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# The Faithful Witness

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

AND

VOL. XLII, NO. 28.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Evangelical Churchman of the 19th January, came to us via the Daily Witness office. It was addressed thus: "Editor, The Faithful Witness, Montreal." The post office authorities, supposing the exchange was intended for "the only Religious Daily," sent it to the office across the way. Thence it was forwarded to us, with the remark, "not for Daily Witness, try TRUE WITNESS." Somewhat of an admission on the part of our esteemed contemporary. The Witness evidently repudiates the term *Faithful*, agrees that it must apply to THE TRUE WITNESS. Many years ago we read a very pointed editorial in The Witness, a regular prospectus, in which occurred the phrase: "The Daily Witness will be ever faithful." But that took place years ago; there must have been a change since in the worthy organ, or, perhaps, it recognizes the truth of the Quaker-poet's definition: "True means faithful." If so, the surmise was correct; the Faithful Witness is THE TRUE WITNESS. At last The Daily Witness admits as much.

THE COLLECTION for the Home Rule (Blake) Fund moves steadily onward, but too slowly. That strong and honest patriot Mr. John P. Cuddy, sr., was the first to subscribe on the occasion of the call made in THE TRUE WITNESS, and has handed in five dollars for that praiseworthy purpose. It was our first encouragement in this matter, just as the committee for the Fund was organized, and we therefore desire to give Mr. Cuddy credit for his timely contribution. In this connection we might state that next week we will publish a very able address upon this burning question, delivered by our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Henry J. Kavanagh. We secured the report too late for this issue; but it is an admirable address and will lose nothing by coming in our next issue.

THE IRISH Catholic tells a pathetic faith-inspiring story of a Kilkenny nun, a Sister of Mercy, who recently died at duty's post in the fever hospital. From the touching obituary we extract the following passage, which is a tribute to the devotion and heroism of our Catholic nuns, while it is a powerful evidence of the falsehood of all the calumnies so frequently launched against these servants of God and of His poor:

"Full of life and youth and vigor, Sister Mary Angela entered the fever hospital of the Kilkenny Union. She nursed the patients with that genial, unremitting care that was characteristic of her unselfish services; but in the discharge of the holy mission as God's spouse, she fell a victim to the malady which she sought to check, and on Friday, amongst a group of sorrowing friends who assembled to testify, as far as lay in their power, their appreciation of her heroic work, she was borne to the little cemetery in the garden of the community, around which she walked but a short time ago in the enjoyment of health and spirits."

ONCE MORE we call attention to the now famous Chiniquy pamphlet, the sub-

ject-matter of which appeared recently in these columns. It is now for sale at the TRUE WITNESS office and at all the booksellers in the city. The price is only ten cents. Half a cent per page of a most splendid refutation of the Minister Chiniquy of to-day by the Father Chiniquy of forty years ago. Every reader of the TRUE WITNESS should have this relic of the pervert's days of Faith.

QUITE a little "tempest in a teapot" has been created by the attack made by a mob, upon the Opera house, in Cleveland, Ohio, where one George P. Rudolph, formerly a Catholic priest, was lecturing upon "Why I left the Romish Church." Much as it is to be regretted that a Catholic priest should turn out as did Mr. Rudolph, it is equally unfortunate that any attention should be paid to him. By attacking such an individual, or by disturbing his audience, the enthusiasts or indignant citizens simply play into his hands. He then poses as a martyr, he works up a sensation, he has his name heralded on the wings of a coveted notoriety, and he, at once, becomes a hero. We think it is a great mistake to interfere with these people, no matter how abusive their language, false their assertions, or offensive their manners. Let them "go their ways;" for them as for all men, a proper time of reckoning will come, a time

"When Bertram's right,  
And Bertram's might,  
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height."

We mean no Gypsy warning; but simply honest advice.

WE HEAR a great deal about sensational journalism in our day, but the wildest reports of what extravagancies might be the results of excited newspaper work could not equal the contradictory and mostly false assertions of the daily press of America, on the recent ecclesiastical issues. It would make an interesting scrap-book, if all the reports about the Pope, Mgr. Satolli, Archbishops Corrigan, Ireland and others, could be gleaned from the different papers, daily and weekly, Protestant and Catholic, and conserved for the amusement and instruction of future generations. The fact is that so unreliable has all information been rendered by constant abuse of public credulity, that it is next to impossible to place any confidence in the truth of reports or the authenticity of assertions. It is too bad that such should be the case. The liberty of the press is in danger of degenerating into *Journalistic License*.

DEATH'S ANGEL swept over Washington last week, and in his passage, summoned the spirit of James G. Blaine. As his eyes closed for a last time upon the light of this world his individuality—magnetic and powerful as it was—ceased to exist and his name passed into American history. When we say that Blaine was a man of high talents, great oratorical powers, commanding personality and exhaustless in tactics, we have said about all that can be honestly carved upon the shaft of his fame. His

high talents were marred by an unscrupulous ambition, his great oratorical powers were often squandered in petty aims that were unworthy such gifts, his commanding personality failed to secure for him the confidence even of his own Republican party, much more so when question of American Democrats, and of all foreign nations, his exhaustless tactics tended more to lower him to the grade of a political "wire-puller" than to elevate him to that of a statesman. His life was a most selfish one, because it was a life of personal ambition, and his career on earth was a failure in as much as he failed to reach the goal of his high hopes and aspirations—the Presidential Chair. Canada owes him no gratitude, Great Britain much less; the Catholic Church received more than one slap in the face from him, and members of our Faith learned to distrust "the man from Maine." Despite all these considerations Blaine's name has been the most conspicuous, of all American names, before the eyes of the world, since the days of Grant and Lincoln. He lived in the political atmosphere, nursing his never-to-be-satisfied ambition; he died breathing the same air and clinging to the phantom of earthly power. Last week the telegraphic wires were crowded with messages about his health; next week his name will scarcely be mentioned; next year it will be written on the page of history; next generation it will be meaningless to the great human family, *sic transit gloria mundi!*

"THE PRIEST AVENGED" is the title of a publication just issued from the press, and written by Rev. Father Lacasse, O.M.I., of St. Peter's Church. The work is very timely and very well written. In his introduction Father Lacasse says:—"Several of you do not ignore that the demon, by his newspapers, is doing all he can to destroy the respect and confidence which you have always manifested for your priests. We know we will please you by avenging them of all the calumnies which the demon of impiety has hurled at them." Making a very comprehensive analysis of the able work, the *Star* points out the following amongst other points:—"Father Lacasse gives up several chapters to historical studies and justifies the action of the Canadian clergy in condemning the rebellion in 1837. Then he deals with education and pleads that the system now in vogue in this province is the best from a national and religious point of view. The Church will never interfere in that portion of the school management which rightly belongs to the state, but it is its duty to look after the moral education of the child." Father Lacasse then argues that the school system, as it now exists, has been the safeguard of the French race in Canada. "The next chapter deals with the religious orders and speaks of the charitable work which they are doing." \* \* \* "In the political sphere the writer pleads that the priest always exercises influence for the good and that when a county or parish waits to secure some-

thing from any of the governments they generally invite the priest to head the deputation which is formed to proceed to Ottawa or Quebec. On the tithe question the writer speaks at great length. He denies that any priest has ever made any fortune out of the tithes. In many parishes they are insufficient, while in others they are barely sufficient to meet the requirements of the cure. The pamphlet concludes with a condemnation of bad literature and drunkenness. Though the Rev. Father is not in favor of prohibition he is strongly in favor of the regulation of the liquor traffic and he defends the clergy's action in that respect."

Father Lacasse's book should be read by every one who understands French, both in Canada and the United States.

IT IS RUMORED that Mgr. Satolli will be invited to intervene between a certain publication and the ecclesiastical authorities in Montreal. We are also informed that a couple of parishes in this province intend asking the Papal delegate to arbitrate in certain long standing disputes between the churches and the municipalities. It may be possible to invite the Archbishop of Lepanto to decide upon such matters, but it is highly improbable that he would pay any attention to such applications, beyond the requirements of ordinary politeness, in replying and declining. On this point the following, from the Boston Republic, is very timely:—

"It is amusing to read, whenever any petty trouble arises in a parish nowadays, the newspaper statements that Monsignor Satolli's services will probably be invoked to settle the disputes. Some people seem to entertain the notion that the Archbishop of Lepanto is over here to mix up in every trivial misunderstanding between prelates and priests, or between priests and their flocks, that may arise. The legitimate authority of our bishops and pastors is not in any way minimized by the presence in the country of the Apostolic delegate, and Monsignor Satolli cannot be expected to interfere with the proper exercise of that authority by either prelate or priest, however disgruntled parties may wish him to do so."

WE LEARN, with pleasure, that His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, the eminent prelate, and powerful literature, is now working upon a volume that will certainly be an important addition to the Church History of Canada, and of the Maritime Provinces in particular. "Life and Labor of Bishop Burke"—a biography and a history combined. It will probably throw considerable light upon the early history of the Catholic Church in the Provinces by the sea. All our readers who have followed that admirable story, "After Many Years" must recall the brilliant style and the deep undercurrent of Catholic truth that flows beneath the surface ripples of elegant diction and interesting plot. It is only necessary to mention the name of Archbishop O'Brien as the author to guarantee, at once, the form and substance of the work. We are anxiously awaiting the appearance of this new work.

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS)

**SOME ASPECTS OF ANGLICANISM**

**Dangerous and Illogical—A Clear Criticism of its Tenets.**

To the Catholic, 'born and bred,' Anglicanism is simply one of the many forms of Protestant heresy; probably, to all appearance, one of the most dangerous, and, at the same time, the most utterly illogical. Dangerous, inasmuch as it "approximates" to Catholicism, or seems to do so; illogical, because, while claiming to be a branch of the "ecclesia docens," it disclaims any infallible authority. To some, who may be, from training or from temperament, more philosophically inclined, it offers a subject of interesting study as one of the many forms of human thought in the domain of theology. To others—daily more numerous—it presents itself as a possible ally—within well-defined limits—in the great world conflict between Christianity and Atheism.

To the Catholic by conversion, by the special grace of God, how does it appear? As the city of confusion as contrasted with that great city of God, into which he has been permitted to enter; as the "strife of tongues," compared with "the vision of peace," the true Jerusalem, the "mother of us all." All this and more, according to individual experience; to many, it is the "court of the Gentiles," through which they passed into the Temple of the Living God; to many, again, as St. Paul says of the Jewish law, it was as "a schoolmaster to bring them to Christ." In any and every one of these aspects, it is surely worthy of some little study.

Anglicanism is dangerous, inasmuch as it seems to approximate to Catholicism; that is to say, that form of Anglicanism known as "Ritualism." To quote the words of a learned Jesuit priest—himself a convert—"it offers men a counterfeit Catholicism in their own communion and to keep them from seeking true Catholicism in the true Church." How nearly Ritualism approaches, to not in outward seeming only, that is, in ritual, but also in doctrinal teaching, to the doctrines and ritual of his Catholic Church, only personal experiences can realize. That, therefore, must to my excuse for apparent egotism.

If a Ritualist—"Anglo-Catholic" was the favorite designation—I was taught to believe in "the one, holy, Catholic Church—in three Branches, Greek, Anglican and Roman." The rule of St. Vincent of Lerins—so far as it could be made to apply—"quod semper quod ubique ab omnibus" was the test of "Catholic doctrine and practices. That would include Apostolic Succession, Confession, and the Real Presence, and—so I was taught—would exclude "Roman accretions," such as Indulgences, Celibacy and Transubstantiation. The "mediate intercession of Saints" was the true doctrine, not the Invocation of Saints; the "first Bishop of Western Christendom" was the rightful (?) position of the Successor of St. Peter.

That is—or was—the "dangerous" aspect of Anglicanism. Was, because it has changed considerably during the years that have passed since I became a Catholic. It has "advanced" doctrinally—in some places "Roman" doctrines have found favor with many; the "Latin Communion" is, to them, "the mother and mistress of churches"; "the Ancient Church," and "union with the See of Rome" has become the normal condition of the Church Catholic." With others there has been a tendency towards "ritual for the sake of ritual;" or, as an Anglican "priest" said to me not long ago, a tendency, "to spread it out too thin."

That a man should hold any, or all of these beliefs, and stop there, is the real danger of Ritualism, as it appears to a Catholic. But, hereupon, there occurs the question, "Is all this logical, or final?" Were it only possible to convince pious, thoughtful, earnest men, that it is all—even its extremest form—illogical and incomplete, then Anglicanism—in its phases of Ritualism—would cease to be dangerous, and would become, to all earnest "seekers after God" in very deed "a schoolmaster to bring them to Christ."

Look at it a little closer. If there are "three branches of the Church Catholic," what constitutes the "stem?" Unless your metaphor is fallacious, a "stem" there must be. Is it "the Ante-Nicene Church" or "the Church prior to the

Great Schism of East and West?" In either case you must, of necessity, prove to axiomatic certainty that Anglican doctrine accords more fully than the doctrine of either of the other two "branches" with the teaching of the "Ancient Church," chosen as the criterion. That no living man can possibly do, by himself; or, at most, only for himself, and on his own authority. Every single point of difference is a point of controversy; who shall decide when "theologians" disagree? How is a plain man to know "what is truth?"

Take the rule of St. Vincent of Servius: Surely Apostolic succession must include celibacy, if not of necessity, at least as of Apostolic injunction. "He that is unmarried careth for the things of the Lord." If celibacy be a "Roman accretion" there is surely good authority for it. If the "Real Presence" is taught by Holy Scripture, by the Fathers, and by the early Church, how can you disprove Transubstantiation? The genuine Protestant Anglican ("Low Church") and Non-Conformist will deny both utterly; the "other two branches" teach Transubstantiation. How can you prove that the (High) Anglican doctrine is true, and all the world besides in error?

As to the more recent "developments" of Ritualism with which I am not personally familiar, the dangers are sufficiently obvious. If any one doctrine distinctively Roman be true—and on no other hypothesis, surely, would any honest man teach it—is it not probable, to say the least of it, that others are true as well? Is there not a danger that in choosing one or more out of many you may be omitting others equally important? That is to say—to come back to our starting point—who has authority to decide what is true and what is not?

As to "ritual for the sake of ritual," the tendency to "spread it out too thin" there is a manifest danger of formalism, of all spiritual conditions one of the most deadening. To quote once more the words of the Anglican "priest" already referred to: "They are tending to a barren intellectualism." Ritualism without vitality of doctrine, which is ritual and nothing more, leads, not to Rome, but to heresy, to infidelity. It is of all possible phases of Anglicanism the most dangerous, the most illogical, the most wanting in finality. Ritual as the expression of dogma is dangerous, certainly, if the dogma be incomplete and imperfect; but, when a man has begun to understand the teachings of the Catholic Church,—even when maimed and distorted,—there is always a possibility that he will follow them out to their logical conclusion.

To conclude an article already, I fear, longer than it should have been: A study of Ritualistic Anglicanism will wing out clearly two of its weakest points; its want of logic and its want of finality. Want of logic; because, in order to prove its own teachings, and dispose the "errors" or "accretions" of the "other two branches of the Church Catholic" it must claim infallibility, and must be at one with itself. It has never claimed to be infallible, but rests upon individual, traditional, or party interpretation of Scripture, of the Prayer Book, of the "teachings of the Church." It is not at one with itself, and is continually "advancing" in one form or another. I cannot but think—judging from personal experience—that to insist on these two points may help to lead earnest, thoughtful men to reconsider their position, which has, otherwise so many attractions for them.

Of some other aspects of the subject I hope to treat in a subsequent paper.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

**BILIOUSNESS CURED.**

GENTLEMEN,—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness, and find it the best remedy for this complaint. I used several other remedies but they all failed to do me any good. However, it required only two bottles of B. B. B. to cure me completely, and I can recommend it to all. Yours truly, WM ROBINSON Wallaceburg.

A novel suit—Yellow covers.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

Can a moustache be termed a "curl of the lip?"

Caution.—Beware of any man who offers you an imitation article, no matter what it is, and says it is "just as good as the genuine;" they sell all kinds of "sham-remedies" in this way upon the reputation of the Pain Killer—be sure and get the genuine made by FRANK DAVIS. Large Bottles, popular price.

The very last thing out—The truth.

**THE VATICAN LIBRARY.**

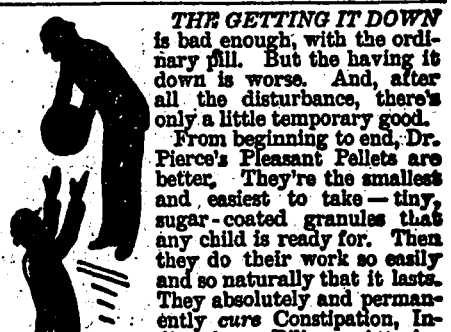
Inauguration of the New Wing.

We Tuesday, the Feast of St. Clement, the new library of reference was inaugurated in the Vatican. It is another of the great works undertaken and well carried out by Leo XIII. It answers in fact to the great desire of the studiosi, who, going to the Vatican, found it necessary to have at hand those collections of ancient and modern publications that are indispensable for research. This new library contains over 80,000 volumes divided into two sections. One contains historic works, down to the most modern; the different nations of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England, etc., being each properly classified, while the other contains the more necessary books for the student of ecclesiastical matters—Popes, Cardinals, Rome, University, religious Orders, Bibliography, Paleography, etc. At the inauguration there took part Cardinal Capelatro, Mgr. Panici, and the Padre Abate Cazza Luzzi, Mgr. Carini, Comm. De Rosei, Mgr. Tripepi, Prefect of the Archives, and other distinguished prelates. There were also present the Spanish and Portuguese ambassadors accredited to the Holy See; M. Geoffroy, Director of the Ecole Française de Rome; Professor Sickel, Director of the Austrian Historic Institute; M. Friedensburg, Director of the Prussian Institute; Mr. Bliss, of the London Record office, and many others. His Eminence in declaring in the name of His Holiness this new library open, said: "I am well pleased to inaugurate in the name of the Holy Father this new and rich library of consultation. It has been arranged for the development and for the increase of study and for historical research. I willingly take this occasion to thank all those who have contributed towards the forming of this library, and I hope that this new benefit made by the Roman Pontiff to the whole civil world will unite the people in truth, in charity, and in the unity of Jesus Christ." His Eminence then went through the different halls that form part of this new branch of the library which have been done up in a splendid manner, both for comfort and decoration, under the able direction of Count Vespignani, the architect to the Sacri Palazzi.—Catholic Standard.

**NAPOLEON AFTER DEATH.**

The Doctor Astray as to the Fatal Disease.

Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed when the face was exposed, "How very beautiful!" for all present acknowledged that they had never seen a finer or more regular placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate and Italian features was of the highest kind; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking contrast with the recollections of his great life. As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, even after death Napoleon's inanimate remains continued a puzzle and a mystery; for, notwithstanding his great sufferings and the usual emaciating effects of the malady



THE GETTING IT DOWN is bad enough, with the ordinary pill. But the having it down is worse. And, after all the disturbance, there's only a little temporary good. From beginning to end, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better. They're the smallest and easiest to take—tiny, sugar-coated granules that any child is ready for. Then they do their work so easily and so naturally that it lasts. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

THE MAKERS OF Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say: "If we can't cure your Catarrh no matter what your case is, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." Now you can see what is said of other remedies, and decide which is most likely to cure you. Costs only 50 cents.

TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL BELTS, ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c.

P. McCORMACK & CO., DRUGGISTS, COR. MCGILL and NOTRE DAME STS.

that destroyed him, the body was found enormously flat. The frame was as unsusceptible of material disintegration as the spirit was indomitable. Over the sternum, or breast bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick; and on the abdomen two inches, whilst the omentum, kidneys and heart were loaded with fat. The last organ was remarkably small, and the muscle flabby, in contradiction to our ideal associations, and in proof of the seeming paradox, that it is possible to be a very great man with a very little heart. Much anxiety was felt at the time to ascertain the disease of which Bonaparte died. Mr. O'Meara had represented the liver as the family organ, and this had been echoed by Antomarchi; though as we had before, the illustrious sufferer himself, with better judgment, referred the mischief to the stomach, as its seat and source; and he was perfectly right, as the event proved. This organ was found most extensively disorganized; in fact, it was ulcerated all over like a honey comb. The focus of the disease was exactly the spot pointed out by Napoleon—the pylorus, or lower end where the intestines begin. At this place I put my finger into a hole, made by an ulcer that had eaten through the stomach, but which was stopped by a slight adhesion to the adjacent liver. After all, the liver was free from disease, and every organ sound except the stomach. Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at some time to have had an issue opened in his arm, and there was a slight mark, like a wound, in the leg, but which might have been caused by a suppurating boil. The chest was not ample, and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet. The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine massy, capacious forehead. In other respects there was no remarkable development for the gratification of phrenologists. The diseased state of the stomach was palpably and demonstrably the cause of death; and how Napoleon could have existed for any time with such an organ, was wonderful for there was not an inch of it sound.—Biography of a Surgeon.

**The Testimonials**

Published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and as worthy your confidence as if they came from your best and most trusted neighbor. They state only the simple facts in regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, always within truth and reason.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequaled as a dinner pill.

Mark Twain tells of a minister who took advantage of a christening to display his oratorical powers. "He is a little fellow," said he as he took the infant, "and as I look in your faces I see an expression of scorn, which suggests that you despise him. But if you had the soul of a poet or the gifts of prophecy you would not despise him. You would look far into the future and see what might be. So this little child may be a great poet, and write tragedies, or, perhaps, a great warrior, wading in blood to his neck; he may be—oh, what is his name?—his name is—oh, Mary Ann."

**Dr. A. T. Stocum's**

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you are feeble and Emaciated—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 25 cents per bottle.

Miss Wagner: "Give me a nice, big bologna sausage, Mr. Cutlets." Mr. Cutlets: "Shall I send it home for you?" Miss Wagner: "Oh, no! I'll just take it along in my music roll."

**BRONCHITIS CURED.**

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

Husband (irritably): "Can't you remember where I said I left my glasses at breakfast this morning?" Wife: "I'm sorry, dear, I really can't." Husband (peevishly): "That just shows the forgetfulness of you women."

**SAFE AND SURE,**

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

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman! What are they?  
The right to labor, love, and pray;  
The right to weep with those who weep,  
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,  
The right to quell the rising fear,  
The right to smooth the brow of care,  
And whisper comfort in despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,  
To soothe and cheer the red of death;  
The right when earthly hopes all fail,  
To point to that within the vale.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,  
And win the lost from paths of shame,  
The right to comfort and to bless  
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide  
In simple faith to Him who died;  
With earnest love and gentle praises,  
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,  
And guide the soul to noble aim,  
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,  
And wing its flight for heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love,  
The right to die that love to prove;  
The right to brighten early homes  
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well,  
Thy silent influence none can tell;  
If these are thine, why ask for more?  
Thou hast enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not  
That woman's mission is thy lot;  
Improve the talent God has given—  
Life's duty done, thy rest is Heaven.

THE COMING PAPAL JUBILEE.

A Letter from Cardinal Parocchi bearing Thereon.

Cardinal Parocchi has written the following letter to a certain number of representative Bishops:

Those prayers which, now five years since, we raised to Divine Providence, on the suggestion of the Sovereign Pontiff, are about to be happily fulfilled, the year now approaching being the fiftieth from that in which, in the flower of his age, he was consecrated Bishop. Already are there brilliant signs of the coming Jubilee in the consent of the children of men through the whole world to unite in celebrating with solemnities the festival of our august Father. But let this be the rule of a celebration so happy—that after proof of the love that is due him from his sons, every effort may be directed to increasing the splendor of the Apostolic See, to instructing the young in Christian doctrine, to relieving the misery of the poor, to fostering the Faith, and to propagating, as far as possible, and to the utmost limits the strength of each nian, the Catholic doctrine. Inasmuch, then, as the Holy Father, approving the wishes of the Committee entrusted with the due keeping of this festival, has committed to me in his benignity the honorary presidency of the Commission, which was most welcome to me, Vicar as I am of His Holiness, I beg you with instance, my Lord Bishop, to employ all your noted solicitude and piety in arranging all means for giving to this approaching solemnity the true splendor of the celebration that preceded it. Indeed, the new and signal merits wherewith this most wise Pontiff has enriched himself in his relation not only to the Church but also to civil society, during these recent years, require absolutely that the gratitude and fidelity of Catholics towards their supreme leader may be the more manifest even in face of our adversaries. And inasmuch as there will be set on foot frequent pilgrimages to Rome, I earnestly desire that your Lordship, in any question that may have to be referred to me (as united closely with the honorable committee), and in any matter concerning the undertaking and the happy accomplishment of these holy pilgrimages, shall freely apply for information and counsel to myself. Let us all unite in our plans and our efforts that the memorable result achieved, by the grace of God, in the Sacred Jubilee may be repeated and increased in the Episcopal Jubilee to which we so eagerly look forward. The which we trust to obtain from the Divine goodness, praying also that you may receive every good from God.

Your most devoted colleague,  
PLACIDO MARIA, CARDINAL PAROCCHI

How Ribbons are Used.

Notwithstanding the fact that the decorators have made ribbon so fashionable an element in finishing as to create an almost overwhelming demand, it continues to hold its own place in the world of personal adornment as well. To be sure, neither the gowns nor the bonnets of mature women are extensively trim-

med with ribbons as at other seasons they have been, but that may well be regarded as an evidence of good taste and discrimination.

The ribbon is essentially a youthful trimming, and upon young girl's hats and in conjunction with lace and flowers upon the evening gowns of the younger women, will always claim the recognition it deserves. For the present and the coming season there are some charming arrangements shown. The large flats and jaunty hats that are so well suited to girls in their teens are trimmed with simply stupendous bows.

The bodices designed for home wear are wonderfully tasteful with their multitude of narrow straps and graceful loops and ends, and the fillets of ribbon worn upon the hair have quite a classic effect. Some of the hats show combinations of loops and ends that defy description, some are held in place with handsome buckles, and others again are simple, as best suits the years of the girls for whom they are designed.

They must be large and ample, they must run straight up into the air, and all the loops and ends must be held in place by wires hidden from mortal view; but beyond these four laws individual taste is allowed full sway.

The ribbon bodice, which is the very latest yet devised, consisting of a number of straps which start at intervals from a covered bone in the front, and are drawn down and up to one point of the belt on each side.

A bow is sewed fast at every point formed in the front; on the belt at each side, and again in the back, so that the girls who wear them are all one flutter of loops and ends.

They are very pretty and youthful, however, and are certain to find favor so long as the house blouse effects continue to hold their place.

For the hair, ribbons are just now high in favor with all but the very sedate, who believe that the hair alone is the best adornment for the head.

They are used in narrow bands to form fillets that hold the hair in place, and they are made into bows, which finish a band of gems; but somehow they are used by nearly all the women who claim to keep pace with fashion and her whims.  
—Boston Globe.

BRIGIDINE NUNS IN AUSTRALIA.

THE RAPID PROGRESS MADE BY THE ORDER IN THE VARIOUS DIOCESES.

The first house of the Brigidines in Australia was founded in the Diocese of Maitland, in far-off Coonamble, by six Sisters from Mountrath. The nuns came to Australia some years ago with the Bishop of the diocese, Rev. Dr. Murray, who has been kindness personified towards the Sisters since the first day they met in their Irish convent. Notwithstanding the inconveniences which the nuns had to endure in Coonamble, their zeal and efficiency so established their reputation that His Eminence the Cardinal asked them to open schools in Cooma, for which place four Sisters left Coonamble in 1889. There they have already been so successful as to have passed many pupils at the Sydney University examinations.

In 1885 the Right Rev. Dr. Crane, O. S. A., Bishop of Sandhurst, being on a visit to Europe, availed himself of so favorable an opportunity of gratifying his ardent desire of procuring from a superior educational Order a community of Sisters to found a house in Echuca, and give themselves wholly to the higher education of the children of his people. Providence so arranged matters that the Bishop had no difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory response from the Brigidine Nuns of Tullow, many of whom volunteered to labor for him in his Australian vineyard. Four were selected, and after a long voyage, rendered agreeable and happy by the fatherly kindness of the Bishop, the nuns landed in Melbourne in February, 1886, and a few days later arrived in Echuca, where a hearty welcome awaited them. Some two years previous the late pastor of Echuca, the Rev. Dr. MacGillivuddy, purchased a fine brick building adjoining Victoria Park as a future residence for the nuns. The Sisters resided in this for a while, but it was soon found necessary to build a convent. In 1889 the Rev. Prior Coleman set to work, and, thanks to the Prior's exertions, the Sisters have now a spacious convent. The cost of the convent has not been all paid; but the balance, no doubt, will be forthcoming in good time. So far the nuns have not been obliged to appeal to the people for assistance by bazaar or

otherwise, the greater part of the expense met by their generous Bishop. A few being donations were handed in by some kind friends, and much has been done by the nuns themselves towards the liquidation of the debt.

Convents of the Order have been founded in Beechworth, Wangaratta and Ararat, all of which were centres of piety and sound Christian learning. The convent at Ararat, in the Diocese of Ballarat, is the infant house of the Brigidines in Victoria, and being not yet quite complete, the Sisters have not sufficient accommodation to receive boarders, but there is every reason to believe that they will soon be able to do so, and that many parents will avail themselves of the opportunity of securing for their daughters a superior education.

THE GRAVE OF FATHER RYAN.

A Mobile (Ala.) correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat writes: "Just beyond Three-mile Creek, and on the top of the plateau which rises beyond the valley, is located the Catholic cemetery. No more beautiful spot could be found for the last resting place of the dead—far away from the noise and turmoil of the city, surrounded by gardens, but shut in by the luxuriant growth of the summer hedges of Osage orange, combined with the blackberry and wild Cherokee roses that form a barrier stronger than walls of brick, in the sweet solitude of a summer afternoon. Hereabouts are the resting places of many who had played prominent parts in the days gone by, but who now sleep the sleep of the just. Within the cemetery lies all that was mortal of Commander Raphael J. Semmes, of Confederate navy fame.

In the eastern portion of the cemetery, where the rays of the morning sun first fall upon the hallowed precinct, rest the remains of Rev. A. J. Ryan—Father Ryan, as he was wont to be called by Protestants as well as Catholics, whom all Mobile loved for his gentle and earnest manner as man and priest, a man who sang the sweetest song of the fair South and her brave sons battling for a lost cause. Renowned as poet, priest and patriot, the name of Father Ryan is known and honored wherever the spirit of freedom lives. Here, undisturbed, rest the remains of Father Ryan, in the lot of the 'Children of Mary,' a church organization composed of young ladies of the church for whom he was spiritual director.

"A large white marble slab covers the vault in the earth beneath. At the head of the slab, contained within a circle, surrounded by stars and clouds, is a reproduction of the Confederate banner and emblematic of 'The warrior's banner takes its flight to greet the warrior's soul.' The head is marked by a large cross of white marble five feet high, and resting on a brownstone base that raises it one foot higher. The cross in its centre bears the insignia of holy office, the cup and wafer."

Wonderful Coin Collection.

The Philadelphia mint has a very wonderful collection of coins, says the Washington Star. Among other curiosities it includes what is believed to be the oldest piece of metal money ever made, which was minted in Ægina about 700 B. C. The design is in high relief, representing a tortoise crawling across the face of the coin. It has no date. Date on coins were unknown up to four hundred years ago. The very early coins bore designs only on one face. Of all coins that have ever existed the smallest in value was the "mite," such as the widow in the Bible dropped through the slot in the poor box. The most valuable coin in the collection described is a Chinese piece worth two hundred and twenty dollars. It is simply a rectangular chunk of gold stamped with Chinese characters. Lumps of gold are commonly used in China, for currency of large denominations. A coin minted in Egypt bears the head of Queen Arsinoe, who was Cleopatra's great-great-great-great grandmother. Queerest of all the coins are those from Siam—irregular roundish lumps of silver, from the bigness of a walnut to that of half a buckshot. Modern coins, though the mechanical processes for producing them have been so greatly

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improved, are far inferior artistically to those of ancient times. In Babylon of old, which fell before coinage was invented, gold and silver were weighed out with scales for use as money. The earliest form of money is still use to-day in southern Asia, the islands of the Pacific ocean, and parts of Africa, where cowrie shells are the favorite negotiable medium. They are usually quoted at about one hundred for two cents. Most of them are obtained from the Maldivic and Laccadive islands in the Arabian sea.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor,—I noticed in a recent issue of the Gazette a correspondence suggesting the building of an Ice Palace on Dominion Square for the coming carnival.

Well, I don't exactly object to the thing; but at the same time I can't help making a few remarks. Does it not seem strange that piles of money can be quickly and easily collected for such an experimental thing, as was the case a few years ago, and that the funds required for the Maisonneuve Monument are so very slow coming in, so much so, that it may not be ready for the 250th anniversary celebration of Montreal's foundation?

A few years ago an expensive ice structure was erected on that same Place de Armes; what can we show to-day for the money spent?—absolutely nothing. Now here is to be a lasting monument and a memorial of Montreal's founder, and one of the heroic feats of our early history, a structure which will add to the embellishment of our fair city and be an attraction to strangers,—and, I am sorry to have to say, there is apathy on all sides, with the exception of a few patriotic and earnest men who look more to the real, lasting and solid interest and glory of Montreal than to encouraging in an extravagant manner for a few days the frolics and whims of a certain class, for, outside of hotels and bar-keepers, who derived any real benefit from those carnival frolics,—few, if any, besides. They were the cause of a great deal of immorality and scandal.

Let us hope that the wise men of Montreal will give a helping hand to this national enterprise. Trusting that you will also, Mr. Editor, lend the support of your powerful and elegant pen in aid of the same.

J. A. J.

An Improvement—He—"We have a clock that says 'Cuckoo.'" She—"We are going to get one that says, 'What, must you go?'"

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a jet of water? One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown to the air.

A Great Freak—"This ain't a dwarf! He's over five feet tall." "That's the great thing about him. He is the tallest dwarf in the world."

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us." This has been remedied by a hatter, who puts a small mirror in each hat.

A physician says a man can stop a fit of sneezing by crawling downstairs head first. Almost anything may be cured that way if the stairs are steep enough.

**THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.**

HONORED BY ST. PATRICK'S T. A. B. SOCIETY.

Presented with an Address and Congratulated by Father McCallen and Senator Murphy.

A largely attended special meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. and B. society was held at St. Patrick's hall, St. Alexander street, Sunday afternoon. Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., rev. president, occupied the chair and was supported by Hon. Senator Murphy, president. Amongst those present were James Connaughton, Brogan, Mr. Thos. Latimore, Jas. O'Ney, P. Reynolds, James Milloy, John Howard, Frank Collins, M. Sharkey, J. H. Feeley, J. H. Kelly, John Walsh, John P. Curran, John Geherty, L. Quinlan, M. Durcan, W. Selby W. P. Doyle, Tobias Kavanagh, W. Lyons and about 100 others.

The Rev. gentleman opened the proceedings, after the applause with which Mr. Curran's presence was greeted, with the following remarks:—We are gathered together, gentlemen, to give to the Hon. J. J. Curran, honorary member of St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society, a slight token of our esteem and respect on the occasion of his elevation to the position of Solicitor-General. Though I think it appropriate that I should leave to his life-long friend, Hon. Senator Murphy, the privilege of presenting our testimonial, yet as the Rev. president of this society I desire likewise to offer my congratulations. It seems to me that we have a right to congratulate you, honored friend, on your elevation to a seat in the ministry, not only because you are a worthy member of our parish, which is honored by your elevation, but particularly because as a member of our temperance society you have proved that it is possible for a man actively engaged in public life, to mingle in society, attend public gatherings, be present at public banquets, and yet be a total abstainer and to hold a record for integrity which no man has ever called in question. (Applause). May success attend you in the worthy fulfilment of the duties of your new station, as it has in those you have already filled; and may you, as Solicitor-General, continue to be, as you have always been, a model, polished gentleman, genial friend and unflinching patriot, both in regard to your own country and to your fatherland, to serve your country's best interests and advance its prosperity. (Great applause).

Hon. Senator Murphy, in a few well chosen remarks, congratulated his life-long friend and requested the secretary to read the resolution of the society, which was engrossed in Cox's best style.

Mr. J. J. Costigan then read the following:—

Hon. Sir and Fellow Member: We have the honor to transmit the following which is a copy of a resolution unanimously adopted at the monthly meeting of our society, held in St. Patrick's hall, on Sunday, January 8, 1893:

Moved by Hon. Senator Murphy, seconded by James Connaughton, that this society has learned with extreme pleasure of the elevation of its esteemed member, Hon. John Joseph Curran, M. P., to the high and important position of Solicitor-General of the Dominion of Canada, and thereby tender to the honorable gentleman its most hearty congratulations and and sincere good wishes on the well merited honor conferred upon him.

Resolved, that this resolution be engrossed and presented to the honorable gentleman by the officers of the society, and that the same be entered on the minutes of our society.

In requesting your acceptance of the foregoing, we beg to reiterate the congratulations therein expressed, and ask you to accept with it the best wishes of all concerned, for the future health, happiness and prosperity of yourself, wife and family.

Signed on behalf of the society,  
J. A. MCCALLEN,  
EDWARD MURPHY,  
J. J. COSTIGAN,  
ETC., ETC.,

Hon. Mr. Curran on coming forward was received with a storm of applause. He said: Rev. Father McCallen and gentlemen, your kind and generous words have overpowered me. How can I thank you for this beautiful resolution and for the spirit that prompted its presentation? Your association has three points that make it worthy of commendation. It is of Canadian growth and has flourished and multiplied amidst our people. It bears the name of St. Patrick, and thus is linked with the land of our forefathers, which we can never forget. It has the principles and pursuits that will ensure the happiness of mankind. (Applause.) This association (the parent of so many others, identifies us with that line of distinguished and devoted priests, who have done so much

for our people. Father Phelan was its first director. His career has become historical, its beneficence was felt beyond the limits of our province, into Ontario, where he afterwards became one of its most distinguished prelates as Bishop of Kingston. (Applause.) Then came Father Connolly, whose name is dear to many here present who knew him. He was followed by that intellectual giant, who was not only a priest but a statesman, the late lamented Father Dowd. (Applause). Father Callaghan followed, doing good work for the cause, and now we have at our head a clergyman whose zeal and indefatigable exertions have breathed a new soul into the movement. To him do you owe your increased membership, your now widespread influence far beyond the precincts of this hall. He abandoned his home and his beloved country, his family and all that a man holds dearest to labor amongst us, to devote his energies to our people in Canada, that he has learned to love with an undying affection—need I mention the name of Father McCallen. (Prolonged applause.) You have spoken of my career. I owe all my success to adherence to the principles of your association. I was proud to be able to propound your platform on the floor of Parliament on more than one occasion (applause), and I may tell you that the late Sir John Macdonald pronounced it the most effective that could be desired for practical purposes. It was the work of Father Dowd. (Applause.) We all love our country; we have in every part of it patriotic young men who enroll themselves in the ranks of our volunteers, whose motto is *pro patria*. The movement has spread to our schools and we witness with emotion the cadets practising their drill to be ready one day to defend their country if necessary. What promise would it not give to Canada if these young boys were enrolled at the same time in the testotal ranks, pledging themselves to abstain from all intoxicants until the age of twenty-five. (Great applause.) I hope to see such a movement inaugurated in our schools. A sober people will be a self-respecting race of freemen. (Applause.) You have referred to my elevation to the position of Solicitor-General. I know this association is non-political, it has never allowed itself to be dragged through the mire by wire-pullers under any pretence. (Hear, hear.) I owe my position to the statesman who now governs the Dominion of Canada. If we are a non-political organization, that does not prevent us from admiring what is noble, good and true. (Hear, hear.) A handful of people in the Dominion may not have the brain to conceive nor the heart to feel the sacrifice that the present Premier made in accepting the Prime Ministership. He stands in his profession *facile princeps*, he is a poor man with a large family dependent upon him. He had the office of Chief Justice of the Dominion at his command. In that position he could have achieved honor and fame with far greater ease than in the turmoil of politics, even as Prime Minister. He handed the prize to another to devote himself to the service of his country in the political arena, exposed to every slander, the target of every fanatic. Great sacrifices reveal the great mind, the noble heart, and to owe my position to such a premier is doubly enhancing in its value. (Great applause). My old friend Senator Murphy is here at my side. What shall I say in reply to his generous remarks? What can be said that would add to the lustre of his reputation? He commenced life in modest circumstances: by his ability and integrity he has achieved the front rank as a merchant and a public man. His prosperity did not make him less true to Canada, nor was he ever afraid or ashamed to proclaim his allegiance to the land of his forefathers. (Applause) Whatever may come in the future he and I shall always be found battling side by side for the same principles. We are living in as happy a country as the sun shines on. We have unlimited territory, rich in everything that can build up a nation. We enjoy the greatest of all blessings, civil and religious liberty. Let the principles of your society but take firm root and nothing can retard Canada's progress. Happiness will reign at the fireside, and an exalted patriotism will rule in public life. I thank you again. With God's help I shall endeavor to carry out the principles of our association in my future career, and as Solicitor-General I hope to be no discredit to the Bar of which I am

a member, to the Province to which I belong, nor to the land my father came from. (Great applause.)

The meeting then adjourned.

**C. M. B. A**

OFFICIAL.

Office of the Grand Council of the C.M.B.A. of Canada, London, Jan. 26th, 1893.

To J. S. McGarry, Esq., Supreme President, C.M.B.A., Franklin, Pa.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—At a joint meeting of the trustees of the Grand Council of Canada and the committee which made the arrangements with your council at their Montreal convention, it was unanimously decided to firmly and finally protest in their capacity as officials of this council, and more particularly as members of the association as a whole, against your action in issuing a charter for a Grand Council for the Province of Quebec; not only on the ground that it has already caused friction and discontent where otherwise none would existed, but because such action is subversive of the leading principles upon which this association is founded; contrary to the constitution; a repudiation of the authority of the Supreme Council; and a breach of the compact between that body and this council.

The effect of establishing a Grand Council in Quebec under existing circumstances and at the request of not more than one-fourth of the branches in Quebec is to admit.

1. The right of the minority to rule the majority, and this is clearly contrary to all law, public policy and reason.
2. The right to establish two Grand Councils in one Territory or Province, which is contrary to the constitution.
3. The right of the Supreme President to abrogate, at will, the charter of any Grand Council, without cause, and without the consent of the holders of the charter.
4. That no subordinate body can have any assurance that its agreements with the Supreme body will be carried out.
5. That the Supreme President has the right to over-ride the expressed views of the Supreme Council in Convention assembled, and the advice of the Supreme Solicitor.
6. That subordinate councils will be established where and when you deem it proper, even though it be in direct opposition to the expressed wish of the religious authorities, whose views on such matters have, heretofore, always received that respectful consideration to which they are entitled.

The establishment of the Grand Council of Quebec cannot be justified, and can only be looked upon as a deliberate effort to completely sever all connection between the Grand Council of Canada and the Supreme Council; and if such a regrettable result is to be reached we desire to place the responsibility for it where it properly belongs.

We ask you, now that you must be aware of the illegal manner in which the Quebec Grand Council was organized, to recall and cancel the charter issued to that body, so that the agreement between the two Councils may be honestly carried out and the fraternal relations existing between them perpetuated.

This protest and the statements contained therein are approved by Rev. P. Bardou, Rev. M. J. Tiernan, P. J. O'Keefe, Lasselle, Gravelle, T. P. Tansey, Board of Trustees; and Brothers Judge Landry, Judge Rioux, M. F. Hackett, E. J. Dowdall, F. R. Latchford, T. P. Coffee, D. J. O'Connor, O. K. Fraser and S. R. Brown, being all the Representatives to last Supreme Council Convention and all the member of the Committee present at said Convention when agreement was made.

O. K. FRASER, Grand President.  
S. R. BROWN, Grand Secretary.

Rev. Father Cushing, assistant rector of St. Mary's Church, Plainfield, N. J., has received his appointment from Rome as Oadjutor Bishop of Western Colorado.

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

**HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.**

THE LIBERALS ENTHUSIASTIC.

Will be Fully and Freely Granted by Great Britain—Irishmen Not to be Treated as Babies or Savages.

LONDON, Jan 25.—The political or parliamentary session may be said to have opened with the issue yesterday of the urgency notices from the various party leaders to the members of both houses.

There has been little change in the situation during the past few weeks of inactivity. If anything the Liberal party is more solidified and better equipped for practical legislative work than it would have been had parliament assembled earlier. The situation must, however, continue to be full of uncertainty, in view of the narrowness of the Gladstonian majority. The annual conference of the National Liberal federation which concluded at Liverpool last evening, has furnished a remarkable display of Liberal enthusiasm, which is considered a good omen for steady continuous work during the session. The chief speech at the conference was made last night by Mr. Asquith, the radical home secretary, and its interest and importance was enhanced by the fact that the speaker came straight from a series of cabinet councils, held during the week, at which the programme of the session was finally and definitely arranged. The programme fully accords with the forecasts which have been cabled from time to time, but

ITS SIZE AND COMPLETENESS

seem to surprise the Tories, who had persuaded themselves that an attempt to pass the Home Rule and voting of necessary money for the administration would about exhaust the opportunities of the present ministry. Mr. Asquith's authoritative declaration last night will spoil the game of make believe with which the Tory politicians have solaced the somewhat wearisome and unwonted leisure which they have enjoyed since the last parliament came to an end. The Home Rule which the government will propose to give Ireland will be real in quality and generous in quantity. The Irish will be treated as full grown men and not as babies. No attempt will be made to nullify national autonomy by cumbersome checks and numerous and complicated safeguards worked from Westminster. The machinery will be

LUBRICATED WITH COMMON SENSE

and even the much talked of veto upon the powers of the Irish parliament will be no more meddlesome and neither more nor less effective than that which the crown has always possessed over the Imperial legislature. Furthermore, the electoral laws of the whole kingdom are to be altered and simplified in the interests of the democracy. London is to have a further instalment of municipal Home Rule. The local autonomy in rural districts is to be enlarged. The incipient discontent of the labor party at the threatened prospect of a session devoted to purely political legislation will be met by the introduction of bills amending the law of conspiracy, which still favors unduly the employers, extending the liability of employers for accidents to workmen and creating special courts to which industrial disputes may be referred, without resort to the crude method of strikes. Finally Scotland and Wales are to have certain local grievances remedied.

Creighton College, Omaha, which enjoys the distinction of being the only endowed Catholic institution of its kind in the county, is about to erect a splendid new building for a medical school, and hopes to have a reception of students at the commencement of the coming scholastic year. Creighton College, the funds for whose erection were given by Hon. J. E. Creighton, a former resident of Peary county, Ohio, and now deceased, is under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers.

The Catholic workingmen of Paris are making decided efforts to compel the recall of the Sisters to the hospitals. They say the sick are badly cared for, insulted, beaten, and treated like animals. Already the movement has assumed such proportions as demand immediate attention from the authorities.

**AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.**

**Blessing the Flocks and Herds.**

Those who have lived among the people in the country and rural districts of Ireland, know that at certain seasons of the year the priest or bishop comes around and blesses the homesteads of the people, not even omitting the barns and byres, and haggards, the places where the cattle are housed, and where the produce of the harvest is stacked. The late Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam, County Galway, was constant in these attentions to the poor people. He also blessed the boats and nets of the fishermen, and why not? The Redeemers, too, at our own doors, up at Mott Haven, when they visit their parishioners, bless their homes, beginning at the basements and going up over the entire building. This is a beautiful and devout Catholic practice. At missions we see the people bring to church their pictures, statues, bibles, books of devotion, rosaries, etc., to have them blessed.

In view of these holy and necessary practices, the reader will understand the following beautiful description of Mass being said to call down the blessing of God upon the flocks and herds in some parts of Catholic France. These ceremonies prevail elsewhere as the following indicates:—

The most poetical ceremony that I have ever witnessed is the so-called *Messe des Animaux*, which takes place every year on New Year's Eve in the French Department of the Cevennes or the "Black Espinouse." The scenery of these superb mountains, which in itself is extremely romantic, lends a peculiar charm to this simple and truly pastoral festival, given in honor of the herds of cattle which constitute the greatest riches of the inhabitants. The churches in those comparatively wild regions are generally few and far between, and are built often on high rocks overlooking arid plains where there are many poor villages, one church and one humble priest doing duty for several of these hamlets. To spend New Year's in the Cevennes is to be suddenly transported from our nineteenth century civilization to the times of the early Christian era; for customs, costumes—nay, even the simple, unaffected faith of those bygone days—are preserved to a surprising degree by the mountaineers of that region.

I shall never forget the impression created on my mind by the scene which presented itself to my enraptured eyes on the New Year's Eve when, accompanied by some friends who possessed a hunting lodge in the Espinouse, I stood under the portico of the tiny little gray stone church and watched with keen interest the flocks being led up the steep incline toward the plateau whereon the modest edifice is built. The church was a poor little, tumble down place, with lichen grown walls and a square, ungraceful steeple, the cracked bell of which was tolling frantically. The inner decorations, thoroughly in keeping with the outside of this mountain chapel, consisting of crude, almost primitive paintings and of a set of high wooden candlesticks and some earthen vases filled with pine branches, which stood on the altar. The edifice was crowded with stalwart mountaineers, clad in their festive attire, each of them holding a lighted candle of coarse, yellow wax, glimmering like tiny stars, and every man and woman singing the Cevenol hymn beginning with these words:

Nei pus belo que lon chour.  
(Night more beautiful than day).

In the meantime column after column of cattle advanced toward the church, and, marshalled by their drivers, took their places in long files on the frozen turf in front of the wide open portico. They approached slowly, ponderously and solemnly, with a quasi bewildered expression at being turned out of their warm stables to face the bitter coldness of the bleak December night. The oxen came first, followed by the cows, sheep and goats in a continuous stream, and the rays of the full moon which glittered high above us, over the dark slopes of the mountains shone on the long, polished horns and tawny hides of this strange congregation. Mass was celebrated with the customary pomp by the Cure, a white haired and very venerable man, who appeared almost majestic in his heavy brocaded vestments which must have been several hundred years old.

When he at last had spoken the usual "Ita missa est," indicating that the

sacred ceremony was over, instead of retiring to the vestry he once more lifted the Host from the altar and, followed by the entire congregation he marched towards the portals chanting the "Magnificat" as he went. Upon reaching the steps of the church the old priest halted and holding the sacred Host high above his head pronounced some words of benediction in a low but emphatic voice. The drivers and shepherds all fell upon their knees and with bowed heads murmured the responses, while an acolyte, armed with a holy water sprinkler, walked through the ranks of the now bellowing cattle sprinkling them with the holy fluid. Whether the animals realized the solemnity of the occasion or not, all those which had hitherto been lying down arose to their feet, as if to listen to the short but impressive allocution addressed to the drivers by the venerable Cure.

"My children," he said, "God, in His goodness and mercy, sends His unworthy servant here to bless your flocks, so that, according to an ancient custom of our mountains, the animals which help you to live should be associated in the religious rejoicings heralding the advent of a new year. Let us therefore sing together a loud hosanna in praise of the Lord, who is ever so merciful and lenient to us poor sinners."

Like a peal of thunder the grand melody echoed from hill to hill in the clear night air, sung by hundreds of throats, and rolled majestically to the very confines of the horizon. The startled animals bellowed louder and united their powerful voices to the concert. It was grand and weird beyond description.

As the last note died away the cortege began to move, the priest re-entering the church while the animals slowly wended their way towards the valley in the same order they had come. I followed them with my eyes, much impressed by this festival, so beautiful in its simplicity, and it was only when the last little bleating lamb had left the grassy court before the church that I consented to join my friends who were preparing to drive home.

Throughout the remainder of that night, during the superb supper served at the chateau, and even later in the seclusion of my own apartments, I seemed to still hear the sound of this sublime hosanna, and to see the aged mountain priest as he blessed the herds with the fervent solemnity of his simple, faithful mind, and to-day after many years I cannot recall without emotion the remembrance of this St. Sylvester night in the Black Espinouse.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

**ANCIENT IRISH PAINTING.**

In these days, when so much attention is being given to all branches of decorative painting, it is of interest to know that there still remains traces of very early paintings in many of the ruined edifices of Ireland, says Mr. Michael J. C. Buckley, in the *Freeman's Journal* and *National Press*. Amongst others, we have lately remarked faint traces of decorative painting on the walls of the ancient chapel of St. Cormac on the Rock of Cashel. These walls are now most miserably mildewed and stained green with excessive damp, the result of the neglect from which this venerable chapel now suffers. In the small square apse are three arcades which are finely plastered; the plaster is only an eight of an inch thick, like all medieval plastering. On the surface of this plastering are still seen outlines of three figures which were evidently executed in either water or wax "fresco," as described by Theophilus, of Mount Athos, in his book on painting.\* I consider these three figures to have been those of Christ the Redeemer and SS. Patrick and Bridget. On the side walls are outlines of a pattern showing the Irish "fret," similar in treatment to the Japanese "key" pattern of the same class. The mouldings and sculptured heads, as well as the capitals, show signs of having been coated with "Gesso," which was gilded and relieved in colors. The walls of this chapel when decorated, as it must have been, were of the richest, warmest, and most superb effect. In the fourteenth century chancel of the cathedral the walls still retain many portions of the rich red "fresco" color. Lines of "Ashlar" work seem to have been traced in white on this red ground. The writer has also remarked painting in the now ruined "Scriptorium," or writing-room, in the quaint little abbey of Dar-Inis at Ballynatray, on the Blackwater.

Penetrating through the dense jungle

of nettles and elder bushes growing in rank luxuriance in this once busy seat of learning (of which many books are now in the library of Salzburg), there appeared on the walls of a protected corner the same red color, with white Ashlar lines thereon; that is to be seen at Cashel. It may be of interest to mention that the windows of the Scriptorium were broad and well lit, and their sills show traces of writing boards, on which these monks of old produced illuminations, ornamentation of the Holy Scriptures, and philosophical works, which are the admiration of all ages.

This writing-room was also most pleasantly situated, being turned towards the south, and commanding a most exquisite view of the lovely river Avon-Dhuy. We trust that attention will be given to any similar traces of early Irish painting that may still be found to remain in other buildings through the country. †

\* This book contains receipts for painting on glass, wood, etc., as used in Roman and mediæval times, from very early periods.

† Called also Molans Abbey, after the name of its founder, St. Molannde, who lived here A. D. 501. This abbey was dissolved in the year 1585.

‡ I am informed that there are traces of similar decorative work at Moyne Abbey, near Killala, and also at Rosserik Abbey, which is a few miles distant from Moyne.

**THE IRISH CRISIS.**

**DUTY OF THE HOME RULE MEMBERS.**

An Able Article, Based Upon Mr. Stevenson's Paper in the Westminster Review, from the Boston Republic.

The Tory-Unionist partisans in England, and in Ireland, too, are viewing with feelings of satisfaction the parliamentary situation, and chuckling with glee over the prospective defeat of the ministry on the home rule bill. The majority is too slight, they say, to keep a government in power. Disasters must come, and come soon, which will force a dissolution. Of course the wish is parent to the thought. But while we may contemplate with reasonable serenity the outlook for home rule, there is no blinking out of sight the real facts of the case. Nine Irish members are not to be relied upon. The followers of Mr. John Redmond may, unfortunately, be found in opposition at some critical stage of the proceedings. Then there is the defection of Sir Edward Reed, a Liberal member from Wales. Will he be able to control any votes beside his own? Should these two elements develop strength enough to make a demonstration in force they would wipe out the Gladstone majority and compel another appeal to the country. But we have no serious apprehensions upon this score. The people of Great Britain have given their mandate to Parliament, and even though the majority is small, it is sufficiently large to indicate the sentiment and temper of the electorate.

In the Westminster Review for January, Mr. Francis Seymour Stevenson, M.P., discusses this question very intelligently and conservatively. He draws a sharp comparison between the present situation and that which confronted the Melbourne ministry of 1835. Lord Melbourne had less than forty majority in the Commons and an adverse majority of 100 in the House of Lords. Then, as now, the vital question was the Irish question. Notwithstanding the narrowness of the margin in the Lower House, the government lasted from 1835 to 1841. Daniel O'Connell was a force in politics then; he demanded certain reforms for Ireland. These were pledged by the Liberal ministers, and Lords Grey, Brougham and Althorp seceded. They joined the opposition just as Hartington and Chamberlain have done in protest against the proposal to grant a reasonable measure of justice to Ireland. Yet Lord Melbourne stood his ground for six years and carried on the government.

Mr. Stevenson is not troubled by the pronounced opposition of the Lords to home rule, nor by the smallness of the majority in the Commons. He is not disposed to believe that the House of Peers will attempt to do what their predecessors did in 1835—openly defeat measures approved by the representatives of the people. He points out the significant fact that the right of suffrage was somewhat limited and contracted in 1835. The people then had little voice in the direction of public affairs, and they looked on with indifference upon a

contest between the two Houses. "The progress of democratic ideas, and the widening of the electoral basis have," writes Mr. Stevenson, "supplied the progressive legislator of the present day with a leverage which was not at the command of his predecessors in case of a diverge of views between the two chambers, and at the present time the instinct of self-preservation would, in all probability, be sufficient to prevent a repetition of the tactics adopted by the House of Lords under the guidance of Lord Lyndhurst. It is true that the threats of resistance are numerous and undisguised, but it is equally true that there is no lack of motive power to set these threats at defiance."

The purposes in the minds of the electors when the present House of Commons was chosen were well defined. There could be no doubt as to the issues involved in the canvass. Mr. Stevenson emphasizes this point when he says:

"For seven years the home rule controversy has been carried on in the press and on the platform; the arguments on either side have penetrated into every nook and corner of the land; full opportunity has been afforded, under the late government, for watching the nature and effects of the alternative method of dealing with Ireland; and the outcome is that the country has shown that it is almost in favor of the general principle of home rule as it is in favor of the general principle of free trade, and that, through the operation of the change of feeling which has taken place in England and Scotland, it has returned to power a majority and a ministry pledged to do justice to Ireland by according to it the management of what parliament shall decide to be distinctly and specifically Irish affairs. Short of a referendum—a method unknown to the British constitution—no better method of ascertaining the state of public feeling on a question of great moment could have been devised. No issue presented to the electors was ever fought out with greater keenness, certainly the question of the disestablishment of the Irish church, which was at stake during the election of 1868, was never submitted to the country with the same degree of fullness."

It would be a crime for any friend of Ireland to precipitate another election upon the people after the clear statement of the issues made to the electors the last campaign and after they had approved the same. No pretence of lofty patriotism can justify the jeopardizing of the country's interests and the sacred cause of home rule until the Irish people shall emphatically reject the Liberal proposals. We anticipate the introduction as a fairly liberal measure by the Gladstone government. This should be supported generously by the Home Rulers of all shades.

Amendments, of course, will be in order. The principal will be sustained. Continuous attendance at the sittings of the House, persistent watchfulness at all times, will be necessary on the part of the Irish representatives. A solid phalanx, determined to win justice for their country and their race, can work wonders even when the party majority is small. Patriotism, devotion to principle and loyalty to the cause are the qualities most needed.

**HUSBAND:** Did you drive all those nails yourself? **Wife:** Yes I did. **Husband:** Let me see your hands. **Wife:** Here they are—not hurt a bit. **Husband:** Hum! Who held the nails?

"I FELL into the pond to-day, and it was up to my neck," said Walter. "Nonsense," said Jack, "the water in the pond isn't more than a foot deep." "Oh, but I went in head first," said Walter.

"WHAT did you do with the ball?" "It went over the fence into Mr. Brown's yard." "Did you go after it?" "No, sir." "Why not?" "Because it went through the window."

**HE HAD THE MATERIAL.**—Weary novelist: Heigho! My brains seem to be wool-gathering this morning. His wife: Then I suppose your next story will be full of "padding?"

WHICH are the two letters in the English alphabet most disagreeable to ladies? D-K—decay.

WHY is a man who deals in stale jokes like a stock jobber? Because he depends on fun-dead property.

TO A MISSAL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Missal of the Gothic age,  
Missal with the blazoned page,  
Whence, O Missal, hither come,  
From what dim's scripturium?

Whence the name that wrought thee thus,  
Ambrose or Theophilus,  
Binding through the waning light,  
O'er the vellum scraped and white;

Weaving "wax thy rubric lines,  
Sprays and leaves and quaint designs;  
Setting round thy border scrolled  
Beds of purple and of gold?

Ah!—a wondrous brotherhood,  
Doubtless, round that arched stood,  
Hirwing o'er his careful ways  
Little choruses of praise;

Glad when his left hand would paint  
Stirre of Solomon and Saint,  
Or in secret coil entwist  
Jest of cloister humorist.

Well the worker earned his wage  
Bending o'er the blazoned page!  
Tired the hand and tired the wit  
Lest the final *Explicit!*

Not as ours the books of old—  
Things that steam can stamp and fold  
Not as ours the books of yore—  
Rows of type, and nothing more.

Then a book was still a Book  
Where a wistful man might look,  
Finding something through the whole  
Feeling—like a human soul.

In that growth of day by day,  
When to labor was to pray,  
Surely something vital passed  
To the patient page at last;

Something that one still perceives  
Vaguely present in the leaves;  
Something from the worker lent;  
Something mute—but eloquent!

Austin Dobson.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE POET AND THE POLITICIAN.

An Able Sketch of the Life, Works, Aims and Principles of the "Minstrel of Malloy."

I have drawn at some length the atmosphere in which Davis was reared, as it is necessary to do so in order to form a just appreciation of him as a national poet. To that inherent prejudice I have given prominence, as it hampered his political vision and blighted his life. His friends have claimed that he was a man of great versatility. I can concur in this praise, but from my point of view it may be reduced to two heads. Davis the poet and Davis the politician. Under these heads let us take a passing glimpse of by far the most fascinating figure at the council board of young Ireland. Poets of his stamp are not trained in boudoirs and kindergartens, they are the offspring of stirring times, of the old and real, fighting against the new, times of action and words that cut like a scimitar. And the scenery, without which poetry of this kind is lifeless, where else than in his native vale could such a succession of natural beauties bewitch a poet's eye. The soft gray Irish skies, where the spirit bird of Erin (the lark) sings his matin song, the crystal river gently meandering through the verdant farms. The health-clad mountains, girding the stretches of wild moorland, and mid such scenes a warm-hearted race, finding a story in each rock, and fairies in each mountain cave, impoverished and degraded, planning for a resistant future while they live a present nourished by a black and bitter past. With a matchless eye for natural beauty, and a heart warm and generous to hate the tyrants and sympathize with the oppressed, the boy left his native vale for the great Tory university with memories so ingrained that no professor or system could eradicate. His residence at Trinity but kept green these memories until in a later day, amid the strife of his nation, they were crystallized for posterity in a stream of

IMPASSIONED VERSE.

Like his countryman, Goldsmith, his University career was far from brilliant. Professors considered him dull, and he cared little for their opinions. His reading was not of the kind laid down in an antiquated curriculum, he drank from that broader and nobler stream whose waters irrigate and fecund every land. His opinion of Trinity is summed up in his description of it as "effete." At Trinity we get the first glimpse of Davis, the politician. In the debating-room he makes the blood of his Tory associates warm by his denunciations of wrongs, and his boldly avowed ideas on liberty. Talk not to me of liberty in Greece, I want liberty and independence in Ireland, was his cry. In that University was one that could sympathize with

that cry, and love the man that made it. This youth, as man, was to play in coming years, no ordinary part in the tragedy of Young Ireland. Friends and foes of his cause have found no blemish in his personal life, a rare thing among politicians. This man, however, was a politician in this sense, a man that makes a heroic struggle for his country without any idea of self-interest entering into the struggle

"His mind was keen,  
Intense, and frugal; apt for all affairs,  
And watchful more than ordinary men."

One who partook with him of the bitter draught of exile has given us a graphic description of Davis' life-long bosom friend, "handsome, with luminously thoughtful eyes, an expression of serious sadness about the mouth in repose, of appreciative sweetness when moved to humor—and a sombre, Spanish visage, veiling a heart of Melesian heat and enthusiasm." This man was John Dillon. In their walks Dillon and Davis made many plans for the future, some that were to bear fruit, others that were to die in still-birth. One of their plans was to educate their countrymen, by a high-class literary weekly, to a sense of

THEIR IMPORTANCE

as a part of the British people. The time was opportune. The dissenters of the North were thoroughly acquainted with the press as the mightiest weapon they could wield, while the cringing Catholics had broken loose from the traditional "wait a while policy" of Lord Fingal and the "dignified silence" of John Keogh. In the masterly hands of O'Connell they became a compact body of men with the courage of their convictions. From him they had learned that God helps those who help themselves, and that their past policy of inaction was cowardly. It was a sad spectacle to see two thirds of a nation sitting by the way side weeping and asking for a doleful pittance and that to be refused and he asked smitten anew. A nation's birth-right was not to be regained in such a way. They must not run like a pack of mongrel cure but stand, show their teeth, and fight. They must be self dependant, and cast away their old myths of supernatural leaders arising from caves and leading them from their Egyptian bondage. They must stand alone, firm and united and withdraw their wistful eyes from the French promised deliverer.

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks,  
They have a king who buys and sells:  
In native words and native ranks  
Your only hope of freedom dwells."

To combine the dissenters of the North, the Protestants of the South, with the newly awakened, active compact mass of Catholics into whom O'Connell had breathed the soul of defiance, was the dream of Davis and Dillon. To do this there was but one way and that was by a paper that should have merit enough to reach all classes, and yet be written in a way to instruct and cement the masses. No journal ever came into being with a nobler mission than the Nation. If all the dreams of the Nation's brilliant founders were unrealized, it was according to the common course of things.

THE DREAMER'S DREAM

of to-day will eat up centuries in its fulfillment. The dreams of the Nation have become a part of the people, and the people clamor that they will not rest until these dreams are real. One man scatters the seed, a nation garners in the harvest. Davis and Dillon prepared themselves by a short apprenticeship on Staunton's shaky Register for their Journal that was to be. At this time the train was bringing C. Gavin Duffy, editor and proprietor of the Belfast *Vindicator*, to see the sights of Dublin. He was another dreamer, but of a different mould. He had sprung from the loins of the people, and had drunk deep draughts from the rock that O'Connell, like Moses of old had struck in the Irish desert, and made the living waters of patriotism go forth and refresh a thirsting nation. His picture is not a fascinating one for those who love skin-deep beauty, to those like the writer that know no other than intellectual beauty it is charming. The painter is none other than the crabbed Carlyle's genius-gifted wife. "Duffy quite took my husband's fancy, and mine also to a certain extent. With the coarsest of human faces, decidedly as like a horse's as a man's, he is one of the people that I should get to think beautiful, there is so much of the power both of intellect and passion in his physiognomy." Duffy had long wished to own a paper in the

Irish metropolis, and made it as Davis, a man as yet unknown to him, had planned their *Weekly Register* should be. Duffy, while in Dublin, spent his days in sight-seeing. One of the sights was the Four Courts, and here we find him, saluting Dillon, with whom he had a slight speaking acquaintance. The young barrister introduced him to another barrister standing by his side—a man of middle stature, strongly but not coarsely built, with a complexion to which habitual exercise, for he was a great walker, and habitual temperance, gave a healthy glow. A broad brow and strong jaw stamped his face with a character of power, but except when it was lighted by thought or feeling it was plain even rugged. His carriage was not good; a peculiar habit of leaning towards you in familiar conversation, arising from the eagerness of his nature, gave him the appearance of a stoop, and he dressed and walked as carelessly as a student is apt to do. But his glance was frank and direct as a sunbeam, he had a cordial and winning laugh, the prevailing expression of his face was open and genial, and his voice had tones of sympathy that went straight to the heart. This man was Davis. The Hall of the Four Courts was not the place to discuss politics, and at the suggestion of Dillon, gowns and wings were cast aside and the three men whose pictures have been outlined strolled into the neighbouring Phoenix Park. Let Duffy be our guide. "After a long conversation on the prospects of the country we sat down under a noble elm within view of the park gate leading to the city, and there I proposed a project which has often been in my mind from the first time I met them, the establishment of a weekly newspaper which we three should own and write. They listened eagerly to the proposal, but they had no money to spare, and were unwilling to accept any responsibility that might involve them in debt. I was able to find capital to a moderate extent, and I solved the difficulty by undertaking to become sole proprietor, if they aided me in the management, and in this arrangement they gladly concurred. They intended to name the paper the *Nation* from sympathy with the *Paris Journal* of that name, but Davis objected that the use of an adjective for that purpose was contrary to the analogies of the English language. I cited the *Constitutional* recently defunct, but this exception was not an enticing one, and after running over titles suggested by civil and military vigilance such as the *Tribune*, the *Statesman*, the *Sentinel*, the *Banner* and the like, he reverted to the first suggestion, and proposed as an amendment the happy and significant name of

"THE NATION."

"We desired to make Ireland a nation, and the name would be a fitting prelude to the attempt." On the 15th October, 1842, the first copy of the *Nation* was issued. It had a phenomenal sale. Davis, writing to Madden, says: "The *Nation* sold its whole impression of No. 1 before twelve o'clock this morning, and could have sold twice as many more if they had been printed, as they ought to have been—but the fault is on the right side, and a little later what must have been dear to his heart, 'the country people are delighted with us, if their letters speak true.' The *Nation* safely launched, Davis, until his premature and ever to be lamented death at his mother's house, Baggot street, on the 16th of September, 1845, gave his time and thought to it, and bore something of the same relation to it as a mother to her child. What his loss was may be drawn from this paragraph, written by the editor of the American edition of his poems: "The *Nation* lost its strength and its inspiration. The circle of friends and comrades,—the Young Ireland party, as they were called, that revolved around this central figure, that were kept in their spheres by the attraction of his strong nature: taking their literary tasks from his hands—drawing instructions from his varied accomplishments, and courage and zeal from his kindly and cheerful converse, soon fell into confusion, alienation, helplessness. Gloom gathered round the cause, and Famine, wasting the bone and vigor of the nation, made all his friends feel as the confederate Irish felt when Owen Roe died of poison—like

"Sheep without a shepherd when snow shut out the sky."

The writings that Davis has left behind him in prose and verse form but a frag-

ment of his genius. Literature with him was only

A MEANS TO AN END.

His verse is often rough, lacking in artistic polish, never in thought. He had no time to file and shape artistic thought. He wished to teach some truth, and if he considered that it would strike better in ballad form than prose, into that form it went. His poems were struck off at first heat and rarely if ever corrected. Despite this hurry, some of his ballads are almost matchless in beauty of thought and mastery of diction. The reader of his poems will be so often arrested by a happy turn of thought, a quaint rhyme or a bewitching intangible beauty lurking in the simple lines, as to compel him often to lay down the little volume and using the poet's own words in that powerful ballad of Owen Roe, exclaim:

"Oh, why did you leave me? why did you die?"

It has often been asked would Davis have been a great poet? Read the fragments, thrown off in haste, that in a few years, and then you will be liable to ask another question. How many of the really great men were equally great as Davis was when he died? It is not to his poetry but rather his essays and prose that the reader will go to find the Davis that so powerfully influenced his own time, and left a mark that his race will cherish for all time. Here was the sewer of seed, the man whose prophetic foresight saw all the coming evils and was able to prepare the only remedies. I do not hesitate to write that those who wish to obtain a vital understanding of the problem connected with English government in Ireland must go to the prose of Thomas Davis. Few readers, we hope, can fail to be touched, and exalted by the revelation which these writings contain, of "a spirit as high, sincere, unselfish, sweet, and brave as ever illuminated the history of any people." What Morley wrote of *Mil*, might we apply to our dead poet, "We have lost a great teacher and example of knowledge and virtue; but men will long feel the presence of his character about them, making them ashamed of what is indolent or selfish and encouraging them to all disinterested labor, both in trying to do good, and in trying to find out what the good is, which is harder."

WALTER LECKY.

No flowery rhetoric can tell the merit Hood's Sarsaparilla as well as the cures accomplished by this excellent medicine.


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THE DARK GLASS

Not I myself know all my love for thee:  
How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh  
To-morrow's power by yester-day?  
Shall birth and death, and all dark names that  
be  
As doors and windows bared to some lone sea,  
Lash deaf my mine ears and blind my face  
with spray;  
And shall my sense pierce love,—the last relay  
And ultimate outpost of eternity?  
Lo! what am I to Love, the Lord of all?  
One murmuring shell he gathers from the  
sea,  
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand,  
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest  
call  
And veriest touch of powers primordial  
That any hour-gift life may understand.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XVI., Continued.

"Oh! Corney," said his mother, laying her hand upon his head; "an' didn't you ate any of it yourself?"

"I was goin' to ate it," replied the boy, "till I remembered this was Christmas Day, an' we had no mate; but I eat all the bread."

Sally Cavanagh laughed to keep herself from crying.

"Hand me a plate an' a knife, Norah," said she. "An' isn't poor Corney a good fellow?" She divided the meat in four parts, and placed it before them.

"If you won't have some for yourself," says Corney, sulkily, "I'm sorry I brought it at all."

Sally laughed again. But this time she rested her elbows on the table, and put her apron to her eyes. After a while she raised her head. "You're the dhrill Corney," said she, cutting a fragment off Corney's own piece, which was the biggest, for herself. The five penny loaves were then produced, and Sally Cavanagh and her children sat down to their Christmas dinner. But, remembering that it was unlucky for an odd number to sit down to a Christmas dinner, little Willie was taken from his cradle and brought to the table, greatly to the delight of his brothers and sisters.

"Tis the sweetest bit I ever tasted, Corney," said Sally Cavanagh, looking into the face of her generous-hearted boy, who was so like his father.

The night, as Mrs. Hazitt expected, was as dark as pitch. A flake of snow fell down the chimney on Sally Cavanagh's hand, as she sat down, after putting the children to bed, thinking,

"God grant," she thought, "we'll soon have a letter. Tis little he suspects that the oats was taken from us by that black-hearted villain. The neighbors are good, I know; but what could they do? An' there's poor Mr. Purcell that has his own trouble now. The tyrant 'il never stop till he has 'em broke horse and fut. An' tis poor Connor'd be sorry to hear misfortune fell on that family; an' good right he'd have to be sorry. Well, God is good! An' whatever happens Connor Shea's childer, I'll never ax for charity at any man's door."

She knelt down to pray; but starting up suddenly with a frightend look, she made the sign of the cross on her forehead and on her breast, and blew out the rush-light. She heard a step approaching the house. The latch was raised, but the door did not open, as it was fastened with the back-stick.

"Sally" said a voice outside, "you're not in bed. I saw the light."

CHAPTER XVII.

Christmas was not what it used to be at Ballycorig. The little family circle in the parlor was silent, not to say gloomy; and the cloud which hung over it appeared to cast a shadow on the larger circle in the kitchen. Even Mrs. Purcell's great rice pudding failed for once to call up cheery looks into the faces of the workmen and servants, though every saucer was filled to the brim with whiskey punch "hot, strong and sweet."

"How sorry I am," said Kate Purcell, "that Fanny could not come as she promised."

"Indeed, then, so am I sorry," said her mother, in her abrupt way. "But I hope Brian will bring her with him when he is coming home."

They all felt that little Fanny's presence would be like sunshine to them, and even the mention of her name appeared to produce a brightening effect

so much so that Mr. Purcell took courage to talk about what was weighing so heavily upon his heart.

"What do you think I ought to do?" he asked, turning to Brian.

"If I must speak my mind," the latter replied, "my opinion is, that to pay the rent he has demanded would leave you a beggar in a few years."

"Times might mend," said his father. "Even so. Fifty per cent. additional is more than the land would be worth the best of times. And, besides, what's to prevent him from giving the screw another turn?"

"If he is so bad as that, wouldn't he serve me with a notice to quit at once?"

"I know the man," said Brian, "and I believe you are not served with notice to quit because he hopes to beggar you first. And if you take my advice you won't try to pay what he demands."

"But he'll turn us out," said Mrs. Purcell.

"Let him. Better to be put out now than in a year or two, when you'd be left not worth a shilling."

"I lost more improving the place than would purchase the fee-simple of it."

"So much the worse. There's no use throwing good money after bad. So tell him plainly you'll give up the farm if he wants more for it than you paid Quill."

"Tis too bad," said Mr. Purcell, "that a man can be robbed in this way. Such a thing couldn't happen in any other country under the sun but this. You talk about freeing Ireland, but why don't ye do something?"

This rebellious sally made Brian smile. He knew that his father—like many of his class—was won't to extol to the skies the "protection to life and property" which was to be found nowhere in such perfection as in Ireland, and to talk contemptuously of all malcontents of the past and present, excepting only O'Connell, who was "for peace." Brian, however, did not think fit, under the circumstances, to remind his father of this; so he merely said:—

"Tis hard enough, sir. But so many things of the same kind have occurred under our eyes, we need not feel surprised, at all events."

"There was never so bad a case as this," said his father.

"Think of the Clonbuee tenants, sir."

"But they were nearly all poor people," Mr. Purcell observed.

Brian looked grave, but said nothing.

"If we can get that money," Mr. Purcell continued, "we'll be all right."

This was an allusion to a sum of money which he had lent to gentleman in the neighborhood many years before, and about which Brian intended going to Dublin.

"Don't you think, sir," Brian asked, "we could all live comfortably at Coolbawn?"

"Don't talk to me about Coolbawn," replied his father impatiently. "I tell you nothing was troubling me so much as the thought that you would not live here after me. I intended leaving it in my will that you should live here, where your father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather before you lived."

Brian saw that there was no use in reasoning further upon the subject.

"Well," said he, as he moved a chair towards his sister, who had been preparing tea during the greater part of the conversation; "I'll ask Captain Dawson to dinner some day of the week, and we'll talk over the matter with him."

"To dinner here, Brian?" Katie exclaimed in surprise.

"And why not, Katie?"

"Oh!" said she, as if recollecting herself, "if any good is likely to come of it, I suppose that makes a difference."

"But objection could you have to my asking Captain Dawson to dine with us under any circumstances?"

"Well, I have my own notions," Katie, shaking her head.

"Let us hear them."

"If you want to know, then, I can't think it quite consistant with self-respect to know gentlemen, the ladies of whose families would not know me."

"I see, Kate," said Brian, leaning over his sister's chair, "that you are proud."

"Well, if that is pride, I am proud."

"And what do you think of your friends, the Misses Maloney's?"

"That's just what made me think about it first. Tis perfectly ridiculous the way they talk. The last time they called here they never spoke a word upon any subject but the Plunks, and the Masseys, and the Honorable Mr. Crashton."

"Confess now, Kate, that you are vexed, because I did not go to the great

ball. It is no trifling disappointment to miss the chance of seeing one's name in the 'Fashionable Intelligence.' 'Brian Purcell, E.-g., Coolbawn, and Miss Purcell!' I feel quite penitent for having deprived you of that honor, Kate."

His sister looked up at him, and there was a world of suppressed fun in the glance. But after struggling for a moment to look serious, she rested her head against Brian's arm, and laughed heartily.

"Positively, Kate," said he, "you are more ill-natured than people give you credit for."

"Indeed, no," said she, looking grave. "They are good, affectionate girls, and I really like them very much. But that list the names in the 'Fashionable Intelligence' was so positively absurd, I cannot help laughing when I think of it. 'Twas bad enough to bring such a gathering together; but publishing it in the newspapers was really too bad."

"Let me see," said Brian, "whether I can repeat any of the conversation by which you were so much edified the other day. Margaret opened the proceedings by asking Frances, 'What can have become of Godfrey Massey? I have not seen a sight of him for twelve days.' To which Frances replied, 'How forgetful you are, Margaret. Don't you remember George told us he dined with the Sixty-sixth on Monday week, and got cold, and has been confined to his room ever since?' 'What a funny mistake,' Margaret continues, 'that was of Isabel Massey, to mistake the major for Lieutenant Rodgers in the hall.' 'Or, yes,' exclaimed Frances, with a scream of laughter; it was a right good one. And the honorable Mr. Craditon cut up rough about it, too, and poor Isabel was dreadfully sold. Am I reporting correctly?"

"Who could have told you?" Kate asked, looking greatly surprised. "Those are the very words."

"Well, your friends called that day at Ballytullagh, while I was there, and I had the pleasure of hearing it all before yourself."

"Isn't it a pity, Brian?" said Kate, with a look of compassion so intense that her brother flung himself into his father's arm-chair, and laughed outright.

"Tis a great shame for you," said she reproachfully; "and if you knew them as well as I do, you wouldn't turn them into ridicule in that way."

"Well, now, which of them would you advise me to lay siege to? Their father has given me a hint that one of them is at my service, and welcome."

"Oh, none of them, Brian."

"Indeed! That's strange after your professions of regard for them."

"But it is not because I don't like them, but—"

"But what?"

She looked fixedly at him, and said: "Some other time I may tell you, but not now."

"To be serious, Kate," said he, "I think your notions on the subject of which you have been speaking are, as a rule, correct. But there's no rule without an exception. Dawson and I are such good friends, I see no harm in your meeting him. Besides, he's a good fellow, and very different from the shoneens whom your fair friends hunt up so eagerly. And, by-the-by, you never objected to my having dozens of our rural aristocrats to lunch so many times."

"Oh, when you hunt and shoot with them, it is only common hospitality to ask them in when they happen to be passing your door. But that's a different thing altogether."

"By Jove, Kate, you look deeply into things. But perhaps I could guess who put these notions into your head."

"No one, I only thought about it myself." She blushed deeply, and even seemed offended.

"Don't be annoyed with me," said Brian, taking her hand. "You are a good, sensible girl, Kate, and I need not hesitate to tell you I do not wonder at all you should like him better than any one else you have met. He is really and truly the noblest fellow I know. But you see the difficulties in the way as well as I do. And this business about the farm makes it worse than ever. I was thinking of asking my father to give you this place, and then we might be able to convince him that you would be just as well off as if your fortune went to somebody's sister in the usual way. But there's no use in thinking of that now."

Kate pressed his hand. She leaned her head back against the high arm-chair, and closed her eyes. Her bosom

heaved almost imperceptibly, and there was a sad smile on her lips. 'Twas only a dream, though, and she knew it.

"I wish, Kate, you would come to Dublin. I don't expect to be kept more than a week."

"I couldn't think of being absent now, Brian."

"Well, you are right.—you are always right. But won't Fanny be disappointed?"

"Don't you like Fanny, Brian?"

"Indeed I do."

"You must do your best to get leave for her to come down. I'll speak to Father Paul to assist you. I suppose it will not be easy for you to succeed, though, as I suspect, her marriage with Mr. M. is decided on."

(To be continued.)

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**NOTICE**

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

Montreal, 10th January, 1892.  
A. W. GRENIER,  
Solicitor for Applicants.

**Notice**

Is hereby given that at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec application will be made for a bill to incorporate L'Alliance Nationale, as a benevolent society.

BEAUDIN & GARDINAL,  
Attorneys for Applicants.  
Montreal, December 21, 1892.



**THE TRUE WITNESS**

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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WEDNESDAY.....FEBRUARY 1, 1898

**TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**

Once more, as January has closed, and a twelfth part of the year is gone, we respectfully call the attention of those subscribers who are in arrears, to the fact that it is most unpleasant for us—and also for them—to be forced to constantly send out accounts with accompanying duns. We are doing all in our power to make THE TRUE WITNESS occupy a first place in the ranks of Catholic journalism, and we ask for that assistance which is not only to be expected, but which justice itself ordains. Please remit whatever is due without further notice.

**TO-DAY'S ELECTION.**

This is a day of rush! Within the last forty-eight hours, it is wonderful how many important moves have been made upon the chess-board of our civic affairs. In Quebec our Bill hangs fire just at the most critical of moments, and as a consequence the city is flung into a state of turmoil, and the rate-payers are surrounded by uncertainties such as form a combination of circumstances rarely, if ever, met with in the municipal history of this or any other place. In order to avoid a general election on the first of March, to snatch a hurried verdict from the electors before all the aldermanic iniquities would become public property, and to save their positions, at the expense of every just consideration, for a few months more, the "compact faction" to which we referred last week, and which "holds the city in its garrotting hands," determined that—legal or illegal—to-day's election should take place. The citizens took out an injunction to prevent that election; Mr. Justice Doherty sustained that injunction and thereby declared the election illegal; the city fathers determined to proceed with the contest despite the judicial ruling; they appealed to the Court of Review; the Court of Review declared it had no jurisdiction; therefore, the election stands declared illegal, and to proceed therewith would subject the city to a fine of \$2,000 for contempt of court,—a fine that the rate-payers would have to pay. Despite all this, the City Hall has resolved to hold the elections, to expose the public to the certainty of paying the fine, to subject the citizens of Montreal to the humiliation of being made play-the-fool's part in a most grotesque farce, and all this, in order to shield themselves from the fast rising tide of popular indignation, to secure themselves for another term before their evil doings could be thoroughly scattered abroad and the boom of public indignation and exasperation would thunder in their ears. Talk of the scenes of confusion and riot that originated in the tyrannical sophistry of the French Convention, when the

grasping ambition of Robespierre and St. Just brought about the "Reign of Terror," and its subsequent train of disastrous consequences; talk about the Bureau-cracy and the "family compacts," that lashed our own country into a rebellion; but here we have, in proportion to the sphere of their operation, the same selfish ambition, the same disregard for popular rights, the same defiance of the law, the same contempt for the constituted legal authority, the same grasping, all-absorbing self-aggrandizement, the same bold determination in carrying out unlawful measures, the same absence of public conscience, the same reeking corruption, and the same attempts, apparently, to drive the honest citizens and tax-payers to desperation and open revolt against their abominable methods of civic government.

But happily, to-day, the people have a weapon far mightier than the sword of the revolution or the musket of the rebellion; they hold the ballot, and therewith, if awake to the peril that menaces, they can hurl the would-be usurpers from their high seats. How truly the words of Rome's immortal orator apply, "Catiline is at the gates of Rome; and you deliberate!" Seizing upon that classic phrase, Mirabeau once cried out in the Assembly:—"True there is no Catiline here, nor faction, nor peril, but bankruptcy, hideous and glaring is at the gates and you deliberate." To-day misgovernment, maladministration, bribery, and all the satellites of that red meteor of public corruption, flash their scorching beams upon our city, and in the moment of the greatest danger, there is lengthy deliberation over the Bill that would settle everything, and there is illegal and unjustifiable public action on the parts of those who oppose it. The city has become a play-toy in the hands of a clique, and they are bound to toss the ball until their game is entirely played out. But the law is against them; they may defer, but they cannot prevent the day of bitter reckoning. Like Caesar of old, they may all cry: "Beware of the Ides of March!" Had there been time we would have called upon every anti-boodle candidate to withdraw and thereby protest against the illegality of the contest, and every honest citizen to remain at home and by his action refuse to recognize the election, and consequently bow before the judgment of the courts. But it was too late; time was not given for even calm deliberation; the contest goes on; but if the city is called upon to pay the fine for contempt of court, the citizens should rise in a mass on the 1st March next, and every voter, irrespective of all other considerations, mark his ballot against the violators of the law and the men of corruption. Blackball them, one and all, from the honorable places in public affairs!

WE ARE informed that while receiving the writ of the "Gardes Nobles" on the occasion of the Christmas festivals, Leo XIII. referred to the day when his guard of honor would once more be able to escort the Pope through the streets of Rome, and he said, "That day will come no doubt, but as to the moment, that is the secret of God." If this despatch news is exact, it is a sign that Leo XIII. is still full of vigor and great hope. However, he does not predict that he (Leo XIII.) will be escorted through the streets of Rome, as contended by a non-Catholic contemporary; he merely says that the guard will "be able to escort the Pope." Leo may pass away, but the Pope can never die. "Simon may die, but Peter lives on to the end of time." In any case, it is the hope and prayer of the whole Catholic world that our present glorious Pontiff may live to participate in the triumph of justice.

**A JOUCULAR ORGAN.**

Two weeks ago we expressed our opinion upon the tone in which the New York Catholic Union and Times referred to the members of the American hierarchy and even to the Holy Father himself. That very Catholic organ, in reply to our criticism, furnishes its readers with half a column in which we are informed that The Union treated the subject in question "in a tone of light jocularly, which our serious Canadian contemporary takes as little short of vulgarity or downright irreverence." We are pleased to know that our esteemed American contemporary was only joking, but we were too obtuse to be able to see the point in the wit. The Union should label its jokes, otherwise, ordinary and uninspired individuals, like the editor of THE TRUE WITNESS, may be led into error and be uncharitable enough to accuse The Union of intentional disrespect to the Church and its prelates. A boy-at school once drew some lines upon a slate, and under his work he wrote, "this is a horse." Had he not informed the observer of the fact, no one would ever have suspected that the object was intended for a horse. So it is with The Union's jokes.

Our New York friend tells us that the following testimony to the Union's worth has been given by "Bishops who have been reading every issue of The Union for twenty years." Evidently, when the testimony was given, The Union had not entered into the joking period of its career. The recommendation runs thus:

"In these days, when so many laymen who make their office stools Papal chairs are doing grave harm, you (The Union) have always been on the side of due authority and of Christian charity."

This is the evidence that The Union has been, for twenty years, worthy of the highest approval. But it was not in the habit of joking during all that period, or else its jokes were taken at their full value, and were sufficiently pointed not to allow of their being confounded with its serious expressions of opinion.

In asking The Union to label its jokes, we are in downright earnest. Here is the very last number of our esteemed contemporary, the issue from which the foregoing extracts are taken; we are at a loss to know whether the following is intended for a joke, or whether it is a sample of The Union's ordinary style. If serious we must conclude that if "many laymen make their office stools Papal chairs," the editor of The Union is trying hard to turn his seat into an anti-Papal chair.

"Satolli has the call. Let us all make the best of the situation."

If a joke, we can't see the point; if serious, The Union evidently thinks it an unfortunate situation. Take the next editorial note:

"The Hierarchy was solid in France, but Leo put down his foot for the Republic, and the G. O. M. had his way. In America there is a break in the phalanx and here surely the Pope will have his way."

Unless this is a joke, it looks very much unlike "the lash of the Union," under which "these strife-breeding screeds and rumors" are scourged. Take another sample, from the same column:

"Kicking against the pricks" is a bad exercise. After Leo may come a new regime; while Leo resigns wise people will glide in with the authorities. The average layman, "every time he opens his mouth puts his foot into it" in a ticklish crises like this.

Probably another joke; but to the dull mind of THE TRUE WITNESS editor it savors very much of a regret that the "new regime" does not come, so as to obviate the necessity of "gliding in with the authorities," "while Leo resigns." Let us take another sample:

"A very obstinate man" is the remark applied to Gen. Grant by Mrs. Grant;

this at the time when Grant was in the wilderness. Pope Leo XIII is likewise 'a very obstinate man.' 'Opposition but strengthens his purpose' says one who knows him well.

This may possibly be a joke; still we fail again to see the humor of it. If serious, it is open to more than one interpretation. Either the Union commends the characteristic of obstinacy in the Pope, or else it classes that obstinacy (which it gratuitously attributes to Leo XIII), in the category of his shortcomings.

But it is useless continuing quotations: almost every column contains some phrase, so peculiarly constructed, that it becomes almost impossible to say whether it is a shaft seriously fired at the occupant of the Holy See, or an intended, joke that is only comprehensible to the jocose editor of The Catholic Union. One more remark and we have done. The Union begins its reply to our article, as follows:

"Our esteemed contemporary, the Montreal True Witness, while remarking that it 'knows but very little about the subject.'"

Exactly; we are not in the secrets of the Vatican, nor of Mgr. Satolli, nor of the American, nor Canadian Archbishops; we therefore honestly admit that we are not posted in the details of the question at issue. Evidently The Union knows all about the subject: it is a pity it should give its information in a jocular style.

**FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.**

Some few numbers back we referred to the peculiarly indefinite document purporting to come from four Quebec ministers on the subject of the Bible in Roman Catholic hands. It was certainly a model of audacity, and wild, reckless, and false statements. It was a combination of what Junius called "assertion without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censure without dignity or moderation." Since then we find *The Presbyterian Witness*, one of the official organs of the "Board of French Evangelization" giving an account of the work done during the past year. It is signed by Principal MacVicar, D. D., and S. J. Taylor. Amongst other things the report says:

"An ever increasing number of children from Roman Catholic homes has been attending the mission schools. In some of these almost the total attendance is Roman Catholic. For example, in one school fourteen out of seventeen are Roman Catholics; in another fifteen out of sixteen; in another twenty-three out of twenty-eight. In fact, except in one or two schools the Roman Catholic attendance is not less than one-third and often more than one-half.

"A few days ago one of our missionary colporteurs was permitted to hold a service in the Roman Catholic chapel at St. Germain de Kamouraska. He had an audience of fifty Ropian Catholics, ten of whom were women, and all expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the service. There is a wonderful movement going on, and the priests and bishops are making strenuous efforts to control it. The missionary is still on the ground, and the district has discovered six families who call themselves Protestant, and were evangelized by former missionaries of the Board."

That seems to be a very out-spoken statement. There are no insinuations in it, they are broad assertions. It is evident to any Catholic that such statements are of a questionable character. The enterprising and able editor of the *Antigonish Casket*, wrote to a priest in Levis Collego, Quebec, for authentic information on the subject. Here is the reply that was sent to the *Casket*.

"Please excuse inevitable delay in

answering yours of the 27th ult. Immediately after receiving it I wrote to the cure of Kamouraska, of which St. Germain is a small mission, and the answer only reached me this p.m., through Dr. Taschereau (a cousin of His Eminence), lately appointed to attend to the mission of St. Germain, with residence at Kamouraska proper. The greater part of the following information I might have given you before, having heard it from the lips of the cure of Kamouraska: but to make sure of its authenticity, I had it repeated and completed by Dr. Taschereau, who left my room one hour or two ago.

"(1.) A very important fact in treating the subject is that St. Germain de Kamouraska was parcelled off from the main parish, and a chapel erected without the consent and against the will of the Ordinary who has hitherto refused to give them a priest, the distance from the old church being insufficient to justify the creation of a new parish. It was this circumstance that attracted the Calvinistic *Colporteurs*.

"(2.) No missionary was permitted to hold a service in the Roman Catholic chapel there. On one occasion the *Colporteurs* got the key of the chapel, by means unknown, from one of those who had built it, and held a meeting. Who it was that gave the key, it is impossible to find out. On that occasion they had the barefacedness to attribute to miraculous intervention, the opening of the chapel. They held other meetings, but only after having forced the door open.

"(3.) They never would have been able to hold a single meeting had they not solemnly and repeatedly declared that they came not with the intention of making the change their religion, but merely to assist them spiritually. Indeed, they went so far in their hypocrisy as to recite the Rosary in public with the people, to confirm the above declaration.

"(4.) Not a single family, nor even a solitary individual, has become Protestant. Such an accusation would make them indignant.

"(5.) All the people wanted was a priest. As soon as the cure of Kamouraska told them he was going to ask the Bishop to send them one, they warned the *colporteurs* to depart.

"As to the other point about the schools, I am convinced it is a falsehood. Its general and vague character prevents me from going to sources. I am positively sure that in our diocese there are no children, especially in country districts, attending sectarian schools. A few children of the wealthier class go to Protestant High Schools."

In the course of its comments upon the above the *Casket* says:

"In the light of these facts the conduct of the *colporteurs* appears neither manly, nor honorable, nor at all in keeping with the character of Christ's ministers. It was not manly nor honorable of them, in the first place, to take advantage of the misunderstanding between the Bishop and a portion of his flock to seek to draw away the latter from their allegiance. Even in war such tactics would be accounted disreputable \* \* \* The report speaks of the whole performance as a service, and one, too, held by permission. If the account above given is trustworthy, and we have not the slightest doubt that it is, the service was a mockery of religion and the permission such as the sneak-thief or robber has when he enters a citizen's home. The whole proselytizing business carried on in the Province of Quebec is contemptible. It is an unwarranted intrusion into a field already occupied by

a Christian clergy, and an insidious attempt to steal from the Catholic fold the weaklings of the flock."

We don't deem it necessary to add any further comment. The case (and it may be taken as a fair standard) is too simple to require much elaboration. We are glad to see that our splendid Catholic contemporary of Antigonish had the thoughtfulness of writing for the foregoing particulars. We deem the subject, however, one of sufficient importance to warrant us in reproducing editorially the statements as they appeared in the *Casket*. Our readers can now draw their own conclusions as to how much reliance is to be placed in these flaming reports of "Evangelization of Catholics."

UNITARIANISM.

In the Boston Herald appeared an article upon the "Present Unitarian Movement." The writer refers to the latter days influence of such men as Frederick Robinson, Frederick Maurice and Bishop Brooks. He says that for nearly a quarter of a century an educative movement has been going on. He points out that the Congregationalists have not advanced nor gone backward, the Baptists have increased in numbers, but have not improved in any other way, the Methodists have increased in cultivation and therefore social power; but the Unitarians have developed into a new type of spiritual life which is beginning to be organic, and will yet make its influence felt on all sides. It would be interesting to know what the principles are upon which this new development is to be carried on. This clever and honest writer tells, in one paragraph what the departure in Unitarianism will be. Let us quote it.

"These points which these men starting from as the points of departure in the future of his body, furnished by themselves as articles of faith, are the church idea as it has been developed in all the Christian centuries from the beginning, the using of a liturgy as the best way in which the common worship of devout people can be secured—a liturgy that recognizes the idea of sacrifice; the furnishing of a Christian basis for the deeper life of the people, the determination to push for recognition in the whole Christian church as a true and legitimate part of it; the acceptance of the Bible, not only as literature, but as a revelation; the making the whole body less and less of a sect and more and more a movement with a purpose; the pushing of the point that not nature but the Gospel should be the substance of preaching, and that what is needed among the Unitarians as a body is the revival of the spiritual life."

As to how this mighty change is to be brought about or upon what lines the reformation of Unitarianism is to be run we fail to discover. One thing we are told, that it will not be carried on according to any heretofore recognized model.

"It is not imitation," says our confident and somewhat enthusiastic writer, "but the consciousness that there is a great religious work to be done, and that the Unitarians must use the best agencies for doing it."

It was our intention pointing out how this is a real confession of the insufficiency of Unitarianism as a religion. We could easily show that this belief, or Church, or creed, or whatever it is called is a mere intellectual faith, and that it in no way appeals to the loftier feelings, to the sentiments of the heart and the aspirations of the soul. It is what an Irish gentleman once described as "poor, blank, cold, shivering Unitarianism, without a temple, an altar, a sacrifice—a great blank." But we will take the liberty of quoting a powerful article, on this subject, that appeared recently in

the *Catholic Review*. After speaking of this letter and the encouragement it affords, the *Review* says:

"We are glad to see that our Unitarian friends are awaking to the consciousness that their system is defective, and that they are determined to remedy it. But we assure them that the task they have set themselves will be found to be no mere hypplay. They can scarcely realize what a tremendous revolution is involved in the change they contemplate. It will take years to construct a new system of faith and worship. In fact nothing is more certain than that it will be impossible to construct one that will be satisfactory to all parties. They may discuss and agitate and theorize and speculate and experiment, and, after all, their scheme will be unsatisfactory, conglomerate, without authority, without unity, without cohesion or consistency. They will find that they are doomed to endless controversy 'in wandering mazes lost.'"

It seemed to us beyond all peradventure, that the only direction this Unitarian Movement could possibly take, in order to reach the end in view, must be toward the Catholic Church. Every element of a substantial faith, that the Unitarian seeks, is to be found in the Church of Rome. Solid principles, immutable dogmas, Divine Founder, superhuman success, unbroken tradition, perfectly connected history, sacraments of the seven orders, auxiliaries in the elect of God, glorious liturgy, grand ceremonies, immortal sacrifice, pure altars, truthful priesthood, grand hierarchy, venerable Pontiff. Anything and everything calculated to touch the heart, illumine the mind and elevate the soul to God, finds its place in the Catholic Church. Read the concluding remarks of the *Catholic Review* upon the subject:

"Now, what a pity it is! We cannot help deploring the mental blindness that prevents our friends from seeing that the Catholic church has just what they want—the most perfect system the world has ever seen. It has organic unity: it has authority; it has a fixed faith, every principle of which is founded in the highest reason. It holds to a divine revelation and the inspiration of the Bible. It is the representative and the embodiment of the supernatural on earth, and it is adapted to satisfy equally the highest intellect and the humblest capacity. In a word, it is a religion of wonderful power. It takes strong hold of the human mind and reaches every class in society. It gives peace to troubled consciences and rest to intellects agitated by doubt. The Catholic is convinced with the best of reasons that his feet are planted upon the rock of eternal ages. The Church is divine and therefore eternal. It can never be destroyed. It has the infallible promise of its divine head that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Oh, why, dear friends, why should you be so unreasonable as to allow the prejudice of education, so false and unfounded. I blind your eyes and harden your hearts against this glorious God given church which is just what you want—just what you profess to be seeking for, but which we solemnly assure you can nowhere else on this earth be found."

We doubt very much if anything could be more exact in reasoning than these remarks of our New York contemporary. The question is: will the Unitarians see the matter in this light? If they are sincere in their movement—and we have no reasonable cause to suspect their sincerity—they eventually must come into the Roman fold. Just as surely as a person of any other denomination begins, conscientiously, to seek for the truth, so certain is it that like the magnet attracting the steel, the Rock of Ages, the Rock of Peter, the corner stone of Christianity, the Catholic Church will draw him eventually out of error and into the light that she alone possesses.

THE TWO CHINIQUYS.

This most interesting and instructive pamphlet has been ten days on the market and is meeting with a good sale.

The edition is limited, the cost is only ten cents per copy, and we are anxious to see it in the hands of every Catholic cleric or layman in Canada and the United States. Copies can be had at all the booksellers, and orders sent to THE TRUE WITNESS office will be promptly filled. Don't let the chance slide past of securing the best evidence of the insincerity of the apostate priest and the powerful arguments with which the Chiniquy of old confounds the Chiniquy of to-day.

A MR. C. G. JONES, writing in the *Daily Witness*, under date, Dec. 31, 1892, delivers himself of an essay on "Spanish Intolerance." He wants to know what TRUE WITNESS, LA PATRIE, L'ETENDARD and LA MINERVE have to say about the matter. The two last mentioned organs very probably would not think it worth while refuting arguments that have been refuted times out of mind: LA PATRIE, if we are to judge from its general tone of late, would agree with Mr. Jones, provided be furnished them with a peg to hang a few arguments upon, that is to say excuses for fault-finding and censure. As to the TRUE WITNESS, we have nothing at all to say. We refer Mr. Jones to our correspondent of this week.

HOME RULE FUND.

The Treasurer of the Irish Home Rule Fund begs to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions since our last, viz:—

- J. J. Duffy.....\$ 50
- James Cuddy..... 10
- Michael Arrahill..... 5
- Michael Loughman..... 5
- J. P. Cuddy..... 5

Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Senator Murphy, Treasurer, or to this Office.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Following are the results of yesterday's elections:—

- MAYOR.
- Hon. Alphonse Desjardins.
- ALDERMEN.
- East Ward—Mr. G. Marsolais.
- Centre Ward—Mr. Wm. Farrell.
- St. Ann's Ward—Mr. Michael F. Nolan.
- St. Antoine Ward—Mr. Richard Costigan.
- St. Louis Ward—Mr. G. Renault.
- St. James Ward—Dr. N. B. Deamar-teau.
- Hochelaga Ward—Mr. John Bombray.
- St. Jean Baptiste Ward—Mr. Pierre Leclerc.
- St. Gabriel Ward—Mr. Denis Taney.
- BY ACCLAMATION ON THE 20TH ULT.
- West Ward—Mr. James McBride.
- St. Mary's Ward—Mr. H. Jaannotte.
- St. Lawrence Ward—Mr. R. Wilson Smith.

OBITUARY LINES.

ON THE DEATH OF KATEY STEWART, AGED 15 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS. (OUR ELDEST DAUGHTER OF P. J. COYLE, Q. C.)

The tears we shed o'er lov'd ones dead  
May not, 'tis true, restore them,  
Yet, nature still, despite our will,  
Is fain to shed tears o'er them.

Our darling's loss (our heaveliest cross)  
'Tis thus we're found now weeping—  
Chilled by the breath of wanton death,  
Her last sleep now she's sleeping.

Scarcely showed the flush of dawn's first blush  
Her sky of life illuming,  
When dark clouds quick came hov'ring thick  
That sky's bright freshness dooming!

Sweet and refined was she, and kind—  
In innocence embower'd;  
In every part—in head and heart—  
By Nature richly dower'd.

Snatched thus away in her hoyday,  
We cannot but regret her;  
Grief's sharp pangs yet we may forget,  
But, Katey! how forget her!

W. O. FARMER.  
Montreal, Jan. 1893.

**IMPURITY DEFEATH**

**BISHOP SPALDING ON THE WORLD'S FAIR.**

French Standards in Paintings and Amusements Should Find No Place at the Exposition.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, strongly pleads against the danger of lubricity as affecting the usefulness of the World's Fair.

"As to the Exposition itself," writes Bishop Spalding, "the directors and managers have repeatedly assured the public that it is to have an educational value; that its influence will be for good, both morally and intellectually. If this is to be made true, they must refuse to be guided by French standards, in the art exhibit at least, and in the character of amusements they offer visitors. The Paris Exposition of 1889 in these two matters certainly was a source of corruption. Many of the paintings were fit to be hung only in a temple of Venus, and the lascivious dances which were performed every day in the Rue de Cairo and in the theatre on the grounds could be tolerated only among a people given over to the worship of the goddess Lubricity. Art ceases to be art when it becomes cynical and profligate, when it appeals to sensual instinct and not to the soul. To permit the paintings of a certain French school to be shown in the Exposition buildings would be an insult to every pure woman. Nothing should be found there before which a true man could not stand without blushing by the side of his mother and sister. The great weight of enlightened opinion favors the opening of the Exposition on Sundays, but if the laborers with their wives and daughters are to be invited to inspect painting and dances which one would not think it possible to find outside of the low haunts of debauchery, then no one who has at heart the welfare of his fellowmen, his country's good, can desire that the gates of the Exposition be kept open on Sunday or any other day. Would not the efforts to induce congress to take the Sunday clause from its souvenir money grant be more likely to prove effective if the assurance were given by the managers that the Exposition shall, in no way whatever, be made to subvert the interests of the great goddess Lubricity? The motive of the Fair directors in wishing to open the gates of Jackson Park on Sunday has, of course, nothing to do with the lawfulness and propriety of such a proceeding. If it is right to visit the Fair on any day it is right to visit it on Sunday, and if the American people are once persuaded that whatever is objectionable to the moral sense will be kept away, they will not insist on closing the Exposition against the toiling masses on the only day of the week on which they have leisure. The manifest indifference of some of the members of the board to the education exhibit has awakened the suspicion in a great many minds that the whole business will be conducted in a petty shopkeeping spirit, without regard to its intellectual and moral influence. The attractions of the Columbian Exposition will surely be great enough without such pitiful adjuncts as dance halls and obscene pictures.

"Let the religious and enlightened minds of the country turn their attention to this matter; let them insist that the Exposition shall be such that it will be altogether good for man, woman and child to see it, and then there will be no sufficient reason why it should not be visited on any and all days. Those who observe easily perceive that the danger which threatens our national life more than any other is not drunkenness, but sexual immorality. Renan, uttering the thought of the whole French infidel school, has said that nature cares nothing for chastity, thereby implying that it is more or less a matter of indifference. Matthew Arnold says in reply that whatever nature may or may not care for, human nature cares for chastity, and that the worship of the great goddess Lubricity is against human nature—it is ruin. "For this," he continues, "is the test of its being against human nature, that for human societies it is ruin."

"Impurity is not the only vice, but more than any other vice it stunts and mars what is high and harmonious in man; it robs the mind of noble thoughts, the heart of sweet love; it leads to hardness and insolence, to dishonesty

**SURPRISE SOAP**

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

156 St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

and brutality; it feeds the beast in man and starves his soul. When a people hearken to false prophets proclaiming that chastity is of no importance, it is lost beyond recovery. What its representatives are ready to do when opportunity is given we may learn from the disgusting disclosures of the Panama Canal scandal. It were idle to deny that the worship of the impure goddess threatens to bring calamities upon us. Who can read the advertisements in some of our most widely circulated newspapers, who can look upon the billboards of our cities, reeking with vulgarity and obscenity, who can watch the proceedings of the divorce courts, who can stroll through the streets at night without being made aware that the sense of chastity is dying or dead? To add to the danger the reformers and zealots, shutting their eyes to this canker-like and all-pervading evil, sit complacently astride some prohibition or Sabbath hobby horse, predicting woe if a glass of wine is sold or the gates are opened on Sunday.

"If the Columbian Exposition is to be a blessing and not a curse, its managers must see that it is kept pure and clean from even the suspicion of pandering to the worship of the goddess Lubricity. If it leave us less moral, less chaste, if it lead us deeper into what Huxley calls the rank and steaming valleys of sense, then, though it should bring up billions of money, there will be hopeless loss."—*Catholic Citizen.*

**WIT AND HUMOR.**

The noisiest body of water—A sound. Tall soft hats supply a long felt want. Livery horses belong to the higher class of criminals.

A good thing to have, especially in hot weather—A cool million.

In the morning a man gets up; but in the evening he gets supper.

What Scotch sport is like ladies' conversation?—Deers talking.

There is a widespread contest over who shall be the champion light-weight grocer.

"Nothing but leaves," as the landlord said when the last guest was going away.

"John, come back; all is forgiven. Pa kicked the wrong man. He did not know it was you." Stella.

A physician says alcohol has killed more people than yellow fever. Well, doctor, more people have taken it.

The New Rector: "Of course you long for heaven?" Penelope (languidly): "Oh, yes; anything for a change."

A contemporary advises:—"Yes; always sympathise with the under dog in a fight, but bet your money on the other."

A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

She: "I have a telegram for you. That wealthy uncle of yours is dying." He: "Hip, hip, hurrah!" She: "Gracious! Why do you hurrah?" He: "I want to cheer him in his last hours."

Little Lutie: "Was you ever in a museum Miss Tweezer?" Miss Tweezer: "No, dearie, why?" Little Lutie: "Well, ma said you was awful two-faced."

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

**THE LARGEST PALACE IN EUROPE.**

An Account of the Escorial, Spain's Architectural Wonder.

This is the Escorial, the palace of the Spanish Kings, which has been termed the eight wonder of the world. Situated 25 miles to the northwest of Madrid, and near the top of a mountain it has a commanding position, covering nine acres of ground, and may be seen for many miles in any direction. Begun by Philip II, 1563, it was finished twenty-one years later, at an estimated cost exceeding three million dollars. It was built to fulfil a vow made by Philip II. that if successful in battle with the French he would erect the most magnificent monastery in the world. The battle of St. Quentin was fought on August 10, 1557, the feast of St. Lawrence, and the monastery building, commenced in fulfilment of the vow, took, in honor of St. Lawrence, the form of a gridiron, as on this implement the saint is reported to have suffered martyrdom. Seventeen ranges of buildings crossing each other at right angles from the ribs of the gridiron, while a quadrangular structure, completely enclosing the interior building, forms the outer portion and a wing, 490 feet long, is the handle. The size of the building is enormous, being 740 feet from north to south, and 580 from east to west; the square towers at each corner are 200 feet high. Within the monstrous structure, are contained the king's palace, a cathedral, a monastery of library buildings, five large halls, six dormitories, three chapter houses, three library buildings, three libraries, and nearly 3,000 other rooms. It is entered by fourteen great gates, and lighted by 1,110 outer and 1,578 inner windows. The great church, built in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, is 364 feet long, 210 feet across the transepts; the dome is 880 feet high; there are forty chapels, with their altars in the interior, and the grand altar, formed of jasper and gilded bronze; is 90 feet high and 50 wide. Underneath the altar is a vault, where all the kings of Spain since Charles V. repose in niches. Built in the time of Spain's glory, the Escorial remains the most striking monument of Spanish wealth and power. The Vatican at Rome, which can hardly be classed as a palace, is another enormous building, or collection of buildings. It has nearly eleven thousand apartments, twenty courts, eight large and five hundred small staircases.

**SELF-DECEPTION.**

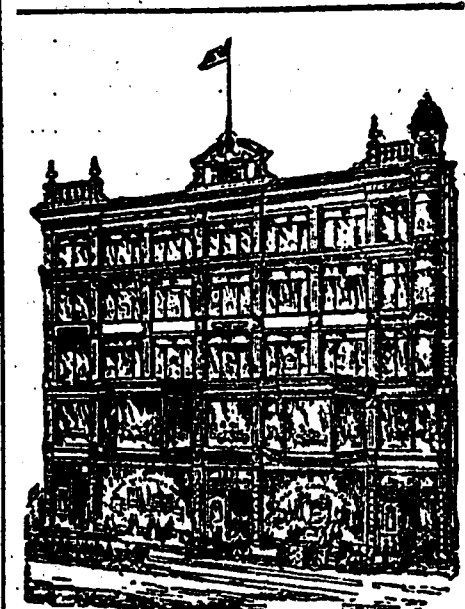
Like mist it tracks us where so e'er we go, Like air bends with us ever as we bend; And, as the shades at noontide darkest grow, With grace ascending it too can ascend; Weakness with virtue skill'd it is to blend, Breed baser life from buried sins laid low, Empty our world of God and good, yet lend The spirit's waste a paradisaic glow. O happy children, simple even in wiles! O ye of single eye thrice happy poor! Practised self-love, the cheat which slays with smiles. Weave not for you the inevitable lure. Men live a lie:—specious their latest breath;— Welcome, delusion's slayer, truthful Death! —*Aubrey de Vere.*

Mrs. Blinks: "See here, Mr. B., I thought you said you had been duck shooting, but these ducks you brought home are tame ducks." "Y-e-s, m'dear; I tamed 'em after (hic) shot 'em."

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

**A Shrewd Precaution.**  
"Have you any second-hand shoes?" inquired a young lady at a Louisville shoe store.  
"We don't sell second-hand shoes, miss," said the clerk shortly.  
"No, of course not. I didn't want to buy them, but if you happened to have any that had been left here by persons buying new ones, you know," she suggested, mysteriously.  
"Oh, certainly. Here are a pair of buttoned boots—kid—but quite worn out. Would they do?"  
"What number are they?"  
"Twos—small twos at that. And here is one bronze slipper—thirteen, misses' size."  
"But thirteen is an unlucky number," she said anxiously.  
"Not in shoes, miss, and here is a No. 1—not badly worn."  
"I will take them all. Thank you so much," and she proffered the clerk payment for the refuse shoes.  
"There is no charge," he said, as he handed them to her in a neat package. "I suppose you want them for a hanging basket?"  
"Mercy, no! My sister is to be married this evening, and we want them to throw after the carriage. Our own are all new, and it must be an old shoe, always, to bring luck."  
"I see," said the clerk, and he gazed dreamily after the retreating form, muttering in a vivid monotone. "And the family shoes range from sixes to eights—I see."

Established 1850.  
**J. H. WALKER**  
WOOD  
Engraver & Designer  
181 St. James St  
MONTREAL.  
Guardian Ins. Co.'s Building.



**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 cannot guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line, and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

*Large Sales and Small Profits.*  
**OWEN M'GARVEY & SON,**  
1849, 1851 & 1853  
NOTRE-DAME STREET.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUTH WITNESS.]  
**SPANISH INTOLERANCE.**

A Mr. C. G. Jones writes a letter to The Daily Witness, under the above heading, and says he would like to hear what the Truth Witness etc., have to say about the attempt to prevent Protestants in Spain from worshipping God in their own church according to the dictates of their own conscience.

The efforts of the Spanish Catholics are devoted towards the legal fulfilment of Article II of the constitution of the country. This Article decrees that the religion of the State is the Catholic Apostolic Roman; no one is to be molested on account of his religious opinions; but no public ceremonies or manifestations of any other religion than that of the State are to be allowed. The erection of a Protestant Temple by Lord Plunket is an open infringement of the existing law of the country. Mr. Jones and others like him are very fond of talking of our British connection—and Protestantism giving liberty of conscience to all. Is it liberty of conscience to bind our Sovereign under oath to a State religion? was it liberty of conscience that strove to prevent the election of a Catholic Lord Mayor of London?

Mr. Jones, in order to give colouring to his letter, takes up some old historical lies about the Spanish Inquisition; and he quotes from Lorente, as bring an authority—Who was Lorente? "He was born of a noble family of Aragon in 1756, he entered the priesthood in 1779, became vicar-general of the diocese of Calahorra in 1781 and was appointed secretary-general of the Inquisition at Madrid in 1789. From his early manhood he was a freemason, and, of course, a Liberal—When Napoleon commenced his experiment of planting his own dynasty on the throne of Spain, Lorente, became an enthusiastic *Afrancesado*—It has always been a favorite trick with usurpers to ransack the archives of dispossessed princes, and to publish to the world whatever might be turned, or might be twisted, to the discredit of the latter.

In accordance with this idea, the intruding Joseph Bonaparte, in 1809 commissioned Lorente, the ex-secretary (he had been dismissed for several irregularities) to show up the secrets of the Inquisition, that the Spaniards might learn to love the tyranny crushing rule of a foreigner. When the vena *Afrancesado's* work appeared, it was found to be an insult to Rome, to Spain, and to the Spanish Church." (Some Lies and Errors of History by Rev. Ruben Parsons, D.D.) Hence thus writes Lorente: "A prominent feature in his writings is their great bitterness towards the Church, and the sentiment impels him to many inexact and even false assertions. The shallowness and inaccuracy of Lorente, as a historian, are no less evident than his hatred of the Church—In his "Portraits" he informs us that Paul of Samosata embraced the heresy of Sabellius; an assertion the absurdity of which brings a smile to the face of the veriest tyro in Ecclesiastical history. He also tells us that St. Justin wrote his works before the time of St. Ignatius of Antioch; that Appollonius of Tyana, was a heretic, etc. No less full of errors is his "History of the Inquisition."

The Protestant Ranke says that Lorente "gave us a book on this subject; (The Inquisition) and if I may presume to say anything that contravenes the opinion of such a predecessor, let my excuse be that this well informed author wrote in the interest of the *Afrancesador* of the Josepheni administration. In that interest he looks upon the Inquisition as a usurpation of the Spiritual over the secular authority. Nevertheless, if I am not altogether in error, it appears, even from his own facts, that the Inquisition was a royal court of judicature, although armed with ecclesiastical weapons." So much for Lorente as a good authority.

But let us hear Ranke again: "In the first place, the inquisitors were royal officers. The kings appointed them; among the various councils at their court the kings had likewise one of the Inquisition; the courts of the Inquisition, like other magistracies, were subject to royal visitation; the same men who sat in the supreme court of Castile were often accessories of the Inquisition. To no purpose did Ximenes scruple to admit into the council of the Inquisition a layman nominated by Ferdinand the Catholic. "Do you not know," said the king, "that if the tribunal possesses jurisdiction it de-

rives it from the king?" In the second place, all the profit of the confiscation by this court accrued to the king. It was even believed and asserted from the beginning that the kings had been moved to establish this tribunal more by a hankering after the wealth it confiscated than by motives of piety. Signi says that the Inquisition was invented to rob the wealthy of their property, and the powerful of their influence. As Charles V. knew no other means of bringing punishment on the bishops who had taken part in the insurrection of the Comunidades he chose to have them judged by the Inquisition. Under Philip it interfered in matter of trade and of the arts, of custom and marine. How much further could it go, when it pronounced it heresy to sell horses or munition to France? In spirit, and above all in tendency, it was a political institution. The Pope had a desire of thwarting it, and he did so as often as he could." So much for the Spanish Inquisition.

As this letter is already long I will now close by commending to Mr. Jones the following words addressed to the newly elected Lord Mayor of London by the Lord Chief Justice:—"MY LORD MAYOR—The sight of you here, elected as you have been, after what has taken place in regard to your election, must show that these are happier times than those which have passed away—those times of intolerance and bigotry which have in former days unhappily discredited this country. But it is too often forgotten that these things are not the special and peculiar privilege of any form of politics or religion. All sides, all parties in former days have been guilty of acts which now all sides equally repudiate. If an Emperor of Germany burned Huss, Calvin burned Servetus with great treachery and amidst excruciating torments; and the Elizabethan persecutions were at least as prolonged and as cruel as the Marian, with the added infamy that in the Elizabethan persecutions opinions were turned by law into crimes, and, with detestible hypocrisy, it was said that men were put to death not for opinions, but for breaking the law which made their opinions crimes. And even in my own time we have seen the relics of the penal laws—a code as hateful as anything ever seen since the foundation of the world."

H. J. CODD.

**MAKE NO MISTAKE.**

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

Indignant Householder—"Can there be a greater fiend than the amateur piano-player?" Friend—"Oh, certainly. The amateur piano-player's teacher. I live next door to one."

**NOW IS THE TIME.**

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

The young woman who sneeringly remarks that men are all alike generally shows her sincerity by taking the first man that offers himself to her.

**FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT.**

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

At the seashore, as usual, one wave from a woman's handkerchief will continue to attract more attention than hundreds of waves from the ocean.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

Strapping fellows—Barbers and school-masters.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—In the complaints peculiar to females these Pills are unrivalled. Their use by the fair sex has become so constant for the removal of their ailments that barely a toilet is without them. Amongst all classes, from the domestic servant to the peeress, universal favour is accorded to these renovating Pills; their invigorating and purifying properties render them safe and invaluable in all cases; they may be taken by females of all ages for any disorganization or irregularity of the system, speedily removing the cause and restoring the sufferer to robust health. As a family medicine they are invaluable for subduing the maladies of young and old.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

**Raised from the Dead**  
**Long and Terrible Illness**  
**from Blood Poisoning**

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

**MOTHERS!**

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

**BURDOCK**

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

**BLOOD**

CURES  
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES

**BITTERS**

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

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES in the World. PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN) and for Prices and Catalogue. McBRANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

MENEELY & COMPANY, WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS Favorably known to the public since 1838. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Peals.

**MME. BAILEY'S SURE HAIR Grower**

is guaranteed to produce a Thick, Soft and Beautiful head of Long, Flowing HAIR in 8 to 12 weeks. A purely vegetable and positively harmless compound. Endorsed by leading physicians. Two or three packages will do it. Price, 50 cents per package, or three for \$1. Sent by mail, pre-paid. Bailey Sundry Co., Cooperstown, N. Y.

**WEDDING PRESENTS.**

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate, Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Spoons and Forks, All quality, Choice Selections and Low Prices. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. WATSON & DICKSON, 1701 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter. [Late 58 St. Sw'place.]

**KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.**

Wear a pair of our

**SHELL CORDOVAN BOOTS,**

and You

**WILL NOT HAVE WET FEET!**

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

**FOR CIVILITY, COMFORT, CHEAPNESS**

—TRAVEL BY THE—

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

**NEW TOURIST CARS**

WHICH NOW LEAVE MONTREAL AS FOLLOWS:

FOR BOSTON and NEW ENGLAND,	ON THURSDAYS and FRIDAYS.
TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO,	TUESDAYS.
THE SOO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,	SATURDAYS.
VANCOUVER, and PUGET SOUND,	WEDNESDAYS.

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

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

TICKET OFFICES: 266 St. James Street and at Stations.

**GRATEFUL—COMFORTING**

**EPPS'S COCOA.**

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our Breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. 10-12 Nov '91

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

**THE IRISH HOME-RULE BILL.**

**WILL HAVE TWO HOUSES.**

Representation in the Imperial Parliament—Religious Equality Maintained—Cannot Levy Customs or Excise Duties.

LONDON, January 28.—Following is a synopsis of the new Irish Home Rule Bill to be introduced within a few days after the opening of Parliament. The power to enact laws on the following subjects, among others, is retained by the Imperial Parliament; Treaties and other relations with foreign states, the imposition or any legislation relating to duties of customs and duties of excise as defined in the act. A sub-clause retains to the Imperial Parliament control for five years over land legislation. The Irish Legislature is restricted from passing any laws respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or imposing any privilege or conferring any disability on account of religious belief, or abrogating or derogating from the right to establish or maintain any place of denominational education or charity, or prejudicially affecting the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school. The Queen retains the same prerogatives with respect to summoning, prolonging and dissolving the Irish Legislature as the Queen has with respect to the Imperial Parliament. The Irish legislative body can continue for five years and no longer from the day on which it is appointed to meet. The executive government of Ireland is to continue vested in Her Majesty, and to be carried on by the Lord Lieutenant in behalf of Her Majesty.

**WILL HAVE TWO HOUSES.**

The ninth clause of the bill, relating to the constitution of the Irish legislative body, shall consist of a first and second order, but instead of providing that the orders shall deliberate together, as in the bill of 1886, it provides that they shall sit and vote separately, thus constituting two distinct houses of the legislature. If the result of the voting brings the two orders into collision then the question at issue is to be referred to a joint committee of both Houses. If the question still remains undecided through inability to agree then the question at issue may be referred to the people. The new bill provides for a popular referendum thus: The tenth clause (parliamentary representation) provides substantially the same as 1886. An important new clause provides that 108 members of the Imperial Parliament shall be elected by the existing constituencies. These members shall have a vote on all questions reserved by the Imperial Parliament from the Irish legislative body, and may also sit in the Irish legislative body, if elected thereto, as well as to the Imperial Parliament. The annual contribution of Ireland on account of the national debt is reduced to £744,000; army and navy, £833,000; Imperial Civil service expenditures, £55,000; constabulary, £500,000; for reduction of the national debt, £180,000. These are great reductions from the bill of 1886. Duties of customs and duties of excise in Ireland are to be applied to Irish charges, and any excess applied as part of the public revenues under control of the Irish Government.

**BUT LIMITED FINANCIAL POWERS.**

The Land League commission is to remain in existence until all charges payable out of the church property in Ireland and guaranteed by the Treasury and fully paid, subject to any existing charges on the church property, such property shall belong to the Irish Government. It shall not be lawful for the Irish legislative body to adopt or pass any vote, resolution, address or bill for the raising or appropriation for any purpose of any part of the public revenue of Ireland, or of any tax duty or impost except in pursuance of a recommendation from Her Majesty, signified before the Lord-Lieutenant. The Exchequer division of the High Court of Justice is to continue to be a court of exchequer for revenue purposes, and any vacancy occurring in the court is to be filled by Her Majesty on the joint recommendation of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Lord High-Chancellor of Great Britain.

The Dublin Metropolitan police is to continue subject to the Lord Lieutenant for a period of five years, or until the Irish administration will guarantee that an adequate local police system has been organized. The Royal Irish constabulary, while it exists, is to continue subject to the control of the Lord Lieutenant, but the Irish Legislature may provide for the establishment and maintenance of a police force in counties and boroughs in Ireland under the control of the local authorities. There is an entirely new clause twenty-two, which gives the Crown the right to veto all bills of the Irish Legislature and gives representative peers the right to sit in the House of Lords at Westminster and vote on all Imperial questions. The functions of the Lord Lieutenant are the same as in the bill of 1886, and the judiciary is to remain for five years under the control of the Imperial Government, then to pass under the control of the Irish government. Other provisions are similar to the bill of 1886.

**A LADY'S VICTORY!**

Will Others Follow Her Example?

She Induces Several of Her Friends to Follow Her Advice!

MARK WELL THE GREAT GAIN!



MRS. JOSEPH LLOYD.

Mrs. Joseph Lloyd, of Gannanogue, Ont., achieved a glorious victory over the power of suffering and disease by using Paine's Celery Compound. Will others follow her example? They must if they carefully read her letter of testimony. The evidence is strong, convincing, and cannot be disputed by any reasoner or skeptic. Mrs. Lloyd writes as follows: "I feel it my duty to tell you what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was always a sufferer from nervous debility and very bad headache, and found it impossible to obtain regular rest and sleep.

Two years ago I read of your Paine's Celery Compound, and bought a bottle of it. After I had used it I found I could get rest and quiet. I have used altogether seven bottles and find myself completely cured. Your medicine purifies the blood and regulates the system; and I would not be without it in my house if it took my last dollar.

Before using Paine's Celery Compound my weight was only 100 pounds; now I weigh 141 pounds. Is this not sufficient reason for me to praise the Compound highly?

Before I knew of your valuable medicine I was treated by the doctors, but never received any good. Five of my friends are now using your valuable medicine since they have seen what it has done for me.

I wish you to use my statements as they may be of encouragement to others."

Enforced companionship without congeniality is one of the miseries of life, and by no means one of the least common miseries either.

Happy is he who is not anxious to excuse himself, who receives with simplicity blame and humiliation, even for an involuntary fault.

O, how many souls are engulfed in the abyss of Purgatory and among them how many of our relations and friends. Can we be insensible to their woes.

**COMMERCIAL.**

**FLOUR GRAIN, ETC.**

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—  
Patent Spring..... \$4.25 @ 4.35  
Patent Winter..... 4.10 @ 4.25  
Straight Roller..... 3.80 @ 3.75  
Extra..... 3.10 @ 3.25  
Superfine..... 2.70 @ 2.80  
Fine..... 2.25 @ 2.50  
City Strong Bakers..... 4.00 @ 4.25  
Manitoba Bakers..... 3.50 @ 4.10  
Ontario bags—extra..... 1.40 @ 1.50  
Straight Rollers..... 1.80 @ 2.00  
Superfine..... 1.30 @ 1.45  
Fine..... 1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—We quote prices as follows:—  
Rolled and granulated \$4.95 to \$4.05; Standard \$3.50 to \$3.35. In bags, granulated \$1.95 to \$2.00, and standard \$1.85 to \$1.90.

Mill Feed.—At \$18 to \$18.50, shorts at \$14.50 to 15, and moullie \$19 to \$23 as to grade.

Wheat—No 1 hard Manitoba has been offered for May delivery at 85c; but buyers say cannot pay anything near that price.

Corn.—Prices here at 60c to 64c in bond.  
Peas.—Peas are steady, and prices are now quoted at 72c to 75c in store here. Sales in the West at 55c per 60 lbs f.o.b.

Oats.—Sales mixed oats have been made at 32c to 34c; No. 2 white have changed hands at 30c. Sales have been made at 28c West of Toronto for export.

Barley.—Malting barley is quoted here at 48c to 55c, and feed at 55c to 60c.

Malt.—We quote 65c to 75c as to quality and size of lot.

Rye.—Prices are more or less nominal at 60c to 65c.

Buckwheat.—At 50c per 48 lbs for export.

Seeds.—Canadian timothy is quoted at \$3.25 per bushel of 45 lbs, and Western is quoted at \$2.75 to \$2.80. Red clover is steady at \$7.80 to \$8 per bushel of 60 lbs. Alsike \$3.40 to \$3.50 per bushel. Flax seed remains steady at \$1 to \$1.25 per bushel.

**PROVISIONS.**

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—  
Canada short cut mess pork per bbl. \$21.50 @ 22.50  
Canada clear mess, per bbl. 20.50 @ 21.00  
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl. 00.00 @ 00.00  
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl. 25.00 @ 23.25  
India mess beef, per tierce. 00.00 @ 00.00  
Extra Mess beef, per bbl. 00.00 @ 12.50  
Hams, city cured, per lb. 12 @ 14c  
Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 12 @ 12c  
Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 10 @ 10c  
Bacon, per lb. 12 @ 12c  
Shoulders, per lb. 11 @ 11c

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**

Butter.—We quote:—  
Creamery choice fall..... 22c to 23c  
do good to fine..... 21c to 22c  
Eastern Township dairy, choice fall. 21c to 22c  
do good to fine..... 20c to 21c  
Morrisburg & Brockville..... 20c to 22c  
Western..... 18c to 20c

About 1c to 2c may be added to above prices for choice selections of single tubs.

Roll Butter.—A lot of broken rolls and mottled but of sweet flavor selling at 17c. Morrisburg in baskets have been placed at 19c to 20c.

Cheese.—Liverpool public sale has moved up 6c to 65c, and it looks as if it would get to 65c in time.

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

Eggs.—Sales of Montreal limed have been made at 22c to 23c, and Western limed, which are more in request, have changed hands at 20c to 21c. Held fresh are in slow demand, with a few sales at 22c to 23c. Good boiling stock has sold at 30c and upwards.

Beans.—Choice hand picked selling at \$1.85 to \$1.50 as to quantity with good ordinary at \$1.10 to \$1.20.

Honey.—Comb honey selling in small lots at 18c to 14c for chotechite clover, and at 9c to 12c for other qualities. Extracted 6c to 8c per lb.

Hops.—One or two lots have been sold since our last report at 18c to 20c delivered at the brewery.

Hay.—At \$3.25 to \$3.50 per ton f.o.b. for No. 2 at points East and South. In this market we quote \$3 to \$3.50 for No. 2 and at \$10.50 to \$11.50 for No. 1.

Dressed Poultry.—Turkeys having sold readily at 18c to 14c one lot of dark colored selling at 12c. Geese at are quoted at 9c to 11c, and ducks at 12c to 13c.

Ashes.—First at \$4.15, and we quote \$4.15 to \$4.20; seconds are quoted at \$3.50 to \$3.70, and pears at \$5.20 to \$5.25.

**FRUITS.**

Apples.—In this market sales have been made at \$1.50 to \$2.75 per bbl. as to quality, for good sized lots.

Oranges.—Fancy Florida, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Valencia \$4.00 to \$4.25; Messina, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Jamaica—in barrels, from \$5.00 to \$6.00 as to quality; Manderins, boxes, \$4; half boxes \$2.25.

Lemons.—Messina at \$3.50 to \$3.50, prime \$2.75 to \$3.00, common \$1.75 to \$2.25 as to kind and quality.

Bananas.—We quote \$2.50 to \$3. per bunch, poorer qualities \$1.75 to \$2.

Dried Fruit.—We quote:—Dried apples 4c to 5c, evaporated 6c to 7c; Dried peaches steady and meeting with good demand at 14c to 15c; apricots good demand at 14c to 14c; evaporated vegetables in large cases at \$4. Evaporated peaches are selling at from 18c to 14c per lb.

Onions.—Yellow and red in barrels, at from \$2.50 to \$2.75.

Potatoes.—From 1.00 to \$1.05, one choice car bringing \$1.10.

**FISH AND OIL.**

Oils.—Newfoundland cod oil remains firm at 85c to 86c; Gaspe at 87c, and Nova Scotia at 85c to 86c; Cod liver oil 85c to 75c.

Pickled Fish.—Green cod is firm, No. 1 selling at \$5.75 to \$6, and large is firmly held at \$7 to \$7.25. Dry cod is unchanged at \$4.50 to \$5. Labrador herring are quiet, and prices range from \$5 to \$5.25. Canco and Ospe Breton are quoted at \$4.50 to \$4.75.

Smoked Fish.—Yarmouth, bloaters \$1.25 per box of 60; smoked herring 12c per box; boneless cod fish 5c to 7c, and haddock 4c to 4c.



ACUTE or CHRONIC,  
Can be cured by the use of  
**SCOTT'S  
EMULSION**

of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

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

**John Murphy & Co's**

ADVERTISEMENT.

**Girls "There" In The End.**

Cheap Sales are the order of the day, and the public at times must feel just a little bit confused to know "which is which" among so many rivals. It generally gets "there" in the end, however.

Ladies have a much quicker and surer perception in some things than men. Especially in this so in matters of Dry Goods. As we have often before remarked, "they are born shoppers." If there is any place particularly worthy of patronage they invariably find it out. That is why we are always busy, and that is why at present our Great Clearing Sale is proving such a success, and attracting such crowds.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

**FANCY GOODS DEPT.**

**SPECIAL LINES  
TO CLEAR.**

**Handkerchiefs**

Children's Fancy Border Handkerchiefs. Sold from 2c each.

**Handkerchiefs**

Embroidered Handkerchiefs for Ladies and Misses. Sold from 8c each.

**Handkerchiefs**

Initial Handkerchiefs for Ladies and Misses. Sold from 8c each.

**Gimps & Trimmings**

Tinsel and Silk Gimps for trimming dresses, a beautiful range of colors. To be sold "HALF PRICE."

**Buttons**

1000 Dozens of Buttons, "Job," worth from 10c to 80c a dozen. To be sold 2c per dozen.

**Chiffons**

The entire balance of our Chiffons in all widths and all colors. To be sold at reduced prices.

**Dress Nets**

Dress Nets, Tullies, all colors, all styles. A large assortment, at real low prices.

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.,**

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

Gentleman (to young lady)—"Now that I have found out that your father is very rich, I must tell you that I love you most passionately."

He: "I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now, what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it?" She: "I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter."

"I fell over the rail," said the sailor "and the shark came along and grabbed me by the leg." "And what did you do?" "I let him have the leg. I never disputes with a shark."

Mrs. Hicks—"You seemed to agree with the sermon pretty well this morning." Hicks—"What made you think so?" Mrs. Hicks—"You nodded to, about everything Dr. Thirdly said."

**YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.**

**A Girl of Seventy Years Ago.**

I wonder, says a writer in Harper's Young People, what the children of the present generation would say if they could see a school room of seventy years ago, in which the souvenirs of a child life are still carefully preserved? It is in a New England town, not far from Boston, and is pathetic—and perhaps a bit painful—in the suggestions it affords of the discipline and overwork of that period. The little girl who spent so many of her childhood's days there was an old lady when I knew her, white-haired, venerable and charming, with great-grandchildren eager to hear her stories of "old times," and the articles of furniture of her school room were like pictures thrown on a screen to illustrate a lecturer's story. Did it seem possible that baby hands of five years old had worked that careful sampler which hung above the mantel? But yes, indeed, old Madame D— told how at four she began at her mother's knee to sew her "stint"—first patching and darning, and cross-stitching on canvas; then came the alphabet in colors on the sampler, and curious designs not recognizable, I must say, unrecognizable until deciphered by our old friend, for an object meant to be a dog resembled some of Jimmy Brown's efforts far more than a canine creature, and a peculiarly green affair was a tree worthy only of a dream; but the workmanship was admirable—indeed marvellous from tiny fingers—while the "copy" written at the same age was equally surprising. This little maiden shared none of the luxuries of life for which her father's house was noted until at 10 or 12 years of age she was considered somewhat emancipated from school room restraint.

She slept and was dressed in a fireless room. Her breakfast was never anything but bread and milk. She sat at her needlework, primer, copybook or ciphering with "some one of the globes," until noon, when her simple dinner—meat and one vegetable and a light pudding—was served, after which came an hour of "spiritual reading and instruction" at her mother's side in the "black walnut parlor," a room in which her grandchildren passed many a happy hour. Then the daily "exercise"—a prim walk—after which more needlework, more bread and milk, and a quiet half-hour of "mother's" talk. On rare occasions, such, for instance, as Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July (Christmas was rarely celebrated), little miss was allowed to participate mildly in the family festivities; but under no circumstance was her small voice to be heard unless she was spoken to. Such a thing as a child leading a conversation among her elders would not have been dreamed of, and at the bountifully spread table she took what was put before her only, not what she demanded. Sunday was a day strictly devoted to devotional exercises, or quiet sitting in the walnut parlor, either with a "good book" or listening to some pious discourse; and if at the third church service of the long day the baby head nodded, and thoughts of Monday morning ran rife in the weary little brain, who can wonder?

By and by came the period when she must be instructed in the accomplishments of a young lady of the day. She had her spinet to practise little melodies upon. Her dancing master came twice a week. She learned deportment, as the manners of polite society were called. A French teacher taught her daily, and she began to learn fine sewing and fine cookery—for the domestic arts were considered part of every girl's education. The mysteries of her mother's "still room" were unfolded. There she preserved fruit, made cordials, currant wine and blackberry brandy, and assisted in preparing and arranging all kinds of herbs, even some medical decoctions.

Still the decorum of manner was kept up, and the deference to elders, and in company a primness of deportment was preserved between the young folks who danced in the presence of their elders, and had no stronger beverage at the well-laden supper table than lemon cordial, or on cold winter nights a little hot wine and water. At 16 a girl was supposed to have become proficient in school and drawing room accomplishments; to have "made up" a quantity of house linen for her future home; to be able to conduct a conversation in company or at home, as well as to write and respond to letters from relatives and friends, the latter being, I must say, specimens of what we see in the "Complete Letter

Writer" of the day. Formal, still, perhaps, as a girl's life might have been in these days, it yet had the exquisite charm of preserving simplicity of thought, reverence, for one's parents or guardians, and a courtesy without which no life, young or old, can be gracious or self-respecting.

**Unpleasant Experience in the Jungle.**

Here's the story of an adventure in the wilds of India that will specially interest the boys. It tells how a hunter found a king at home. We were breaking a camp about nine o'clock in the morning, having waited for a fog to be dispersed by the sun, when a serpent concealed in the grass struck at my horse's nose and sent him off in a great fright. I ran after him down the trail and over the nullah, or creek. On the other side of the creek the forest was thick and the ground very hard. I presently came to a spot where the trail branched. The left hand one led around a hill of considerable size, while the other continued to ascend. I could find no hoof marks to guide me, and after a moment's wait took the right hand trail.

It was fifteen minutes before I reached the crest of the hill. The trail made a sharp turn there to the left. It had to do on account of a great mass of rock blocking the way. Bushes were growing upon the rocks and shading the earth, and the instant my eyes lighted on the spot I stopped dead still. That was a capital bait for a tiger! The thought had scarcely flashed across my mind when the wind brought me a sickening odor. I had scented that odor twice before, and my heart gave a thump as if it would escape. I was there without even a knife. I had probably been standing there two minutes, seeing nothing, but stupefied, as it were, with peril, when a full-grown male tiger suddenly emerged from a den in the rocks. He was a big one and a beauty. As he reached the path he was not over eight feet from me, and fair in the light. He stood looking at me for half a minute, and then sat up like a dog.

I had made an early morning call on a king! The king was at home to receive me. I could see and hear and reason, but if I had had an offer of all the gold in the world I could not have lifted a foot off the ground. My hands were hanging down beside me, and I remember that the fingers felt as one's toes do when the foot is asleep.

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! It was not a menacing growl, but rather one of inquiry. The king was no doubt surprised, but he was not angry. He had devoured half a bullock after midnight and could not be hungry for more meat. I did not look him in the eye. To have done that would have been to provoke him. I looked aside, but could yet detect his every movement.

More sniffing, and snuffing, and then he lay down to watch me. For a long minute he sized me up and then began purring like a cat. Pretty soon he rubbed his shoulder against a rock, and it felt so good that he turned over with two or three low growls. I said to myself that it was possible he would go away, and yet there was fear that his curiosity would bring him down to me. If he came I would shut my eyes and try to remain quiet, but the thought of a tiger snuffing away at my hands and feet made me feel as cold as ice.

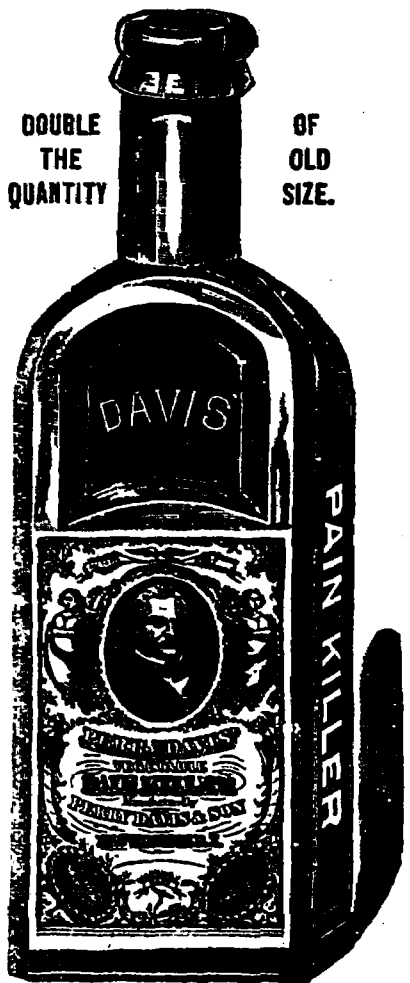
Sniff! Sniff! Growl! He couldn't make me out. There was no resemblance to any animal of the forest, and no man had ever walked into his presence before. He began purring and rubbing again, stretched and yawned, and finally stood in an attitude of listening and looked up the path. After an interval of fifteen seconds he turned and stared at me and pointed his ears forward. That was the critical instant. If I had been forced to sneeze or cough—if I had raised an arm or foot—he would have been upon me like a flash. I looked past him and did not even wink. He held me for ten or fifteen seconds and then walked up the path and out of sight without looking back. He was going to the nullah to slake his thirst. I counted three hundred after he was out of sight and then trotted away.

"Great heavens, what has happened?" demanded my companions, as I reached camp and dropped down in a heap.

"Nothing, except that I have been calling on a king!"

On the way to the nullah the tiger encountered my horse, and whether angry or not he killed the beast with one stroke of his terrible paw and left the body lying where it fell.

**JUST OUT!**  
HAVE YOU SEEN IT?  
**THE BIG BOTTLE**  
**PAIN-KILLER**



DOUBLE THE QUANTITY OF OLD SIZE.

Old Popular 25c. Price.  
ECCLESIASTICAL GLASS—CHURCH BELLS.  
**CASTLE & SON**  
MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS  
ADDRESS—20 UNIVERSITY STREET, MONTREAL

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

**THE MOUNT-ROYAL LOTTERY.**  
Heretofore the Province of Quebec Lottery. (Authorized by the Legislature.)  
BIG PRIZES PAID BY THE LOTTERY.

DATES.	NAMES.	ADDRESSES.	AMOUNTS.
18 August, 1890	D. A. Layton	Folly Village, N. B.	\$ 5,000 00
12 September	John Godle	Montreal	1,250 00
8 October	J. Harris & Son	"	250 00
12 November	Leon Trudeau	"	250 00
10 December	J. P. McGill	Ottawa	250 00
13 "	Dame Leon Gareau	"	1,250 00
1891			
16 January	E. Lusher	Montreal	500 00
14 February	Hon. A. Turcotte	"	1,250 00
11 March	L. A. Claffy	Penetanguishene, Ont.	250 00
13 May	A. D. Cameron	Lancaster	250 00
13 "	Anonymous	Montreal	5,000 00
15 July	Wm. Boag	"	16,000 00
5 August	Justinien Benoit	Weedon, P. Q.	250 00
5 "	Alfred Myette	Montreal	15,000 00
19 "	N. D. McCallum	Carleton Place, Ont.	500 00
21 "	N. J. McCallum	Montreal	250 00
16 September	Bank of Montreal	"	6,000 00
16 "	Simon Lesage	"	500 00
25 "	Ludwig Yurs	Allan Park, Ont.	500 00
7 October	Nicholas Kearney	Montreal	250 00
4 November	E. W. Hillman	Ottawa	500 00
5 "	False address given	"	500 00
16 "	R. P. Eaton	Boston, Mass.	500 00
2 December	Honore Brodeur	Montreal	15,000 00
2 "	L. V. Beaudry	Valcourt Ely, P. Q.	250 00
1892			
3 February	Vital Raparie	Montreal	250 00
17 "	F. X. James	Trenton, Ont.	250 00
17 "	Jno. Malcomson	Toronto	2,500 00
2 March	Fourth National Bank	Louisville, Ky.	500 00
18 "	Nap. Cormier	Contrecoeur	500 00
16 "	Molson's Bank	Ridgetown, Ont.	2,500 00
4 May	Mary Donovan	Montreal	15,000 00
18 "	Anonymous	"	250 00
1 June	Charles Cyr	Republic, Mich.	250 00
1 "	Louis Roy	Montreal	125 00
15 "	Geo. Cann	Toronto	125 00
6 July	T. J. Winship	Montreal	250 00
6 "	Jos. Duclous	"	3,750 00
8 August	Nap. D'Amour	"	125 00
8 "	Jno. P. Wilkes	Portland, Maine	250 00
8 "	Miss G. Lebeau	Montreal	675 00
8 "	Dr. N. C. Cattasach	Dalhousie Mills, Ont.	15,000 00
17 "	R. A. Bruce	Toronto	812 50
17 "	T. Beaugrand	Montreal	500 00
21 September	Alex. Newlands	"	812 50
21 "	Dame Cyrille Lafortune	"	500 00
5 October	T. Murray	Paris, Ont.	825 00
19 "	J. R. Wood	Buckingham, P. Q.	2,500 00
19 "	Isale Dase	Montreal	1,250 00
2 November	Ph. Routhier	Point St. Charles	625 00
2 "	R. J. Noller	Newmarket, Ont.	125 00
16 "	T. Martel	Montreal	125 00
7 December	Dame V. Duguet	"	250 00
7 "	Anonymous	"	3,750 00
24 "	Garand, Ferroux & Co.	"	625 00
24 "	Dan. J. McCuaig	Ottawa	3,750 00

Drawings on first and third Wednesday of every month. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager. Offices, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

**DOMESTIC READING.**

Be gentle and kind with everyone and severe with yourself.

No path leads a soul sooner to the summit of perfection than obedience.

Is death the last sleep? No; it is the last, final awakening.—Sir Walter Scott.

One life, one little gleam of time between two eternities, no second chance for us, for evermore!

The least pain endured in purgatory surpasses all the sufferings of this life.—St. Thomas.

He who runs away from one cross will meet a bigger one on the road.—St. Philip Neri.

If we courageously face suffering, difficulties vanish and even pain becomes delightful.

God loves the poor, therefore he loves those who have an affection for the poor.—St. Vincent de Paul.

God loves those souls whom he is forced to exclude from his presence. It rests with us to shorten the period of their expatriation by our prayers.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**

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

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

**Holloway's Ointment.**

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

This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

**Gout, Rheumatism**

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

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 538 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

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

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

**ANOTHER LONDON MIRACLE**

**AN ODDFELLOWS' LODGE PASSES A RESOLUTION OF THANKS.**

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers—Utterly Helpless for Three Years—Pronounced Permanently Disabled by His Lodge Doctor—Restored to Health and Strength and Again Working at His Trade—A Story Fraught With Hope for Others.

London Advertiser.

Canadian Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity, Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118, LONDON, Nov. 22, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company: GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in forwarding you a vote of thanks passed by a resolution of the above lodge, thanking you for the good your valuable medicine Pink Pills, has done for our brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three years and a half was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia and given up by our doctor as incurable, and who is now, we are happy to say, by the use of your Pink Pills, able to follow his employment.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge,

Ed. Gillett, Secretary, 521 Phillip Street, London, Ont.

This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

E. F. CARROTHERS.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public an Advertiser reporter proceeded to investigate it. It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. J. Powell, of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was a striking story of release from life long affliction, but it was even surpassed by the miraculous experience of Mr. E. F. Carrothers of 118, William Street. Mr. Carrothers is an uncle of Alderman R. A. Carrothers, and by virtue of long residence and personal qualities is well and favorably known throughout the city. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman. His friends and acquaintances are aware that a healthier and more robust man never walked the streets of London until a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken with what is generally supposed to be paralysis. They heard with regret that he had been pronounced incurable, and as he was unable to leave the house, only occasional callers saw him again during his long spell of total disability. Within the last few months they have been agreeably surprised to see him around again plying his vocation and apparently as vigorous as of yore. Inquiry and explanation naturally followed, and it is now widely known in the city to what agency Mr. Carrothers owes his magical restoration to health and strength.

**A TALK WITH MR. CARROTHERS.**

The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fireside in the bosom of his family, looking hale, hearty and happy. Upon hearing his visitor's errand he said he was only too happy out of the depths of his gratitude, to relate the circumstances of his affliction and his wonderful cure.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "until this stroke laid me low. I hardly knew what sickness meant. It was three years ago last April when the attack came. I went to bed apparently in my usual health one night and awoke about five o'clock in the morning as my watch at the head of the bed told me. I dozed off again, and on waking the second time attempted to rise. I could not move. Every nerve and muscle of my body seemed to be paralyzed. I lay like a log. At first I was speechless but managed after a time to articulate feebly, and not very audibly, my wish that a physician be sent for. Dr. Moorehouse came and placed a mustard plaster across my bowels, telling me to lie quiet for a few days. I did so because I could not do anything else.

"As I was entitled to the services of the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, I sent for him. He gave me some medicine that relieved the excruciating pain in my head. He brought another doctor with him (I don't know his name) and they subjected me to a regular course of treatment, by which I was suspended from a support around my neck. I asked the doctor what the matter was, but as he evidently wished to spare my feelings he did not tell me directly, nor did Mr. Gillett, the secretary of the lodge, whom I also asked. I inferred that there was something they did not wish me to know.

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors. At other times I was unable to feed myself. I had absolutely no control over my muscles. If I attempted to touch or pick up anything, my arm would usually stray, apparently of its own volition. In an entirely different direction I was more helpless than an infant, and I suffered a great deal. The doctor commenced the injection of some compound into my arm and leg, but a kind of abscess gathered in each and it had to be lanced. This was very painful. A quart of matter of a greenish color came out. I seemed to get stronger in general health, but my paralysis remained the same. In December, 1891, after two years and eight months of this helplessness, I was given up by the doctors as hopeless. The grand master of the order, who had come to London to look into my case, and the secretary of Perseverance Lodge called to see me and informed me of this. I had given up all hope myself, so the blow fell lighter. The lodge had all this time been paying my weekly sick dues, and I understood that after the doctor's certificate of my hopelessness had been handed in they made arrangements to continue giving me permanent aid.

"And now as to the remedy which proved my earthly salvation: A next door neighbor one day sent me in a label of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box. I read it, and seeing on a whim, and not with any real expectation of benefit, gave my little girl 50 cents to buy a box. The very first box made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and I began to feel a glimmer of hope. With the second and third boxes improvement continued, and I felt more than delighted to find that I was

commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and the lodge added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily, so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day."

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interpolated the reporter.

"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can't find words to express my gratitude. You can imagine a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent upon him: and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness—haven't I reason to be thankful, and my family too?" And there was no mistaking the sincerity of the utterance. "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can," he continued. "I know of other cases in this city where they have succeeded when doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south at 521 Phillip Street.

**MR. GILLETT'S STATEMENT.**

"There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrothers' case, and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing. We had paid out over \$300 to our sick brother, and of course it was a big drain on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, to examine him, so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect."

Mr. Gillett opened his secretaire and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It reads as follows:

Dr. Pingel, Office, 864 Dundas Street, LONDON, Dec. 2, 1891.

Bro. Gillett:

DEAR SIR,—At your request I carefully examined Bro. Carrothers, of Perseverance C. O. O. F., M. U., who has been unable to perform any labor for several years, and find him suffering from the results of cerebral hemorrhage (extravasation of blood into brain). As no improvement has taken place for some eighteen months, I have no hesitation in pronouncing him permanently disabled.

Yours fraternally, A. R. PINGEL.

"After that," said Mr. Gillett, "we sent for Grand Master Collins, to consider what we should do. We then learned that Bro. Carrothers had commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they were doing him good. So we decided to furnish him with a supply and await developments. You know the result. He's better now and at work again. The lodge unanimously moved a vote of thanks to the proprietors of Pink Pills, and it was forwarded to them.

"I have known Bro. Carrothers for years. He was always until his last illness a strong, healthy man, and it seemed strange that he should be stricken down so. He had a terrible siege of it. You see the knife (pointing to one on the table); well, if he tried to pick it up he couldn't do it to save his life. He was completely paralyzed."

Turning to the lodge records again, Mr. Gillett produced a book and showed the reporter the entries made week after week for three years and over of the payments made to Bro. Carrothers as sick benefits. The worthy secretary intimated that any other information desired he would cheerfully furnish, but the reporter had had enough to convince him and left.

**DR. PINGEL.**

Dr. Pingel was next visited at his office. He remembered the case of Mr. Carrothers well, and had heard that he was better.

"You considered him beyond help, doctor?"

"Yes; any physician, under the circumstances, would have pronounced the same opinion. His recovery is certainly remarkable."

"Do you attribute it to the Pink Pills?"

"I do not doubt that they were the means of his cure, since Mr. Carrothers says it was by using them he became well again. Yes; there seems to be virtue in the medicine, judging by this case."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scurvy, 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, over-work or excesses of any nature.

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

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

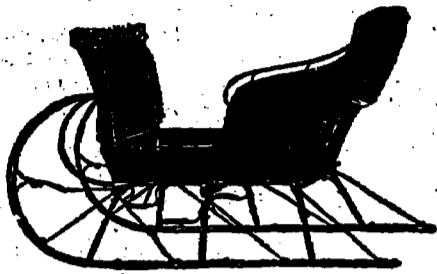
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Is rich in the life principle of PRIME BEEF. Who Would choose a Beef Flavor only when a perfect BEEF FOOD is available.



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

All the above songs and a volume of the latest and men songs, jokes and conundrums, to be had at all newsdealers, or mailed on receipt of two three-cent stamps. F. Kelly, song publisher, 154 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Que.

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OVER ONE QUARTER OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED



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

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

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

Attested as follows:  
We do hereby certify that Messrs. J. A. Walmsley, J. N. H. Brown, A. Baldwin, and Carl Kolm, are the duly authorized agents for the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties and we authorize the Company to use their certificates, with the signatures of our signatures attached in its advertisements.

J. A. Walmsley  
J. N. H. Brown  
A. Baldwin  
Carl Kolm  
Commissioners

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

R. W. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.  
J. N. H. BROWN, Pres. State National Bank.  
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank.  
CARL KOLM, President Union National Bank.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING

WILL TAKE PLACE  
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,  
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$75,000  
100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

Table with columns for prize amounts and number of prizes. Includes 'LIST OF PRIZES' and 'APPROXIMATION PRIZES'.

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

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

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

Give full address and make signature plain.

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

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

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

In buying a Louisiana State Lottery Ticket, see that the ticket is dated at New Orleans; that the Prize drawn to its number is payable at New Orleans; that the Ticket is signed by PAUL CONRAD, President; that it is endorsed with the signatures of Generals G. T. BARRASSAND, J. A. HALL, and W. L. CAWELL, having also the signature of four National Banks, through their Presidents, to pay any prize presented at their counters.

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

COVERNTON'S NIPPLE : OIL.

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

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

COVERNTON'S Pile Ointment.

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

Prepared by O. J. COVERNTON & CO., 12 Bligny street, corner of Dorchester street.

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,  
Next Drawings : - - - Feb. 1 and 18,  
PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00.

LIST OF PRIZES table with columns for prize amounts and number of prizes. Includes 'Approximation Prizes'.

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

WHAT IS



It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality. — Numerous and very flattering testimonials from well known PHYSICIANS and other citizens of good standing testify to the marvelous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER. Lack of space allows us to reproduce only the two following:

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.  
I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth, a substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view. This is a proof that the manufacturer of Robson's Restorer is above all anxious to produce an article of real value, regardless of the expense necessary to attain this end. It is with pleasure that I recommend Robson's Restorer in preference to all other preparations of that nature.  
D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.  
Lavaltrie, December 25th, 1893.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois.  
I know several persons who have for some years used Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, as it was in youth, makes it surpassingly soft and glossy, and stimulates at the same time its growth. Knowing the principal ingredients of Robson's Restorer, I understand perfectly why this preparation is so superior to other similar preparations. In fact the substance to which I allude is known to exercise in a high degree an emollient and softening influence on the hair. It is also highly nutritive for the hair, adapted to promote its growth, and to greatly prolong its vitality. I therefore confidently recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons whose hair is prematurely gray and who wish to remove this sign of approaching old age.  
G. DESROSIERS, M. D.  
St-Felix de Valois, January, 18th 1890.

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and reap a rich harvest. They are always reliable, always in demand, always the best.  
FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL  
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The High Speed Family Knitter  
Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from housepan or factory, wool or cotton yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address,  
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MEXICAN



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(PUBLIC CHARITY)  
ESTABLISHED IN 1878 IN THE  
CITY OF MEXICO,  
AND  
The Only Lottery Protected by the Mexican National Government,  
And in nowise connected with any other Company using the same name.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING  
WILL BE HELD IN THE  
Moresque Pavilion in the City of Mexico  
THURSDAY, FEB. 16, 1893.  
THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING  
\$60,000 00

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme before selling a single ticket, and receive the following official permit. CERTIFICATE—I hereby certify that the bank of London and Mexico has on deposit the necessary funds to guarantee the payment of all prizes drawn by the Loteria de la Beneficencia Publica.

APOLISIA CASTILLO, Intervenor.  
Further, the company is required to distribute fifty-six per cent. of the value of all the tickets in Prizes—a larger portion than is given by any other lottery.

PRICE OF TICKETS—U. S. Currency.  
Wholes, \$4; Halves, \$2; Quarters, \$1.  
LIST OF PRIZES:  
1 Capital Prize of \$60,000 ..... is \$60,000  
1 Capital Prize of 20,000 ..... is 20,000  
1 Capital Prize of 10,000 ..... is 10,000  
5 Capital Prizes of 2,000 ..... are 10,000  
10 Prizes of \$500 ..... are 5,000  
25 Prizes of 200 ..... are 5,000  
100 Prizes of 100 ..... are 10,000  
250 Prizes of 40 ..... are 10,000  
480 Prizes of 20 ..... are 9,600  
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.  
100 Prizes of \$80, approximating to \$80,000 prize, \$ 8,000  
100 Prizes of \$40, approximating to \$20,000 prize, 4,000  
100 Prizes of \$20, approximating to \$10,000 prize, 2,000  
799 Terminals of \$20, decided by \$80,000 prize, 15,980  
799 Terminals of \$20, decided by \$20,000 prize, 15,980  
2,761 Prizes, amounting to.....\$172,560

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Remit by ordinary letter, containing MONEY ORDERS issued by all Express Companies, or New York Exchange.  
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PILLS**25 cents per box.  
By Mail on Receipt of Price.**B. E. MCGALE,  
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2128 NOTRE DAME ST.,  
MONTREAL.****Sick Headache,  
Foul Stomach,  
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HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

**ST. MARY'S BAZAAR.**

The bazaar held in St. Mary's hall, corner Craig and Panet streets, in aid of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, was a grand financial success, while socially and artistically it will rank as one of the best affairs of its kind ever seen in the city. The stalls all did a good business, and the refreshment table, which was in charge of Messrs. Dinaham, Croke and Fairburn, was especially well patronized.

The principle feature of the bazaar was the contest between the different courts of C. O. F. for the handsome banner, which, after an exciting struggle, resulted in favor of St. Patrick's by a majority of two hundred votes. Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding the Sacred Heart court withdrew from the contest at the last moment, leaving it practically between St. Patrick's and St. Mary's, which latter took the loss in good part and greeted the victors in the most kindly manner. Rev. Father O'Donnell closed the competition by a neat and graceful little speech, which was responded to by Mr. Davis, of St. Patrick's.

During the course of last evening Mrs. Street, accompanied by her lady assistants of the Bazaar, ascended the stage and read the following address to Rev. Father O'Donnell, the esteemed pastor of St. Mary's:—

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—We, the ladies of St. Mary's bazaar, feel that we cannot dispense ere offering to you, as a body, some memorial of our appreciation for us during the last three weeks. The onerous duties falling upon us as bazaar workers have been so lightened as to become, well, we will not say a pleasure, but pleasing task.

We may truly say that of all the bazaars for which we have labored—and we are all experienced in that work—we cannot recall one during which there has reigned so perfect a union of spirit, so great a readiness to make concessions for the general good as during this.

We have felt from the first that this mutual understanding and enlightened zeal have been due to you, our devoted pastor. Your spirit of true charity has pervaded the whole bazaar, and while you have guided and aided us in all, you have done so without in any way embarrassing that freedom of action necessary to perfect success.

We would also be foremost in congratulating you upon the financial results of this your first bazaar. We feel that this gratifying success is but the outcome of that charity which is characteristic of you.

We, your co-workers, have been treated as offering heart as well as mind and head for the work. The patrons of the bazaar have always met at your hands with a reception given in the same spirit. This true spirit of Christian fellowship will, we know, continue to bring down upon your labors the blessings of God.

The lady to whose enterprise we were indebted for your portrait, and whose table it graced, wishes to take this occasion to present it to you, begging you to keep it as a reminder of St. Mary's Bazaar of 1893, and as a token of our sincere regard and appreciation.

That this first Bazaar may be put an inauguration of financial success in your entire career is the prayer, Rev. Father, of

Your grateful friends and co-workers,  
THE LADIES OF THE BAZAAR.

Father O'Donnell replied in touching terms, which added to the pleasant nature of the incident. He praised the ladies for the admirable manner in which they had done the work of the Bazaar, and he thanked all who contributed in any way to the success of the enterprise. It was a clever reply and one that told the

more effectively as it came from the heart of the grateful pastor.

Immediately after this pleasant ceremony, Rev. Father Shea, the genial devoted curate of St. Mary's was summoned to the stage, and to his surprise was called upon to listen to the following address.

REVEREND FATHER SHEA,

Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Reverend and Kind Father,—Now that our Bazaar is drawing to a successful close, we look about us to see why it is that, while bearing in itself, the gay and exciting characteristics of Bazaars in general, this one had possessed an element of peaceful joy, of harmony of action and of light heartedness in the midst of hardest labor, rarely to be met with on such occasions. What, we ask ourselves, has made this, the Bazaar just to our taste, the Bazaar to leave which, notwithstanding its labor and fatigue, really costs us a parting pang.

Well, we have not to look far for the cause. The Rainbow, the beautiful, seven-colored Bow of Peace and Promise, has bent over us in kindly protection during the past three weeks of toil and struggle.

But, if our Bazaar owes its individuality to the Rainbow, where, we ask, is the Sunbeam that gave birth to it? We have looked behind the Rainbow and found it.

Yes, kind Father, it was the sunshine of your presence, your hopeful words, your unity of action with our devoted Pastor, your attention to every detail that lighted up the raindrops of anxious care and worry, till they formed all unconsciously, the emblem of hope that foretold to us the successful issue of our labors.

We want to thank you to-night for all you have done for the Bazaar, and for each and every one of its workers in particular.

The ladies who were so fortunate as to have their Table graced with your portrait, have taken this occasion to present it to you, begging you to accept it as a souvenir of St. Mary's Bazaar of 1893, as a token of the deep appreciation of all your services during it, on the part of a grateful and united band of workers.

THE LADIES OF ST. MARY'S BAZAAR.  
January 30, 1893.

Father Shea's reply was a most appropriate one, "short and sweet," to the point and sincere; in it he expressed the feelings of thankfulness and pleasure that animated him and the confidence in the success of the parish and each of its members; while he conveyed, in eloquent terms, the expression of his hearty good wishes for all.

The address presented to Rev. Father Shea was read by Miss Sutherland, and the purse of money was the gift of Mrs. T. Ryan, J. O. Dowd, Misses Sutherland and Harvey.

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Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but on the contrary, it improves digestion and imparts strength to the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

The Very Rev. Father Burtin, procurator of the White Fathers at Rome, has returned to the Eternal City after having attended Cardinal Lavignerie's funeral. He was able to give a most consoling account to the cardinal secretary of State of the deep and universal homage paid to the memory of the deceased founder of the White Fathers.

The corner stone of the second Catholic church was laid in Copenhagen last month. This city will some day lose its distinction of being the most Lutheran in the world;

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 127. Dame M. S. Josephine Brosseau, of Montreal, authorized to enter en justice, Plaintiff, vs. Pierre Thomas Brosseau, of Montreal, Defendant, and Octave Dumontet, of Leprarie, Tiers-Saisi. An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 26th January, 1893.

L. CONRAD PELLETIER,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

28-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 128. Dame Anne Beauchamp, of Montreal, authorized to enter en justice, Plaintiff, vs. Adonias Dansereau, of Montreal, Confectioner, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 26th January, 1893.

L. CONRAD PELLETIER,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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