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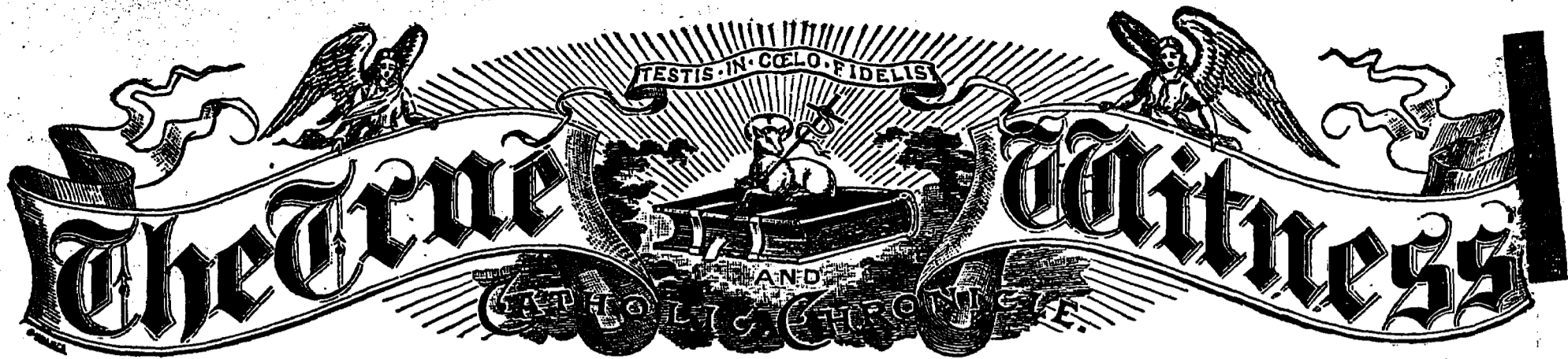
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE P. P. A. seems to be getting hard knocks on all sides, but not more than the organization deserves. It is useless pointing out the harm that such an association must cause in a country like this; as long as there are bigots there will be intolerance, as long as there is ignorance there will be A. P. Aists and P. P. Aists. We feel that it is almost a squandering of time and energy to expose the iniquity of those evil principles. The members of that body, while evidently ashamed of their connection with it, are striving to make as much noise as possible through the press; but when it comes to the real test, when it is a question of casting ballots, we are under the impression that there will be less P. P. A. enthusiasm. There is more smoke than fire about them; more noise than solidity; more bluster than serious danger. The only way to deal with such a monstrosity is to strangle it in its cradle; were it to survive to maturity it might engender a swarm of its own kind. We are glad to see that so many outspoken Protestants and non-Catholic clergymen are not behind in expressing their condemnation of so much bigotry and un-Christian as well as un-Canadian tactics.

ON SATURDAY last the Rev. Dr. Douglas, Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, and a well-known lecturer, passed calmly from time to eternity. During the past two years we have had occasion very often to criticize the utterances and to disagree with as well as disapprove of the sentiments of Dr. Douglas. He had, however, the merit of being out-spoken; he was an open antagonist; and we are inclined to believe that he was conscientious in his very boisterous career. We trust, at all events, that his zeal against Catholicity was the outcome of sincerity—for such alone could tell in his favor to-day. Although he was one of our bitterest opponents, still we must pay him the tribute of being fearless in the cause he advocated. His course is run, and all his stupendous efforts have been vain to shake the Church against which he made fierce war. As a citizen, as a man, and as the head of a family, we desire to express our sympathy with his sorrowing relatives, and to hope that in eternity he has changed his judgment so often pronounced on earth against the Faith of ages.

WE ARE very fond of fun, and we do like burlesque or a well-presented farce. However, we do not believe in playing religion—no matter in what theatre or before what audience. Never before, in the annals of Christianity, were there as many religious parodies as in our day. We suppose that different people, outside the Church of Rome, have different ideas about what is likely to be acceptable to God; but certainly some of them have very little conception of the seriousness of real worship. We have an example of this in Chicago. The Salva-

tion Army, in that city, has undertaken to make an example of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Mr. W. W. Winchell, the Army's local representative, has summoned the "Prince of Paganism" to appear and show cause why he should be such. It is to be a mock trial, with judge, jury and lawyers. The summons for Col. Ingersoll is in part as follows:

"You are commanded to appear at the court room, Princess Rink, on February 8, 1894, then and there to testify the truth in a matter in suit wherein the Salvation Army is plaintiff, and Satan, alias 'the Serpent,' alias 'the Devil,' alias 'Angel of Light,' alias 'Science,' so-called, is defendant; and that you then and there bring with you and produce at the time and place aforesaid, to be used as evidence, the Bible which you blasphemed and the manuscript of lectures with which you uphold the defendant; and this you are not to omit under the penalty of the law of conscience."

There may be some wit in this, but we confess frankly that we are too dull to appreciate it.

THERE is an extraordinary club in London; it is called the "Thirteen Club." On the thirteenth of January it held one of its first and most important meetings. The object of the club is to practically and systematically destroy these queer superstitions that exist in the world. However, we are under the impression that the cure is about as bad as the disease; the club evidently wishes to have its members go as far in the one extreme as some innocent semi-fatalists go in the other. They meet on the 13th of the month; on Friday, if possible; they seat thirteen at table; they call the guests together by smashing a mirror; they are served by cross-eyed waiters; the knives are crossed on the table; the salt is placed in little coffins; they commence every important action upon some ill-omened day; they wear jewels that denote bad luck; they have lamps in the shape of skulls—made of plaster of Paris; each one wears a green necktie; they twirl their glasses when drinking; and, in a word, perform every species of eccentricity, which makes them as ridiculous in the eyes of sensible people as are the believers in little superstitions idiotic in their eyes. It seems to us that the "Thirteen Club" must be composed of a lot of fellows who have more money and time than brains and seriousness.

THERE is an important equity suit going on in Missouri to determine the title to the famous Mormon temple lot in Independence. This ground is claimed to be the exact spot where God created Adam and Eve, and that its surroundings constitute the original Garden of Eden. The most striking feature in the case is the peculiar names of the sects that are contending for the ownership of that precious piece of territory. The plaintiff is the "Organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," and the defendant is "The Church of Christ of Independence." There is a ding-dong Protestant ring about the extraordinary title of the plaintiff.

Many Protestant sects will disclaim any sympathy with this peculiarly named denomination; they may differ; but as far as the Truth is concerned, the parent Church, the great Catholic body, they are all Protesters, they all combine in opposition to Rome: so they are all equally Protestant. In fact, we have more faith in this sect with the long series of names than in many of those that have shorter but more meaningless titles. However, Protestant Christianity is badly in need of union and harmony, for the absurdities that it is daily perpetrating are sufficient to make its own adherents smile.

LAST WEEK we mentioned a letter which we received from a lady, in which she made certain inquiries about the "Ancient Order of United Workmen." At the time we were not in a position to answer her questions in a satisfactory manner; but this week we can give her the information desired. The Association was established twenty-six years ago, in Meadville, Pa., by a Mr. Upchurch. It is now the oldest mutual benefit society of its kind in the world. It numbers 300,000 members. It is professedly a non-sectarian society. Its object is merely mutual benefit. The amount paid at death is two thousand dollars. It was established, for Canada, at London, Ont., fifteen years ago, and has a Canadian membership of 27,000. Its prospectus claims that it pays out five million dollars per annum for the benefit of deceased members' families. This is about as much as we can say in reply to the questions; further information, if desired, must be obtained from the members of that body.

A CORRESPONDENT from Park Hill sends us an extract from the Toronto Mail of the 5th instant, in which that organ attempts to establish again the oft-repeated Tory fiction about the "Privileges of Irish tenants." Our friend asks us to rectify the statement. As early as 1886 the present editor of this paper threshed out that question in the columns of the Ottawa Citizen, in a series of letters in reply to a writer who signed "Connaught." It would require more than a mere editorial note to do justice to the subject and it is one of considerable importance. If our Park Hill friend will kindly await our next issue, we will strive—in an editorial—to point out the inaccuracies of the Mail.

SOME FRIEND sent us a Sohmer Park fly-sheet announcing Miss Raymond, the cornet virtuoso, for a Sunday afternoon and evening. The play-bill, which presents a picture of the lady cornetist, contains several press comments highly flattering to Miss Raymond. We believe that all the kind words said of that lady are well deserved, and her talents are in accordance with the praise which she receives. But what seemed to shock the person who sent us the sheet was the fact that these bills are distributed in thousands at the doors of the French Church on Sunday before, during and

after Mass. It appears to us that such distributions should be prevented. It is very hard, of course, to stop a dozen boys or more, who are merely handing these dodgers to the people, but some steps should be taken to protect the congregation from their annoyance. An invitation to vespers in the afternoon, or Benediction in the evening, would be more in accord with the time and place.

THE Catholic Sentinel points out, very neatly, how inconsistent are those Christians who profess to believe in the gospel and yet revile the Mother of God. In that same Bible we read that the angel said to her: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women. Fear not Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt bear a son and shall call His name Jesus, for He shall be called the Son of the Most High." Mary replied: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word." The Bible tells us that when she went to visit her cousin Elizabeth, the latter on seeing her, "being filled with the Holy Ghost," according to the apostle, cried out "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." And St. Luke tells us that Mary made answer: "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." The Sentinel asks: "How can Protestant mothers read these words, if they ever do, and not respond to the prophecy here, uttered by the mother of Jesus Christ?"

THE February Pall Mall Magazine is to hand, and as usual is well printed, on fine quality paper, with highly finished engravings. This is about all that can be said in its favor. It opens with a dreamy, meaningless poem, entitled, "Jetsom," which is accompanied by a number of very immoral and disgusting cuts. The artist may think that he is producing the poet's thoughts; if so his pencil is not very complimentary to the poet, for the latter's thoughts must have been exceedingly impure, if these drawings illustrate them. Rudyard Kipling has another of his eccentric and characteristic poems, entitled, "For to Admire," and the grammar and choice of language, as well as the vague illustrations, are in accord with the correctness of the title. Another feature worthy of note is a story, "The Man from Shorrox," by Bram Stoker. It would require a stoker who served his time in the regions below to concoct such stuff as this man gives his readers. His very poor attempt at an imitation, on paper, of the Irish brogue is too contemptible for even severe criticism. He makes the teller of the story, "The widdy Byrne," use expressions that were never heard in even the remotest districts of Ireland. The contribution is at once an evidence of ignorance and prejudice. This is all we have to say about the Pall Mall Magazine for February.

AN ABLE ARTICLE.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

The History of the Organization; Its Aims, Methods, and Success—The Prospects for the future—One of the Grandest Catholic Educational Institutions in the World.

When Emerson wrote "America is another word for opportunity" he supplied a motto—a motive power, a silent force for the accomplishment of new and even greater achievements. Every element that contributes to strengthen the commonwealth is conscious of the truth of his words. Individual members of a nation contribute either for good or evil, for growth or decay, for its glory or shame, just as they use this opportunity. The Catholics of America have of late years consolidated their force, and with an almost universal determination have agreed that the opportunity America gives them is to make their country from sea to sea Catholic. This grand idea was first cherished in the heart of the late Very Rev. Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulist Fathers. The same idea has again and again been repeated by one who is singularly and truly the apostle of the age, Archbishop Ireland—"Your mission is to make America Catholic." The Apostolic Delegate at the recent Congress in Chicago, speaking to the thousands of men and women, who listened spell-bound by the magnetic force of his words, when he said: "Go forward fearlessly on your mission, with the Gospel of Christ in one hand and the Constitution of the United States in the other," stereotyped for ever the same counsel.

One of the chief forces towards the fulfilment of this high destiny has been a larger and more general co-operation of the laity. Among the organizations in which the laity are prominently represented are the Catholic Truth Society, which vigorously assists the apostolate of the Press and designed particularly to spread literature among non-Catholics; the Catholic Young Men's National Union, the Columbian Reading Union, and the Educational Union with their reading circles have widely diffused Catholic literature and encouraged higher studies.

The various movements fostering and producing marked intellectual progress contribute to the marvellous success of the Catholic Summer School of America.

For many reasons the vacation time had to be selected for the work of the school, as the lecturers, with few exceptions, were drawn from educational institutions. The plan adopted was the lecture system, as it existed in the time of St. Thomas Aquinas in the University of Paris. To find the first origin of the Catholic Summer School we have to go back to 1892.

In January of that year, the Paulist Fathers assembled in their parish hall named after Columbus, a national gathering of Catholic laymen, mostly literary workers, journalists and philanthropists, and formed the "Apostolate of the Press."

"To mention the Paulist Fathers," says Katherine E. Conway, in her admirable paper read at the recent Catholic Congress in Chicago, "is to recall an American Catholic literary movement of missionary intent, long preceding and preparing the way for our reading circle movement, and Catholic Summer School, that was begun by Very Rev. Isaac T. Hecker when he founded the Catholic Publication Society, the Catholic World and Young Catholic, and faithfully and fruitfully carried on ever since by his disciples, the Paulist Fathers."

The dominant thought of the Apostolate of the Press was to manifest, through the printed page, the Church of Christ to the non-Catholic American people. There gathered from every side co-workers in the field of literature. They looked into each other's faces and deeper, into each other's hearts, and found that for the first time they stood bravely out into the light and thrilled to the thought that they were Catholic. For long years before, Catholic writers especially had been unable to proclaim their Catholicity, as a profession of faith was apt to be followed by a depression of finances. The Apostolate of the Press gave these workers, whose names were not unknown to fame, an opportunity to stand for what they were—to fearlessly proclaim that they were Catholics. Names such

as the following were proud to own themselves Catholic in such an assembly: Mrs. M. E. Blake, of Boston, Massachusetts; Alice W. Baily, Amerherst, Massachusetts; Miss D. A. Boone, Baltimore, Maryland; Katherine E. Conway, of the Boston Pilot; the Misses Cary, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, well known for their philanthropic prison work; C. W. Copley, of St. Paul, Minnesota; Miss E. Cronyn, Buffalo, New York; Caryl Coleman, New York; R. A. Cra. Boston, Massachusetts; Mdm. M. V. Dahlgren, Washington, D.C.; Louise Imogene Guiney, Auburndale, Massachusetts; George Parsons Lathrop and his wife, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, New London, Connecticut; Mrs. Margaret Lawless, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Serrano, New York; Richard Malcolm Johnston, Baltimore, Maryland; and hundreds of others. The whole convention was tinged with the spirit of intellectual aggressiveness. "We are right and we can prove it," is the attitude of the Catholic mind in America to-day.

As a natural outcome of this convention came the Catholic summer-school. Here was inserted the thin end of the wedge, but it was by a zealous young layman, Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, that the first effort was made to realize the idea. He seized all Catholic occasions, local and national, for furthering his plan of the Catholic Educational Union and Summer-school. His persistent initiative was quickly approved by priests and laymen ready to co-operate with him.

In May following the convention of the Apostolate of the Press, a committee of thirty met in the magnificent building of the Catholic Club, New York City, and resolved to form a temporary organization. A board of studies was appointed, a president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary. On July 30th, 1892, the first session opened for three weeks at the pretty rural city of New London, Connecticut, the home of those well-known writers, the Lathrops. The most sanguine among those most interested expected a small attendance at the start. On the first Sunday two hundred and fifty were present at the opening services. The next morning work began in real earnest. The first lecture was at 9.30, the next at 11, one at 4 p.m., and one at 8 in the evening. The board of studies proved its great efficiency by its selection of lecturers. The success of a school depends upon teachers and students—the teachers must be learned and the students must be studious. Because these two requirements were fulfilled the session was a complete success. At New London such eminent men as Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., who gave ten lectures on Ethics; Rev. Thos. Hughes, S. J., of St. Louis, six lectures on Anthropology; Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana, three lectures on Shakspeare; the late brother Azarias, one lecture on "Our Catholic Heritage in Literature"; Richard Malcolm Johnston, of Baltimore, Maryland, five lectures on Shakspeare; C. M. O'Leary, LL.D., of Manhattan College, N. Y.; Rev. J. Loughlin, D. D., Chancellor of the diocese of Philadelphia; Richard Clarke, LL.D., of New York; Marc Vaillette, LL.D., and Charles Herbermann, LL.D., all on history; and twelve other lectures on miscellaneous subjects delivered by those well up in the matters touched upon. When it is considered that all of these lecturers of the first session volunteered their services no astonishment is felt at the unusual success of the trial experiment. Nothing was guaranteed them—not even an audience—but yet they came, and the students, over six hundred strong by the last week, profited by their generosity.

In looking over the syllabus of lectures before the session began, nearly everyone determined to avoid ethics and anthropology, and take the course in literature and history instead. By the usual law of contraries the two former subjects proved the most absorbing, presented as they were in such a luminous way to eyes accustomed to the semi-darkness of irreligious training. An admirable institution, and one very popular with the students was the Question Box. Into this were dropped all inquiries relating to the lectures. The practice was encouraged by the professors, and the number and nature of the questions proved the great interest and intelligence of the listeners. The principle of university extension is now spreading throughout the world. The educator formally confined within the four walls of the lecture-hall has enlarged the sphere of his work, and has

come out on the public platform to deliver his lecture. A university training has given a wide range of knowledge by which men of thought have accomplished the end they had in view. University extension is so closely allied to the summer-school that the two should almost be considered as one; the latter making possible the best workings of the former. The plan of University extension, first given a trial in England in 1872, has taken deep root in American soil; there is no nation more eager for advancement than the youngest sister of nations. Following out this line, the Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., in 1891, began a course of ethics in St. Francis Xavier's College in New York City, which was on the extension plan. He announced that this course was not for graduates exclusively, but for all desirous of hearing the subject discussed scientifically; that no charge was to be made for attendance, and merely a fee of fifteen dollars for those who passed the examination, and wrote three satisfactory dissertations on the subject-matter of the course and on whom the degree of A.M. would then be conferred, and that any bachelor of arts from any college, Catholic or non-Catholic, could take the examination. Father Halpin's course at the Summer-School was but the outcome of this University Extension plan. His subjects were eminently practical in both courses and covered a wide range, including Duties and Rights of Man Moral Science and Religion, Religious Worship, Revelation, Intellectual and Moral Development, Suicide, Charity, Humanity, Benevolence, Veracity, Self-Defence, Duelling, Communism, Socialism, Employer, Employees, Wages, Society, Marriage, Education, Public Schools, the Family, Masters and Servants, Civil Society, Government, Universal Suffrage, Penal Laws, Lynch Laws, Liberty of the Press, Free Thought, Duties of Nations, Methods of War, etc.

An impartial observer has declared that New London, Connecticut, was in August, 1892, the scene of an experiment watched with more than common interest by Catholics of the entire country, and the successful outcome of which was greeted with hearty applause by all having at heart the cause of higher Catholic education. The results of that experiment show beyond the possibility of a doubt that the project of a Catholic summer school meets the unqualified approval of the Catholic body throughout the United States, and is on the high road to a well-merited success. Within a year it has developed from the embryo state, and is now firmly established. The venture has been successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of its promoters.

Briefly stated, the object of the Catholic Summer School is to increase the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge by providing opportunities to receive instruction from eminent specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where any one with serious purpose may come and find new incentives to efforts for self-improvement. Here is the leisure of a summer vacation, without great expense, one may listen to the best thoughts of the world, condensed and presented by unselfish masters of study. The opportunity thus provided of combining different classes of students for mutual improvement will be most acceptable to professors and lecturers who wish to have an appreciative audience to enjoy with them the fruits of the latest research in history, literature, natural science, and other branches of learning. All these branches of human learning are to be considered in the light of Christian truth; according to Cardinal Newman's declaration, "truth is the object of knowledge of whatever kind; and truth means facts and their relations. Religious truth is not only a portion, but a condition of knowledge. To blot it out is nothing short of ravelling the web of University teaching."

The Regents of the University of the State of New York granted an absolute charter Feb. 9, 1893, by virtue of which the Catholic Summer School has a legal existence as a corporation, under the laws of the State of New York, and is classified within the system of public instruction devoted to University Extension. By this charter from the Board of Regents many advantages are secured for students preparing for examination, besides the legal privileges

which could be obtained in no other way. In the official documents relating to the charter ample guarantees are given that the object for which the Catholic Summer School was organized shall be steadily kept in view, and the good work continued according to the plans approved by its founders. The late election of the Right Rev. F. McNeirny, Bishop of Albany, to fill the place formerly occupied by Hon. Francis Kernan in the Board of Regents, is a further indication that Catholic educational institutions will have an official protector.

The location at New London was tentative. Its establishment there put into circulation a great deal of money both in the city and on the railroads leading thither. When it became known that the trustees were looking for a permanent site, several offers were made and many inducements given. The best offer came from Plattsburgh, a town in the northern part of the State of New York. A piece of land of 450 acres on Lake Champlain was deeded to the school (this historic spot was the scene of the first and last naval battles between America and England). When a permanent organization was effected the enterprise was incorporated under the title of "The Catholic Summer School of America." Hon. Smith M. Weed, the wealthiest citizen of Plattsburgh, a non-Catholic, granted the free use of the opera house for the lectures, town, the use of the Plattsburgh high school, and the Grey Nuns, their academy hall for social purposes, pending the erection of the Summer School's own buildings. The second session was held July 15th to August 6th, inclusive, with larger attendance of students, a better programme of lectures, and a great increase of general interest over the first year. The attendance represented sixteen states, New York and New England taking lead. As in New London, a few non-Catholics attended the lectures, and a Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Veld, from Montreal, followed the whole course. "Although in its infancy," said the latter, when interviewed as to his opinion of the Catholic Summer-School, "the work is of a distinctly higher intellectual character than is attempted in other institutions of a similar nature. Here the work is entirely of a University type, and indeed Plattsburgh has taken on for this summer at least the appearance of a university town: Everywhere I was treated as one of their own, and I received every opportunity of getting the information I sought."

At the close of the second session the President, Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, Massachusetts, made a most graceful address of thanks to all those who in any way contributed to the great success of the school. He spoke particularly of the unfailing kindness and courtesy of the Grey Nuns resident in Plattsburgh, who opened their convent not only to the visiting religious, of whom there were five Orders represented, but to any young ladies who desired to board there during the session. Dr. Conaty referred to the large number of visiting religious, and expressed a hope that still more would come next year, promising that some special lectures would be provided for them, if their numbers warranted it, in the evenings when they do not think it fit to appear in the public lecture hall.

Concluding, Dr. Conaty said, "I think I would be untrue to my position if I did not add my thanks with those of the board of trustees which are due to the board of studies, and especially to Father McMillan, C.S.P., of the Paulist Fathers. To his untiring energy and wisdom we can certainly feel that we owe the successful closing of the summer-school; he has prepared everything that you have enjoyed. He has sought far and near and engaged for you the teachers and preachers, and he has not only prepared the programme for you but has followed you on your excursions. Certainly we all owe him a debt of thanks."

The second course lecturers included Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., who gave five lectures on science and religion; four lectures on logic by Rev. J. A. Doonan, S. J., Boston College, Boston, Massachusetts; one lecture on the authenticity of the Gospels, by Rev. A. F. Hewitt, D.D., C.S.P., Paulist Fathers, New York City; five lectures on Educational Epochs by the late Brother Azarias; five lectures on Studies among Famous Authors by Richard Malcolm Johnston, of Baltimore, Maryland; two lectures on Longfellow, by Rev. W. Livingston, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.; one lecture

on Genius and Society by George Parsons Lathrop, of New London, Connecticut; five lectures on Ethical Problems, by Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., College of St. Francis Xavier, N.Y. City; three lectures on the Miracle and Modern Science, by Rev. J. A. McMahon, N.Y. City; two lectures on the Celtic Element in English Literature, by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Worcester, Massachusetts; two lectures on Gilbert of Colchester, by Brother Potamian (Dr. O'Reilly), College of the Christian Brothers, London, England; one lecture on the Summa of St. Thomas, by Rev. L. F. Kearney, O.P., Somerset, Ohio; and fourteen other lectures on miscellaneous subjects by thoroughly competent and enjoyable speakers.

This second session was in every way an improvement on the first, though to the enthusiastic students there seemed to be no room for improvement, except in the omission of the afternoon lecture. The social aspect of the assembly was given special attention this term. People of congenial tastes met on a common plain, and means were provided by the generosity of the railroads, the town and private citizens to make our journey a most enjoyable one. The school authorities made no provision for housing the students. Board, at reasonable rates, was supplied by the citizens of the town, who opened their hearts and homes to the students in the kindest possible way.

To those prone to fault-finding, the exclusiveness and conservatism of Catholicism has been a matter for much comment. True, our Church is not a "social organization," but a freer intercourse with one another will lead to much good. The Summer School will promote this feeling of good fellowship; it will help to do away with the wall of conventionality that too often surrounds the personality of the Catholic.

And what a stimulus it will give to Catholic literature. Catholic writers and publishers have for years been working "up stream." One of the reasons for the apathy existing in the mind of the reading public was a want of knowledge of Catholic authors and a positive distaste to reading "pious literature." When by the Columbian Reading Union and Catholic Summer School, it was discovered that such strong popular writers as Richard Malcolm Johnston, George Parsons Lathrop, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and hundreds of others derived much of their power from the faith that was in them, a new interest was taken in the Catholic writer, and a new wide field opened to the Catholic publisher.

At the close of the second session, the Board of Trustees elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, Rev. Th. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Massachusetts; first vice-president, Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, N.Y.; second vice-president, George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., New London, Connecticut; treasurer, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; secretary, Warren E. Mosher, A.M., Youngstown, Ohio.

The women's committee appointed to act in conjunction with the Board of Studies devoted its attention to that portion of the programme which possessed a special interest for teachers of their sex, and in the attendant success they deserve a share of the glory. The interest displayed in the Summer-school idea by the women teachers was shown by the very large attendance of representatives at the initial gathering last year at New London. They took up the question of Reading Circles with remarkable enthusiasm in many places, and the increase in attendance at Plattsburg evinced a determination on the part of the female teachers to make a good run for the golden apples. The share which women intend to take in the intellectual movement of the future will be commensurate with their dignity as co-ordinate factors in the social progress of the world. Genius, it is now recognized, is the common heritage of both branches of the great human family. To the Catholic Church woman owes her emancipation from the ancient trammels of inferiority and servitude, and in the new movement of Catholic thought in this age of ours woman is proving how worthy she is of sharing in the triumphs of learning and scientific inquiry.

This winter the doors of St. Francis' College in New York City were thrown open to women for the first time. Father Halpin's course on Ethics is being enjoyed by the girl-student as well as by

her brother. His course is practically the same as last year's. The degree is refused to women as yet, but while appreciating the fact that women have been admitted, they can wait for the second concession which will come in time.

At the end of this, the second session, that part of the Summer-School property not needed for the school buildings was put up for sale in lots, twenty of which were disposed of within a few days. This means a speedy erection of cottages and a Catholic family summer settlement behind the Catholic Summer-School, one of the very best guarantees of its future success, but not the only one. The scope of the Summer-School will not be thus confined to the comparatively small number of rich or well-to-do people. This is to be democratic in the best sense of the word, "a leveling up." The chief factors of its future success are the students themselves. They are to be channels through which its influence will extend throughout the land.

In common with the whole literary and educational world, the Catholic Summer-School suffered a most deplorable loss in the death of our beloved teacher, brother Azarias.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

RETURNS TO ROME.

EDWARD RANDALL KNOWLES BECOMES RECONCILED TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Edward Randall Knowles, the well-known writer, according to the Boston Republic, has become reconciled to the Catholic Church. It will be remembered that some two or three years ago, Dr. Knowles was ordained a priest of the Old Catholic church at his home in West Sutton, and that he has been a strong pillar of that movement. Quite recently the Springfield Union made the following predictions concerning his course.

"Catholic friends of Dr. Knowles persistently claim that he is disgusted with the uncertainties and variations of the Greek and Oriental orthodox communions, as well as with the vagaries of the European Old Catholics; that he has acquired a deeper conviction of the essential supremacy of the See of Peter as the corner stone of the visible church; and that, as a married man, he will renounce all claim to the exercise of the priestly office, and settle down as a Roman Catholic after he can obtain a settlement of the case by the Roman authorities. He will shrink, they say, from no just penance, however hard, but he will delay any action until his way is clear, and he can be sure of just treatment.

"Dr. Knowles, by education, is the peer of almost any churchman in New England, a graduate of Princeton University; his father, when mayor of Providence, firmly supported the convent of Mercy against the hostile attempts of a mob; and he himself, as a student, tenaciously held to the faith, under circumstances that caused intense humiliation and suffering. Although opposition and harassing circumstances could not change his profession of faith, he deliberately renounced that faith when, rightly or wrongly, he came to believe it his duty to follow the Orthodox cause.

"His newly published volumes of poems has caused much speculation about the future progress or collapse of the Old Catholic cause. Of Dr. Knowles' poems the Pilot has said that 'Mr. Knowles' verse is imbued with the spirit of true Catholicity. It has the simplicity and directness of old Latin hymns.' They are poems for calm, meditative study.

"Another has said: 'His prose essays are characterized by keen suggestiveness, and show vigorous and original thought, set forth with marvellous power and marked clearness of expression. But, Orthodox or Roman, he is clearly the coming Catholic poet of the future America.'

This prediction, as to his breaking away from the "Old Catholic" schism, we are able to state, says the Republic, has become entirely verified. Dr. Knowles has not only refused to hold any communication with the schismatic bishop who ordained him to the successive orders of the ministry, but positively declares his intention of resignedly accepting whatever penitential discipline Rome may hereafter enjoin as a condition of entire absolution and restoration to communion in the Catholic Church."—*Catholic Mirror.*

SOME NOTES OF CATHOLIC TENERIFE.

A Correspondent in the London Tablet.

There is probably no place which has been more written about and talked about within the last few years than Tenerife; indeed some time ago one could not pick up a newspaper or periodical without coming across some article on it more or less veracious (generally less); and its unrivalled climate, its far-famed peak, its gorgeous flowers, its beggars, cock-fights, fests, and picturesque peasant costumes were all the subject of so much enthusiasm, eulogy, abuse, and contradictory opinion that it seemed as if nothing more was left to be said about it.

Curiously enough, however, I never saw the beautiful island written about by a Catholic, or from a Catholic point of view, which is a matter of some surprise to me, as few places I have ever visited possess so many touching and interesting religious customs, or have more claims on the admiration and sympathy of a Catholic, who loves his faith. By the way, now I come to think of it, I did once read an article by one who was presumably a Catholic, since it came out in *The Month*, if I recollect rightly. The lady who wrote it admitted that she had spent but a short time in the island (a few days, I believe). One passage is engraved on my memory. She said it was sad to note how prevalent was the sin of Cain in this beautiful island, as was evidenced by the numerous crosses erected by the roadside to mark the spot where some murder had been committed. I could not forbear a smile, and I wondered who had been taking a rise out of this unconscious traveller. I was reminded of an incident of my "griffin" days in India, when I had once innocently inquired what certain posts placed at intervals along the bund were for. I was told (mendaciously) that each post marked the spot where some luckless wayfarer had been killed by a tiger. Eventually I discovered that they were mile-posts set up by the D. P. W.; but as in those early days I saw, in fancy, a tiger behind every bush in the jungle and a cobra in each tuft of grass, I went home rather quickly, especially as the shades of evening were beginning to fall.

It gives me much pleasure, therefore, to vindicate the character of the Canary Islanders, who are a most peaceable, warm-hearted, and devout people, by stating that though the wayside Calvaries are exceedingly numerous, and crosses are to be seen over every court-yard and garden door, the frequent reverence of the sign of our redemption is not a proof of the prevalence of the crime of murder, but rather of the tender devotion and pity of the people. I have heard that in many cases the little wooden crosses erected by the roadside denote the place where a coffin has rested when a body has been carried a long distance for interment, but they indicate many other things. For instance, when we were riding through the Canadas, or great crater of the Peak, I counted no less than seven crosses, which all marked the spot where the bodies of hapless travellers have been found after some of the sudden blizzards that winter suddenly overtake the mountains; and in one place, not far from the Guajara Pass, is a cairn of stone, with two rough wooden crosses, showing where two frozen corpses—those of a man and his wife—were discovered after one of these severe snow-storms. Not quite as numerous as the crosses, but still very numerous, are the lonely little white-washed chapels you come across in remote nooks of the mountains, in tiny hamlets, far removed from civilization, or perched on some almost inaccessible crag, with a handful of poor cottages clustering round like a wasp's nest, as Mark Twain says. No priest is attached to them, and at most Mass is said but once or twice a year, on the feast of the Patron Saint, to whom they are dedicated; but they are always clean, neatly kept, and in good order. I inquired once what was the use of building chapels in such out-of-the-way places, when they were so seldom used, and I was told, "ah, the people like to have them. It is a belief with peasants that where Mass has once been celebrated, and the Holy Victim offered up, there angels are left to guard the sacred spot, and their presence blesses the place." A sweet and touching idea, as poetical as it is pious.

Two years ago, I and a party of Catholic friends had the pleasure of spending Lent and Holy Week at Laguna, the quaint and interesting old Cathedral city of Tenerife. It was my second visit to the island, but on the former occasion we had spent the Holy Season in Orotava, where the devotions, although beautiful and impressive, were not, of course, carried out with the grandeur and solemnity attainable in a Cathedral city.

We landed on Sunday. It was the first day of the carnival, and the streets of Santa Cruz were filled with gay masqueraders in every conceivable absurdity of fantastic attire, who were parading about with guitars and mandolins, or amusing themselves with the very harmless diversion of pelting each other with gaily painted eggs filled with sawdust, while pretty Spanish señoritas, under the wing of portly mamas, glance down on the fast and furious fun from the carved balconies and *portigos* above. It was a wild and stormy evening, for the rains usually commence in February, and dark clouds hung heavy over the mountains above Esperanza as we drove out of Santa Cruz, and mounted the steep zig-zags of the Castaña that wind upwards to Laguna. The night had closed in before we came in sight of the many twinkling lights of the old city, and we entered the rough, stony, but dearly familiar streets in a pelting storm of rain.

The next morning it was still pouring, but nothing short of the old original Deluge would have kept me from Mass at the Cathedral, and by seven o'clock I was wading down the street with a light heart and a dripping umbrella, on which all the water-spouts between the Hotel Aguen and the Cathedral bestowed a liberal Asperges, for the water-spouts in Laguna stick out about a foot and a half from the roofs of the houses, and are specially constructed that the water may fall exactly in the middle of the narrow pavement, though the spray reaches fully to the centre of the horse road. A roaring torrent was swirling round the corner of the Plaza de la Catedral, and it was only by dint of much prospecting that I found a spot where it was possible to cross it. However, "all's well that ends well," and in a few minutes I swung open the heavy door with a joyously-beating heart, and was once more within the dim religious gloom of the glorious old building, with its vast domed roof, its heavily gilded side-altars, and magnificent sanctuary, which is absolutely unique in its haste and exquisite beauty. Who does not remember his first impression of a Spanish

Cathedral? The subdued splendour and richness that every where meets the eye, the delightful semi-darkness of the vast aisles, from which all but the faintest light is excluded by means of the blinds drawn across the windows, the impressive silence and solemnity, and the idea of beautiful and venerable age that reign around and impresses one most deeply as being such a complete contrast to everything we are accustomed to in England. And more especially, perhaps, that all-pervading and never-to-be-forgotten smell of mingled incense and flowers—flowers not living, but dead—generations and generations of flowers, so to speak, which have breathed out their lives in the service of their Creator, and whose fragrance seems to linger still in the air around His throne.

It seemed as if I had left it all but yesterday, and I went back to my old accustomed spot by the white marble pulpit quite naturally, and as a matter of course. The same well remembered Canons were saying their Masses at the numerous side-altars, or coming down the step from the sacristy, chalice in hand, and vested in the same familiar vestment. The same perky little *monacillos* in their scarlet cassocks and short laced cottas were carrying sets of cruets to the various altars. The tinkling of bells sounded here and there in the silence, and the same groups of Spanish ladies in their lace mantillas, or devout and picturesque attired peasant, knelt on the marble floor in silent contemplation, as priest after priest held aloft the Victim of our salvation; and as I took my place amongst them before the beautiful Communion altar, I felt as if the past six months were all a dream and I had never been back to England at all. In Laguna, as in most Spanish towns, there was exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament during the three days of carnival, and once more we realized with heartfelt joy the full bliss and privilege of being in a Catholic land.

It rained almost incessantly for a week, and then cleared up, and we were permitted to see the sun once more. It was a heavenly morning, clear and bright, and after breakfast I and a companion starting for a long walk, taking the Tejina road towards the hills. Nothing can give any adequate idea of the exquisite freshness and souliness of the morning. All nature seemed to rejoice in the genial sunshine which had succeeded

"That one long week of rain."

The air seemed full of the fragrance of flowering beans, the pungent odor of the Eucalyptus Avenue, doubly strong after the rain, and the scent of the newly-washed heliotrope in the little cottage gardens. The road-side was gay with bright geraniums, with wild Canary Island roses, and the blue-eyed periwinkles far larger and finer than any we see in England. The sky was cloudless, and the Peaks came out wonderfully clear, an ethereal vision covered with snow from summit to base. I remember it distinctly now, the great cone cut out distinctly against the pale blue sky with long lines of white and motionless clouds sleeping below, and the pine clad heights of Esperanza in the middle distance. I remember, too, how later on it faded away; no clouds came up to hide it as usual, but it gradually seemed to withdraw itself as if behind an impalpable veil of gauze-like mist. I never saw the same effect either before or after.

Nothing, I think, so strikes and impresses a stranger, even a Catholic, if unused to foreign ways, as this lively realization of the truth of religion which seems common to all in a Catholic, even to those who are by no means patterns of piety. In instance, I have occasionally at some great function been shocked and disgusted at the levity of some groups of foppish young men talking aloud behind some pillar, and impudently ogling the young girls around. Then the bell has rung for the Elevation, or the Blessed Sacrament has been taken from the tabernacle, and in a moment these same young men have been down on their knees, the smiles gone from their faces, and their demeanour all respect and decorum. They might not be saints, far from it, but the faith was there, ingrained in their nature, and you recognized the fact in a moment.

You recognize it, too, in the manner in which some eloquent preacher will suddenly pause in the midst of a fervent harangue from the pulpit, and turning round to the altar above which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on a throne resplendent with countless lights, will stretch out his arms and address the Divine Host with such impassioned fervour that you are almost tempted to imagine that for him the sacramental veils have been lifted for a moment, and that in deed, and in truth, he sees the Saviour of the World face to face. This constantly happens in the course of a Spanish sermon, whereupon all the congregation sink on their knees, and every eye is fixed on the Divine Host, and every lip moves in fervent appeal. Then in a few moments the people return to their seats and the preacher resumes his sermon. You recognize the same fact in the simple, natural language of the people, and the terms in which they speak of the Blessed Sacrament.

To them it is "el Santísimo," "el Señor Sacramento," while they speak of Exposition as "Dios Manifesto," and Benediction as "Benediccion con la Divina Majestad." I recollect once riding by a steep and little frequented road, out of the Villa Orotava, when I noticed that the rough stones were strewn with flowers, especially in front of all the cottages we passed. At last I asked the Muleter, who was following with my pack animal, what it meant. The man raised his *sombrero* respectfully, and answered: "The Lord passed this way early this morning, Señora." The simple reverence of his manner and words impressed me very much, I remember.

SPRING TIME COMING.

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

An enthusiastic editor wrote: "The battle is now opened." But, alas! the intelligent compositor spelt "battle" with an "o," and his readers said they suspected it all along.

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

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

THE ICONOCLASTS.

To-morrow the case taken by the Canada Revue against His Grace the Venerable Archbishop of Montreal will be pushed one square more upon the chess-board of that one-sided and very miserable game. In announcing this piece of news the writers in that organ very naturally take occasion to display their irreverence and disrespect for all that true Catholics and even sincere Christians—of any denomination—hold sacred and venerable. From out the heap of abuse and insolence that these enemies of the clergy shovel together we might extract the following as, perhaps, the least offensive of their statements:

"What an enormous change has been accomplished since the day when we for the first time uttered the cry of alarm. Is the cruel abasement not yet to be remembered in which the French press crawled always under the stroke of the clerical rod, and not daring to raise its voice for fear of seeing itself crushed under the blows of crozier and sprinkler? Do we not remember the epoch when one could truly say that Canada was the only country where a dog may not look at a bishop?"

This style of bravado may be very well amongst men who lack both refinement and education; but when people pretending to a social rank, and imagining themselves literary lights, descend to such a style, it becomes evident that their cause is decidedly bad. We do not, of course, refer to the merits or legal possibilities in any action pending before the courts; we speak of the great suit that has been going on before the tribunal of humanity during the past centuries—between the Church and the enemies of the Faith. Here in Montreal, in this great Catholic Province of Quebec, that warfare rages as fiercely as upon the continent. And the anti-clerical literary egotists of the day naturally make common cause with the foes of religion.

The cry they raise is certainly well calculated to excite the feelings of the unreflecting, and to create prejudices, as unjust as they are ungenerous, against the Church and her consecrated hierarchy. The fact of the matter is that every imaginable instrument is brought into play—law, polemics, politics, demagoguery, and everything and anything that might serve to attain the end in view. The off-shoots of that Liberal-Catholicism that arose, hydra-headed, from out the chaotic confusion of the French Revolution, have been wafted across the Atlantic and seek to take root in the soil of Canada. Wheresoever the grain is sown there also does the hand of evil scatter thistles. It seems to us that because the seeds of Faith and Truth have been so widely cast upon the fruitful soil of this Province, the envoys of error and the mandataries of Infidelity come to sow the tares of perdition. The consequence is that their stalks are springing up in the furrows of religion and seeking to choke the plants that were set by the hands of the pioneers of Catholicity and dampened with the blood of martyrs.

With the cry of Liberty on their lips they seek to replace all legitimately constituted authority by that license which is the forerunner of social and moral destruction. They draw, with arbitrary hand, a line around the freedom of ecclesiastical action, and they cry out against the clergy as the invaders of public rights. They claim that their press must be saved from the dictation of the Church, and they constitute themselves the judges of the Church's authority. They say to the Archbishop and his assistants, "Do not come into our field, remain inside your own sphere, allow us at least the freedom of expres-

sion, do not interfere with our criticism of your laws, your rules, your regulations; we demand, as a sacred right, that you cease dictating to us and criticising the voice of the people, our glorious press." In the next breath they say: "Although we cannot tolerate you, gentlemen of the Church, inside our arena, still we feel it our duty to enter yours, and to teach you a few lessons in your own domain. You have no right to instruct, to warn, to protest, to guide your people; you must not raise a voice in defense of your faith: you have no privilege of public expression. The moment you attempt to exercise that liberty of speech which we claim, we will close you up with the iron hand of law. Give us the glorious right of insulting you and of belying you with impunity; but dare to raise your voice and we will drown it with an action for damages."

And who are the writers who use such language as we give in the first quotation? Were they men who professed ignorance and laid no claim to refinement, we would be silent and allow their own acknowledged insignificance to become the grave of their miserable conceptions. But they are persons who would have the world believe in their learning, their literary excellence and their great talents. They are, firstly, uneducated—because they have the manners and language of a boor; they are uninstructed—because they display the most wonderful lack of even elementary information. Poor pen-wielders who have picked up a few quotations from the encyclopaedists and whose repertoire of literary knowledge is circumscribed by the narrow circle of the eighteenth century infidel authors. They can oscillate between Voltaire and Hugo—their unavowed model on the one hand, and their modern demi-god on the other; but outside the narrow limit, peopled with a horde of insignificant and unchristian writers, that stretches from the one to the other, they are in an unknown wilderness. Take even the best of these men, the most famous or notorious (just as you please to call their renown), those who have received the greatest amount of recognition in some circles and of attention in others; meet those critics and litterateurs on the open prairie of knowledge, and you will not proceed ten paces before it becomes evident how very little there is beneath the poetic gilding and the thin veneering that serve to dazzle and attract the public eye. Talk of Hugo, De Musset, or Coppée,—chat about Renan, Dumas, or Bourget,—and you will be charmed with the flood of light, meaningless, pretty criticisms that come forth; but attempt to step into any side-path, mention any serious question, turn into the region of science, the field of philosophy, the avenues of modern, medieval, or ancient thought, and at once the thermometer drops, you feel yourself alone, you are obliged to stop rather than lose sight of your heretofore sprightly companions. In fine, men of that calibre have the audacity to set up their own petty images for the adoration of the public, and proceed to play the iconoclasts in the glorious temple of our pure Canadian nationality.

It is about time that combined egotism and impudence should cease to play the theatrical part of moral censors and religious reformers. We defy any serious and honest man to say that he has ever received a single inspiring thought, an elevating idea, a grand conception or a pure and soul-stirring sentiment from the pages traced by the pens of these anti-clerical critics. Little *jeux d'esprit*, clever *jeux de mots*, questionable *calambours* may indicate light wit, funny and humorous proclivities; but they are but-

terfly evidences of ability and positive indices of a trifling mind. Then vulgar language, sandwiched in between high-sounding and meaningless phrases, prove again the lack in the one who imagines himself clever. The bread layers may be palatable enough, but the ham is blue-moulded and dangerous for the system. Yet these are the *litterati* who make a living by calumniating the Church and abusing the clergy. But infallibly they must come to their level; a weight will sink to the bottom, but these light corks dance along the ripples for a time and finally disappear in oblivion.

A MEDITATION.

(AT THE JESUIT NOVITIATE, SAULT-AU-RECOLLET.)

Within those lengthy corridors a solemn peace Reigns, like a spell of sweet enchantment

My heart itself I almost feel could cease To beat its muffled pulsings in my breast. Without, the sun is sinking slowly in the west; The only sounds, a bird's note and the breeze, That sings an anthem unto joy and rest, And murmurs hymnings through the stately trees.

The lengthy walks, the varied colored flowers, The rich perfume that on the air is sent, The convent's stillness and the church's towers, The cloistered brothers in devotion bent; The youthful novices with bead- intent, All, all, like summer's most delicious showers, Fell softly on my troubled soul and lent A tranquil glory to those sacred hours.

How can I picture all the joy one feels, When cloistered in a real seclusion here? Celestial peace upon his being steals, No worldly care, no passing worldly fear; A smile of bliss, perchance repentance tear, Like Eastern balm the wounded spirit heals; The bustling world seems lonely, sad and drear, Compared to prayer when convent belfry peals.

Dear home of Faith, I've learned to love you well, In after years, whatever road I've trod, I'll hear the tinkling of your blessed bell, Recalling me to prayer, to faith, to God. The Jesuit Fathers, who beneath the sod In yonder graveyard sleep, whose knell Was rung by you, rest not more calm with God, Than their survivors, who peace here dwell.

—J. K. FORAN.

Domus Probationis, S. J., St. Joseph, ad Saltum Recolleturum.

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

The monthly meeting of this society on Sunday afternoon was attended by over one hundred members. The Rev. President, Rev. J. A. McCullen, preached a short sermon at the religious meeting, and afterwards administered the pledge to ten persons. The business meeting was presided over by Hon. Senator Murphy. Mr. M. Sharkey occupied the vice-chair. A number of new members were admitted to the ordinary and benefit branches of the society. The secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan, presented the usual reports, as also the report of the committee of management on the arrangements being made for St. Patrick's Day. A draft of the programme for the society's concert on St. Patrick's night was submitted, and tickets for the event were distributed. The announcement that the addresses on the occasion would be delivered by Rev. Father McCullen and Hon. John Costigan was heartily received. A host of well known talent have been secured for the vocal and instrumental portion of the programme, and a most successful evening is assured. The auditors' quarterly report showed the society to be in a flourishing condition. Considerable business of interest to the society was transacted, after which the meeting closed with prayer. A meeting of the committee of management of the society was held subsequently, at which Mr. John Walsh presided. Considerable routine business was transacted.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT CONCERT

Representatives of the different societies of St. Mary's parish have decided to give a grand concert and lecture on St. Patrick's night under the auspices of the united societies of the parish, the proceeds to be devoted to the reduction of the church debt. A well-known lecturer will be secured and committees have been appointed to engage some of the best known talent for the concert. It is intended to make this event equal to any other to be given in the city on that evening, and the residents of the East end are assured of a grand entertainment.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

A special meeting of the parishioners of St. Mary's called for after Grand Mass last Sunday, was largely attended. Rev. Father O'Donnell was elected chairman, and Mr. J. P. Heffernan acted as secretary.

The Reverend chairman proceeded to explain the object of the meeting, viz., the encouragement of the TRUE WITNESS by taking shares in the new company formed to maintain that organ. He referred to the sterling Catholic character of the newspaper and said it would be a great pity if through the indifference of English-speaking Catholics it were obliged to suspend.

Mr. P. Wright, one of the recently chosen board of directors spoke of the necessity of an organ to defend our cause, and hoped that many would come forward to encourage this patriotic work. Mr. Thos. Heffernan and D. Murney agreed with Mr. Wright as to the absolute need of a Catholic newspaper through which we can reach the public.

Mr. J. J. Maguire alluded to the services already rendered to our cause by the TRUE WITNESS, and in complimentary terms referred to its gifted editor, whose writings teem with beautiful thoughts, graceful expression and genuine logic.

Messrs. Dunn and Daly followed in a similar strain, and all expressed the desire to see the TRUE WITNESS supported, so that not only its excellent weekly editions may be issued but that in the near future it will become a daily paper.

Nine of the gentlemen present took shares and a number subscribed to the TRUE WITNESS. A motion to report the proceedings in the press was unanimously carried.

C. M. B. A. GRAND COUNCIL OF CANADA.

The regular meeting of Branch 26 was held at Glenora Hall Monday evening. There was a very large attendance, amongst those present being Chancellors Finn and John H. Feeley, Bros. W. A. Corcoran, Wm. Palmer, Edward Jackson, James Milloy, L. E. Simoneau, A. T. Martin, Thos. R. Stevens, B. Campbell, D. J. McGillis, L. Quinnlan, John Mack, Jas. Callahan, J. Hoolahan, D. Coughlan, A. D. McGillis, Robt. Warren, Jas. Manning, John O'Brien, H. J. Ward, Owen Tansey, G. Burns, J. McCoy, C. O'Brien, J. J. Costigan and about thirty others. President P. Reynolds occupied the chair. The reports and minutes since the last meeting were read. The report of the last "At Home" held by the branch showed the affair to have been a success financially and otherwise. Two new members were initiated, and several were balloted for, and six new applications were read and referred to the board of trustees. Remarks in the interest of the branch and association were made by Chancellor Feeley, President Reynolds and others. Grand Trustee Tansey, who was present, made a brief address on the present progress of the association, which was a most satisfactory showing. The following special committees were appointed for the year: Finance, Brothers J. H. Feeley, Edw. Jackson and W. A. Corcoran; business, Brothers M. Sharkey, A. T. Martin and B. Tansey. Brother A. T. Martin announced the formation of a new branch at Cote St. Paul. Many matters of importance and routine business was transacted.

A branch of the C.M.B.A. Relief Association was formed subsequently and the following officers elected: President, Mr. John H. Feeley; trustee, L. E. Simoneau; secretary-treasurer, J. J. Costigan; committee, Brothers J. D. McGillis, Thos. B. Stevens and W. A. Corcoran.

MR. DOHERTY'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Mr. T. J. Doherty, Q.C., son of the ex-judge, took place on Saturday morning from the residence of his brother, Mr. Justice Doherty, 282 Stanley street. The cortege, which was a large one, proceeded to St. Patrick's Church where a solemn service was held, the remains subsequently being conveyed to the vault at Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The chief mourners were the father and brother of the deceased.

DIED.

SMITH.—In this city, February 14th, at the age of 17 years and 4 months, Mary Edith, eldest daughter of Charles F. Smith. The funeral will leave her father's residence? No. 78 Durocher street, on Friday, 16th inst., at 3.30 a.m., for St. Patrick's Church, thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances will please attend.

THE HOLY FATHER AND MONTREAL.

HE STILL GRATEFULLY REMEMBERS PAST SERVICES.

The Opening Sermon of the Lenten Season at Notre Dame Church by Rev. Abbe de Montigny of Bordeaux.

Every seat in Notre Dame Church was fully occupied Sunday morning, the large congregation being attracted from all parts of the city to listen to the inaugural Lenten sermon of the Rev. Abbe de Montigny, Honorary Canon of the Cathedral of Bordeaux, who was brought by the Rev. Abbe Colin, Superior of the Seminary, especially for this work. The impression produced by the talented preacher was of the very best. He has a powerful and withal pleasing voice. The preacher took his text from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, "For the Word of God is a living Word." In his opening remarks he stated that the Church in observing Lent was following a custom which had been established in the year 30 of the Christian era, when the Son of God had gone into the desert for forty days to fast and pray. That was the first quadragesimal station of the Church. After observing the custom for over nineteen centuries it still appeals to the faithful to follow the example set by Jesus Christ. They were united in the house of the Creator to receive the Word, and he had come to give it to them. For that purpose he had crossed the sea. He was but a humble canon of the city of Bordeaux, a city in which Canada had a greater reputation for honor and courage than because of its commercial relations. The Word of God was as strong now as it ever was, and, placing himself under the protection of the Blessed Virgin he hoped that all would benefit by his interpretation of it. God had placed the Word in the soul of man as well as upon his lips. The latter power was given to him so that he could speak the truth and defend justice, but unfortunately it had too often been used

TO UTTER ERROR AND TO DEFEND INJUSTICE.

When Jesus Christ came on earth it was to defend justice and practise charity. His views of life were so different to those accepted in those days that when he went into the wilderness to pray and fast, He became a terror to His enemies, who from that moment decided that He must be done away with. He had to be suppressed. The man had died in the gibbet of infamy because He would not bow to the dictates of man. Before His death, however, He had instituted the Sacrament of the Eucharist, which made it possible for Christ to ever remain with the faithful. To the Apostles after His resurrection He had said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." So that they had God with them, and the Church had the mission of preaching His Gospel. Bossuet had said that there were two places in the Church before which all should kneel. These were the tabernacle, where God was perpetually, and the pulpit, where He was revealed. When Christ laid the foundations of His Church, it was not upon the rich and the powerful that He relied for co-operation, but upon the poor and humble. The twelve men whom He chose as His Apostles were ignorant men who knew nothing of human philosophy and had probably never learned anything of the worldly wisdom of Greece and Rome. They were strong merely with the Word of God. The human word was sometimes powerful, but it could never triumph over two great obstacles—time and space. Man, in his best work, had but sown dissensions. The views emanating from the glorious seats of learning of Oxford and Cambridge, from those beyond the Rhine and from the soil of France differed in many essential parts, but when they arose they had the effect of a sand storm in the great deserts. When the blinding storm subsided there remained nothing but sand and sterility. It was not the same with the Word of God, which had a vivifying power. It was the same to-day as it had been in the past and as it will be in the future. It was the only power which could master time and space. All that remained of human thought was the books on the shelves of a library. That was the necropolis of human wisdom. It was but a recollection and a remembrance. Near-

ly twenty centuries has passed since the Word was revealed to Christians, and it was

STILL FULL OF LIFE.

Peter was not dead, and his two hundred and sixty-third successor reigned gloriously on the Papal See. When the glorious old Pontiff spoke, his speech went beyond the seas and crossed over the length and breadth of the globe. He sent missionaries to Africa, ambassadors to Asia, and to America he gave the hierarchy. His were words of peace, which were listened to with respect in all the countries of Europe, and which could not be overcome by the three disrupting influences of rationalism, voluptuousness and indifference. Religion was strong in their own dear land of France, and at the present time there were over 300 specially appointed preachers engaged in the work of the Lenten season. He appealed to the faithful to come and listen to the Word of God, and not engage in useless and barren discussions, which only resulted in killing faith. When he had decided on coming to Canada, he was told that he would find a country strong in the Catholic faith. He could well say now that the whole truth had not been told him. Some few weeks ago, after preaching the Advent retreat in Rome, he had the great happiness of kneeling for fifteen minutes before the Holy Father. His Holiness enquired what his projects were. "My first work, Your Holiness," he replied, "is to go to Montreal, in Canada, to preach the Lenten retreat. The aged Pontiff, whose eyes glistened, exclaimed, "Montreal, Montreal, the country whose children shed their blood for the Holy See. Tell the people to persevere in the paths of faith, honor and charity." The preacher concluded by expressing the hope that they would listen to the advice of the Holy Father and ever remain true to their religious creed.

SERMON AT THE GESU.

The first of the series of the Lenten sermons in English was preached in the Jesuit Church last Sunday evening by Rev. Father Gannon. The reverend Father preached from Matthew, chap. iv., ver. 1 to 12, on the temptations of Christ and the example set us by His resistance. Taking up temptations in general, they were described as being of two kinds—those sent as trials to prove our worth, and those which were enticements to sin, things which, if yielded to, would draw us into sin. In temptations there were the two purposes: O! God to prove us, and of the devil to accomplish our ruin. The latter is also assisted by the material world, which presents its attractions and tempts us to forget God in the midst of wealth and pleasure. To combat these several forms of temptations, the aid of the Almighty is required, for without Him we cannot conquer.

The efficacy of fasting as an adjunct to prayer was next taken up. Christ had prayed and fasted before the temptation. We should abstain not simply from food at times, but abstain at all times from whatever would foster or increase sensuality, avarice or excessive ambition.

The sermon was an eloquent one and was listened to by a very large congregation.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

BLESSING OF THEIR BANNER.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians met at their hall, Craig-street, on Sunday morning, the 4th inst., and, headed by the 65th Band, marched to St. Ann's Church to attend High Mass and take part in the ceremony of blessing their new banner, presented to them by the ladies of St. Ann's parish. They presented a very creditable appearance, marching with military precision, and numbered about 450, marshalled by Bro. James McGinn. The Rev. Father Buncart preached a sermon suitable for the occasion.

The Order of Hibernians was first founded in Ireland and was transplanted to America some years ago, first taking root in New York. To-day there is not a city or town wherever Irishmen are found that has not got a division. The first division was organized in this city on November 20, 1892, by Colonel M. J. Slattery, of Albany, N. Y. At present there are three divisions, with a membership of over four hundred and fifty. The special object of the Association is

to raise a fund for maintaining the sick or disabled and for the burial of deceased members.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, responsive to the universal sentiment of the Irish race, has become founded in the wants and necessities of its people. It has placed upon the banner of its Association, as the beneficent source of all its laws, the inspiration of all its noble impulses and the beacon that lights up the paths of duty, the three cardinal principles: "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity."

ST. MARY'S SOCIAL AND CONCERT.

A brilliant event not soon to be forgotten was the Russian carnival, tea and entertainment at St. Mary's hall on Tuesday evening the 6th inst. Everything that a competent management could do to make the social a success was done by Misses Jones, Street, Riley, Keher, Tucker, L. J. McEntee, R. Jones, N. Murphy and L. Murphy. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the assembly present were very emphatic in their appreciation of the performers. The Italian orchestra rendered their several pieces with great taste and in perfect time. Miss Herbert gave a very sweet and tasteful rendering of "The Night Birds Cooing," which was enthusiastically applauded. She sang "Dear Little Shamrock" in response to an encore. The Appolo Mandolin and Guitar players created a very favorable impression by their execution on the stringed instrument. The Russian costumes of the ladies, who served tea in an elaborate carnival palace, were greatly admired. The numbers in the second part of the programme were well received, and Misses F. Murphy, Drumm and the mandolin and guitar players did themselves credit.

FRENCH-CANADIANS RETURNING

The Colonization Society of Montreal is putting forth great efforts to promote the magnificent country along the line of the Montreal & Western railway, around Iroquois Falls. A gentleman who is actively connected with immigration matters, and is in a position to know whereof he speaks, said the other day: "If we were in a position now to send pamphlets throughout the New England States fully describing those townships around La Chute aux Iroquois we could have thousands of people come in there and settle between now and next June. We have received hundreds of letters of enquiry from French-Canadians in New England, and from six to two dozen of them arrive in the city every day. Over 15,000 French-Canadians from Quebec and the United States have gone into the bushlands of Ontario. There are about two hundred families of them settled in the River Verve district alone. The idea of the Colonization Society is, I believe, to direct these immigrants to the bush lands of Northern Quebec. Letters of enquiry, which we receive daily from the United States, show that the French-Canadians there are most anxious to return to Canada. Times are very hard in the United States, and as they are eating up what little capital they have, they are anxious to return home and settle down. The timber in these new lands is excellent, and settlers can make money from the time of their arrival, for contractors are willing to buy all the wood they can chop and the lumber they can make."

ECHOES FROM STE. THERESE SEMINARY.

Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., a grand Musical Soiree was held as a final entertainment before the rigorous discipline of Lent was ushered in. A number of guests from town were present and together with the students enjoyed the evening immensely. The programme consisted of selections by the band and orchestra—choruses by the choir and glees and rounds by the Glee club. Everyone certainly performed their parts well, but as a body special mention must be made of the Band. Under the able leadership of Mr. Arbour, Professor of Music, the band has attained a degree closely approaching perfection and can to-day compete with many first-class city bands. The orchestra also is in first-class shape.

Mr. Desjardain, Master of Study, who has been confined to his room for the last few days, is himself once more.

Thursday the Debating Society handled the subject:—Resolved, "That the

Surrender of Quebec to the English under General Phipps was a mistake." Messrs. Alaric and Terrian upheld the honor of the French commander, while his action was condemned by Messrs. H. Lorrain and Desjardain. After a very interesting debate the Society thought that under the circumstances the French General acted wisely in surrendering.

Mr. Nantel, '94, who has been recuperating at home for the last few weeks, returned to his studies on Wednesday.

A very sad accident which may terminate fatally occurred last Wednesday on the Toboggan Slide. While Mr. Lorrain, '95, was sliding his toboggan collided with another that was being drawn across the slide. The other toboggan struck Mr. Lorrain very forcibly and rendered the unfortunate young man helpless. He was carried to the infirmary, but despite the best of care and medical treatment he seems to be gradually sinking and slight hopes are entertained for his recovery. His mother and father are at his bedside continually, and his class-mates hover round all anxious to lend a helping hand to alleviate if possible the suffering of one who was a universal favorite.

PARLIAMENT REASSEMBLES.

A Heavy Fight Over the House of Lords About to Begin.

LONDON, February 12.—The House of Commons reassembled to-day. Sir Edward Grey, parliamentary secretary of the Foreign office, in reply to a question, said British merchantmen enjoyed the same facilities at Rio Janeiro as were had by the vessels of others nations. The Government would neglect no opportunity to secure the commerce of Great Britain the same advantages as were accorded to other countries. The business transacted to-day was entirely formal. The members expect that to-morrow the Government will make a declaration rejecting the amendments made by the House of Lords to both the Parish Councils and Employers' Liability bills.

A meeting of the Cabinet was held at the official residence of Mr. Gladstone in Downing street prior to the reassembling of the House of Commons. It is stated that Mr. Gladstone proposes to drop the Parish Council bill and the Employers' Liability bill, and make an appeal to the country within a month.

After the Cabinet council was concluded to-day, the executive committee of the National Liberal Federation obtained permission to put a resolution before the annual meeting of the Federation on Thursday declaring that no further mischievous meddling of the House of Lords shall detract from the work of charter reform, which the Representative House is authorized to carry out. It is reported that the delegates will be asked to approve a resolution declaring that the continuance of a house of hereditary legislators has become intolerable, and that the House of Lords has been allowed to exist too long.

The Duke of Devonshire, leader of the Liberal-Unionists, has called a meeting of his parliamentary party for Thursday. This meeting will be asked to decide whether or not the party shall support Lord Salisbury against the Commons. Joseph Chamberlain, Liberal-Unionist leader in the Commons, will advise the peers to surrender rather than provoke the decisive conflict.

The Daily Chronicle, commenting on the re-opening of Parliament, remarks that "There could scarcely be a more humiliating position for a popular assembly than is the case in Great Britain with the House of Commons baffled and insulted by a survival of mediævalism which exists for no other reason under heaven but to afford a cover for every anti-popular reactionary and despotic sentiment."

The Liberal and Radical Union at its meeting to-day passed a resolution denying the right of the House of Lords to return to the country the bills passed by the House of Commons. The resolution also condemned the institution of the Upper House as a danger to the State.

LONDON, February 12.—The meeting of the National Liberal Federation of Portsmouth opened to-day. Robert Spence Watson, the president, said in his introductory address that he rejoiced in the recent conduct of the peers. They had acted in the manner best calculated to bring to the front the question not of mending them, but of ending them. The day for forgiving the iniquities of the peers, even if they should repent, had gone. Loud applause greeted his declaration of principles.

JESUIT PRINCIPLES.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS.

Meditations Twelve, Thirteenth and Fourteenth—The Effects of Mortal Sin—The Losses Occasioned by it—Venial Sin Considered in all its Phases

TWELFTH MEDITATION—TWO EFFECTS OF MORTAL SIN. 1, BLINDNESS OF THE MIND; 2, OBSTINACY OF THE HEART.

First Point—Blindness of the mind with regard to the truths of Faith.—A pure soul believes all mysteries without any difficulty. She enjoys to think of one God in Three Persons, to adore the Word, &c. A soul in sin is surrounded by dense obscurity. Everything is a difficulty; everything contradiction for her mind and coldness for her heart; she only has aversion and distaste for religious practices. Whence this difference? Faith is a torch that only shines in the pure air of virtue and goes out in the murky atmosphere of sin.

Second Point—Blindness with regard to the idea of true Wisdom.—Sinners, it is said, alone are happy and wise. "Let us make haste and enjoy life to-day; we may die to-morrow." But on the day of judgment their tune will be changed. "Fools that we were, we esteemed the life of the just an infamy and his end a disgrace, and to-day he is with the children of God. What did pride, wealth, lust, &c., profit us? We pay now the penalty." Such shall, in hell, be their language. The hope of a sinner is like a straw blown away, vanished smoke, or the memory of a departed guest who stayed but an hour.

Third Point—Blindness respecting one's own state.—The sinner thinks he is rich, while he is poor indeed. "I have sinned and what harm has befallen me?" said an impious man in Ecclesiasticus. He did not know that the forbearance of God is slow in punishing sin, but that His justice is terrible in proportion to that forbearance.

Fourth Point—Blindness with regard to the idea of time.—The rich man pulled down his barns and built larger ones to hold his immense harvest. "Soul, thou has goods laid up for many years; take thy rest, eat, drink, make good cheer." That night his soul was summoned to God and the goods amassed were scattered to strangers. "Time enough," you say; and the hour glass runs on, and Time flies and you see it not. Thou hast been blinded by the estimation of Time; wilt thou be more enlightened on eternity.

Fifth Point—Blindness with regard to Eternity.—The thought vexes him and he wont think of it. He would like to destroy it or forget it. He says: "Time is short, but we have nothing to expect after death. No one ever returned from Hell. After death there is nothing, so let us enjoy life while we have it. He is blinded by sin and malice. Fearing an eternal hell, he seeks to persuade himself there is none. Death came into the world through the Devil; and all who imitate him, in rebellion against God, shall share his eternity, not God's."

The Obsturacy of the Heart—The Second Effect of Sin.—This follows the blindness of the mind. The rays of the sun of justice operate differently on different objects. They soften the pure and docile hearts, as wax; they harden the carnal hearts, as slime. See Pharaoh who beheld so many miracles—Aaron's rod, the plagues, the smitten cattle, &c. These celestial warnings only served to harden his heart. The Lord said, "the works of my right hand hardened the heart of Pharaoh." Antiochus who was going to make Jerusalem the tomb of the Jews, was stricken by the hand of God, carried away dying, and while in agony and vermin came through his flesh he cried out "It is just to be subject to God, and that a mortal should not equal himself to the sovereign God." His prayer was not heard. It was wrong from him by pain, his heart was as hard as Pharaoh's. Judas confessed his crime: "I have sinned in betraying innocent blood." But the confession was followed by despair. His heart was harder than the goodness of Christ. Thus the blindness so profound and the obsturacy so obstinate that follow mortal sin are the two fearful dangers, for no miracle can change them, no kindness subdue,

no light illumine. But how long shall they last?

As long as man is on earth he can quit the way of iniquity and return to the path of virtue.

The goodness and infinite power of God will not be wanting to him. The blindness of the mind differs from the hardness of the heart. That blindness does not go beyond the grave. As soon as the eyes are closed the veil falls, and eternity appears. He sees virtue and vice, truth and error, God and Satan; but unfortunately this glimpse and knowledge, while giving sight to his blindness does not soften the heart. The change of the heart is the conversion of man, and man can be converted during time, but not during eternity. So blindness ends with time, but obsturacy lasts forever.

My God, grant me your light and your love, and deliver me from the blindness of the mind and obsturacy of the heart—from these two executioners, who, when they have seized their unfortunate victims, drag them to eternal tortures, through the way of final impenitence, which way can be travelled but once.

THIRTEENTH MEDITATION—EFFECTS OF MORTAL SIN AND LOSSES WHICH IT CAUSES.

First Loss—I lose the grace of God which is more precious than all earthly goods. I become poorer than the prodigal son, feeding swine in a far land. By loss of Grace I lose the friendship of God, and having merited His hatred I become His enemy. I have lost the title of child of God, all claim to His Providence, and to the aid He gives the just. With the exception of faith and hope I have lost all infused virtues that strengthen and ornament the soul.

Second Loss—I have lost the merits acquired by my good works. If I do not regain God's grace all my good acts are without merit. Had I all the merits of the saints, their alms-deeds, austerities, sacrifices and prayers, yet if I die guilty of one mortal sin, the whole is annihilated forever. My soul is like a vine loaded with fruit, and suddenly destroyed; like a ship burdened with treasures which a sudden tempest has sunk; a rich city which the fire reduced to ashes.

Third Loss—I lose my liberty. My talents, senses, faculties, all become subject to a tyranny; I am no longer ruler of my actions, I am their slave. If I try to escape, my passion says "no, go on!" and I go on. All sense of manhood vanishes and man becomes abject. In the Eighth Book of his Confessions, St. Augustin says: "I sighed to see myself enchained not with strange fetters, but my own will, which was for me harder than iron, and the enemy having it in his power, made a chain of it with which he held me bound." If there is aught in this world that men pride themselves on it is their freedom. Yet how many of those freemen are lashed slaves of Satan and their passions!

Fourth Loss—The loss of peace. Nothing so sweet, so desirable as peace. We all desire it; but we do not seek that which can give us peace. Only by resisting the passions, not by yielding to them, can we procure peace. As soon as we immoderately desire something we are uneasy. When the object is obtained remorse comes; and remorse is incompatible with peace. Remorse places a sinner in a violent state. It is a maxim of philosophy, that what is violent does not last; but faith teaches us that the sinner shall be pursued by remorse as long as he will be a sinner; eternally, if he is eternally guilty. Still more unfortunate the one who stifles his remorse—no hope then!

Fifth Loss—The loss of good. Created to praise, honor, and serve God and thereby to possess Him imperfectly upon earth, and perfectly in heaven; the sinner instead of praising, curses; instead of honoring, disgraces; instead of serving, rebels; in a word, instead of gaining his end, which is God, he separates himself from God. It is said that God will no longer look upon the sinner, but He will. There is a union between the Creator and the creature which can never be broken; He will look upon me with the glance of a father, or of a judge. Divorce is impossible between us. His hand will be forever on me, either as a friend or an enemy. Therefore one of the greatest losses is to have become an enemy of God and to have lost sanctifying grace. It is a loss that eternity cannot repair, but which can be repaired in this life. From this moment, then, I take this two-fold reso-

lution; from this moment I can and will become again the friend of God. May He grant me grace to do so—and may Mary the Blessed and St. Ignatius intercede for me!

FOURTEENTH MEDITATION—VENIAL SIN.

This sin is called *venial* in opposition to *mortal* being lighter; in itself, however, it is grievous, being opposed to reason, and it makes the soul an object of disgust in the sight of God. It is a real disobedience to God, *Whom it wrongs and contemns*. Many are committed because we hope to escape eternal punishment. If we reflect that by each one we wrong and offend God, we shall see it is a sovereign evil. Let us repent for so having offended God!

Second Point—Sad effects produced by venial sin. It takes away strength in the exercise of virtue; weakens the struggles against temptation; produces distaste for spiritual things and apathy for virtue; it gives a relish for worldly pleasures and a disgust for heavenly things. It predisposes the soul for mortal sin; drives away the fear of God and the dread of offending him. When then a strong temptation comes a fall usually follows, from which the sinner may never rise. Let me know the danger and detest all sins, and humbly pray God for help to serve Him faithfully in small things as well as great.

Third Point—Consider the severity with which God punishes venial sin; not only to be deprived of the sight of God in Purgatory, but even there to suffer the fiery tortures of centuries. Great must be venial sin when God thus visits on His friends such fearful punishment. Also in this life we have temporal and spiritual punishment for it; as bodily pains, infirmities, losses, misfortunes, spiritual blindness, disquietude, and errors of all kinds. Venial sins are the "fuel for the fires of Purgatory." Let us ask pardon for past errors and grace never to fall into them again.

RUSSIA AND THE CATHOLICS.

(From London Tablet.)

The following letter, dated December 1, 1893, contains a true account of what has lately taken place at Kroze, in Lithuania, during the closing of a Catholic church by the Russian Government. It is written by one who was an eye-witness of the sad scenes:

I feel I must send you a brief account of what has happened here just lately. I told you in one of my letters about the few poor Sisters who are dragging out their existence in a Benedictine convent at Kroze (Sanogocla). (When the Russians suppressed the convents and religious orders after the insurrection of 1863, in several places they allowed the Sisters to remain in their convent walls, on condition that they received no more postulants. They were also forbidden to have schools or hospitals.) The youngest of the Sisters celebrated her Golden Jubilee a few months ago. All the members of the community are far advanced in age, and most of them infirm and ill. Some little time ago the Government determined to confiscate the convent, and drive away the poor old nuns, notwithstanding a number of petitions sent to St. Petersburg by the most influential people, begging that the Sisters, already tottering on the brink of the grave, might be allowed to end their days in peace. It was all in vain. At the beginning of July the police broke into the enclosure and carried off the nine poor old nuns to Kowno. But this was not all; it appears that they had already received orders to close the little convent church (founded by Christopher Wollowicz in 1642). The officials promised the people that they would leave them the parish church, which is an old wooden one. The despair of the Catholics on hearing this sad news cannot be imagined; they contrived to get put off the final affixing of seals on the doors of the beautiful little church until September 5, Our Lady's Nativity, when the last Mass was to be said. The poor people, fearing that the soldiers would carry away the Blessed Sacrament by stealth, kept vigil day and night before their Lord in the Tabernacle. In the meantime, they were not idle, and one petition after the other was sent to St. Petersburg, begging the Government to leave the little stone church as a parish one. Reliable members of the congregation, chosen by the people, and given full power to act as they considered best, went to St. Petersburg, and even succeeded in placing in the hands of the Tsar's personal attendant, a petition addressed to the Emperor himself, imploring his protection, who assured them they should have an answer in a few days' time. It is impossible to give an idea of all the difficulties these men had to contend with. They behaved admirably, and gave continual proofs of their spirit of sacrifice and fidelity to their holy faith.

While these negotiations were going on in the capital, the police at Kroze did not leave the people in peace; they contrived to take possession of the church, in spite of the resistance of the faithful, who, hoping it might prove a means of defence, hung over the principal door, near to the cross, portraits of the Tsar and Tsarina, surrounded by flowers, vowing they would only surrender the church on a special order from the Tsar himself. To those who endeavoured to drive them out they answered: "We prefer to perish with the church than to live without the succour and help of our holy religion. You will not enter the church except by passing over our dead bodies." Since the despatch of the last petition a fortnight had already elapsed, the weather began to get cold, and those who passed the nights in watching before the tabernacle could not keep themselves warm. One day, without any warning, the police arrested the principal members of the congregation, who were sent to Besset, and threatened

those who persisted in guarding the church with still heavier punishment. The people so treated these menaces with contempt, and still continued to keep their vigil before the Holy of Holies, always hoping to receive a favourable answer from St. Petersburg. On November 18 a sheriff arrived and began to make inquiries, asking who had gone to St. Petersburg, who wrote the petitions, &c. On Tuesday, the 20th, quite late in the evening, or rather night, arrived the Governor of Kowno, Mr. Klingenberg, accompanied by many officials and a staff of policemen, armed with swords, revolvers and the redoubtable knout. About two o'clock in the morning of the 21st, he came to the convent, and tried to gain an entrance into the church. He tried to persuade the ever-increasing crowd to disperse and allow the priests, whom they had awakened and forced to accompany them, to carry away the Blessed Sacrament. When the people refused to do this, he ordered the policemen to tear down the crucifixes and portraits of the Tsar and Tsarina, and force open the door with their swords, and, if the crowd refused to let them pass, to make a passage for themselves with the help of the knout or the point of their bayonets. On hearing this there was a movement of surprise not unmixed with terror, and the people instinctively drew closer together; the police took advantage of this momentary confusion among the crowd, and made their way into the church with the Governor at their head. When they were inside they barricaded the doors with the benches and began to flog unmercifully with the knout those who remained in adoration and prayer, always coming nearer and nearer to the altar. The crowd, hearing the shrieks of these poor people, made a rush into the church, forcing their way in spite of all obstacles; in a moment the victory was on their side, as they far outnumbered the police, whom they soon overpowered. They surrounded the Governor and Sheriff, who had run into the choir; Klingenberg fired two shots from his revolver, heedless of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, which still reposed in the Tabernacle. On seeing this the people carried him out of the church by force and put him in one of the cells of the adjoining convent, refusing to set him at liberty until he wrote a statement declaring that he had entered the church at night like a robber and had ordered the unarmed people to be flogged. He made a feint of complying with their demand and ordered them to bring him pen, ink and paper. These were soon obtained, and he sat down to write what the people thought was the desired statement, but what in reality was nothing but a ruse to gain time, as he knew that a regiment of Cossacks was expected to arrive from Worn, and could come any moment. The clamour outside was indescribable. The shrieks and cries of the people rent the air; the ringing of alarm bells, mingled with the beating of drums, could be heard at a distance of 4 kilometres. The rising sun found the Governor still making a pretence of writing; all at once a despairing shriek from the unarmed people announced the arrival of the 300 Cossacks, who were armed with rifles, knouts, and swords or pikes (a long, narrow sharp sword). They immediately surrounded the church and began to charge the crowd, firing indiscriminately among the people, or flogging them on the heads and faces with their knouts. Two Cossacks, literally treading on human heads, entered the church on horseback, wounding and killing as they went along, so that the walls and pavement of the House of God were bespattered with blood. With their swords and pikes they tore down the pictures and crucifixes which hung on the walls or adorned the altars. All the people were driven out; only a few corpses remained, which the Cossacks threw outside into an old lime-pit. The next day the bodies of these martyrs were carefully searched for and buried. At ten in the morning the Government seals were affixed to the doors of the church.

Some persons who had fled at the sight of the Cossacks tried to cross the river, which was slightly frozen; the ice proved to be too thin and gave way beneath their weight, and all were drowned; others, wounded and bleeding, were dragged into the public place before the Magistrates, who were accompanied by the Governor and Sheriff. The brutal Cossacks seized everyone who came in their way, threw them on the ground and beat them unmercifully with their knouts, not sparing even delicate women, some of whom were *enclente*. When the poor victims faltered under the inhuman blows, they took up the bodies, throwing them in a heap, one on top of the other, as if they were logs of wood.

The flogging went on from morning till night. Two women died from the effects of the ill-treatment they had undergone; before their deaths they begged for a confession, but even this consolation was refused them by these barbarous soldiers. More than 150 persons were arrested and sent to the towns of Tarogi, Rosiente, Szawie and Telsze.

The Governor, Mr. Klingenberg, paid a visit during the day to the village school, distributing among the children 10 roubles to buy sweets, at the same time saying: "If you dare to tell an one what you have seen, the Cossacks shall flog you, but if you keep silence you will receive still more money." In the meantime, the Cossacks received permission to amuse themselves as they pleased. The inhabitants soon experienced the effects of this carnival. The enjoyment of these savages consisted in going about the little town breaking open doors, throwing the corn about the streets, killing inoffensive animals, such as sheep, cows, and pigs; flogging to their hearts' content anyone they happened to meet on their way, well knowing that no one would interfere with them whatever excesses it pleased them to indulge in.

A great many rich peasants are now beggars, and the whole parish looks like a desert.

Such are the bloody deeds which accompanied the closing of the church of Kroze. The accounts in the Russian papers are, of course, quite different; there it is said that the Bishop himself asked the Government to close the church.

These facts having become known in Europe, the Government has had the grace to feel ashamed of its brutal and inhuman conduct. The Governor, Mr. Klingenberg, has been transferred to another district.

CURED HIS BOILS IN A WEEK.

DEAR SIRS,—I was covered with pimples and small boils, until one Sunday I was given $\frac{1}{4}$ of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time. FRED. CARTER, Haney, B. C.

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

THE LATE SISTER STE ALDEGONDE.

A SHORT SKETCH OF A MOST MERITORIOUS LIFE.

Last week we gave a short account of the funeral of the late Sister Ste. Aldegonde, of the Congregation de Notre Dame, which took place at the old Mother House, St. Jean Baptiste street. Rev. Father Thibeault, chaplain of the Congregation, officiated, assisted by Father Quinlivan, parish priest of St. Patrick's; Father Toupin, of St. Patrick's; Father Lonergan, of St. Bridget's, and Father Lamarche, chaplain of Ville Marie. The interment took place in the vault of the Church of Notre Dame de Pitie. The deceased lady entered the institution thirty-eight years ago. Her maiden name was Mary S. Murphy, sister of Rev. John Marie Murphy of the Trappist Monastery, Oka, the Murphy Bros., Montreal, and Mr. J. B. Murphy, of Kingston, Ont. She was born here in 1835, and took holy orders at the age of twenty years. The sad event of this good and venerable Sister's death took place at twenty minutes past two o'clock on the morning of the 27th January last. She was fifty-eight years, nine months and nineteen days of age. Of this lease of life thirty-eight years and seventeen days were spent in the community, of which she was a member. Her departure for heaven took place upon the eve of Ste. Aldegonde's feast; it would seem as if her patron saint had come for her expressly that they might spend that festive day together in heaven. During her long religious life she occupied various important positions, notably superioress at Stanstead, Brockville, Peterboro, and also acted as assistant to the Superioress at Mount St. Mary's Convent, Montreal. Only ten days before her death, she returned to Montreal from Providence, R. I., where she filled the duties of superioress. Her request was that she should die in Montreal. Thousands of former pupils who received their education under her direction will hold her in loving memory.

As a religious, this most exemplary lady was remarkable for a fervent and unostentatious piety and a great love for the holy rules of the community. She possessed in a marked degree all those virtues and qualities which go to form the perfect model on earth. Of an amiable character and a sweet light-heartedness, she knew the secret of pleasing those sisters who ever found in her a companion the most charming and edifying. As a Superioress she was simply a fond, tender-hearted and indulgent mother. Truly was she worthy of the venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, the reverend foundress of the order, and in her death the Congregation de Notre Dame loses a most precious member.

There are certain lives which are so complete that even they rob the world of any power to eulogize them. But that child-like humility that marked the career of Sister Ste. Aldegonde can no longer be shocked, and we feel that—for the glory of God—her bright spirit will smile upon our feeble attempt to do justice to so many virtues and so much merit. As far as the world is concerned, she left but few foot-prints in the dust of its highway! she was in the full bloom of youth and in all the promise of a brilliant future when she stepped aside from the thronged road and accepted the path of sacrifice and devotion. Every hour in the life of such a religious could furnish material for a grand sermon; but it is impossible for a profane pen to picture the joys and troubles, the smiles and tears, the sacrifices and labors that are crowded into thirty-eight years of community life—thirty-eight years offered upon the shrine of religion. But that entire career is a study for the world, and truly can we apply to the good nun departed those touching words of Gerald Griffin:

"Behold her, ye worldly! Behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
Ye friends philanthropists, great with the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?"

Over such a grave we can only express our sincere sympathy for her relatives and friends in the world and her sisters in religion; as to the departed one, whose soul is in the full enjoyment of a

glorious reward, we can but say, "May she rest in peace," and may she secure from God, for each of us, the blessing of a death like hers.

REV. ABBE DE MONTIGNY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LENTEN PREACHER AT NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

Rev. Abbe de Montigny, titular canon of the Cathedral of Bordeaux and apostolic missionary, who is preaching the Lenten sermons at Notre Dame, commencing on Sunday last, reached Montreal last week from New York where he landed from the transatlantic steamer "La Bourgoyne" after a rough voyage. Rev. Abbe Colin, Superior of the Seminary, remained over in New York for a day or two. Rev. Abbe de Foville remained over in France for a time to visit his family. M. de Montigny, who is a distant relative of the Recorder is a most courteous gentleman and he has been hailed as a great preacher. Born in 1848, he is still in the prime of life. On the completion of his studies he entered the novitiate of the Jesuits at Bordeaux and subsequently became Vicar of several parishes in Bordeaux. In 1880, at the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, he was Vicar of the Church of St. Paul. He was placed in charge of the College of Tivoli, and filled the position until the return of the Rev. Fathers, some eight years after. He then was promoted to the position of titular canon apostolic missionary, and was entrusted with preaching the Lenten and Advent seasons. The last retreat preached by him was in December last, at the Church of St. Louis des Francais in Rome. He was greatly eulogized by the French press. On Thursday afternoon, in company with Rev. Abbe Marre, acting cure of Notre Dame, he waited on Archbishop Fabre and subsequently visited the Montreal College.

FUNERAL OF MR. CALLAHAN.

The funeral of the late Mr. T. F. Callahan, son of Mr. Felix Callahan, took place on Wednesday afternoon from the residence of his father, 55 University street, and was very largely attended by friends and acquaintances of the deceased. The principal mourners were: Felix Callahan, the father of the deceased, and his brothers, Messrs. Wm. H. Callahan, J. P. Callahan, Robert E. Callahan, Felix Callahan, jr., Joseph D. Callahan and Edward Callahan. Among the large number who walked in the funeral cortege were noticed:—Messrs. Jas. McShane, E. James, D. Tansey, R. J. Anderson, M. J. McGrail, W. H. Clancey, John Rafter, T. O. O'Brien, R. N. Morton, Frank Hart, Lawrence A. Wilson, C. A. McDonnell, D. McEntyre, M. M. Cloran, Andrew Finn, Wm. Keys, Frank Gormley, Wm. P. Kearney, J. White, James Cochrane, Bernard Tansey, E. H. Lemay, R. McGauvran, J. Gillespie, A. L. Smith, J. Johnson, Ed. Mansfield, M. J. McAndrew, ex-Ald. Conroy, W. McStave, Owen Tansey, J. D. White, E. Halley, P. Reynolds, J. B. Curtis, E. A. Gerth, P. O'Neil, Thos. Kearns, E. P. Ronayne, P. Kehoe, J. L. Jensen, W. Ryan, P. Kelly, Geo. A. Carpenter, C. A. French, M. Carroll, W. Mansfield, J. Beiser, J. Dion, T. J. Finn, F. Green, W. Cameron, J. McAndrew, E. Quinn, M. Sullivan, E. Ward, J. H. Ryan, P. J. Fogarty, R. V. Warren, P. McCaffrey, J. McLean, J. Kinsella, H. Dolan, Geo. Cline, J. A. McLeod, and J. Davidson. A special service was held at the cemetery at which Rev. Father Geoffrion, C.S.C., superior of the Notre Dame college, officiated, assisted by Rev. James Kelley, C.S.C., R. E. Callahan, brother of the deceased, and Messrs. P. McDonald and W. T. Meagher, of the St. Laurent and Notre Dame colleges.

"PETE" MURPHY'S BOOK.

The second edition of "Pete" Murphy's "Trip to Chicago" has appeared. It is a neat, handy little volume, and, like the author, both original and entertaining. Every one knows the prince of news-dealers; and anyone who does not happen to know the details of his life can find them in a cleverly written preface to the book. On his good old stand, at the corner of St. Francis Xavier and St. James streets "Pete" is to be found—in good weather and in bad—and he always has a supply on hand of his peculiarly amusing account of Chicago and the "World's Fair." As to the book itself you should read it; the price is only ten cents and you will get fully ten times

its worth of information from its pages. In spite of all the large and illustrated volumes that have been published concerning last summer's great event, still there is lots of material left for "Pete" to write about. In fact, his experiences there, the places he visited, the exceptional opportunities that he enjoyed, all render his account one outside the common, and certainly most instructive as well as amusing. The story is told in that plain but emphatic way in which "Pete" would relate it, were you to stop at the Post office corner and ask about his trip. There are many facts recorded in the little volume that even Mr. Stead would not be able to give, and which, had he a knowledge of them, would furnish him with subject-matter for one of his famous lectures. We wish both "Pete" and his literary enterprise all manner of success.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Mgr. Salvati, Secretary of the Council, will become its Vice-Chamberlain. Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the American College in Rome, is slightly indisposed. It is stated that the Catholics of New England form 21 per cent of the population. Foreign exchanges announce the death of Rev. Christopher Shaw, of Longwood, County Meath, Ireland.

Rev. Dr. Burtzell started from Rome for Palestine on Tuesday. He will return to this country via Rome.

Mgr. Satolli has informed the Purcell creditors that the congregation of the Propaganda can do nothing for them.

The Monastery of the Good Shepherd at Troy, N. Y., has received from the World's Fair commissioners a gold medal for being a model reformatory.

Father Lotz, of St. Francis de Sales' Church, St. Louis, will very soon begin the erection of a new church, as he has \$40,000 on hand for that purpose.

Bishop Horstmann has just completed a sixteen-months' tour of his diocese, during which time he confirmed 30,000 persons, 900 of whom were converts.

Most Rev. Hilderbrand de Hempline, primate of the Benedictine Order, has been appointed one of the consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars.

January 7 was the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Bishop Marty, of the Sioux Falls Diocese. The occasion was marked by a meeting of priests and the presentation of a purse of gold.

The Papal Nuncio in Madrid, Mgr. Creponi, will not be elevated to the Cardinalate, despite the wishes of several Cardinals, who are anxious that he should enter the college.

Archbishop Satolli, Papal Delegate to the Church in the United States, will be elevated to the Cardinalate later. The Pope wishes him to remain in America for the present.

The famous abbey of the Premonstratensians of Frigolet, between Avignon and Tarascon, has been reopened. It was closed twelve years ago on the execution of the decrees for the expulsion of the religious.

Three clergymen of the Church of England went over to the Church of Rome in the course of one week of last month. Fourteen English clergymen have thus changed their Church since the judgment in the noted Lincoln case. The Holy Father has sent a letter to

HEAD AND SHOULDERS

above every other blood-purifier, stands Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. See the evidence of it. It's sold in every case, on trial. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. In restoring your strength, when you're "run-down" and "used-up," in cleansing your blood from every impurity, whether it's a simple eruption or the worst scrofula; and in building up wholesome flesh, when you're thin and weak—there's nothing to equal the "Discovery." In every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, it's the only guaranteed remedy.

Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BUSHAW, of Sidney, Ohio, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets and they saved his life. We have used the 'Discovery' for throat and bronchial trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can recommend it very highly."



Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, thanking him for his eloquent discourse on the authority of the Papacy. His Holiness emphasizes the necessity of France obeying his injunctions if she would escape grave impending perils.

The Nuncio Apostolic to Ecuador and Peru has suggested to these governments that the arbitration of the Supreme Pontiff should be resorted to for the settlement of the difficulties respecting the limits of the two countries. Peru has already accepted the offer.

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

Sister Stanislaus Marie, of the order of Notre Dame, Lowell, was buried from St. Patrick's Church, in that city, on Monday morning, January 22nd. The deceased Sister was a native of Nova Scotia. Her mother and brother reside in Boston.

Rev. James J. Thompson, pastor of the Sacred Heart at Taftville, Mass., died in Florida January 20th, aged forty-two. He has been in Taftville for ten years, and was greatly beloved by his people. He was formerly a curate at Danielsonville, Conn.

The Liverpool Catholic Times says that something on the lines of the Catholic Summer School might be done in England, and suggests that a small representative body of English Catholic professors and teachers attend the next session.

THE WORLD AROUND.

A fire at Prospect, O., Wednesday night, destroyed \$17,000 worth of property.

Over one hundred houses were destroyed recently by a fire in Jeremie, Hayti.

Count Herbert Bismark, it is said, is to be appointed German ambassador to Austria.

Photography in colors is said to have been successfully accomplished.

Dominican Fathers from New York are giving a mission at St. Mary's Church, Niagar Falls.

Edward Casey, one of the oldest undertakers in Chicago, died at his home. He was born in Ireland in 1813.

Fifty socialist members were recently ejected from the French Chamber of Deputies because they cheered for the commune.

At Youngstown, O., a bogus priest, giving the name of Jones, an Apait, got six months in jail for issuing forged checks. As they were all for sums under \$35 he escaped the penitentiary.

Secretary Carlisle has asked Congress for a deficiency appropriation of \$50,000 to enforce the Chinese exclusion act. The original appropriation has been exhausted.

St. Rosa's Church, in the eastern part of Cincinnati, was burned down Wednesday morning. The fire originated in the Sanctuary. Loss, \$50,000; insured for \$20,000.

A preliminary report by the Interstate Commerce Commission of returns from 479 railroad companies in the United States, covering 145,869.58 miles, shows gross earnings of \$1,085,685,281, and expenses \$735,427,532.

Emperor William was thirty-five years old on last Saturday, and the day was celebrated with great enthusiasm in Prussia. Berlin was en fete in honor of the occasion. The Emperor, it is said, will visit Prince Bismarck upon his birthday, April 1st.

A German Missionary Apostolic whose field of labor is in China-Tartary, is in Buffalo visiting at St. Mary's Church where he delivered a sermon at the late Mass on Sunday, 4th inst., and was given a handsome collection for his mission. He was dressed in the typical garb of the Chinese, with high sandals and long queue, and was a picturesque sight.

Additional advices by the steamer Belgic from China announce the complete annihilation by earthquake of the town of Kuchan, Persia. Twelve thousand persons were killed in the awful disaster. Ten thousand corpses had been recovered to date. The only important and beautiful city of 20,000 people is now only a scene of death, desolation and terror. Fifty thousand cattle were also destroyed.

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VILE EXPRESSIONS.

If a journal should be careful regarding the spirit of its articles and contributions, none the less should it be very precise in the language used and the expressions set forth in cold type. Even double-meaning words should never be allowed to appear in the columns of a respectable and Christian newspaper. Doubtful expressions should, by all means, be avoided; for it must be remembered that a publication—especially a daily one—goes into the hands of thousands and comes under the eyes of the young and innocent as well as those of the experienced and aged. But vile, low, blackguard words cannot ever be tolerated—no matter who pens them, nor in what cause they are used. There is not an improper term in the English language but there is some less offensive and equally forcible expression that is synonymous or its equivalent. It would be easy, when it is found absolutely necessary to speak of things of a delicate character, to make use of certain circumlocution in order not to injure the feelings or endanger the minds of the readers.

Last week, under the heading "The Confessional" we felt it our duty to unmask the falseness of Dr. Chiniquy, and to point out how unfounded were his statements—made in the Daily Witness of the 31st January—against the Catholic Church. We feel that we have completely upset Mr. Chiniquy's wicked contentions, even with his own weapons. There, however, appeared another letter, from this same apostate priest, in the Daily Witness of Saturday the 3rd instant, which we dare not touch, nor can we—in respect to the feelings and characters of our readers—reproduce even in part. Needless to say that from the point of veracity the second letter is no better than the first one. However, it is not from that phase we desire to criticize it. We cannot, even to check the slanders of a Dr. Chiniquy, descend into an arena where the mire is ankle-deep and the atmosphere is charged with moral pollution. But we cannot avoid expressing our surprise at the management of the Daily Witness—a professedly religious paper—allowing such a letter as that of the 3rd instant to appear in its columns.

It is true that the Witness is overzealous when there is an opportunity of attacking the tenets of our creed or the practices of our Church. Still, in its excess of zeal, that very Christian organ should not forget that incalculable injury can be done by means of unrefined and even low expressions. The style and language of Dr. Chiniquy may correspond very well with the bent of his mind, but that is no excuse for the Witness in opening its columns to such sentiments and words as are contained in the letter to which we refer. If it is

a literary merit of this class, and a purity of style such as he has exhibited in that correspondence, that gained for Mr. Chiniquy the title of D.D., we must frankly admit that such a degree would be considered a disgrace by any honest-minded, high-souled Protestant. If "the style is the man," then Dr. Chiniquy's literary efforts are the indices of a most unenviable character. Were a Catholic to pen such an abominable article not only would his name be held up to execration, but his Church and his teachers would come in for a share of the odium.

Perhaps the ex-reverend Doctor will reply, as usual, with *honi soit qui mal y pense*; but that is no excuse for a man who opens the valves of his mind and pours forth the foul off-spring of immoral reflections. Long, indeed, must he have brooded over subjects of a debasing nature in order to hatch the expressions with which his writings bristle. Again we repeat it; we are not surprised at Dr. Chiniquy, for that class composition seems to have become exclusively congenial to him; he could put Dumas and Renan to the blush. But we are astonished at the Daily Witness—not that it seizes upon Dr. Chiniquy's correspondence to do battle with Catholicity, but that it would not have more respect for the feelings and moral delicacy of its numerous readers. How many will not rush to dictionaries to find the meaning of the terms used! While falsely accusing the priests of suggesting evil in the confessional, this fallen priest openly invites the innocent to a study of that which can only injure them in heart, mind and character. And a religious organ flings its columns open and allows him a grand avenue whereon to move unfettered in the direction of his inclination.

Several of our readers have asked us how it comes that, after a period of apparent inactivity and silence, this Dr. Chiniquy has suddenly come forth again in all the ardor of his anti-Catholic propaganda. It is evident that these good people do not read the Daily Witness, or they would have a pretty fair idea of the cause. It has been announced, time and again, during the past few months, in all Canada, in the United States, and in England especially, that a fund is being raised to present Mr. Chiniquy with a purse. More than once the day of presentation has been postponed in order to swell the amount, the few dollars so far gathered being by no means considered sufficient. It is this fact that has spurred the aged apostate to make extra efforts to prove his enmity toward Rome and his usefulness in the cause of Protestantism. Every one of his recent letters has been an indirect appeal for more of that money which is evidently his last and only solace upon earth. In presence of these facts, no one need feel surprised that he gives full vent to his hatred of the Church which he was obliged to leave. The only character in the annals of literature, whose vindictiveness against the Faith of his fathers seems to equal that of the man in question, is that conception of Byron in his "Siege of Corinth"—"Alp, the Christian renegade."

But no matter by what motives Dr. Chiniquy is actuated, no matter what weapons he deems proper to use, there is no excuse for the Daily Witness. It professes to be a religious paper, it claims to have a high moral character, it poses as the enemy of all that is dangerous to Christian sentiment; and yet, for the sake of a little, mean attack upon the Church of Rome, it fills its columns with expressions which we feel confident its editor would blush to hear used in presence of his own household,

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

This is St. Valentine's Day. Every child—that is really a child—knows the custom of this day. Little missives are sent from friend to friend, and they are always anonymous. But very often they are so arranged that the receiver can pretty nearly guess who the sender is. These olden customs are gradually dying out; they are forgotten in the hurry and bustle of an electric age of rush. Alas, that it should be so!

Well do we remember, in years that are dead, the little joys of St. Valentine's feast. How cunningly we prepared the picture and the lines upon it that were to be transmitted by post to one or other of our companions; how cautiously we dropped the envelope into the country post office, looking carefully around for fear that any one might see the act and report; how anxiously we awaited the result and watched the recipient to see the effects of those lines! Those were grand times! And especially when we took our little package of valentines from the office; we can still recall the pleasure or annoyance with which each one was opened, according as it contained pleasant or unpleasant words, pretty or hideous pictures. But this St. Valentine's day custom is not only forgotten, to a great extent, it has even degenerated into a very offensive and, at times, vulgar correspondence. But everything seems to be vulgarized in these days of progress and invention. We remember well a forcible remark of good Father Tabaret, it was characteristic of that grand man—"the world goes on improving while men are deteriorating." How true; even in the valentines do we see that fact exemplified. Ugly cartoons, miserable doggerel, and low expressions are the indices of the minds that invent, that purchase, or that send the valentines of this period. The gratification of some petty spite or the annoyance of some unoffending creature seem to be the motives that impel the majority of young people to send these missives. But apart from the mere ordinary amusement of sending valentines on paper, and receiving the same, there are other pleasant thoughts and facts that belong to this day and which should come home to every Catholic—young or old.

From Christmas until Easter, during those three months, there have been, there are, and there will be peculiarly interesting valentines passing through the great post office of the Church. Missives of prayer are sent off by millions of children, and the carrier-angels fly with them to heaven; and back to earth they come with packages of sealed blessings for these dear little children of St. Valentine. One of the most precious of valentines—from heaven to earth—was that of the Sweet Babe of Bethlehem; one of the most glorious valentines will be the Easter graces of the Resurrection. All through Lent, even on this day, there are countless valentines coming in and going out of that grand delivery. On the one hand secret prayers, patient sufferings, holy sacrifices, noble charities, solemn offerings, humble mortifications, are being wrapped up in parcels and addressed to God; the spirits that compose His messenger army take them up and speed away to the chancel of the skies, and rejoice and chant happy hymns as they lay the valentines on the great table of Records, before the throne of the Almighty. And then they rejoice still more and sing still louder when they are handed the sealed packages of God's choicest blessings and graces, with which they rush back to earth. What glorious valentines and how precious they are!

And even between earth and that

dreary abode of the suffering souls, there are many valentines to-day. It is true that they cannot reply at present; but for every simple valentine of prayer or meritorious action that is offered up for them, we may be sure that later on, when they reach the glorious home that awaits them, the valentines that they will send in return may be treasured up as the most sacred relics of our lives. A portfolio of such missives will be the most useful baggage that we can take with us when we set out upon that important and inevitable journey from the land of Time to the regions of the Great Unknown.

The best valentine that we can send our readers to-day is a copy of our paper. Each one, we trust, will find the missive a pleasant and instructive one. Remember while you read the pages of this valentine that you are actually in communication with us, and we in spirit are with you. During the hours spent in composing and penning all these lines, we have had you before us, and although we may never meet, still we enjoy a communion of sentiment that gives us a right to call each other valentines.

PAPAL RIGHTS.

It is evident—if signs are at all to be relied upon—that a storm is collecting upon the horizon of the Old World, and sooner or later it will sweep Europe from end to end. There is not a single nation that is not quietly or openly preparing for the coming conflict. The hurricane may, or may not, burst this year; but the atmosphere is surcharged with the clouds of wrath, the thunder of battle, the lightning of war. While the sons of each country are calculating upon the chances of success that may fail to their lot, two hundred and twenty million Catholics, of all nations in the world, are anxious to know what shall be the effects of the convulsion upon the safety of the Sovereign Pontiff. Should Italy be involved, as decidedly she will be, in the universal scramble for power, her crown will only be safe when set beside the tiara, her sceptre will only be secure when protected by the eternal keys, her Quirinal will find salvation only in so far as it is within reach of the Vatican. The day is approaching, the indices that, for ages out of mind, have foretold a conflict of giant powers, are visible in the noon-day, and the declining years of this memorable century are pregnant with mighty events. In the darkness that precedes the tempest, kings tremble for their own safety, thrones already rock in anticipation of the crash, and palsied hands grasp for sceptres that are destined to be snapped in twain. And upon no palace wall is the mysterious writing more distinctly seen than on that of Italy's monarch. They talk of the Pope flying from Rome when the hour of struggle rings out; they picture the Vicar of Christ rushing in the footsteps of the aged exile to Gaeta, while the shocks of revolution convulse the seven hills and the whole valley of the Tiber.

It was Signor Boughi, the most powerful wielder of the Italian political pen, who said: "On the day when Leo XIII. would leave Rome by the *Porta del Popolo*, King Umberto, with his dynasty and his court, would also have to leave it by the *Porta Pia*." And Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, in an article in this month's North American Review, says: "Should Pope and King, in the eventuality of war, have to fly from Italy, we know from the history of the past century that Leo XIII., or his successor, is as likely to return to Rome as the heir to the crown of the new Kingdom of Italy."

In that admirable article Mgr. O'Reilly

sets forth most clearly, and from two strong stand points, the Catholic contention in favor of the territorial sovereignty of the Pope. We have no intention of reviewing that powerful contribution; but we take advantage of the circumstances already mentioned to present a few thoughts upon the absolute necessity of an entire freedom of sovereignty for the Vicar of Christ. To do so we cannot better illustrate our contention than by quoting from the article just mentioned.

"Every Christian people," says Mgr. O'Reilly, "has a right to know and to feel that its relations with the Holy See are not influenced by the interference or dictation of a hostile, an unfriendly, or even a friendly nation. The moment, for instance, that our Government at Washington had good reason to believe that the ministers of King Umberto in the Quirinal were exercising on Leo XIII. or his Secretary of State, or his Prefect of the Propaganda, a pressure in any way hostile or adverse to our country or its interests, it would be brought home to American Protestants why the Pope should be free, independent sovereign in Rome, and master in his own house."

One more quotation from the same powerful article. "No title among those of the potentates and governments of Europe could be compared in antiquity and universally admitted righteousness to that of the pontiff kings. The territory thus granted to them by the gratitude and the reverence of peoples and princes was the pledge and security of their independence of all foreign domination or dictation. That territorial and sovereign independence meant for the Common Father of Christendom—as he was regarded during all these centuries—absolute freedom in the discharge of his ministerial office."

When Christianity, that is to say Catholicity, flashed upon the world, the great Roman Empire existed in all its ubiquity and might. The eagles of Rome had flapped their wings over every land in the civilized world. It was while yet the Cæsars held sway in the golden palace, while the Forum was still the resort of orators, and while the legions of the Empire went forth to conquer new territory, that St. Peter came, and, as first Bishop of Rome, there set up the See that is destined to disappear only with the last stroke on the dial of Time. Gradually the fabric of the pagan Empire tottered to its fall; but the Vicar of Christ held steadfast to the Throne of Faith. The Roman Cæsars passed from the scene, the gilded walls of Nero's abode were shattered; and upon their ruins arose the seat of Catholic unity. The horde of the North poured down upon Italy; a rival capital was set up at Byzantium, and the Goth, Hun and Vandal tore to pieces the remnant of the greatest power that earth had as yet beheld. But despite the fragments into which the Roman Empire was broken, there remained one power that could not be shaken—the power of Christ's representative on earth. On the ruins of that giant structure of antiquity the different nations of old Europe sprang into existence. Italy, with its petty kingdoms and principalities; France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, one after another, they assumed the forms of nations and the powers of government. And amongst them remained the Papal power—the territorial rights of the Spiritual Head of Christendom. In order that the one called upon to exercise universal jurisdiction over the spiritual world, might be free from the vassalage that any one power might impose, and that his mandates might go

forth to all the human race, irrespective of color and nationality, princes gave him certain ground, individuals gave him land; and finally, by fair acquisition and legitimate donation the Father of the Christian world became the possessor—in trust—of those territorial domains which are now called the Papal States. We say he came into possession; because that property actually belongs to the Church and each individual Catholic in the world is a joint-proprietor thereof. The individuality of the Pope is of no consequence as far as those rights are concerned, because when Pius IX. died his rights were transferred to Leo XIII., and when the latter departs from earth they will fall to his immediate successor; and each Pope, during the period of his reign, is only the custodian of that property for the Church and for the Catholic world.

The Vicar of Christ, for the Catholic Church, received that property from its legitimate owners, from princes, kings, and governments. His title thereto runs back beyond that of the oldest European nation that exists to-day. Take France for example; her possessions are recognized by international law and her rights are consecrated by the lapse of centuries. She has had a long line of kings, succeeded by another lengthy line of monarchs; she has passed through the terrors of Revolution and the dangers of the Commune; she has seen an Emperor usurp the sceptre of the Bourbons and sit upon the debris of the Republic; she beheld the waves of a new Republic roll over the throne of the Empire; she witnessed a second Empire; and to day she accepts a second Republic. Through all these changes and vicissitudes no one, no nation, no combination of powers or individuals ever dreamed of disputing the rights of the French Government and the French people to that territory which is their's by the authorities of conquest, donation, transmission, possession and centuries of proprietorship.

Yet the claims of the Sovereign Pontiff to the Papal States are stronger and older than are those of the French Government to the soil of France; the rights of the Catholic world to the property stolen and the territory usurped from the Pope can be traced in an unbroken series back into twilight of the early centuries. By the international law of prescription—even had there never been original donations—these Estates belong to the Catholic world, and to each individual Catholic therein; and if the owners thereof deem it proper that the Head of the Church should be the custodian and administrator of that property, who shall dispute their privilege, or rather their right? Thirty-seven million Frenchmen lay claim, by all the consecrated rights of law, to the soil of France; two hundred and twenty million Catholics lay claim, by the same consecrated rights, to the Papal States. Therefore the usurpation of that territory by the Italian Government is an act that affects every nation in the world. It affects the claims of every Catholic on earth. It is consequently a breach of international faith; it is a defiance of international law; it is a barefaced robbery in the eyes of civilization. The despoiling the Pope of his enjoyment, not only of the property which is placed at his disposal, but also of his personal liberty, is a crying injustice, a robber deed, and an action that will awaken, sooner or later, the indignation of the nations and bring down upon the banditti who have perpetrated the crime the wrath of One who governs the universe and raises or destroys peoples at His will.

Having thus hurriedly shown the

claims of the Vicar of Christ to the temporal possessions to be legitimate and to be under the protection of international law, we merely wish, in a few words, to point out how absolutely necessary it is that he should be protected in the free exercise of his rights. As it is he is merely a prisoner in the hands of the Italian government. And were it not for the complications in European affairs, and the dangers which threaten the power of Umberto and his dynasty, the little freedom of action which is grudgingly allowed to Leo XIII. would be withdrawn. But under present circumstances the enemies of Papal rights and the robbers of Papal property would not dare to go so far. Still the Pope is not free; he is not in the full enjoyment of his privileges; he is not in possession of the property which alone can make him entirely independent. Every country in the world wherein there are Catholic citizens has a claim upon the Sovereign Pontiff, and for each and all of them alike does he exercise his high and holy functions. They are consequently all—without exception—interested in seeing that he is not the vassal of any power, nor dependent on any government. Justice demands that the Head of the Catholic Church be free and unfettered; international law demands that through him the Catholics of the world should possess and enjoy that territory which is their's by all the claims of centuries.

REV. Joseph Parker, of London, says that "without the humor of Messrs. Barrie, Kipling and Jerome, we should soon dry up." A critic replied that if Rev. Mr. Parker would "dry up" the public would be glad to sacrifice the three writers aforementioned. Dr. Parker claimed that his wife was a relative to Rudyard Kipling, "though Kipling don't know it." This gave rise to the following, which is a charming account of Kipling's versatility; it is too good not to reproduce:

"The secrets of the sea are his, the mysteries of land. He knows minute y every way in which mankind is slained. He has by heart the lightships 'twixt the Goodwins and the Cape, The language of the elephant, the ethics of the ape; He knows the slang of Silver street, the horrors of Lahore, And how the man-seal breasts the waves that buffet Labrador; He knows Samuel Stevenson, he knows the Yankee Twain, The value of Theosophy, of cheek, and Mr. Calne; He knows each fine gradation 'twixt the General and the sub, The terms employed by Atkins when they sling him from a pub, He knows an Ekka pouy a points, the leper's drear abode, The seamy side of Simla, the flaring Mills End road; He knows the Devil's tone to souls too pitiful to damn, He knows the taste of every regimental mess in 'cham, He knows enough to annotate the Bible verse by verse, And how to draw the skeletons from the British public purse. But, varied though his knowledge is, it has its limitation: Alas, he doesn't know he's Dr. Parker's wife's relation."

A PROMINENT gentleman of this city handed us the other day a July, 1893, number of the London Star, in which mention was made of the probable candidature in West Mayo, of Captain Martin Kirwan. He also told us of a letter he had received from Ireland, in which he was informed that Captain Kirwan did not receive the nomination, because certain persons, who had visited Montreal, reported that he was not as solid a Home Ruler, or friend of Ireland, in Canada as he pretended to be in the old country. Whosoever made that report was decidedly mistaken and did a grave injustice to the man in question. It is true that we had occasion to disagree with Captain Kirwan upon many questions, and that we could not approve of his course in some respects, but if it is a question only of Irish patriotism, we can

say that no man in Canada ever stuck more faithfully to his colors than did the same Captain. During the time that he occupied the editorial chair in this paper he was a most fearless and uncompromising advocate of Home Rule and Irish rights. Long before the days of Parnell, when the cause was in a most hopeless state, he was one of the firmest supporters of its principles. We deem it but an act of justice to make this statement, especially for the benefit of certain of our trans-Atlantic friends. No matter what other faults could be found with the man, decidedly that was not one of them; and, as is too often the case, these reporters, who only hear half of a story and are more inclined to speak ill than good of a person, very nearly always find against the one whom they pretend to judge. We don't believe in depriving a man of his just due simply because we have disagreed with him on some topics or because we could not endorse all his career. To be fair we must not only have justice but also Christian charity and truth.

THE chameleon craze which existed for a time in New York, has reached Montreal. We trust that with the importation of these little animals our Canadian ladies will have more delicacy and judgment than to parade themselves around town with chained lizards upon their hats and capes. It is bad enough to find, now and again, a female serpent charmer exhibiting her loathsome attraction for crawling things in the circus tent, without having otherwise gentlewomen go about with reptiles for pets and companions. This is a miserable and degrading fad.

THIS week the young men are having a retreat at St. Patrick's. This is one of the great boons that come with Lent. The importance of a retreat can only be calculated by the results—and these are always such that fresh blessings and abundant graces mark their quality. It is to be hoped that the attendance will be in accordance with the occasion. Out in the world, with all its rush and whirl, we need a few moments for serious reflection, we require a period of meditation. Otherwise we cannot resist the powerful current of every day busy life which sweeps us onward, each hour nearer and nearer to the great boundless ocean beyond. The retreat is an oasis in the otherwise burning desert of fevered life; and to safely continue the journey it is necessary to tarry in the palm-shade of the altar and by the fountain-brink of flowing graces, in order to become refreshed and to recuperate from the fatigue along the toilsome path. It is an opportunity that should not be allowed to go unprofitably.

ST. ANNS T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society was held Sunday in St. Ann's hall. The meeting was opened with prayer by the reverend director, Rev. Leopold Roder, C.S.S.R. Immediately after the opening the following officers for the ensuing year were installed: Mr. P. Flannery, president; J. Shanahan, vice-president; Jas. McGuire, secretary; F. Rodgers, assistant-secretary; M. J. Ryan, treasurer; W. Ward, collecting treasurer; Jas. Ryan, assistant collecting treasurer; Philip Malone, marshal; W. Donnelly, assistant marshal; executive committee, M. J. Baretton, W. Howlett, W. Welsh, M. J. Mulvan, J. Leonard, J. O'Reilly, W. Colgan, M. Crowe, D. Giblin, J. Hazen, E. Morris. Preparations were made for the St. Patrick's Day celebration. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring president, Mr. C. Kennedy, and other officers for their valuable services during the past year.

Refined idea—Loaf sugar.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XLI—Continued.

"Meanwhile," he thought, and not only thought, but said, too—"meanwhile, I am on the world."

Up to this, she had allowed him a small yearly income. Father Luke, whose judgment on all things relating to Continental life was unimpeachable, had told her that anything like the reputation of being well off or connected with wealthy people would lead a young man into ruin in the Austrian service; that with a sum of 3,000 francs per annum—about £120—he would be in possession of something like the double of his pay, or rather more, and that with this he would be able to have all the necessaries and many of the comforts of his station, and still not be a mark for that high play and reckless style of living that certain young Hungarians of family and large fortune affected; and so far the priest was correct, for the young Gorman was wasteful and extravagant from disposition, and his quarter's allowance disappeared almost when it came. His money out, he fell back at once to the penurious habits of the poorest subaltern about him, and lived on his florin-and-half per diem till his resources came round again. He hoped—of course he hoped—that this momentary fit of temper would not extend to stopping his allowance.

"She knows as well as any one," muttered he, "that though the baker's son from Prague, or the Amtmann's nephew from a Bavarian Dorf, may manage to 'come through' with his pay, the young Englishman cannot. I can neither piece my own overalls, nor forswear stockings, nor can I persuade my stomach that it has had a full meal by tightening my girth-strap three or four holes."

"I'd go down to the ranks to-morrow rather than live the life of struggle and contrivance that reduces a man to playing a dreary game with himself, by which, while he feels like a pauper, he has to fancy he felt like a gentleman. No, no; I'll none of this. Scores of better men have served in the ranks. I'll just change my regiment. By a lucky chance, I don't know a man in the Walmoden Cuirassiers. I'll join them, and nobody will ever be the wiser."

There is a class of men who go through life building very small castles, and are no more discouraged by the frailty of the architecture than is a child with his toy-house. This was Gorman's case; and now that he had found a solution of his difficulties in the Walmoden Cuirassiers, he really dressed for dinner in very tolerable spirits. "It's droll enough," he thought, "to go down to dine among all these 'swells' and to think that the fellow behind my chair is better off than myself!" The very uncertainty of his fate supplied excitement to his spirits, for it is among the privileges of the young that mere flurry can be pleasurable.

When Gorman reached the drawing-room he found only one person. This was a young man in a shooting-coat, who, deep in the recess of a comfortable arm-chair, sat with the *Times* at his feet, and to all appearance as if half dozing.

He looked around, however, as young O'Shea came forward, and said, carelessly, "I suppose it's time to go and dress—if I could."

O'Shea making no reply, the other added, "That is, if I have not overslept dinner altogether."

"I hope not, sincerely," rejoined the other, "or I shall be a partner in the misfortune."

"Ah, you're the Austrian," said Walpole, as he stuck his glass in his eye and surveyed him.

"Yes; and you're the private secretary of the governor."

"Only we don't call him governor. We say viceroy here."

"With all my heart, viceroy be it."

There was a pause now, each, as it were, standing on his guard to resent any liberty of the other. At last Walpole said: "I don't think you were in the house when that stupid stipendiary fellow called here this morning?"

"No; I was strolling across the fields. He came with the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, he came on the track of some Fenian leader—a droll thought enough anywhere out of Ireland to search for a

rebel under a magistrate's roof; not but there was something still more Irish in the incident."

"How was that?" asked O'Shea, eagerly.

"I chanced to be out walking with the ladies when the escort came; and as they failed to find the man they were after, they proceeded to make diligent search for his papers and letters. That taste for practical joking that seems an instinct in this country suggested to Mr. Kearney to direct the fellows to my room; and what do you think they have done? Carried off bodily all my baggage, and left me with nothing but the clothes I'm wearing!"

"What a lark!" cried O'Shea, laughing.

"Yes, I take it that is the national way to look at these things; but that passion for absurdity and for ludicrous situations has not the same hold on us English."

"I know that. You are too well off to be droll."

"Not exactly that; but when we want to laugh we go to the Adelphi."

"Heaven help you if you have to pay people to make fun for you!"

Before Walpole could make rejoinder, the door opened to admit the ladies, closely followed by Mr. Kearney and Dick.

"Not mine the fault if I disgrace your dinner table by such a costume as this," cried Walpole.

"I'd have given twenty pounds if they'd have carried off yourself as the rebel!" said the old man, shaking with laughter. "But there's the soup on the table. Take my niece, Mr. Walpole. Gorman, give your arm to my daughter. Dick and I will bring up the rear."

CHAPTER XLII.

AN EVENING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The fatalism of youth, unlike that of age, is all rose colored. That which is coming, and is decreed to come, cannot be very disagreeable. This is the theory of the young, and differs terribly from the experiences of after life. Gorman O'Shea had gone to dinner with about as neavy a misfortune as could well befall him, so far as his future in life was concerned. All he looked forward to and hoped for was lost to him: the aunt who, for so many years, had stood to him in place of all family, had suddenly thrown him off, and declared that she would see him no more; the allowance she had hitherto given him withdrawn, it was impossible he could continue to hold his place in his regiment. Should he determine not to return, it was desertion; should he go back, it must be to declare that he was a ruined man, and could only serve in the ranks. These were the thoughts he revolved while he dressed for dinner, and dressed, let it be owned, with peculiar care; but when the task had been accomplished, and he descended to the drawing-room, such was the elasticity of his young temperament, every thought of coming evil was merged in the sense of present enjoyment, and the merry laughter which he overheard as he opened the door obliterated all notion that life had anything before him except what was agreeable and pleasant.

"We want to know if you play croquet, Mr. O'Shea?" said Nina, as he entered. "And we want also to know, are you a captain, or a drill-master, or a major? You can scarcely be a colonel."

"Your last guess I answer first. I am only a lieutenant, and even that very lately. As to croquet, if it be not your foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, I never even saw it."

"It is not my foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, Herr Lieutenant," said she, pertly, "but I guessed already you had never heard of it."

"It is an out-of-door affair," said Dick, indolently, "made for the diffusion of worked petticoats and Balmoral boots."

"I should say it is the game of billiards brought down to universal suffrage and the million," lisped out Walpole.

"Faith," cried old Kearney, "I'd say it was just foot-ball with a stick."

"At all events," said Kate, "we purpose to have a grand match to-morrow. Mr. Walpole and I are against Nina and Dick, and we are to draw lots for you, Mr. O'Shea."

"My position, if I understand it aright, is not a flattering one," said he, laughing.

"We'll take him," said Nina at once. "I'll give him a private lesson in the morning, and I'll answer for his per-

formance. These creatures," added she, in a whisper, "are so drilled in Austria, you can teach them anything."

Now, as the words were spoken, Gorman caught them, and drawing close to her—"I do hope I'll justify that flattering opinion." But her only recognition was a look of half-defiant astonishment at his boldness.

A very noisy discussion now ensued as to whether croquet was worthy to be called a game or not, and what were its laws and rules—points which Gorman followed with due attention, but very little profit; all Kate's good sense and clearness being cruelly dashed by Nina's ingenious interruptions, and Walpole's attempts to be smart and witty, even where opportunity scarcely offered the chance.

"Next to looking on at the game," cried old Kearney at last, "the most tiresome thing I know of is to hear it talked over. Come, Nina, and give me a song."

"What shall it be, uncle?" said she, as she opened the piano.

"Something Irish I'd say, if I were to choose for myself. We've plenty of old tunes, Mr. Walpole," said Kearney, turning to that gentleman, "that rebellion, as you call it, has never got hold of. There's 'Oushla Macree' and the 'Cailan deas cruidhte na Mba.'"

"Very like hard swearing that," said Walpole to Nina, but his simper and soft accent were only met by a cold, blank look, as though she had not understood his liberty in addressing her. Indeed, in her distant manner and even repellent coldness, there was what might have disconcerted any composure less consummate than his own. It was, however, evidently Walpole's aim to assume that she felt her relation toward him, and not altogether without some cause, while she, on her part, desired to repel the insinuation by a show of utter indifference. She would willingly, in this contingency, have encouraged her cousin, Dick Kearney, and even led him on to little displays of attention; but Dick held aloof, as though not knowing the meaning of this favourable turn toward him. He would not be cheated by coquetry. How many men are of this temper, and who never understand that it is by surrendering ourselves to numberless little voluntary deceptions of this sort, we arrive at intimacies the most real and most truthful.

She next tried Gorman, and here her success was complete. All those womanly prettinesses, which are so many modes of displaying graceful attraction of voice, look, gesture or attitude were especially dear to him. Not only they gave beauty its chief charm, but they constituted a sort of game whose address was quickness of eye, prompt reply, and that refined tact that can follow out one thought in a conversation just as you follow a melody through a mass of variations.

Perhaps the young soldier did not yield himself the less readily to these captivations that Kate Kearney's manner toward him was studiously cold and ceremonious.

"The other girl is more like the old friend," muttered he, as he chatted on with her about Rome and Florence and Venice, imperceptibly gliding into the language which the names of places suggested.

"If anyone had told me that I ever could have talked thus freely and openly with an Austrian soldier, I'd not have believed him," said she, at length, "for all my sympathies in Italy were with the national party."

"But we were not 'the Barbari' in your recollection, mademoiselle," said he. "We were out of Italy before you could have any feeling for either party."

"The tradition of all your cruelties has survived you; and I am sure if you were wearing your white coat still, I'd hate you."

"You are giving me another reason to ask for a longer leave of absence," said he, bowing courteously.

"And this leave of yours, how long does it last?"

"I am afraid to own to myself. Wednesday fortnight is the end of it; that is, it gives me four days after that to reach Vienna."

"And, presenting yourself in humble guise before your colonel, to say, 'Ich melde mich gehorsamst.'"

"Not exactly that, but something like it."

"I'll be the Herr Oberst Lieutenant," said she, laughing; "so come forward now, and clap your heels together, an

let us hear how you utter your few syllables in true abject fashion. I'll sit here and receive you." As she spoke she threw herself into an arm-chair, and, assuming a look of intense hauteur and defiance, affected to stroke an imaginary moustache with one hand, while with the other she waved a haughty gesture of welcome.

"I have outstaid my leave," muttered Gorman, in a tremulous tone. "I hope my colonel, with that bland mercy which characterizes him, will forgive my fault, and let me ask his pardon." And with this, he knelt down on one knee before her and kissed her hand.

"What liberties are these, sir?" cried she, so angrily that it was not easy to say whether the anger was not real.

"It is the latest rule introduced into our service," said he, with mock humility.

"Is that a comedy they are acting yonder," said Walpole, "or is it a proverb?"

"Whatever the drama," replied Kate, coldly, "I don't think they want a public."

"You may go back to your duty, Herr Lieutenant," said Nina, proudly, and with a significant glance toward Kate. "Indeed, I suspect you have been rather neglecting it of late." And with this she sailed majestically away toward the end of the room.

"I wish I could provoke even that much of jealousy from the other," muttered Gorman to himself, as he bit his lip in passion. And certainly, if a look and manner of calm unconcern meant anything, there was little that seemed less likely.

"I am glad you are going to the piano, Nina," said Kate. "Mr. Walpole has been asking me by what artifice you could be induced to sing something of Mendelssohn."

"I am going to sing an Irish ballad for that Austrian patriot, who, like his national poet, thinks Ireland a beautiful country to live out of." Though a haughty toss of the head accompanied these words, there was a glance in her eye toward Gorman that plainly invited a renewal of their half-firting hostilities.

"When I left it, you had not been here," said he, with an obsequious tone, and an air of deference only too marked in its courtesy.

A slight, very faint blush on her cheek showed that she rather resented than accepted the flattery; but she appeared to be occupied in looking through the music-books, and made no rejoinder.

"We want Mendelssohn, Nina," said Kate.

"Or at least Spohr," added Walpole.

"I never accept dictation about what I sing," muttered Nina, only loud enough to be overheard by Gorman. "People don't tell you what theme you are to talk on; they don't presume to say, 'Be serious, or be witty.' They don't tell you to come to the aid of their sluggish natures by passion, or to dispel their dreariness by flights of fancy; and why are they to dare all this to us who speak through song?"

"Just because you alone can do these things," said Gorman, in the same low voice as she had spoken in.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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TYNDALL DISSECTED.

A MAN WHO DID NOT PRACTICE THE PHILOSOPHY HE PREACHED.

Professor Tyndall is said to have endeavored to trace his descent from Tyndall of the "crafty translation" of the Bible, but we hope he was not so careless of the good opinion of the world as to attempt anything of the kind. His father, we are told, "lived to a great extent for the purpose of fighting with the Church of Rome." This, if true, was a great misfortune for himself. However, in any case, he did not go into reprobation nearly so far as his unhappy son, who arrived at length to the supreme folly of denying the existence of a God. He (the son) was a great mathematician, and was at an early age draughtsman in the Royal Engineers. After some years he visited Germany, where he studied chemistry under Bunsen. He is said to have been "bitter, rude, and ruthless."

Speaking of his ferocity on the Home Rule question, the Daily News wisely remarks:

"How foolish for a man to plunge into subjects of controversy for which all his previous experience and training have unfitted him."

But, if this be true in politics, how much more so in religion—in theology? That Tyndall was among the first of physicists is as certain as it is that he was amongst the most ignorant of men as regarded the whole history of Christianity. His mistakes were those of a barbarian, and his irreligious anger was of the same description.

Tyndall was awfully amusing, if we may use such a word, upon theology, in which he floundered about, making himself the laughing-stock of those who were able to respect him as an eminent chemist. Like the proverbial cobbler, he could not be persuaded to "stick to his last." He found fault with Sir Isaac Newton for asserting that science and revelation are always reconcilable, making use of the suicidal expression, "How could Newton know any question of theology?" He appeared not to have suspected that the world would answer at once, "If Newton could not, being an astronomer, understand a theological question, in the name of common sense, how can Tyndall?"

In spite of what is affirmed of the power of philosophy to calm the passions, Professor Tyndall, notwithstanding his years, was a perfect fury whenever opposed on any subject with which he was specially unfamiliar. His violent attack upon Mr. Gladstone, whom he denounced as "a hoary rhetorician," and his dread lest "Irish Protestantism" should be interfered with the least, are things sadly remembered by those who have wished to respect him, if he would only have allowed them. Needless, perhaps, to say, that over the Irish question Mr. Gladstone was as calm and dignified and courteous as his adversary was furious, ranting and abusive.

He hated the Catholic Church, of course, but he neglected either to examine or attempt to confute her philosophy. He confined his attack chiefly to those who have no authoritative teaching—namely, the Protestant sects—and he was wise in his own generation in acting so. The Protestant is perfectly helpless in the hands of the infidel, as we need not stay now to prove.

Tyndall made the ridiculous but fatal mistake of supposing that there was nothing true outside his own laboratory. Whenever he wrote upon religion he was still the physicist, and like the infidel anatomist who, in cutting up a body, thought it an argument to exclaim, "I cannot find the soul," Tyndall seemed to suppose that he had destroyed revelation because there was nothing supernatural discovered by him at the bottom of his alembic. "Nescio Deum" was his motto, much as he disliked being called an atheist.

He lectured against God before the British Association (to its shame be it said), and gave his hearers an idea of what will come after the chaos sighed for by himself and his fellow-conspirators against the Great Creator, "who is blessed for ever and ever." But his doctrines, for we will not degrade the word by calling it philosophy, was, in the words of St. James, "Not wisdom descending from above, but earthly, sensual, devilish" (iii. 15). Catholics believe in astronomy, but yet they find, as Mr. Barham Zwinck says, that the knowledge men now have of the solar system does not prevent the heavens from "telling the glory of God" as eloquently as

they did to the Psalmist. We are told by a reporter of the Daily Graphic that Tyndall said to him once when on a visit to "Hind Head": I am by nature a savage. I like to walk about my garden boozing science.

"Although an infidel, he was (says the Times) an Irish Protestant with an Orange tinge." We are unable, of course, to say whether the "Copper noses" will take this as a compliment. The same journal hesitates to call him "a great man," which shows considerable acquaintance not only with his "range of faculties," but also with what he achieved by the use of these faculties. —London Universe.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from London Universe.)

Mgr. Coullie, Archbishop of Lyons, will arrive in the Eternal City at the end of this month.

Cardinal Langenieux is expected at Rome to attend the sitting of the Sacred Congregation of rites, where the introduction of the cause of Jeanne of Arc, Maid of Orleans, will be discussed.

It is whispered at Munich that King Otho is dying. The unhappy idiot, who is on a nebulous throne, is shut up in his Castle of Fuerstenried. He does not recognize a single person, and is not master of the ordinary physical functions. His end is imminent, and will come as a relief to him.

The death is announced of Mgr. Chausse, Bishop of Comana and Vicar Apostolic of the Coast of Benin, who has passed away at the African Missions of Lyons. He was born in the Loire in 1846, and during twenty-two years devoted his energies to the religious establishments at Porto Novo on the Niger. R.I.P.

Prince Edward, son to Prince Alexander Schoenburg, and a Major in the Austrian Hussars, has sought admission to the Benedictine Monastery at Prague as a novice. This gallant young nobleman, who is but in his thirtieth year, is not the first by any means who has unbuckled the sword to put on the humble cowl. His father is Vice-President of the Upper House of the Vienna Reichsrath.

Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, has addressed a letter to Father Soullier, the new Superior-General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, congratulating the religious order founded by Mgr. de Mazenod on its noble work. His Eminence retraces its missionary labours in Africa and America, especially in the immense region of Canada, where not only the Gospel is spread generally but youth is trained in human and divine studies in the University of Ottawa. For fifty years also the pious fathers have endeavoured, not without great success, to achieve the conversion of the Cingalese.

At the request of Cardinal Benavides, his auxiliary, the Bishop of Europe, Mgr. Supervia, has called on Franch, the anarchist who threw the fatal bomb in the Lyceum Theatre at Barcelona, and now lies in the prison hospital of Saragossa. Franch thanked the Bishop for his visit, but declined his ministrations, and entered on a bold vindication of his wild theories of government, or rather of no government. The prelate exhorted him in vain, he would not yield his queer ideas in a single iota. "Your sister is a nun," said His Lordship. "Yes, so she became to my great regret," answered Franch. Mgr. Supervia saw it was useless to persevere, and abruptly left the room, saying, "Your sister will triumph, not you." Let us pray that this misguided miscreant may repent before he is given up to the grim constriction of the inevitable garotte.

HIGHLY PRAISED.

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

The California Midwinter Fair at San Francisco, which has been in preparation since August 24, 1893, and open since January 1, 1894, was formally opened on the 3rd inst. The fair has cost about \$4,500,000. Sixty acres of Golden Gate Park has been devoted to it. There are five main buildings and a large number of smaller structures.

USEFUL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING.

Make a crust as for nice biscuit; roll out in circles large enough to enclose an apple; pare and remove the cores; then pinch the crust closely over each one. Place them in a buttered dish or pan; cover and bake slowly until the apples are done. To be eaten with butter and sugar, rubbed to a cream and flavored with nutmeg or lemon, or with a rich, hot sauce.

CHEESE CROUTONS.

Cut slices of stale bread with a round cutter into cakes; toast them quickly. Put, for twelve persons, half a pound of grated cheese into saucepan, add a tablespoonful of tomato catsup; stir over the fire until melted; put a teaspoonful over the top of each piece of toast and place in a napkin. Pass with the soup, allowing each guest to help one's self.

A TASTY DISH.

A good way to make egg outlets is to boil three or four eggs for ten minutes, dip them in cold water for a minute or two and strip off the shell; cut off the end of each egg and divide into four slices; dip each piece in the well-beaten yolk of an egg, then in bread crumbs rather highly seasoned with pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of very finely minced parsley; fry in boiling butter until brown; serve with potatoes sliced thin and fried to a light brown; garnish with parsley.

LEBKUCHEN.

These are from a German recipe, and should be made and packed away in stone jars at least a week before using. They are a very delectable dainty.

One pound of pulverized sugar, one pound of flour, one-quarter pound of almonds, blanched and sliced, one-quarter pound of citron sliced fine, four eggs, two ounces of ground cinnamon, a pinch of ground cloves.

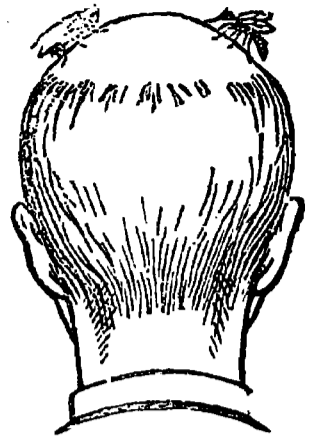
Beat the eggs and sugar together very light, then gradually add the flour, to which have been added the spices, then the almonds and citron. Roll out to one-quarter of an inch, cut with round cutters, and bake in a moderate, not slow, oven.

OLD FASHIONED TEA PARTIES.

The "tea parties" of our grandmothers' day are coming into favor. The table is set with old-fashioned simplicity, and lighted by candles in branches, as the candlesticks in those far-away days were called. The china is white and gold and the linen of the very finest. Plates of thin bread and butter "spread on the loaf," cold ham and tongue, grated cheese, fruit cake, pound cake, crullers and jumbles, with "damson preserves" and "short cake," concluding with hot waffles, furnish a fac-simile treatable of sixty or seventy years ago. There is a certain old-fashioned fragrance about such informal meetings, like the perfume that exhales from a jar of roses, whose sweetness still lingers, though the day of their blooming is long since past.

RUSSIAN HORRORS.

LONDON, February 10.—The Standard's St. Petersburg correspondent says: "The report of the commission of enquiry into the conditions at the civic station at Oronra Saghala, reveals numerous instances of merciless floggings and of fingers and arms chopped off with sabres. Cannibalism, prompted by famine, is a common occurrence. Murder followed by cannibalism is frequently committed solely with a view to procuring termination of the misery of life. Several convicts sometimes disputed before the officials for the responsibility of guilt. During 1892 almost a continuous string of convoys with mutilated corpses passed from Onor to Rykovskaya, where the officials reside. No enquiry was made, but the bodies were forthwith buried. Neither of the two doctors in Rykovskaya ever visited Onor. A band of convicts in 1893 were committed to the charge of an inspector who was unable to read or write, to construct a road from Onor to Rykovskaya. Their failure fully to accomplish the work was punished with a reduction of rations. When they were unable to work longer they were shot with a revolver and their deaths were entered "as from disease." The chief author of these atrocities was the convict Khakoff, a favorite of the commandant, who created him an inspector-general and lately recommended him for his good conduct.



Summer Rivals.

Some are unrivalled. *Pearl-ine* has many imitations, but no rivals. Any of these may be dangerous; all of them are disappointing. *Pearl-ine* is reliable and safe. In all washing and cleaning, it saves the thing washed, while it saves labor in washing. You can find *Pearl-ine* in a million homes; you will find it a blessing in your own. Beware of imitations. 247 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

CARE IN TRIFLES.

A druggist in one of our large cities said lately: "If I am prompt and careful in my business, I owe it to a lesson which I learned when I was an errand-boy in the house of which I am now master. I was sent one day to deliver a vial of medicine just at noon, but, being hungry, stopped to eat my luncheon.

"The patient, for lack of the medicine, sank rapidly, and for some days was thought to be dying.

"I felt myself his murderer. The agony of that long suspense made a man of me. I learned then that for every one of our acts of carelessness or misdoing, however petty, some one pays in suffering. The law is the more terrible to me because it is not always the misdoer himself who suffers."

"This law is usually ignored by young people. The act of carelessness or selfishness is so trifling, what harm can it do? No harm, apparently, to the actor, who goes happily on his way; but somebody pays.

A young girl, to make conversation, thoughtlessly repeats a bit of gossip which she forgets the next minute; but long afterwards the woman whom she has maligned finds her good name tainted by the poisonous whisper.

A lad accustomed to take wine, persuades a chance comrade to drink with him, partly out of a good-humored wish to be hospitable, partly, it may be, out of contempt for "fanatical reformers."

He goes on his way, and never knows that his chance guest, having inherited the disease of alcoholism, continues to drink, and becomes a helpless victim.

Our grandfathers expressed the truth in a way of their own:—

"For the lack of the nail the shoe was lost,
For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost,
For the lack of the rider the message was lost,
For the lack of the message the battle was lost."

—Youth's Companion.

A Member of the Ontario, Board of Health says:

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

The pension appropriation bill introduced in the House of Representatives reduces the appropriations for the general payment of pensions to \$150,000,000, which is \$10,000,000 less than the estimates and \$15,000,000 less than the appropriations for the current year.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

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

Professor of Chemistry: The substance you see in this vial is the most deadly of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a cat is enough to kill the strongest man.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Chiniquy and the "Minerve."

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR—Mr. Chiniquy, the unfrocked priest, published in the columns of an evening paper not long since, a letter purporting to be an answer to certain editorials that appeared in the "Minerve," exposing the inward "cussedness" of the apostate's character, both before and since he was discarded by the Catholic Church. He tells us that for years he upheld that Church, believed in Her doctrines and taught them to the world; but that he was led at last to renounce Her as the anti-Christ and to follow the true Christ! Before his fall, Lucifer was foremost in adoring God and loudest in singing his praises; but Lucifer fallen—once become the prince of darkness instead of the angel of light, made war on this same God and has never ceased to revile him to this day. Yet, God had not changed; God continued to be as worthy of all adoration on the part of Lucifer after the latter's defection as before it. Does Mr. Chiniquy see the force and appositeness of the analogy?

Elsewhere in his communication, Mr. Chiniquy, as is his wont, pictures the confessional as an immoral propaganda. In this connection, it need only be remarked that "to the pure of mind all things are pure." But judged by this standard woe is Chiniquy! The whole of his letter is taken up with his defense against charges of immorality when a priest. Usually where there is much "smoke there must be some fire." He describes, in a most dramatic way, a scene supposed to have been enacted between himself and the late Bishop Bourget in one of the latter's private apartments, where he was the accused and the Bishop the accuser. The Prelate, he tells us, charged him, upon information received, with holding illicit intercourse with one of the opposite sex; that in vain he implored for the name of his accuser—in vain threw himself at the Bishop's feet and deluged the chamber with his tears! For three whole days this immaculate lamb (Chiniquy) suffered the tortures of the damned, and at last, as he naively informs us, he cursed the venerable Prelate in his demagogic rage. All at once, however, (he does not explain why or wherefore), he bethinks him of a certain harlot as his probable accuser, and arranges with Father Schneider, of the Jesuit College, to have an interview with her in his presence. The wretched woman appeared in answer to a summons sent her, and at once confessed that she was his (Chiniquy's) accuser, but that all she had said against him was false!

Now, in this remarkable narrative, two things strike us forcibly; first, how came Mr. Chiniquy, if he "knew not woman," to suspect this particular woman as his accuser more than any other woman? Secondly, who knows but that Mr. Chiniquy and this creature may have rehearsed the parts they were to play when they met in presence of Father Schneider? A man who shows so little respect for the convictions and conscientious feelings of others as Mr. Chiniquy does, is capable of any infamy—from foul-mouthed calumny of priests and nuns to blasphemy and sacrilege—the triple role of his apostasy. No, there may have been not only an unholy bond of intimacy between Mr. Chiniquy and this harlot, but collusion to deceive Father Schneider as well.

In another passage in his letter, Mr. Chiniquy informs us that, although he cursed the Bishop, he became reconciled to him before leaving Canada for the States, and accepted from him a chalice in token of amity. Here Mr. Chiniquy, in accepting, metaphorically speaking, the olive branch from Mgr. Bourget, whom he cursed and hated in his heart, acts the ingrained hypocrite that he is, and sorely reminds us of Judas when he kissed his betrayed Master. But Mr. Chiniquy puts a forced construction on this present of a chalice from the Bishop, in arguing that it was given him in proof that his sacerdotal honor was unstained; the offering was meant more to encourage and strengthen him in the way he should walk abroad than as an acknowledgment of a blameless life at home. Otherwise, why did the Bishop insist to the end on his removal to "pastures new?" Banishment, in cases like this, operate beneficially sometimes, in

reversing old ties and associations of a baneful nature to the moral health. This was the Bishop's idea, no doubt, in gently but inexorably sending Mr. Chiniquy into exile. But, unfortunately, Mr. Chiniquy carried with him his moral leprosy, as we know, and soon fell into disgrace with his new ecclesiastical superiors abroad as he did with those he left behind him in his native clime.

As regards the late filthy tirades of this disreputable apostate against the Church of his fathers, they are accounted for by the fact that, at this writing, his friends are "passing round the hat" for his benefit in England and other Protestant centres, and he thinks it behooves him, by way of swelling the contributions, to show more than usual zeal in throwing mud at his "old love"—at the religion of Christ and His Apostles—a religion cradled in the Catacombs of Rome and nursed to its present robust manhood despite twice one thousand years of persecution waged by the combined forces of earth and hell.

In conclusion I would add that, whilst in the flesh, the sainted Bishop Bourget was loved and respected by all creeds and classes; in the spirit, his memory still lives in the halo of good works done and virtues practiced; whereas his implacable foe, Chiniquy, who, ghoul-like, follows him beyond the grave to feed on his murdered reputation, is seen to lead the vagabond life of "The Wandering Jew," without one spot of earth to call his own, on which to rest his vagrant limbs—an outcast and renegade, spurned by those he abandoned and barely tolerated by those he joined. W. O. F.

Montreal, 6th Feb., 1894.

What Is Our Reason For It?

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—The recent circular addressed to the Irish Catholics of the city regarding the present difficulties of our only Catholic organ—THE TRUE WITNESS—seems to have revived the old complaint that Catholics do not patronize their co-religionists in commerce or encourage our Catholic periodicals. I have frequently endeavored, but failed, to find out if there was any reason in this, or why it was done? There is a proverb which says "Union is strength," and when a Catholic in business has anything which he manufactures or sells at moderate rates, is there any law in the spiritual or natural world which should debar his fellow-Catholics from patronizing him? And yet, in very many cases, the contrary seems to be the rule.

Of late years, all the Catholic periodicals of the United States and Canada seem to agree upon one point—that is, that Catholics seem reluctant to aid, assist and encourage their fellow-members in business. Experience has already taught them that such is the case, and still they do not complain, for they have concluded it is a second nature for them to do so. A prominent business man has frequently told me that if he put the slightest dependence on Catholic trade he would be woefully disappointed. The following circumstance fully illustrates the matter:—A merchant, but a few weeks ago, doing business on Notre Dame street, devoted his time, pains and attention to make a fair connection with his parish church a success, and it was kindly acknowledged that he and his friends had done good work towards securing such a remarkable result. Not very long after, the same gentleman advertised a cheap sale, and sent circulars to the members of his church stating that 10 per cent. of the profits would go towards the church fund. Already several weeks have passed, and not one person has responded to his call. Is this an isolated case? We dare affirm that it is not, but that the opposite forms the exception.

Besides hoping, then, that the Irish Catholics of the city will become a little more considerate and encourage their fellow members in business, and manifest, by substantial evidence, their desire to maintain the only Catholic paper in our midst. I have one judicious suggestion to make: "Three things will inspire temporal, as well spiritual, success, namely the frequentation of the Sacraments, the daily Mass, and a good Catholic paper. A Catholic paper tends to furnish the mind with wholesome food and counteract the evil of a daily paper. In every city there is at least one Catholic paper, which not only gives the church news of the diocese, but matter that is both interesting and instructive to each congregation. And what is of more importance, there will always

be some selected article which will tend to lift them above this work-a-day world to thoughts of eternity.

It is the intention of the present Editor and Board of Directors to make THE TRUE WITNESS one of the best Catholic journals on the continent, and those heads of families who do not take one weekly are neglecting a good opportunity of good for their children.

M. L. SHEA, Priest.

Immoral Placards.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

MR. EDITOR.—Since some time I have, along with thousands, noticed on fences and walls on all streets, most outrageously indecent, immoral placards—with a view of course of attracting a greater audience at the city theatres, already unfortunately too well attended. If the pictures are so immoral what must be the plays! Such theatricals are positively schools for scandal and immorality and anti chambers to the taverns and burlings. I can understand that bar-keepers and women of bad character should along with theatre mongers favor such representation—they make a living by it—they speculate on vice and immorality. Oh! what burning coals these infamous speculators accumulate on their heads for eternity—what curse would not be attached to money so odiously acquired!

But what I cannot understand is the fact that these placards are posted in the face and under the nose of our civic and police authorities. If a case of contagious disease is reported, immediate isolation is enforced by order of police and sanitary officers—to prevent the spread of the contagion—and nothing—nothing—is done to check the invasion of vice, impurity and immorality. Shame on our civic government.

Again, as these placards are imported, how is it that they slip through the Customs; the duties of appraisers are well and distinctly defined by Acts of Parliament: "Books, Pictures, Prints, representations of any kind and immoral character, are prohibited, must be seized and destroyed, and the importers fined \$200." Why is the law not enforced?

J. A. J.

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

[By the Editor of Catholic School and Home Magazine.]

ST. BLASIUS, BISHOP AND MARTYR, Feb. 3, 316.—This holy martyr is becoming better known to the faithful because of the constantly increasing devotion to him as the intercessor for sore throats. He was a sainted Bishop in Sebaste, in Armenia, where he suffered all the tortures of martyrdom during the persecution of Licinius. Before he became a Bishop he had been a physician, but the good God, who selected Apostles from among the fishermen of Galilee and an Evangelist from men devoted to medicine, saw fit to select St. Blasius from among worldly men and call him to the Episcopate. His sanctity soon made him an object of veneration among the people of Sebaste, who unanimously approved his election as Bishop. He was a man of great humility, wonderful patience and innocent life. Cast into prison, because of his faith, he was subjected to great indignities. He was beaten with rods until he became senseless, because he would not rejoice in the name of a friend of the gods. When he regained consciousness, his first words were: "I wonder, O Prefect, that you could think it possible for me to be estranged, by your cruel whippings, from the love of Jesus Christ." He was finally beheaded because of his contempt for the prefect and his refusal to adore the false gods. A remarkable miracle which he performed upon a boy, who was choking to death after having swallowed a fish-bone, has made him the patron of throats, and the prayer he used is practically the same as that prescribed for the ceremony of blessing throats on his Feast Day. St. Blasius was beheaded. He is the patron saint of wool-combers.

ST. EULALIA, Feb. 12, 304.—This girl saint is another of those wonderful characters which we find so often in the Early Church. They were endowed with wisdom far beyond their years and with a courage which was seldom found in those of maturer years. While St. Eulalia was a child, the Emperor Diocletian was in the midst of his violent persecutions and he sent to her home in Spain, a Governor, named Da-

tian, who was most cruel in carrying out the orders of the Emperor against the Christians. She was but twelve years old, yet her heart was full of indignation against the tyrant, and she determined to go to him and rebuke him for his cruelty. Her parents, fearing the consequence of such an act, removed her to the country, but she stole away and walked many miles until she reached the presence of the Governor, and then cried out to all who surrounded him: "What madness is it that makes you honor and adore dumb and senseless images? All your gods are nothing." The Governor was astonished and sought by promise of marriage to win her from her faith, but to all his entreaties she had but one answer, "I have a most noble, rich and powerful bridegroom. He is Christ, the Saviour of the World." Datan answered, "Thou art still a child, offer incense and save thyself from death." The brave girl said: "I am a Christian and will do nothing at thy command." Cruelty after cruelty was exercised against her but to no purpose, for her answer was, "Thou canst not vanquish me; for He who fights in me, will, in me, conquer." She was finally burnt to death in the year 304. How beautiful the Christian expression of St. Eulalia. "I am a Christian and will therefore not do what you wish me." Why will not our young girls, in imitation of this girl martyr, say the same when temptation to evil assails them?

HON. MR. BLAKE IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, February 9.—The City Council of the Irish National Federation of America tendered a reception to the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., at the Hoffman house to-night. There were present about one hundred and fifty Irish-Americans. Thomas Addis Emmet presided over the meeting. Speeches of welcome were made by McCaffrey, of Philadelphia, and M. B. Holmes, of Jersey City. A long address setting forth Mr. Blake's services in the cause of Home Rule were presented. The guest of the evening then made an address, in the course of which he said: "The difficulties in the path of the Home Rule advocate are now far less than in the past. Heretofore the fighters have had to face not only obloquy, shame and disgrace, but even death. Compared with the labors of those gone before us, ours are easy. Our adversaries are constantly making assertions of difficulties in the way of Home Rule. Principal of these is the statement lately published that Mr. Gladstone is about to retire. My opinion about that is that nothing but inexorable necessity would ever make him give up the reins and he will die in harness. I hope he will live to see the accomplishment of Home Rule, but if he does not our cause will not go down. His bravery will strengthen and unite us when he is dead. We have no quarrel with the great mass of the English people. They are ready and willing to give us Home Rule." The speaker closed with an appeal for funds, asking for \$150,000 for the Home Rule cause from Irishmen in the United States.

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

DIVIDEND NO. 115.

The Shareholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a Semi-Annual Dividend of Three (3) per cent. for the last six months has been declared on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the office of the Bank on and after MONDAY, the 5th MARCH next.

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

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. S. BOUSQUET,

Cashier.

Monday, January 30th, 1894.

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

NOTICE.

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

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. S. BOUSQUET,

Cashier.

Montreal, January 30th, 1894.

FOR SALE.

A splendid Upright, perfectly new, Piano very cheap for cash, and a New set Parlor Furniture. Address PIANO, TRUE WITNESS Office.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

(By Sarah T. Hanley, in Catholic School and Home Magazine.)

"Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is, All the air is thy diocese, And all the chirping choristers And other birds are thy parishioners."

And certainly it must afford him great pleasure that several portions of even the highly civilized world of to-day cannot claim the same distinction. How he can see the approach of his feast day, yearly heralded by the appearance everywhere of the so-called comic valentines—those disgusting caricatures of the male and female figure in all the various trades and professions, with the vulgar burlesque verses beneath,—and make no sign, is a mystery indeed. No doubt his only feeling is pity for the misguided beings who spend the precious golden hours of their lives vainly trying to disprove the fact that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The sentimental valentine, with its view of Hymen's altar, its pair of lovers, and its many hearts transfixed with arrows from a fluttering Cupid's bow, is, we are glad to know, "lost to sight" and not "to memory dear." St. Valentine's Day has gradually lost its popularity, and is now a day observed chiefly by children. Ferociously does the ill-used school-boy bless the month of February for bringing one day in the year when he can get full satisfaction for all the wrongs which his teacher and other enemies have inflicted upon him. The lover who hails this opportunity for following the poetical "Sammy" Weller's example and "take the privilege of the day (Mary, my dear), as the gen'l'm in difficulties did when he walked out of a Sunday, to tell you that the first and only time I see you your image was took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the 'profel macheen' (wich praps you may have heard on, Mary, my dear), altho it does finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a half and that I like you better than nothing at all," &c. Some others amuse themselves by sending jocular anonymous letters to persons whom they wish to "quiz."

All these are characteristic of late years. Formerly, ridiculous letters were unknown. The only kind sent being a courteous profession of attachment from some young man to a maiden fair, accompanied by flattering allusions to her perfections and closing with a pathetic appeal that she would save him from the "silent tomb," which Mr. Toote and many victims of unrequited affection are obliged to seek.

The proper celebration of St. Valentine's Day was, however, the festival which the young people of England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, held. An equal number of young men and women met together. "Each writes his or her name upon small pieces of paper which are rolled up and drawn by way of lots. Each young man draws the name of a girl whom he calls his valentine, and vice versa. Fortune having thus divided the company into couples the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets for several days and this sport often ends in marriage.

The peculiar notion that birds choose their mates upon this day was generally believed as also the fact that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on this morning when walking abroad was a future wife or husband.

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind Their partridges, with mutual chirping find, I early rose at the break of day, Before the sun had chased the stars away, Afield I went amid the morning dew, To milk my kine (for so should housewives do), The first I spied—and the first swain we see— In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

"In Norwich," writes a traveller, "St. Valentine's Eve is a lively and a stirring scene. The streets swarm with carriers and baskets laden with treasures; bang, bang, bang go the knockers, and away rushes the banger, after depositing some package upon the doorstep. St. Valentine presents his gifts secretly with 'St. Valentine's love' and 'Good morrow, Valentine.' Then within the houses, the screams, the shouts, the flushed faces, the sparkling eyes, the rushing feet to pick up the fairy gifts—incriptions to be interpreted, mysteries to be unraveled, hoaxes to be found out—great hampers heavy and ticketed 'With care, this side upwards,'—to be unpacked, out of which jump five little

boys with Valentine's love to the little ladies—the sham bang-bangs that bring nothing but noise and fun, the mock parcels that vanish when the door opens, the monster packages that dwindle to thread, and the slips of paper in multiplied envelopes, bearing the consoling motto: "Blessed are those who do not expect; they shall not be disappointed."

The origin of this festival is obscure. St. Valentine, who was cruelly martyred at Rome in the third century, was in no way connected with it. The ancient Romans held a feast during the month of February in honor of Pan and Juno, the latter of whom was called Februalis. Amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put in a box from which they were drawn by the men. In this as in other instances, the Church found it impossible to extirpate altogether a ceremony to which the people were accustomed. But she substituted the names of her saints instead and the new feast was named St. Valentine's.

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Lydgate and other poets allude to this festival. Charles, Duke of Orleans, was the first known writer of valentines. Dryden thus charmingly writes to his Valentine:—

"Mute bid the morn awake, Sad winter now declines; Each bird doth choose a mate This day, St. Valentine's. For that good bishop's sake, Get up and let us see What beauty it shall be That fortune us assigns."

A Skeleton in the Closet.

How often do we hear of this in domestic life at this day. But what is more appalling than the living body made repulsive with skin and scalp disease, salt-rheum, tetter, eczema and scrofulous sores and swellings. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the positive cure for all of these diseases. If taken in time, it also cures Lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption. By druggists.

Keyser, N. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—When about three years old I was taken with mumps, also had fever, finally I had that dreaded disease Scrofula. The most eminent physician in this section treated me to no avail. I had running scrofulous sores on left side of neck and face. I was small and weakly when eight or nine years old, and in fact was nearly a skeleton. Six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery wrought marvelous changes. Although the sores were healed in eight months, I did not quit taking it until I was sure it had been entirely routed from my system. The only signs left of the dreadful disease are the scars which ever remind me of how near death's door I was until rescued by the "Discovery." I am now eighteen years old and weigh 148 pounds; and I have not been sick in five years.

Yours respectfully, HARVEY M. HOLLEMAN, Agt. for Seaboard Air Line.

For constipation and headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

COMMERCIAL. FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Patent Spring.....\$3.60 @ 3.65 Patent Winter..... 3.30 @ 3.50 Straight Roller..... 3.00 @ 3.20 Extra..... 2.70 @ 2.90 Superfine..... 2.45 @ 2.65 Fine..... 2.15 @ 2.30 City Strong Bakers..... 3.40 @ 3.55 Manitoba Bakers..... 3.25 @ 3.55 Ontario bags—extra..... 1.35 @ 1.40 Straight Rollers..... 1.50 @ 1.55 Superfine..... 1.15 @ 1.30 Fine..... 1.00 @ 1.10 Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.20 to \$4.85. Standard \$3.95 to \$4.15. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.10 to \$2.15, and standard at \$1.95 to \$2.

Bran.—We quote shorts are also firm at \$17 to \$20 as to quality. Mouille is steady at \$2. Wheat.—Exporters appear to be out of the market in Ontario for the time being, and millers have paid \$9.00 for spring, and 57c for red and white winter wheat of Toronto. Here the market is unchanged, values are therefore nominal at 78c to 77c for No. 1 hard Manitoba, and 74c to 75c for No. 2; No. 2 red winter, 70c. These prices, however, are much too high for export.

Oats.—Sales of car lots of No. 8 at 33c, and No. 2 at 40c, with more offering at the same price. Some holders, however, refuse to sell at 40c per 54 lbs.

Peas.—Here 68c to 67c are the ruling quotations in store per 55 lbs. The English market has advanced to 65.

Barley.—Feed barley is steady at 42c to 43c. Corn.—Car lots of Ontario corn are quoted at 53c to 55c on track.

Seeds.—Quebec timothy seed \$2.25 to \$2.50, and Western timothy \$1.90 to \$2.10. Alisk

\$7 00 to \$7 50 for good to fancy. Red clover quiet at \$6 to \$7 as to quality

Wheat.—The market is quiet and steady at 70c to 75c.

Rye.—Dull and nominal at 52c to 53c for car lots.

PROVISIONS.

Pork. Lard, &c.—We quote as follows: Canadian short cut pork per bbl.....\$16 00 @ 17 00 Canada clear mess, per bbl..... 16 50 @ 16 80 Chicago clear mess, per bbl..... 00 00 @ 00 00 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl..... 00 00 @ 00 00 Extra mess beef, per bbl..... 12 25 @ 12 50 Plate beef, per bbl..... 18 25 @ 18 50 Hams, per lb..... 11 @ 12c Lard, pure in pails, per lb..... 11 @ 12c Lard, com. in pails, per lb..... 07 @ 8c Bacon, per lb..... 11 @ 12c Shoulders, per lb..... 10 @ 10 1/2c

Dressed Hogs.—Sales of car lots have transpired at \$8.10 to \$8.15 per 100 lbs. Small lots of choice light fresh killed butchers' hogs are quoted at \$8.50. A car lot of hogs was offered at \$5.75 f.o.b. west of Toronto, which is equal to \$8.10 laid down here.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Creamery, early made..... 22c to 24c Creamery, late made..... 24c to 25c Eastern Townships..... 21c to 22c Western..... 18c to 20c For single tubs of selected 1c per lb may be added to the above

Roll Butter.—At 19c to 20c, a few extra fine lots bringing 21c.

Cheese.—Finest Western colored..... 11c to 11 1/2c Finest Western white..... 11c to 11 1/2c Finest Quebec..... 11c to 11 1/2c Underpiced..... 10c to 11c Liverpool cable..... 57s 0d

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Prices are very low, good Montreal brand selling at 13c and Western at 11c, while a lot of slightly damaged stocks is being worked off at 10c. Held fresh eggs have sold at 12c to 14c, but strictly fresh boiling stock is quoted at 2c to 2 1/2c.

Maple Products.—Syrup is beginning to be required for, and a few sales are reported at 50c to 55c in case as to quality, and at 4c to 5c in wood as to quality. Dark sugar 6c to 7c.

Honey.—Comb honey is quiet at 7c to 13c as to quality and quantity.

Beans.—We quote medium to fair \$1.10 to \$1.25, and good to choice \$1.80 to \$1.55 per bushel.

Hops.—At 15c to 16c, while really choice samples would command 20c to 21c. Old olds to yearlings are quoted at 5c to 10c.

Dried Hay.—The market is dull and prices are easy, with a few scattered sales reported at country points at \$7.50 to \$8.00 as to position f.o.b. In this market No. 1 pressed is quoted at \$19.00 to \$19.50, and No. 2 \$18.00 to \$18.50 per ton.

FISH AND OILS.

Pickled Fish.—There has been a great rush for salt fish this week in order to supply the Lenten demand. No. 1 green cod has sold at \$1.50 to \$1.75, and some holders now ask \$5.00. No. 2 large are very scarce, sales having been made at \$7.00 to \$7.25, and holders now ask \$8.00; but there is scarcely any to be had. Dry cod has sold at \$1.00 to \$1.25, and stocks are light. Halifax dealers ask \$5.00 delivered here. Salt herring are in small supply and firm at \$1.25 to \$1.50 for shore and \$5.00 to \$5.25 for Labrador.

Fresh Fish.—Frozen herring have sold at 7c, \$1.25 and \$1.00 per 100, there being three different kinds. Tommy cods 90c to \$1.10 per bbl. as to size of lot. Fresh haddock and cod 3 1/2c to 4c, dore 8c, and pike 5c.

Oil.—The market for Newfoundland cod oil is very steady and under light stocks, prices are firm at 35c to 37c. Steam refined seal oil is steady at 45c to 47c, but there is very little doing. Cod liver oil is quiet at 50c to 60c as to quality.

WANTED—Situations for three Catholic orphan boys, 10, 12 and 14 years of age. Apply 27 Ottawa street. 29-2



\$3 a Day Sure. Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day. Address A. W. KNOWLES. Windsor, Ontario.

Carpets.

The place to get them right, and fullest selection, is at

THOMAS LIGGETT'S.

Curtains,

Shades, Portieres and Window Mountings—new, pretty, and splendid value, at

THOMAS LIGGETT'S.

Oilcloths,

Cork Flooring, Linoleums and Inlaid Tile Cork, well seasoned and from celebrated makers, at

THOMAS LIGGETT'S.

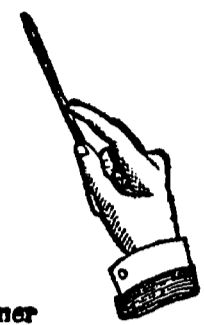
Mats,

Matting, Rugs and Parquet Carpetings, immense quantities to select from, at

THOMAS LIGGETT'S,

1884 Notre Dame Street, And 53 and 55 Sparks Street, Ottawa

That Pie



I had for dinner was the best I ever ate. Thanks to COTTOLENE, the new and successful shortening.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

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NORTH BRITISH CHAMBERS.

GENERAL INSURANCE BROKERS AND SPECIAL AGENTS

Of the following well-known Companies having total Cash Assets of over \$247,000,000.

Table listing insurance companies and their assets: North British & Mercantile (\$2,000,000), Royal (42,000,000), Alliance (18,000,000), Liverpool & London & Globe (42,000,000), London Assurance Corporation (18,000,000), Commercial Union (17,000,000), Western (1,000,000), Scottish Union and National (20,000,000), Insurance Co. of North America (9,000,000), Calcutta (8,000,000), Lancashire (10,000,000), Sun Fire (10,000,000).

Total.....\$247,000,000

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

Churches and Institutions Made a Special.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Canada, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 555, Dame Marie-Louise Henriette Masque, of the city and district of Montreal, wife of Jean Gustave Adolphe Drouet, advocate, of the same place, has instituted, on the twenty-seventh day of December, 1893, an action in separation as to property against her said husband, Montreal, 20th Jan., 1894. Robidoux & Geoffrion, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 4-23

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

A Story With a Moral For Those Who Have Given Up Hope.
A Mount Forest Man Thought His Case Hopeless—Urged by a Friend, He Made One More Trial For Health—The Happy Result.

From the Mount Forest Confederate.

Mr. Geo. Friday is a well-known resident of Mount Forest, and among those acquainted with him it is known that he has been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis, accompanied by a bad cough that used to leave him so weak that he would lie down for hours at a time. Mr. Friday's friends have noticed latterly that he has regained his old time vigor, and in conversation with a representative of the Confederate a few days ago, he was asked to what agency he owed his renewed health. "To the same agency," said Mr. Friday, "that has accomplished so many wonderful cures throughout the country—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For the past three years I have been so ill I have been able to do but little work. I doctored and tried many remedies with but little or no benefit, and at last I went to the hospital at Brantford, where I remained for some time, and while there I felt somewhat better. The improvement, however, was only temporary, for scarcely had I returned home when I was again as ill as before. I had spent a great deal of money in doctoring without benefit, and I felt discouraged and began to look upon my condition as hopeless. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I had already tried so many alleged "sure cures" that I did not feel like spending any more money on medicines. Finally, however, I was persuaded to give Pink Pills a trial, and as you can see have reason to be thankful that I did. I purchased a box and began using them with grim hope of recovery. To my intense satisfaction I noticed that they were doing me good, and you may be sure it required no further persuasion to continue their use. After I had taken a number of boxes, the cough which had troubled me so much, entirely ceased, and I could eat a workingman's hearty meal, and before long I was able to go to work. I am now in excellent health, and I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life. I would not be without a supply in the house and I warmly recommend them to others who may be ailing.

The reporter called upon Mr. Wm. Coleleugh, the well known druggist, who said he was acquainted with Mr. Friday's case and had every confidence in the statements made. Interrogated as to the sale of this remedy about which everybody is talking, Mr. Coleleugh said that so far as his experience went, he knew the sales to be very large, and that the remedy gave general satisfaction. In fact, although he handled all the best proprietary medicines, he finds Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best selling remedy on his shelves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis or renal sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' 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, put up in similar form intended to de-

ceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medicinal treatment.

STATISTICS OF CATHOLICISM.

An Increase in Membership and Churches.

The Catholic Directory of the United States for 1894 shows a large increase in the number of priests, churches, members, schools and religious communities during the past year. The number of Catholics in the United States is given as 8,902,033. There are 72 dioceses, 17 archbishops, 71 bishops and 1 cardinal. The priests number 9,717, of whom 7,231 are secular and 2,486 regular clergymen, or members of religious orders, such as the Jesuits, Franciscans and Redemptorists.

There are 8,729 churches, 5,704 chapels and stations, 8 universities and 25 secular seminaries, in which 2,076 students are being prepared for the priesthood.

The priests of the religious orders have 61 seminaries, educating 1,457 candidates for their institutions. There are 172 high schools for the education of boys, 668 for the education of girls and 3,732 parochial schools, attended by 765,388 pupils. There are 238 orphan asylums, having 29,526 inmates, and 753 other charitable institutions. The total number of children in Catholic institutions is 860,356.

The archdiocese of New York ranks first, with a population of 800,000 Catholics, 555 priests, 212 churches, 110 chapels and stations, 1 seminary, with 128 ecclesiastical students; 21 high schools for boys, 33 high schools for girls, 163 parochial schools, with an attendance of 40,169 pupils, 8 orphan asylums, sheltering 2,450 orphans, and 51 charitable institutions.

Compared with the statistics of 1892, the increase in the Catholic population is 95,938; priests, 329; churches, 252; chapels and stations, 456; seminaries, 251; parochial schools, 145.

A Catholic statistician has made an investigation, which shows that in 1776 the Catholic population of the colonies was 25,000 in a total population of 3,000,000, or 1-120 of the whole.

There were in 1790 30,000 Catholics, or 1-107 of the whole population; in 1800, 100,000, or 1-53; in 1810, 150,000, or 1-48; in 1820, 300,000, or 1-32; in 1830, 600,000, or 1-21; in 1840, 1,500,000, or 1-11; in 1850, 3,500,000, or 1-7; in 1860, 4,500,000, or 1-7; in 1878, 7,000,000, or 1-6.

The official census in 1890 of the United States shows the entire population to have been 62,885,548, while the Catholic population was estimated at 12,000,000.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

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

The Chicago Daily News of Monday stated that 1,000 Chicago saloons have gone out of business during the last three months, owing to financial depression. As a result, many erstwhile mixers of cocktails are dispensing "soft" drinks from soda-water fountains, while many are out of employment.

Judge: Prisoner at the bar, the Court has assigned counsel to defend you. Prisoner with a glance at the counsel: Is that my lawyer, yer honor? Judge: Yes. Prisoner: Then I pleads guilty.

On reaching a certain part of the road an American driver turned round and said to the passengers: "From this point the road is passable only for mules. Accordingly I must ask the ladies and gentlemen to get out and continue the journey on foot."

Kind Party: Why are you crying like that, my little boy? Little Boy: 'Cause it's the only way I know how.

BROOIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

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

COVERNTON'S NIPPLE : OIL.

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

COVERNTON'S Syrup of Wild Cherry.

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

COVERNTON'S Pile Ointment.

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

Prepared by G. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121 Laurv street, corner of Dorchester street.

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

Teeth without Plates a Specialty.
 No. 54 BEAVER HALL HILL.
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WHAT IS

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER

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 26th, 1883.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Félix 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 principle 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. DESROSIER, M. D. St-Félix de Valois, January, 18th 1884.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

Marble and Granite Works

COTE-DES-NEIGES, MONTREAL.

J. BRUNET,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

Monuments, Headstones,

Vaults, Posts, Copings,

And all kinds of Cemetery and Architectural Works.

All Kinds of Repairing at Moderate Prices.

Residence: COTE-DES-NEIGES.

Telephone 4668; connection free for Montreal. 47-G

P. BRADY

Helena P. O., Que., Co. Huntingdon,

Agent for the celebrated Heintzman Piano, Evans Bros. Vose & Sons, and others, as well as the G. W. Cornwall Organ and New Williams Sewing Machine.

To Organ and Piano customers I would say I have had many years experience in the business, and not being at the expense of enormous city rents I am enabled to quote prices that I feel assured will be found lower than you can buy elsewhere.

I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days.

Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application.

ADDRESS:

P. BRADY, Helena P. O., Que.

47-L

NIL DESPERANDUM.

THE FIRST FAILURE HAS YET TO BE RECORDED.

A CONTINUOUS FLOW OF GRATITUDE FROM MONTREAL PARENTS.

Madam Jules Laflamme, 113 Plessis St., says: I have been a sufferer for four long years from Chronic Bronchitis, and I have been treated by my Doctor and employed many remedies but nothing seemed to give me any relief, but thanks to Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, I am now completely cured and I can honestly recommend this preparation to all who may be sufferers from this terrible disease.

Mad. Jos. Beauchamp, 400 Plessis St., says: My little girl five months old suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis, two 25c. bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete and permanent cure.

Mad. Alex. Deschamps, 156 Plessis St., says: My baby-boy seven months old, suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis for four months, and I am happy to state that he has been completely and permanently cured by using Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I have the greatest confidence in this wonderful remedy and I cannot commend it too highly.

Mad. Paul Quintal, 31 1/2 DeSalaberry St., says: My little girl 13 months old, suffered from a bad attack of Bronchitis and she has been perfectly and permanently cured by using one 50c. bottle of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mad. G. Parent, 72 Panet St., says: I suffered from Bronchitis for two years and I have been completely cured by using three 25c. bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I consider that the cure in my case was simply marvellous and I cannot speak too highly of this successful remedy.

Mad. Jos. Renaud, 256 Panet St., says: I suffered for one month from a bad attack of Bronchitis and I have been completely cured by using Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mad. Fabien Pellerin, 12 DeSalaberry St., says: I suffered for ten long years from Chronic Bronchitis during which period I received the treatment of a number of Doctors and I also employed all known remedies, and although in some cases I did get temporary relief, my Bronchitis always returned as severe as ever. I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, with the result that I am to-day perfectly cured. Not the slightest sign of Bronchitis remaining. I only used six small bottles of this wonderful remedy for my complete treatment and I want everybody to know that Chronic Bronchitis can be permanently cured at last.

Mad. Eugene Gagnon, 246 Panet St., says: My little girl two years old suffered for six months from a severe attack of Bronchitis. Three 25c. bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a competent and permanent cure, and it affords me great pleasure to add my name to the large list of grateful people who already testify to the efficacy of this wonderful remedy.

Mademoiselle Adeline Drolet, 280G Panet St., says: I have been a sufferer for three years from Bronchitis, and during that time I have employed a large number of remedies without having received any apparent benefit, but thanks to Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine which I call Dr. Lavolette's Bronchitis cure, I am to-day perfectly and permanently cured of my Bronchitis. I only used three small bottles of this wonderful remedy.

Mad. Jos. Guenard, 211 Panet St., says: My boy six years old suffered two weeks from what our family doctor pronounced to be a very bad attack of Bronchitis. He prescribed Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. Two 25c. bottles of this preparation effected a complete cure.

(To be continued next week.)

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

J. GUSTAVE LAVOLETTE, M.D., Office & Laboratory, 232 & 234 St. Paul St., Montreal.

IRISH NEWS.

A centenarian has died in County Donegal at the age of 102 years.

Dr. Edmund Coady has been elected dispensary doctor of Clane, in the room of Dr. O'Connor, appointed to Celbridge.

Patrick O'Connor, of Queen street, Dublin, the well-known auctioneer, died at his residence in Stillorgan on Jan. 18.

The Duke of Cambridge has selected Col. R. F. Willoughby, from half pay, to be first class recruiting staff officer at Dublin from Feb. 1.

The death occurred on Jan. 9, at Higenstown, Athboy, of Matthew Killen, eldest son of Thomas Killen, late of Cardenstown, Kinnegad, aged twenty-eight years.

The dead body of Patrick O'Neill, aged sixty, was found on Jan. 13, at Coalisland, near Stewartstown, lying in a ditch with his face immersed in a few inches of water.

It has been decided to hold a National demonstration in aid of the evicted tenants in Clonmel on Sunday, Feb. 11. John Dillon and Michael Davitt will address the meeting, together with the four county members and some other members of the Irish Parliamentary party.

Lieutenant Hughes, who was killed in Major Wilson's ill-fated party in Matabeleland, belonged to Queen's County, where his father was a prominent Methodist minister for many years. His brother is an Inspector of Irish National Schools.

Dr. McIvor, of Money more, held an inquest in J. Carey's public-house, at Magherafelt, touching the death of an old man named Patrick Stanton, of Grange, whose body was found in a field by a young man named Elliscon. The jury found that death was caused by exposure.

The death occurred on Jan. 14, at Illerton, Killiney, of Samuel Boyd, J. P. He had reached his seventy-second year. He was senior partner of the firm of Messrs. Boileau & Boyd, wholesale druggists, Bride Street, and Boyd & Goodwin, Merion Row, Dublin.

A branch of the Gaelic League will be established in Galway to further its work in that locality. The National teachers are being urged by the League to elect as their delegates to the next congress gentlemen who will support strong resolutions in favor of the Irish league.

John Baldwin Murphy, Q. C., of Dublin, died on the 14th ult., at the age of seventy-seven years. He was called to the bar in 1840, and took silk in 1868. Mr. Murphy took a deep and practical interest in all Catholic movements, and his charities were as munificent as they were unostentatious.

Constable John Gorry has been transferred from Raphoe to Ballybofey. During his lengthened stay in Raphoe, a period extending over fourteen years, he enjoyed the respect and esteem of all. The constable was frequently praised by the local Bench.

A milesman on the Cork, Bandon and South Coast Railway discovered the dead and mutilated remains of a man supposed to belong to the farming class on the railway line near Dunmanway, on Jan. 11. One leg was severed from the body, the other broken or injured, and the face completely disfigured.

These Donegal people have recently passed away: On Jan. 6, at Canny's Hotel, Carrdonagh, Margaret, fourth daughter of the late Anthony Canny, of Drimdo; on Jan. 15, at Ratmullen, Anthony Donahoe, aged seventy years; on Jan. 9, at the residence of his son-in-law, Robert McLaughlin, of Mongavlin, St. Johnston, Joseph Gallagher, of Tamney, Kilmacrenan, aged eighty years.

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

REPRESENTING:

SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

Assets, \$39,109,332.64.

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, OF NORWICH ENGLAND.

Capital, \$5,000,000.

EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF HALIFAX N.S.

Capital, \$1,000,000.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

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

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

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

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

Large Sales and Small Profits.

OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,

1849, 1851 and 1853

Notre Dame Street.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

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

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

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

PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

LOST!

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

PORTER, TESKY & CO.

454 & 456 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in

::::: DOLLS,

::::: TOYS,

::: GAMES,

and SMALL WARES and FANCY GOODS of every description. If our travellers should fail to see you, write for samples. Canadian Agents for HENRY MILWARD & SONS Fish Hooks.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

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

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

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

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

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 of the Pills and Boxes. If the address is not 538 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

That Wedding Present You are Thinking of Giving

IS CAUSING YOU A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE.

It is difficult to choose something at once elegant and useful.

::::: LET US SUGGEST FOR YOU :::::

One of the Nicest Presents for a Young Couple Just Setting up Housekeeping is:

A Set of EDDY'S INDURATED FIBRE WARE,

Consisting of Pails, Tubs, Wash Basins, Bread Pans, etc.

THIS IS A PRESENT THAT WILL LAST AND KEEP THE DONOR IN REMEMBRANCE, BESIDES BEING A CONSTANT SOURCE OF DELIGHT TO THE HAPPY RECIPIENT. THE LIGHTEST, TIGHTEST, NEATEST, SWEETEST AND MOST DURABLE WARE MADE.

Manufactured in Canada solely by the E. B. EDDY Co., Hull, Canada. . . . Sold Everywhere

McGALE'S

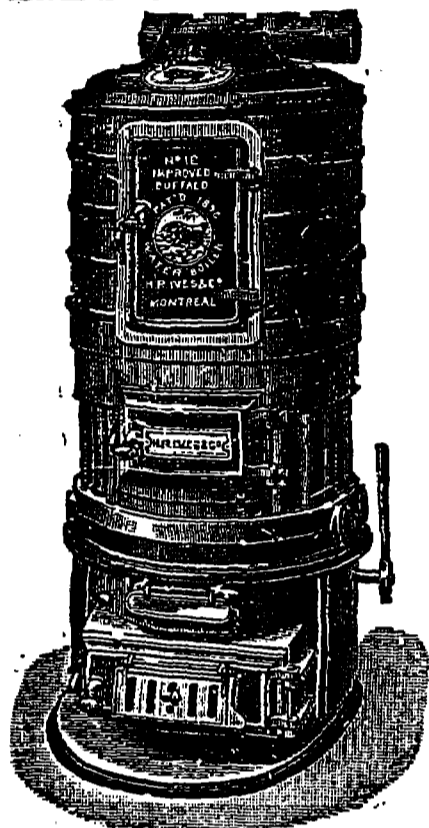
BUTTERNUT
PILLS

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

B. E. MCGALE,
CHEMIST &c.,
3123 NOTRE DAME ST.,
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FOR . . .
**Sick Headache,
Foul Stomach,
Biliousness,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.



HE HAD THEM TESTED.

You are in want of a Thoroughly
Reliable Hot Water Boiler

PLEASE EXAMINE THE

BUFFALO

Manufactured by H. R. IVES & CO.,
Queen Street, Montreal Que.

For Economy of Fuel, For Steadiness of Heat.
For Ease of Management
For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.
Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal.

MONTREAL 19th July, 1893.
DEAR SIR:—With reference to Buffalo
Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last
year, we are pleased to say that we find the
same very satisfactory in every respect.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) DARLING BROTHERS,
Engineers and Machinists,
Bellance Works, Montreal.
Catalogue and Price List on Application.

**UNION
ASSURANCE : SOCIETY.**

HEAD OFFICE: 51 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C.
(Instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.)

Capital Subscribed.....\$ 2,250,000
Capital Paid Up.....800,000
Total Funds (Dec. 31, 1892).....12,250,000
Annual Income.....2,002,200

FIRE RISKS accepted on almost every description of insurable property, at lowest rates of premium. Dwellings and their contents, Churches, Colleges, Nurseries, School-houses and Public Buildings insured on specially favorable terms for one or three years. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.

Canada Branch Office: 55 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, Montreal.
T. L. MORRISEY, Resident Manager.

The undersigned having been appointed city agent of the above staunch old fire office respectfully solicits from his friends and the public generally a share of their patronage
Telephone 1943, T. J. DONOVAN, City Agent.

**CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.**

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

Ottawa, 4.45 p.m., 9.10 p.m.
Boston, 8.00 a.m., 8.20 p.m.
Portland, 9.10 a.m., 12.20 p.m.
Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, 8.25 a.m., 8.00 p.m.
St. Marie, St. Paul, Minneapolis, 9.10 p.m.
Winnipeg and Vancouver, 4.15 p.m., 9.10 p.m.
St. Anne, Vancouver, etc.—8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m.
Brockville, V. drouil, 8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m.
Winchester—8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m.
St. Johns—8.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 1.8.40 p.m., 8.20 p.m.
Sherbrooke—4.05 p.m., 1.8.40 p.m.
Waterloo and St. Catharines, 4.15 p.m.
Perth—8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m., 9.00 p.m.
Newport—4.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 8.20 p.m.
Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc.—8.40 p.m.
Rudson, Rigand and Pt. Fortune, 6.15 p.m.

Leave Dalhousie Square Station for
Quebec, 8.10 a.m.; 8.30 p.m., 10.30 p.m.
Joliette, St. Gabriel and Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m.
Ottawa, 8.50 a.m.
St. Lin, St. Enstache and St. Agathe, 5.30 p.m.
St. Jerome, 8.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m.
St. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8.50 a.m. (a) 3 p.m., 5.30 p.m.; Saturday 1.30 p.m., instead of 8 p.m.
Daily except Saturdays. *Run daily, Sundays included. Other trains week days only unless shown. *Parlor and sleeping cars. \$Sundays only. (a) Except Saturdays and Sundays. Connection for Portland daily except Saturdays.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office,
129 ST. JAMES STREET,
Next to Post Office.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO.
CINCINNATI, O., U.S.A. Makers of the "Blymyer" Church Bell, School and Fire Alarm Bells. Catalogue with over 2000 testimonials. NO DUTY ON CHURCH BELLS. 21-22nd Mention this paper.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. **BELLS.** HAVE FURNISHED 35,000. CHURCH, SCHOOL & OTHER. G. MENEELY & CO., PUREST BEST, WEST-TROY, N.Y. GENUINE CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

The fine quality of bells for Churches, Colleges, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices. **RUCKEYS BELL FOUNDRY,** 707 W. WASHINGTON ST. CINCINNATI, O.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING **CHURCH BELLS** CHIMES & PEALS. PUREST BELLS, METAL, (COPPER AND TIN.) Send for Price and Catalogue. MARIANE BELLS, FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

BAILEY'S REFLECTORS Compound light spreading. Superior lighted. Catalogue and price list free. **BAILEY REFLECTOR CO.** 708 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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.**

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

NEW DRESS GOODS.

NEW DRESS GOODS
NEW DRESS GOODS
NEW DRESS GOODS
NEW DRESS GOODS
NEW DRESS GOODS

Several cases New Spring Dress Goods will be shown on Monday,

At S. CARSLY'S.

NEW CARPETS
NEW CARPETS
NEW CARPETS
NEW CARPETS
NEW CARPETS

Twenty bales New Carpets, beautiful goods, ready for sale on Monday,

At S. CARSLY'S.

NEW PRINTS
NEW PRINTS
NEW PRINTS
NEW PRINTS
NEW PRINTS

Hundreds of pieces New Spring Prints, ready for sale on Monday,

At S. CARSLY'S.

NEW SATEENS
NEW SATEENS
NEW SATEENS
NEW SATEENS
NEW SATEENS

Scores of pieces New Spring Sateens, ready for sale on Monday,

At S. CARSLY'S.

NEW CHALLIES
NEW CHALLIES
NEW CHALLIES
NEW CHALLIES
NEW CHALLIES

The New Dress Challies are exceedingly pretty this spring,

At S. CARSLY'S.

NEW DRESS TWEEDS
NEW DRESS TWEEDS
NEW DRESS TWEEDS
NEW DRESS TWEEDS
NEW DRESS TWEEDS

Call and select your Spring Cheviot Tweed Dress on Monday,

At S. CARSLY'S.

NEW EMBROIDERIES
NEW EMBROIDERIES
NEW EMBROIDERIES
NEW EMBROIDERIES
NEW EMBROIDERIES

Another case New Embroideries from one cent per yard up to best goods.

S. CARSLY.

NEW KID GLOVES
NEW KID GLOVES
NEW KID GLOVES
NEW KID GLOVES
NEW KID GLOVES

Some great beauties among our New Kid Gloves, and the value better than ever.

S. CARSLY.

NEW MANTLE CLOTHS
NEW MANTLE CLOTHS
NEW MANTLE CLOTHS
NEW MANTLE CLOTHS
NEW MANTLE CLOTHS

Pretty novelties in Spring Mantle Cloths.

S. CARSLY.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

NEW FRENCH PRINTS
NEW FRENCH PRINTS
NEW FRENCH PRINTS
NEW FRENCH PRINTS
NEW FRENCH PRINTS

The designs and colorings in our New French Cambrics are works of art.

S. CARSLY.

NEW ART SILKS
NEW ART SILKS
NEW ART SILKS
NEW ART SILKS
NEW ART SILKS

One lot of New Art Silks, regular pictures,

At S. CARSLY'S.

Rigby Coats Reduced

All Rigby Overcoats are reduced in price.

S. CARSLY,

NOTRE DAME STREET.

Coffee free all this month.

QUINN & DUGGAN,

Advocates, Solicitors and Attorneys.

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185 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

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

E. J. DUGGAN, LL.B. G46-93

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Consulting Counsel,**

SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS
Montreal.

DOHERTY & SICOTTE,

(Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY)
Advocates : and : Barristers,
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**THE SOCIETY OF ARTS
OF CANADA, Limited.**

CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000

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

GALLERY OF PAINTINGS,
Nos. 1000 & 1008 Notre Dame Street,
Montreal.

ONE OF THE RICHEST GALLERIES OF PAINTINGS IN CANADA.

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

DISTRIBUTION.

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

Price of Scrip: \$1.00.

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

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

Head office: 1666 Notre Dame St., Montreal. All the paintings are originals, mostly from the French school, the leading modern school. Eminent artists, such as Francals, Roche, Brosse, Aublet, Baran, Pezant, Pettijean, Varus Roy, Scherrer, Sauzy, and a great many others, are members of this Society.

H. A. A. BRAULT, Director.