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# The True Witness

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS

VOL. XLIII., NO. 29.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1894

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

LAST WEEK we announced the final organization of "THE TRUE WITNESS Publishing Company," and the appointment of a Board of Directors consisting of Hon. Senator Murphy, Messrs. M. Burke, T. J. Quinlan, C. A. McDonnell, and P. Wright. On Friday last the Board held a meeting at which Mr. Burke was elected President and Mr. C. A. McDonnell Managing Director. On Monday the newly organized company took over the business direction of the establishment. This step is but merely a preliminary one, and the imperative duty of the hour for all English-speaking Roman Catholics in this city, and in the Province, is to come forward and subscribe to one or more shares of the capital stock, which is fixed at \$10,000, in shares of \$10 each. The wants and requirements of the paper have been thoroughly investigated by several gentlemen, with the result that \$10,000 are absolutely necessary to continue the business. Of course, as we stated last week, we will require the hearty co-operation of all the friends of Catholic literature. We will need subscribers, advertisers and customers in the job-printing department. On the threshold of a new career we may as well plainly state that THE TRUE WITNESS is completely and entirely outside the circle of politics. Under no circumstances will it deviate from the path of purely Catholic journalism. There are no controlling influences in the organization. All who have joined in the movement have done so for no other purpose than to secure for our Province a truly reliable Catholic organ, one that can afford to be uncompromising in the defense of true principles and fearless in the assertion of our religious privileges.

We notice that from all quarters, and from clergymen of various denominations, there are severe denunciations of the P.P.A. propaganda. It is pleasant to find that sensible men are not taken in by such vile methods. Truly did we argue, some weeks ago, that the members of that organization were not Protestants—that is to say, that they by no means voice the sentiments of Protestantism. There is something too un-Christian about the whole organization to permit of honest, fair-minded men sympathizing with it. Some of the Anglican clergymen are even more bitter than are Catholics in their opposition to this hydra of political, social, moral and religious discord.

So MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has at last informed the people of Birmingham that he has faith in a new party; it is to be called the Unionist party, and naturally Mr. Chamberlain is to be the leader thereof. It is a pity that a man of such fine talents and still finer opportunities should waste them all in playing the mountebank politician. In his speech of the thirtieth January the Liberal-Unionist chief really proves himself to be a "Brumigem Joe." He claimed

that the "title Unionist was far wider and nobler than that of either Conservative or Liberal, as it includes both." Humble as our opinion may be, still we have the presumption to differ from Mr. Chamberlain; we believe that Unionist—in the sense in which he uses the term—excludes both honest Conservatism and genuine Liberalism. Mr. Chamberlain began as a Radical; not because he believed in the principles that he advocated, but because he had no other means of catching the popular vote of Birmingham. Once he attained the object of his ambition, he gradually dropped off his Radicalism, and even his Liberalism. He naturally gravitated toward the aristocratic sphere, and he blessed his stars when the Home Rule question afforded him an opportunity of displaying his bigotry and an excuse for deserting the Liberal camp. He soon found that he had lost the respect of the Liberals and had failed to gain either the respect or confidence of the Conservatives. The latter were willing to use him as a battering-ram against the Government; but they let him feel that he was an escaped Radical and not a "true blue," not "to the manor born." Set thus midway between the party he deserted and the one that don't want him—like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and sky—he would like to persuade himself that he is called upon to establish a new party, one that will accept his Koran of intolerance, and the members of which will cry out, "Brumigem is Brumigem; and Joe Chamberlain is its Profit (Prophet)." Some day or other, when we have occasion to refer to this new leader of the "lost tribes," we will undertake to prove that a Unionist can neither be a true Conservative nor an honest Liberal.

In the days when telegraphic communication was unknown and before the power of steam had been applied as it is in our time, "war-worn soldiers" used to tell extraordinary stories of fields that were fought and won. There was no person to contradict them, and their vivid pictures were taken as presented. But things have changed in the last few decades. In the United Service Magazine, Major-General Sir Fred. Middleton has a lengthy statement regarding the famous Batoche Retreat, in which he lays the blame upon the other officers, and claims that he alone refused to withdraw from the position. Lieut-Col. Houghton replies to the late commander of the Canadian Militia, and proves, beyond a doubt, that Sir Frederick was the only one who wanted to retreat, and that were it not for Dr. Orton's determined action the cowardly and demoralizing step would have been taken. Thus closes that letter, which is a powerful defense of our Canadian officers and a well-deserved slashing for the would-be military critic:

"Is it possible that his memory is failing so fast that he has already forgotten the fact that the very matter to which I have here taken exception was the subject of both official and newspaper correspondence, in the spring of 1886, the latter being between Dr. Orton and some of the General's inspired and expectant

friends; and that it was finally settled, both privately and officially, in favor of the former? Or, does he imagine that because, whilst occupying the high position of Major-General commanding the militia of Canada he was permitted, through the rules of military discipline and etiquette, the privilege of making incorrect statements and garbled reports, unchallenged, he will still be accorded the same license of speech and pen, and immunity from contradiction, now, when appearing in the role of an historian, and egotistical auto-biographer combined? Or, has he forgotten that he no longer wields the baton in Canada? I think I have now said all that is necessary for the vindication of myself and others from the charge of incapacity or cowardice—which you will—laid at our door by Gen. Sir Fred Middleton, who will hear no more from me until he either disputes the truth of any of the statements contained in this letter (of which I shall, of course, send him a copy), or makes some other libellous accusation—for his own aggrandisement or otherwise—against, or to the disparagement of myself, or any of my brave Canadian brothers-in-arms, with whom I had the honor of serving in this my adopted home."

IT STRIKES us as very strange that the admirers of the present Italian government should be so blind that they cannot see how ruinous to the nation is the anti-papal policy which its rulers persist in carrying out. The very King, himself, is aware of the impending doom. He could not give better evidence of his distrust in the country's future than by investing one hundred million lire, or about twenty million dollars, in English banks. He can see the tide of bankruptcy that is daily rising around the government and the country; consequently he is bound to secure his own future and that of his family. He is not the only one that has taken such wise measures. Having drawn attention to these signs of an approaching storm, the New York Catholic Review says:

"Of the patrimony of the poor, neither King nor Parliament have been so careful. The amounts of pious foundations, the legacies left in past generations for the support of the poor and the orphan, the education of the people and other charities, they have by law converted into Italian securities which are at an enormous discount. The properties belonging to these pious foundations have been by law secularized and sold. They have been bought up by speculators and the proceeds invested in worthless Italian rentes. The Kingdom of Italy was founded on fraud, was supported by robbery of the Church and the poor, and will end in ruin and disgrace."

WE HAVE received from Benziger Brothers, New York, a most interesting and highly instructive volume entitled, "The Priest in the Pulpit; a manual of Pastoral Theology." It is adapted from the German of Rev. Ignaz Schuech, O.S.B., by Rev. Boniface Luebbemann, professor of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. We could not do better than give our readers the short but very careful and exact comments of the Ave Maria upon this work:

"Although there are not wanting in our language treatises which deal with special departments of pastoral theology,

there is no text-book which covers the whole of that important science. The translation of this volume—there are to be three in the complete set—is an important step in the direction of supplying the deficiency. As Archbishop Elder observes in his admirable preface, pastoral theology is the application of theological knowledge to the work of the ministry, and as such its importance can not be over-stated.

The "Priest in the Pulpit" is an auspicious beginning of the series. No book can make a preacher eloquent when talent is wanting; but all that the written word can do is here done, and done well. Father Schuech's admirable treatise is regarded as a standard work in Germany, and it was a happy thought to place it within reach of English-speaking students. Father Luebbemann has performed his task of adaptation so perfectly that one might almost doubt that the work was a translation, if the title-page were not there to enforce belief. There is nothing superfluous, nothing which will not prove useful to seminarians, for whom, it may be presumed, this first volume is chiefly intended, and to whom it will prove most profitable."

ACCORDING to the accounts received of the great earthquake in Thibet it would seem as if not only the cities and the villages, the temples and monasteries were shaken, but that the very foundation stones of ancient Buddhism were displaced. It is almost impossible to calculate the importance of that terrific event. The number of victims that perished will reach the thousands. The grand monasteries of Hueliyuan and Kemis, the home of Buddhism, are in ruins. Seventy-four Lama priests were buried in the crash. In that country, north of the Himalayas, Shoolhak, the Buddhist god incarnate reigns supreme. The Sacred Head, the Holy Shoolhak, has disappeared. The circumstance, although carefully guarded by the faithful, for fear it might destroy the whole fabric of their faith, is rapidly becoming known abroad. The temple of Kemis, built 1,000 years before Christ, is a ruin, and the Holy One is missing from earth. Who will say that the end of Buddhism is not at hand? The earthquake of Thibet may be the forerunner of its doom.

A LADY from Somerset asks us a couple of questions, one regarding the "Ancient Order of United Workingmen," and the other concerning Archbishop Plunkett, the Martyr of Armagh. The first question is one we cannot answer at present, but will strive to do so later on. We are not in possession of the facts of the case. As to the second question, the Archbishop of Armagh was killed about two hundred years ago. He was born on February 7th, 1629. We are not aware that he was ever beatified or canonized by the Church; but undoubtedly he ranks amongst the martyrs. There are thousands, we might say millions, of martyrs who have never been officially canonized, and yet they rank in heaven as saints of God. Canonization does not create a saintship, it merely establishes the sanctity of an individual as an incontestable fact. In the Litany of the Saints we find that certain martyrs are invoked by name, and then all the others are included in the words, "and all ye Holy Confessors and Martyrs."

JESUIT PRINCIPLES.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST IGNATIUS.

Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Meditations—Death, its Certainty, and the Uncertainty of the Time—Particular Judgment—The General Judgment.

NINTH MEDITATION—DEATH.

*First Point—Death is certain—*Even if Faith did not teach it, the experience of untold years proclaims most emphatically that since we have been born we must die. The sentence of death has been passed upon the human race. In every case from Adam till our day that sentence has been invariably executed. There is no escape. It is no delusion. Death was caused by sin—and from the hour of original-sin, at the very dawn of creation, till the fiery night that shall precede the day of judgment, every human being *must* die. But if it is *certain* we all must die; the hour, manner, place and circumstances of our death are all most uncertain. A man is condemned to be hanged to-morrow! There is no escape for him. He may be cut off before to-morrow, but certainly he will never see the sun set to-morrow night. His feelings must be fearful to contemplate: yet I too am under sentence of death, a mandate from which there is no appeal. It may be executed to-morrow, or to-night, or to-day. Then am I not even in a more trying position, if I look at it properly, than the man who knows the *hour* and prepares for it? But why should I not prepare? Is it because I am more uncertain than he is? That is madness. "Death is the wages of sin." I submit most humbly to the decree. I have only to beg of God to not cut the chord of life until I have made use of my opportunities, now afforded, to so prepare that death may have no sting and the grave no victory. It is not so fearful to contemplate if one is ready to meet the grim spectre with a pure heart.

*Second Point—Death puts an end to all:* Pleasures vanish, riches disappear, honors evaporate at the grave. Oh my death these pleasures will hang as clouds upon my past and I can only dread them and the memory of them. I will be as poor as when born. The honors may culminate in a funeral of imposing grandeur,—but the obsequies will only be to please the living not to benefit me. Me they will hurry off to the grave and get rid of me as quickly as they can. "Out of sight, out of mind." Soon, a month, a week, a day, I shall sink into the oblivion that covers the myriads that have gone before me. To think that I must lie under the ground and rot, the prey of worms and vermin; and that my immortal soul (all that is left to me of life) should be in the agonies of Hell! And yet such will infallibly be the case for my body; and unless I turn to God, rectify the past and live for my *great end*, using all creatures as instruments towards that end, such, also, will inevitably be the fate of my soul. Behold the *indifference* of St. Ignatius brought forth most clearly. I cannot escape death. It is not far off. What then care I whether I be rich or poor, healthy or sick, young or old, honored or despised, provided when death's angel strikes my soul is prepared to face God? All things that I cannot carry beyond the grave with me I must not cling to here; for soon they will be taken from me. Truly I should be *indifferent* to the means, provided the end is attained. May God grant me the grace to understand the awfulness of the certainty of death, and the variety of all those pleasures which hasten its hour, the folly of those things which I cherish from human motives and which I must leave at my death bed—provided God permits me to die on my bed! Open my eyes, that I may escape the real horrors of death.

*Third Point—Death is Near.*—The longest life is but short! How much like the visions of a vanished dream are the one and thirty years I have spent. Yet, at least, I am passing the mid-day of life. Even though I were to have half a century more (which I certainly will not) it is but as a day to look back upon. It is merely a dot in the lengthy line of ages. *Hodie homo est; eras non comporet.* In youth, manhood, old age—it is all the same; death strikes when least expected, and sin only hastens its approach. It was but the 22nd June that a fine, strong healthy young man asked me to secure

him a place in Ottawa. It was evening, and as I left him he said he could do any work, as he had a powerful constitution and much strength. On the morning of the 23rd I obtained the place, and hastened to Aylmer to inform him of it. On arriving I found him dead. A fit of coughing came on at mid-night, and he died from bursting a vessel in his exertions. Last May a young man walked out to a boom camp on the Ottawa river with me. It was Sunday; he had not been to church. He told me he saw not pleasure in wasting time in a church on a fine day. At noon we had dinner at the camp. He went out on a boom to fish. His line got tangled in some debris of logs and bark, and in turning to pull it out, he fell in, was carried under some 30,000 logs and never appeared again. A few days ago a Father of this community went out for a boat sail, strong, robust, full of life and hope. Before evening his body floated down the St. Lawrence—his soul was before God. We cannot tell when, how, or where we are to die—but die we must, and dying leave all we cherish behind us; and not only die, but die very soon. There is no thought to make one feel more potently the hollowness of life, the vanity of things that we cling to, the necessity of indifference to all, except what may lead us to God who is our end. As St. Ignatius says: "It is like going to the gallows by one road or another," sooner or later the cuprit gets there.

When I look back over the troubled sea of my life, each wave of which is a sin, each tide bearing me nearer and nearer to my destined termination—the shores of Death—I feel as if I am underserving of God's bounty. His mercy has held back as yet the Angel of Death. But it is only for a short time. O! God, grant me, through the intercession of Christ Thy Son, His Holy Mother, and St. Ignatius to so perform this retreat, this work of purification, that when the supreme moment comes I may be ready to meet the inevitable with a calm conscience; not dreading the torments of Hell, nor Thy just wrath, not shrinking from the grave; for if the soul be prepared to go to Thee, it little matters as to the body—for "it will be sown in corruption." The terror of Death, is the terror of Thy judgment. Grant me the grace to so purify my life and detach it from the fleeting phantoms of worldly allurements, that when my body goes to the tomb, my soul may go to Thy Presence forever! Thou wilt restore that body to men at the end. Grant me to save it from Hell since I cannot save it from the grave. Amen.

TENTH MEDITATION.—PARTICULAR JUDGMENT.

*First Point.*—We must each appear, immediately after death before the tribunal of God. We know not *when* death may come or *how*. But after it comes Judgment. We cannot then ask God to "wait a while," as we do now, when He knocks at our hearts. The Doctor or Priest will say, "he is dead" i. e. "he is before God's Judgment-seat." No more hope, save that derived from the good done in life. No longer a God of Mercy, He is a God of Justice. One moment the man is on his bed, cared for by the doctor, prayed for by the priest, wept for by the family. In a flash he is before the Infinite Majesty of God. Power, riches, favor, love, all gone like the stars that disappear in the sky at sunrise. They are lost in the blaze of Eternity's Day. Saints feared the Judgment; how should I not tremble who knows that were I to die now I would be a million times condemned? No appeal, no hope, no delay, no time given. As we live we generally die (except by a miracle of grace.) As we die we are judged.

*Second Point.*—Think of the surprise and confusion of the soul before God. When the unbeliever, the thoughtless, the scoffer at Eternity, rises up in all his iniquity before the tribunal and the past is paraded before him, in all its wickedness,—think of his confusion. *Words*, thoughts, deeds, from the dawn of reason till the end, shall all stand out in broad relief. None missing—all there! The recording angel will read the long list of hatred, injustice, obstinacy, bad examples, etc. The only thing riches, honors, etc. leave him is the grief of having loved them. Just reflect upon the consternation and suffering of that moment; all alone, self-accusing, in the presence of the August Justice of the Most High!

*Third Point.*—The sentence will be irrevocable. All will pass in a twinkling.

God will be judge and witness. Mercy past, Justice commenced: to summon, accuse, prove, sentence and execute will not take in one visible point of time. Before the corpse is cold the soul has been tried, sentenced and suffering in Hell. If the soul is guilty; the one glimpse of God's splendor vanishes, leaving eternal darkness and remorse over the soul as demons whirl it off to hell. The world says: "he is dead;" "he was a good man;" how much did he leave." The family says "he is gone to a better home." Meanwhile, he may have had only *one simple vice*, one disorderly affection, one evil inclination not subdued, *one mortal sin*; he is in hell, scarcely has his breath fled when he is judged and in the bottomless pit. Some say "the majority live as I do." That won't be a plea before God. Because a million go to Hell, is it a reason for you to risk the anger of God. The judgments of this world are wicked and erroneous,—and many and many a one of them is reversed before the High Tribunal of Divine Justice. God and not the world will be your judge. Remember you may be called at any hour; and that hour will be the one of eternal happiness or eternal torment. The only safety then is to be ever and always prepared. So that whenever Death's Angel strikes you can say: "I am not afraid of the account which I shall have to render." May the Most Merciful God grant me such a fear of death and judgment, that when the hour come, as come it will, I may be prepared to face that Judgment-seat and hear the sentence—"come thou blessed of my Father."

ELEVENTH MEDITATION.—THE LAST JUDGMENT.

*First Point.*—The last judgment is the public account we must all give at the end of the world, and in presence of united creation receive either the reward or punishment due to our lives. Signs most potent will precede the final day; Antichrist shall appear to draw men down by all means of deceit or violence. The fiery night that is predicted will burst upon the earth and all things be consumed.

*Second Point.*—Gabriel's trumpet will resound in the four quarters of the earth and summon the dead to arise and come to judgment. At that sound sea and earth will give up all the dead—all who lived, without exception, from Adam to the last man. In Jehosaphat Valley they shall assemble to behold the separation of the good and bad. The standard of the cross will be flung out against the sky; signal of hope and joy to the just, of despair and misery for the wicked. Christ, as judge, amidst His myriad army of angels, in power and majesty, will appear, and all the nations will weep and lament most bitterly at sight of Him who comes with so severe and wrathful an array.

*Third Point.*—Seated there, the just on His right, the wicked on His left, all acts, words and thoughts shall be laid bare. Each one will answer in proportion to the graces, favors, offices, talents, etc., received. We have three accusers: our consciences, our guardian angel and the devil. In severity shall He say to the wicked, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire"; with sweetness to the just He will say, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, to take possession of the Kingdom which has been prepared for you from the beginning of the world."

What shall be my fate that day? If I follow in my present course it will inevitably be a day of doom for me. This body of mine, instead of being luminous, impassible and glorious like those of the just; but rather horrible, coarse, filthy, yet immortal for eternal torment. I shall stand on the left, my most hidden sins will be made public to the universe. He will rebuke me with almighty anger; point out to me the greatness of God, which I now undervalue; the blood He shed for me and which I spurned; my injustice toward God and the Hell which I have deserved. Then will come the sentence, "Depart from Me, thou cursed, into everlasting fire." Then the earth shall open and with damned and demons I shall fall into that Hell out of which there is no redemption and which never ends.

Let me now resolve to go at once before the minister of Reconciliation and blot out my past by a true confession; and may I henceforth neither do, say, nor consent to anything which might be a subject of accusation, reprehension or condemnation on the dread day of public judgment. Grant me grace, O my Lord and Re-

deemer, to comply, without excuse or delay, with these resolutions; and since Thou still holdest out to me Thy kind indulgence, awaiting me with open arms, I give myself to Thee with full confidence, confused and abashed at having offended Thee. Be merciful towards me, and allow me to be now reconciled forever with Thee. By this means I shall be allowed to hear that sweet and blessed sentence, which with serene and placid countenance Thou wilt pronounce in favor of Thy elect: "Come, blessed of my Father, possess the Kingdom which has been prepared for you from the beginning of the world."

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE, COTE DES NEIGES.

The following is the result of the monthly examination (English Course), and order of merit for January:—

*First Year.*—J. J. Fox, A. Stuart, A. Carignan, G. Kelly, R. Graham, J. Lamar.

*Second Year.*—H. Ortiz, W. Higgins, J. Cartier, J. Duffey, H. Chapdelaine, L. Ortiz, G. Deroach, A. Dion, A. Poire, H. Leclere, A. Blanchard, J. Levesque, F. Goyer.

*Third Year.*—F. McKenna, J. O'Neil, L. Palmer, F. Foster, E. O'Reilly, E. Berard, J. Coburn, F. Ryan, L. Scott, F. O'Reilly, Z. Blanchard, J. Millard, G. Call, B. Donnelly, T. Lablance, J. Hurthubise, H. Payett, J. Bourdon, P. Rohland, H. Delage, G. Beaudry, J. Benoit, C. Brodeur, J. DeMontigny, E. Dechalet, S. Desmarchais, H. Leclere, O. Payett, L. St. Arnaud, T. St. Arnaud, E. Maurault.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

*First Division.*—R. Berard, M. Kelly, A. Buchanan, P. Carroll, E. Lacroix, J. Demontigny, L. Dion, E. Delage, A. Demarchais, A. Lepierre, O. Walsh, F. Stuart, L. St. Arnaud, W. Poire, J. B. Payett, F. Hetherston, L. Guion, A. Lepierre, J. L. Legare, H. Henault, A. Chouinard, J. Quinn, J. St. Germain, Chas. Tobin.

*Second Division.*—H. Jette, R. Labrecque, E. Raymond, E. Rochon, H. Beaudoin, E. Chartrand, A. Arcand, R. Delorme, L. Dansereau, L. Chapdelain, R. Lareau, E. Malbouef, D. M. Cartier, H. Goyer.

ROLL OF EXCELLENCE FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.


J. Fox, A. Stuart, A. Carignan, A. Dufort, J. Cartier, F. Goyer, E. Charet, H. Chapdelaine, G. Deroach, E. Fontain, W. Higgins, C. McKenna, H. Ortiz, H. Leclere, A. Blanchard, A. Poire, J. McKenna, L. Palmer, B. Donnelly, F. Foster, G. Call, J. Millard, F. McKenna, Z. Blanchard, J. Hurthubise, T. Leblanc, J. Gascon, H. Delage, R. Berard, A. Buchanan, A. Chouinard, J. Demontigny, A. Demarchais, M. Kelly, E. Lacroix, P. Carroll, L. St. Arnaud, O. Walsh, F. Stuart, L. Guion, G. Beaudry, J. Benoit, C. Brodeur, F. Dansereau, S. Demarchais, T. St. Arnaud.

ROLL OF HONOR.

G. Beaudry, J. Benoit, H. Chapdelaine, E. Callahan, L. Lacroix, T. Lablance, W. S. Maron, A. Pinsonault, W. Quinn, J. St. Germain, L. St. Arnaud, Leop. St. Arnaud, E. Charet, A. Arcand, L. Dansereau, C. Brodeur, P. Carroll, F. McKenna, E. Mayer, R. Delorme.

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Her Hints as to Means of Bringing the World Under the Sweet Sway of Religion—Her Poems, Sketches and Essays—Rational and Wholesome Writings.

Boston is a charming city. It is the whim of the passing hour to sneer at the modest dame. Henry James has done so. Is not the author of Daisy Miller and other interminable novels a correct person to follow? The disciples of the Mutual Admiration Society in American Letters will vociferously answer yes. Old fashioned people may have another way. Scattered here and there, possibly few there are who hold that Hawthorne was a better novelist than Howells is, that Holmes' poetry is as good as Boyesen's, and that Emerson's criticisms are more illuminative than James'. Be this as it may, Boston is a charming place to all those who had the good fortune to have been welcomed by its warm-hearted citizen, Boyle O'Reilly. To those who knew his struggles, and the earnest striving, until his weary spirit sought its final home, for Catholic Literature in its true sense, the charm but increases.

It was owing to his kindness that I found myself one blustering, raw day, ringing the door-bell of an ordinary well-to-do brick house. Houses now and then carry on their fronts an inkling of their occupants. A door was opened, my card handed to a feminine hand; the aperture was not as yet wide enough to catch a glimpse of the face. The card was a power. Come in, said a woman's voice, and the door was wide open. I followed the guide and was soon in a plain, well furnished room, in presence of a motherly looking woman. She was knitting, at least that is part of my memory's picture. Near her hung a mocking-bird, whose notes now and then were peculiarly sad. Despite the graceful lines of the cavalier Lovelace, iron bars do a prison make for bird and man. And the songs sung behind these bars are but bits of the crushed out life. I was welcomed, and during busy years have held the remembrance of that visit with its hour of desultory chat and a mocking-bird's broken song. The motherly looking woman, with her strong Celtic face freshly furrowed by sorrow, in the loss of beloved children, was a charming talker and a good listener, things rarely found in your gentle or fiery poetess. She had just published, under the initials M. A. B., a volume of children's verse, and as is natural with an author, who has finished a piece of work, was full of it. The pretense of some authors that they are bored to speak of their own books is a sly suggestion to praise them for their humility. Mrs. Blake—for that is the motherly-looking woman's name—spoke of her work without any hiccupping gush or false modesty. Her eyes lit up, and the observer read in them honesty. She was deeply interested, as all thinking women must be, in the solution of the social problems that have arisen in our times, and will not be downed at the biddance of capitalist or demagogue. With her clear cut intellect she was able to grasp a salient point, purposely hidden by the swarm of curists with their panacea remedies, that these problems must be solved in the light of religion. Man must return to Christ, not the "cautious, statistical Christ" paraded in the social show, not

"The meteor blaze that soon must fall, and leave the wanderer blind, More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined."

but the Christ of the Gospels, the Bringer of peace and good-will—the Bearer of burdens, the soul-guider. Christ, loving and acting, as found in the Catholic Church. Hecker had begun the preface of his wonderful book with a truth, "The age is out of joint." Problems to be solved and lying around them millions of broken hearts. "The age is out of joint." Who will bring the light and rightify the age. Mrs. Blake has but one answer. Bring the employers and the employed nearer the Christ of the Catholic Church. This was O'Reilly's often expressed and worked-for idea. It is the key-note of much of his poetry. It is the germ of his Bohemia. It was impossible to live as Mrs. Blake did on the most friendly terms with such a man

and not be smitten with his life-thought. In not a few published social papers Mrs. Blake has thrown out valuable and suggestive hints as to the best means of bringing the weary world under the sweet sway of religion. Her voice, it is true, is but one voice in the social wilderness, but individual efforts must not be thwarted, for is not a fresh period opening in which the individuality, the personality, of souls acting under the direct guidance of the Holy Ghost, will take up all that is good in modern ideas, and the cords of our tent be strengthened and its stakes enlarged. "What we have to dread is neither 'historical rancor' nor 'philosophical atheism,' nor the instinct of personal freedom." It is, in the words of Dr. Barry, that we should set little store by that "freedom wherewith Christ has made us free," and that being born into a church where we may have the grandest spiritual ideas for the asking, we should fold our hands in slumber and be found, at length, "disobedient to the heavenly vision." Against such perils Hecker, the noblest life as yet in our American church, made a life-fight. On his side was Boyle O'Reilly, Roche, Blake, Conway and Guiney. Nor pass such lives in vain. Mrs. Blake was born in Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, Ireland.

In childhood she was brought to Massachusetts. In 1865 she was married to Dr. J. G. Blake, a leading physician of Boston. She has made that city her home, and is highly esteemed in its literary and social circles. Among her published books may be mentioned "Poems," Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1882, dedicated to her husband; "On The Wing," a pretty volume of Californian sketches; "Rambling Talk," a series of papers contributed to the Boston journals.

Her sketches are the agreeable jottings of a highly cultivated woman; seeing nature in the light of poetry rather than science she has made a series of charming pictures out of her wanderings. They are not free from sentiment,—illusions if you will, but that is their greatest charm. "The world of reality is a poor affair." So many books of travel are annually appearing,—books that have no excuse for being other than to prove how widespread dullness and incapacity is, that a trip with a guide like Mrs. Blake has but one failing,—its shortness. Neither in her travels nor in her literary articles does Mrs. Blake body forth her best utterance in prose. These must be found in her earnest social papers, where her woman's heart, saddened by the miseries of its fellows, pours out its streams of consolation and preaches (all earnest souls must be preachers nowadays) the only and all sufficient cure—the Church.

An extract from one of these papers will best show her power. She is portraying the Church manifesting itself in the individual as well as the family life, pleading for the central idea of her system. "Jesus Christ is the complement of man,—the restorer of the race. The Catholic Church is the manifestation of Jesus Christ."

"There are alas! too many weaknesses into which thoughtless and opportunity lead one class as well as the other. But still there is to be seen almost without exception, among practical Catholics, young wives content and happy, welcoming from the very outset of married life the blessed company of the little ones who are to guard them as do their angels in heaven; proud like Cornelia of their jewels; gladly accepting comparative poverty and endless care; while their sisters outside the Church buy the right to idleness and personal adorning, at the expense of the childless homes which are a disgrace and menace to the nation. There is the honor and purity of the fireside respected; the overpowering sweetness and strength of family ties acknowledged; the reverential love that waits upon the father and mother shown. There are sensitive and refined women bearing sorrow with resignation and hardship without rebellion; combating pain with patience and fulfilling harsh duty without complaint. In a tremendous overproportion to those who attempt to live outside its helpfulness, and in exact ratio to their practical devotion to the observances of the Church, they find power of resisting temptation in spite of poverty, and overcoming impulse by principle. Can the world afford to ignore an agency by which so much is accomplished?"

"So much for the practical side, which is the moral that particularly needs

pointing at this moment. Of the spiritual amplitude and sustaining which the Church gives there is little need to speak. Only a woman can know what Faith means in the existence of women. The uplift which she needs in moments of great trial; the sustaining power to bear the constant harassment of petty worries; the outlet for emotions which otherwise choke the springs, the tonic of prayer and belief; the assurance of a force sufficiently divine and eternal to satisfy the cravings of human longing—what but this is to make life worth living for her? And where else, in these days of scepticism, is she to find such immortal dower? It is a commentary upon worldly wisdom, that it has attempted to ignore this necessity, and left woman under the increased pressure of her new obligations, to rely solely upon such frail reeds as human respect and conventional morality. She needs the inspiration of profound conviction and practical piety a hundred fold more than ever before. The woman of the old time, secluded within the limits of the household, surrounded by the material safeguard of custom, might lead an untroubled existence even if devotion and faith were not vital principles with her. The woman of to-day, harassed, beset, tempted, driven by necessity, drawn this way and that by bad advice and worse example, is attempting a hopeless task when she tries the same experiment."

The poetry of Mrs. Blake is rational and wholesome. She knows her gifts and is content to use them at their best, giving us songs in a minor key, that if they add little to human thought, yet make the world better from their coming. In the poems of childhood she is particularly happy. She knows children, their joys and sorrows, has caught their ways. Her's is a heart that has danced in the joy of motherhood and been stricken when the "dead do not waken." She is our only intelligent writer of children's poems. The assertion may be controverted. A hundred Catholic poets for children may be cited writers "of genius profound," of "exquisite fancy," "whose works should grace every parish library." I quote a stereotyped criticism, a constant expression with Catholic reviewers. I laugh, in my hermitage, and blandly suggest, to all whom it may concern, that insanity in jingles is not relished by sane children. I speak from experience, having perpetrated a selection from the one hundred on a class of bright boys and girls. Peaceful sleep, and, let us hope, pleasant dreams, came to their aid. Shall I ever, O muses, forget their faces in the transition moment from dullness to delight. Let us cease cant and rapturous criticism. Catholic literature, to survive the time that gave it birth, must be built on other foundations. Hasty and unconscious productions must be branded as such. We must have, as the French so well put it, a horror of "pacotille" and "camelotte." "If my works are good," said the sculptor Reide, "they will endure; if not, all the laudation in the world would not save them from oblivion." The same may well be written of Catholic literature. Whether for children or grown-up men or women, as a Catholic critic, whose only aim has been to gain an audience for my fellow Catholic writers whose works can bear a favorable comparison with contemporary thought, I ask that the best shall be given and that given, that it shall be joyfully received; that trash shall not fill the book-cases, lie on the parlor-tables, be puffed in our weeklies, and genius and sacrifice be forgotten. I ask that the works of Stoddard, Johnston, Egan, Roche, Azarias, Lathrop, Tabb, Reppler, Guiney, Conway, Blake, find a welcome in each Catholic household, and that the Catholic press make their delightful personalities known to our rising generation. Of their best they have given. Shall they die before we acknowledge it.

These series of sketches, brought to an end, done at odd moments stolen from the busy life of a country doctor, in the wildest part of the Adirondacks, is lovingly dedicated to the friend who wrote for me and other wanderers—Idyls of a Summer Sea—to Charles Warren Stoddard.

WALTER LECKY, Hermitage, '94.

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup cures worms of all kinds in children or adults. It contains no injurious ingredients. Price 25c

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

LEO XIII. APPROVES OF AND BLESSES THE INSTITUTION.

Worcester, Jan. 24, 1894.—The many students and friends of the Catholic Summer School will be pleased to learn that yesterday a cable from Rome was received at Plattsburg, announcing that Bishop Gabriels, in an audience with Pope Leo XIII., had obtained from His Holiness a formal approval of the Catholic Summer School.

I am proud to transmit this good news to all who are interested in our work and especially to the students of the school.

They will hail the news with joy, as another evidence of the unceasing interest with which the great Pontiff watches the intellectual movements of the age and especially in the Church in America, which claims so large a share of his love and pride.

This word will give cheer to our students and courage to our leaders. We never had any doubt as to the ultimate success of our movement. We are now certain of success, as God's blessing is on it in a marked degree, in the blessing of His Vicar on earth, to whom our school has pledged its best love and strongest loyalty.

Our hearts fill with gratitude to God for this unexpected blessing, coming to us just when our hands are lifted to lay the foundations of our material structure.

We earnestly pray that the school may be always true to the ideals placed before it, that it may be a blessing to our people and a pride to our Church and country.

In God's name, under the inspiration of the immortal Leo XIII., let all unite to make it worthy of the people who have called it into existence, worthy of our bishops who have commended it, and worthy of the Pontiff who stretches forth his hand to help and guide us in its work, as an aid to our Church and our citizenship. (Signed)

THOMAS CONATY, President C. S. of A.

A SISTER'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Sister Ste. Aldegonde, of the Congregation of Notre Dame, took place at the old Mother house, St. Jean Baptiste street, and was largely attended by relatives. Sister Aldegonde was known in the world as Mary S. Murphy, sister of Rev. John Marie Murphy, of the Trappist monastery, Oka; the Murphy, Bros., Montreal, and Mr. J. B. Murphy, of Kingston, Ont. She was born here in 1835, and took holy orders at the age of twenty years. During her long religious life she occupied various important positions, notably superioress at Stanstead, Brockville, Peterboro, and also acted as assistant to the superioress of Mount St. Mary's convent, Montreal. Only ten days ago she returned to Montreal from Providence, R. I., where she filled the duties of superioress. Her request was that she should die in Montreal. She was held in the highest esteem by thousands of pupils who were taught by her. Rev. Father Thibeault, chaplain of the Congregation, officiated, assisted by Father Quinlivan, parish priest of St. Patrick's; Father Toupin, of St. Patrick's; Father Lonergan, of St. Bridget's, and Father Lamarche, chaplain of Ville Marie.

THE POINTE AUX TREMBLES BAZAAR.

A bazaar to aid in paying off the debt incurred by necessary improvements and repairs at the convent of Notre Dame, Pointe aux Trembles, will be held in the hall of the convent from Feb. 1st to 6th. A conference by Rev. Father Lacasse, O.M.I., will be given on Friday evening, 2nd. Concerts of a high order on 3rd and 5th. The bazaar to close with a grand banquet and musical entertainment, 6th. Admission to the concerts 25 cents, to the banquet 50 cents. Refreshments served at all hours.

Sleighs will be at the terminus of the street cars (Longue Pointe toll gate) every evening at 7 and 7.30 and will return after the evening's amusement.

SPRING TIME COMING.

Before the advent of spring the system should be thoroughly cleansed and purified by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, which purifies the blood and cures dyspepsia, constipation, headache, liver complaint, etc.

## FASTING.

A Tract of the Catholic Truth Society of England.

Very little fasting is done now a-days. One half the world cannot fast, and is dispensed: the other half thinks it cannot, and dispenses itself. When a man really cannot fast, and receives a dispensation, he commits no sin by breaking all the fast days in the year. The mischief of it is that a man who works very hard, or is in bad health, and so cannot fast, scarcely ever takes the trouble to do anything else to make up for it. He commits no sin by not fasting, but he loses all the merit he would have received if he had fasted.

It is very necessary to do something in the shape of mortification and fasting and penance, if we want to save our souls. There is no choice left us in the matter. Our Lord Himself puts it very plainly before us when He says "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." Luke ix., 23. If this means anything at all, it means that we are to deny ourselves something we should like to have, take up some burden, do some hard thing, daily, of our own free-will, for Christ's sake.

Fasting and abstinence are undoubtedly the best of all penances, the best because the most unpleasant. No one likes to go without his meals. Poor weak human nature makes all sorts of excuses in Lent, and tries to persuade us that it cannot fast. But poor weak human nature may do something else instead. It does not try. A man who is dispensed from fasting often imagines that he has done his whole duty, and goes through life with the air of one who has barely escaped serious injury at the hands of the Church. He eats and drinks what he likes, denies himself nothing, and is surprised to find at the Day of Judgment that he has neglected one of the most important commandments of the New Law.

The Saints are our best guides in this matter. They who needed penance much less than we do made their whole life one long penance. It was not simply that they were striving after perfection. They knew, as we ought to know, that penance is necessary to break our proud spirit, lessen our self-love, and keep our senses in check.

We are fighting a daily battle against all sorts of attractive temptations. What can we expect from a man who never mortifies a single appetite, never deprives himself of anything that he wants and can get, eats and drinks, and wears, and buys, just whatever he likes and wants? When temptation comes he must give way to it. He has never yet willingly deprived himself of anything: his lifelong habit has been to please himself; and he will please himself now by giving way to the temptation which is pleasant to him.

On the other hand, a man who is in the daily habit of practicing some little penance, who often deprives himself of something he would like to eat, or drink, or have, for God's sake: that man, when temptation comes upon him, will be able to fight against it, as he has fought against many a little like or dislike before, and will be able to turn away from the pleasant temptation, and most likely will turn away, for God's sake.

The Saints shame us by their penances. We need not do all that they did; possibly God has not given us the strength or the opportunity. We can at least admire their wonderful deeds, and rate ourselves soundly for our cowardice in not trying even a far-off imitation. If all the Saints could fast frequently on bread and water, we could deprive ourselves sometimes of something very small at our meals. Every Saint of whose life we know anything to speak of was in the daily habit of using the discipline or scourge. St. Rose of Lima lashed her delicate flesh till the blood came. St. Francis of Sales was found out in his penances because his bloodstained scourges were worn out, and he had to get a man to mend them. St. Aloysius, whose life was a miracle of mortification, his back scored to the bone with the mark of many a terrible scourging, when on his dying bed, being forbidden to take the discipline, begged as a favour that one of the Fathers of the Society might be allowed to beat him from head to foot. Disciplines, or scourges, are to be bought, or can easily be made out of knotted string. But who ever scourges himself now?

Some kind of penance we must do.

If we have neglected it till now—if we have just grudgingly kept the Friday's abstinence, and no more, it is time to take things seriously. The sooner we make a beginning the better.

Ask your confessor to suggest something to do. Try to start with some mortification in the matter of food. In any case let our penance be something we really do not like, something done daily and constantly, in submission to our confessor, and humbly in the sight of God: so that, though the scourge be wet with our blood, we may feel in our heart that it is not half what our sins deserve, and nothing in comparison with the sufferings of that loving Saviour, Who poured out every drop of His Precious Blood on Calvary for the salvation of the souls of ungrateful men.

LENT TO BE OBSERVED.

In all the Catholic churches yesterday the regulations for Lent were read. They are based on a decree of Gregory XVI., dated 1844. By these regulations Ash Wednesday and the three following days of the same week are fast days. The Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays of the first five weeks, Palm Sunday and the following six days of Holy Week are also fast days. The same decree permits the use of meat on all the other Sundays of Lent except Palm Sunday and on the Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of the first five weeks. Those persons who are bound to fast are not allowed to eat fish or oysters and meat at the same meal on the days when meat is allowed. The same decree also allows on fast days—

1. To fry fish or eggs with fat, but the latter must not be eaten.
2. To use pork, grease or lard in the soup.
3. To boil dough in grease or lard or to use the latter for pastry, but it is not permitted to prepare food with the lean of beef, chicken, etc.

The faithful may also:

1. On the morning of all fast days take a cup of tea, coffee, chocolate or other beverage, with a few mouthfuls of bread.
2. On the evening of the fast days, when it is permitted to eat meat, the soup which has remained over from dinner may be served. Persons who, by their age or work, are exempt from fasting, may on fast days eat meat at all meals. Not only during Lent, but on all fast days of the year, it is permitted to use the fat of pork, beef, mutton and chicken in the preparation of food.

## CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

The members of St. Gabriel Court, 185, of the above Order, held a most successful meeting last Monday evening, the occasion being a visit from the Deputy High Chief Ranger, Bro. J. J. Roan, accompanied by several members of St. Mary's Court. There were also present the Rev. Father O'Meara, chaplain of the Court; Bro. Wilson, Chief Ranger of Sarsfield Court, and several brethren from St. Patrick's. In the course of a few remarks the Rev. Chaplain congratulated the Court on its good standing, and urged upon the members the necessity of regular attendance at the meetings. The Deputy High Chief spoke of the good feeling prevailing among the members of the Order and said that they would compare most favorably with any similar organization, and they were certainly the grandest benefit order within the folds of the Catholic Church in the world to-day, having a membership of over four thousand in Canada alone, and with a total membership of over twenty-five thousand. Bro. Wilson made a few remarks, complimenting Chief Ranger, Bro. Monahan, on the nice manner in which the business of the Court was conducted, after which the meeting was brought to a close by the Chief Ranger returning thanks to the Rev. Father O'Meara, Deputy John J. Ryan and the other visiting brothers.

## A PLAIN STATEMENT.

Amongst the public men of Canada, Sir John Thompson holds a very high place. In his early years he was a Methodist, and conscience never directed a man towards the "Kindly Light" if it did not direct Sir John Thompson. His change of faith took place at a time when it could have brought him no temporal advantage; and we all know that in the race for preferment, especially at this day, the Protestant invariably has a very good start. The P. P. A. ritual is proof abundant of this. During the last

few years Rev. Dr. Douglas and others have written letters concerning Sir John Thompson that may fairly be called savage in their nature, because he saw fit to travel in the path directed by his conscience. A short time since Mr. Lu Papineau of Montebello discovered the beauties of Presbyterianism when the tax-collector rang his door-bell. For this he received and deserved the condemnation of all high-minded men. The Mail has not one word to say in condemnation of those who have been abusing Sir John Thompson; but those who severely criticised Mr. Papineau's action are held up to scorn as the enemies of civil and religious liberty.—*Catholic Record*.

## REFLECTIONS

IN THE JESUIT GRAVEYARD, SAULT AU-RECOLLET.

[In consideration of many urgent requests from friends of THE TRUE WITNESS, and of the publication of the present series on "Jesuit Principles," although disinclined to use the columns of the paper for our own former productions, we have decided to give our readers a couple of small pieces—partial friends have been good enough to call them poems—that correspond with the subject of our other articles.—Ed. T. W.]

Brightly the sun, one summer's day,  
Shed on the earth his burning ray,  
When thoughtfully I knelt to pray,  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

'Twas in a simple graveyard lone,  
Where monument and costly stone,  
Above a mound, had ne'er been known;  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

'Twas where the Jesuit Fathers rest;  
A simple cross above each breast,  
They sleep the slumber of the Blest,  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

Both old and young are side by side,  
No mark of worldly pomp and pride,  
Just as they lived so have they died;  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

The Priest, Scholastic, Novice there,  
One common plot of ground must share,  
"Naught can avail them now but prayer,"  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

They walked the road by Jesus trod;  
They rest beneath that blessed sod,  
Their spirits reign on high with God;  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

What matters now the rush and din  
Of worldly joys that seek to win  
The soul immortal into sin?  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

"Ashes to ashes; dust to dust;"  
They died as die the good and just,  
Placing in God their faith and trust,  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

They died as stars, whose every ray  
Is lost in the dawning of the day;  
Then let us kneel and humbly pray  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

Ye who accuse them, do not fear  
To walk the graveyard lone and drear,  
You need not pray, nor drop a tear,  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

But read the lesson they have taught,  
How life and earthly gain are naught;  
Christ's battle only have they fought,  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

To live like them in virtue's glow!  
"Merry 'twere unto the grave to go,  
If one were sure to be buried so!"  
*Dona eis Requiem!*

J. K. FORAN.

Domus Probationis S.J. St. Joseph, ad Sault-au-Recollet.

## CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

BRANCH 83, ST. JAMES PARISH.

The following gentlemen have been elected for the ensuing term to office in Branch 83, C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Canada: Chancellor, pro tem, A. H. Hardy; President, C. Daudelin; First Vice-President, L. O. Boivin; Second Vice-President, S. Gaudry; Recording Secretary, S. A. Daudelin; Assistant Recording Secretary, J. B. Archambault; Financial Secretary, Horace Howson; Treasurer, Jos. Archambault; Marshal, Armand Pauze; Guard, J. A. Tanguay; Trustees, Isidore Cormier, M.D., Armand Pauze, A. H. Hardy, Louis Tougas, J. B. Archambault; and representatives to the Grand Council, C. Daudelin, with L. O. Boivin as alternative.

## ST. MARY'S CALENDAR.

The Monthly Calendar of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel (St. Mary's) under the direction of the Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, P.P., has been issued last week. The first number is a fair index of what the calendar is sure to be. It contains most interesting, instructive and even, now and then, amusing matter. The Parish Regulations are given;

something that every parishioner should have at hand. The Lenten regulations are in full. In fact, all the information that one requires regarding the observance of parish obligations are to be found in the calendar. It is also a bright, newsy, and entertaining publication.

## NEW IRISH DRAMAS.

"Lamh Dearg Abooi" (The Red Hand Forever) is the title of a new drama, written for the St. Ann's Young Men's Society of this city, by Mr. James Martin, a member of the organization. The drama is in 5 Acts, and, as its title indicates, is a historical play, dealing with the time of the great Irish Rebellion of 1841, under the famous General, Owen Roe O'Neill, the principal personages of the period being effectively introduced.

"Celt vs. Saxon, or Irish Honor Vindicated," is a domestic Irish drama of the present day, in 4 Acts, by the same author, in which the distinctive qualities of the two races are depicted in a dramatic manner.

A new version of the patriotic drama, "Robert Emmet, the Martyr of Irish Liberty," in three Acts, has also been arranged for the same Society. Either of these dramas will be found to be just the thing for our amateur dramatic Associations to present to their friends on St. Patrick's Night, and as, according to the advertisement in another column, only a limited edition of each has been printed, societies or clubs requiring copies should write at once to the Secretary of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, 157 Ottawa Street, Montreal, before the supply is exhausted.

## OBITUARY.

MR. T. F. CALLAHAN.

On Monday, the 5th instant, death visited the home of our esteemed and widely-known fellow-citizen, Mr. Felix Callahan, and touched, with icy hand, a young and promising man, in the person of Mr. Thomas Francis Callahan. For some time past the deceased had been suffering from a slow but fatal malady. After four years' service in his father's business, as printer, he was obliged last year to go to the Adirondacks in search of health. Amongst the pines of the hills he revived considerably, but finally succumbed to an attack of pleurisy. He was a bright, genial, talented and good young man. In his twenty-second year he has been summoned to the reward that is ever the portion of the dutiful son. While extending to Mr. Callahan and family the sincere expression of our sympathy, we join in the holy aspiration of the Church and pray that his soul may rest in peace.

The funeral takes place at half-past two o'clock, this afternoon, from his father's residence, University street. All friends and acquaintances are respectfully requested to attend.

MISS MARY JANE COSTELLO.

A sad event took place on Saturday, 3rd inst., and what promised to be a happy reunion of friends has in reality been turned into a house of mourning. Just one week has passed since Sarah Jane Costello came to Montreal, from Philadelphia, intending to make this place her future home. But the Almighty has ordained otherwise. Her bright expectations have vanished, and she has found a resting place in the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. She was the daughter of Mr. F. Costello, Bellaghy, County Derry, Ireland, to whom we offer our sincere sympathy in his sad bereavement.—R.I.F.

IN THE January number of the Catholic World we find the first of a series of "Adirondack Sketches" by Walter Lecky. Evidently each of these sketches is a complete story in itself; while the collection of them is intended to form a novel. More properly should we call them by the name of the principal character, "Skinny Benoit." The smack of the hills, the atmosphere of the pine-clad mountains, hangs about them. There is something very attractive and yet indescribable in the ease, simplicity and beauty of the style in which the scenes are depicted, the characters drawn, and the plot woven. Beyond a doubt the first of these "Adirondack Sketches" tells of the latent powers in the author, which require but little effort to be awakened into activity. As a storyteller he has all the originality which startles and keeps alive a deep interest in the creations of his fancy. In the March issue of the Catholic World the second of the series will appear. Needless to say that we eagerly await the next chapter in "Skinny Benoit's" peculiar history. Without pretending to any special gift of prophecy, we can see a bright literary future in store for Walter Lecky, if he continues perseveringly in that career.

## IRISH DRAMAS

For St. Patrick's Night.

—ALL MALE CHARACTERS.

"LAMH DEARG ABOOI" [The Red Hand Forever], Historical Drama in 5 Acts.  
"CELT VS. SAXON, OR, IRISH HONOR VINDICATED," an absorbing Domestic Irish Drama of the present day, in 4 Acts.  
"ROBERT EMMET, THE MARTYR OF IRISH LIBERTY," a Patriotic Drama [new version], in 3 Acts.  
Editions limited. Address, Secretary, St. Ann's Young Men's Society, 157 Ottawa Street, Montreal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Father Tabb.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—I have read with a great deal of interest the neat, but too short, article on Father Tabb in your last issue. Your contributor must not think that his scrap book has been the exclusive receptacle for the elegant little pieces which have appeared from time to time in the leading magazines from the pen of the cultured Southern priest. Long before it was generally known that John B. Tabb was the name of a Catholic, and a priest at that, I found in the scrap-books of many of my friends a space set apart for this interesting writer, and I find that he occupies a prominent place in my own.

My aim, Mr. Editor, in troubling you now is, however, to ask yourself or some of your readers, to point out the key to the meaning of "A White Jessamine," one of Father Tabb's poems quoted in Walter Lecky's sketch. I must frankly confess that I do not fully understand that poem.

When the late Dr. Angus Chisholm was editor of the Antigonish Casket, he stated that nine out of every ten of the readers of Harper's Magazine, in which "A White Jessamine" first appeared, did not understand the piece and he called upon his own readers to give their views as to its meaning. The hand of death removed the Antigonish editor shortly after, and the matter was never noticed since. C.

January, 22nd, 1894.

The Sabbath-Breakers.

MR. EDITOR,—Some time ago Puritanical Toronto passed a law abolishing the running of street cars on Sunday—to show to the wide world, I suppose, their great godliness and the great zeal of their puritan pastors. Unfortunately, not long after, a certain doctor was arrested for malpractice, and as the trial might lead to unexpected revelations as to the deep immorality of Toronto's upper and lower classes, the arrest had the effect of an Anarchist's bomb in the Sabbatarian camp and caused a panic: so the thing was hushed up as much as possible, for of course it would not do to let the world know and see the inside rottenness and corruption of the white-washed sepulchres of the Ontarian capital, the stronghold of the Puritanism and Orangeism of Upper Canada.

It reminds me of the story of a certain woman, keeper of a house of ill grace, who strictly prohibited music in any shape on her premises on Sunday, for that would break the Sabbath, but then you could do all the rest. Oh! of course that did not break the Sabbath. How much like the Toronto Sabbatarians.

Unfortunately, Montreal has a certain number of these Pharisees. Go through the high ways and by ways of the West End, the Protestant Chateau fort of Montreal, during the six days of the week, and tell me if you can call Christian the men and women bent on the world's varieties and pleasures, talking balls, parties, tobogganing, skating, theatre, masquerades, etc., and women busy spending their fathers' and husbands' money in every shape and form, and the men running a regular steep chase after fortune trying to make as much money as they can and in the shortest way possible; *pu' importe les moyens*, that is—never mind the way. Now then, Sunday comes round, and all these people turn all at once Christians, they do as certain people, they put on, not their Sunday clothes (that may do for poor people in the East End or Griffintown) but they put on their Sunday mask; they will go to the temple twice during the day, if not too cold or hot, rainy, or showery, and doze for a couple of hours during the fanciful lectures of the pastors, who might as well speak to the walls, for all the effect their words may produce, and on the following Monday, all the good Sabbatarians will, for the other six days, do just as they did the week previous. How different with Catholics: thousands and thousands will crowd the churches from dawn of day until the time Protestants begin to start for their service (what an easy going thing Protestantism is) and during the afternoon our churches are again filled, whilst Protestants are shut up in their houses, moping, &c. Catholics add recreation to their religious ex-

ercises, so to them the day is a day of prayer, joy, rest and relaxation for the mind and body. Not only are they religious on Sunday, but during the rest of the week the churches are open and attended daily, from early in the day till the "Angelus" in the evening, by people offering up their prayers to and before the Incarnate God in His blessed Sacrament. Such is Catholics' Sunday and so different from Protestant Sabbath and week.

A visit to the East and West Ends of Montreal will show the wide difference. The conclusion is easily drawn by an honest, impartial and straightforward observer.

J. A. J.

"No Man Can Serve Two Masters."

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—A public act of abjuration took place a few days ago in Russell Hall, when a certain Amede Papineau, seigneur of Montebello, renounced the Catholic faith to adopt the Presbyterian form of worship. Such an act, accompanied, as it was, by all the pomp of circumstance and ceremonial got up for the occasion, was intended to exhibit the triumph of truth over error, and according to Dr. Chiniquy, of world-wide renown, to foreshadow the blow which would shake the Catholic Church in Lower Canada to its foundations. It is not my purpose to vituperate the aforesaid A. Papineau. I have nothing to do with his antecedents; but I propose to discuss briefly and charitably the following interesting proposition:—If the conversion of a Protestant, after mature and conscientious deliberation, to the Catholic faith is hailed by its votaries with delight and thanksgiving, as just, reasonable and praise-worthy,—why should the conversion of a Catholic to some form of Protestant worship, under similar conditions, be regarded as sinful, sacrilegious and execrable? *Ceteris is paribus*, there is in my opinion no valid reason why it should be so considered. But here looms up the unsurmountable difficulty;—the conditions are *totò cælo* dissimilar. The Protestant searches the scriptures to find the truth. He has no other resource. In vain you tell him to hear his Church,—he is under no obligation to abide by its decision so long as he enjoys the newly found privilege of framing his own private opinion on points of Christian doctrine. He searches, and is recommended to search the scriptures either to find something which he has lost or that he is desirous to possess. With the Catholic the case is different. Though he reads and venerates all the sacred writings, he has no occasion to search therein to find the truth. The very act would stamp him a Protestant as it did the Seigneur of Montebello. "No man can serve two masters." The true Catholic must learn from man divinely commissioned, as were the first apostles, all that he must believe and practice in order to secure his salvation. The early Christians learned the truth in no other way. For the prolonged period of fifteen centuries no other way was practicable, for only a privileged few could have access to the scriptures whether of the old or the new testament. Besides, oral instruction was the only medium ordained by its divine Founder for acquiring a knowledge of His law and doctrine. Why should a system that worked so well for fifteen centuries be superseded by a dumb book incapable of answering yes or no to some important question? It is written in that same book.—"If I bear testimony of myself, my testimony is vain" or valueless. St. John, v. 31. The institution founded by Jesus Christ, to deserve the name, must possess somewhere a living voice armed with authority to decide matters in dispute. In the absence of this essential requisite all law becomes a dead letter. Not very long ago a missionary hailing from the New Hebrides lectured before a Montreal audience on his experience in that remote region. Amongst a variety of other matter he quoted the well known words of our Lord: "Go teach all nations." Behold, he exclaimed, the source of my authority. Not from a book did the first apostles derive theirs, but from a living voice. If the mere possession of a dumb book constitutes adequate authority to preach the gospel it must be of equal value on all other counts. Does it give the aforesaid missionary power to forgive or retain sins? Both the powers in question form constituent parts of the same dispensation. Why renounce the latter and lay claim to the former? The plain truth

is,—he has no authority at all, neither in the one case nor in the other. He may justly be ranked amongst the false prophets described of old by the prophet Jeremias XXIII., 21. I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied.

Upon casting a parting and cursory glance over the wide field of Protestantism, we are struck with one remarkable feature,—that scarcely a single Christian dogma, from the adorable mystery of the Trinity to the indissolubility of the marriage bond, has escaped mutilation or denial at the hands of one or other of its numerous conflicting sects. It is fortunate amidst such a mass of negation to find at least one rallying point to which they all tend as to a common centre, namely,—"The bible, the whole bible, and nothing but the bible is the religion of Protestants." Louis Joseph Amede Papineau has chosen to accept it in lieu of the faith once delivered to the saints. Be it so. If after crossing the Jordan he shall find himself rewarded with a choice corner lot, free from taxes, in the Promised Land it will surprise no one more—should he happen to be there—than your humble servant,

A. G. GRANT.

THE TENNESSEE MINSTRELS.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT IN ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S HALL.

"Blessings on the man that invented sleep," cried Sancho, of Gulliver fame, but, "blessings on the man that invented laughter," was the burden of the cry on Monday night, in St. Ann's hall.

The occasion was the entertainment given by members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, and it is safe to say that the Association, already famed for the talent within its circle, won a huge and brilliant feather for its well decorated hat. The Tennessee Minstrels held the boards in their characteristic entertainment of the "olden time," and long before eight o'clock the spacious hall was crowded.

Formerly there were but three kinds of "Minstrel shows,"—the really good, the poor, and the indifferent; and the "Tennessee Minstrels" had always upheld their claim to the first named; but now there must be used a fourth term and that is *SPLENDID*, and the "Tennessees" have won the distinctive title.

The opening chorus "We're Here Again," was followed by "Sitting in the Twilight," sung by Mr. John Rowan in his well-known form. The inimitable R. U. Hungry then went to work on the risibilities of the audience, and in a few moments, the tears of laughter were pouring from the eyes of his hearers. Mr. M. Mullary sang "Little Jim" in his own pleasing style, and Mr. P. Burns "brought down the house" in "Climb up Ye Chilian." "Only to See the Dear Old Place Again," was Mr. T. C. Emblem's happy choice, and he did full justice to the song. Mr. W. Fogarty tested the laughing power of the audience in a comic song, and the result was disastrous to the breathing-organs of his hearers, but they recovered in time to listen to Mr. W. Murphy's pleasing voice in "I Loved You Better Than You Knew."

A Negro song by Mr. John Quinn was well received, and was followed by "Watching and Waiting," really well sung by Mr. M. J. O'Brien. Mr. John Casey was heard to advantage in a Negro song, and Messrs. Joe and Alf. Emblem gave "Little Hoop of Gold," and "He Never Cares to Wander," respectively, in capital form.

Mr. John Morgan's well-known voice resounded in the song "Velvet and Rag," (descriptive) and the final chorus "Good-Night," by the Minstrels, wound up the first part of the entertainment.

Professors Sullivan and Wallace, in mandolin and banjo selections, had to respond to repeated calls. The funniest of funny men, Mr. Fogarty, again got in his work with his former success, and Messrs. Hayes and Pearson delighted everybody with their songs and dances. The terrible trio, Burns, Jones and Hungry, were then seen and appreciated.

Mr. Ed. Watt, in a hornpipe, scored a big success, and the "Pickaninny Bodyguard" were immense.

Mr. Thos. F. Sullivan acted as interlocutor during the first part, and he was "the right man in the right place."

The third part of the entertainment was a very special feature, and proved a highly interesting one. The St. Ann's Cadets, numbering forty strong, made their first appearance in public, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves in physical drill and fancy marching, with but a few months' tuition, evinced the high order of intelligence they possess, and reflects the greatest credit upon their able and painstaking instructor, Major Atkinson.

On Tuesday evening the Ancient Order of Hibernians attended in a body and were presented with the banner won by them at the recent bazaar.

Mr. P. Shea, musical director and chairman of the choral section of St. Ann's Y. M. S., deserves special mention in connection with the evening's success, for, under his direction, the members have reached a state of efficiency that calls for the highest commendation, and renders attendance at their entertainments a positive pleasure to the hosts of friends of St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

HOME RULE FUND.

On Monday, Hon. Senator Murphy forwarded to Hon. Edward Blake the first instalment of Montreal's contribution to the Home Rule Fund. The amount sent was \$1,376. Since Monday quite an additional amount has come in, and it is expected that at the close fully two thousand dollars in all will be sent. When the list is completed THE TRUE WITNESS will publish the names of the subscribers and the amounts.



Mrs. H. D. West of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

\$200 Worth

Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with Erysipelas

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Four bottles has done more for me than \$200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known." Mrs. H. D. WEST, Church Street, Cornwallis, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures liver ills, constipation, biliousness, sick headache, &c.

ECHOES FROM STE. THERESE SEMINARY.

With January closed the first college term of '93 and '94, and for the last few days the college presented a very sombre appearance, which is certainly a sight not often seen where three hundred boys live together. But why such a gloomy and sombre appearance? Just glance at the recreation hall now where a few days before at the same hour books and tasks would be forgotten. See those boys pacing the hall, book in hand. Here you may see the youthful brow taking unto itself a thoughtful appearance as the boys struggle with a knotty expression of Homer. In another place you may see some youthful aspirant studiously tracing the wanderings of *Æneas*. And glancing to another quarter your gaze is attracted by the wise and thoughtful philosopher deep into the mysteries of "Ziglar." But why such studiousness. What subtle influence has been at work to cause such a change in the scene? Alas! Now comes the reckoning of the term's work. Now will be proven beyond a doubt who were the good and faithful workers—because now the examinations are being held throughout the college. Wednesday noon and all is over, and—well, why attempt or presume to describe or picture the jubilation and the lightheartedness of boyhood after a successful examination? To use a modern form of expression, "We've all been there before."

Mr. Charlebois, master of the infirmary, who has been ill at his home in Ottawa for the last two weeks, returned to College on Thursday and has resumed his former duties.

Our toboggan slide has found favor in the sight of the students and is now greatly patronized. However we think that were the savage of old to glance at the appliances contrived by some of our ingenious ones to take the place of his sledge that a smile would be seen to flit across the face of him who never smiles.

Thursday of last week was a grand conge in order to give the boys a well earned rest after their hard work all term and their special effort these last few weeks.

Our juveniles, true to their imitative faculties, have built a first-class slide, and now enjoy that recreation as heartily as their elder brothers.

Mr. Lefebvre, Professor of Senior English, is slowly recovering from a very severe illness.

Mr. Deneaf, who for the last few months has filled the position of English assistant, has decided to take up the classical course, and accordingly entered on his new regime Friday.

Our whilom orators seem to have taken a rest. Perhaps there is no subject now-a-days to call forth their Demosthenic qualities; however we hope soon to hear the enlivening and inspiring debates resumed.

Mr. Geoffrion, Professor of Junior English, visited Montreal last week to consult an oculist. We trust his affliction is a temporary one.

On Thursday last our snowshoe club tramped to St. Rose, and report a splendid tramp.

Mr. Freeman, '98, is at present confined to the infirmary. However, under Mr. Charlebois' skillful hands we hope soon to see his smiling face in the hall.

Reason Why.—A little three-year-old girl went to a children's party. On her return she said to her parents, "At the party a little girl fell off a chair. All the other girls laughed, but I didn't." "Well, why didn't you laugh?" "Cause I was the one that fell off."

## RELIGION IN SCHOOLS.

A VALUABLE PAPER BY ARCHBISHOP JANSSENS.

In all Civilized Countries Save Our Own the Essentiality of Uniting Secular and Religious Training is Recognized—The Question is Treated Abroad With Fairness.

The last official report of the Commissioner of Education (Government Printing Office, 1893), speaks at length on the systems of education in vogue in some European countries and gives food for reflection to the educators of our country, who, moved, we presume, by good intentions to avoid religious conflict, have excluded religion from the whole program of public education, from the primary up to the highest department. This system, excluding religion, is branded by some of its opponents as godless, which word (see Webster) has different meanings. We certainly would not call our system of public education godless in the sense of being "atheistical, ungodly, irreligious, wicked;" but we hesitate not to apply to its primary meaning "as having or acknowledging no God, without reference or regard for God." Religion, according to Webster, is "the recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience." The nature of this worship is explained to us by the revelations, doctrines and commands given by God himself, that so, as the Catechism teaches us, we may know him, love him, and serve him here in this world and be happy with him forever in the next.

Our system of public education completely excludes religion; it has no reference nor regard for God, nor to the doctrines and commands proclaimed by Him, and in this sense it deserves to be condemned as godless. On the contrary, in most European countries religion forms the very basis of public education. The Prussian Minister of Education convoked a conference of teachers in Berlin, December, 1890. Dr. Goring, the representative of the Association for School Reform, laid before the conference his scheme for a new German school "that has attracted no little attention." [All quotations, which follow, are taken from the government official report.]

The first article runs thus:

"The entire instructions must further independent thinking, must lead to a moral and religious culture, aid the development of character," etc. (p. 352.)

He explains what he means by religious culture in Art. 11:

"Religious instruction is to be regarded as the central point of all instruction. All the other branches are to be taught with reference to this one. In it is to be sought the material source of a more intense instruction."

See how he applies it to history in Art. 15:

"Instruction in history refers in turn to the religious instruction through the comparison of historical characters with religious characters. Especially is every action to be judged according to its moral and religious worth, after the standard of the life and works of Jesus. That will form firm fundamental ideas and will strengthen the religious and moral judgment."

Our Catholic schools would profit by taking note of this conception of history. He continues:

"Art. 16. The instruction in natural history and natural science is connected with religion by the demonstration of God as the Creator and Preserver of all. In the study of animals the sympathy for animals is to be awakened as a command of Christianity."

Dr. von Gossler, Minister of Education, in his opening address before the Emperor remarked (p. 357):

"Your Majesty has called our attention anew to the significance attached to the proper assimilation of religion."

And the Emperor himself at the close of the conference spoke thus (p. 386):

"I will, of course, hold it as my most sacred duty to provide for cherishing and increasing the religious sentiment and Christian spirit in the school. Let the school esteem and honor the Church, and let the Church on her side stand by the school, and help it forward with its work; then shall we together be in a position to fit the youth for the demands of our modern civic life."

The same Emperor by decrees allows the schoolmaster, who should be at the

same time organist of the parish church, to leave the school and to attend to his duties in church for a funeral; allows also the schoolmaster to send during class hours two or four altar boys to the church for the same purpose, should the pastor request it; and this in order to teach the youth reverence for the Church and for dead. The reporter of the conference remarked (p. 396):

"There was an unmistakable conviction present in the minds of the members that the youth of the land were not receiving that religious grounding, were not going into life with the religious convictions they should have, therefore, there was a good deal of feeling that more ought to be done in way of religious instruction in the schools. Anything that looked toward an apparent lessening of the emphasis on religious instruction was strongly opposed, not only by the clergymen in the body, but also by a majority of the teachers. There was, of course, entire unanimity as to the necessity of retaining religion as a subject of study in the public schools; indeed, no one so much as suggested that any other course was possible."

The report of the Commissioner of Education shows that religion forms a notable part in public instruction in Prussia, Baden, Bavaria, Austria and Denmark. Of Norway it states (p. 511):

"The school is to be opened and closed with prayer, reading of psalms or singing; an eminently religious element is to be inculcated in all schools, the object being to give a Christian education."

The religious instruction in those countries is left to the control of the different religious bodies. In Belgium, Holland, England and Canada the public school system exists along with the denominational system, which is recognized and salaried by the Government, and which is opposed by no one, except by those who hate the Church or profess to believe that religion is altogether unnecessary and useless in the life of man.

It is unnecessary to repeat that Catholics are not opposed to public education, only to public education enforced without regard to their conscientious and religious convictions. In this they stand not alone; thousands of non-Catholic parents, who believe the soul worth more than this life, give a practical proof of their conviction by sending their children to private rather than public schools, and thousands of others would do the same were their means to permit it.

It is gratifying to see that the official report of the Commissioner of Education introduces the subject of religion in such a prominent manner regarding education abroad; and it is to be hoped that in future the subject may receive equal attention for the education at home. The difficulties of giving due prominence to religion in public education are imaginary, not real; they are exaggerated by popular religious prejudice and that childish dread of so-called "Romish aggression." Let the State look to the hygiene of school buildings, to the examination of teachers by unbiased and unprejudiced examiners, to the examination of scholars to know whether they come up to the proper standard of secular education; and leave the moral training of the child, the formation of character, the general school discipline, the infusion of religion in the various branches to the responsibility of the parents, who intrust their children to the care of religious schools. Thus the authority and rights of parents will be respected, religion will have free scope to make children better Christians and better citizens, the number of criminals will be lessened, and instruction by proper rivalry will be perfected. Nature has imposed on parents the right as well as the duty to educate their children according to their conscience, guided and directed by the dictates of religion. And so parents, who pay taxes and who are aware of the great responsibility they owe to God for the religious training of their children, have a right to demand that denominational schools be recognized and salaried by the State. The good common sense for justice and fairness of the American people would grant it, if only they could be made to see it in its true light.—*N. Y. Independent.*

## FATAL RESULT OF DELAY.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless, but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

## ST. LAMBERTS.

DINNER AND BAZAAR IN AID OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Yesterday (Monday) evening the Bazaar in aid of the building fund of the new Catholic Church was formally and most successfully opened with a dinner in the Hall of the St. Lambert Boat Club. More than two hundred and fifty guests—many of them visitors, for whom a special train had been engaged—sat down to a most excellent dinner provided by the ladies of the parish. Among the many who did honor to the occasion were the Hon. L. O. Taillon, Premier of Quebec, the Rev. Fr. Vaillant, Mayor Whimbey of St. Lambert's, and several prominent priests from Montreal. Speeches were made by the curé, the Rev. F. X. Rabeau, who thanked Mr. Taillon and the visitors for their presence, and apologized for the want of space, the hall being overcrowded. Mr. Taillon responded to the call for a speech, and spoke in terms that were fully deserved of the energy displayed by the Rev. Curé and his parishioners, more especially by the ladies. He drew a neat contrast between bazaars for trade and those for religion or charity, exhorting all the visitors to be as diligent in buying as they had been in eating. Mayor Whimbey, in his official capacity, welcomed the visitors, and wished success to the bazaar.

After dinner the company adjourned to the temporary chapel and the Bazaar itself was formally opened under most favorable auspices and distinguished patronage. Judging by the numbers present, both at the dinner and at the opening, the Rev. Curé may be congratulated on a brilliant success, and the Catholics of St. Lambert's on enjoying the ministrations of a priest so energetic and so devoted.

For some years past the Catholics of St. Lambert's have been obliged to content themselves with a simple Low Mass on Sundays, said by an assistant priest from Longueuil. In November of last year, His Grace the Archbishop consented to erect St. Lambert's into a separate parish, and appointed as curé the Rev. F. X. Rabeau, assistant of St. Joseph's. It is owing to the untiring and self-denying energy of this earnest priest, who spares neither time nor labor in behalf of his people, aided by the cordial co-operation of his parishioners, that it has been possible, in less than three months, to organize so considerable an undertaking in aid of the new church so urgently needed.

The curé and parishioners are heartily grateful to those visitors, both Catholic and Protestant, who were present yesterday evening, and will gladly welcome many more. The Bazaar will last all through the week, and there will be a most attractive concert every evening.—*Com.*

## RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Out of a total population of 95,000 in the Sandwich Islands 24,000 are Catholics.

The Pope will shortly publish a jubilee encyclical, which will be a political, religious and social testament.

The Countess of Salibay of Turin, daughter of the Senator of that name, is about to become a Carmelite nun.

Ash Wednesday falls this year on Feb. 7, and Easter Sunday on March 25. These are the earliest dates on which these feasts can come.

Eight Sisters of Mercy are to have charge of the new hospital which will be opened at Des Moines, Iowa. At first a rented building will be occupied. Next summer a hospital to cost about \$50,000 will be erected.

Monsignor Satolli has written a letter to Rev. P. A. Bart, of Marshall, Mich., approving his course in advocating in the Catholic and secular press the holding of church property by trustees chosen by the clerical corporations, and opposing the plan of vesting the title to such property in the bishops.

Brother John McElroy, S. J., died at St. Mary's Church, Boston Mass., Monday afternoon of last week, of paralysis of the brain. He was the oldest member of the brotherhood of the Jesuit Order in this country. He was born in Ireland, May 1, 1812, and spent the last forty-seven years of his life at St. Mary's.

Deaconesses and Sisterhoods, in imitation of the Catholic Sisterhoods, are not confined to the Protestant denominations of Great Britain and America,

but have also been introduced into Germany, and the Lutherans have already numerous organizations of this kind, notwithstanding the fact that Luther, Beza, Melancthon, and the other leaders of German Protestantism condemned such associations indiscriminately.

## BREVITIES.

The House of Representatives committee on appropriations will report next week a pension bill carrying \$150,000,000.

There died recently in the little town of Union Springs, in the southern part of the State of Alabama, a man who figured in one of the most interesting events recorded in United States history, Col. John L. Branch. It was he who gave the order to fire the first gun of the late war at Fort Sumter.

The Servian radicals have refused to accept the conditions on which the King would permit them to retain their cabinet portfolios, and an effort is being made to form a progressive liberal cabinet.

The insane asylum on the Boone county poor farm, at Boone, Iowa, was burned Tuesday night. Eight of the nine inmates lost their lives. A furious storm raged at the time of the fire and the thermometer registered 30° below zero.

The House of Representatives this week gave the ways and means committee its second defeat on the tariff bill by adopting the McRae amendment suspending the bounty on sugar and putting sugar on the free list.

## "THE WELL OF SERPENTS."

There is a horseshoe-shaped mountain up in Manitoba which literally swarms with snakes twice every year. In the early fall these slippery customers gather here from all directions, mostly from the prairie country to the south. In one side of the mountain there is a circular hole, about fifteen feet deep, and as smooth as if it had been fashioned with a well auger, where tens of thousands of reptiles gather to spend the cold winter months. Persons who have tried to explore this immense snake den during the summer when the regular tenants were absent, say that dozens of subterranean passages lead out under the mountains in all directions from the bottom of the well. Capt. Silvers, Royal Engineers, estimates that he has seen as many as 300,000 snakes of all sizes, knotted together and piled up in a semi-torpid state in this "well of serpents," as it is called in the northwest.—*St. Louis Republic.*

## PRAYER ANSWERED.

HE KNEW WHEN AND WHERE AND WHAT TO PRAY FOR.

At the weekly prayer meeting in the Methodist Episcopal church at Elwood the other night the third person to offer up his tribute was a stranger, who was seated near the door, and whose petition to the throne of grace nearly paralyzed the good people who were present. He prayed as follows:—

"Lord, thou knowest I am a stranger here. Thou knowest I do not live here, but reside in a neighboring town. Thou knowest I have relatives in another town who I am on my way to see. Lord, thou knowest why I am here instead of there. Thou knowest why I can't be there. Lord, thou knowest just what I want. I want forty cents. Amen."

As the last words were ended, there was a commotion in the church. They all rose up and went down after their pocket-books, and the man soon had his forty cents and several more. His name could not be learned, but he lives at Lynn and was on his way to Center. His funds gave out when he reached here, and so he went to prayer meeting, and startled the Christian brethren by asking the Lord for what he wanted.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Boy's Letter.—"Dear Uncle,—We are to have a Christmas tree and supper. Your presents is requested.

School-teacher: And what will the Prince of Wales be when the Queen dies?  
Small boy: A poor orphan.

**NO OTHER** Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

## TO ASSIST THE FARMERS.

## A JOINT PASTORAL LETTER FROM THE HIERARCHY.

Addressed to the Ecclesiastical Provinces of Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa—The Study of Agriculture.

The Roman Catholic Archbishops of the ecclesiastical provinces of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa have issued a joint pastoral upon the subject of the work of "Agricultural Missionaries." In the course of the pastoral the following passages occur:

"In traversing our dioceses during our pastoral visits, we have observed that in many places agriculture is defective, and it has appeared to us of urgent need to call the attention of our rural population to the necessity of restoring the soil to its primitive fertility, and point out the various means that may be adopted to attain that end. We believe that we are doing a meritorious work of charity and public utility in helping to give a vigorous impetus to scientific agriculture. It remains for us to aid with all our power those of our fellow-citizens who, by their office, aptitude and knowledge, are in a position to give our people wise counsels and valuable information.

It has been said with good reason that agriculture is the true nurse of peoples, their principal source of wealth. It is in the land that the real fortune of a nation is found, a fortune so stable and certain as the goodness of God, which never ceases to renew itself, and which undergoes much fewer of the disastrous fluctuations which affect trade and commerce so often and so violently. We are aware that

## A KIND OF FEVER

of enjoyment and of freedom has taken hold of our rural population, and is drawing them towards the great cities. They are weary and tired of the simple and peaceful life of the fields. They allow themselves to be seduced by the brilliant luxury of wealth; they wish for more liberty, to quit a humble position, to obtain more enjoyment, to be something in the world. They rush madly towards the modern Babylons. In the search for happiness they find ruin. This desertion of the country districts, which has taken place for some years past, has been for us, as for all the nations of Europe, an immense misfortune. It strikes a serious blow at national prosperity, and is, above all, in its moral aspect, a real disaster. In the factories of great cities, the peasant comes in contact with the high priests of impiety, with perverted hearts. He gradually loses the spirit of faith and religion which had hitherto animated him. His faith and morals make shipwreck, and in his old age he reaps only misery and dishonor.

## "LIFE IN THE COUNTRY,

on the other hand, offers valuable advantages from the religious and moral point of view. It makes a man better, in keeping his manners simple, his heart upright, his habits thrifty, in preserving his liking for work and his love for justice. It brings him riches in the most varied forms—riches of joy, of union, of family affection, riches in the moderation of his desires. Let us say to you with a great doctor of the church, St. Chrysostom, that country people live in peace, and that their life has something venerable in its modesty. "The inhabitant of the country," he continues, "has more enjoyment than the rich man of the cities. The beauty of the sky, the brightness of the light, the purity of the air, the sweetness of tranquil sleep, all are granted to him by a sort of prerogative. The Creator seems to give him these true temporal blessings as the first fruits of his toil. You will, therefore, find in this modest life true pleasure and security, health and good reputation, regularity of conduct, and

## LESS DANGER TO HOLINESS OF LIFE.

Circumstances have stayed, at least temporarily, the current of emigration and the fever of adventurous courses towards the United States. Indeed, a good number of compatriots, pressed by want and by the desire to see again the Canada they love, have returned to our midst and taken up again the peaceful cultivation of their fields. It is for us to profit by these circumstances to retain them on their natal soil. To secure success we must teach them the art of good cultivation, that is to say, such as will assure them a fit subsistence. They

must be put in the way of success, if they are not in it already. They must be shown that our soil is sufficient for us, that it is even preferable to that of the other provinces from an agricultural point of view, and that by hard and intelligent work they can prosper here and live more happily than in a foreign land."

Attention is drawn to the necessity of study of the art and theory of agriculture. The pastoral continues:

"In order to spread abroad without delay this theoretical and practical science of agriculture, we have decided to call to our aid certain members of the clergy whose special knowledge of agriculture, aptitude and devotion are well known to us. These "agricultural missionaries," as we have already called them, have begun to exercise their functions with success. Our Holy Father the Pope has blessed them, and we join with the Sovereign Pontiff to call down upon them and upon their work the most abundant benedictions of Heaven. You will join your prayers to ours that this work may redound to the glory of God as well as to the good of our country. We will pray Heaven that the name of Jesus Christ may be known and glorified by a greater number of our fellow-countrymen, that our Canadians, children of the soil, may never be reduced to eat the bread of exile, and that our fields, rendered fertile and productive by intelligent cultivation, may abundantly sustain our people. We pray, moreover, that idleness, mother of all the vices, and luxury may disappear from our country and

## THAT TEMPERANCE MAY REIGN

with all the Christian virtues. We desire that these agricultural missionaries visit each parish, as far as possible, twice a year, in order to give continuity to their work. They will help the cure to find the pupil who will represent the parish at the school of agriculture, and who will return to give an example to others. They will continue to furnish farmers' clubs that we have been so happy to see formed to the number of 400 in 1893. They will keep themselves abreast with new discoveries and the results obtained by experiments made elsewhere. The devotion that they have shown up to the present will again gain for them the confidence they are entitled to, and will obtain easier acceptance for the advice they have to give.

We have learnt with pleasure that most of the clubs are directed by priests. We conclude that the sentiments we express to-day are shared by the mass of the clergy, and we find in this fact a great consolation and a pledge of future success.

The prosperity of the country makes that of the cities, the cultivator being the nursing mother of both. Let the city as well as the country parishes help us for the success of the common cause. In order that the missionaries may succeed they will need pecuniary resources. We will make it our glory to procure them abundantly.

## We therefore ordain:

1. The work of the agricultural missionaries is established throughout the civil province of Quebec.
2. In all the churches and chapels there shall be made each year an enquiry which shall be called "An enquiry into the work of the agricultural missionaries and colonization," the result of which shall be transmitted to the bishop of the diocese.
3. The enquiry shall take the place of the colonization enquiry in the diocese where the latter is now made.

The pastoral is signed by Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec; the Archbishops of Montreal and Ottawa, the Archbishop of Cyrene, coadjutor of Cardinal Taschereau; the Bishops of Three Rivers, St. Hyacinthe, Nicolet, St. Germain de Rimouski, Chicoutimi, Valleyfield and Sherbrooke, and the Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac.

## RESIGNED HIS CHARGE.

Owing to ill health, the Rev. C. Blanchard, of St. Hilaire, has resigned his charge. He will in future act as chaplain to the Sisters of Misericorde in St. Hilaire.

## BRONCHITIS CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—Having suffered for months from bronchitis. I concluded to try Dr. Wood's Norwood Pine Syrup, and by the time I had taken a bottle I was entirely free from trouble and feel that I am cured. C. O. WRIGHT, Toronto Junction Ont.

## METHODIST OF METHODISTS;

## PROTESTANT OF PROTESTANTS;

Rev. George W. Pepper is also an Irish Patriot.

We take the following letter from the Boston Pilot; it is written by a prominent Methodist minister of Cleveland, and speaks for itself:

EDITOR OF THE PILOT:—Will you allow me a brief space in your columns to emphasize the necessity of rendering immediate and generous assistance to the Irish Parliamentary party which stands by Mr. Gladstone in his honest and unselfish endeavor to give the Irish people self-government? I have recently been in Ireland and I was also privileged to meet many of the Irish members in London, through whose thoughtful, kind offices I was permitted to hear the Grand Old Man several times. I take pleasure in recording the names of these gentlemen: Messrs. Charles Diamond, John Dillon, Dr. Tanner, Justin McCarthy and Alfred Webb—a fine old Quaker—whose pamphlets have done immense service on both sides of the Atlantic.

We talked over the Irish question; of Parnell, whose grave I visited, placing a wreath over it. His memory will long be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen; his patriotic virtues are written in marble; his faults upon the sand.

Why should there be such a hesitation upon the part of our American Irish fellow-countrymen? Is not the cause as just, as important, as sacred as in other years? Is not the Irish heart as determined as ever to overthrow the vile system which for centuries has degraded, beggared and starved three millions of our race? The triumph of Irish legislative independence must come; it is not in the power of Orangeism; it is not in the power of bigotry to prevent the consummation; but we, Irish-Americans, must be up and working; we must meet and organize; we must strive to feel the grandeur of the cause—the inspiration of Irish nationality must breathe once more in every Irish heart.

In passing through Meath to Belfast, the station of Drogheda suggested the name of my lamented friend, Boyle O'Reilly. I found in conversation with persons who got on the train here, that his memory was in their souls. When I told them that I knew and loved him, they begged me to remain and accept their hospitalities.

En route to Belfast I talked with lots of Orangemen. Some of them remembered my father, who was master of an Orange lodge in the vicinity of Portadown. Their principal objection to Home Rule was the bogey of Catholic ascendancy and hatred of their fellow-countrymen. I told them that hatred did not pay—that since the Reformation, Ireland was three times in the exclusive power of the Catholics, and that there was no evidence of a single Protestant having suffered; that when the officers and soldiers of James the Coward were defeated at the Boyne, before leaving Dublin they set free all the Protestant prisoners; that the hallowed names of Bruce and Wallace, whom those Scotch-Irish admired, are enrolled in the Catholic Church; that when a body of Highland soldiers were brought to Glasgow to be punished because they would not accept the liturgy of the English Church, these Presbyterians, when persecuted in Scotland, emigrated to Ireland, were received with open arms and warm hearts by the Catholics of that country; that it was the great Daniel O'Connell who drew up the petition for the Emancipation of the Protestant Dissenters of England, and it was read by a Catholic priest before the Catholic Association and unanimously passed, and that two weeks after its presentation to the House of Commons it became a law. I further told them that by their insane prejudices, "you lose your manhood, you lose your prosperity, you lose your country." The most intelligent of them expressed their astonishment at the facts—while a few whispered to each other: "He is a half Papist." The only Home Ruler whom I had the time to see was Thomas Shelington, an eminent Methodist and manufacturer, president of the Protestant Home Rule Association. Among all classes his name is mentioned with honor. He lives in Portadown. He talks long and hopefully of the cause. Plant a Thomas Shelington the Methodist, and a John Fitzgerald, the Catholic, of Lincoln—plant such men in every leading town in Ireland, and there would

be no need to appeal to American generosity. I have asked myself a thousand times, how long, O Lord! how long will the enemies of Ireland keep up this religious scarecrow of Catholic ascendancy? I am not indifferent to my form of religion—a Methodist of the Methodists—a Protestant of the Protestants. I believe in the Reformation as the greatest event in history; in this faith I have lived and in it it will be my happiness to die; but for that sneaking, cowardly, murderous Protestantism which has upheld for ages the oppression of my native land, which has drenched the land in blood and starved millions of my countrymen and countrywomen—Irish—my feelings are those of abhorrence, scorn, hatred. In comparison with the holders of such opinions the "Indian whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind," entertains much more rational and soul-elevating sentiments.

GEO. W. PEPPER.

## ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT.

## THE NEW IRISH SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

Mr. W. J. Britton presided at the weekly conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society last week, in their hall, St. Alexander street. The reverend director, Father James Callaghan, spoke of the life and work of the highly gifted and accomplished Irish literary scholar and orator, the Rev. Father McDermott, who has contributed to THE TRUE WITNESS and many of the leading magazines of late. Father McDermott is a native of Roscommon County, Ireland, and is in his thirtieth year. His new book, "Green Graves," is now in the press and will appear in the beginning of February. On the evening of St. Patrick's day he will lecture in the Windsor Hall on the new Irish literary movement in connection with the new school of literature which numbers in its ranks the leading Irish poets, novelists and litterateurs of the day.

## IN HONOR OF MARTYRS.

A three days' religious celebration took place at the Church of Notre Dame in St. Hyacinthe, which is under the control of the Dominican Order. The occasion was to honor three members of the order, who being massacred in China, were canonized in 1883. Mgr. Decelles officiated pontifically Tuesday morning, assisted by members of the Dominican order. Mgr. Lefleche, Mgr. Fabre and Mgr. Emard were in attendance. The three sermons were delivered by Rev. P. De-jardins, S.J., Mgr. Lefleche and Rev. Canon Dumesnil, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The mitred abbot of Ora was there as well as several artists from Montreal.

## LENTEN PREACHER AT NOTRE DAME.

Rev. Abbe de Montigny, canon of Bordeaux, France, will be the preacher at the Lenten services in Notre Dame Church here. He sailed for Canada last week, accompanied by Rev. Abbe Colin, Superior of the Seminary. The preacher is said to be very eloquent.

## A MODERN POOR RICHARD.

Father—"This is a fine house you've bought. I don't see how you raised the money."

Son—"I am buying it on the installment plan."

"Oh! But where did you get all this handsome furniture?"

"Buying that on the installment plan, too."

"Humph! Must cost something. I don't see how you care so much for clothes. Your wife dresses like a princess."

"Yes, we get our clothes on the installment plan."

"Won't do, won't do at all. Suppose you should die?"

"I can be buried on the installment plan easily enough."

"But your wife won't have any money to pay the installments."

"Yes, she'll have plenty. I'm insured on the installment plan—pay every week."—New York Weekly.

## AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

GENTLEMEN,—We have used Haggard's Pectoral Balsam in our house for over three years, and find it an excellent remedy for all forms of coughs and colds. In throat and lung troubles it affords instant relief. JOHN BRIDIE, Columbus, Ont.



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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## LENT.

Once more the Lenten season is at hand. To-day the ashes are sprinkled upon the heads of the faithful and those impressive words are pronounced: "*me-memento homo quia pulvis es, et in pulverem re-vertaris*." "remember man that dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." This is the time of penance and mortification. To prepare for His public mission Christ retired and spent forty days in the wilderness, where He fasted and prayed. The great event of Easter is approaching and in imitation of her Divine Founder the Church ordains that for forty days the faithful should practise mortification and in humility and penance prepare for the celebration of the glorious day of Resurrection. There is something peculiarly impressive about the ceremonies of the Catholic Church—whether they tend to awaken sentiments of awe or delight—and there is an appropriateness in each of them that bespeaks the perfection of the Institution founded by Divinity. The warning words of the priest on Ash Wednesday and the solemn significance of the act of placing ashes upon the forehead, tend to awaken serious thoughts in the Christian. We learn at the altar rail that we are but dust and that the day is not very distant—much nearer than we may imagine—when back into dust we shall crumble. With that awful truth before us, the entry upon the season of sacrifice and mortification marks a most important period in our short careers.

Having felt, in all its truthfulness, that death is certain, the mind pauses in dread before that other fact—the uncertainty of the hour, place and manner of our exit from life. Perhaps this is to be a last Ash Wednesday for many of our readers; most positively for a few their last Lent commences to-day. It is impossible to tell how many of us and which of us shall be dust again, when Ash Wednesday, 1895, dawns upon the world. Consequently it is wisdom to seize the opportunity that now presents itself; it may be the last.

In olden times the fasting, the mortifications, the sacrifice of Christians during the Lenten season were so severe that even the reading of them almost makes one feel inclined to believe that the accounts are exaggerated. In our age the prescribed penances are comparatively insignificant. According to circumstances the members of the hierarchy modify and change the rule and obligations of Lent in order to suit the health, the condition and the requirements of each individual. In times of epidemic the fast, and often the abstinence, may be dispensed with. In fact the modern Lent is very easy of observance; and yet there are hundreds who complain of the severity of the Church's laws, and seek to avoid, by every imaginable ex-

cuse, the proper fulfilment of the few simple regulations that are imposed. It would be profitable for such Catholics were they to meditate seriously upon the words of the priest, when imposing the ashes on the heads of the people. A person finds it difficult to abstain from flesh meat, or to follow the rules of fasting, during a period of forty days; let us suppose that this is the last Ash Wednesday, the last Lent for that person; how very much more satisfactory would be the "returning to dust" when the soul would have a few sacrifices and voluntary penances to present before God! But, apart from the ordinary fasts and abstinences of the Lenten season, there are many other acts of mortification and of merit which can be heaped up to one's credit in the treasury house of God. There are extra prayers to be said, special visits to the Church that can be made, fits of temper that may be curbed, evil thoughts to be banished, hot words to be left unsaid, cruel slanders to leave unuttered, and the creating of enmities to be avoided; there are also many extra acts of virtue to perform. There are charities to be given, soft words of consolation to be spoken, kind deeds to be performed, generous and holy thoughts to entertain. In fact there are a hundred and one ways in which a good Catholic can help to keep Lent. The will is all that is required; the opportunity is not wanting, nor is the capability. If you cannot fast, at least you can refrain from cursing, or lying, or slandering others, or using immoral language; if you cannot abstain, there is nothing to prevent you from saying a few extra prayers, or from omitting to give offence to the feelings of others. In a word the Catholic, who wishes to follow the example of the One who fasted during the forty days, can make Lent a season of countless blessings and graces, and even should it be his last one on earth, he can turn it into an autumn harvest of richest return.

## THE CONFESSIONAL.

We regret that circumstances oblige us to give publicity in our columns to the name of Dr. Chiniquy, a man who makes a profession of calumniating the Catholic Church. But there are times when misrepresentation is pushed to a limit beyond endurance, and calumny is so barefaced that silence would be sinful. In Thursday evening's Daily Witness the apostate priest has another letter, in which he repeats, with audacity that beggars conception, his false statements and wicked assertions regarding the sacrament of penance. But as far as Dr. Chiniquy is concerned, the haste and delight with which the Witness fills its columns with his abuse of the Catholic Church, give his assertion a certain importance, especially when he attempts to back them up by the mention of authorities, and by texts without contexts, from authors on morals. Some one challenged Dr. Chiniquy to produce evidence of his statements regarding the evil results of immoral questions that priests are said to be obliged to ask in the confessional. In reply the fallen priest copies out some passages from such works on morals as Dens, Ligouri, Gury and Debreyne, and sends them to the Witness; he then pens a letter that is false in its foundation—and no man knows it better than he does—in which he says: "I ask them to get Ligouri, Dens, Debreyne, &c., or any of the theologians whom the priests of Rome must learn by heart before hearing confessions, and if they do not find that what I say is correct, I consent to be dragged by the neck with a rope over the streets of Montreal as an impostor." Nobody wants to injure the

poor old man, nor would we care to see him dragged, either by the neck or by the heels; but if the fact of being an impostor—and one of the deepest dye—deserves such harsh treatment, we are sorry for his sake that we feel bound to prove from his own assertions and assumptions that he is an impostor, a wilful misinterpreter of authorities, and a vindictive enemy of Truth.

On our individual responsibility we intend to deal with this question. The editor of this paper takes upon himself to show that, in making the accusation of immorality of the Confessional and in trying to support that baseless and vile calumny by simply mentioning the names of some Catholic authorities or text-books of moral theology, and by taking extracts from them, Dr. Chiniquy is knowingly, maliciously, and with a cunning worthy of the Evil One, leading his readers astray and flinging the dust of false issues into their eyes. It is not a priest's hand that will pull the mask from his face—a priest would be contaminated by the contact; but now to the proof!

Take any special text of Scripture and ignore every other one and you can put half a dozen different interpretations upon it; take any article of the Civil Code, and ignore the remainder of that volume, and all statutory legislation, and you can make it suit almost any contention that you desire; take even an ordinary novel, select a few passages from its pages, ignoring all that precedes and all that follows each quotation, and you can make the world believe that the romance is good, bad, or indifferent, according as you please. Take the case of the physician: He is called in to attend a woman who has cut her finger; he has no need in that case of any knowledge of those special questions which must be asked to females in cases of a delicate nature; yet would he have been admitted to the profession simply on his knowledge of slight wounds? Would it be an excuse to say "I did not read, nor study the text books that treat of those particularly delicate subjects, because the majority of the cases I expect to attend will not require any such knowledge on my part?" What would the faculty of McGill say to a candidate for an M.D. who replied in such a manner? Come now, Mr. Chiniquy, what is a priest? Was it not to the priests the victim of leprosy was told to go, that he might be cleansed? Is not the priest the physician of the soul? Is he not in a spiritual sphere what the medical man is in a physical one? To cure the patient he must know the malady; he must know its symptoms; he must know every remedy; he must know the *materia medica* of the soul. In order to be able to detect the very first signs of the foul leprosy of sin, to perceive the symptoms of disease in the soul, it is necessary that he should study carefully all these indices and know the danger of each one of them. That he may be able to prescribe he must know the nature of the sickness and all the details of the patient's condition.

The medical man knows, or should know, all about the human system, the different ailments to which females are subject, the exact questions which should be asked and the circumstances under which they are to be asked. But no medical man would ever dream of asking a girl of eight or nine the same questions that he would ask her mother; nor would he trouble a girl, who was suffering from a toothache, with a dozen delicate questions that would be altogether pertinent and necessary were she the victim of certain other afflictions. No more—and Dr. Chiniquy knows it too

well—can a priest use his knowledge of the different spiritual ills and their remedies without discretion in the confessional. We talk out plainly simply because the case demands it; vile-ness such as that with which we have to contend demands that it be met and crushed in an uncompromising manner. Our readers will excuse us if we are obliged to step as far as we do to-day upon the path trod by that enemy of all that is pure and true in our Faith; but on his own ground we must meet him. No living man knows better than Dr. Chiniquy that the works of Ligouri, Dens, &c., are merely the necessary text books for the physician of the soul, the questions in which are only to be used according to the requirements of the case. Once more we return to the medical man. He is obliged by his professional rules to ask certain questions to one who is about to become a mother; does that mean that he must go over the same questions every time he is called in to treat a female, no matter how young or how old she may be, no matter what complaint she has, no matter how foreign to the case the questions are? A man who would so act would be a fit subject for a mad house. Dr. Chiniquy would have the world believe that every priest is obliged to ask every penitent—irrespective of circumstances—all the questions that must be asked in certain cases. He omits, however, to state that the priest is bound by most positive restrictions. So much so that as a rule if a confessor has a learning at all it is toward the omission of minute examinations of consciences. A young person of eight or twelve goes to confession; the nature of that person's life, the very slightness of the offences committed, indicate at once that no questions are necessary—merely advice and encouragement should be given. That person comes back at the age of sixteen; there are darker shadows floating over the young soul. It is then necessary to know what kind of company she frequents, what her tastes are, what her predominating inclination is likely to be—pride, jealousy, or any other evil passion—in order to point out the surest way to check the danger in its beginning. The same person comes at the age of twenty-five, after a few years of dizzy whirl in the world's vortex; she is perhaps on the verge of a precipice that she does not see; in her giddy excitement she does not notice the meshes of destruction that are being wound about her life. The moral authors dictate certain questions concerning her inclinations, her predilections, her surroundings and all particulars that may enable the confessor to point out to her the danger and check her steps before the fatal one is taken. Another person, who has spent years in sinfulness, whose soul is black with scales of sin, whose life has been the ruin of many a poor fellow-creature, and who has brought misery to more than one domestic fireside, comes to confession; she is repentant, she wants to know how she can repair the past in order to be worthy of God's forgiveness, the confessor must know how deeply she has sinned in order to gauge the penance and to advise for the future; it is necessary, in her case, to ask questions, such as are indicated by Chiniquy in his extracts from Dens, Gury and other authors, questions that can in no way corrupt, but which are absolutely necessary to enable the soul's physician to properly prescribe—questions which would not only be out of place in the previous cases, but which these same authorities strictly prohibit. Dr. Chiniquy knows better than we can tell him that the most severe and soul-binding obligations

are imposed upon the confessor regarding these matters, and he is perfectly aware that when he refers—as he has done—to these authorities, he is acting a lie, he is deceiving the public, and is piling up calumny upon calumny. He knows that were it otherwise our wives, our sisters, our mothers would be the first to inform us of the evil of the confessional; yet the only remark we have ever heard from those nearest and dearest to us was that such and such a priest was "too easy, he asked too few questions."

If what Dr. Chiniquy states were true, then the Roman Catholic females who attend most regularly the confessional should be the worst class of women, in thought, in sentiment and in consequent action. We claim that Dr. Chiniquy has not only belied the confessors and produced false evidence against the Church, but he has cast a slur upon the morality of the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the whole Catholic population. We regret exceedingly that we found it necessary to enter upon this subject as we have done; but we owe it to our dearest and most cherished relatives, we owe it to the priests who cannot enter the arena to struggle with such a man as Dr. Chiniquy, we owe it to our Protestant fellow-citizens who may innocently be led into false impressions by these cunningly arranged attacks upon our Church. Our only trouble is that we have but one issue weekly and that our space will not permit of a fuller exposition of the impostor's methods.

#### OUR BLOODY FLAG.

There are critics and critics; there are men who imagine that fault-finding is the essence of criticism and that abuse is the most convincing of arguments. A couple of weeks ago we found necessary to point out to the Chicago Citizen and its excessively forcible correspondent—Rev. Bernard Emmet O'Mahony, of Piper City, Ill.,—how very mistaken and ungenerous were their attacks upon the present Governor-General of Canada and his Lady. In the last number of the Citizen we find a letter from its correspondent, under the heading, "Father O'Mahony scores the TRUE (?) WITNESS." Perhaps he does score us, but decidedly he does not *how* to the line. We pointed out last week how blind a great number of our neighbors across the line always are when there is question of Canada or Canadians. Were it not that the very patriotic, but evidently over-zealous, correspondent of the Citizen takes upon himself to insult every Irishman living in Canada, we would not be guilty of giving him any more notoriety than he already enjoys. But when an educated man, in the name of patriotism, sees fit to play the fire-brand and, in his excess of prejudice, proceeds to display bad temper and ungovernable antipathies, it is about time to read him a lesson—at least in common politeness. As far as any of this gentleman's remarks about the TRUE WITNESS, or its editor, are concerned we have no comment to make. He knows as much about the TRUE WITNESS as he does about Irish Canadian history, and as much about the editor of this paper as he does about Canadians in general—and that is saying very little. But when he, or anybody else, undertakes to sneer at or belittle "the Irishmen" "who freely chose Canada for a home," we have no intention of allowing that person to go unnoticed. We need only reproduce a few of Father O'Mahony's sentences, to convince our readers that he is out of his element when he attempts the part of public

critic. We have but small comment to make. The letter opens thus:—

"Some kind friend sent me a copy of the TRUE WITNESS of Montreal, defending the Aberdeens from my sarcasm, and though it is a waste of powder to let fly at such a pigmy as this 'Orange-Catholic' sheet, yet for the sake of another slap at the hypocritical Aberdeens, here we are again. Lady Aberdeen claimed descent from the 'O'Neils of Tyrone,' but not until it might pay diplomatically, and so the story was started during the Irish Viceroyalty. Now, this claim is simply not true. One of the scions of the O'Neils made an English connection, but with the female line of a Scotch grubber, never, no, never."

There is a specimen for you of combined wisdom, knowledge, refinement and grammar! So the TRUE WITNESS has become an "Orange-Catholic" sheet! We only trust that in our new capacity we will prove a worthy illustration of poor Gerald Griffin's poem, "The Orange and the Green." Had we sufficient space and time, we would gladly give our readers a few more samples of his "assertion without proof and violent censure without moderation;" but, to use his own elegant expression, it would be "a waste of powder to let fly" at such an antagonist. Here is another of those beautiful phrases that at once indicate an academic education and a wonderful familiarity with the most polished writers of English:—

"In fact, no decent poor person in Ireland would take money or relief from a 'Souper' organization whose principals are 'Presbyterians when they live in Scotland,' and members of the Episcopalian church when they live in England, after the example of the Montreal TRUE WITNESS' Queen."

His may be a forcible style but it is none the less barbaric and un-Christian. A blow from a pugilist has considerable force about it, but it is rarely a convincing argument. In closing his powerful letter the writer is kind enough to say:

"I wonder not that the TRUE WITNESS licks the hand of the Aberdeens and fawns and slavers as most Irishmen deserve to do who freely chose Canada for a home, Canada, where the bloody flag of England floats too long triumphant."

This last paragraph has all the fire and dash of a soul-stirring peroration. Richard Dalton Williams would have called it "the quintessence concentrated of sublimated audacity." We have nothing to say about it; it is too lofty for such a "pigmy" as the "Orange-Catholic" TRUE WITNESS to reach. We regret very much that our flag does not seem to be acceptable to the Reverend gentleman. It is evident that he does not know the difference between England and Great Britain: certainly he would not be able to tell whether it is a Union Jack or a flag of the Dominion of Canada that floats from the spire of our legislative buildings. If the flag, under which we live, is bloody, we plead guilty of ignorance; we have no knowledge of any very sanguinary events since the beginning of our Canadian Confederation.

*Le style c'est l'homme!* Beg pardon, dear sir; perhaps you don't understand the language spoken by a million and a half of people and protected by the laws of this country, and under a "bloody flag." The meaning of the phrase is this: "The bird is known by his notes." "Let fly" and "slap at" are very sublime terms! Figmies, hypocrites, grubbers, soupers, liars, fawners, slavers and bloody flags, "dance through his letter in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion;" what Junius would call "the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry, without any of the inspiration."

However, there is only one point in all that tirade that deserves serious attention; it is the insinuation that Irish-

men who make Canada their home are not what they should be in the patriotic sense. We would have the reverend correspondent of the Citizen understand that some of the best, the truest, the noblest Irishmen that ever crossed the Atlantic have made homes for themselves in Canada; have helped to clear a way through our primeval forests for the advance guard of civilization and Catholicity; have assisted in laying the foundation stones of our present Dominion—the freest and most happy country on the face of God's earth; have given the fruits of their labor and the results of their prosperity to advance the cause that is dear to every child of the "Ancient Race;" and have, in proportion to their numbers, done as much for Ireland as the exiled sons of that land in any other part of the globe. Irish-Canadians have never hesitated when material aid was required on the other side of the Atlantic; when the very cause—now so popular—was in its infancy and looked upon with distrust by many who are to-day ardent Home Rulers, it was from the House of Commons of Canada—from the legislative halls over which floats the "bloody flag of England," that the first resolutions were sent to the British Government, asking autonomy for Ireland. Thrice was the same movement repeated in the same parliament.

It is not our intention to honor the Citizen's correspondent with a lengthy defense of Irish-Canadians; nor would we pay any attention to his effusion, were it not that, perhaps, a few others—no more conversant with Canadian affairs than he is—may entertain similar false ideas.

When next, sir, you feel inclined to sneer at Irish-Canadians, remember that in the hour of Ireland's need, it was Canada that sent the Hon. Edward Blake to take his place in the ranks of the parliamentary party, and to do battle for the cause which is most dear to every honest Irish heart in Canada as well as elsewhere. Recollect that Mr. Blake is an Irish-Canadian; that his father was an Irish emigrant, who chose to make his home in Canada; that the present member for Longford was the leader of a great political party in this country; that he once held the office of Minister of Justice in a Canadian Government; that he was born and educated here; that he took the oath of office as an adviser to the Governor-General of this country; that he denounced "Orangeism" and pleaded for "Home Rule" on the floor of the Canadian Parliament; and that all these things took place under the waving folds of what you are pleased to call "the bloody flag of England."

#### GLADSTONE.

It is strange how anxious some news gossips are to circulate reports, entirely unfounded, regarding certain prominent men. The other day the Pall Mall Gazette startled its readers with a sensational announcement that Gladstone intended resigning his place as Prime Minister. The clever originator of the rumor gave several very plausible reasons why the Grand Old Man should voluntarily disappear from the public arena. The Pall Mall Gazette seized upon the event of Mr. Gladstone's short trip to France, in order to set afloat a story that it evidently is anxious to see realized. In truth is the "wish is father to the thought" in this case; but the foremost figure in British politics did not delay in giving a flat denial to the statements of the enterprising and sensational organ.

It is well known that hundreds of prominent politicians, and, as a natural

consequence, their official newspapers, are watching anxiously for the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone from the House of Commons. Some make no secret of their motives; not a few would inwardly exult were it only the will of Divine Providence that the Premier's days were numbered. But others, equally bitter in their opposition to him and his policy, prefer the more humane and Christian course, of praying for his retirement. They hypocritically pretend that they sympathize with a man so advanced in years and yet loaded with the affairs of state, as he is, and they strive to impress upon him and upon the public that he would do well to seek a much needed rest before the close of his earthly career. The truth is that these parties do not care one jot about either Mr. Gladstone or his health; they merely look upon him as the embodiment and expression of a great principle of justice, which they fear to see succeed.

There is something cruel in the policy of men who will stop at no obstacle in order to attain their political ends; men to whom no station is sacred, no age venerable, no services worthy of recognition, but who are prepared to ignore the past, trample upon the present and endanger the future as long as their personal ideas are made to prevail. Of course we can readily understand that Mr. Gladstone's policy means a turning point in the affairs of the British Empire; the success or failure of his grand efforts will probably affect the future of both England and Ireland for several generations to come. We also understand that the landlord and aristocratic interests are at stake; consequently, we are not astonished to find that a section of the English press is so bitterly opposed to Mr. Gladstone and that every means imaginable should be employed to secure his disappearance from the high post of public trust that he, to-day, occupies. But all that anxiety and the importance of the results that must flow from the next couple of years legislative action in the Imperial Parliament can by no means justify the methods used to discourage and to undermine the influence of the greatest British statesman of the century.

It is true that Mr. Gladstone is far advanced in years; but his vigorous constitution, the heavy work of which he is still capable, the great exertions which he has recently made, despite all obstacles, all indicate that there is yet an amount of vitality left in the Grand Old Man sufficient to carry him on for several years to come. We have confidence in Providence and in the future of Home Rule, and we believe, without pretending to any spirit of prophecy, that Mr. Gladstone will yet live to see success perch on the standard of Irish legislative autonomy. Physically speaking, Mr. Gladstone is yet more than the equal of many a much younger man in the field of Imperial politics; and as far as the spirit and determination are concerned he is the superior of all. He is one of those rare men who appear at long intervals in the world's history, and who seem to have been born for a purpose, whose mission in life is cut out, and whom the Almighty sustains through all trials until the goal is attained. From the long experience of what is the allotted limit of ordinary human life, he has been able to draw lessons for his guidance in the present; and adding thereto his gigantic talents, his power of resistance, his bold and determined perseverance, we can only conclude that, in all human probability, he is destined to disappoint his most vicious opponents and to peacefully triumph over the enemies of the Irish cause.

In any case we merely wish to point out some of the ungenerous means that are being used to conquer the will and upset the policy of the most wonderful statesman of this, or, perhaps, any other century. There is certainly very little gratitude in politics; decidedly there is much rancor and ill-will. The road is one along which ingratitude lurks and its termination is nearly always clouded. Over the portals of the political arena could well be inscribed the motto that Dante placed above the Infernal gates: "All ye who enter here, abandon hope." But there are a few exceptions in the history of the world; men who tower so grandly above the ordinary statesmen that they resemble those sublime peaks that appear, sky-piercing, above the mountain ranges of humanity; and of these Gladstone is one.

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER XXXVIII—Continued.

"Neither do I; but I know that I myself would have felt better and easier in my mind after it. I'd have eaten my breakfast with a good appetite, and gone about my day's work, whatever it was, with a free heart and fearless in my conscience! Ay, ay," muttered he to himself, "poor old Ireland isn't what it used to be!"

"I'm very sorry, sir; but though I'd like immensely to go back with you, don't you think I ought to return home?"

"I don't think anything of the sort. Your aunt and I had a tiff the last time we met, and that was some months ago. We're both of us old and cross-grained enough to keep up the grudge for the rest of our lives. Let us, then, make the most of the accident that has led you here, and when you go home you shall be the bearer of the most submissive message I can invent to my old friend, and there shall be no terms too humble for me to ask her pardon."

"That's enough, sir. I'll breakfast here."

"Of course you'll say nothing of what brought you over here. But I ought to warn you not to drop anything carelessly about politics in the county generally, for we have a young relative, and a private secretary of the lord lieutenant's visiting us, and it is as well to be cautious before him."

The old man mentioned this circumstance in the cursory tone of an ordinary remark, but he could not conceal the pride he felt in the rank and condition of his guest. As for Gorman, perhaps it was his foreign breeding, perhaps his ignorance of all home matters generally, but he simply assented to the force of the caution, and paid no other attention to the incident.

"His name is Walpole, and he is related to half the peerage," said the old man, with some irritation of manner.

A mere nod acknowledged the information, and he went on:

"This was the young fellow who was with Kitty on the night they attacked the castle, and he got both bones of his fore-arm smashed with a shot."

"An ugly wound," was the only rejoinder.

"So it was, and for awhile they thought he'd lose the arm. Kitty says he behaved beautifully, cool and steady all through."

Another nod, but this time Gorman's lips were firmly compressed.

"There's no denying it," said the old man, with a touch of sadness in his voice—"there's no denying it, the English have courage; though," added he, afterward, "it's in a cold, sluggish way of their own, which we don't like here. There he is now, that young fellow that has just parted from the two girls. The tall one is my niece. I must present you to her."

## CHAPTER XL.

## OLD MEMORIES.

Though both Kate Kearney and young O'Shea had greatly outgrown each other's recollection, there were still traits of features remaining, and certain tones of voice, by which they were carried back to old times and old associations.

Among the strange situations in life, there are few stranger, or, in certain respects, more painful, than the meeting after long absence of those who, when they had parted years before, were on terms of closest intimacy, and who now see each other changed by time, with altered habits and manners, and impressed in a variety of ways with influences and associations which impart their own stamp on character.

It is very difficult at such moments to remember how far we ourselves have changed in the interval, and how much of what we regard as altered in another may not simply be the new standpoint from which we are looking, and thus our friend may be graver, or sadder, or more thoughtful, or, as it may happen, seem less reflective and less considerate than we have thought him—all because the world has been meantime dealing with ourselves in such wise that qualities we once cared for have lost much of their value, and others that we had deemed of slight account have grown into importance with us.

Most of us know the painful disap-

pointment of revisiting scenes which had impressed us strongly in early life: how the mountain we regarded with a wondering admiration had become a mere hill, and the romantic tarn a pool of sluggish water; and some of this same awakening pursues us in our renewal of old intimacies, and we find ourselves continually warring with our recollections.

Besides this, there is another source of uneasiness that presses unceasingly. It is in imputing every change we discover, or think we discover, in our friend, to some unknown influences that have asserted their power over him in our absence, and thus when we find that our arguments have lost their old force, and our persuasions can be stoutly resisted, we begin to think that some other must have usurped our place, and that there is treason in the heart we had deemed to be loyally our own.

How far Kate and Gorman suffered under these irritations I do not stop to inquire, but certain it is that all their renewed intercourse was little other than snappish reminders of unfavorable change in each, and assurances more frank than flattering that they had not improved in the interval.

"How well I know every tree and alley of this old garden!" said he, as they strolled along one of the walks in advance of the others. "Nothing is changed here but the people."

"And do you think we are?" asked she, quietly.

"I should think I do! Not so much for your father, perhaps. I suppose men of his time of life change little, if at all; but you are as ceremonious as if I had been introduced to you this morning."

"You addressed me so deferentially as Miss Kearney, and with such an assuring little intimation that you were not either very certain of that, that I should have been very courageous indeed to remind you that I once was Kate."

"No, not Kate—Kitty," rejoined he, quickly.

"Oh, yes, perhaps, when you were young, but we grew out of that."

"Did we? And when?"

"When we gave up climbing cherry-trees, and ceased to pull each other's hair when we were angry."

"Oh, dear!" said he, drearily, as his head sunk heavily.

"You seem to sigh over those blissful times, Mr. O'Shea," said she, "as if they were terribly to be regretted."

"So they are. So I feel them."

"I never knew before that quarreling left such pleasant associations."

"My memory is good enough to remember times when we were not quarreling—when I used to think you were nearer an angel than a human creature—ay, when I have had the boldness to tell you so."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it, and I should like to know why I should not mean it?"

"For a great many reasons—one among the number, that it would have been highly indiscreet to turn a poor child's head with a stupid flattery."

"But were you a child? If I'm right, you were not very far from fifteen at the time I speak of."

"How shocking that you should remember a young lady's age!"

"That is not the point at all," said he, as though she had been endeavoring to introduce another issue.

"And what is the point, pray?" asked she, haughtily.

"Well, it is this—how many have uttered what you call stupid flatteries since that time, and how have they been taken?"

"It is a question?" asked she. I mean, a question seeking to be answered?"

"I hopeso."

"Assuredly, then, Mr. O'Shea, however time has been dealing with me, it has contrived to take marvellous liberties with you since we met. Do you not know, sir, that this is a speech you would not have uttered long ago for worlds?"

"If I have forgotten myself as well as you," said he, with deep humility, "I very humbly crave pardon. Not but there were days," added he, "when my mistake, if I made one, would have been forgiven without my asking."

"There's a slight touch of presumption, sir, in telling me what a wonderful person I used to think you long ago."

"So you did!" cried he, eagerly. "In return for the homage I laid at your feet—as honest an adoration as ever a heart beat with, you condescended to let

me build my ambitions before you, and I must own you made the edifice very dear to me."

"To be sure, I do remember it all, and I used to play or sing, 'Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter,' and take your word that you were going to be a Lancer:

"In flannel  
With helm and blade,  
And plume in the gay wind dancing,"

"I'm certain my cousin would be charmed to see you in all your bravery."

"Your cousin will not speak to me, for being an Austrian."

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes, she said it at breakfast."

"That denunciation does not sound very dangerously; is it not worth your while to struggle against a misconception?"

"I have had such luck in my present attempt as should scarcely raise my courage."

"You are too ingenious by far for me, Mr. O'Shea," said she, carelessly. "I neither remember so well as you, nor have I that nice subtlety in detecting all the lapses each of us has made since long ago. Try, however, if you cannot get on better with Mademoiselle Kostalergi, where there are no antecedents to disturb you."

"I will; that is, if she lets me."

"I trust she may, and not the less willingly, perhaps, as she evidently will not speak to Mr. Walpole."

"Ah, indeed, is he here?" He stopped and hesitated; and the full, bold look she gave him did not lessen his embarrassment.

"Well, sir," asked she, "go on: is this another reminiscence?"

"No, Miss Kearney: I was only thinking of asking you who this Mr. Walpole was."

"Mr. Cecil Walpole is a nephew or a something to the lord lieutenant, whose private secretary he is. He is very clever, very amusing—sings, draws, rides, and laughs at the Irish to perfection. I hope you mean to like him."

"Do you?"

"Of course, or I should not have bespoken your sympathy. My cousin used to like him, but somehow he has fallen out of favor with her."

"Was he absent some time?" asked he, with a half-cunning manner.

"Yes, I believe there was something of that in it. He was not here for a considerable time, and when we saw him again we almost owned we were disappointed. Papa is calling me from the window; pray excuse me for a moment."

She left him as she spoke, and ran rapidly back to the house, whence she returned almost immediately. "It was to ask you to stop and dine here, Mr. O'Shea," said she. "There will be ample time to send back to Miss O'Shea; and if you care to have your dinner-dress, they can send it."

"This is Mr. Kearney's invitation?" asked he.

"Of course; papa is the master at Kilgobbin."

"But will Miss Kearney condescend to say that it is hers also?"

"Certainly, though I am not aware what solemnity the engagement gains by my co-operation."

"I accept at once, and if you allow me I'll go back and send a line to my aunt to say so."

"Don't you remember Mr. O'Shea, Dick?" asked she, as her brother lounged up, making his first appearance that day.

"I'd never have known you," said he, surveying him from head to foot, without, however, any mark of cordiality in the recognition.

"All find me a good deal changed," said the young fellow, drawing himself to his full height, and with an air that seemed to say—"and none the worse for it."

"I used to fancy I was more than your match," rejoined Dick, smiling. "I suspect it's a mistake I'm little likely to incur again."

"Don't, Dick, for he has got a very ugly way of ridding people of their illusions," said Kate, as she turned once more and walked rapidly towards the house.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## TWO FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

There were a number of bolder achievements Gorman O'Shea would have dared rather than write a note; nor were the cares of the composition the only difficulties of the undertaking. He knew of but one style of correspondence—the report to his commanding officer, and in this he was aided by a formula to be filled up. It was not, then, till after several efforts

he succeeded in the following familiar epistle:

KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

"DEAR AUNT—Don't blow up or make a rumpus; but if I had not taken the mare and come over here this morning, the rascally police with their search-warrant might have been down upon Mr. Kearney without a warning. They were all stiff and cold enough at first; they are nothing to brag of in the way of cordiality even yet—Dick especially—but they have asked me to stay and dine, and I take it it is the right thing to do. Send me over some things to dress with, and believe me, your affectionate nephew,

"G. O'SHEA."

"I send the mare back, and shall walk home to-morrow morning."

"There's a great Castle swell here, a Mr. Walpole, but I have not made his acquaintance yet, and can tell nothing about him."

Toward a late hour of the afternoon a messenger arrived with an ass-cart and several trunks from O'Shea's Barn, and with the following note:

"DEAR NEPHEW GORMAN—O'Shea's Barn is not an inn, nor are the horses there at public livery. So much for your information. As you seem fond of 'warnings,' let me give you one, which is: To mind your own affairs in preference to the interests of other people. The family at Kilgobbin are perfectly welcome—so far as I am concerned—to the fascinations of your society at dinner to-day, at breakfast to-morrow, and so on, with such regularity and order as the meals succeed. To which end I have now sent you all the luggage belonging to you here.

"I am, very respectfully, your aunt,  
"ELIZABETH O'SHEA."

The quaint, old-fashioned, rugged writing was marked throughout by a certain distinctness and accuracy that betokened care and attention; there was no evidence whatever of haste or passion, and this expression of a serious determination, duly weighed and resolved on, made itself very painfully felt by the young man as he read.

"I am turned out—in plain words, turned out!" said he aloud, as he sat with the letter spread out before him. "It must have been no common quarrel—not a mere coldness between the families—when she resents my coming here in this fashion." That innumerable differences could separate neighbors in Ireland, even persons with the same interests and the same religion, he well knew, and he solaced himself to think how he could get at the source of this disagreement, and what chance there might be of a reconciliation.

Of one thing he felt certain. Whether his aunt were right or wrong, whether tyrant or victim, he knew in his heart all the submission must come from the others. He had only to remember a few of the occasions in life in which he had to entreat his aunt's forgiveness for the injustice she had herself inflicted, to anticipate what humble pie Maurice Kearney must partake of in order to conciliate Miss Betty's favor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also, a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 530 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

This week the police of New York City began taking a census of the unemployed.

It is interesting and somewhat disquieting to note how much more identification it takes to cash a cheque than it does to get lynched.

## HIGHLY PRAISED.

GENTLEMEN.—I have used your Haggard's Yellow Oil and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, scaled, rheumatism, croup and colds. I have recommended it to many friends and they also speak highly of it. Mrs. HIGHT, Montreal, Que.

A poet sighs: "Where is the summer foliage?" This is an easy one. It is off on leaves of absence.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Few Recipes.

A GERMAN DISH.

A famous German dish is called *Ploumen Mus*, and is made from various fruits than the one given. Red plums with a cloth; stone them. Stew slowly till tender in a little water; rub them through a sieve; stew this with sugar and cinnamon to taste, and a little orange or lemon peel; throw in at the last moment either small squares of bread fried in butter, or grate the same over the "mus."

MINER'S STEW.

Procure two pounds of the thin flank part of breast of veal, and cut into neat pieces. Roll each piece in flour, pepper and salt, and arrange in an earthenware pot, which has a lid to fit. Over the veal arrange a layer of sliced onion, sweet herbs, and a few shallots minced fine. Add sufficient water to cover, and stew in the oven for about two hours. Remove the pieces of meat and place them on a dish; thicken the gravy with flour, add a spoonful of vinegar, let this simmer for two minutes, and pour over the meat. A dish of mixed boiled vegetables should be served with this and thus an appetizing meal for a family will be produced at a very small cost.

GLUTEN MUFFINS.

Beat one egg light, without separating, add two cups of milk. Add a teaspoonful of salt and two cups of gluten flour. Beat thoroughly, add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, turn into hot greased muffin pans, and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

PRESSED CHICKEN.

Boil a fowl in just water enough to cook it until the bones will slip out easily. Take off the skin, pick the meat from the bones and mix the white with the dark. Skim the fat off the broth and season with salt, pepper, celery salt and lemon juice, and boil down to one cupful. Butter a plain round or oval mould, and arrange slices of hard-boiled eggs upon the bottom and sides alternately with thin slices of tongue or ham cut into round or fancy forms. Mix the broth with the meat and pack it carefully, and garnish the platter with celery leaves and points of lemon.

CHICKEN OMELET.

Where a more delicate breakfast is preferred, a chicken omelet is satisfactory; in this case the chicken is cooked the day before. You need for each omelet four eggs, one salt-spoonful of light salt, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Beat the eggs light with an egg beater and add the salt and milk. Put the spoonful of butter in the spider, and when melted pour in the eggs. Have ready a cup of chopped chicken heated hot in sweet cream. When the omelet has been in two or three minutes, pour over it the creamed chicken. Shake the spider a little, then run a knife under it to see if it is brown; if so, fold over half-way and remove to a hot platter for immediate serving.

PINEAPPLE CORDIAL.

For a cordial, peel and cut up the pineapple, using the cores which have been rejected in preserving. Put the chopped pineapple in a preserving kettle, barely covering it with water. Let the water boil until the flavor has been thoroughly extracted from the pineapple. Strain and then add quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, if the pineapples are sugar loaf, or half a pound of sugar to the same amount if they are the acid strawberry pine. Boil the syrup for ten minutes; then measure it and add a quart of the best cooking brandy to a quart of the syrup. Bottle it and keep it for about six months before making use of it, or longer if you wish, as it improves with age.

MARLBORO PUDDING.

Pare, core and stew until soft six large, tart apples. Pippins are the best, and you only want half a teacupful of water to stew them in, the less the better. Mash them through a fine colander or fruit press; add a quarter pound of the best butter and six large tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Mix well and set aside to get cold. Grate two milk biscuits or the same quantity of stale bread, also the yellow peel of a large lemon and squeeze the juice. Beat six eggs very light, and when the apple is very cold, stir in the eggs, lemon and grated biscuit. Add a wineglass full of rose-

water and a grated nutmeg. Line saucers with puff paste. Fill them with the mixture, put a border of puff paste around the edge and bake about forty-five minutes. When cold grate loaf sugar over them and ornament in fanciful designs with thin strips of citron.

THE IRISH PRISONERS.

THEIR TREATMENT IN ENGLISH JAILS.

On December 23d, 1898, for the first time in twelve years, Mr. John Kinsella, of Mallow, caught sight of his native town. On the 14th of August, 1882, Mr. Kinsella—always a most respectable man—had been "tried" at the Green-street Courthouse, Dublin, by Justice Lawson, on a charge of aggravated assault on a man named Sullivan, at Mallow, some time previously. The result of the trial was that he was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, and the injured man was awarded compensation amounting to £250.

Mr. Kinsella spent 11 years, 8 months, and 18 days in prison, when he was released from Maryborough. After conviction and during his probationary time in Mountjoy Prison—which extended over nine months—Mr. Kinsella received the harshest treatment, suffering, severe hunger, and only getting one hour's exercise during every twenty-four hours. This is considered exceptionally harsh, as in most other prisons the prisoners are treated infinitely better. In the hot summer of '83 (after having finished his "probation" he joined "association"), the treatment was even worse, though according to law it should have been better. He was then removed to Chatham, where the treatment of the Irish prisoners was most horrible. During the journey from Mountjoy to Chatham Mr. Kinsella and others—numbering twenty—were put in shackles, or in other words "irons," the effects of which preventing them from any possible chance of stirring themselves off the ground; actually, they were tied to the ground, being unable to lift leg or arm—not able even to raise their heads—and were kept in that position for twelve hours, getting nothing to eat during the time, and that on a cold night in February, '84.

The treatment, as has already been mentioned in Chatham, for the Irish prisoners was extremely severe. The wardens were always on the alert for the slightest move even of the lips. If one moved his lips he was taken at once before the chief warden, who, Mr. Kinsella says, in his opinion, always did his duty impartially. To show the public the brutality and the insolence of the authorities at Chatham, Kinsella and Fitzharris, of Dublin (otherwise known as "Skin-the-Goat," a man now about 64 years of age,) were examined by a Protestant chaplain as regards their intelligence, and both not being considered up to the requirements of the prison rules were at once sent to "school" in the prison. Kinsella being fairly well educated, and Fitzharris being nearly up to the same standard, found their position very awkward under the severe test of the Chatham prison schoolmaster. Kinsella, one evening, forgot to "put his broom under the cell door," as required by the prison rules, as a token for school. Poor "Skin-the-Goat" being an apter pupil and an older scholar "knew the ropes" better and escaped punishment, but Kinsella being taken before the Governor, was sentenced to forty-eight hours' bread and water, and didn't forget to "put out his broom" in future, when the warden harshly called out "brooms out for school."

The Dublin prisoners, with the exception of little Joe Mullet, are in fairly good health. Mullet is suffering severely from asthma, being unable to move; but he bears all with patience. The death of his mother tried him very severely, and it is feared he will soon follow her.

Mike Walsh, then in Chatham, and now in Mountjoy, who, with his brother, was sentenced to capital punishment—the brother being executed and Mike reprieved—being sentenced to penal servitude for life, is also in very bad health; and to his misfortune, he was visited by a special messenger, in the person of the Governor of Downpatrick Prison, and his hope were raised by him

**NO OTHER** Sarsaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla.

for his mother's address, sly hints being given about his release—all in the interests of the Times Special Commission going on about that time.

With regard to the dynamite prisoners, Kinsella met them in Chatham. Dr. Gallagher was then pining away very much, and must be very bad now. Poor John Daly, of Limerick, was bearing his punishment manfully, and never complains. Kinsella also desires to state that the health of Matt. Kinsella (Dublin) was very bad when in Downpatrick, and the health of Connell, of Mayo, is also very much impaired, and his comrade Fox is insane in Dundrum. They have to do twenty years. Christy Dowling, of Dublin, lost his eye owing to defective instruments in the prison workshop.—*Irish American.*

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

The famous Iron Crown of Lombardy, reckoned as being one of the most precious relics of Jesus now in existence, the Holy Coat and the several pieces of the True Cross not excepted, may be seen any day in the year by the sight-seer who visits the National Museum at Naples. Although known to ancient, mediæval and modern history as the "iron crown," it is in reality a crown of gold made in the form of gigantic bracelet, the only iron in its composition being a frame-work in the shape of a circlet—a thin narrow strip—on the inside of the gold band. Its sacredness rests on the tradition that this inside ring of iron was made from the nails driven through the hand and feet of Jesus at the time of His crucifixion.

We first hear of this relic in the year 591 A. D., when it did service at the coronation of Agilulf at the time when he was crowned king of the Lombards. History tells us that it was made especially for that memorable occasion by the order of Princess Tuedeline wife of Agilulf, but the historian neglects to tell us where, when or how the Princess gained possession of the nails which were hammered into a frame-work for the sacred regal insignia. The princess was a great Church woman, and soon after the coronation of her husband she caused the crown to be presented to the church at Monza.

The next we hear of it was when it was used in connection with the ceremonies at the coronation of Charlemagne. After this it was used in crowning all Emperors whose sub title was King of Lombardy. In the year 1806 Napoleon visited Milan for the express purpose of examining the relic, and while so doing placed it upon his head with the remark: "God has given it to me. Woe unto him who shall attempt to wrest it from me."

Soon after this event the great Napoleon founded a society known as the Order of the Iron Crown, which still flourishes in Austria, where it is reckoned the height of honor to be admitted to membership in the institution.

When Milan was looted in the early part of the century the iron crown was taken to Vienna by the Austrians. Their it was kept among the State treasures, wrapped in a purple velvet robe that had once been worn by Frederick the Great, until the year 1866, when it was presented to the King of Italy, who deposited it in the National Museum at Naples, as mentioned in the opening.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

She Would Neither Paint nor Powder.

"I positively will not use cosmetics," said a lady to the writer, "yet my complexion is so bad that it occasions me constant mortification. What can I do to get rid of these dreadful blotches?" "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," was my prompt reply. "Your complexion indicates that you are suffering from functional derangements. Remove the cause of the blotches and your cheeks will soon wear the hue of health. The 'Favorite Prescription' is a wonderful remedy for all diseases peculiar to your sex. Its proprietors guarantee to return the money if it does not give satisfaction. But it never fails. Try it." The lady followed my advice, and now her complexion is as clear as a babe's, and she enjoys better health than she has for many years.

To permanently cure constipation, biliousness and sick-headache take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Of dealers.

Sociological—Every man owes something to himself; but what he owes other people is what bothers.

CRIME AND THE NEGRO.

A Clergyman Speaks in Justice to the Race.

"A Negro Clergyman," in explanation of the statistics of crime recently cited by Bishop Penick, calls attention to the disadvantages under which the negro began his record as a citizen.

In connection with what Bishop Penick has to say respecting "Crime and the Negro," in justice to the race I would like to call attention to two facts significantly related to the subject:

First—A man cannot lose what he has never had. To speak of the negro as being degraded would imply that he had lost something he once possessed. Character is the result of ages of influences. At emancipation the negro ceased to be a thing, and efforts were started toward laying a foundation for the acquisition of character. The Anglo-Saxon boasts of centuries of civilization and influences which beget character. Hence Bishop Penick's contrast and comparison in crimes, so far from placing the negro in an unfavorable light, rather indicate, all things being considered, that he has made far more progress toward obtaining character in the few short years since the emancipation than could have reasonably be expected of him.

Secondly—The negro, in his poverty, as well as from his natural adaptation to menial occupations of the worst sort, is thrown largely into conditions which beget criminal tendencies—and this with a manhood already vitiated. The wonder is not that he is as bad as he is, but that he is not infinitesimally worse.—*Baltimore Sun.*

AN IMPROVED PHONOGRAPH.

The skilled employees of Edison's works, Orange, N. J., are turning out a new style of phonograph, differing in a number of particulars from the machine now on the market. Edison has devoted himself to the new invention at his laboratory for some time, shutting himself up night and day, like an old monk, in a cloister, as he always does on such occasions. He has been successful, and the new arrangement will not only be sold at a cheaper price than the old machine sells for, but the cylinders have been so adjusted that just double the former number of words can be placed thereon. The old cylinders had a capacity of 100 lines, the new ones will receive 200 lines. New batteries have been devised which, while much less expensive, are even more effective than the ones now in use. The new batteries, with the improved cylinders, give to the machine the power of increasing the volume of sound, and also of furnishing double the quantity of matter. Other changes of a technical character have been made in the instrument calculated to improve its effectiveness and decrease its cost.—*Boston Transcript.*

HIS MISTAKE.

A well-known physician was lecturing on the laws of health, and particularly on the evils of tea and coffee.

One morning he happened to meet at the breakfast table a witty son of Erin. In the course of conversation on the doctor's favorite topic he addressed the Irishman as follows:—

"Perhaps you think I should be unable to convince you of the deleterious effects of tea and coffee?"

"I don't know," said the son of the Emerald Isle. "I'd like to be there when you do it."

"Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?"

"Sure and I will, sir."

"How often do you take tea or coffee?" asked the doctor.

"Morning and night, sir."

"Well," said the doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on retiring at night?"

"I do—indeed I do!"

"And a sharp pain through the temple and about the eyes in the morning?"

"Troth, I do, sir."

"Then," said the doctor, with an air of confidence, "that is tea and coffee."

"Is it, indeed? Faith, and I always thought it was the whiskey I drank!" The company roared and the doctor retired.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Get only Hood's.

## THE IRISH BAR.

## NAMES WHOSE GREATNESS HAS NEVER BEEN EXCELLED

The Great Chain of Political Life From Emmet to Parnell—O'Connell, the King of Platform Orators—Bright Luminaries of the Forum, the Council Chamber and the Bar.

The Irish bar of this country has never been equalled. As a race of orators the Irish stand out pre-eminently. Genius of the highest order, eloquence of the days of the forum, artistic finish and intense vigor were characteristic of the great leaders who formulated the policies of Irish life during the last one hundred years.

The magic of these names: Emmet, O'Connell, Grattan, Wolf Tone, Meagher, Smith O'Brien and C. Stewart Parnell, still live, though with distinguished vigor.

These great leader lawyers have been the product of the tumultuous periods in the history of that race. Their great inner lives have been drawn out by the circumstances and incidents which called for the courage of the lion and the cunning of the fox. Poetry, oratory and all the innate grandeur of the human soul radiates from their beloved memories.

Yet, however, to the American who can scarcely imagine what manner of man it was who could cluster about him from 200,000 to 300,000 and 1,000,000 people in political meetings, it may be proper to give some opinions of our own countrymen concerning O'Connell. Gladstone said: "As a platform orator O'Connell may challenge the world." Daniel Dougherty, the lamented "silver tongue" of our own day, speaks of O'Connell as the "greatest orator of modern times." Wendell Phillips, the golden mouthed American, said concerning him: "Webster could address a bench of judges, Clay could magnetize a senate, Choate could delude a jury, Tom Corwin could hold a mob in his right hand, but not one of them could do more than one thing, and not one of them ever equalled the great Irishman." John Randolph, of Roanoke, of whom it is said that he hated an Irishman as he did a negro, upon hearing O'Connell, threw up his hands and said: "That is the man, and those are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." Archbishop Hughes, of New York, after a visit to the great orator, declared that there were epithets of tenderness in the language of the continent. "But I never knew they were in the English until I heard them from the lips of O'Connell." The liberator

EMANCIPATED EIGHT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, conducting his campaign from his own resources. This was an individual personal triumph. Around this incomparable personality shall ever float the luminaries casting splendor on Irish history. He braved the English lion in his den, and by the surmounting capability of his marvellous soul subdued the British throne. This strangely great Irishman died of a broken heart in Genoa, Italy.

John Philpot Curran, the famous wit and barrister, was the father of Robert Emmet's sweetheart. Charles Phillips, famous as an orator of remarkable power, characterized Curran as "a mental pyramid reared amid the solitude of time, around whose base things might moulder and around whose summit eternity must play."

But when a mighty heart like O'Connell's sways the nation, so long as there is an identity of principle in the human breast for which a great man fights, there will be a continuous association of his name and instincts with it.

Few statesmen of any time have possessed

## THE PERSONALITY OF HENRY GRATTAN.

Analysis of speeches reveals the culture of remarkable literary style. The oratorical genius burns with increasing fervor. Pursue it further, there is the increasing vigor of passion, particularly in his denunciative replies. Grattan, though a Protestant, was the champion of the Catholics. His famous reply to Flood is a true transcript of his spirit patriotic. Flood voted four thousand Irish troops to go over to cut the throats of the Americans. Grattan said Flood had "a metaphor in his mouth, a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ire-

land, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind."

A great famine was on the land, the people were dying by thousands. Better, thought the leaders, to die fighting than starving. So the conditions were made more terrible by a weak attempt at insurrection. These men who believed in war were men, however, of spotless integrity; courage, and irreproachable character, went with them. Yet Meagher and O'Brien and Mitchell and their followers failed. It was the battle, as Hugo would term it, of the pigmy against the mastodon; in this case the pigmy succumbs. The diminutive and weakly disciplined handful of Irishmen were as naught against the splendid war power of England. The leaders were scattered to all parts of the earth. Thomas Francis Meagher came to America and made the famous Irish Brigade immortal.

Sir Charles Russell is the last of the line of great lawyers. His fame has spread even to this day throughout the world. The services of Russell commanded great fees, as evidence of his ability. Charles Stewart Parnell, to whom history will give just dues, sleeps in Glasnevin cemetery. This age cannot fairly judge of his importance in the great chain of political life.—*Cleveland Catholic Universe.*

## ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from London Universe.)

The jury of the historical exhibition, held at Madrid in honor of the Columbus centenary, has awarded the diploma of honor to the secret archives of the Vatican.

The Congregation of the Holy Office has decided that a heretic cannot be god-father to a Catholic child, and that it is preferable to bestow baptism without a sponsor rather than accept a heretic in such a case.

The Holy Father has issued a letter to the members of the Spanish association called the Apostolate of the Press granting indulgences and his benediction to all the members who will aid it, either pecuniarily or otherwise. The object of the society, instituted at Madrid two years ago, is to spread gratuitously amongst the people moral and religious literature, and thus to recall them to the ancient purity of manners. This design is recognized as sound and praiseworthy at the Vatican, and thoroughly in keeping with the necessities of the age. When falsehood and immorality are in the ascendant Catholics should join in defending the truth by every means put in their power by the printing press.

The information that the Holy Father had agreed to arbitrate between the Republics of Peru and Ecuador is technically inexact. Here is the truth from an authoritative source. There has long been a dispute about frontiers. Five years ago it was referred for settlement to the Queen Regent of Spain, and negotiations began. The Parliament of Peru refused to approve a suggested arrangement. The populace of Lima assailed the residence of the Minister of Ecuador, tore down the escutcheon of that Republic and burned it. When this news arrived at Quito there was great popular indignation, and war was demanded. At this critical moment the Pope interfered

## Loss of Flesh

is one of the first signs of poor health. Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Diseased Blood follow.

## Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-Liver Oil, cures all of these weaknesses. Take it in time to avert illness if you can. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists, 50c. & \$1.

and offered his mediation in the interests of peace. But he is not an arbiter, as that position is already occupied by the Queen Regent of Spain.

## TALKED WITH POPE LEO.

## FATHERS McPHILOMY AND McDEVITT IN ROME.

A Touching Incident Described in a Letter to Rev. Father Barry—Inquiries Concerning Mgr. Satolli and the Catholic University.

The many friends of Rev. Hubert P. McPhilomy, former assistant at the Church of Our Lady of the Visitation, who, in company with Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, of the Church of the Nativity, recently had the privilege of an audience with our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., will read with interest the following description of that event, taken from a letter from Rev. Father McPhilomy to his former pastor, Rev. Thomas Barry:

Mr. O'Connell's application for an audience with his Holiness was again successful, and to-day we had a very satisfactory meeting with the head of the Church. The hour for the audience was fixed for 11 o'clock, but it was fully 12 before the signal was given to advance. About forty persons had received the coveted permission, and the gathering was quite a motley one. Members of diplomatic circles, military officers in full uniform, ladies and gentlemen from the four quarters of the globe, were in attendance, all in the costume which Vatican etiquette requires. There were also present two Sisters of Charity and two clergymen besides ourselves; the gray habit of the Sisters and our soutanes and ferola being in striking contrast to the rich apparel of the lay persons in attendance. In spite of what the newspapers say to the contrary, Leo XIII. has, to my mind, many years yet to guide the bark of Peter. Happily we were among the very first to kneel at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, and as we were requested not to leave the apartment until the audience was over, we had ample opportunity to observe everything that took place.

## NO SIGN OF WEAKNESS.

"Never for a moment did his Holiness betray the slightest sign of weakness or fatigue, although he did most of the talking, now in French, now in Italian, and again, as in our own case, in Latin. He seemed in a very happy mood, and often indulged in pleasantries, at which times his countenance would light up and a sweet smile spread over his face, with the result that all were perfectly at ease, and the many non-Catholics present thoroughly in love with him. His reception of the Americans was most gratifying, and I thought at the mention of the word 'American' his eyes showed a kindlier light as he looked around with a quick turn of his venerable head to greet us, who had crossed the seas to ask his blessing for ourselves and friends. There were several Americans and all received the same kind, loving reception.

"Leo XIII. has frequently proven himself a man with a big heart. His reception of the Sisters of Charity above mentioned was another proof of this tenderness. He had not noticed their presence, so busy was he with those who preceded them, until they were introduced, and then, stretching forth his arms towards them as they came forward, he cried out loud enough to be heard in all parts of the audience chamber: 'Oh, my dear Sisters of Charity, welcome, welcome! How glad I am to see you!' If you had been present at this scene I am sure you would have noticed that the ladies present had a sudden use for their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen all seemed to be affected at once with some throat affliction.

## INQUIRED ABOUT MGR. SATOLLI.

"The remarks of his Holiness to each one were pretty much of the same tenor, asking whence he came, how long he was going to stay in Rome, and ending by blessing his visitor and his family. If there was anything of particular interest to his Holiness he quickly manifested that interest. In the short audience we had he asked particularly about the mission of his 'Nuncio,' as he called Mgr. Satolli, and the University at Washington. He also inquired about the health of Archbishop Ryan, and gave us to

understand, as he also did some American non-Catholics who followed us, that America was very dear to him.

"All through the audience he spoke in a firm, clear voice. His eye was clear and looked, we thought, into our very souls. Whilst he sat there was not much appearance of the years he carries. It was only when he rose to give us his final blessing that we realized that Leo XIII. is a very old man. He is bent almost double, but he moves without any assistance and with a quick, elastic step that is surprising for a man of his years. We feel very much gratified, and when our stay here is ended we shall come away with the pleasantest recollections."—*Philadelphia Catholic Times.*

## GOOD Food - - Digestion - Complexion

are all intimately connected—practically inseparable. Though the fact is often ignored, it is nevertheless true that a good complexion is an impossibility without good digestion, which in turn depends on good food.

There is no more common cause of indigestion than lard. Let the bright housekeeper use

COTTOLINE

The New Vegetable Shortening and substitute for lard, and her cheeks, with those of her family, will be far more likely to be "Like a rose in the snow."

COTTOLINE is clean, delicate, healthful and popular. Try it.

Made only by  
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,  
Wellington and Ann Streets,  
MONTREAL.

## LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

## DIVIDEND NO. 115.

The Shareholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a Semi-Annual Dividend of Three per cent. for the last six months has been declared on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the office of the Bank on and after MONDAY, the 5th MARCH next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 25th of February, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board of Directors,  
J. S. BOUSQUET,  
Cashier.  
Monday, January 30th, 1894. 29-5

## LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

## NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple will be held at the office of the Bank, St. James street, on MONDAY, the 5th MARCH next, at 8 o'clock p. m., in conformity with the 16th and 17th clauses of the Act of Incorporation.

By order of the Board of Directors,  
J. S. BOUSQUET,  
Cashier.  
Montreal, January 30th, 1894. 29-5

## Marble and Granite Works

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IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

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All Kinds of Repairing at Moderate Prices.

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JOY IN TWO HOMES.

A GENUINE SENSATION IN GREY COUNTY.

How Baby Was Saved, and How a Young Lady Regained Health after Doctors and Friends had Given up Hope—Gateful Parents Speak for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

From Collingwood Enterprise.

Situated some fourteen miles from the town of Collingwood, on the border line between the counties of Simcoe and Grey, is the thriving village of Singhampton. It was the duty of the writer to visit this charming locality, recently on a mission of more than local interest, and to Mr. Geo. F. Riddell we are indebted for the really startling facts elicited as a result of the trip.

While in Singhampton the reporter heard much talk of another remarkable case, and being anxious that all the facts obtainable should be placed before the public he called at the home of Miss Ellen Cousins. The young lady was absent visiting friends, but her mother cheerfully gave the facts of this truly remarkable case.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or an impairment of the nervous system, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling there-

from, the after effects of la grippe, in fluenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud and should be avoided.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. They may be had from any dealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

ON THE twenty-eighth January last Mgr. Volpini read an address, St. Peter's, from Leo XIII., to the people of Rome, on the subject of the recent disturbances in Italy. After referring to the very miserable state of Italy, both morally and financially, and having expressed the hope that all these disasters may be repaired, the Sovereign Pontiff pronounced these words of wisdom and truth:

"We cannot on this occasion omit to recall the past, when the presence of the Popes gave Rome, not merely for years, but for centuries, glorious, tranquil prosperity. The prosperity was the outcome of neither chance nor the institution of man. It was rational and sure of the morrow. Life was then calm and well ordered. Nothing was wanting for the well being of the people. The opposite is true of the present. If we would profit by bitter experience let us trace the evils to their origin and seek an effectual remedy. Their religious ruin invoked and designed had brought moral and material ruin. Not only justice but also political expediency must demand the return of the nation to the religion of its fathers with mutual confidence and affection, and without suspicion of the Pope, whose preaching of the life eternal makes even rural life happy and prosperous."

BIRTH.

BURKE—In this city, at 275 Mountain street, on February 5th, the wife of Michael Burke of a son.

DIED.

CALLAHAN—In this city, on February 5th, 1894, Thomas Francis, second eldest son of Felix Callahan, printer, and brother of Wm. H. Callahan, of the Singer Mfg. Co., at the age of 22 years and 6 months. Funeral will leave his father's residence, 68 University street, on Wednesday, 7th inst., at 2:30 p.m. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully requested to attend.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Patent Spring.....\$3.60 @ 3.75 Patent Winter.....3.60 @ 3.80 Straight Roller.....3.00 @ 3.20 Extra.....2.70 @ 2.90 Superfine.....2.45 @ 2.65 Fine.....2.15 @ 2.30 City Strong Bakers.....3.40 @ 3.55 Manitoba Bakers.....3.25 @ 3.55 Ontario bag—extra.....1.35 @ 1.40 Straight Rollers.....1.50 @ 1.55 Superfine.....1.15 @ 1.30 Fine.....1.00 @ 1.10 Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$1.25 to \$1.35. Blandard \$3.95 to \$4.15. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.10 to \$2.15, and standard at \$1.95 to \$1.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote as follows: Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$16.00 @ 17.00 Canada clear mess, per bbl.....15.50 @ 16.50 Chicago clear mess, per bbl.....00.00 @ 00.00 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....00.00 @ 00.00 India mess beef, per tierce.....00.10 @ 01.00 Extra mess beef, per bbl.....00.00 @ 00.00 Hams, per lb.....12 @ 13c Lard, pure, in pails, per lb.....11 @ 12c Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....07 @ 08c Bacon, par lb.....11 @ 12c Shoulders, per lb.....10 @ 10c Dressed Hogs.—Car lots having sold at \$6.25 and \$6.29, with lower prices ruling to-day.

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter.—Creamery, early made.....28c to 29c Creamery, late-made.....24c to 25c Eastern Townships.....21c to 23c Western.....19c to 21c For single tubs of selected 1c per lb may be added to the above. Roll Butter.—Sales at 20c to 21c. Cheese.—Finest Western colored.....11c to 11c Finest Western white.....11c to 11c Finest Quebec.....11c to 11c Underpriced.....10c to 11c Liverpool cable.....57s 0d

COUNTRY PRODUCE. Maple Products.—Syrup 50c to 65c in cans as to quality, and 4c to 5c in wood as to quality. Dark sugar 8c to 7c. Beans.—At \$1.25 to \$1.55 for fair to choice qualities. Honey.—Strained honey at 7c to 8c for choice 1873, out old is quoted at 4c to 5c. Comb honey 8c to 8c in 13c as to quality. Baled Hay.—Sales have been made at country points at \$7.50 to \$7.75 1, 0 b. No. 1 pressed in spot is quoted at \$9.50 to \$10, and No. 2 \$8.50 to \$9.

FRUITS, Etc. Apples.—No. 1 \$4.00 to \$5.00, common stock \$2.50 to \$3.50. Grapes.—At \$1.00 to \$1.50 per keg, while some fancy stock is quoted at \$5.00 to \$5.50 per keg. Potatoes.—We quote prices as follows: One per bag on track and 10c per bag extra for jobbing lots. Onions.—We quote Spanish at 8c to 9c per crate and red and yellow at \$2.00 to \$2.25 per barrel. Oranges.—Florida oranges. We quote prices as follows:—Floridas 90s, 120s and 1-9s at \$2.00 to \$2.50; 170s, 2-0s and 2-0s at \$2.75 to \$3.00. Valencia 120s \$3.50 to \$3.75, 7-14s at \$4.50 to \$4.75. Lemons.—We quote from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per box. Cranberries.—There is a moderate demand for cranberries at \$4.50 to \$5.50 per barrel for frozen stock, and fancy stock (not frozen) from \$7.00 to \$7.50 per barrel. Peas.—We quote prices at \$2.00 to \$2.50 per box. Figs.—7c to 8c per lb. Dates.—Sales are slow at 4c to 5c per lb. Hops.—At 15c to 16c for medium, and 20c to 22c for the finer grades.

FISH AND OILS. Fresh Fish.—New Brunswick frozen herring \$1.50 to \$1.65 per 100; large Newfoundland \$2.10 to \$2.15. Tommy cods 90c to \$1.10 per 100 to size of lot. Fresh haddock and cod 3c to 4c, done No. 4, and pike 5c. Pickled Fish.—Herring unchanged at \$4.00 to \$4.25 for shore, and \$5.00 for Labrador. Green cod \$1.50 to \$5.00 for No. 1, and large is \$5.50 to \$8.00. Dry cod \$4.50 to \$5.00 per 112 lbs. Labrador salmon \$2.50 to \$2.60 in tierces for No. 1, and \$18.00 for No. 2; barrels are \$11.50 to \$12.50. Oil.—Steam refined seal oil is steady at 15c to 16c as to quantity. Newfoundland cod oil 36c to 37c. Cod liver oil is 55c to 60c for new and 45c to 50c for old.

Canada, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 555. Dame Marie Louise Henriette Massue, of the city and district of Montreal, wife of Jean Gustave Adolphe Drolet, advocate, of the same place, has instituted, on the twenty-seventh day of December, 1893, an action in separation as to property against her said husband, Montreal, 20th Jan., 1894. Robidoux & Geoffrin, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 4-29

WANTED—Situations for three Catholic orphan boys, 10, 12 and 16 years of age. Apply 227 Ottawa street. 20-2

A SPLENDID BARGAIN. 370 Acre Farm, 136 acres highly productive bottom land, nice river and road front, orchard and vineyard, seven miles from city. Good market. Price \$4000, on many years time. Write for free farm catalogue. R. B. CRAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOGGED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRADUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKENING THE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECTING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY YIELD TO THE CURATIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Better than Ever for 1894. GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1894. It is intended to aid the planter in selecting the seeds best adapted for his needs and conditions and in getting from them the best possible results. It is not, therefore, highly colored in either sense; and we have taken great care that nothing worthless be put in, or nothing worthy be left out. We invite a trial of our seeds. We know them because we grow them. Every planter of vegetables or flowers ought to know about our three warrants; our cash discounts; and our gift of agricultural papers to purchasers of our seeds. All of these are explained in the Catalogue, a copy of which can be yours for the asking. J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

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P. BRADY Helena P. O., Que., Co. Huntingdon, Agent for the celebrated Heintzman Piano, Evans Bros., Vose & Sons, and others, as well as the G. W. Cornwall Organ and New Williams Sewing Machines. To Organ and Piano customers I would say I have had many years' experience in the business, and not being at the expense of numerous city rents I am enabled to quote prices that I feel assured will be found lower than you can buy elsewhere. I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days. Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application. ADDRESS: P. BRADY, Helena P. O., Que. 47-L

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Oilcloths, Cork Flooring, Linoleums and Inlaid Tile Cork, well seasoned and from celebrated makers, at THOMAS LIGGETT'S. Mats, Matting, Rugs and Parquet Carpetings, immense quantities to select from, at THOMAS LIGGETT'S, 1884 Notre Dame Street, and 53 and 55 Sparks Street, Ottawa

**YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.**

**RESULT OF FALSE BOASTING.**

Charlotte A. Chambers shook out her white dress, inspected it, then laid it down and took up her red silk.

"Charlotte," called mamma, "why take so much time to dress? You'll be late for school."

"I must look nice," returned Charlotte; "the gentleman that moved into the old Floyd mansion has a little girl, and Anna Lyons says she's going to start to school to-day. Of course I must make an impression so we'll be friends, and I can be more stuck up if I wear this fine frock."

"And," said mamma, who once was quite as silly, "will this child be great, great friends with you and not compare this house to her papa's mansion?"

"That can't be helped!" snapped Charlotte. "But I'll be dressed swell and say my papa owns heaps of houses, but we're attached to this and wouldn't move, and—oh! we'll be friends!"

"I wish my daughter was more truthful," sighed mamma. But Charlotte was down stairs, donning her hat.

Shortly after she entered school with a swagger, her nose tilted skyward—characteristics which made her universally disliked. When school was called Anna Lyons, her seatmate, was absent.

"That's shameful!" commented Charlotte: "that rich girl can't see I'm friends with the only tony girl in this room! But then"—consoling herself—"she'll think I'm richer than the rest and won't notice them!"

Then she settled back and lifted her nose slightly higher.

"Two new girls this morning," said one little girl behind her; "one lives in that old mansion, you know, and t'other's a Dutch baker's girl. One's in this room."

Just then the teacher walked to the cloak room. "We have a new scholar," she said, and led a little girl into the room. She was Charlotte's size, with a rosy, German face, flaxen braids, and was attired in a long gingham apron.

"The Dutch baker's girl," decided Charlotte, her nose going up.

"I am sorry there is but one seat vacant," said the teacher, seating her beside Charlotte, who angrily drew away her skirts.

"The idea!" she audibly exclaimed. "Your name?" asked the teacher.

"Gretchen Shaw," was responded. Gretchen proved to be a sweet, bright child, and though shy, possessed frank, winning ways and refined manners.

When recess came Charlotte leaned back importantly. Gretchen gazed about, remaining seated.

"Aren't you going out?" asked Charlotte in a superior tone.

"No," smiled Gretchen. "Why don't you, and get acquainted with the children? But" (lifting her nose) "don't expect me to introduce you! You see," she proceeded condescendingly. "I don't associate with poor children! Anna Lyons, another girl—you wouldn't know her, she lived in the old Floyd mansion—and I are the only really rich girls here, and we don't speak to others!" And untruthful Charlotte pursed her lips importantly.

Gretchen regarded her with surprise, saying nothing.

"I s'pose you're poor? But I know you are! Bakers don't make much money! Now, my papa is wealthy! He—"

"I'm going out and get acquainted with the other girls," said Gretchen, her eyes as big as saucers, hurrying away.

"Oh!" thought Charlotte, "I've impressed her. I really can tell a story nicely."

Gretchen, despite Charlotte's efforts to draw her away. Charlotte held her arm importantly, her nose uplifted; so Anna politely said, "Gretchen says she got my seat."

"Yes; but I'll insist upon teacher returning it."

"Thank you; but an extra desk has been put in and I'm going to sit there with Gretchen."

"With Gretchen!" shrieked Charlotte. "Certainly! Don't you know Gretchen? Why, let me introduce you to Gretchen Shaw, who lives in the old Floyd mansion, you know."

**WITH THE FARMER.**

**USEFUL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE FARM.**

All dairymen can't use the same methods because conditions vary on different farms.

Progressive dairymen are ready to try new things; if they prove to be better than the old ones they adopt them.

The dairy procession is constantly on the move; it doesn't follow the same route year after year, but tries new ones.

While the ground is frozen this winter, if you have any old, half-rotten straw stacks, haul them out and scatter on the poor spots in the fields.

If the fences are out of repair they should be attended to this winter, so that when the spring work comes with its rush, everything will be in good shape.

To remove tar, rub in grease (lard is as good as anything), until the spot seems pretty well loosened, and then wash in plenty of hot water and soap.

Every farmer ought to have a good warm hen house. It can be made of rough boards lined with tar paper and it will be quite comfortable and costs but little.

Corn kernels having a flinty, glazed surface contain an excessive amount of starch, while the dull-colored, shriveled grains have an excess of sugar.

The proposition to appropriate \$1,000,000 to exterminate the Russian thistle in the Dakotas indicates that it is not only hard to kick against the pricks, but that it is also expensive.

One million acres of oats were sown in Scotland last spring, and the value of the crop is estimated at \$35,000,000. Only 280,000 acres were devoted to the production of other cereals.

The man who finds the silo a very profitable investment should not call the man who doesn't build a silo an "old timer" from that fact alone. It is not every dairyman who can find profit in the silo.

Practicing rotation in the production of crops is not only a most excellent course of preventing the soil exhaustion, but the best means for preventing the multiplication of weed and insects.

The root grower feedeth not his plump, labor-costing roots to poor cows; not he; but he feedeth his good roots to good cows; he soon seeth the folly of feeding 10 cents' worth of roots to a cow that only returneth 8 cents' worth of milk for the roots. There are great piles of truth in that.

**Prevention is Better**

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrh, also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's PILLS are easy and gentle in effect.

The coalman's season may be the winter, and the summer the iceman's harvest, so that it's possible the milkman finds his greatest profit in the spring.

**CURED HIS BOILS IN A WEEK.**

DEAR SIR,—I was covered with pimples and small boils, until one Sunday I was given  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time. FRED. CARTER, Haney, B. C.

I can answer for the truth of the above. T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B. C. ...

**T. FITZPATRICK, L.D.S., DENTIST.**

*Teeth without Plates a Specialty.*

No. 54 BEAVER HALL HILL. MONTREAL. 45 G

**BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour**

Is THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitation

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**NIPPLE : OIL.**

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

**COVERNTON'S**

**Syrup of Wild Cherry.**

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

**COVERNTON'S**

**Pile Ointment.**

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

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121 Leury street, corner of Dorchester street.

AGENTS who work for us make MONEY fast. Send your address on postal card for particulars. THE ROYAL SILVERWARE CO., Windsor, Ont. 11-G-92

PURSUANT to an order of the High Court of Justice in England, Chancery Division, made in an action of Phillips against Phillips (1891 P. No. 1475).

Thomas Phillips, or, if dead, the person or persons claiming to be the heir-at-law or devisee of the said Thomas Phillips, is, or are, by his, her or their solicitors, on or before the 22nd day of March, 1894, to come in and prove his, her or their claim, at the chambers of Mr. Justice Chitty, at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, London, England, or in default thereof they will be bound by the proceedings in the above action as if they had been duly served with notice of the judgment, dated the 9th day of November, 1892, made in the said action. Tuesday, the 3rd day of April, 1894, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the claims.

The said Thomas Phillips, as son of Thomas Phillips, late Steward of the Oawestry House of Industry, in the County of Salop, deceased, joined the 70th Regiment of Foot in the year 1824, and left the Army in the year 1826, he being then stationed at Montreal, Lower Canada, with the said Regiment. Dated the 28th day of December 1892.

GEO. A. CROWDER, Chief Clerk. BRAMALL and WHITE,

47 Lime Street, London, E. C., England, Agents for Rowland Taylor Hughes, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, England, Solicitor for the Plaintiff. 31-2



**\$3 a Day Sure.**

Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the evening when you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully, remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.

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**DROPSY TREATED FREE.** Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands and cases called hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures FREE. 10 DAYS TREATMENT FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, ATLANTA GA.

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

Read what the



**SAY**

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

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

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

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

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

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

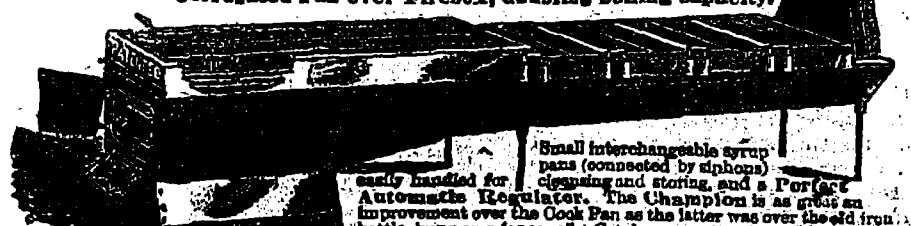
"I have used with success the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR in the different cases for which it is recommended and it is with pleasure that I recommend it to the public."  
Z. LAROCHE, M. D. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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

For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.

**CHAMPION EVAPORATOR**

For MAPLE, SORGHUM, CIDER, and FRUIT JELLIES.



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**ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS BROKEN.**

**SUCH UNANIMITY NEVER KNOWN IN MONTREAL BEFORE.**

EAST, WEST, NORTH AND SOUTH UNITED.

Madam D. Jodoin, 9 Joachim Lane, says: I am more than satisfied with Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. My son, seven years old, suffered for the past five years from Bronchitis; he was so bad indeed that we feared that he was rapidly going into consumption. We used every possible remedy we could think of. None of them, however, gave our boy the slightest relief or made any apparent change in his condition. I hereby certify that my son has been completely cured by using four 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. He is now perfectly healthy, fat and rosy, and he is gaining flesh daily. I consider that the cure in his case was indeed marvellous, and you can put this certificate to whatever use you may see fit.

Mrs. John Downey, 655 Mignonne St., says: I suffered for ten long years from Chronic Bronchitis, and I have been completely and permanently cured by five 50c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, and it affords me the greatest pleasure to testify to the marvellous cure effected in my case.

Madam George Deslauriers, 729 Mignonne St., says: My son, seven years old, suffered from inflammation of the Lungs and Bronchitis, and he has been completely cured by using Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. This is indeed a truly wonderful remedy for all affections of the lungs.

Madam V. Lanouette, 894 Mignonne St., says: I have been a sufferer for six years from Chronic Bronchitis, and during that period I have been treated by a number of Doctors, and I have also employed many remedies without getting any relief. I am now using Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, and although I have only used two 25c bottles, the change in my condition is simply wonderful, and I have every confidence in a radical cure.

Mrs. Charles Ferry, 636 Mignonne St., says: My little girl, sixteen months old, suffered from Bronchitis ever since she was 3 months old; two 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete and permanent cure. I cannot commend this wonderful remedy too highly to all mothers for their little ones, for it is delicious to take and acts like magic.

Mrs. John Brown, 883, St. Catherine St., says: My child ten years old suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis, and was completely cured by using two 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Delphis Provost, 899 Plessis St., says: I suffered for three weeks from a very bad attack of Bronchitis, and I have been perfectly cured by using two 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

A. Sagala, 803 Plessis St., says: My two children, one seven months and the other four years old, suffered from a bad attack of Bronchitis and a complete loss of voice; one 25c bottle of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine cured them both completely. It is the most effective remedy we have ever used in our family.

Madam Andre Lachapelle, 183 Plessis St., says: I suffered for one year from a severe attack of Bronchitis, and I have been completely cured by that wonderful remedy Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, of which I cannot speak too highly.

Joseph Perreault, 89 Plessis St., says: I suffered for two months from a bad attack of Bronchitis; two 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete cure.

(To be continued next week.)

The publication of the hundreds of testimonials I am daily receiving will occupy many columns of the TRUE WITNESS. It will be continued every week during the winter. Persons desirous of verifying their correctness can cut out and preserve this column and apply at the addresses given.

J. GUSTAVE LAVIOLETTE, M.D.,  
Office & Laboratory, 282 & 284 St. Paul St.,  
Montreal.

**IRISH NEWS.**

Cattle fairs were held at Kilcar, Letterkenny, and Castlefin, on Jan. 8; at Clonmany, on the 9th; Cresselagh, on the 10th; Glenties, on Jan. 12, and Raphoe, on Jan. 13.

At the last meeting of the Drogheda branch of the Federation, the chairman, John Berrill, said that the collection for the evicted tenants had been a great success—greater than it had been before.

At a meeting of the Clonmel Corporation on Jan. 2, Alderman James Hill Lonergan, J.P., was installed Mayor. He subsequently entertained the members of the council at a banquet in Hearn's Hotel.

At the weekly meeting of the Middleton Board of Guardians, a resolution, proposed by B. McSweeney and seconded by Mr. Buckley, was adopted, granting in future results fees to the workhouse school-teachers.

The Rev. A. MacLaughlin, M. A., Protestant rector of Doone, is dead. He was the father of Mrs. Walker, wife of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Mr. MacLaughlin was Chancellor of Cashel, in the Diocese of Emly.

Dr. James O'Connor was unanimously appointed medical officer of the Clonmellon district on Dec. 28. Some years ago he served as *locum tenens* there, and since then held an appointment in Clonslee, Mountmellick Union.

News has reached Donegal that John Doherty, ex-Sheriff of Mora County, Mexico, has been foully murdered by an unknown assassin. The deceased, who a native of Donegal, was fired at whilst sitting whilst sitting with his family, and instantly killed.

An old lady named Mrs. Maria Collins, residing in Thomas Street, Midleton, who was the godmother of the Hon. P.A. Collins, Consul-General for the American Government in London, died on Dec. 58. She was a distant relative to General Collins.

The interesting ceremony of profession of a nun took place in the Convent of Mercy at Ennistymon on the 27th ult. The young lady who received the black veil was Miss O'Donohoe, in religion Sister Mary Gertrude.

A laborer named John Brady died on Jan. 2, in the Hyde Market police barrack, in Newry. It appeared that he was about sixty years of age. He attended a funeral the day previous in the old chapel-yard burying ground, and fell down some of the steps at the old chapel.

A fire occurred in the house of a man named Love, on Thompson Street, Ballymacarrett, on Jan. 2. The police discovered the dead body of Love's wife. The husband was suffering severely from the effects of smoke, and was rescued just in time and taken to a hospital.

Bishop Gillooly, of Elphin, has been seriously ill for a short time, but has now almost completely recovered. He celebrated 7 o'clock Mass on Christmas Day, according to his custom, and was soon afterwards seized with a severe chill, which, together with a slight heart affection, rendered his condition serious for a time.

The Cork Corporation was informed by the Mayor on the 5th inst., that he had called a meeting of representatives of all towns in the South of Ireland, that they might unite in urging the Government to maintain the Queenstown route for the Anglo-American mails.

One place is just as good as another for a man without any money. In fact he is nowhere anywhere.

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

REPRESENTING:  
SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND  
Assets, \$39,109,332.64.  
NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, OF NORWICH ENGLAND.  
Capital, \$5,000,000.  
EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF HALIFAX N.S.  
Capital, \$1,000,000.

**SPECIAL NOTICE!**

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.  
We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Back both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.  
We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.  
As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we can not guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half-century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

Large Sales and Small Profits.  
**OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,**  
1849, 1851 and 1853  
Notre Dame Street.

**DR. WOOD'S**



**Norway Pine Syrup.**

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

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT  
District of Montreal. }  
No. 1872,  
Dame Helen Jordan, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Michael Wright, heretofore merchant, of the same place, hereby gives notice that she has, this day, sued her husband in separation as to property.  
BEAUDIN & CARDINAL,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.  
Montreal, 10th January, 1891. 28-5

**LOST!**

At or near the corner of Ottawa and Colborne Streets, a lady's shopping-bag, containing \$40.00 in bills and \$2.00 in silver, a diamond ring, and a bottle of O'Reilly's Pectoral Balsam of Honey. The loser values the money and the ring; but not so much as the bottle of Pectoral Balsam, which is the best remedy for coughs and colds there is. It is manufactured by the O'Reilly Medicine Co'y, and sold by W. J. BURKE, Druggist, 107 Colborne Street, at 25 cents a bottle. Try it!

**PORTER, TESKY & CO.**  
454 & 456 St. James Street,  
MONTREAL.  
Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in  
DOLLS,  
TOYS,  
GAMES,  
and SMALL WARES and FANCY GOODS of every description. If our travellers should fall to see you, write for samples.  
Canadian Agents for HENRY MILWARD & SONS Fish Hooks.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**  
This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.  
These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, yet soothingly, on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.  
**Holloway's Ointment.**  
Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of  
Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers  
This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.  
**GOUT RHEUMATISM,**  
and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.  
The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at  
583 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,  
and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.  
The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.  
Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 28 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

**That Wedding Present You are Thinking of Giving**

IS CAUSING YOU A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE.  
It is difficult to choose something at once elegant and useful.  
: : : : LET US SUGGEST FOR YOU : : : :  
**One of the Nicest Presents for a Young Couple Just Setting up Housekeeping is:**  
**A Set of EDDY'S INDURATED FIBRE WARE,**  
Consisting of Pails, Tubs, Wash Basins, Bread Pans, etc.  
THIS IS A PRESENT THAT WILL LAST AND KEEP THE DONOR IN REMEMBRANCE, BESIDES BEING A CONSTANT SOURCE OF DELIGHT TO THE HAPPY RECIPIENT. THE LIGHTEST, TIGHTEST, NEATEST, SWEETEST AND MOST DURABLE WARE MADE.  
Manufactured in Canada solely by the E. B. EDDY Co., Hull, Canada. . . . Sold Everywhere



**McGALE'S**

FOR . . .

**Sick Headache,  
Foul Stomach,  
Biliousness,  
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

BUTTERNUT  
PILLS

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

**B. E. McGALE,  
CHEMIST &c.,  
2188 NOTRE DAME ST.,  
MONTREAL.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

**S. CARSLY'S COLUMN**

**FEBRUARY**

**BARGAINS**

February is generally considered a dull month for business, but is a busy month

At S. CARSLY'S.

**FEBRUARY BARGAINS.**

During February of each year all the odd lots and superfluous stock throughout the store are turned out and sold at some price

At S. CARSLY'S.

**DURING FEBRUARY.**

There are more goods sold below cost price during February than during any other month in the year. So take the cars and come direct to S. CARSLY'S for February Bargains.

**REMNANTS, PRINTS.**

To be sold on Monday a lot of Remnants of Prints from two to ten yard lengths, all warranted fast color. Your choice of the whole lot at from 3c to 10c per yard. Original prices were from seven cents up to twenty-five cents.

S. CARSLY.

**TEN CENT LOT.**

A large lot of Gentlemen's Silk Neck Ties, new shapes and styles, marked from 25c to 40c. Your choice on Monday at 10c each.

S. CARSLY.

**THIRTY CENT LOT.**

One lot Men's White Dress Shirts, good quality, from 14 to 16 1/2 inch neck, to be sold on Monday at only 30c each.

S. CARSLY.

**FIVE CENT LOT.**

One Lot Hand Woven Farmers' made Linen Towelling, worth Ten cents, to be sold on Monday at only Five cents per yard.

S. CARSLY.

**THREE HALF CENT LOT.**

One lot good, useful Linen Towelling, only three and a half cents, much better than the last 3c lot.

S. CARSLY.

**THREE HALF CENT LOT.**

One lot Huckaback Towelling, only 3 1/2 cents on Monday.

S. CARSLY.

**DRESS REMNANTS.**

Several hundreds of Remnants of Dress Goods from two to eight yard lengths, to be sold on Monday, many of them at half price, and others from twenty-five to forty-per cent reduction.

S. CARSLY.

**DRESS GOODS LOTS.**

Several lots of Dress Materials to be sold to morrow regardless of cost.

S. CARSLY.

**EIGHTEEN CENT LOT.**

One Lot Ladies' and Children's Black Kid Gloves to be sold on Monday at eighteen cents.

S. CARSLY.

**LOTS OF FURS.**

On Monday we offer Fur Capes, Fur Ruffs, Fur Caps and Fur Muffs at mere nominal prices.

S. CARSLY.

**TWENTY-THREE CENT LOT.**

On Monday we offer Ladies' Natural Color Hand Knitted Ribbed Wool Under-vests at only Twenty-Three cents each, worth 40c elsewhere. Our price only 23c.

S. CARSLY.

**OTHER GOODS**

**EQUALLY CHEAP.**

**S. CARSLY,**

NOTRE DAME STREET.

Coffee free all this month.

**QUINN & DUGGAN,**

Advocates, Solicitors and Attorneys.

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M. J. F. QUINN, Q.C., Crown Prosecutor.

E. J. DUGGAN, LL.B. G46-783

**JUDGE M. DOHERTY,**

Consulting Counsel,

SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS

Montreal.

**DOHERTY & SICOTTE,**

(Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY.)

Advocates : and : Barristers,

180 ST. JAMES STREET,

City and District Bank Building

**THE SOCIETY OF ARTS OF CANADA, Limited.**

CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000

A Society established with a view to disseminate the taste for Arts, to encourage and help Artists. Incorporated by Letters Patent, of the Government of Canada, the 27th February, 1893.

**GALLERY OF PAINTINGS,**

Nos. 1666 & 1668 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

ONE OF THE RICHEST GALLERIES OF PAINTINGS IN CANADA.

**ADMISSION FREE**

From 10 o'clock a.m. to 4 p.m.

**DISTRIBUTION.**

The next distribution of paintings between the members of "The Society of Arts of Canada," and its Scrip holders, will take place on the 28th instant.

**Price of Scrip: \$1.00.**

The distribution is made by a committee of well known and trustworthy citizens. The list of winning numbers is sent to each subscriber.

Those who acquire paintings from the Society can, within a delay of three months from the date of such acquisition, exchange them for others of an equal value that are disposable. Again, within the same delay, if for one reason or another they wish to dispose of them, they can sell them back to the Society. In the latter case, however, the Society does not bind itself to pay for such more than 50 per cent. of the price mentioned in the catalogue, or marked upon the work itself. For instances, it will pay \$50 for a painting marked down at \$100.

Head office: 1668 Notre Dame St., Montreal. All the paintings are originals, mostly from the French school; the leading modern school. Eminent artists, such as: Francois, Roche, Rosse, Aublet, Baran, Pesant, Pelissier, Varius Roy, Scherrer, Sausay, and a great many others, are members of this Society.

H. A. A. BRAULT, Director.

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**READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.**

Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal,

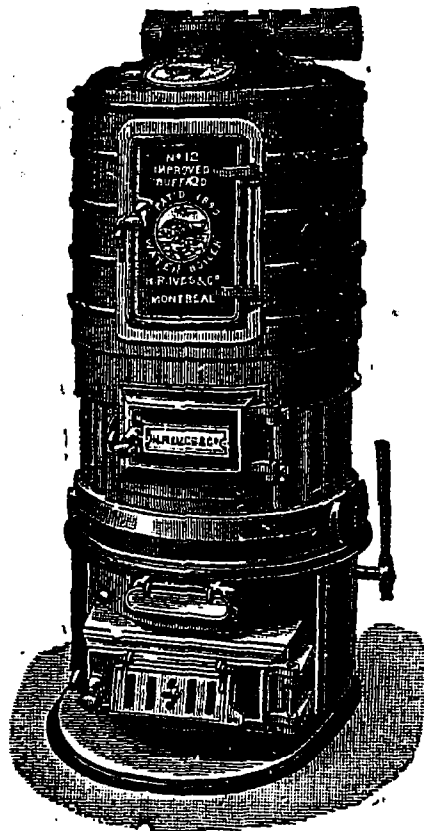
MONTREAL 19th July, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—With reference to "Buffalo" Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last year, we are pleased to say that we find the same very satisfactory in every respect.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) DARLING BROTHERS,  
Engineers and Machinists,  
Beliance Works, Montreal.

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HEAD OFFICE: 51 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C.

(Instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.)

Capital Subscribed.....	\$ 2,250,000
Capital Paid Up.....	900,000
Total Funds (Dec. 31, 1892).....	12,250,000
Annual Income.....	2,962,260

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T. L. MORRISEY, Resident Manager.

The undersigned having been appointed city agent of the above staunch old fire office respectfully solicits from his friends and the public generally a share of their patronage.

Telephone 1943.

T. J. DONOVAN, City Agent.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

Commencing January 1st, 1894.  
Leave Windsor St. Station for

Ottawa, 4.45 p.m., \*9.10 p.m.  
Boston, \*8.00 a.m., \*8.20 p.m.  
Portland, \*9.00 a.m., \*18.20 p.m.  
Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, \*8.25 a.m., \*8.00 p.m.  
St. Marie, St. Paul, Minneapolis, \*9.10 p.m.  
Winnipeg and Vancouver, 4.45 p.m., 9.10 p.m.  
Ste Anne, Vaudreuil, etc.—\*8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m., 8.50 a.m.  
Brockville, V. audreuil, \*8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m.  
Winchester—\*8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m.  
St. Johns—\*9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., \*8.40 p.m., \*8.20 p.m.  
Sherbrooke—4.05 p.m., \*8.40 p.m.  
Waterloo and St. Hyacinthe, 4.05 p.m.  
Perth—\*8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m., \*8.00 p.m.  
Newport—\*9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., \*8.20 p.m.  
Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., 1-8.40 p.m.  
Hudson, Rigaud and Pt. Fortune, 6.15 p.m.

Leave Dalhousie Square Station for  
Quebec, 8.10 a.m.; \*8.30 p.m., \*10.30 p.m.  
Joliette, St. Gabriel and Three Rivers, 6.15 p.m.  
Ottawa, \*8.50 a.m.  
St. Lin, St. Eustache and St. Agathe, 5.30 p.m.  
St. Jerome, 8.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m.  
St. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8.50 a.m., [a] 3 p.m., 5.30 p.m.; Saturday 1.30 p.m., instead of 3 p.m.  
Daily except Saturdays. \*Run daily, Sundays included. Other trains week days only unless shown. \*Parlor and sleeping cars, Sundays only. [a] Except Saturdays and Sundays. Connection for Portland daily except Saturdays.

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