, and while the dawn of a universal Congress of Religions at Paris for 1900 was being hailed with delight, behold! the brief signed by the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, on the 18th of September and sent to his Eminence the Apostolic Delegate to be communicated by him to the entire American hierarchy, appears on the scene and puts under ground, once and for all, such parliaments of religions, declaring that if they had been, up to that time, tolerated, it was now time to put an end to them.

The Pontifical document reads thus: "We have learned that in the United States conventions are sometimes held in which people assemblable promiscuously, Catholics as well as those of other denominations, to treat upon religious subjects as well as upon correct morals. In this we recognize the desire for religious things by which this people is animated more zealously from day to day, but although these promiscuous conventions have until this day been tolerated with prudent silence, it would nevertheless seem more advisable that the Catholics should hold their conventions separately, and that, lest the utility of these conventions should result simply to their own benefit, they might be called with the understanding that the admittance should be open to all, including those who are outside of the Church."

While we consider it incumbent upon our apostolic office, venerable brother, to bring this to your knowledge, we are also pleased by our recommendation to promote the practice of the Paulist Fathers, who prudently think to speak publicly to our dissenting brethren, in order to explain Catholic dogmas and answer the objections against them. Every Bishop in his own diocese will promote this practice and a frequent attendance at these sermons, it will be very pleasing and acceptable to us, for we are confident that no small benefit for the welfare of souls will arise therefrom.—Detroit Catholic Witness.

CONVERTED PRIESTS AND ESCAPED NUNS.

Slattery and the other ex-priests who are lecturing against the Church excite only disgust among thinking Protestants. The Philadelphia Times voices this disgust when, in speaking of these ex-priests, it says:

"It is not uncharitable to say that the ex-priests and ex-nuns who go about the country lecturing against the Catholic Church seem incapable of giving any theological reason for the new faith that is in them. They do not convert Catholics and they disgust the very best classes of Protestants. Even a political organization, as the A. P. A., undoubtedly is, finds it to its interest to get rid of them."

"Men instinctively feel that if a Catholic priest sincerely and conscientiously doubts the truth of his faith, and goes so far as to renounce it for another form of Christianity, such a man would be the last in the world to go upon the public platform and violate a fundamental precept of Christian ethics by denouncing and defaming individual Catholics, and taxing them with faults and inconsistencies which the Catholic religion expressly condemns. An honest, conscientious doubter hesitates to unsettle any man's faith, and the course which a priest afflicted and tried with religious perplexities would be likely to take would be a course of silence, meditation, prayer and seclusion, until such doubts were resolved either in favor of his religion or against it."

RIDER HAGGARD RETRACTS

AN UNWARRANTED STATEMENT REFLECTING UPON THE CHURCH.

A year or more that highly imaginative novelist, H. Rider Haggard, published a story that contained a calumny against the Catholic Church. Commenting in a footnote on an incident in his novel, Mr. Haggard declared it was a Catholic Church custom to wall up nuns in convents. Many persons, notably Father Thurston, an English Jesuit, proved that such a terrible punishment was never inflicted. A new edition of Mr. Haggard's novel contains an acknowledgment by the author of the criticisms to which his allegations subjected him. He cancels the objectionable passage altogether and offers the following explanation. After quoting the words which so naturally gave offense, he says:

"The statements therein contained have been made the subject of much public dispute. Those who question their accuracy allege, among other things, that the bodies spoken of were taken from graves and exhibited in the museum at Mexico not as a testimony to the terrors of the Inquisition, but to exemplify the preservative effects of soil and climate upon the human tissues. The author, therefore, withdraws the note and expresses his regret that in all good faith he should have set down as facts that which has been proved to be a matter of controversy."

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.

A. How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher? B. Pass? She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl about things that happened before she was born.

DEFAMED CATHOLICS.

Rev. G. W. Pepper, a Protestant, Dooms Them Against the Attacks of Protestants—Their Patriotic Records.

In his sermon upon the life and character of Washington, in Brecksville, Ohio, M. E. Church last evening, Rev. George W. Pepper, in speaking of that clause in the Constitution which declares that no religious test shall be asked of any one in the United States, denounced all secret political proscriptive organizations as anti-American, contrary to the teachings of Washington. He quoted Randolph's famous sentence: "I have seen a white crow and heard of black swans, but an Irish opponent of American liberty I never either heard of or saw. He also quoted from Judge Black, a distinguished member of the Disciple Church, that five times the Irish aided in saving our liberties. He closed as follows:

"As a Methodist and a Protestant of the Protestants, I cannot permit the opportunity to pass without uttering an indignant protest against all attempts to violate the Constitution and to dishonor the immortal memory of the Father of his Country by wanton and infernal attempts to impugn the loyalty of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens. It is only a few years ago that the Methodists were defamed in like manner; that their bishops, their elders, their preachers, were declared to be so many wheels to grind the rights of the people; that their episcopacy was said to be anti-American."

"Now it is the Catholics who are accused of a divided allegiance. I take my stand upon the records of the last hundred years of American history. In the war of the Revolution, was it that Washington thanked for his patriotism? The Catholic Archbishop, Carroll, who was the most renowned signer of the Declaration of Independence? The Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was the first admiral of the American navy? The Catholic, Jack Barry."

"Was there an ocean or a bay during that revolutionary struggle not whitened with Catholic bones and reddened with Catholic blood? They were true to their allegiance and unshaken in their fidelity to the American Constitution. As time rolled on, in the war with Mexico, who was it that bore the brunt of the battle, whose body was riddled with bullets? The Catholic general, Shields. In the war for the Union, on every battle-field, did not Catholic German, Catholic Irish, Catholic American, bleed and die for the land of Washington and freedom? Were they cowards? Were they traitors? Next to Grant, the loftiest names were the Catholic Sherman and the Catholic Sheridan. Where is there an American who does not love their memories?"

"Need I name Thomas Francis Meagher, the pure, gallant, generous, eloquent chieftain, the commander of the Irish Catholic brigade, which received the thanks of Congress for their grand devotion to the country; that Irish brigade which, extorted from the Confederate general, A. P. Hill, at Fredericksburg, the exclamation, 'There comes those infernal green flags again!'"

"Who would have whispered to the soldiers of the Potomac that my old friend Meagher and his soldiers were traitors to the Union? New York, the Empire State, did not think so when the crowds surged up like a human sea to bid them welcome upon their return. Lincoln did not think so—those Catholics were loyal—when, according to Col. Hay's admirable history, he declared that if I know nothing else ever became rampant here he would emigrate to Russia. History does not say that Catholics are traitors to freedom. Behold Catholic Poland, first emancipating the injured Jew? Behold Catholic Ireland affording shelter to the English Protestants when they fled from the persecutions of Mary?"

"These defamed Catholics have American hearts, American feelings, and I will never submit to the imputation which is reaped in a hundred pages of history and written in characters of blood."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

TO LEAVE FOR MANITOBA.

Rev. O. Corbelle, agricultural missionary of the archdiocese of St. Boniface, is to leave the city on the 25th inst. with a number of families who are going to settle down in Manitoba and the North-West. Those settling down in Manitoba benefit by the homestead law. The Rev. Father, who was working with the co-operation of Mgr. Langevin, has been visiting a large number of people in this province for several months past, with the view of inducing them to settle in the North-West. He has more especially sought to turn the tide of immigration away from the United States to the western part of the Dominion. The headquarters of the movement, at 49 Cathedral street, attract a large number from all parts of the district.

PERFECT WISDOM

Would give us perfect health. Because men and women are not perfectly wise, they must take medicines to keep themselves perfectly healthy. Pure, rich blood is the basis of good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It gives good health because it builds upon the true foundation—pure blood.

RECANTATION.

[FROM THE BOSTON PILOT.]

The following authoritative statement, which was anticipated by announcements in the secular press some weeks ago, has been given to us for publication. The grace vouchsafed Father McRae is a very extraordinary one, and we would ask our readers to pray that he may continue to correspond with it:—

"I hereby declare that I deeply deplore my defection, which occurred during a period of insane folly; and I beg pardon for the terrible scandal of which I have been the occasion to the people of the Maritime Provinces, and

especially to the people of this diocese with whom I have been more familiar. God in His goodness has vouchsafed me the grace to retrace my steps and I am again, thank God, a child of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, having been received by the Very Rev. Father Columba, in the presence of many witnesses, at the Trappist Monastery, Tracadie, "FRANCIS M'RAE, "Ash-Wednesday, 1896."

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CANADIAN FRENCH.

A PURE LANGUAGE AND NO PATOIS.

AN EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE BY REV. FATHER GRENIER, S. J., DELIVERED BEFORE THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF WINNIPEG.

The Northwest Review reports a most instructive lecture, by Rev. Father Grenier, S. J., from which we take the following:

There is a point, he said, on which the French Canadians have been and are yet every day calumniated, and to which I would call your attention in a special manner. It has been said, and is still believed by not a few, that the language they speak is at best a sort of slang, a mere patois, and nothing like the language spoken by the people of France.

Here something better can be had than the testimony of English-speaking writers. Listen, if you please, to the following witnesses, about whose competency surely nobody could reasonably entertain the least doubt.

1. Father de Charlevoix, S. J., is, as every Canadian ought to know, the celebrated historian of La Nouvelle-France, the author of the first great historical work ever written on Canada. Now, Fr. de Charlevoix belonged to a family standing high in Parisian society. Born and brought up in Paris, he twice visited Canada (in 1705 and 1720), spending considerable time in the country, travelling over the length and breadth of it in order to collect materials for his intended history. Surely, if a man was ever qualified to pass a correct judgment on the French Canadians, particularly on their language and manners, de Charlevoix was that man. Well, listen to his words about Canada, French Canada, the only one then in existence: "Nowhere else is our tongue spoken with greater purity. Not even anything like a peculiar accent is to be noticed here. Gentle and polite manners are common to all; and the richness, either in language or diction, is unknown even in the remotest part of the country." (10).

2. At the very beginning of the French colony, a quite similar testimony was rendered to my ancestors by the "venerable" Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, a lady of superior parts, who came over to Canada and founded, in 1639, the renowned Ursuline Convent of Quebec, where she died in the odor of sanctity in 1672.

3. A member of the French Academy, the able D'Olivet, a distinguished author in French literature, who died in 1768, thus writes: "An opera may be sent to Canada, and it will be sung at Quebec not for note and with the same accent as in Paris; but one could not send a piece of conversation to Bordeaux and to Montpellier, and have every syllable of it pronounced as in Paris." (11).

4. Thus, so far have we learned, on the best authorities, what kind of French the Canadians spoke up to the present century. But what kind of language have French Canadians spoken since? What sort of French are they using now?

It is Father Grenier's answer, being a French Canadian sixty years old, he says and having had, since my being a Jesuit in 1838, the advantage of an almost daily intercourse with several distinguished fellow-religious educated in Paris, I might perhaps, without laying myself open to a suspicion of presumption, venture to express my personal opinion in regard to the manner of speaking of my own people; I prefer, however, to recall a fact well known to many others, as well as to myself, the fact, namely, that of all the very many religious, Jesuit and Oblate Fathers especially, that have come to Canada from old France and preached missions for the last fifty years all over the country, constantly going from parish to parish, not one that I know of could be found that did not express his wonder at the uniformity and purity of the French they have heard everywhere.

5. Paul Feval, one of the brightest and most popular novelists of France, who died a fervent and devoted child of the Church in 1887, observes as follows in one of his novels (Force et Faiblesse): "I have been told that French is pretty well spoken in Moscow and Saint Petersburg. But if you wish to hear the true accent of Bossuet and Corneille's tongue, the general opinion is that you must go to Canada, where thrives an offshoot of the old French tree." (12).

6. Xavier Marmier, an illustrious member and perpetual secretary of the Academie Française, whom he had the pleasure of seeing in Montreal, could write in his last work, a few years before his death (1832): "Here (in Canada) 'is preserved, in the use of our tongue, that elegance, that sort of atticism which distinguished the golden age of our French literature. Even the common people speak it pretty correctly; and there is no patois among them.'" (13).

7. A French journalist reviewing, in Dec. 1890, the French Canadian press in the columns of the Eclair, which passes for one of the most cleverly written papers of Paris, observes as follows: "We find in these (Canadian) papers a great purity of language, a language rich in those good old-fashioned adjectives so delightfully pleasing to the ear. It is, with scarcely an alteration, the language spoken by our forefathers who were the first settlers of New France." (14).

8. Another journalist from France, Mr. Bellay, who, in Oct. 1891, contributed an article (l'Enseignement des Peres Jesuites au Canada) for the Revue Canadienne, of Montreal, said, speaking of the plays occasionally performed before the public by the pupils of St. Mary's, the Jesuit College of Montreal: "It has been our privilege to be present, this very year, at one of these performances; and what struck us most is the actors' correctness of language and relative purity of accent." (15).

9. Mr. J. C. Fleming, then, said nothing but what is strictly true, when he was writing in the New York Catholic World, some years ago, that Frenchmen

who visited Canada admit that their tongue has lost none of its beauty on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

10. And finally,—not to multiply beyond all measure similar quotations—when last March, at a literary entertainment, a most beautiful and heart-stirring French play was performed by the pupils of St. Boniface College to do homage to our beloved Archbishop, on the occasion of his consecration, every competent judge, in the crowded audience of ladies, gentlemen, priests, bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries from Manitoba, Quebec, Montreal, etc., felt that His Grace gave way to no exaggeration, by noticing with highest praise among the merits of the actors, and many other things, their excellent French pronunciation.

Let me repeat it, therefore: the French-Canadians speak no patois; as a rule they speak pure French. Whoever says the contrary is only giving a glaring proof of his utter ignorance or deep-seated prejudices, or rather of both. I do not pretend, mark well, that there is nothing at all incorrect in the language of the French-Canadians, that their manner of speaking French is absolutely faultless; far from it. And nobody knows better my way of thinking in this respect than the numerous boys I have had under my tuition since 1850, either in Montreal, or New York, or St. Boniface. Nay, I really admit that there are blunders, and not merely a few, in the way my own people speak. Yet it remains perfectly true to say that, if the French-Canadians often sin against the rules of syntax, do not always use words according to the strict laws of propriety, and have a defective pronunciation in more than one respect, they, in spite of all that, do certainly stand far superior to their rivals in point of language, as well as with regard to nobleness of character, genuine-Christian and civic virtues and moral dignity.

I said the French-Canadians, though generally speaking correctly, yet make some mistakes, and who can find this strange? The wonder is that they do not blunder more, considering the various circumstances of their social position since the first settlement of Canada.

And compare French-Canadians with other countries, either of Europe or America. How do the common people speak in England, in France, in the neighboring country, the United States? Have we not heard, for instance, the American twang? Do we not know the existence, up to this day, of various dialects, or corrupt dialects in France and England? Why, even in Paris the most elegant among a certain class of the common people a peculiar kind of slang, the famous Parisian argot, is called which is not intelligible to the ordinary Frenchman. And I have known English-speaking Canadians who could not understand at all the language of the people in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cornwall, etc., even after several years spent in England. And as for the English people of a better class, who speak real English, suffice it to quote the following words of a first-class periodical published in London: "In the art of speaking indistinctly, confounding vowel sounds, slurring consonants, marking only the accented syllable of a word and gobbling up all the rest, and in other feats of this sort, we (English people) have not a rival." (The Month, Nov. 1884, p. 159).

But I must not conclude my remarks without saying one word at least of our schools. What kind of language or pronunciation is to be found in the schools of France and the public schools of our neighbors, in these schools and public schools held up to us with so much pride by some persons as the very ideal of perfection? Says a school inspector in France: "Enter my class. Listen to any boy reciting his lesson. He rushes through the words, he hesitates, his tongue is slipping, he repeats as many as ten times the end of each sentence. No pause at periods or commas; no shading; no emphasis; jumbling of clauses and a mixing up of words and ideas. What you have heard is neither Latin nor French; it is not a human language; you have gathered nothing but inarticulate and barbarous sounds." (16).

And the North American Review, speaking of our American neighbors, a few years ago, made bold to say, in the very teeth of the whole tribe of public school admirers, that "according to competent and impartial testimonies, gathered from all parts throughout the country, the bulk of the pupils in our public schools are unable to read understandingly, to spell correctly, to write legibly, to describe in an intelligent manner the geography of the country, in one word, to do what children decently brought up are expected to do with ease."

My last word is, if some people in this Canada of ours have reason to hang down their heads in shame for their uncharitableness, their haughty bearing, spirit of intolerance, rudeness, ignorance, or lack of real genuine patriotism, they are not the French-Canadians.

A TIMELY REPROOF.

MR. JUSTICE JETTE'S REMARKS TO LAVAL STUDENTS.

Some days ago, certain members of the "Parlement Modelé" expressed the desire of forming a new radical party. Last Wednesday morning, Mr. Justice Jette, Dean of the Faculty of Law at Laval, after lecturing for about half an hour on civil law at Laval University, went on to say that one of the objects of the study of law was to render the minds moderate, and not to take extreme means in difficulties. He was sorry to ascertain that among the students there existed a party which promulgated ideas more advanced than those of any political party in the country. His Honor further stated that, in his younger days, they did not mix in politics as early as they do now, and that they waited until they had been practicing for some years before doing so.

"Your ideas will become more mature with age, and you will see things in a more philosophical way. I have been always known as a good Liberal, but never have Liberals thought for a moment to promulgate such ideas as some of you tried to do."

He then quoted Jules Simon, who cannot be taken with being an Ultramontane, who said that liberty should be given to priests as well as to anybody else.

"I understand," said Judge Jette, "that, in the heat of a discussion, one is

liable to let slip a word he will be sorry for afterwards, but, in this instance, it appears that some of you have written a programme, which has been published by a newspaper. In this case, you cannot pretend it has been done in thoughtlessness, or, when one writes something, he is supposed to have thought and weighed the matter before doing so. I doubly regret that, in this programme, you had an article which prohibited the priest to write about, or take part in, politics, thirty days before the elections. Some complaints have been made already against us, to the effect that we could not properly discipline our students. I hope you will take this warning into very serious consideration, as it is prompted by considerations for your greatest interest."

The authorities of Laval University, after having been made cognizant of the Radical programme of certain members of the "Parlement Modelé," have deemed prudent to suspend the sittings of this institution in the Laval University Hall, without fixing any definite period.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION DECIDED UPON.

A meeting of the delegates of the various Irish Catholic societies was held at St. Patrick's presbytery last Wednesday evening for the purpose of arranging the ceremonies and order of procession for the annual St. Patrick's day celebration. Rev. Father Quinlivan, parish priest, presided, and among those present were the following:—Dr. Guerin and Dr. Kennedy, St. Patrick's Society; Messrs. M. Sharkey and John Walsh, St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society; Messrs. J. J. Parsons and John Kennedy, Catholic Young Men's Society; Messrs. A. Jones and D. O'Neill, Irish Catholic Benefit Society; Messrs. M. A. Whelan and E. Tobin, Young Irishmen's Land and Association; Messrs. James Burns and J. A. McGee, St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. Society; Messrs. J. K. Keather and John McDermott, St. Ann's T. A. and B. Society; Messrs. J. E. Brennan and E. W. Kearns, St. Mary's Young Men's Society; Messrs. E. Quinn and J. Whitty, St. Ann's Young Men's Society; Messrs. George Clarke and M. Lynch, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

After some discussion, the following programme was decided upon. The various societies will meet, as usual, on Craig street, at nine o'clock, and will proceed direct to St. Patrick's Church where Grand High Mass will be celebrated. After the Mass, the procession will perform on Lagauchette street, and will proceed east by way of the west side of Victoria Square to Place St. Jean, then by way of St. James, McGill, Lagauchette, and Alexander streets, to St. Patrick's Hill, where the procession will disperse, after the usual speeches have been made. Mr. Bernard McDonald, of Division No. 4, A. O. H., was elected marshal of the day.

Before adjourning the delegates adopted a resolution of condolence and sympathy with the family of the late Sen. Murphy in their recent bereavement.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP KENRICK.

St. Louis, Mo., March 11.—The Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, the venerable archbishop of the diocese of St. Louis, died suddenly at the archiepiscopal residence at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. The Archbishop was taken suddenly ill this forenoon and Dr. Gregory was summoned. The illness was at the bedside of the dying prelate, less than half an hour, and soon ascertained that but a few hours of life remained. Archbishop Kenrick was notified, and together with the members of the household and the Archbishop's faithful nurse, assembled around the bedside.

Peter Richard Kenrick was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 17, 1801, being a younger brother of the late Right Rev. Francis Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, one of the ablest theologians the country has produced. Educated in Maynooth, Peter Richard Kenrick was ordained as a priest, March 6, 1822. After a year spent as a curate in Baltimore, his brother, then evangelist bishop of Philadelphia, induced him to come to the United States, and in October, 1823, he settled in Philadelphia, where he took charge of the theological seminary of the diocese. Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, feeling the need of a coadjutor, went to Philadelphia to consult with the bishop of that city on the subject. While there he made the acquaintance of Father Kenrick, and was so favorably impressed with the young priest that he petitioned Rome for his appointment, and was pleased to find his petition granted. Father Kenrick was consecrated Nov. 30, 1841, titular bishop of Drasa in partibus and coadjutor of St. Louis. On the death of Bishop Rosati in 1843, Dr. Kenrick succeeded to the office, and when in 1847, St. Louis was erected into an archdiocese he became metropolitan.

During the civil war the Archbishop upheld the Union cause but devoted his energies to the relief of the sick and wounded of both sides. When, after the close of the war, a constitution was adopted by the State of Missouri, one of whose articles required all teachers and clergymen to take a stringent oath, he forbade his priests to do so, and the oath was afterwards declared unconstitutional. His golden jubilee was celebrated on the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as bishop, and was attended by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland and Keane and most of the prominent prelates of the country. Dr. Roeker, of the American College in Rome, was present as the bearer of a special message of congratulation from Pope Leo.—R. I. P.

RELIGION IN NEW ENGLAND.

(From the New York Sun Editorial.) A speaker at a conference of the Baptist ministers of this city on Monday warned the meeting that "an organized stand is necessary against the aggressive missionary work of the Roman Catholic Church," saying that if, for instance, "the Baptists were satisfied to stand still, the Roman Catholics would make a New France of the New England States." This reference to the Roman Catholics in the New England States is undoubtedly true so far as concerns their present

numerical superiority there. In those six States they had 1,004,605 communicants in 1890 out of a total church membership of 1,769,202; or in other words, the Roman Catholics were more than half the Protestants by 31,000. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island they comprised about two-thirds of the whole number of church communicants. In Connecticut they were nearly one-half; and even in Vermont, formerly almost wholly Protestant, they were two-fifths of the total church membership. In every New England State they were at least the most numerous of the various communions.

This preponderance of Roman Catholics in New England, once the very citadel of Protestantism, is due, of course, to the great immigration of recent years; but it has also occurred, evidently, because of the falling off of religious faith and convictions among the Protestant population. In 1890 only about one-quarter of the inhabitants were of foreign birth, and probably at least one-quarter of these were Protestants by rearing; yet nearly three-fifths of the whole church membership was Roman Catholic.

Hence we must conclude that proportionately to the entire non-Catholic population the number of Protestant communicants was very small. That is, the Roman Catholics have held their people to the faith much better than the Protestants have done. Their communicants have increased proportionately to the Protestants not merely because they have received so many new recruits by immigration, but because so many of the Protestants have dropped away from all faith and are either infidels or in different religions.

This would seem to indicate that the true course of the Protestant denominations in New England would be to start a movement to revive the faith of their own people, instead of following the advice of this Baptist speaker to undertake resistance to the progress of the Roman Catholics. It is not so much that the one are going ahead as that the others are falling behind. If the Protestant churches succeeded in holding their own as well as do the Roman Catholics, they would be no longer in so serious a minority among the church communicants.

It is to be hoped that the reformers to look at home and spend their missionary efforts in their own religious households rather than to waste their time in combating against the Roman Catholics. They have too much to do to combat at the influence of infidelity to have any time spare for fighting against a Christian faith simply because it differs in form from their own.

IMMIGRATION PROSPECTS.

SAID TO BE UNUSUALLY BRIGHT FOR THE COMING SEASON.

Immigration prospects for Manitoba and the Northwest during the coming season are said by those who speak to know to be unusually bright. Enquiries from the States are numerous and a great many persons it is anticipated will this year cross the line and settle in the Canadian West. Every inducement is being offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and Dominion Government to all who have correspondence with the foreigners.

The first large foreign party to arrive will probably be that of Mr. M. M. M. from England, which is being sent out through the Manitoba Government's contract work. The party is expected in April. Word has also been received of the contemplated movement of a party of sixty families from Brazil to the Canadian West.

At the same time, it is thought there has been a great deal of interest in that leads to believe that a very large party of agriculturalists from Eastern Australia will arrive this year and take up land.

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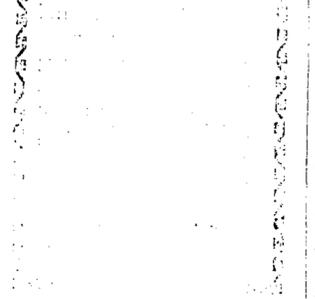
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1896.

OUR SOUVENIR.

Our next issue will be our St. Patrick's Day Souvenir number for 1896. All who have seen our last year's splendid Souvenir can form some idea of what we are preparing for our friends.

We will present our readers with a grand and artistic illustrated cover. The letterpress pages will contain short sketches, with portraits of our leading Irish-Canadians in Church, State, Commerce and every sphere of usefulness; a full account of the religious celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the outside events, procession, evening concerts, speeches and all that will take place on that occasion in Montreal; a special article of great interest to all Irish-Canadians, from the pen of Lady Aberdeen, written expressly for our number; Irish poetry, sketches and literary gems; and appropriate editorials.

Each of our subscribers will receive a copy free—that is to say, in place of the regular weekly paper to which all are entitled—and the balance will be sold at the small sum of ten cents per copy.

We need not make any special appeal regarding our coming Souvenir Number; with work its own way by its various merits and attractions.

"LET THEM BE UNITED."

A few days ago, Monsignor Kelly, Rector of the Irish College in Rome, had a special interview with the Pope. He began to inform the Holy Father of the fact that the Irish Parliamentary Party had chosen a new leader in the person of—"Dillon," said His Holiness.

Monsignor Kelly then asked for a special Papal blessing for the new leader. The Pope granted the request with his whole heart, but added, "let them be united! let them be united!" This is the simple report of an interesting occurrence; but there are three great facts—or truths—that arise out of its recital.

Firstly, we learn, in a most positive manner, that the Pope not only takes a deep and paternal interest in Irish affairs, but he is well aware of each move on the chess-board of Irish politics. It was not necessary to inform him, who had been chosen leader, he knew already all about it.

Secondly, we see, by the heartiness and promptness with which the blessing was given, that the Holy Father approves of the attitude taken by the Parliamentary Party, and has faith in the leadership of Mr. Dillon. Personally speaking, apart from the position he now occupies, Mr. Dillon is in high favor at the Vatican.

cause has ever been—and is still to-day—the hydra of disunion. This many-headed monster seems to fatten upon the misery of the land and to thrive upon the despair of the people.

No wonder that Ireland has been ever faithful to Rome. The faith planted by St. Patrick on her soil is as strong to-day as ever it was during the long and dark ages of persecution.

A NOBLE SOPHIST.

On more than one occasion we have taken the trouble to expose the sophistry and bigotry of the Rev. W. T. Noble of Quebec. Several times since we might have taken advantage of that gentleman's want of logic and misconception of facts to hold him up to criticism and even ridicule.

In a letter addressed by him to the Quebec Morning Chronicle, under the heading "Unchristian Clergymen," he attempts to refute the statement made by the Chatham, N. B. World, to the effect that:—

"If the Quebec Legislature should stop the payment of public money to the separate schools of that Province, and the Protestants should appeal to Parliament after the Privy Council had decided that they had a right to appeal, how these Reverend gentlemen would change their tune, how they would fervently appeal for interference on the part of the Federal Parliament."

Before touching upon Rev. Mr. Noble's peculiar exposition of this question, we desire to incidentally remark that by common consensus of all Christian and educated men in America it is held that no person "except an uneducated or very ignorant man will persist in styling the Catholics 'Romanists' and their religion 'Romish'."

He states that there is no analogy between the public schools in Manitoba—where no church controls them, and the schools in Quebec that are (as he calls it) "essentially Romish and under clerical control."

ants control their own schools; there the Catholics have no schools to control, and if they had any they would, at present, be under Protestant influence.

He complains of a "wifeless, childless foreign priesthood" taking the control of the education of children. Are a wife and children impediments rather than aids in the exercise of the educationalist's profession?

No; it was not what he understands by Protestants that usurped the rights of the clergy in France and Italy and other countries; nor was it Catholics—as he insinuates.

When next Mr. Noble feels the spirit move him to write we would advise him to get a copy of Lord Chesterfield's Letters on Politeness; to secure a volume of Canadian history; and to purchase histories of France, Italy and the Catholic Church.

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CATHOLIC CRITICS.

We do not mean constructive criticism; nor do we purpose referring to literary criticism of any kind. We use the word criticism instead of "fault-finding," "back-biting," or any such terms as might be employed, because this one word takes them all in.

We meet these people every day, and we often wonder that they are ever and always making fools of themselves. It matters not whether their hearers—the people bored by them—are Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, they must air their grievances and let the world know how they would act had they ecclesiastical authority.

was a sample of the eternal hankering of the priests after money; he never heard "such a miserable, mean address to a congregation." In this strain he went on for fully five minutes.

When he found himself flatly contradicted and was unable to justify his own "miserable, mean" criticism, he sought to get out of the box by saying that "if the priest did not ask for money that time, his sermon was intended to pave the way for the demand he purposed making at another time."

THE SCHOOL BILL.

While we write the now famous debate on the Manitoba School Bill is in daily progress. It would be useless, as it would be impossible, for us to follow all the speeches made for and against the measure.

Still uncertain as to the ultimate fate of the measure, we will confine ourselves to a few remarks upon Hon. Mr. Laurier's utterances. It would require many pages to elaborate on the many and striking contradictions in that eloquent speech.

In the first place Mr. Laurier declared himself a "Liberal of the English school" and not of the French and Continental one. On this chord he has harped times out of mind; in fact the expression has become so threadbare that, were it not for the peculiarity of the context in this particular speech, we would not refer to it.

Secondly, beginning at Morrisburgh, during his recent Ontario tour, and continuing down to the moment that preceded the peroration of his famous speech, Mr. Laurier declared himself in favor of a commission of investigation in order to secure more ample information concerning the status of the Manitoba schools.

course is to appoint a commission to investigate and report, before any decision on the Bill can be safely arrived at: Minor Premise: The facts in connection with the Manitoba School Bill are not as yet sufficiently known:

Conclusion: (according to logic and common sense). Therefore a committee to investigate and report should be appointed: Conclusion: (according to Hon. Mr. Laurier). Therefore the present Bill should receive a six months hoist—or, in other words, be killed.

Let us illustrate a little more:— Major Premise: A patient suffering from a contagious disease should be isolated: Minor Premise: The patient in this case is suffering from a contagious disease:

Conclusion: (according to logic and common sense). Therefore, the patient in this case should be isolated. Conclusion: (according to Hon. Mr. Laurier). Therefore, the patient in this case should be knocked on the head and killed at once.

Thirdly, he says that "if the schools are Protestant there is a grievance; if secular there is no grievance." Does he pretend to be a Catholic and argue thus? Whether Protestant or secular—as he calls them, meaning Godless—they are equally non-Catholic, and consequently the minority has still its grievance.

These are three out of about fifteen contradictions in that one speech. It was an able attempt; the struggle of a giant with a bad cause; it was a powerful effort, but like Sampson shaking the pillars of the Gaza temple, his strength is calculated to pull down ruin upon himself and all who are with him on the issue.

DELENDA EST ITALIA.

Ten thousand of the army destroyed in Abyssinia; the wailing of bereaved relatives all over the land; a broken treasury; Crispi hurried from power; Di Rudini unable to accept the King's policy; Humbert vexed, menaced, menacing, impotent to stay the rush of adversity; Rome, Milan, Florence, Verona, Venice, Turin, and all the great cities in a state of riot; the crown trembling upon the royal head; dark clouds along the horizon, growing, hourly, thicker and blacker.

From his confinement in the Vatican the Vicar of Christ pours forth his mandates to a listening world: he is respected in St. Petersburg, admired in Vienna, honored in Berlin, eulogized in Paris, beloved in Brussels, obeyed in Madrid, lauded in London, venerated in Washington, and sympathized with all over the world.

In its second last issue the Dublin Irish Catholic, Mr. Healy's organ, has an editorial on the Leadership of the Party that is splendidly calculated to drive the dozen nails in the coffin that Disunion is preparing for the Irish Cause.

The wail from the plains of Abyssinia is only the prelude to the storm that is gathering. Of the Italian House of Savoy it may truthfully be said, as Charles Phillips said of Napoleon I., "the last hour of his triumph and the first of his decline was when he smote the holy head of your religion, and dared to raise the immortal cross amongst his perishable trophies."

lesson to the world before the inevitable crash comes—but the Church of Christ will still tower aloft "like the last mountain of the deluge, only the more magnificent from the ruins by which she is surrounded."

CHINESE JOURNALISM.

All our readers are conversant with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese":—"For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, The heathen Chinese is peculiar."

They have so far advanced along the highway of civilization as to enjoy a species of journalism in the Celestial Empire. Away back in the early eighties there was a "newspaper" published by order of the Emperor, in Peking. It contained any news, social, military, religious or otherwise, that the Emperor permitted to appear in its columns.

An enterprising Hong Kong Chinaman—his name was Dee Quong—saw a fair chance of speculating a little. He secured a copy of the genuine bazaar journal, and the following year set out, about the same time, and went the rounds of the merchants.

He found its climate too severe for his constitution and he left the city and island. When last heard of he was in pillory in the frontier village of Tang-Ge. He was trying to get into Tartary; but he "caught a Tartar" and suffered in consequence the fate of all Chinamen who are discovered in their little games.

We hope that the spirit of Chinese journalism may never be introduced into Canada. It would be a certain sign of a marked retrogression in a young land like this. It was very hard on the Hong Kong merchants to feel that, while they imagined they were performing a duty and supporting a paper that protected their interests and defended their rights, they were really handing out their patronage to a very clever fellow whose success meant no benefit to them.

Is Berlin sealed letters are being read by Roentgen rays. Non-diphannous envelopes are sought for. Very soon science will produce so many inventions that secrets will be almost impossible. Some day Roentgen rays may be let in on Freemasonry, and then the outside world will know why the Catholic Church is so opposed to that body.

Rev. H. MAHER, a Baptist preacher of Powell's Valley, Ky., committed suicide last week. He was one hundred years old, and had been a preacher during seventy years of his life. The event is very sad. Had the old man only waited a very short time longer it is certain that Providence would have removed him.

THE PITLOFTIE GHOST;

Or, The Fate of the Wild Flower of Doon.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

Being an ardent admirer of Bobbie Burns, the people's poet, I found myself one day sitting on the banks of Bonnie Doon, hard by his bowery birth-place in Ayr.

The day was hot, and so was I—for I had been mugged out of all my loose silver by the enterprising folk who have appropriated Bobbie Burns, and who will not allow any one to get a glimpse of anything belonging to him, away from Ayr, until they have paid smart down in Ayr, until they have paid smart down in Ayr.

Perched on the battlement of the old Brig of Doon, a one-storied structure with a gradient which might appall an Alpine climber, was a Highland piper. He discoursed Caledonian music of an exasperating character.

After he had gone through a choice selection of quick things, which all seemed to have pretty much the same air, I hailed him.

"Haven't you got anything slower?" said I—"something that a tired traveller might find soothing?"

"Something wif' sentiment in it, I suppose? Ay, mon; I ken ye weel, just listen to this yin!"

He began an air so dismally slow and depressing that I could not stand more than a bar or two, and I intimated as much in very plain language.

"I thought ye would be ravished o'er that mon," said he, in an offended tone. "Ye're awer hard to please, I trow. Naebody but likes that air; it's 'Tae Mary in Heaven.'"

"More like a wail for her being somewhere else," I replied. "Have you got any other to sell—a hair from the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare, or anything in that line?"

I had been annoyed by the attentions of a ruffian vendor of Burns' relics and souvenirs of the place, and what not. The good man did not perceive any irony in the question, but answered quite gravely:

"Ye seem to forget that the young witch wif' the cuttie sark carried away all the good beastie's tail when Tam got to the Brig. What became of the tail nobody kens. But I hae a relic of the Pitloftie ghast, if ye care to see that."

I had never heard of the Pitloftie ghast before that, and when I confessed my barbarian ignorance, he generously offered to enlighten me.

"'Tis a dour story," he observed with a mournful face when he had gulped down a fair measure of Highland whisky from a flask, "and it draws tears from many an e'e when 'tis told. But ye've stand it, maybe?"

"I'm prepared to stand a good deal," I replied, "but I draw the line at the ghast in short range, and especially with 'Mary in Heaven.' Tell me about the eminent Pitloftie specter."

He plunged his hand into his gaiters, and the receptacle which is known in Highland parlance as the philibeg, and fished up a nugget of shining black coal.

"This is a muckle sign of wick or wicket in that wee black morsel," he said, as he handed it to me. "But for a' that 'tis a right dour relic of the Pitloftie ghast. Noo, I'll tell ye 'bout it."

The musician lit his cuttie pipe, and while I smoked a cigar he unfolded his narrative. But into plain English, this is what he told me:

One of the suggest farmers in Ayr shire was Archibald Rintoul. His sheep and cattle pastures were the richest in all the shire; he supplied the town with the best beef and mutton and the finest milk that could be got for money.

Thrift and honesty and a steady attendance at church were his conspicuous virtues. He used to boast he never owed any one a shilling and he never owed a shilling to a beggar. Winter or summer, rain or shine, he never failed to be in his place at the kirk twice on the Sabbath.

What his bank account was nobody knew but himself and the bank people; he felt pretty safe here below, and he had made large investments above, he piously believed, by a devout attention to his proscribed religious duties and a diligent study of the Bible. He knew the inspired volume from title page to imprint.

Archie Rintoul was the envy of many less fortunate folk, so pious a man was he, so well-filled was his purse, and so well-stocked his farms.

Archie Rintoul had a wife—and a daughter. This was his family and no more. His wife was a meek, homely lady, who minded her house well and to whom Archie's word was law. Jennie Rintoul, the daughter, was neither meek nor homely. She was wilful and she was fair to look at.

Pitloftie was the name of Archie Rintoul's land. Jennie Rintoul was known all over the countryside as the Wild Flower of Pitloftie. There was meaning in the description.

Having no son or heir, all Archie Rintoul's hopes were fixed upon his daughter. As it was known that she should have a rich "tocher," there were some self-sacrificing members of the lesser aristocracy found willing to plant their genealogical trees on Archie Rintoul's farm.

High lineage was not much of a consideration, however, with Archie Rintoul. His own he deemed good enough. He knew the capacity of shabby gentility for spending other folk's money. The man for him and Jennie Rintoul should be one who could show pound for pound with her dowry, and who worked as hard and prayed as hard as he. This was his ultimatum.

So learned the Laird of Pennistown when he came in state to Pitloftie to tender his hand and his metaphorical heart to the beauty of Pitloftie. She gave him a courtesy and grimace (behind his back) and returned him to her father, just as though it was a matter in which she had no voice or choice herself.

Not much time was consumed in the discussion. There was no stirrup-cup as the Laird rode off, and the leave-taking was not elaborate. And yet the

Laird of Pennistown was a handsome cavalier, and much sought after by the best families in the shire who would turn up their noses at Crossus himself if he had been engaged in trade.

As the Laird of Pennistown rode away home, he passed one corner of Archie Rintoul's big tillage farm. "He's a thriftless carl, after all," he said to himself, "and maybe not so rich as folk think. He doesn't keep his place in good order, anyhow."

It was a wild patch, a large one, too. It was quite overgrown with weeds, and studded with boulders and abler bushes. He reined in his horse to get a better look at the place. It was an uncanny looking spot, he thought. Some of the loose stones he noticed were black. He dismounted, threw the reins over a stunted tree and began scraping with his sword. Then he picked up one of the black lumps, put it into his pouch, and went his way.

That evening Archie Rintoul went off to Ayr to attend a meeting of the church elders. Mrs. Rintoul had a headache and went to bed. Jennie Rintoul sat in the kitchen plying her spinning wheel. She sat near the window, and in order to get better light at her work, maybe, placed her candle on the sill.

Not very long had the taper been there when the notes of a bar or two of "Comin' Through the Rye" were whistled by somebody passing the house. It might be a chance passerby. Anyhow Jennie got up, and opened the door to see. She was a very careful maiden when she liked, so she made no noise, lest she might disturb her mother.

A tall and well-built young fellow stood outside.

"I've come to say goodbye, Jennie," he said, in a tone of desperation, as he led her from the house out of earshot. "I've seen your father this evening and spoken to him about you. 'Tis all over with me, lassie; Scotland is no longer a land for me. There is no love, no home for me anywhere now."

"What do you mean, Angus?" the girl exclaimed, clutching his arm. "Oh, why did you cut so rashly? Tell me what my father said."

"I mean, lassie," he returned in a voice choked with bitterness, "that I'm off to the land where there are no trees and equal, and where an honest man's religion is not looked upon as a brand of the Evil One. Your father spurned me as he would spurn a mongrel hound, and told me never to cross the bounds of Pitloftie again. He cursed me for a Papist carl."

"He did? Well, by my tooth, his daughter is not going to turn her back upon the man she loves for all the fathers in the world! No, Angus Blair, if you go, Jennie Rintoul goes along with you, for better or for worse, to share your fortune and work by your side, good weather and bad, the wide world over!"

A hoarse, suppressed cry of delight escaped his lips as he caught her up in his arms as though she had been only a babe. Heaven's blessing on thee, Jennie! he cried, "what a treasure is mine! I have a little money—enough to take us away to Nova Scotia. The ship sails to-morrow week."

"Do not go until there is no other hope," she said. "I am not going to die like a coward. I will see my father when he comes home, and tell him my resolve. I am a woman of full age, and though he may keep all his money he cannot make me change my mind."

Angus Blair was nothing more than a hard laddie, but he was a man every inch. He was an honest lad who could look his fellow-man in the face without fear or fawning. He was a bonnie lad to look at, too; a brow wreathed and a good man to toss the caber or pitch the hammer or the stone or the dance the gill-tocallan. But, alas, the day, he was a Papist of the old stock!

Archie Rintoul would as soon have seen the black devil in a son-in-law of his as Angus Blair.

Bitter as the dose was, though, Archie Rintoul had to gulp it. Jennie was as good as her word, and, telling him that she was not to be bought or sold like a farm beastie, she left the house to get married to Angus before they sailed for Nova Scotia.

Then a sudden change came over Archie Rintoul. He went to Glasgow after his daughter and brought her and her husband back with him. Then he settled half his land on them, on condition that his son-in-law build a house on the neglected portion of the tillage farm, and live there afterwards with Jennie.

"For the love of God, Archie," cried his wife, with ashen face, when they had departed, after signing this covenant, "do not make them carry out this bargain. Have ye no heart, man, that ye would compel your ain child to live for aye on the Gaidwan's land?"

"Silence!" he thundered, clutching her by the arm and the spirit of murder glittering in his eyes. "If ye cry me or breathe one word of this to a living soul, ye'll never open your lips again. That's all I have to tell ye, so look to it!"

They built the house, but ere it was finished Mrs. Rintoul was in her grave. She wasted away for a while and then suddenly the news came that she was dead. No one knew the cause and no questions were asked by the neighbors, for Archie Rintoul was known to be a God fearing church-going man.

It was a comfortable house that Angus Blair put up, well built and fair to look at. But he did not live in it very long, nor Jennie either. She died a raving maniac within a few months after they went into it. Then the truth came out that the place was the abode of evil spirits.

Frightful sounds were constantly coming from beneath the house, and sulphurous vapors often made it intolerable. Archie Rintoul said nothing when he heard of his daughter's death, neither did he attend her funeral. But in less than a week afterward he was found hanging by his neck from a rafter in his kitchen.

A bear-eyed hag, bent double with age, came up to Angus Blair, as he stood at the door of his cottage with darkened eyes fixed blankly on the mist-wreathed hills.

"Ye were a brave chiel," she shrieked, "to go and build a house on the deil's own ground. But ye ken noo that the guidman will bide nae interlopers!"

He did not heed the beladme, deeming that she was mad. Just then the Laird of Pennistown rode up on his horse.

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"Will you sell me this house and piece of land, Angus Blair?" he said. "You can have your own price for it. I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

He was right. The bargain was made then and there, and Angus Blair left the accursed spot forever.

A coming man was the Laird of Pennistown. He had discovered that a coal seam ran there for miles, and he had been working it for some time before. The noise and the sulphurous vapors came from the borings below.

He pulled down Angus Blair's house to sink a new shaft, as the seam was richest there. But before the work was finished the whole place sank into the earth, making a great chasm. The waters of a mountain stream rushed into the hollow, and where Pitloftie once stood there is now a pretty piece of water—a bonnie lake.

"The nugget of coal in your hand," said the old piper, "is a piece of the Laird's coal. So ye see I hae told ye true. It is a genuine relic of the Pitloftie Ghast."

"Am I to infer," I queried, when I had looked at the black morsel, "that Archibald Rintoul really believed that this piece of his, which he called Goodman's Lot, was a resort of the Evil One, and, believing this, gave it as a present to his disbelieving hress and an unwelcome son-in-law?"

"Aye, that's just," replied the storyteller. "It came down in the family, like. A good many of the old race of farmers believed that the Prince of Darkness had some influence over the harvest and the year and the sheep, and so to keep him in good humor they gave him a corner of the field at harvest time. Like me noo, kens that the corner which was sold to Angus Blair had Pitloftie was in Archie Rintoul's ain black heart."—Catholic Union and Times.

LIFE ON A FARM.

ONE OF HARDSHIP AND CONSTANT EXPOSURE.

FREQUENTLY THE MOST LOGGED CONSTITUTIONS ARE BROKEN DOWN—A PROFOUND FARMER TELLS OF THE WONDERFUL REGENERATIVE POWERS OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE.

From the Assiniboian, Saltcoats, N. W. T.

Every one around Yorkton knows Mr. Dan Garry, and what a pushing active business farmer he was until a gripple took hold of him, and when that enemy let him, how listless and unfit for hard toil he became. For months he suffered from the baneful after-effects of the trouble, and although he still endeavored to take his share of the farm work, he found that it was very trying; he had become greatly weakened, had lost both appetite and ambition, and was tired with the least exertion. He tried several remedies without deriving any benefit, and as one after the other failed, he determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial.

He felt so utterly worn out that several boxes of the pills were taken before he found any benefit, but with the first signs of improvement he took fresh courage, and continued taking the pills for three months, by the end of which time he was again an active hustling man, feeling better than he had for years. Mr. Garry tells his own story in the following letter to the Assiniboian:

DEAR SIR,—After a severe attack of the gripple I was unable to recover my former strength and activity, I had no ambition for either work or pleasure, and to use a popular phrase, "I did not care whether school kept or not." I tried various medicines without deriving any benefit from them. With not much hope I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was agreeably pleased to find, after a few boxes, a decided change for the better. My appetite, which had failed me, returned, and I began to look for my meals half an hour before time, and I was able to get around with my old time vim. I continued the use of the Pink Pills for three months, and find myself now better than ever. You may therefore depend upon it that from this out I will be found among the thousands of other enthusiastic admirers of Dr. Williams' wonderful health restoring medicines.

Yours gratefully, DAN GARRY.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by



mail, post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be just as good."

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Teacher, St. George, you were named after George Washington, were you? Young George: Yes; some time after.

Apprentice: What does a marriage license cost? Clerk: Well, really, it's hard to tell; you have tried one for fifteen or twenty years.

Doctor: You handled me very gently during the process of examination, Lawyer: Ah, yes, I don't know how soon you might be handling me.

Friend: It must be awful to have the newspapers keep saying such things

about you. Political candidate: Yes, but supposing they didn't say anything at all?

Young Doctor: Do you have much difficulty in making your patients do what you want them to do? Old Doctor: Yes; particularly when I send in my bills.

First Detective: Strange that I didn't recognize him. I thought I'd know him in any disguise. Second Detective: But when he was caught he had no disguise. First Detective: Oh, that accounts for it.

"Dear me, Ad-bernt," said the poet's wife, "this stuff doesn't make sense." "I know that as well as you do," said the poet. "It isn't intended to make sense. It is to make money. It was ordered by a magazine."

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Testimony of Dr D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie. I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot count the number of times I have been obliged to use it. It has restored to me my hair, which was falling out, and it has made it grow again. I have also used it on my children, and it has had the same effect on them. I can recommend it to all who are troubled with falling hair. D. MARSO LAIS, M. D. St-Paul de Valois, January, 18th 1896.

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COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR AND GRAIN. Flour.—Spring Patent, \$4.20 to 4.25. Winter Patent, \$4.30 to \$4.35. Straight Roller, \$4.00 to \$4.10. Manitoba Strong Bakers, best brands, \$3.90 to \$4.00. Manitoba Strong Bakers, \$3.45 to \$4.00. Straight Rollers, bags \$1.95 to \$2.00.

OATMEAL.—Rolled and granulated \$3.05 to \$3.20; standard \$3.00 to \$3.15. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.50 to \$1.60, and standard at \$1.50 to \$1.60. Pot barley \$1.25 in bbls and \$2.00 in bags, and split peas \$3.50.

WHEAT.—West of Toronto millers are paying 80c to 81c for No. 1 white and red winter.

BEANS, ETC.—We quote Ontario bran at \$15.00, and Manitoba at \$14 to \$14.50, bag included. Middlings \$12 to \$15 as to grade. Meal \$13.00 to \$21.00 as to grade.

CORN.—Market quiet, about 43c to 45c.

Occasionally quiet, with the few lots that occasionally get out of store being taken at 50c to 55c, one small lot commanding 60c per 60 lbs.

OATS.—No. 2 and rejected have been placed at 20c and 22c respectively.

BARLEY.—The season for malting barley is about over, and the last sales reported at 50c to 55c. Feed barley is quiet at 27c to 30c.

BUCKWHEAT.—At 32c to 36c.

RYE.—Market dull at 52c to 53c.

MAIZE.—Market dull at 70c to 75c as to quality and quantity.

WHEAT.—We quote Timothy seed \$2.00 to \$2.50 per bushel. Red clover quiet at \$5.50 to \$6.00 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

PORK, LARD, ETC. Canada short cut pork, per barrel, \$15.00 to \$15.00; Canada thin mess, per bb, \$12.50 to \$13; hams, per lb, 9c to 10c; Lard, pure, in pails, per lb, 8 1/2c to 9c; Lard, compound, in pails, per lb, 6 1/2c to 7c; Bacon, per lb, 9c to 10c; Shoulders, per lb, 7c to 8c.

Dried Beans.—Prices are a little irregular, sales being reported at \$5.15 to \$5.25, the latter figure for choice bright light averages.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

BUTTER.—We quote: Creamery, 21c to 22c; Eastern, Townships, 17c to 19c; Western, 12c to 14c.

For single tubs of selected it may be added.

Roll Butter, Fine Western in tubs and half barrels is 12c to 14c. Sales in market have been made at 12c to 14c. No. 1 in good range from 12c to 14c.

CHEESE.—Eastern, Western, 8c to 9c; First Eastern, 5c to 6c; Summer goods, 7c to 8c; Liverpool cable 8c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

EGGS.—Sales have been made of old bird goods at 20c to 25c in round lots, while first eggs, when in plentiful supply, are being worked off at 8c to 10c for old fowls, single packages bringing 10c. New laid, owing to the cold weather, are arriving freely, and are scarce at the moment; still they have been sold at new laid at 10c to 12c, and we hear of sales in the West at 12c to 14c, which with excess charges would bring them here at 16c. Single cases of course may be quoted at 10c to 12c.

HONEY.—Prices are quoted at 7c to 9c for white extracted. Dark honey 12c to 14c, and dark at 10c to 12c.

BEANS.—Hand-picked per bushel \$1.00 to \$1.15 for round lots, and \$1.10 to \$1.15 for smaller quantities. Common kinds 80c to 90c in a jobbing way.

MAIZE PRODUCE.—Sales of old have been made at 50c to 55c in tubs. We quote Sugar 6c to 7c for old. Syrup 14c to 16c per lb in wood, and at 50c to 60c in tins.

BALD HAY.—No. 1 selling on track here at \$13.50 to \$14.00, and No. 2 at \$12.50. At country points \$12.00 to \$12.50 for No. 1.

TALLOW.—Market unchanged at 4 1/2c to 5c as to quality and size of lot.

HOPS.—Market dull at 7c to 8c for good to choice. Fair 5c, and old 2c to 3c. Account sales of Pacifics have been received in New York netting the shippers 5 1/2c to 7c per lb, which showed quite a loss.

FRUITS.

APPLES.—\$2.00 to \$2.75 per bbl; Fancy \$3.50 to \$4.00 per bbl; Famouse, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per bbl; Dried, 3c to 4c per lb; Evaporated, 6c to 7c per lb.

ORANGES.—Jamaica, \$10.00 to \$10.50 per bbl; Valencia, old stock 42c, 37.5c to \$4.00; do. new stock \$1 to \$4.25; 714c, \$4.75 to \$5.00; Messina, 200c & 300c \$2.00 to \$2.50; Fancy, 160c, \$3.50 to \$4.00.

LEMONS.—\$2.25 to \$3.00.

TANGELINES.—\$5.00 per box.

BANANAS.—\$2.50 to \$3.00 per bunch.

TAMARINDS.—\$4 to \$4.50 per carrier.

CALIFORNIA PEARS.—\$5.50 to \$6.00.

PINEAPPLES.—15c to 30c as to size.

CRANBERRIES.—Cape Cod, \$8 to \$12 per bbl. \$4 per bushel box.

DATES.—Old, 1 1/2c to 2 1/2c per lb. New, 4c to 4 1/2c per lb.

Figs.—9c to 10c per lb; fancy, 13c to 17c per lb.

PEACHES.—Bosnia, 6c to 6 1/2c per lb; French, 5 1/2c per lb; Calif, 10c lb.; Silver, 11c per lb.

COGNAC.—Fancy, firsts, \$4.00 to \$5.00 per 100.

WALNUTS.—New Grenoble, 11c to 11 1/2c per lb.

BRAND.—11c per lb.

ALMONDS.—11 1/2c to 12c per lb.

FILBERTS.—7c to 7 1/2c per lb.

PEANUTS.—7c to 9c per lb.

CHESTNUTS.—Italian, 10c per lb; French, 10c per lb.

POTATOES.—Jobbing lots, 40c to 45c per bag; on track, 30c per bag; do. sweet, \$6.00 to \$6.25 per bbl; Havana, new, \$7.50 per bbl.

ONIONS.—Spanish, 25c to 40c per crate; red, \$2.50 per bbl; large sack, \$1.75 to \$2.00; yellow, \$1.60 to \$2.00 per bbl.

MALAGA GRAPES.—\$4 to \$6.00 per keg.

[See eighth page for continuation of Commercial Report.]

HITTING THE RIGHT NAIL ON THE HEAD.

—Mistress: You ought to take pattern by your friend, Augusta. She is so clean in her habits that she washes herself three times a day. Servant Girl: And no wonder—her sweetheart is a chimney sweep.

CO-RESPONDENCE.

THE REMEDIAL BILL.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

DEAR SIR.—Such men as the Hon. Mr. Wallace & Co. would try to make us believe that only for the Catholic Hierarchy there would be no agitation for separate schools. Did the Hon. Mr. Wallace feel, when he was making such a statement, that he was uttering a falsehood—or where did he get a use for speaking so in the House of Commons? Because some of the bye elections, notably in Quebec, went against the Government, it was taken for granted that the Catholic people were not for separate schools. Was it not said, and repeated, that such a question should not be made a party one? If, then, the Liberal party have made it a party issue, it is because they expect to make some gains by it, thinking they see some chance of getting into power by the defeat of the Remedial Bill. If it had happened that the Liberal party had been in power, they would have been expected likewise to settle this unfortunate matter of the schools. Bigotry and fanaticism seem to control the language of these men. I wonder how would the Hon. Mr. Wallace & Co. speak, if, instead of the minority of Manitoba, it was the majority of Quebec, as it was shown that Quebec could retaliate by imposing certain books on the minority, if they chose? But, Mr. Editor, Sir Hector Lanvin told the House the majority of Quebec would never do such a thing. No, the Catholics respect a man's conscience and will not stand between him and his Maker, as so with the so-called bigots. They are the worthy sons of those who framed the Penal Laws and imposed every clause of them, and then opposed their repeal, just as bitter as they are opposing to-day the giving of equal justice to the minority of Manitoba.

It is indeed becoming more and more tiresome to be continually hearing of this word coercion. Manitoba must not be coerced, but to coerce the Catholics of Manitoba and to collect the school tax from them, and not give them their just rights in the combat of their own schools, is not this coercion? If the minority are not to have their own schools, then don't collect the school tax from them.

Mr. Editor, coming back to this matter of the Catholic laity not being the separate schools, what has become of the petition so unanimously signed by the different parishes, including St. Patrick's? Was it thrown in the waste-paper basket? Why not show it to these men now who are pretending that the laity are not for the schools?

I think your suggestion, Mr. Editor, in last week's issue of THE TRUE WITNESS, a grand one, and should be acted upon immediately. Let the officers of the various national and religious societies, both French and English speaking, frame a set of strong resolutions, so strong that will silence those men for all time who say that the laity are not for the schools.

ONE OF THE LAITY.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE REV. SISTER ST. AUGUSTA.

One more of the noble, self-sacrificing, saintly souls of earth has taken its flight to its undying reward. Miss Bridget Carter, in religion Rev. Sister St. Augusta, of the Congregation of Notre Dame, departed this life on Sunday, March 8th, at half-past ten o'clock in the evening. The lamented religious had reached the age of fifty-seven years, ten months and nine days. Of that span of life thirty-nine years, one month and twenty-six days were spent under the garb of a religious. The deeply lamented Sister, who at the time of her death was Superior of the Good Council Convent—otherwise known as St. Mary's—had held many places of high trust in the gift of the community. During three years she had presided over the Academy in which she ended her earthly career. It would be difficult for us to adequately express the esteem and veneration in which she was held by all the members of the community and by the pupils.

It was the same whereovershe had gone to fulfil the duties of her religious life. She had passed several years in the convents of Kingston, Ont., Kamouraska, Que., St. Andrew's, Ont., Arthabaska, Que., and Waterbury, Connecticut. She had been, for a time, Assistant-Superior of the Mount St. Mary's Convent in this city. Everywhere she proved herself a most devoted teacher, exemplary religious, and generous friend.

The earthly career of one who has made the sacrifice of her life for the glory of God and the greater good of humanity is never an easy subject for biographical writing. All that has been done remains unrecorded, except in God's Great Ledger, and the virtues exemplified are purposely hidden from the eyes of the world. We do not wish to intrude upon the humility that would never, in life, have sanctioned; what would be more acceptable to the departed, we unite our humble prayers to those of the community and of the Church, for the repose of the soul that has fled.

The obsequies took place yesterday, Tuesday, March 10th, at eight o'clock. The Rev. Fathers O'Donnell and Shea performed the last sad rites. The pupils of the Academy, representatives of the Children of Mary Sodality, and a large number of prominent citizens, were present. The interment took place in the vault under the Church of Our Lady of Pity. "Requiem eternam dona eis Domine"

C. O. F.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of St. Anthony's Court, No. 126, C.O.F., held December 13th, at Montreal, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God, the Omnipotent Creator, Master of life and death, to call upon this Court for one of its members, Brother John Williams, to appear before Him and pay that great debt of nature; and

Whereas: The pleasant and intimate relations which at all times exist between the members, their families and their relatives, make it pre-eminently fitting that we should place upon record and

communicate to his widow and children the sentiments of sorrow we experience at his sudden demise; therefore, be it Resolved,—That this Court tender the family of our late brother, John Williams, our sincere sympathy in this hour of their sad affliction, believing that they have suffered the irreparable loss of a good Christian guardian, and this Court one of its greatest benefactors, and hope that God will comfort and console them by granting his soul that perpetual light which all good Catholics hope for; and, be it further Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be properly framed and sent to the family of our late brother, and be published in The Catholic Forrester, also that the Charter of this Court be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days out of respect for deceased.

F. A. BUCSILLERE, Committee H. C. McCALLUM, H. VINCENT.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 2, A.O.H., held in their hall, on the above date, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, the beloved father of our esteemed brothers T. N. Smith, recording secretary, W. N. Smith, treasurer, and John Smith: Resolved,—That we, their fellow-members, assembled in regular meeting, do hereby tender to them our sincere sympathy in this their time of sad affliction, and pray that God may enable them by His strength to bear their loss with true Christian fortitude; and be it further Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our bereaved brothers, that they be entered on the records of our Division and published in THE TRUE WITNESS.

ANDREW DUNN, JOHN WALSH, OWEN GLEASON, Committee on Resolutions Pt. St. Charles, Feb. 27, 1896.

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

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society was held in St. Ann's Hall, on Sunday, 8th March, the president, M. John Kilduff, in the chair; the Reverend Director was also present, and there was a good attendance of the members. Several new members took the pledge and joined the society.

After routine business was disposed of the arrangements for the procession on St. Patrick's Day were made. It was also decided to hold the annual communion of the Society on Sunday, 15th March, in St. Ann's Church, at 8 o'clock Mass. After considerable discussion, it was decided to hold a picnic or excursion, during the summer.

The following resolution of condolence was then unanimously adopted, on the death of Rev. Father Hogan.

Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to remove by the hand of death the Rev. Father Hogan, former pastor of St. Ann's parish, and organizer of St. Ann's Temperance Society; be it

Resolved,—Whilst bowing submission to the Divine Will this Society desire to place on record their appreciation of his many wise counsels and his zealous efforts on behalf of this Society and in the cause of temperance. Resolved,—That by his death the Church loses one of its ablest and most gifted defenders, Ireland a patriotic son, and all who knew him a warm-hearted friend, and that a number of Masses be celebrated for the repose of his soul; and that these resolutions be published in the press and inscribed on the minutes of the society.

THE LAST SAD RITES.

THE FUNERAL OF HON. HENRY STARNES VERY LARGELY ATTENDED.

The funeral of the late Hon. Henry Starnes, which took place on last Friday morning, from his late residence, 911 Dorchester Street, was one of the most largely attended seen in this city for many years, those present representing all stations of life. The cortege, which left the deceased's residence at 9.30 a.m., was headed by a platoon of police, under command of Lieut. Hilton. Then came the Police Band, followed by one hundred men of the police force, under command of Sub-Chief Lancy, Captains Clark and Egan, Lieutenants Fox, Holland, Taylor, Hilton and Hill. While en route to the Gesù Church, the Police Band played the Dead March in Saul and Chopin's impressive Funeral March. Following the band were fifty firemen, Sub-Chief Jackson in command.

The chief mourners were:—Mr. Henry Starnes, son; two little grandsons; Mr. Henry Edmund Starnes, a brother; Mr. Victor B. Sicotte, of St. Hyacinthe, a nephew; and Mr. Geo. W. Hamilton. Among the floral tributes was one with the word "Grandfather," worked in forget-me-nots, a cross from Mr. and Mrs. Hector Prevost, and anchor from Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Paton, and a pillow with the word "Peace," from the Directors and Manager of the Liverpool and Globe Insurance Company.

Long before the funeral procession reached the Gesù Church, the sacred edifice, which was draped in mourning, was well filled. The Rev. Father Hudon, Rector of St. Mary's college, officiated at the requiem services, assisted by Rev. Fathers Devine and Roy. The impressiveness of the occasion was added to by the musical portion of the service. Mr. J. Saucier presided at the organ, while the choir, under Mr. Al-x. Clerk, rendered Mendelssohn's voluntary, "Beati Mortui" and "Messe Harmonises de Ferrault." Mr. Achille Comtois rendered in an impressive manner the beautiful solo "Inter Oves."

The pallbearers were His Worship Mayor R. Wilson Smith, Hon. J. G. Laviolette, Hon. Pierre Garneau, Mr. Rouer Roy, Q.C., and Mr. E. J. Barbeau.

Among the large number present were: Sir Alexander Lacoste, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; Sir Napoleon Casault, Chief Justice of the Superior Court; Acting Chief Justice Tait, Mr. Justices Würtele, Jette Gill and Tascheran, Premier Taillon, Hon. Thomas Chas. Casgrain, Attorney-General; Hon. G. A. Nantel, Minister of

"KARN is King."

We feel more than ever justified in proclaiming the above since Madame Albani selected the Karn Piano for her own drawing rooms, at the Chateau Frontenac, on both her visits to Quebec City this winter.

And within the past month we have sold Karn Pianos to the following professors:

E. A. Bishop,

Organist of English Cathedral, and Teacher of Piano and Voice culture. Quebec City.

L. J. Dessane,

Organist, Notre Dame Church, also Teacher of Piano and Voice Culture. Quebec City.

B. H. Carmen,

Who has lately returned from a 3 years course under Prof. Fleck, of New York. Morrisburg, Ont.

MONTREAL BRANCH: D. W. KARN & CO., 2344 St. Catherine Street. Opposite Murphy's.

Public Works; Hon. F. G. Marchand, M.L.A.; Sir Donald Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.; Hon. P. E. Leblanc, Speaker of the Assembly; Senator Villeneuve Hon. Gideon Oimmet, Hon. J. K. Ward, Richard White, Hon. F. E. Gilman, Hon. Arthur Turcotte, Dr. Guerin, M.L.A.; J. P. Cook, M.L.A.; Ald. Prefontaine, M.P.; Rainville, Stevenson, McBride, Savignac, Connaughton, Costigan, Pomy, Prevost, Atwater, Harper, Grothe, Kinsella, Turner, Jacques, Marsolais, Proulx, Dupre, Lefebvre, Brunet, Dupuis, Roucuet and Wilson, Messrs. G. F. C. Smith, A. F. Gault, Rev. M. H. Quatremont, of Renfrew; Chevalier Drolet, M. S. Foley, E. Huot, F. Gilman, Geo. W. Hamilton, Lew Rohdt, ex-Ald. Cunningham, A. Delisle, Lieut.-Col. Lyman, Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Lieut. John J. Barry, C. Daussean, ex-Ald. J. H. Stearns, Henry Hogan, R. S. White, W. J. White, William Mackenzie, E. J. Summerskill, ex-Ald. Rolland, R. W. Sheppard, ex-Ald. Nolan, Lieutenant-Colonel Mattice, S. C. Stevenson, W. Wingham, A. Campbell, W. F. Egge, Jules Hune, J. C. A. Nelson, A. B. Chaille, J. McCombie, R. B. Angus, W. B. Powell, G. M. Dechene, M. L. A., C. Archer, E. L. Furness, Dr. Tresler, H. Henshaw, Geo. Ham, E. Marquette, Robert Gardner, F. Judah, Bruce Campbell, A. Macdonald, (St. John's), E. Laframboise, Chas. Clagget, ex-Ald. McCord, W. J. Simpson, M. L. A., B. J. Coghlin, S. W. Ewing, Major Frenette, Bernard Tansy, John Shitnick, Charles Alexander, Raphael, Bellemare, J. T. Dillon and C. Laurin.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE

The report for the St. Bridget's Night Refuge shows that a total of 520 persons were relieved during the past week. Of these 481 were males and 39 females; 301 were Irish, 116 French-Canadians, 70 English, and 33 Scotch; 429 were Catholics, and 91 Protestants.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

Thomas Moran, aged 107 years, died at Skirragh, near Newport, recently. The old Queen's Theatre, Dublin, has been leased to Mr. Whitbread, the well known writer of Irish plays.

Sir John Banks, K.C.B., of Golagh House, Monaghan, has been appointed a deputy lieutenant of County Monaghan. Miss Mary Anne Moran, of Dublin, who died on Dec. 16, has left £5,700 to charities, all of them except one in Dublin.

R. Naah Griffin, of the Limerick branch of the Provincial Bank, has been promoted to the accountantship of the Carrick-on-Suir branch. The Very Rev. John Canon Barrett, pastor of Headford, has obtained a grant of £250 for a National School teacher's residence at Cloghanower.

On the recommendation of Lord Harlech, Arthur J. Burns, a merchant, of Mohill, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Leitrim. F. Kennedy, assistant accountant in Atkins' seed store, Cork, died suddenly in St. Finbarr's Church, on Feb. 8, from heart disease and the bursting of a blood vessel on the brain.

The election of a councillor for the Abbey Ward of Limerick has resulted in the return of Patrick Tracey (Nationalist) by twenty-five votes against nine for P. R. Ryan (Redmondite). A purse of sovereigns with an illuminated address has been presented to Rev. Peter Finnegan, curate at Dundalk, on the occasion of his transfer from Dunleer, by his many friends in the latter parish.

The Tralee and Fenit Pier and Harbor Commissioners have chosen for their secretary Charles E. Leahy in the room

\$500—\$250.

At the drawing of 4th instant of the Society of Arts of Canada, 1666 Notre Dame street, Mr. Edouard Beaudry, at Vinu & Frere of this city, has won a prize worth \$500; and last week, Mrs. E. X. Drolet, of Quebec, a prize worth \$250.

of the late Mr. Redmond by three votes to two given for John Ahern, the acting secretary.

Daniel Mahoney, B.L., has been appointed County Court Judge for the Counties Meath, Westmeath, Longford, and King's, during the illness of Judge Curran. Mr. Mahoney opened the Meath Quarter Sessions at Navan recently.

Coroner J. H. Shinkwin of Brandon, died on Feb. 10. He was called to the bar in 1872, and about two years ago was appointed coroner for West Cork. Coroner Shinkwin had long been prominently identified with national politics and was a staunch Nationalist.

Rev. James Boggan, curate at Screen, died on Feb. 12, at the residence of his brother, William Boggan, of Newtownbarry. Father Boggan was forty-six years of age. He was educated in St. Peter's College, Wexford, and the Vincentian College, Castletknock, County Dublin.

Major Raleigh Chichester-Constable, of Runcornat, Roscommon and Durlington, Yorkshire, and George James, of Roscommon, have been sworn in respectively high sheriff and sub-sheriff for County Roscommon. P. Burrows Sheil, solicitor of Dublin, has been appointed returning officer.

A monster steamship is being built at Harland & Wolff's shipyard, Belfast. It is to be called the Pennsylvania. In point of size it will eclipse anything now afloat. The length will be 500 feet, the beam 62 ft., and the depth 42 ft. There will be 30,000 tons of cargo capacity, and an accommodation for 1500 steerage and 200 saloon passengers.

A deputation from the parishioners of Achoury, on February 13, presented Canon Lowery with a beautifully illuminated address on the occasion of his appointment to the pastorate of Gurteen. Canon Lowery has been parish priest of Achoury for eighteen years. A magnificent stole, also of Irish manufacture, was presented with the address.

Castlebar will soon be one of the most progressive towns in the West, as every available building space will be occupied, and splendid dwellings erected thereon. The sum of £3,000 is being expended on improving Mayo Laminic Asylum; about £8,000 for an edifice much required in this town, and £3,000 for waterworks; so this, together with various other outlays, shows that business prospects are encouraging in Castlebar for the present year.

Thousands have tested the great building power of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have found renewed strength, vigor and vitality in its use.

COMMERCIAL.

FISH AND OILS.

FRESH FISH.—Fresh fish is still scarce, Fresh haddock 3 1/2 to 4c per lb. Fresh herring scarce, and quoted at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per barrel. Tommy cods \$1.25 to \$2 per barrel. White fish 7 1/2c per lb. Dore 7c per lb. Pike 4c to 4 1/2c.

SALT FISH.—Dry cod \$4, and green cod firmer at \$4.50 to \$5 for No. 1; and large \$5.50 to \$6.00. Cape Breton herring steady at \$3.25 to \$3.50, and shore \$2.75 to \$3.00. Salmon \$11 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$12.00 to \$13.00 for No. 1 large. British Columbia salmon \$11.00 to \$12.00. Sea trout \$5.00 to \$6.00.

SMOKED FISH.—Smoked haddies scarce. Haddock 7c to 8c; haddies 7 1/2c to 8 1/2c per box; smoked herrings 7c to 9c per box.

CANNED FISH.—Lobsters \$6.00 to \$6.25, and Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4.00 per case. Oils.—Seed oil 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c net cash, and regular terms 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c. Newfoundland cod oil 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c. Cod liver oil \$1.10 to \$1.30 for ordinary, and \$1.75 to \$1.85 for Norway.



A Result of La Grippe.

RIVERSIDE, N. BR., CAN., Oct. 1893. About three years ago my mother had the grippe, which left her body and mind in a weakened condition; at first she complained of sleeplessness, which developed into a state of melancholia, then she could not sleep at all; she didn't care to see anybody, had no peace of mind at any time, and would imagine the most horrible things. We employed the best physicians; but she became worse; then her sister-in-law recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After using it a change for the better was apparent and mother became very fleshy on account of a voracious appetite and got entirely well. We all thanked God for sending us the Tonic. MARY L. DALY.

MARIAFOLIS, CAN., Sept. 1893. Our boy, who had epilepsy, was cured by three bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic. A. L. ARRYVO.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill., 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 4 bottles for \$6.

For sale in Montreal by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 1565 Notre Dame street, and by B. E. McGALL, 2122 Notre Dame street.



BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDERS GET PRICES FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS: Cor. Latour st. and Busby Lane TELEPHONE 130.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION. Building \$2.50, Cut Maple, \$2.50, Tamarac Blocks, \$1.50, Mill Blocks—Stone lengths—\$1.50. J. C. MACDONALD, Richmond Square, Tel. 4333.

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.

There were about 500 head of butchers' cattle and 100 calves, but no sheep or lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir yesterday. There was a fair attendance of butchers and trade was good for the best cattle, but common and inferior stocks were slow of sale, and prices continue very low. A few of the best heaves sold at from 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c per lb.; pretty good stock sold at from 2 1/2c to 3c do, and the common animals sold at from 2c to 2 1/2c per lb. A few large rough bulls were sold at about 2 1/2c per lb. The calves were mostly young animals and prices were from \$2 to \$6 each. There were very few farmers' hogs for sale today and prices of best hogs ranged from \$4 to \$10 per 100 lbs. There were one hundred distillery fed hogs on the market, but there was no bid for them.

"Always meet trouble half way," said the man who had paid half of his promissory note and arranged for an extension of the other half.

C. W. LINDSAY, 2268, 2270 and 2272 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Pianos & Organs WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

SOLE AGENT: HEINTZMAN & Co., Pianos, Toronto. O. NEWCOMBE & Co., Pianos, Toronto DECKER BROS, Pianos, New York.

N.B.—REMOVAL SALE NOW ON. SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR IMMEDIATE PURCHASERS.

PRICES, \$20 TO \$800.

If You Want to Raise The finest and largest crop of Potatoes you ever seen or heard of

Use the "VICTOR" BRAND FERTILIZER



8 times out of 10 they wont, rot and always are nice, clean and dry. It will pay any and every Farmer, Gardener or Florist to use Capleton Fertilizer on any and ALL kinds of crops. Price from \$16 to \$35 per ton.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

AGENTS: R. J. LATIMER, 502 St. Paul Street, Montreal. LATIMER & LEGARE, Quebec, Que. LATIMER & BEAN, Sherbrooke, Que.

THE S. CARSLY CO., LTD. 1765 to 1783 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

MONTREAL'S GREATEST STORE.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

Blankets and Comforters

Useful Bed Comforters, 50c each. White Nap Blankets, 93c pair. Large size Bed Comforters \$1.04 ea. Useful White Wool Blankets, \$1.45 pr. Sateen Covered Comforters, \$1.80 ea. Large White Blankets, \$2.50 pr. Down Bed Quilts, \$3.51 ea.

New Curtains.

White Lace Curtains, 34c to \$10.75 pr. Swiss Net Curtains, \$2.96 pr. Brussels Net Curtains, \$3.50 pr. Chenille Curtains, Art Shades, \$2.85 pr. Japanese Bead Portieres, \$1.90 ea. Roman Strig e Curtains, \$1.35 pr. Figured Chenille Curtains, \$6.98 pr.

THE S. CARSLY CO., LTD.

New Spring Gloves.

New 4-button Kid Gloves in all the latest season's shades, 35c to \$2 pr. New 7-hook Kid Lacing Gloves, in newest shades, 75c to \$1.50 pr. New 4-stud Kid Gloves, in all the most fashionable shades, 90c to \$1.70 pr. Ladies' Silk Lined Kid Gloves, in new colors, \$1.60 to \$2 pr. Ladies' New White and Tan Doeskin Gloves, 4 button, 65c pr. Ladies' 4-stud Light Tan Kid Gloves, with heavy black points, \$1.38 pr. Courvoisier's Patent Cut Thumb Kid Gloves, fancy points, \$2 pr. Ladies' Cape, Dogskin and Russia Calf Driving Gloves, \$1.25 to \$2.25 pr.

THE S. CARSLY CO., LTD.

Evening Gloves.

A full stock of Ladies' Suede and Silk Evening Gloves in all opera shades. 8-button length Suede Eve. Gloves, \$1 to \$1.75. 12-button length Suede Eve. Gloves, \$1.20 to \$1.50. 16-button length Suede Eve. Gloves, \$1.50 to \$1.65. 20-button length Suede Eve. Gloves, \$1.75 to \$2.75. Silk Evening Gloves, 55c to \$1.10.

THE S. CARSLY CO., LTD.

Boys' Spring Clothing

SCHOOL SUITS A SPECIALTY

Boys' Serge Sailor Suits, \$1.05. Boys' Fancy Jersey Suits, \$2.00. Boys' Tweed School Suits, \$1.35. Boys' Serge School Suits, \$1.50. Boys' Tweed Kilt Suits, \$1.65. Boys' Black College Suits, \$3.75. Boys' Black Velvet Suits, \$3.50. Boys' Odd Tweed Pants, 80c.

THE S. CARSLY CO., LTD.

Men's Spring Clothing.

Men's Tweed Sack Suits, \$3.45. Men's Serge Sack Suits, \$4.25. Men's Tweed Reefer Suits, \$4.25. Men's Serge Reefer Suits, \$3.75. Men's Tweed Morning Suits, \$5.50. Men's Black Suits, \$3.99. Men's Odd Tweed Pants, \$2.25.

Spring Overcoats.

Boys' Serge Reefer Coats, \$1.50. Boys' Nap Cloth Reefer Coats, \$2.25. Boys' Spring Overcoats, 75c. Youths' Serge Reefer Coats, \$2. Youths' Spring Overcoats, \$3.50. Men's Pilot Coats, \$8.50. Men's Spring Overcoats, \$8.75.

THE S. CARSLY CO., LTD.

Men's and Boys' NEW SPRING HATS.

Men's Soft Felt "Navonod" Hats, silk lined, latest style, black, \$1.00 ea. Men's Soft Felt "Mutual" Hats, silk lined, latest style, light weight, black and fawns, \$2.00 ea. Men's Hard Felt Hats, latest style, black, \$1.00. Men's Hard Felt Hats, latest style, silk lined, \$1.25. Men's Hard Felt Hats, light weight, latest style, \$2.00. Boys' and Youths' Hard Felt Hats, \$1. Boys' and Youths' Soft Felt Hats, latest shapes, 90c. Boys' and Youths' Knookabout Felt Hats, 25c.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited. Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets MONTREAL.