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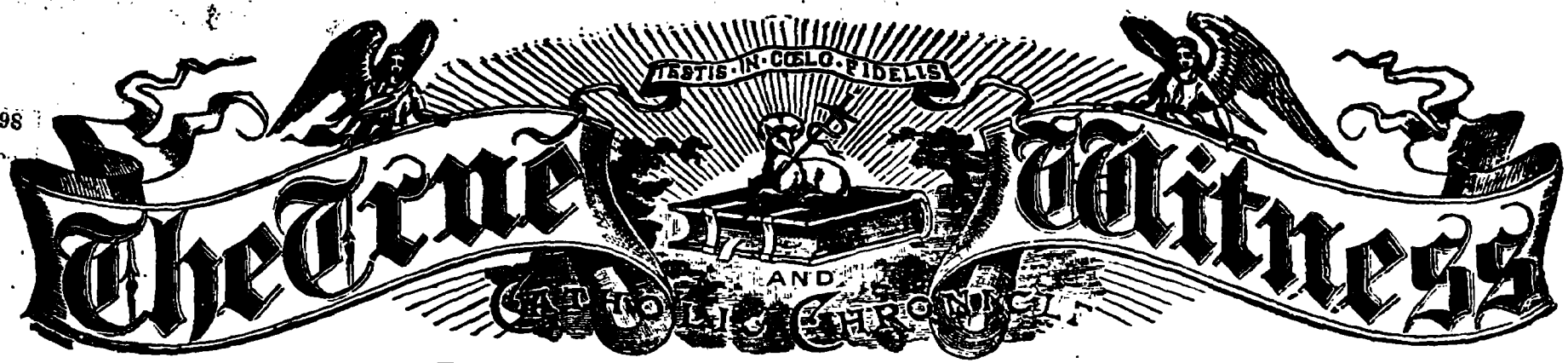
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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

His Character and Work Reviewed by Mr. Henry Austin Adams, M.A.

A Graphic Picture of the Career of the Leader of the Oxford Movement.

The Last of the Winter Course of Lectures Held Under the Auspices of the Montreal Free Library a Splendid Success.

Mr. Henry Austin Adams, M.A., of New York, on Friday delivered the last of the Winter Course of lectures organized by the Montreal Free Library. There was a large gathering present. The proceedings were opened by Prof. J. P. Costen, who gave an exquisite selection on the piano. He was followed by Miss Morrison, Montreal's favorite soprano, and Mrs. Harding, who rendered, as a duet, that famous composition of Cardinal Newman, "Lead Kindly Light." Both performers were warmly applauded as they resumed their seats.

Rev. Father Devine, S. J., introduced the lecturer, in the unavoidable absence of Sir William Hingston, who put in an appearance later in the evening and occupied the chair during the remainder of the lecture. "Cardinal Newman" was the subject of Mr. Adams' discourse, and he treated it in a manner that showed him to be a thorough student of Newman and his works. The audience closely followed the lecturer, as was plainly evident by the frequent outbursts of applause which greeted him as he placed before it some striking picture of the Cardinal's nobleness of character, or depicted his reverential humility, traits which won for him a warm spot in the hearts of English Protestants.

In commencing his lecture, Mr. Adams said that he was going to try and give to his hearers the picture that he had in his heart of hearts of John Henry Newman. He wanted to get Catholics to appreciate more fully than they did the meaning of the great non-Catholic world all round them, pressing and looking in through the bars of Catholicity and yet, in their (the Catholics') opinion separated from them by chasms of time-worn indifference, chasms of 300 years of misunderstanding. He wanted them to recognize, first of all, that John Henry Newman was the connecting link between Catholicity and the English-speaking world; that no longer could the Church ignore the English-speaking world—she never had done that—but that no longer could the English-speaking world ignore the Catholic Church, which was a very different proposition. Adams then went on to say that the central fact in the religious evolution of the nineteenth century was that, in 1845, John Henry Newman, the leader of the intellectual and religious evolution of the English-speaking world, in the maturity of his powers, and at the cost of everything that could be used to measure the sincerity of any man's act, deliberately submitted

TO THE AUTHORITY OF THE HOLY SEE, and surrendered his imagination, his will, his preconceptions, everything, and said: "God teach me through Thy one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church"; and for forty years he lived an obedient child of the Holy Church. That central fact was the one great rock on which the modern non-Catholic world had split, and through the gap in the walls of the glorious Catholic Jerusalem which Newman made as he entered, the vast majority of non-Catholics got their first glimpse of Catholicity. They loved him; they could not help it. They admired his genius, they trembled at his power, they grew silent and broken-hearted when they contemplated the step he took. While other men were battling for the truth in all other lines, while men's minds were being torn this way and that, Newman was right up all the time, simply asking, "Truth, truth, truth; only pure abstract truth." He was fighting that last foe, the great Goliath of the nineteenth century, intellectual pride, and Goliath's chief lieutenant, a great deal more fussy than Goliath, spiritual pride. The greatest

intellect in England said to itself: "I am not infallible, nor am I free, except as truth shall make me free." The greatest spiritual force in England said: "I am not free, except so far as truth shall make me free." And when he did those things

HE SHIPPED THE VERY BUD OF PROTESTANTISM. Pride of judgment, with all it included, was smashed forever, and educational, sophomoric dilettantism was pricked in its very heart. Newman, therefore, stood in the centre of our century, spanning it by his long life, dying not until its last decade was reached, and having proved in both the spiritual arena and the intellectual that he was capable of understanding all of the issues; that his face was on the side of God and truth; that the intellect could reach its highest power only when it was admitted to the truth, and that the soul of man was safe and near to God only when it submitted to the truth as God revealed it through His one Holy Church. Having spoken thus generally Mr. Adams touched on the depressed condition of the English Church, English society and English art and literature seventy years ago, and said that paralysis had struck the world, when, suddenly, along all avenues of man's endeavor and thought came the spirit of revolt, change, breaking-up, in order that the strong and new might come. In that crucial moment of a great living factor in the development of the world John Henry Newman was born; and on him God laid the glorious, splendid vocation of the saviour. It was a grand thing, remarked the lecturer, to be a scapegoat of that type, to bear up uncomplainingly under successions of affliction, in order that others might enjoy the good things of life in peace. He spoke of

THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF NEWMAN'S CRITICAL MIND, referred to his college career at Oxford, touched on his entering the Anglican Church, which, from the crown of his head to the heel of his foot, he thought was the true Church, and then went on to allude to the part he took in the Oxford movement. The tracts issued by the leaders of that movement, Mr. Adams said, at times called on their heads a perfect storm of ridicule. The first time that a vicar in London wore a white surplice he was stoned and nearly killed. That gentleman was the vicar of the church in Pimlico and vicar of the church of Knightsbridge. Every step in advance that was taken by the leaders of the movement was fought out in the law courts. But at last a great popular wave of appreciation swept over England; and at the moment of its culmination, when the whole country was beginning to read the Fathers, those who were nearest to Newman began to see a change in him. The lecturer spoke of

THE WONDERFUL INFLUENCE WHICH NEWMAN EXERCISED over those who came in contact with his lofty soul, as was shown by the fact that for twelve long years he, Sunday after Sunday, took the noblest in the brains of England and moulded it as if it were putty. Mr. Adams vividly portrayed that great event in Newman's life when, whilst administering Holy Communion in his church at Littlemore, the change, the matter of which had long perturbed his mind, suddenly came, and being convinced in his soul that he was not a true priest of the Church he represented, he left unflinching the administration of the sacred office in which he was then engaged. There was not a pulpit from Land's End to John O'Groats that did not hiss its "I told you so." But with a lofty, noble spirit, Newman rose above it, and humbly, in the dead of the night, he was received into the Church, made his confession, sobbed at the feet of the Father who instructed and received him, and looked eagerly to the time when he could make his first communion. At that time he was only 45 years of age, just in his prime. Keble, his dearest Protestant friend, tried to persuade him that his career of spiritual usefulness was finished, that God had no more work for him. But, suddenly, within five years afterwards,

ALL ENGLAND AGAIN HAD ITS EYES ON HIM. Again this mighty intellectual and spiritual giant threw down the gauntlet and took a magnificent position in his essay on "The Development of Doctrine." All England surged back and forth, and you could see how magnificently he was cornering his opponents. He wrote pamphlet after pamphlet, essay after essay, and the consciences of the people were aroused. Later on he was dragged from the seclusion of his cloister into the arena to defend himself against a stab by Charles Kingsley. It was then that he wrote his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" which contained no fussy underbrush, but was just the broad, white, calm, serene flight of marble steps up from the cradle, where he suffered in the dark night and used to cry, to the great altar of his self-sacrifice when he said to God, in truth, "Lead Thou me on." Not only did Newman vindicate himself in that work, but the whole Catholic priesthood, from the moment it was printed, stood absolutely in A NEW RELATION TO THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD. It showed that not only was a Catholic priest capable of honorable, truthful,

direct, manly, out-and-out square dealing, but that from the top to the bottom the whole Church repudiated, denounced, stigmatized and damned the slightest approach to anything underhand, sneaking, double-faced, equivocal or mean. And so the whole broad, strong prejudice of the English public had a good solid laugh at itself, and shook hands, for the first time in 300 years, with the Catholic priesthood. The "Apologia" took the scales from 10,000 eyes, and they saw for the first time certain vital principles, and saw through the clear light of that beautiful production the sympathetic, almost child-like nature of the man. The humility of that book was simply indescribable. The author of it did not go out of his way to show how good he was and how bad his enemy was; but he came out and tried to explain to the people how hard he had tried to know what God wanted him to do, and how he felt at every step that he was falling short of what was required of him. Speaking of Newman's picture of a medical university, the lecturer said he considered it the finest thing in English since Shakespeare. Through that picture the English public got its first honest, loyal and appreciative look at those grand principles of Catholic education which had been

THE GLORY OF THE HOLY CHURCH: and on the lines there laid down could be seen the future in the development of education. Already, at Oxford, there was a Jesuit College; so that it began to look extremely as if the medical university Newman so graphically and beautifully pictured was going to be the University of Oxford in the twentieth century. Newman was not a theologian; Pusey was a more accurate theologian; but he failed to attain to the conception of Catholic truth. It was not on Newman's theological side that he was of the greatest use to all mankind; but he gave to the revolt of the Protestant prejudice of his fathers what was better than exquisite song, for Keble could do that; he gave to God his absolute pledge that he would go through fire and water, across the mouth of hell, from trials, ambition, hope, career, to where He showed him the truth was to be found. To his fellow-men he gave a personal leadership. Innumerable converts had been helped up the steep and difficult ascent that leads to Catholicity more largely from the splendid enthusiasm aroused by Newman than by any other means.

At the close of his remarks, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Adams, on the motion of Sir William Hingston, who briefly described an interview of forty-five minutes' duration that he once had the honor of having with the Cardinal.

IRISH NEWS.

PROPOSED CENSURE OF A COUNTY INSPECTOR. At the Omagh Town Commissioners, Mr. Patrick McLoughlin, T.C., gave notice that at the next meeting he will move "That the report of the County Inspector of Tyrone to his lordship Judge Murphy at the last Assizes, as to the increasing drunkenness in the County of Omagh is an unjust and unfounded attack on the town and county mentioned."

ARMAGH MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS. The convention for the Catholic voters of Armagh was recently held in the Armagh Catholic Reading Room for the purpose of selecting candidates for the coming election of Town Commissioners in Armagh.

The Rev. John Quinn, Adm, Armagh, occupied the chair. The Rev. Felix McNally, C.C.; Rev. Patrick Fagan, C.C., and Rev. Michael Quinn, C.C., were also present, and there was a very large attendance, including almost all the Catholic voters of the city. The meeting proceeded to business at once, and the following candidates were selected for the respective wards:— St. Brigid's Ward—Messrs. James McLaughlin, John McCreesh, James Warrmolt, John Gillen, Javanna McConnell, and Michael Donnelly. St. Patrick's Ward—Messrs. George Sherry, Patrick McKenna, James Mulvan, James McMahon, James O'Hagan and Thomas Dolan. The proceedings throughout were marked with the greatest harmony.

A CRISIS IN FERMANAGH. For upwards of five hours County Court Judge Craig, in the Court House, Ennis Killen, was engaged in hearing appeals in Loan Fund cases. Mr. Michael Maguire, solicitor, Ballyshannon, defended the borrowers and sureties in all the cases except two, in which Mr. Mayne, solicitor, appeared. Messrs. Falls and Cooney appeared for the Libellaw, Enniskillen, Ballinamallard, and Keel Loan Funds. Mr. Falls said that upwards of £200,000 in the Co. Fermanagh was at stake, and since last summer the various Loan Funds have been unable to get in any money.

Mr. Maguire contended that the borrowers had repaid their loans several times over. He urged that the renewal system was illegal, that the societies had received double interest and double charges from the borrowers, and produced the report of the Loan Fund Commission, the Loan Fund Act, the rules authorized by his Honor Judge Webb, and the affirmances of these decisions by their Lordships, Justices Madden and Holmes, to sustain his contentions. His Honor reserved judgment in the various cases. (CONCLUDED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

AT THE MIRACULOUS SHRINE.

Recent Cure at Lourdes—The Statement of a Catholic Doctor.

FROM THE CATHOLIC TIMES.

A striking example of the power of our Heavenly Mother, when appealed to in the favoured sanctuary of Lourdes, having lately occurred in my family. I think it my duty to make it known as widely as possible, in the hope that it will be an encouragement to other sufferers whose complaints have hitherto baffled all the efforts of medical skill. The case I allude to is that of my own daughter, and I shall now give a short account of it from the beginning of her illness.

On the 25th of August, 1896, while she was carrying a heavy weight, she slipped on some damp stone steps; she made a sudden effort in order not to drop what she was carrying, but could not save herself, and in her fall the lower part of the back and hip struck against the stone. Nothing was felt at first, beyond a slight soreness, to which she paid little attention, and she continued to go about as usual. At the end of a week, however,

THE PAIN HAD GREATLY INCREASED,

and walking had become difficult. I then for the first time heard of the accident, and on examination I noticed distinct swelling of the lower part of the back, extending forward to the left hip and lower part of the abdomen. There was also pain on pressure in these regions, as well as in moving the lower limb, which was partly flexed. All attempts at extension produced a sharp pain in the back and lower part of the abdomen on the same side. I treated the case with perfect rest in bed and some local applications. After trying this treatment for a week, I found that there was no improvement in the local condition. The patient began to be feverish about this time. The pain went on increasing, and soon became constant and deeply seated in the left side of the abdomen. The external swelling became harder and the superficial veins distinctly enlarged. The flexion of the limb was also more marked.

ALL THESE SYMPTOMS CONTINUED TO INCREASE.

In severity, in spite of the various means of treatment that were tried, until the beginning of October, when my friend Dr. Bissarie saw my daughter and agreed with me in thinking that there was every probability of an abscess forming in the iliac fossa.

It was then that we first thought of trying the effect of the miraculous spring; the patient herself earnestly asked for it. But her great sufferings, increased by the least movement, the long distance of our house from the grotto, the rough state of the roads, all seemed to offer almost insuperable objections to the carrying out of our intentions, and it had been left entirely to our own resources we should have had probably to give up the attempt. Thanks, however, to the kind assistance of the ladies and gentlemen of the Hospitalité de Notre-Dame de Lourdes, who devote their time and energy with such noble zeal to the help of the sick, all difficulties were overcome and we were enabled to carry our patient to the piscine. In spite of every care there was a good deal of unavoidable suffering, which was borne with great patience by the poor invalid, and for several weeks we continued to take her to the piscine at short intervals. But at the end of November I was compelled to acknowledge that the baths

HAD NOT PRODUCED THE DESIRED EFFECT. All the symptoms had increased in severity. The pain in the left side of the abdomen was deeply seated and of a sharp shooting character; the fever was of a distinctly intermittent type; the flexion of the limb was even more marked than before, and there was deep fluctuation in the left iliac fossa. The general health was also greatly altered for the worse, in consequence of the constant suffering, loss of appetite and want of sleep. The existence of an abscess in the left iliac fossa was, in my opinion, beyond doubt.

The course to be adopted under the circumstances was a great source of anxiety to me. Many relatives and friends, among these a medical friend from Paris, insisted on the necessity of a surgical operation, and, from a medical point of view, there could be no doubt as to the soundness of this advice. But our

FAITH IN OUR LADY OF LOURDES was still unshaken and we determined to defer all surgical treatment until after the feast of the Immaculate Conception. We began a novena in honor of that great feast, asking all our friends to join with us in a fervent appeal to the Queen of Heaven, and every day during the novena we took our patient to the piscine. The result, however, up to the 8th of December was found to be the same as before. All the symptoms had increased in severity, and when we took her to the bath on the day of the feast, my daughter's condition was most critical. She had had no sleep for several nights from the intense pain; typhus and constant nausea had set in for the last two days which prevented her taking any food, and she was extremely exhausted.

reached home sad and depressed, but fully resigned to the necessity of recurring to surgical treatment.

In the evening, however, about eight o'clock, the patient, who had scarcely closed her eyes for several days and nights, suddenly felt inclined to sleep, and we soon saw her fall into a deep sleep which lasted, without any interruption, until half past eight the next morning, when she awoke with an appetite and had a good breakfast; she had no pain, and was apparently well. I proceeded to ascertain her actual condition and soon found to my great joy and surprise that she had a quiet pulse, a normal temperature, that the PAIN AND SWELLING HAD ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED.

That she could move freely in her bed, that the lower limb which had been firmly flexed for several months could now be easily moved in all directions without pain, in a word, that there was no appreciable trace of the disease which so clearly existed the day before. The patient felt quite well and wanted to walk, but I withheld her for a few days of prudence. I kept her in bed for the whole of that day, and it was only the next morning, on the 10th of December, that I allowed her to get up and walk, which she did with the greatest facility, just as if she had never been ill. From that moment to this day no sign of the disease has shown itself.

All doubt as to the reality and completeness of the cure was impossible to give a medical explanation of it appeared to me utterly impossible.

The idea that the disease might have been of a neurotic character could not be entertained for an instant by any one who had seen the case at any time before the cure occurred. We have, therefore, before us the plain fact that an abscess in the iliac fossa, accompanied by clear and palpable signs and symptoms, disappeared entirely in a few hours with out discharging its contents either internally or externally; in a word, without leaving the smallest appreciable sign of its former existence. I firmly believe that such a thing is never seen in the ordinary practice of medicine. How then can we honestly explain it? For those who, like me, have had the good fortune of witnessing nearly all the remarkable cures that have occurred at Lourdes within the last two years there can be no hesitation; such an extraordinary occurrence is clearly a manifestation of Divine mercy obtained for us by the all-powerful intercession of our Heavenly Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, who seems more particularly inclined to hear the prayers of her suffering children when appealed to as our Lady of Lourdes and in this place more than in any other.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELIZABETH SALLEY.

We have to record the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Salley, wife of Mr. Edward Salley, of the Montreal Water Works, which sad event took place on the 21st inst. Mrs. Salley was one of the oldest residents in the vicinity of the parish of Verdun, on the outskirts of Montreal, and was highly respected among all classes for her genial manner and the earnest spirit she always evinced in all matters appertaining to her religion. She was a woman of extraordinary energy and labored unceasingly for the welfare of her family. Mrs. Salley had the happiness of beholding two of her daughters entering the Community of St. Anne, at Lachine, to consecrate their lives to the noble cause of educating Catholic youth. Some time ago they were named for the Alaska mission, where they are now engaged in their holy calling. The Superior of the Convent at Lachine manifested great sympathy for Mrs. Salley during her illness, as at frequent intervals several of the nuns of the Community visited her. The funeral, which was held at the parish church at Cote St. Paul, was attended by a large concourse of citizens. A solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Brault, P.P., assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. On the conclusion of the service the remains were taken to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery for interment.

The TRUST WITNESS offers Mr. Salley and family its sympathy in their bereavement. The funeral offerings from friends and acquaintances were numerous, among the number being a beautiful anchor, sent by Mr. John Crawford of Verdun.

Omaha, Nebraska, experienced an unusual sensation on the morning of April 19, but its citizens are divided as to its cause. Many believe it was an earthquake shock, but others who jumped from their beds, alarmed by the loud reports, sturdily maintain that they looked out from their windows and the earth was not trembling. All the suggestions offered to establish other theories have on investigation proved imaginary. There was no explosion, no bank robbery, nor break in the levee, so Omaha has still to solve the mystery.

The new \$4,000,000 post office, or federal building, in Chicago will stand on a series of points instead of resting on a foundation extending evenly along the entire wall. The weight of the huge structure will be so adjusted that it will rest on cement columns 32 feet apart, three columns going down to bedrock 72 feet below the surface of the earth.

Mr. Newhub—What does it mean when a bride promises to obey? Mrs. Newhub—Simply that she prefers not to make a scene.—Puck.

ISAAC BUTT.

An Appreciative Sketch of His Work by Wm O'Brien, M.P.

Some of the Difficulties Which Confronted Him in the Early Days of His Splendid Career.

A Sympathetic Picture of the Close of His Political Life and Retirement from the Leadership of the Irish Party.

WHEN ISAAC BUTT gives a very interesting and appreciative sketch of Isaac Butt in the Dublin Catholic Herald, he says that, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Butt was the only man of genius he ever had the privilege of knowing. He does not, he says, intend to read Mr. Parnell's unrivalled gifts as a leader of men, and more especially as a leader of Englishmen. Mr. Parnell's Englishmen more fully than he had defeated them in not a dozen pitched battles in the field. And it must always be remembered to his credit that, although the famine of 1875-80 and Mr. Butt's miracle-working Land League gave Mr. Parnell the opportunity of a national uprising for the very lives of the people, such as Mr. Butt in his torpid time never saw, Mr. Parnell had already to a great extent created the opportunity for himself by making the bones of a dead Irish party move in Westminster before ever the Irishman meeting sounded the trumpet of a general resurrection. Mr. Parnell succeeded by reason of his American qualities as a cool and hard hitter. He was dealing with

A POWER THAT NEVER SURRENDERS, and he could be as merciless as his adversaries. He was capable to an astonishing degree of sentiment. But he wasted none of it on opponents. The master of parliaments was to him a place where two gangs of *obscure*, reeking with hypocrisy, cruelty and greed, would do as much or as little for Ireland as expert Irish fighters could expect by throwing their swords into this scale or that at critical moments, just as the price of their services went up or down. It is true that, once the Liberal party were definitely pledged to Home Rule, he adopted a wholly different attitude; but it was first necessary to *hog* them out of their coronation heresies, and he was never troubled with the smallest constitutional scruple as to anything except the feasibility of the means for administering to them that wholesome discipline.

This view of the duty of a parliamentary leader was bitterly antipathetic to Butt's whole mental constitution, which was that of a deeply-read statesman, saturated with the traditions of English liberty and believing the fight to be one with statesmen like himself, courteous as knights of chivalry and animated

WITH PRINCIPLES AS LOFTY AS THOSE OF HOOKE and Fox. He was the worse practical Irish leader, but he lived on a mental level on which none of his contemporaries in Parliament except Mr. Gladstone could habitually dwell. Had he as a young man entered Parliament with the full faith of an Irish Nationalist, his would have been infallibly one of the greatest names of the century. He spent his most golden years, on the contrary, as a ricketing young Tory, casting about for beliefs, and in the meantime dissipating his glorious gifts in a career that left him an unbearable burden of debts and lollies to crush him in his old age. It was one of the services for which the Irish cause is indebted to Fenianism that it was his relations with the victims of the special commission of '65 '67, which kindled into a steady flame the Nationalist sympathies that had always been flickering somewhere in his Tory speeches or in his Trinity College essays. But he was already old, embarrassed, fettered in a thousand ways by his youthful errors and with the exception of gentle John Martin he was the only man of name with power to restore life to a cause which was plunked in apparently irrecoverable failure after the Fenian break-up.

Those who are discouraged by the antics of a few turbulent dissension mongers at present have little conception of the slumber of death that was on the country when

MR. BUTT'S FIRST ANKNEY SPEECHES broke on our ears. There were one or two excellent Irishmen in Parliament, notably George Henry Moore and John Francis Maguire, but any national programme had no more to do with Irish elections, and still less of course with English elections, than it the Irish cause, as well as its captives, had been sentenced to death by Judge Keogh after the rising of '67. Middle-aged men Concluded on eighth page.

Aunt Nora's ... Corner.

Many boys and girls, without meaning to be ungrateful, take favors as a matter of course. Most people like to show kindness to one who is sure to appreciate it. An ungrateful person is generally despised.

No matter what his good qualities are none seem to have a word in his favor. Now, many a boy, who would scorn ingratitude with all his heart, falls into a closely related fault when he takes favors as a matter of course.

For instance, who has a better claim for a boy's gratitude than his mother? Who does more for him, and as a rule who receives less thanks?

Most lads would admit, if they stopped to give the matter serious thought, that she is the one in all the world who most deserves their gratitude. Her care over them extends from babyhood to manhood, her patience never gives out, her love never grows weary. Who is so often called upon to do a favor at an inconvenient time, without receiving a single word of appreciation in return? Who else is expected to surrender her own plans and wishes and pleasures as a matter of course?

Gratitude can be cultivated. A good way for a boy to strengthen its growth in his own heart is to begin by being appreciative of all that his mother does for him. Thank her when she sits up late, mending that three-cornered tear which made its appearance so mysteriously on the sleeve of your overcoat yesterday. Give her a grateful kiss when she makes a sacrifice for your pleasure. Do not confine your signs of gratitude to caresses and kind words. Let your heart speak through your deeds. Be ready to make little sacrifices for her. It is the only way you can make her any return for her unflinching love.

AN ESSAY ON BABIES.

Babies are usually young. Now and again specimens may be found of 20 years and over, but such are invariably babies on their honeymoon. Real, alive,

unmistakable, heard-a-mile off babies are always young. The other, the honey-moon kind, are only make believe, and ought not to count when facts are being dealt with.

Babies have features. With a good microscope you can see a baby's nose. It has a high forehead, one that goes right over to the back of its neck. A baby's ears are put on for amusement, solely to relieve its great expanse of cheek.

It has eyes, which eyes it chiefly uses to express astonishment—evoked, no doubt, by the antics and language of these about it. It has a mouth, too, which it uses for putting its hands and feet into.

Babies wear clothes. The chief object aimed at in dressing a baby is to lose the baby among the clothes. If you have a foot and a half or two feet of baby you will require from forty to fifty yards of clothes to dress it properly. The reason for this is that every baby is the best baby that was ever born and the fact must be emphasized. Besides, somebody might wish to steal it, and in that case the longer he had to look for it the wretcher would be the chance of catching him.

HUNTINGDON, April 7th, 1897.

DEAR AUNT NORA,—I have been reading the letters and compositions in the TRUE WITNESS for a long time, and there was some very nice ones. I have never before written to the Corner, so you must excuse my letter. I live in the country, on the banks of Trout River. It is very beautiful in the summer. Sometimes we take a small boat and go out on the river and catch fish. We have a large sugar bush, and we make sugar and syrup. We have a small grove near our house, and it is nice to sit there in the summer. I am eleven years old and I go to school. I was at the convent for two months last year and I made my first Communion and was confirmed. I have a little sister; she is seven years old and she goes to school also. Well, Aunt Nora, I guess I will close.

CASSIE McCAFFREY.

[Dear Cassie, Aunt Nora is pleased with your letter, coming as it did to the Corner at the glad Easter time, and bringing a whiff of fresh country air with it that will be welcomed by your city cousins. You might tell them a little more about the sugar bush—how the sap is gathered and made into the delicious maple syrup that they are all so fond of. Perhaps, too, you know the names of some of the pretty little flowers that peep out early in the woods from under their brown blankets of leaves, that you and your little sister love to gather; if you do, Cassie, write again and tell us what you know about them, and we will keep a nice cosy seat for a nice little girl that sometimes goes fishing in Trout River.]

Religious News Items.

Sister Helena, for three years Prioress of the Dominican Convent at Ashkosh, Wisconsin, died at Spring Valley, Ill.inois, where she had been stationed since last September.

Rochester, N. Y., will be represented on the Summer School Grounds at Plattsburgh, this season, by a building of its own, its representative Catholic citizens having subscribed the sum of \$6000 for its immediate erection.

Major Edward P. Doherty of New York, who was commander of the force that captured John Wilkes Booth, after the assassination of President Lincoln, died in New York last week. Major Doherty was a prominent Catholic.

Rev. Father M. Cavanaugh, C.M., of New Orleans, died recently. He was a native of La Salle, Illinois. His body will be interred in his native town, in the resting-place of the old Lazarist Fathers who were co-workers with him in his youth.

Rev. Father George J. Dusold, C.S.S.R., of the Church of St. Alphonsus, Baltimore, celebrated on Easter Monday the twenty fifth anniversary of his ordination. A procession of school children and members of the Sodality did honor to the occasion.

Daniel W. Voorhees, ex-United States Senator from Indiana and one of the Republic's great orators, died at his home in Washington on April 10th, at the age of 78 years. His only daughter, the constant companion of his declining years, is a convert to the Catholic Church.

Rt. Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, gave to the Church of the Immaculate Conception as an Easter offering a beautiful transept window representing the second advent of Christ as described in St. Matthew. It was manufactured in London and cost \$5,000.

The venerable foundress of the religious order known as the Sister Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, died at Monroe, Michigan, at the age of 78 years. She saw her order grow from a foundation of three to a community of 600, and witnessed the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of her Sisterhood, which took place last December.

The Sacred Heart Convent, New York, one of America's famed educational establishments, will celebrate on May 20th its Golden Jubilee. Among the ecclesiastical dignitaries who will honor the occasion with their presence will be the Papal Delegate, Archbishop Martinelli; Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan. The Rev. William O'Brien Fardow, S.J., will deliver the jubilee sermon.

Very Rev. Dr. Denis Kelly, President of the Diocesan College, Ennis, was appointed to the vacant See of Ross, which was occupied by the late Dr. Fitzgerald. Dr. Kelly is still a young man, being now in his forty-fifth year; twenty of which have been spent in the priesthood. He is a native of Tipperary, and after studying in his native land and subsequently at the Irish College in Paris, was ordained in the French Capital on the 17th of March, 1877.

At the Presentation Convent at Baltimore, the death occurred on March 29th, of Mother Magdalen Huesey, who had served God as a member of that

religious order for nearly half a century. Her death was a shock to the Sisters of her community, as it was preceded by only a few hours illness, and they realize the loss of a wise and beloved mother who guarded with sympathetic care their daily lives. Before entering the Convent the deceased nun was known as Miss Mabel A. Huesey.

The death of Mother Mary de Sales has caused great regret in and about Glasgow, Scotland, for she was known and honored as one of the pioneer religious of Scotland, having entered the Convent of Mercy, Garnethill, 46 years ago at the age of 16.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, a novitiate of the Christian Brothers, was in danger of destruction from fire on Easter Monday. The fire originated in the boiler-room of the institution, but the active and vigorous exertions of the Brothers themselves soon brought the flames under control.

A mission conducted by Benedictine Fathers at Motherwell, Scotland, has been a marvellous success. For seven years the people of Motherwell have not had the advantage of this spiritual privilege, but when time placed it within their reach they set an example of their appreciation and piety by attending it en masse. The Catholic population of this city is estimated at 25,000, and of this number, it is declared that scarcely one failed in fulfilling the conditions of mission.

St. Anthony's Messenger makes the announcement that a chapel dedicated to St. Anthony will soon be erected at the Hotel Dieu, Saint-Vallier, and that later on a church will be built in honor of the great Saint in Chicoutimi, which is the centre of the Universal Association not only for Canada, but also for the United States. The many clients of St. Anthony are invited to aid the reverend ladies of the Hotel Dieu Saint-Vallier in supplying the necessary furnishings of the little chapel.

Sister Cyril, of the Ursuline Convent, New York, lost her life while superintending the preparatory cleaning for the opening of the spring term. A Sister in charge of the work became exhausted and Sister Cyril volunteered to take her place, and shortly after fell from the ledge of a third-story window and died a few hours later after receiving the last rites of the Church.

In the world she was known as Miss Martha Keegan, and her widowed mother resides in New York. Sister Cyril was only 26 years of age.

It may be well to remind Tertiarities of the Third Order of St. Francis that the Holy Father has granted a plenary indulgence to the members who observe public or private novena from the 22nd to the 30th of May this year, and after a truly contrite confession and Holy Communion on any day of the Novena visit a church or public oratory, and there pray for the intentions of Holy Church. This indulgence is applicable to the souls in purgatory, and is granted in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of Leo XIII's reception in the Third Order.

The oldest Catholic church in Boston, St. Stephen's, was seriously damaged by fire on the 20th of April, caused by a defect in the electric light switch box, which was fixed behind the altar. As soon as the flames were discovered issu-

ing from the windows, Rev. Father Knapp hastened to the church and removed the Blessed Sacrament and the sacred vessels. A high wind was blowing at the time and soon after the high altar was in flames. It was completely destroyed and also many valuable paintings and statues that adorned the sanctuary. Rev. D. J. O'Farrel is the present pastor of the church, which was erected in 1802, and originally used as a Protestant house of worship until purchased by the Catholics of Boston in 1863. The loss is estimated at \$10,000, and is fully covered by insurance.

The Civita Cattolica gives the following interesting statistics about the present standing of the Redemptorist Order: "The Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer counts twelve provinces with 148 houses containing 3,000 inmates. The Roman Province counts six houses; the Franco-Helvetian, thirty-one; the Austrian, eighteen; the Belgian, thirteen. These six provinces were erected in 1841. The Province of Baltimore (United States), erected in 1850, comprises twenty-four residences; that of Germany, established in 1853, has nine houses. Then there is the Province of Lower Germany, dating back to 1859, with seven residences; the British Province, erected in 1865, with eight houses, and the Province of St. Louis (United States), founded in 1875, has nine establishments."

The News in Brief.

A son of the late President Garfield was lately received in special audience by the Pope.

The master joiners of Glasgow have granted their men a 1d. advance per hour, making the rate 9 1/2d.

Mr. John J. Foote, Quebec's pioneer journalist, who was for nearly forty years the proprietor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle, died in that city last week at the age of sixty-five years.

A pointer for the opponents of religious education. Carter Harrison, Chicago's newly elected Mayor, received his education at St. Ignatius (Jesuit) College, Chicago, and Mrs. Harrison is a graduate of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, New Orleans.

Mr. Benjamin Batson, one of Ottawa's pioneer citizens and well-known as Collector of Customs, died at the Grand Union Hotel on the morning of April 20, at the age of 65 years. He was a native of New Brunswick, and for a long time was in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company.

Police statistics show that since the beginning of the year 85 children have been abandoned in Toronto. This is a sad state of affairs and shows something radically wrong in morals in "Toronto the Good." It is very evident that missionary work of some kind is needed in the Queen City.

Perhaps the last survivor of the famous 600 who made the desperate charge at Balaklava passed from earth when Barney McKernan died at Phoenixville, Penn., a few days ago, at the age of seventy. He loved to recall the experiences of his soldier days. McKernan was a native of Leitrim, Ireland.

Reports from Honolulu tell of a startling discovery that has recently been made regarding the so-called Japanese students that have been arriving in large numbers in the Hawaiian Islands. They are now believed to be trained soldiers sent out from Japan in preparation for an attempted conquest of the group.

Mrs. Emma Wakefield, a daughter of United States ex-Senator Wakefield, has received a diploma from the Louisiana State Board of Medical Examiners which admits her to the practice of medicine. Mrs. Wakefield is a colored woman, and it is believed she is the first of her race in the Union to obtain the distinction.

Russian doctors are hereafter to wear as a sign that they are legally qualified to practice a little zaok or badge, a silver oval plate an inch and a half long by an inch wide, on which is a design of two intertwined serpents. The object is to increase the safety of the wearer in the less civilized parts of the country.

Mrs. Michael Davitt and her three children will remain in Oakland, California, for a year or more. Mrs. Davitt's health, as also her children's, has been affected by the London climate, and she seeks relief from her native air. Mr. Davitt will return to America in the autumn, when he is released from his parliamentary duties.

Joseph Murphy, the well known Irish comedian, is scoring his old-time success with his popular comedy, the "Kerry Gow," which was presented in Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. It is about time that this favorite Irish actor should give his many friends in Montreal an opportunity of witnessing one of his performances.

The American Irish Historical Society celebrated St. Patrick's Day in Boston by a banquet at the Revere House. The Hon. Thomas J. Gargan presided, and in the course of a brief address he referred to the signal services rendered to history by Thomas Carhill, a native of Ballyshannon, Ireland, who saved the town records of Concord on that memorable day 122 years ago. Some interesting essays were read during the evening.

Herbert Tattlow, a barley trimmer, met with an extraordinary death at Ipswich. He was clearing a heap of dry barley from the side of the steeping cistern when he put his foot into the cistern by mistake. The barley was then being drawn to the maiting floor below, and he was carried to the aperture with it, where he was jammed fast, only his legs and feet protruding. The horrified workmen, on going up to the cistern, found him suffocated, buried beneath two tons of barley.

An extraordinary trial has taken place at Hildesheim, near Hanover. An individual named Pfahl was charged with obtaining by unlawful means the release of prisoners undergoing sentence, and selling his services in the matter. The most flagrant case was that of three men sentenced to one and a half years' imprisonment and a fine of 20,000 marks for brutal assaults. Pfahl, who openly boasted of the influence he exerted in high quarters, and professed to be on the best of terms with Herr Lucanus, the Chief Civil Administrator, offered to

procure the liberation of these two men for a certain sum, and succeeded. Strange to relate, Pfahl was found not guilty on the ground of insufficient evidence. In spite of the verdict, it is clear that pardons are bought and sold in Prussia.

OUR REVIEWER.

Bearing on its cover the colors of the University, blue and gold, the Easter number of the Notre Dame Scholastic comes to our exchange table with a brightness about it that is reproduced again in its literary contents. The frontispiece, carefully protected by a sheet of tissue paper, is of special interest, for it reveals to readers of the Scholastic the countenances of the students who compose the present board of editors—a clever and promising looking group of young men who have been familiar to us by their sketches and verse—sometimes grave and thoughtful, and sometimes fanciful and gay. We congratulate the editors on their creditable Easter issue.

The May number of the Sacred Heart is replete with interesting sketches, stories and verse, and excellent illustrations. The history of Jeanne d'Arc—written by Chimon to Rheims—written by John A. Mooney, LL.D., is continued and retains a strong hold on the readers of the magazine. One of the illustrations that accompany it represents the coronation of Charles VII. and is very beautiful. Revolutionary Spirit, a translation from the Spanish of Louis Colonna, S.J., is a tale of battle cleverly told. The eventful career of America's first martyr, Father John de Padilla, a Franciscan missionary who was slain on November 30, 1542, by a wandering tribe of Guayans on the plains of Kansas, just fifty years after the landing of Columbus, is told in an article entitled, "Afoot with America's First Martyr," written by the late Rev. George O'Connell, S.J. Pictures of Pueblo, its old ruined shrine, and Apache warriors, complete the interest of this instructive sketch. Rev. James Conway, S.J., gives an interesting account of "Churches of the Oriental Rite," and W. F. X. Sullivan, S.J., contributes some dainty verses on "Easter Lilies" that are redolent with devotion. A touching little story is "A Double Release," from the pen of T. M. Joyce, which we have taken the liberty to reproduce in this issue, and some fine examples of modern Christian art are shown in the illustrations of Our Lady's Altar in St. Benno's Church, Munich, and a Sacred Heart shrine bas-relief, the work of Thomas Buscher, sculptor, and carefully described in the accompanying text. A lovely Irish poem is "Rosary Time," by M. M. Halvey, telling the story of the good old custom of reciting the beads at even in the home with all the family gathered around.

There is much more to detain the reader, for every page of the Messenger bears a precious little message of its own, but the reviewer can sometimes only scan the contents, however strong the desire to absorb all.

The April number Catholic Reading Circle Review has just reached us, and it is doubly welcome from the fact that its frontispiece reproduces the features of the late lamented Brother Noah, brother of Mr. Justice Curran of Montreal. The Review publishes one of his essays, that reflects his opinion on the subject of Poetry: Its Characteristics and Mission; and also presents a brief outline of his noble career written by a loving companion in religion, Rev. Bro. Potamian. Careless of his own claims as an author, Brother Noah, with the true spirit of his Order, thought only of the good results that he might accomplish through his ceaseless efforts, and little of the advantage to be gained by preserving his work in book form. Several of his earlier compositions have been published, but there are still many brilliantly-penned manuscripts awaiting the hand of a competent editor, whose pen would also find a worthy theme in a detailed biography of this earnest and gifted member of the order of De La Salle, whose wit was not the least of his mental possessions.

The Review is one of the best of our Catholic magazines and is especially suited to teachers and students, although not exclusively interesting to them, for all lovers of good, sound Catholic reading will find a generous fund in this publication, which is the official organ of the Catholic Summer School of America and the Reading Circle Union.

The Owl for April contains many good things contributed by its student editors in Ottawa University, among which might be mentioned an appreciative essay on Edmund Burke's Oratory, written by Albert Newman. Evolution is the subject of Martin Power's reflections, and P. J. Galvin gives an interesting sketch of Maynooth College. Ottawa University students are not as partial to poetical effusions as some of their American con-

Good Blood

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temporarily, for a great deal of the verse in the April number is from acknowledged singers as Adelaide Procter, etc., but of course the Owl is not a singing bird, but very wise withal.

The current number of the annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has many choice morsels of literary work that will afford thought and pleasure to its readers. "Our Lady's Easter Joy" is a thoughtful little sketch by Matilda Cummings on a timely theme, and Henry Coyle's admirable verses, "At Dawn on Easter Day," is another chaste tribute to the holy season. A brief description of the first Easter of Pius IX. will be read with interest, as it is a portion of a letter written by the gifted Frederic Ozanam, whose life and works have been cleverly written and compiled by Kathleen O'Meara.

The Weekly Bouquet has chosen a shadowy but very pleasing tint for its Easter cover, that is a decided contrast to the vivid colors and florid styles chosen by other publications, and perhaps it is from this very individuality of taste that it derives its peculiar charm. Just a tiny *boutonniers* of valley lilies nestling in their own dark foliage is added to this soft-toned dress.

Among the contributions is an article written by Mother M. Austin Carroll, descriptive of "Florence the Beautiful" and its associations that will be continued in succeeding numbers, and a sketch of Coventry Patmore, by Henry Coyle, gives a brief but careful study of the poet's work. James Riley's fruitful pen provides, in verse and story, many choice bits that are always appreciated.

The records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, for March, give encouraging reports of the progress made by this admirable organization, the aim of which is research and study, and the gathering of interesting data, in historical fields guided by the spirit of Christianity. The retiring president, Lawrence F. Flick, M.D., in his annual address reviewed the work of the society during his term of office and recalled the progress made, the most notable features of which were the successful establishment of a magazine; the purchase and equipment of a home for the association; and the establishment of an official archivist in Rome, whose duty is to copy valuable and interesting papers relating to the history of the Catholic Church in America. The financial condition of the society is hopeful and the prospects for its future bright.

Alfred Steckel, in a short article on the Catholic Church in Wisconsin, tells of the first Mass in Burlington. It was celebrated by Father Morrissey, in 1838, in the house of a Protestant named Nimms, and later, in 1842, at the solicitation of the few Catholic families residing in and around Burlington, Father Kindig came from Milwaukee and celebrated Mass for them in a carpenter's shop, the bench serving as an altar. A collection was then taken up, amounting to about sixty dollars, and with this money a horse was purchased for the priest, who promised to visit them once every month. To-day Burlington has a splendid church, erected in 1891, which has been preceded by two others, and it numbers a congregation of over 300 Catholic families, the majority of whom are Germans. Interesting data relating to the old Wilcox Paper Mill (Ivy Mills) that were in operation in Chester County, Pennsylvania, from 1729 to 1866, is given by Joseph Wilcox; and the history of Commodore John Barry, by Martin I. J. Griffin, is continued. The historical picture gallery contains the following illustrations: The Venerable John Nep. Bishop Neumann, D.D., first Bishop of Philadelphia; the Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise, on the banks of the Shannon; Bartholomew de las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa; and Tiberius and the Sea of Galilee.

The Pall Mall Magazine for May presents its readers with views of another of "the stately homes of England," Mount Edgecumbe House, Plymouth, the historical traditions of which are related by Ernestine Edgecumbe. W. T. Greene tells of some curious positions taken up by birds of their homes, in an article entitled "Strange Sites for Birds' Nests."

Standish O'Grady has written an Irish novel under the title of "The Flight of the Eagle." The Dublin Freeman, in an extended notice, gives it the highest praise as a true picture of Irish life during the Elizabethan period.

EXPERIENCE HAS PROVED IT. A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use, health and vigor could be fully restored.

THE SPRING SHOW OF THE HOCHELAGA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. The annual spring show of stallions was held last Friday morning on the Haymarket, College street, under the auspices of the County of Hochelaga Agricultural Society. Among some of the prominent farmers and other gentlemen interested in horseflesh present were Messrs. Robert Ness, of Howick; Thomas Irving, ex-president of the association; Dr. James Stewart, Dr. Charles McEachran, Leopold Galarnau, Charles Cassin, George Buchanan, G. H. Muir, Hugh Brodie, the indefatigable secretary of the association, and R. Hayes McDonald, of Kentucky, at one time a prominent horse breeder in his native state. Mr. E. Stewart, of St. Eustache, exhibited a fine animal of the carriage

type, besides Kent, a beautiful imported coaching stallion, which was greatly admired. Senator Globensky, of the same place, had on view Barabuy, a handsome bay stallion. Andrew Hishop, of St. Laurent, showed General Banks, who appeared to be as "gay" as ever. Mr. J. P. Dawes, of Lachine, exhibited Pachelet and his celebrated race horse Red Fellow, the latter apparently being in good kilter. Mr. F. L. Frappier, of this city, showed a fine specimen of the Hambletonian breed, and Billy Monteith had his trotting stallion General Russell, which was generally admired. Other exhibitors were H. Poitras, of this city, and Dan Fraser, of St. Laurent, who had on the ground Aubrey, by Apollo, 7 years old, bred in Philadelphia, and with a record of 2:30. Mr. James I. Roy, of Bordeaux, had two exhibits, one of which was the standard trotter Vandyke, sired by Rouski, he by Redfellow, dam Lottie Kay, 6 years old. Messrs. Alderico Beaudin and George Corbeil, of Cote St. Michel, also exhibited some fine specimens of horse flesh.

The "Drink Bill" in England for the past 12 months shows a large increase. More than 25 per cent of alcoholic compounds have been consumed above the largest total hitherto recorded. No less than £6,598,588 has been spent during the past twelve months in excess of last year. Beer comes first with £4,257,274, wine next with £1,103,114, and spirits third with an increase of £1,069,720 over the figures of the previous year. In one department only is there a decrease—£41,140 in foreign spirits.

When the Spanish ironclad Victoria went into dry dock it was discovered that the whole of her bottom, a surface of 1,200 square yards, was literally covered with large oysters, which the sailors and workmen quickly appropriated. It has been observed for some time past that the speed of the Victoria was gradually diminishing, and the strange oyster bed is believed to account for her defect in this respect.

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Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

La Fabrique de Notre Dame takes this opportunity of informing parties interested that the removal of bodies from the vaults will take place as soon as the ground is ready, and all such should be removed not later than May 20th. In future La Fabrique de Notre Dame will not take care of any family lots, without an order from the proprietors defining work to be done. Office of La Fabrique de Notre Dame, 1708 Notre Dame street. 40-4

Education.

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DO GODLESS SCHOOLS PAY?

The Question Briefly Considered from a Moral and Social Point of View.

By BARNEY O'REGAN.

LEARNING is not education. It is a very trite aphorism. The human mind is the receptacle of many ideas, impressions and influences. It is a garden that may be beautified by the cultured flowers of a refined education, or rendered unsightly by the noxious weeds and plants that thrive as the result of neglect or of misdirected effort. The flowers that bloom in this garden are ever thirsting for nourishment, in the shape of intellectual sunshine and rain and dew, and if these are not plentifully supplied in the form of sound moral instruction, the beautiful garden will soon be transformed into a wilderness, whose once fair flowers are overrun and checked in their growth by moral carelessness, skepticism, rank infidelity, downright vice. As tender plants require the utmost care, in order that a healthy growth may be assured, so children, that they may become good and useful members of society, require to be religiously trained and thoroughly grounded in the principles of a

PURE, MORAL AND CHRISTIAN LIFE.

If a child, born of Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist or Presbyterian parents, is daily instructed in the principles of morality and in the tenets of their particular creed, he will in his manhood, in the majority of cases, be a strong adherent of the church of his parents, and there is little or no danger that he will ever become a reproach to his people or a burden on his country. If his parents are Catholics, the same principle holds true, and he should be so thoroughly grounded in Catholicity by his natural guardians and by his teachers, that when he assumes the duties and responsibilities of manhood, he will be a shining example to those about him. At no time, perhaps, can the duties of the Christian life and the marks of the Christian character be so indelibly imprinted upon the soul as

IN THE TENDER YEARS OF CHILDHOOD,

when the mind is pliable and impressionable, and when the future man, good or bad, is shaped and moulded. Placed in a good religious school, surrounded by companions who, like himself, are taught to love and regard the beautiful truths of the Christian religion, to respect their equals and to honor their superiors, to live soberly and industriously, and to obey the laws of the country, there is no danger of the child developing into other than a useful member of Church and State. Such training is the duty of all instructors, and the state that does not encourage it, but is satisfied with what may be designated Godless schools, is making a lamentable mistake. That mistake may not be apparent in the early years of the system by which these schools are fostered, but it will be felt and recognized before many years have flown into the dim corridors of the past.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING IS A DUTY

enjoined by God, by our faith, by doctrine, by reason, by common sense, and by the results of actual experience. Christ enjoined upon his followers the care of children, and was upon those who scandalize these little ones, or who do not bring them up in the way they should go. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Feed My lambs." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." It is a common boast that the free schools of Canada are the glory of the country, but do they fulfil the conditions above laid down, and do the graduates of these schools, where Christianity is not inculcated by precept as well as by example, become as good members of society as those of the schools in which religious training is made an important feature? Only a negative answer is possible. As the "free school" systems of the different provinces are much alike in their general principles, and as none of them is perhaps superior to that of Prince Edward Island, I shall base my remarks upon the system in operation in this province. The underlying

PRINCIPLE OF THE FREE SCHOOL SYSTEM

is that no one should be uneducated, and that every boy and girl should be grounded, at the expense of the State, in the three R's. Very good, but this should be properly reinforced by sound moral instruction and religious teaching, an essential phase that is entirely overlooked. Then, the system goes farther, it gives the majority of children a smattering—a mere useless smattering, unless followed up in the high school and college—of the "higher education," classics, mathematics, natural science, etc. This too often has an unsettling tendency, and turns the heads of precious pupils, giving them false ideas of life and of the sphere in which they are to move and live, making them discontented with the farm and the workshop, and finally leading them into the already overcrowded professions, to seek out a precarious existence, when they would have made independent and contented farmers and artisans, and even sometimes, as Ernest Heaton shows in his vigorous arraignment of the Ontario secular school system, leading, or rather driving them to crime in the desperate effort to support their position. Would it not be better to

SUPPLANT CLASSICS AND SCIENCE AND SUCH BRANCHES

in the common schools by that teaching which shows the pupils how to distinguish between right and wrong, between morality and immorality? Has the

common school system diminished crime amongst the young? Has it not rather increased it, by educating boys into idleness, the sister of vice? This province has a sufficient number of youthful representatives—graduates from the common schools, most of them in the penitentiary, to answer the latter question in the affirmative.

The noble work done by the Christian Brothers in Charlestown is still fresh in the minds of many, who see its results in the Catholic men of the present, who are an honor to their country and their church. Note the grand work being done to day at St. Dunstan's College, whose students are a credit to their alma mater and a source of justifiable pride to their fellow-Catholics, for that fine old college has sent its graduates up to the head of every profession and avocation.

FROM THE FARM TO THE THRONE

of the Archbishop of Halifax and the bench of the Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island, but it has done so without "educating" Catholicity out of them or "skepticism" into them. The students of St. Dunstan's not only take as high rank in scholarship as those of any other college in Canada, but they are at the same time noted for their devout attachment to the faith of their fathers, which they never fail to uphold.

But, on the other hand, how does the Catholic boy fare in the "glorious" free schools, where the name and practice of religion are practically tabooed? He is there surrounded by boys of all shades and degrees of Sunday School prejudice, who stily, and oftentimes not too stily—in the precociousness and "smartness" of their years, for the boy of to day affects to know more than the man of a decade since—disseminate among their companions the biased opinions they have imbibed at home, and who ridicule them if they do not join in their profanity and blackguardism. I know, from an experience of some years as both pupil and teacher, whereof I speak.

THERE IS NO HEALTHY AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING

to check and restrain the vicious tendencies of the boy, or to direct his youthful exuberance into proper channels, and did Catholic parents only know to what evil influences they often subject their children by sending them to the public schools, they would make many a sacrifice to have those children educated in schools based upon Christian foundations. The carelessness and evil influences of the Godless school are strengthened and intensified as the boy grows older, and as he mingles freely with the "sports" who have "finished" their education. Gambling and drinking habits are easily formed, though conscience now and then checks him. His "Roman" scruples are laughed away, until he becomes neglectful of his spiritual duties, finally dropping all semblance of them and blooming out

A FULL FLEDGED INFIDEL,

and we have an unduly large crop of infidels, right here on little Prince Edward Island, as a result very largely of the abhorrence of the name of God and of religion in the curriculum of our free schools. I know one prominent Catholic, for example, who occupies a high official position, who was years ago so "broad minded" that he would not send his daughters to a convent, and who was always lauding the free schools. "Give us ten years more of free schools," said he one day, "and we'll have no more priestly interference in politics." Well, to-day his eldest son is an infidel and "free thinker." And this is by no means a rare case. How dangerous then, is it for Catholic boys to be sent to the public schools, especially those whose parents are untutored, and therefore not in a position to offset the influence of these schools with judicious home training. Certainly the greater number of Catholic children have parents who look after their moral welfare, whose home teachings and whose religious surroundings counteract the deleterious influence of the Godless schools, but many are not so happily situated.

From France the teaching Orders were driven by the bayonets of a rabble soldiery, and their magnificent educational institutions gave way to the school system framed by agnostic "statesmen," whose every move was based on atheism and *francmasonry*. The lamentable outcome of that revolution should be a warning to other States to "hasten slowly" in the matter of banishing religious instruction from the schools, and let people take note of this fact, that to-day, after the experience that Canadians have had with Godless schools for the past quarter of a century or more, it is not Catholics alone who are asking for

A RETURN TO SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

Though we in this province have bowed to the rule of the majority, and have accepted the free school system (which is perhaps as near perfection here, where people of all denominations work together harmoniously, as it can be brought), and though we have no wish to re-open old wounds, yet the indisputable fact remains that,—notwithstanding the great progress made in secular education since 1877, and notwithstanding the many advantages of the present School Act over that of 1850,—were the Catholics of Prince Edward Island not more strong-minded and conservative in matters of faith and morals than the people of France, they would soon drift into the same atheistical channels. People of cold latitudes are, it is well known, less impressionable, less mercurial in temperament, than those of warmer climates, and perhaps in this, to some considerable extent, lies their stability and their safety. But, even with all the safeguards that have been

known around our people, there is in the small province of Prince Edward Island entirely

TOO LARGE A NUMBER OF INFIDELS AND ATHEISTS,

and amongst their ranks are to be found some who were once Catholics, to their shame be it said.

Catholic parents, who wish to see their sons taking a leading position in whatever walk of life they may select for themselves, and at the same time remaining earnest and sincere Catholics, cannot afford to depend upon the secular schools, but should endeavor by every possible means to have their boys educated in distinctively Catholic colleges, such for instance as grand old St. Dunstan's, and should generously support all our Catholic educational institutions. There is no reason why our Catholic young men should not continue to lead in the professional ranks in the future as well as in the past, if we only hand-somely support the splendid educational institutions we have, and let the Godless schools—with which, as far as other than Catholics are concerned, we have no quarrel—take care of themselves.

THE WOLFE TONE MONUMENT

The following subscriptions have been collected by Mr. James McGovern, treasurer Irish National Club, for the Wolfe Tone Monument Fund, and forwarded to the Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick, treasurer of the Irish National Alliance. It is to be hoped that a general subscription amongst the Irish residents of this city will be taken up during the coming summer for this patriotic enterprise. Catholic Ireland appeals to her scattered children irrespective of religious opinions to do honor to the memory of one of her greatest of Protestant martyrs. Will that appeal to her children in the Dominion of Canada be in vain:

- James J. O'Connor..... 5
- John O'Connor..... 5
- Mrs. J. O'Connor..... 5
- Timothy O'Connor..... 5
- James J. O'Connor, jr..... 5
- H. J. O'Connor..... 5
- Donald O'Connor..... 5
- John A. O'Connor..... 5
- Wm. Fogarty..... 5
- Patrick Furlong..... 5
- Jeremiah McCarthy..... 5
- Miss O'Kane..... 5
- Miss B. Daley..... 5
- Chas. McCarthy..... 5
- Wm. Daley..... 5
- Mrs. J. McCarthy..... 5
- Michael Bermingham..... 5
- Mrs. M. Bermingham..... 5
- Ed J. Bermingham..... 5
- M. L. Bermingham..... 5
- James J. Bermingham..... 5
- Thomas F. Bermingham..... 5
- Edward O'Reilly..... 5
- John O'Reilly..... 5
- Francis O'Reilly..... 5
- Patrick O'Reilly..... 5
- R. A. O'Reilly..... 5
- Miss Kate O'Reilly..... 5
- Miss Mary O'Reilly..... 5
- Miss Anne O'Reilly..... 5
- James McGovern..... 5
- Michael McGovern..... 5
- Willie McGovern..... 5
- Miss Lizzie McGovern..... 5
- Miss Maggie McGovern..... 5
- John McCarthy..... 5
- Mrs. J. McCarthy..... 5
- Michael McCarthy..... 5
- Miss Delia McCarthy..... 5
- Miss Nellie McCarthy..... 5

MISS MORRISON'S CONCERT.

The Distinguished Soprano Achieved a Splendid Success.

MRS JEAN HARVEY AND OTHER ARTISTS WERE AMONG THE PERFORMERS.

Lovers of good music were provided with an opportunity of enjoying a first-class programme, furnished by prominent artists, at the grand concert given by Miss Louise Morrison and Mrs. Jean Harvey, in Association Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 21st.

Miss Morrison is well known in Catholic circles, for she has ever been ready to lend the charm of her rich soprano voice to enhance the musical services of St. Patrick's Church, on special festivals, and we are pleased to record the success of the concert of which Miss Morrison and her associate, Mrs. Jean Harvey, were the promoters.

The appearance of these two artistes for the opening number, the "Lied der Vögelin," of Rubenstein, was greeted with an outburst of welcoming applause, which was renewed with hearty vigor when their voices melted away in the final notes of the selection. Mrs. Harvey's melodious contralto voice blends exquisitely with the clear, ringing soprano of Miss Louise Morrison, who sings with an ease and dramatic grace that overcomes the most difficult passages. In her solo numbers, notably the "Air des Bijoux," from Gounod's Faust, she was admirable; and the enthusiastic audience, which was not as large as the concert merited, but was intelligently appreciative, applauded until an encore was graciously conceded.

A second selection from the same source, "Scène du Jardin," was rendered during the evening by Miss Morrison and Mr. Plamondon; the latter is the possessor of a rich tenor voice which he uses to the best advantage; and he found full scope for its qualities in the dramatic selection.

Mr. Goulet captivated the audience through the medium of his violin, which responded faithfully to the sympathetic hand that controlled it. He was in constant demand during the evening and had frequently to humor his delighted listeners by a second appearance.

One feature of the programme that was particularly pleasing was the playing of Tomlin's "Home, Sweet Home," by Mrs. Parrot, on the harp. This accomplished lady handled her instrument with admirable skill and grace, and the well-known and heart-reaching strains lost nothing of their charm and beauty under the touch of Mrs. Parrot's nimble and persuasive fingers.

Dr. A. F. J. Botson sang Wadlington Cooke's "Stand Fast" in fine style, and

his baritone voice contributed to the successful effect of the magnificent quartette, "Bella Juglia," from Verdi's Rigolotti, in which Miss Morrison, Mrs. Harvey and Mr. Plamondon also were heard. Dvorak's "Russian Trio," played on piano, violin and organ, by Mrs. Turner—who presided at the piano during the evening—and M. sera. Duquette and Charbonneau, was very prettily rendered, and was repeated in response to the hearty applause with which it was received.

A pretty lullaby "R-st Thou, My Child," written by Miss Louise Morrison, was sung very effectively by Mrs. Harvey.

The future efforts of Miss Morrison and Mrs. Harvey in the pursuit of their art will be eagerly looked forward to by all who had the pleasure of enjoying their recent concert, and we wish them the success they so well deserve.

Note and Comment.

There is an unusual amount of anxiety in certain circles regarding bachelors. The latest evidence comes from a small town in New Jersey, where the following notice was recently published:

"The Presbyterian Church Improvement Guild invites all bachelors to bring their undarned socks, gloves or any article needing repairs to the lecture room on Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, and they will be neatly and quickly mended by some of Metuchen's latest damsels, and while you wait you will be refreshed by a cup of chocolate and a sandwich, to which your ten-cent admission ticket will entitle you."

Are bachelors so scarce in New Jersey that they have to be lured out into the open matrimonial field with seductive chocolate and sandwiches, or is it out of pure goodness of heart that "Metuchen's latest damsels" are anxious to repair the bachelors' smallwares? It is certainly an original in the line of mislaid work.

The enthusiasm aroused over the project of the Irish Fair in New York is steadily increasing as the time for its formal inauguration draws nearer. Representatives of Ireland's thirty-two counties, whether natives or descendants, are alike actively bestirring themselves in the interest of the Fair, which has for its object the erection of a magnificent structure that shall be known as the Irish Palace Building, and will be the central home of all the Irish organizations of New York. Bags of Irish earth and sods from the old land are being shipped across the Atlantic, as well as every conceivable article of interest that is valued for its historic or local associations, and will be considered an attraction at the Fair. Many beautiful specimens of Irish handicraft will also be exhibited and many examples of Irish industrial products. Limerick has sent some remarkable relics. One of these is the table that was used by its gallant defender, Patrick Sarsfield, in his quarters at Ballynally, where he planted the guns when the English had spiked on the hills with the intention of destroying surrounding villages. It has remained as a precious heirloom in the possession of one family since that stirring period. The key of St. Mary's Cathedral, which was turned over to the English after the signing of the Limerick treaty, is another of these interesting relics.

Mementoes of Gerald Griffin, the sweet singer, whose brief life shed such lustre on his native county, have also been secured.

Entertainments and social gatherings are being held by the workers for each county and the proceeds derived from them are adding a neat amount to the general fund.

A writer in the New York Independent says:—"The division of our American Christendom is a sad reproach." Our Roman Catholic brethren never tire of declaring that they are Catholic, and that we who have inherited the unfortunate name "Protestant" are split into a hundred competing and conflicting sects. It is true that we are. Some of these sects recognize and fellow-ship each other in a limited way, and others do not. Yet most of them are ready to admit that others beside themselves are true and regular Christian churches, and are willing to receive from them courteous messages at their national meetings. Yet these hundred and more denominations have no public, visible, formal bond of union; the Evangelical Alliance is hardly such. For all the world can see, they are rivals; and such they very often are. They do not come together in towns, or cities, or counties, or states, or in the nature of affectionate fellowship and consultation. Their more Christian young people's societies may do so, but the churches themselves do not. Now this attitude of scarce more than armed truce is simply wrong. It is a sin before God. It ought to be corrected. We heartily approve the efforts made to bring together into corporate union, here and there, two or three denominations. We earnestly wish that Northern and Southern Presbyterians, Northern and Southern Methodists, the Congregationalists and the Christian Connection might unite; but such a union, desirable as it would be, would not heal the main divisions. A far larger necessity is that which would unite in confederation of council and service those denominations which can not yet combine in corporate unity. Here is work for those who love the unity of the faith."


It is indeed a very laudable desire to seek for the union of the various Christ-

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THINK OF THE LITTLE THINGS

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ian sects, but has the Independent thought out the means by which the union can be arrived at. Will these sects consent to sink their differences and join forces? I am certain that this will not be done.

An English exchange publishes the following:—

The Scotch Highlanders seem to have created quite a sensation among the natives of Crete. "If the men dress like this how are the women clothed?" asked an astonished denizen of Candia. The question carried one back to Balaclava. After that battle Liprandi the Russian general, asked a prisoner who and what the soldiers were who standing in a "thin red line" (Sir Colin's Highlanders, now the Argyl and Sutherland) and so contemptuously repulsed the charge of his cavalry. "Oh, was the reply, these are the wives of the men on the grey horses" (the Scots Greys, who had on the same day taken part in the charge of Scarlett's Heavy Brigade, which exploded a large mortar mass of Russian cavalry.

The London "Star" says:—"It is not generally known that Lord Russell of Killowen is an author as well as an orator, lawyer, sportsman, ex-Parliamentarian, and Lord Chief Justice of England. Time was when he was simply Mr. Charles Russell, a rising barrister with whom briefs were not so plentiful as to altogether preclude his devoting some time to the duties of a special correspondent. In those distant days he made a tour of Ireland in the interests of the "Daily Telegraph," to whose columns he contributed a series of brilliant letters, which were subsequently re-issued by the house of Macmillan in book form, under the title of "New Views of Ireland." Hitherto it has been universally understood that this was the Chief's one and only book, but the latest list of accessions to the British Museum shows that the general belief is erroneous. The Museum people have picked up a still earlier publication of his, one issued as far back as 1859, and bearing the title of "The Catholic in the Workhouse," a popular statement of the law as it affects him, and the religious grievances it occasions; with practical suggestions for redress." It is issued by the Catholic Publication Society of London."

The newspaper museum in Aix-la-Chapelle contains a copy of the world's largest newspaper, which is known as the Illuminated Quadruple Constitution, and was published in New York in 1859. The paper is similar in form to the surface of a billiard table, and measures eight feet six inches in height by six feet in width. It contains eight pages, each of thirteen columns, and these are forty-eight inches long. The paper on which it is printed is extremely durable and strong, and each page weighed three hundred pounds. Forty people were occupied continually for eight weeks in order to bring out the first issue of this remarkable newspaper, which it is proposed to publish once in 100 years.

From London Truth the following is clipped:—"During the military tattoo alter the balcony at Dublin Castle the other night the statue of Justice, which faces the State apartments, was suddenly illuminated with a brilliant red light. A witty member of the household, looking on remarked: "How like the state of Ireland! Banqueting inside the Castle, Justice going to blazes outside!"

This is also from Truth:—"I hear from Edinburgh that vigorous measures were taken to repress the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. One junior officer is said to have been fined for wearing a piece of shamrock on his cap, although not on parade. The sergeants were forbidden to have their usual dance, and instead of the day being observed as a holiday an extra parade was ordered. If these statements are correct they point to an extraordinary combination of bad feeling and bad judgment on the part of the officers responsible. There are no regiments in the British army in which *esprit de corps* is stronger than in the Irish regiments, and anybody possessing the tact necessary for handling soldiers would do his best to encourage the national sentiment rather than to insult or strangle it."

Mr. William Rowe, a highly respected citizen of Delaware, died on April 10, at the age of 72 years. Mr. Rowe was a personal friend of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, and was remarkable for his minute knowledge of the Catholic history of Delaware. He was a native of Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, Ireland.

In all the larger cities of the United States, and many small ones, extensive play-grounds for children have been provided. There are many vacant spots in the city which could easily be turned into recreation spots, not the keep-off-the-grass variety, but plain grass plots where children can gambol to their hearts

satisfaction. The Haymarket Square, old St. Patrick's Square and the eastern portion of Vicer Gardens would make good play-grounds. It would only be necessary to seed these places with grass and this would surely not cost a very large amount. If this proposal was carried out it would probably do a great deal more good than a lifetime of "fresh air excursions," and would be far more acceptable.

General Grant's body was removed on April 17 from the temporary tomb in which it was deposited twelve years ago and deposited in the magnificent mausoleum which has been destined for its final abode. When the cover of the outer steeple had been removed the wreaths laid on the casket within were found in their original form, and a white rose that was among these floral tributes was in almost perfect condition. A wreath of oak leaves was handed to Gen. Frederick D. Grant at his own request. It had been woven by the fingers of his little daughter Julia, as an offering to be laid on the bier of her distinguished "grandpapa." It has been placed in the new sarcophagus.

Buffalo rejoices in the distinction of possessing an unrivalled system of handling baggage which has been inaugurated through the generosity of Mr. Charles W. Miller. A traveller need no longer concern himself about his belongings now that the "special delivery" plan has been adopted. He has only to notify the railway company of his address at his intended destination, and when he arrives at his hotel or other stopping place the baggage has generally arrived before him.

A wonderful record of prolonged labor is that which is given in a history of Thomas O'Flanagan in the Fourth Estate. The remarkable Irishman began his career as a printer on May 1, 1799, at the age of fourteen years in the office of the Freeman's Journal, in Dublin, and after seventy-six years, at the venerable age of ninety he was still doing active duty at his case on The Nation.

Women are now privileged to become soldiers in the State of Colorado. A recent bill passed in the State Legislature declares them eligible for militia service. Whether this concession has been granted on account of a scarcity of able-bodied men, or because of the anxiety of Colorado's fair sex to shoulder arms, we are left to puzzle out in silence.

News comes of the poverty and distress of a Canadian heroine, Mrs. Abigail Becker, who accomplished a brave deed at Long Point, Lake Erie, when she rescued a shipwrecked crew from almost certain death on a wild December night forty years ago. The Ontario Legislature will be petitioned to grant a pension to her.

MONTREAL CITY & DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at its office, St. James Street, on

Tuesday, 4th May next, at One O'Clock P.M.

for the reception of the Annual Reports and Statements, and the election of Directors.

By order of the Board.

H. Y. BARBEAU, Manager.

Montreal, April 1st, 1897.

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WEDNESDAY.....APRIL 28, 1897.

THE NEW TARIFF.

The new tariff is to a good many a surprise; to a good many it will be a relief; by some it will be resented as partial and unjust; by the largest number, for whose greatest good it was expected—from the previous professions of ministers—to serve it will be regarded for the most part with indifference until they begin to discover that the promised land of universal cheapness has not yet been conquered. Less protectionist than that to which it succeeds it is still very far from free trade. The most that can be said is that its face is turned in that direction and that it has given some signs of moving towards that distant goal. Its essential feature is its preferentiality, but either this portion of the tariff is very obscure or it leaves to the Controller of Customs powers that Parliament only has a right to exercise. Indirectly the reciprocity of the tariff is policy of retaliation against the United States.

The promised reduction to reciprocating countries of 25 per cent now and 25 per cent after Dominion Day, 1898, reduces the duties materially. The prospect of such a possible reduction introduces an element of uncertainty with foreign trade that is a serious inconvenience where it does not lead to considerable loss. We are much mistaken if the business public generally, without regard to party, will receive this feature of the tariff with the satisfaction that it seems to have given some of Mr. Laurier's truly loyal followers. Of the main changes, one of general interest is the reduction of the duty on coal oil from six to five cents on the gallon. The duty on coal, out of deference to the Nova Scotia mine owners, is left unchanged. The public, that is, as consumers, will welcome the reduction in the duty on refined sugar, on flour, wheat and some other articles. Neither householders nor housewives will profit much by the reduction in the duty on tweeds and woollens, though it will be far from pleasing to those who had struggled to build up those industries. The increase in the duties on spirits, tobacco, cigarettes, etc., of which on moral grounds we might approve, will be detrimental, if, as Mr. Foster urges, the figures on which he had, after careful enquiry, determined, were the highest attainable without provoking the counteractive evil of smuggling. There are so many points to consider in framing a tariff, so many business interests, so many industrial claims, so many expectations, based on promises more or less distinct, to this or that section of the community—that it is impossible to satisfy all concerned by even the most conscientious, fair minded and painstaking revision.

ST. PATRICK'S LEAGUE.

In our issue of the 21st instant, our readers will have seen the report of the proceedings at the last meeting of the St. Patrick's League, at St. Mary's Hall, Craig street, in this city. The principle on which the League is founded is an excellent one, and it is now in a fair way to becoming thoroughly representative of Irish sentiments and aspirations. Nearly all the societies in the city are already on the list of the organizations that send delegates, and it is expected that ere long there will be no exception whatever. As to the character and aim of the constituent bodies, there is no restriction but one. Political, or rather, party controversy, is forbidden. Otherwise the interests that are represented are most comprehensive—comprising temperance, literature, religion and benevolence. There were sixty delegates present at the last Sunday meeting and

they seemed to be animated, as a whole, by the right spirit. The great and primary object of St. Patrick's League is, in the words of a correspondent, the advancement of the Irish people and the securing of justice for such of them here and elsewhere as may need help against powerful oppressors.

With the earnest movement we are in full sympathy, because it is both right and especially timely. God forbid that Irishmen in Canada should ever grow indifferent to the sufferings of their kinsmen in the old land. But at the same time it ought, in our opinion, to be kept in mind that the trust and most beneficial service that any Irish institution or society can render is that which results from the earnest effort to elevate the Irish people of its own city, district or country, so as to make them more efficient, morally and otherwise, for giving their co-operation to the general cause. Whatever institution, however formed or named, raises the moral and intellectual standard of its people, is doing a service with which it need fear no comparison. Such a service tends to fit the beneficiaries to take a place in the world worthy of their origin and creditable to themselves, and to fear no competition that is honest and open.

There is, however, unhappily, a class of competition with which it will be one of the duties of the League to enter into conflict in defence of the victims, actual or threatened, of its unjust operation. It is no secret that some large corporations have been distinguishing themselves by discriminating against Irish Catholic young women and young men, and the question arises in what way it is best to convince the authors of such bigotry that, in so acting, they are going against their own interests. This is not a matter for mere words. Action will have more effect than declamation and, if only the Irishmen that have it in their power to retaliate are humane and patriotic enough to use that power promptly, the required lesson will be unlearned effectively. All who are unjustly treated by oppressors however formidable ought to find in St. Patrick's League a friend worthy of its name. The sons and daughters of Irish parents are the equals of the best in intelligence, skill, in honesty, in politeness and in morality. It is the duty of all Irishmen, but especially of this representative Irish League, to stand up in their behalf and to interpose between them and the wound that bigotry or prejudice would inflict.

A CORRECTION AND SOMETHING MORE.

An inaccuracy that crept into our notice of the coming jubilee of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times gives us an opportunity of repeating our congratulations to both the paper and its reverend editor. "It is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Union and Times not that of our ordination," says our contemporary, "which we hope to celebrate early in May. The silver jubilee of our priesthood was over nine years ago." We cordially wish the editor a happy completion of the years necessary to turn the silver into gold and of more beyond them. In congratulating the Catholic Union and Times on the quarter century of vigorous and prosperous life that it has left behind it, we recognize not only the editorial ability and excellent Catholic spirit with which it is conducted, but also its mechanical superiority and creditable general appearance.

A Catholic journal has difficulties to contend with from which the higher class of secular papers are almost always free, and these difficulties are not alleviated or made more tolerable by the consciousness that they are aggravated, if not entirely caused, by the indifference or deliberate hostility of so-called Catholics. We are nearing the date of our own golden jubilee, and although it is cause for thankfulness that a Catholic paper, mainly supported by Irish readers, should have surmounted the obstacles in its path for nearly half a century, we cannot help contrasting the position that it might have to-day, if all those in whose interests it is published did their duty towards it, and its actual condition which, however optimistic our desire, we cannot describe as financially flourishing.

We are, of course, quite aware that pecuniary success is not, from the true Christian standpoint, the best thing for any of us. In the best ages of the Church the feverish lust of wealth that taints, if it does not poison, the lives of modern communities, was unknown. The words of the Gospel were taken seriously, and to be very rich was equivalent to being in imminent spiritual peril. Far be it from us to long for such an increase in our worldly goods as would endanger our soul's salvation. But, however moderate his wishes may be in this respect, the conductor of a Catholic journal must often be bitterly convinced that the superabundance of his plutocratic readers would enable him to achieve great and needful reforms in his paper by which thousands would be benefited, the welfare of Catholics would be promoted and the position of the Church in his locality be strengthened. That, at

least, is the hope that he cherishes—a hope without which no Catholic journalist would have engaged in such an enterprise. It is an ambition of which no sincere Catholic has reason to be ashamed nor, if he does his duty, ought even failure to cause him regret for having ventured and lost.

Journalism is one of the moral and intellectual forces of our time and the Church has a right to its best support. And whatever helps Catholic people to remain true to their convictions aids the Church in its incomparable mission. If Catholics would only realize how much they could further the good cause by giving a helping hand to the Catholic paper of their own locality, they would add considerably to the sum of their good works as Catholics. On the other hand, when they deliberately ignore or oppose the journal that has the best claim on their sympathies, they are doing what at any rate their consciences cannot approve of. But there is a more practical argument. They are, if business men, neglecting the means by which they can secure the good will and the custom of their fellow Catholics at home and elsewhere. Protestants find it profitable to spend hundreds of dollars yearly to make known what wares they sell or what professional advantages they possess to their Catholic fellow-citizens. Some of them keep their advertisements permanently in evidence so that their names may be always before the Catholic customers or clientele that they wish to retain or secure. Yet, in the face of this example, many Catholics turn their backs on their own paper; going elsewhere with their advertisements and in other ways refusing help to the organ of their own faith. It is not in any spirit of bitterness and certainly with no intention of striking at individuals that we call attention to this laxness on the part of those who could help the TRUE WITNESS, but for some reason fail to do so. It is purely in self-defence. We feel that we ought to have more Catholic assistance than we receive. We are certain that those who help us receive corresponding advantages. We ask nothing for nothing—only such fair play as we have a right to demand from those in whose behalf our paper is carried on. A great deal of what seems like intentional neglect is probably nothing more than forgetfulness. In that case, it is not too late for amendment, and we know that there is no lack of Catholic spirit amongst us if only it could be reached and awakened.

THE LEAGUE AND ITS ORGAN.

The TRUE WITNESS has a good claim to be regarded as the organ of St. Patrick's League, which most of our readers will acknowledge. It will be to the interest of the League to have full reports of its proceedings regularly published in an Irish Catholic paper that sympathizes with its aims and will assist with whatever influence it may have in carrying them out. The idea of the League was not an unfamiliar one in our columns, even before the League was organized, and we are especially interested in seeing the organization become a success. We feel assured that if proper care be exercised in the selection of delegates, giving full deliberation to all measures proposed and in avoiding topics likely to cause dissension, the League is destined to prove a very real power for good to the Irish community of Montreal and by example to other Catholic centres in the Dominion.

We observe St. Patrick's League is adopting the practise of several national societies and religious communities, in furnishing secular papers with reports of their proceedings before publishing them in the TRUE WITNESS. In a future issue we will point out the results of such an unwise course.

In reply to an enquirer, who wishes to know the meaning and source of the motto of this journal, "Testis in celo fidelis," we wish to say that it means a "faithful witness in heaven" and that it forms the final clause of the 38th verse of the 88th Psalm.

It is proposed, during the summer months, to hold regular meetings of St. Patrick's League on the 3rd Wednesday evening instead of the 3rd Sunday afternoon of each month.

The Legislators of the various States of the neighboring Union have been paying a great deal of attention to newspapers recently. The latest in this line comes from Illinois, where it is proposed to add the following clause to the libel act:—

"That any newspaper, found guilty of unduly eulogizing any person or persons, thus falsely building up such person or persons a reputation without merit, thereby misleading and deceiving the public shall, after ten days' notice, served in writing upon the publisher or publishers of said newspaper of the false and misleading character of said eulogy, make a retraction or correction of said eulogy, in manner and place as conspicuous as was its original publication; for three succeeding issues of said newspaper.

"This act shall not apply to deceased persons, nor be operative against funeral orations nor obituary notices."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Some Lessons of the Celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Archbishop Ryan.

Pronounced by Non-Catholics the Greatest Event for Many Years.

New Books by Catholic Authors to Shortly Appear.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1897.—It is a fact patent to the people of this section of the globe that Philadelphia has celebrated the silver jubilee of her beloved Archbishop, but the fact may not produce upon everyone the impression that it should. Three or four days of Easter week were given up to the ceremonies fitting the occasion by the Catholics of Philadelphia, and the city was thronged with Catholic visitors of all ranks. Parades, dinners, receptions, entertainments of divers kinds—are they not so described in the daily press that all may read and understand? Such attentions showered upon a great and good man are worthy of notice, but there is another side to the story. What of the honor reflected upon those who took part in the many-sided demonstration? What of the lessons taught the non-Catholic onlooker? Certainly, Philadelphia's name was well supported, for non-Catholics also "hasted to do him honor," gladly and freely in all "brotherly love," but apart from these, there has arisen a different feeling far and wide—and in many a bitterly prejudiced heart—during the last week. The spirit of the occasion,

THE STANCH LOYALTY TO THE FAITH evinced, the fearless and unshaking courage of the many who in spite of pinching care and anxious outlook, of temporal unquiet and crowding unbelief and mock ing ignorance, were warmly alive to the interests and fully awake to the dignity of all that concerns the Church and her hierarchy, struck home to the minds and hearts of many careless bystanders. The opening parade of Tuesday morning, when file after file of the boys of the parochial schools swung into line and marched down sunny Broad street with the sturdiness of incipient veterans and the admiration surprise as to numbers, training, and a general air of bright manliness. These were the sons of men who prove their loyalty to their Faith by the test of the "great American dollar"—men who labor hard for every cent they spend, pay taxes cheerfully to support the government, and educate at their own expense the children God has given them in the schools where they are taught to know His will and serve Him faithfully all the days of life. Such men believe and live up to their belief. This promise of the Catholic future was fully borne out by the parade of Wednesday evening, when the Catholic men of the present furnished the exciting spectacle of

"THE GRANDEST THING OF THE KIND EVER SEEN HERE,"

as it is again and again pronounced by those severe critics and observant censors, the Protestants. But magnificent as was the display, thrilling as was the subdued roar of thousands upon thousands watching and waiting for the oncoming steps of thousands more, splendid as was the flash and glow of transparencies, flickering taper and soaring rockets, all as it were, in a very atmosphere of music, something deeper and grander appealed to the non-Catholic,—the sense of oneness in the most vital of all interests, their religion. This view of it has taken strong hold on Protestant minds.

The parade of Wednesday night was not altogether Catholic, however. The major portion of it was, of course, true and loyal sons of the Church, but the kindly neighbors to whom the Archbishop has shown himself the genial and generous friend were most glad to honor him with their best. They made it as well the city's tribute to the true citizen who has the good of the public at heart, collectively and individually. Such, too, was the reception at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, where, "everybody in their best," went to shake the fatherly hand with its splendid episcopal ring. In short, the week's work was a great one as an ovation, an educator, and a proof of the change a short time may bring about. Half a century ago, such a thing would have been an impossible dream. Twenty-five years ago it would have made but a feeble local splutter. To-day

A RESISTLESS TORRENT OF GOOD FEELING and happy courage and confidence sweeps before it a thousand sand-hills of inherited prejudices, a host of trifling but irritating misapprehensions, a heart-high barrier of ignorance and indifference. It has undermined the foundations of deliberate malice and active enmity. It has cleared the heavens and the earth of unhealthy and depressing influences. Yet, it dingles and sparkles in the memory with countless never-to-be-forgotten incidents as the placid summer stream lives in our memories of sunshine and blossoms, butterflies and birds' songs. Such an event is not local in character, but concerns the whole Catholic world. Its gala face is nothing to the undercurrent of thought and feeling, nothing to the conclusions that we draw from the comments freely uttered in quiet homes and humdrum streets, where "the people"—like the straw—show the way the current sets. What has wrought this change in fifty years? The teaching, the example, the blameless lives and heroic charity of men like Archbishop Ryan. Passion and prejudice, vanity and ignorance, may combine to sway public opinion for evil at intervals, but the victory in the long run is to the

CAUSE OF JUSTICE AND MERCY AND TRUTH, to the side of the mighty Lord of Lords and King of Kings, for whom and with

whom these men labor and suffer to prevail. There are many shades of doctrine in Philadelphia, many phases of character intensified by a heritage of traditions and opinions, and as many standards of right and wrong. Archbishop Ryan holds a magic key to the difficult approach of each, knocks at each heart, lifts each latch of defiance, and walks into a welcome as "a man of God" in whom all trust, whose charity is beyond doubt and whose far-seeing wisdom has no thought of self. In quieter spheres and in less extended fields of labor, how many priests are working in the same spirit? And it is that spirit that Philadelphia has honored. It is that spirit, which compels the multitude to come in at the Master's command and in the way He orders, which shall make our future glorious and blessed.

IN THE ARENA OF LITERATURE.

I hear in various quarters of new books that are to come from Catholic heads and hands, and of changes that are to be made in different editorial sanctuaries, all of which promise to do good on all sides. It is an advantage to anyone to get out of the rut into which life naturally settles for each of us. Change and uncertainty are counted as evils, but they have their healthy sharpness, and their bracing sting. Many a man has never known the best he could do because he lacked a touch of either. In spite of the wholesome teaching of the old-fashioned hymn, the most of us would rather "be waited to the skies on flowery beds of ease" than work our way, and it is exactly the same with our earthly souls. We like the paths we know, and exploring is no part of our plan. Thus it is we grow old before our time, and rust out instead of wearing and sharpening with the wear. A good shaking up is no disadvantage. And certain of our magazines need something. If they will exchange for a time, and each take up and modify the features others have and they lack, we shall do well. Well? I mean even better than we do now, for we do well, considering the struggle we have had, the demand we have not only to supply but create.

DISSATISFACTION IN THE RANKS.

Certain of the "Immortelles" it seems are not at all satisfied with the wreath woven for them by the good Ursulines, and there have been comments less favorable than mine, and not complimentary to my opinion. What did they expect? For what did they provide? The book is intended for a reading book for classes. The selections must necessarily be short, and varied—which they are. Each writer was asked to send what she chose to represent her, and I suppose she did so. Since the complimentary comments have reached me, I have carefully re-read the whole, and I adhere to my first opinion. It is a good thing of its kind, but selections are never satisfactory. They either contain all the good there is in the writer's work or they fail to give a fair idea of it altogether. From these selections I have gathered both the best and the least favorable views of the "Immortelles." As to the portraits—well, the woman who puts her shadow into the hands of the illustrator takes her beauty such as it is in her own hands, and slowly (but surely) murders it. She may not complain of anything she is called upon to face "as others see her." In the course of my researches among newspapers, I have seen in one day ten or twelve different "cuts" of as many different styles and apparently of as many different people, but all doing duty as a portrait of some unlucky "prominent" writer. Therefore, to me (having no personal feeling in the matter) the portrait half tones in the volume are more than half good—they are flattering, as such portraits go, as to resemblance. Yes, I still think the Ursulines did a hard and unsatisfactory work with more than fair success.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

VICTORIA BRIDGE.

AMERICAN CONTRACTORS IN MONTREAL TENDERING FOR THE WORK.

The improvement to include a Double Track and Estimated to Cost Two Millions of Dollars.

There was quite a little gathering of American engineers at the Windsor Hotel on Saturday, all bent upon the same purpose of securing the large contract in connection with the great improvement of double-tracking and otherwise enlarging the Victoria Bridge, which was erected in 1852, and which spans the St. Lawrence between St. Lambert and Point St. Charles. Among others present were Messrs. Bonzano and Clarke, consulting and contracting engineers; Messrs. L. E. Todd, C. W. Bryan, S. P. Mitchell and W. H. Cornell, Wilmington.

Each of these gentlemen represents large firms and each is accompanied by a plan, setting forth the character of the work and the amount for which it can be done. These plans are to be submitted to the manager, Mr. Hays, and the decision will probably be known within a week as to which is successful. It is expected that work will commence upon the widening within a month from the present date. That is the expectation of Mr. Bonzano, of the firm above-mentioned.

"We are all rivals in this business," he said, laughingly. "As far as our firm is concerned, we are no strangers in Canada. We have built most of the bridges between Quebec and Ottawa. In this case the work, of course, will be given to the lowest tenderer. The local executive will have full power to accept the plans and order the work to proceed. This is partly on account of the pressure of time and partly—perhaps chiefly—because the new management has been given larger powers than were conferred before upon the officials on this side."

"What will be the amount involved?" "Well, I should say pretty near two million dollars." "And how long would it take to complete the changes?" "A little over a year." "You may expect to see the work commenced in about a month. When the

Victoria bridge was built it was the best of its kind. Now we consider the construction antiquated. But since then there have been wonderful advances. Thirty years ago there was no machinery to produce the combinations we now see. The men of that day worked with the tools and the knowledge at their disposal. And yet they were far-seeing, too, for the double tracking was probably in their minds when they made the piers so strong and broad, as well as the shoring of the ice. The widening can be proceeded with without delay to traffic. You may judge of the magnitude of the work, when I say that the mere flooring of the bridge, when completed, will cost over a hundred thousand dollars. Of course, no details of the work can be given at this stage; but when completed it will be a work of great magnitude, and will be of immense advantage at once to the company and the community."

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

On Tuesday evening last—the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel—the splendid entertainment referred to in our last issue came off, and for fashionable attendance, cultured singing and delightful music, it could not be easily surpassed. The stage and its environs were beautifully decorated by Messrs. J. Traynor and J. Heffernan. The proceedings opened with a choice selection executed in a praiseworthy manner by the St. Peter's Band. After the harmonious strains of the band died away, the Rev. Father O'Donnell in a few well chosen remarks, welcomed the large audience to St. Mary's and thanked them generously, in the name of Rev. Father Shea, for their kind appreciation of the St. Mary's parish publication.

The proceedings opened with a chorus, which was very excellently rendered, by the Ladies' Auxiliary No. 2, Div. A.O.H., Miss A. Perkins acted as accompanist and Misses May Craven and Louisa Quinn, as leaders. Then followed the song, "Watching the Embers," by Mrs. G. H. McLeod; a quartette, "Come, Live Come," by the Arion Male Quartette; a selection of Irish Airs (saxophone and cornet), by Messrs. Beard and Johnson; a recitation, by Mr. B. F. D. Dunn, which was received with rounds of applause; a humorous selection by Mr. Geo. Bethune; a charming cantata, by the pupils of Good Counsel Academy, which was much appreciated and loudly endorsed. Little Tootsie's song, "The Four-Leafed Shamrock," literally brought down the house. To repeated ovations she gracefully bowed. Mr. Wilks then gave "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," in a style that brought forth great applause. Mr. Jno. H. Parker delighted the audience with a banjo solo, and Mr. T. Clibbon, in his song, "Mona," was most successful. His singing was certainly that of a cultured vocalist. Prof. W. E. Burgess, (the Ventriloquist) drew forth repeated volleys of laughter, and delighted the audience by his clever performance. The recitation, "Erin's Flag," by Sweet Lulu, was given in such exquisite style as could be expected from one of tender years. The "Exile's Return" was delightfully rendered by Mr. G. H. McLeod. Mrs. L. Durand performed on the cornet and the piano with skilful effect. The Hibernian Knights were received with outbursts of applause and the drill they so perfectly performed was well worthy the high reputation the Knights bear.

Mr. James Wilson accompanied the performers with the ability for which he is famous. Among the audience were the Rev. Fathers Meehan and Kelly, C.S.C., Father P. Brady, Father J. Casey, Father T. Heffernan, Father James Lovernan, Hon. Justice Curran, Hon. Mr. Martineau, M.P.E., Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Davis and a host of other friends of St. Mary's. In all, the entertainment was brilliant and successful.

The Annual Triduum preparatory to the solemnity of the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel will open this evening (Wednesday) at 7.30 o'clock.

Rev. Sister St. Joseph of Nazareth, Superioress of Our Lady of Good Counsel Academy, whose illness has been already announced in one of our previous issues, is still confined to the Infirmary of the Mother House, C. N. D., St. John the Baptist Street.

The auto harp offered by the Rev. Father Shea to the young lady of Good Counsel Academy, who would dispose of the greatest number of tickets for the "Calendar" concert, was won by Miss Annie Phelan, and the silver watch and chain offered for the same purpose, to the boys of St. Mary's Academy, was won by Master Charles Singleton.

Solemn High Mass will be sung next Sunday at 10 o'clock, at which there will be a special sermon delivered by a distinguished preacher. The choir, assisted by full orchestra, will execute "Millard's Mass." In the evening at 7.30 o'clock there will be Grand Musical Vespers and Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Rev. Abbé Daniel, S.S., well known in the circles of all classes in this city, will celebrate the golden jubilee of his ordination on May 27. François Daniel was born in Couance, France, on Sept. 6, 1820, and is consequently now in his seventy-seventh year. He was ordained a priest on May 27, 1847, and having joined the Sulpician order came to Canada the same year, arriving in Montreal on Oct. 24. He has ever since been connected with the Church of Notre Dame, his principal work being among the different girls' schools throughout the city. It is safe to say that Abbé Daniel has furnished the religious training and instruction to fully one-half the present generation of French-Canadian mothers in this city, many of whom have still recourse to him as their spiritual adviser. He has also always been in charge of the local work for foreign missions, and large sums of money have passed through his hands to go toward the spreading of the gospel. Abbé Daniel is thoroughly well versed in French-Canadian history, and besides several able pamphlets, he published in 1867 a very valuable work on the history of the leading French-Canadian families. Abbé Daniel is still full of life and strength, and the indications are that he will be preserved for many more years, which is the earnest wish of his many friends.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.

The Students of the Dramatic Section Held a Very Successful Entertainment—Very Rev. Father Dion Honored by the Presentation of an Address

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. LAURENT, April 24.—On the evening of the 22nd, the new Academic Hall of St. Laurent College was formally opened to the general public, the play selected for the occasion by the St. John Baptist Association being "The Greed for Gold," a drama in three acts, the principal characters of which were, by common consent, allotted to Messrs. Alex. Pinet, Eleazar Roy, J. S. Archambault and Mr. H. R. Duhamel.

It would certainly be putting it very mild to say that the entire cast was the strongest that could be found; how well each one filled his individual part is already a matter which will become history for those students who may in future years essay the same roles. Long before the curtain rose it became evident that the hall, spacious as it is, would be unable to furnish even standing room, so great was the number awaiting admittance, many of those who had early secured tickets were in some instances forced to turn back, so great was the crowd. A general invitation had been extended to the Rev. Clergy of the Island and City of Montreal, and not a few of them graced the scene by their presence, while the relatives of the students were well represented as well as a number of valued friends and benefactors of the Institution. The feast of St. George, patron of the Very Rev. Father Dion, Provincial, C.S.C., coincided with the play of the evening was dedicated to him. Addresses of felicitation both in French and English were read and presented by Mr. Wilfred Gariépy and Mr. John P. McQuillan, respectively. The Very Rev. Father replied most feelingly to the French address and commissioned the Very Rev. President McGarry, C.S.C., to respond to the English address, which he did in his usual pleasing style.

The orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Cloeset, rendered excellent music, the violin solos and accompaniments were especially noticeable, while the songs of the entire organization were never more clearly demonstrated. The stage decorations were admirably arranged and the settings of the different scenes were gorgeous in the extreme. One of the most pleasing entr'actes, "The Dance of the Sprites," under the competent direction of Mr. Eugène Bastien, was enthusiastically received, as was the Highland Fling, interpreted by Mr. Bastien himself. The following is the programme:—

- Handicap March.....Orchestra
Nady, Valse, Moose Tobani.....
The Greed for Gold—A Drama in 3 Acts CAST OF CHARACTERS.
Don Miguel D'Alvarez, Duke of Compostrol.
Mr. Alex. Pinet.
Don Jose Maria D'Alvarez, his Brother.
Mr. Eleazar Roy.
Marquis Del Brigos.....Mr. Rodol. Fortier
Comte San Bastiano.....Edward Laurin
Don Henriquez Albucaente.....W. Gariépy
Prince D'Estrella-Mayor.....D. Sancierter
Manasses, a Bohemian Jew.....
J. S. Archambault
Bartolomeo, Major Domo.....
H. R. Duhamel
Pages, Sprites, etc., students of the Preparatory and Minim Departments.
Entr'acte:—"La Patrouille," imitative music, Orchestra.
Tableau—"Columbus taking possession of the New World."
Entr'acte:—"The Bells of Corneville," Orchestra.
Finale:—"Vive la Canadienne."

Among the clergy present were noticed the following: V. Rev. Canon Riché, of Lachine; Rev. Fathers Codot and Fox, S.J.; Rev. Couta, St. Vincent de Paul; Rev. M. Aubin, St. Rose; the V. Rev. Superior Cousineau, St. Theres; Rev. M. Vallancourt, Rev. M. Courzol, Rev. M. Bourget and Mallette, Ile Bisard; Rev. M. Desjardins; Rev. M. Piet, C.S.V.; Rev. M. Toussaint, O.M.I.; Rev. M. Decary, Pastor St. Henry, and Rev. M. C. Decary; Rev. E. J. Donnelly, St. Anthony's; Rev. F. O'Donnell, St. Mary's; Rev. Philip Brady, Montreal; Rev. Joseph Casey, Montreal; Rev. T. Francis Heffernan, St. Gabriel's; Rev. Fathers Reaz, Guy, Geoffrien, and Blais, C.S.C.; Guertin, St. Cesaire; Rev. M. Chastillon, chaplain of Holy Cross Convent, St. Laurent; Rev. M. Brien, Rev. M. Lafond, C.S.C., Cote des Neiges; Revs. Larochelle and Groulx, C.S.C., St. Laurent; Bro. Alexis, C.S.C., St. Aimé; Bro. Antoine, Hochelaga; Henry, O.S.C., of St. Cesaire; Bro. Anthony, C.S.C., Cote St. Paul; Mr. Royal, ex Governor of Manitoba; Mayor Deguire, of the parish of St. Laurent; Mayor Gohier, of the town of St. Laurent.

OPEN THE PRISON DOORS.

AN APPEAL FOR AMNESTY TO IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS, BY A CUMBERLAND CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. H. M. Kennedy, Vicar of Plumpton, Cumberland, has addressed the following letter to the editor of the Liverpool Courier:

Men, money and food are the threefold cord that cannot be quickly broken. The more of the first, if healthy and contented, the better for our empire's strength. But we are not all either healthy or contented, and home-grown produce and producers are not, in quantity, near what they should and could be. We have too many paupers and prisoners, and we make bad worse in respect to both. Our paupers, costing millions a year, spread disease, and have no hope in prospect. We have, without counting Dublin and London jails, over 12,000 persons every year in prisons housed, degenerated and tormented at the cost of £100 a year per person. Even our lunatics could be made producers much more than they are, and in a manner beneficial to themselves. These total up an army of over a million wasted and wasting, and costing this country about £12,000,000 a year. It is of the prisoners, and especially political prisoners, that I now write. In

all cases reclamation should be the object in view, and speedier release offered to those who made good progress in learning, by afforded opportunities, to become useful citizens. None but wise, experienced and humane officials should ever be employed for prison rule. The present system brutalises both the prisoner and his guard. Were John Daly's story translated into the languages of the world, and newspapered at home and abroad, England would next day stand disgraced even in the streets of Constantinople. Englishmen do not know. They must be made to know.

I write to you, sir, because it was in your city that Daly, though innocent, was arrested, and because, though a Radical, I have more faith in Sir M. White-Ridley's courage to brave British prejudice than I have either in our Asquith or the Liberal press.

Open, this summer, the prison door to every Irish political prisoner. You might open for many others also, when turning the key, but I am Irish and for these Irish I now plead. We are twenty millions of people, scattered all over the world, but chiefly multiplying in America. England wishes to be friends with America. England more than wishes; she now does, and shall soon more sorely need, the right good-will of that land of plenty. Well, Irishmen have memories, and Irishmen have eyes. Many millions of Irish eyes are this year watching your English Queen. Be wise in time, you who now sway England's destiny. Treat Pat fairly, treat him kindly, and you will find him useful, and with a heart the other side of his ready arm. But treat him as of old, and continue to be rough with him, and then—what then? Eh! My answer is that for one thing England must more and more eat humble pie at international tables of discord.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE

The Late Rev. C. E. Durocher, C.S.V.

At a special meeting of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Academy of Bourget College, Rigaud, the following resolutions of condolence were drawn up and adopted:—

Whereas, "In the midst of life we are in death," the same having been exemplified in the demise of our late and very beloved Director, Rev. C. E. Durocher, C.S.V., who passed from this life on the 18th inst., we feel, as in the bonds of Christian brotherhood we share in the joys and hopes of one another, so likewise should we participate in sorrow and affection: and

Whereas, we recognize that by the death of our late Director, one revered and esteemed by all who knew him, we participate with his bereaved family in an irretrievable loss, we, the members of St. Patrick's Academy, conjointly with those of the Graduating Class of the Commercial Course, whose professor our deceased Director had been till failing health compelled him to resign his position as such, see that the Almighty, in His eternal wisdom, has seen fit to call him to Himself, to enjoy a well merited reward; and

Whereas, his sorrow-stricken relatives bemoan his loss, let it, hereby, be Resolved, that we respectfully tender them our heartfelt sympathy in this their great bereavement.

Resolved, likewise, that we extend our sincere expressions of regret to the Clerics of St. Viator, of whom our beloved Director had been a zealous member during a score of years; 'twas his zeal and industry that characterized his whole career;—no resolutions, clamorous piety, but an unassuming ever-constant fervor marked his entire life, making it a living lesson, a beautiful example of love, patience and devotion.

Resolved, that we offer in an especial manner our deepest feelings of commiseration to the members of congregation herein mentioned, here at Bourget College, where the departed one claimed a most profound love and respect, they ever looking upon him as a most faithful and earnest son of St. Viator.

Resolved, that we, in testimony of our veneration towards the deceased, offer Him who doeth all things well our prayers, Communion and good works, for the repose of the soul of His faithful servant.

Resolved, finally, that copies of the foregoing be transmitted to the relations of our late Director, to the Superior-General at Outremont, to the TRUE WITNESS and Cornwall Standard, one copy to be pre-ented to our Very Rev. Director, and another be spread upon the minutes of St. Patrick's Academy.

Signed on behalf of said Academy, C. J. MACKAY, A. F. DUROCHER, J. D. LEHRY, F. J. DEGRUIRE.

Signed on behalf of the Seniors of the Commercial Course, T. FARRELL, M. DICAIRE, C. THIVIERGE, A. COUSINEAU.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS

At a regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, on the motion of Bro. Thos. Morris, seconded by Bro. L. P. O'Brien:—

Whereas,—it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our esteemed brother Thomas Davis, a true and zealous member of our Order, be it, therefore, Resolved,—that we, the officers and members of Division, No. 1, A. O. H., in regular meeting assembled, while bowing with humility to the will of Almighty God, hereby tender to the bereaved widow and family of our deceased brother our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction; be it further

Resolved,—that copies of these resolutions be forwarded to his bereaved widow, his brothers, Messrs. John, Edward and Wm. Davis, and to the TRUE WITNESS for publication, and that same be spread on the minutes of this Division, and that our charter be draped in mourning as a tribute of respect to his memory for the usual period. (Signed) THOS. MORRIS, L. P. O'BRIEN, Committee.

MRS. SADLER TESTIMONIAL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

- His Grace Archbishop Williams, Boston, 50 00
Rev. George Brown, St. Hugues, P.Q., 5 00
A few friends per Sir Wm. Hingston, 50 00
Rev. Father McKinnon, Crystal, Ont., 1 00
Rt. Rev. R. A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, 5 00
Ven. Archdeacon Casey, Peterborough, 2 00
Rev. T. F. Scallan, Peterborough, 1 00
Rev. J. O'Sullivan, " 1 00
Rev. M. T. Fitzpatrick, " 1 00
Mrs. M. P. Ryan, Montreal, 10 00
Rev. H. J. McRae, P.P., Brechin, Ont., 1 00
Rev. John J. Chisholm, " Stella Maris," Picton, N.S., 5 00
Rt. Rev. James Augustus Healy, Bishop of Portland, Me., 10 00
Rev. Father McGarry, pres. St. Laurent College, St. Laurent, 10 00
Rev. Hugh F. Lilly, New Haven, Conn., 10 00
Rev. J. Quinlivan, S.S., St. Patrick's, Montreal, 5 00
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Richard O'Gallagher, Montreal, 10 00
Mrs. M. Fitzgibbon, Montreal, 10 00
John P. Howard, Ottawa, 4 00
Right Rev. M. Tierney, D.D., Hartford, Conn., 25 00

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Mr. Howard's Spirited Letter.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 26th April, 1897.

M. BURKE ESQ.—I am immediately after receiving your valuable paper, THE TRUE WITNESS, in which you speak of a testimonial to that noble Lady, Mrs. Sadler, who has ever been so self-sacrificing to the poor but genuine Irish Catholics. May God bless her and all such good and devoted Catholics.

But, dear sir, actions speak louder than words from a poor man like me, and would you, therefore, kindly accept my small contribution towards that testimonial, the little sum of four dollars. Kindly permit me to remark that I am very much astonished that the contributors are not more numerous, that the Montreal people (I mean the laity; I don't mean the Clergy, who have already contributed generously) are not, in this instance as generous as they ought to be, leaving the Clergy almost the sole contributors.

When the beautiful Ville Marie was consumed by fire the Montreal people did likewise, they slept soundly, without contributing even one cent to that noblest of Nuns, the Congregation de Notre Dame, notwithstanding the great losses sustained by them and the inconveniences they thereby suffered and still suffer, not without the knowledge of the citizens, surely, ungrateful, or unpardonably thoughtless. If not, let them now come forward like men and prove to the contrary, however late it may be, to redeem themselves.

I know many wealthy Catholic people of Montreal, many of whom, to their shame be it said, do not subscribe to even one Catholic paper. It is no wonder it is said that it is easier for a camel to crawl through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to go to heaven.

Kindly extend my compliments to that great Irish Catholic writer of Montreal, Dr. J. K. Foran, the coming man of the day.

Faithfully yours, JOHN P. HOWARD.

ST. ANN'S CHOIR

WANT THE HOTEL DIEN AND ENTERTAIN THE PATIENTS TO A SPLENDID PROGRAMME.

For sometime past Sister McGurty, of the Hotel Dien, has been in hopes of securing the services of St. Ann's Choir, for the purpose of singing Vespers at the chapel of the institution. Her efforts were crowned with success on Sunday last, when Rev. Father Strubbe, the leader in every movement in the parish of St. Ann's where the young men are specially concerned, accompanied by Prot P. J. Shea, director and organist, and more than 100 choristers, representing not alone the splendid choral organization of St. Ann's, but also other Irish choirs of the city, rendered an excellent programme of solos and choruses. The sacred edifice was filled with the patients of the institution and the service was most imposing. The soloists were Messrs. W. Murphy, R. J. Hiller, J. McGuire and E. Finn, and they fully sustained the parts allotted to

them. Rev. Father Strubbe wielded the baton and Prof. P. J. Shea presided at the organ.

At the conclusion of the service in the chapel a concert was given in the large hall for the special benefit of the patients of the hospital, all of whom were enthusiastic in their expressions of gratitude to Rev. Father Strubbe and Prof. Shea for the splendid entertainment.

The choristers were afterwards invited by Sister McGurty to partake of refreshments, after which Rev. Father Strubbe treated the boys to a special car drive.

FATHER KAVANAGH, S. J.

Delivers an Illustrated Lecture at St. Mary's Church—Ireland and Its Historic Monuments the Subject.

The people of St. Mary's Parish and many of their friends spent last Tuesday evening in Ireland, under the guidance of Father Kavanagh, S.J., of Loyola College. This was the way of it: We assembled in the large hall under the church, and there an ocean liner appeared before us by the magic of a lime-light lantern. We embarked at once and sailed away down the St. Lawrence of course, out by the Straits Belleisle across the sea, and after a passage varied by storm and shine, reached Liverpool in safety, went down to Holyhead and crossed to Ireland. We saw Kingstown and "the Pier" and the Pillar, raised, as some dioloyal patriot once remarked, on the spot where the last King who visited Ireland left its shores. Six or seven miles brought us to Dublin, and soon we stood at the foot of the statue of O'Connell the Liberator. Next we halted in front of the present Bank of Ireland, soon to be once more, please God, the Irish House of Commons on College Green. We saw the Rotunda, the Four Courts, St. Patrick's Cathedral and most of the sights of Dublin. Father Kavanagh brought us to Glasnevin and reverently pointed out the grave of the great O'Connell. Leaving Dublin the party hurried north to Derry and Belfast, and then over to that marvellous natural structure, the Giant's Causeway. Then our way led through the country of the great O'Neills, down to Limerick and the Shannon. Many a spot about here of historic interest or of surpassing natural beauty was visited. Then, with no luggage to fret about nor anything else to bother us, we were supposed to take the train at Limerick Junction en route for Killarney. It was raining in the Gap of Dunloe, but then we were told that it is in rainy weather that this wild mountain pass is seen at its best. However, by the time the upper lake was reached the sun shone out, and as we went through the three lakes the local scenery was photographed most successfully. The cautious boatmen were made to tell the awful dangers of these beautiful little lakes and some of their fairy legends, and when the pilgrims reached Innisfallen and we came to the narrow bit of rushing water spanned by Brakeen Bridge, Father Kavanagh answered the question which so substantial a bridge in such a deserted place suggested: "What was the use of such a bridge connecting the lonely shore with an uninhabited island? Well, it had not been always so with the shore and the island. But unhappy times had come since the monks spanned the waters, and the people, who should have lived in these beautiful places to cross and recross the old Brakeen Bridge, had been driven across the bridgeless seas.

Before leaving Killarney, Father Kavanagh took us to Mucross Abbey, and, I think it was here he pointed out a spot within its walls recently railed off as the burial-place of some one of the Catholic county families, for, as he said, all the ground here is holy ground, the resting-place of the ashes of the saints, and it needs no new consecration. Then hurrying along the south-western coast for 42 miles over a road that made you wish for a bicycle, we passed Kenmare and Glenarriff and reached Bantry, with its memories of the wrecked Armada and the failure of the French invasion under Wolfe Tone. From Bandon the train was taken for Cork. Then we were shown the magnificent harbour of Queenstown, offering anchorage large enough for all the fleets of the world. Then in Cork we visited, among many other places, the handsome Protestant Cathedral, which, singularly enough, still bears the name of Saint Fin-Bar, the disciple of St. Patrick. The pathetic story of the Bells of Shandon was told, and we saw the little old tower from which they still ring out the melody "that sounds so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee." We only saw "the Blarney Stone," our privileges were merely ocular, not actual, but we were told something about it and how the old master of the Castle "blarneyed" Queen Elizabeth long ago, and with his sweet tongue staved off the threatened garrison and kept his castle. I think it was at this stage we saw a bit of the beautiful Blackwater, and not long after the ruins of the once magnificent Abbey of Holy Cross. We lingered awhile at Cashel and again in the Valley of the Seven Churches and the Vale of Avoca. Then we found ourselves again in Dublin, and bade good-by to Ireland, as the packet sailed out of Dublin Bay.

A very interesting programme of vocal and instrumental music was performed during the evening by the pupils of the Academy.

We had travelled all round Ireland and seen and learned much of the Old Country in two hours by the magic of Father Kavanagh's "Wonderful Lamp." All of a sudden Father O'Donnell turned on the gas, and behold we were back in the big hall under the Church of St. Mary.

Father O'Donnell thanked Rev. Father Kavanagh and the travellers went home well pleased.

Modern Greek, as now taught in the schools of Athens, is so much like the old language of 2,000 years ago that anyone who can understand the Alexandrine Greek of the Gospels can read the new Greek Gospels as they are read in the churches, and can understand a great deal of modern Greek newspapers.

IRISH NEWS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

THE LEINSTER ESTATE TENANTS held a meeting in the Town Hall, Athy, on Tuesday, says the Leinster Leader, for the purpose of considering their position. Their judicial agreements will expire in a short time, and this fact has compelled them to choose between seeking reductions of rent in court or outside it. The Chairman, Mr. Thomas Plewman, T.C., expressed the opinion that a "reduction of 50 per cent below what was being paid before the judicial leases were taken out would be reasonable," and he based this opinion on the fact that "the prices of produce—barley, potatoes, turnips, &c., were 50 to 100 per cent lower than when judicial leases were taken out." Though the land about Athy was poor and light, he pointed out, yet the occupiers paid higher rent than was paid for better land in other places; and if prices continued as at present, or fell lower, he believed the landlords would have a good deal of land on their own hands. Mr. Plewman has not by any means over-stated the depressing circumstances of land tenure in its neighbourhood. The outlook is indeed gloomy. In deciding upon submitting their cases to the judgment of the Land Court the tenants acted wisely. By thus exercising their rights they may save themselves possible regrets and reproaches in the future.

NEGLECT IN BALLINA WORKHOUSE. Ballina Workhouse furnished last week another addition to the long head roll of victims to the Pauper "Nursing" Regime. We take the following extract from a report of the proceedings of Ballina Guardians, published in the Western People:—

The Clerk then read the following communication:— MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—Permit me to bring under your notice a matter of public notoriety—I refer to a paying patient admitted to the hospital on the 31st March, who died on the 2nd inst. Mr. M. Manus, deceased, the patient in question, who was held in the very highest esteem by all who knew him, entered your infirmary and received treatment not fit for a dog. If the facts which I disclose as under are correct then I will respectfully ask for a sworn inquiry. The whole matter is serious for the officials of your house, and above all for the ratepayers.

(1)—Mr. M. Manus entered the hospital on the 31st ult., and was found dead about 9 o'clock a.m. on the 2nd inst.; in his dying hour he was heard to call for the priest, his wife and children, as can be proved to the satisfaction of the coroner or next of kin, but no one was there to attend to his request. (2)—Mr. M. Manus's wife was refused admittance to see him the day previous to his death. (3)—Win the night nurse was asked to disclose some facts as to his (Mr. M. Manus's death) she could not give an answer as to the hour or how he died. (4)—Mr. M. Manus was administered a draught by one of the officials from the effects of which he never awoke. I respectfully submit this is a matter of urgent investigation, and in justice to the deceased, who was chief telegraphist in the Ballina post office, not to speak of the public, I will ask you to grant my request. I am, etc.

LAWRENCE GALLAGHER. Mr. Quigley—Who is night nurse? Clerk—There is no night nurse at present. The other nurse was not on duty at the time.

Mr. Quigley—And who is to look after the patients? To Mr. Quigley's query no reply seems to have been vouchsafed, but it transpired in the course of the discussion that followed that there was a "man"—an inmate—"in charge." It was also stated that the deceased had not been removed from his bed since he entered the hospital, though suffering from diarrhoea, and that the bed was in a shocking state.

At yet Ballina Workhouse is represented as being a "good type" of workhouse.

THE IRISH BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

MR. GERALD BAUFOR INTRODUCES THE BILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gerald Baufour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced his Bill to establish a Department and a Board for the purpose of promoting Agriculture and other industries in Ireland. He explained that the Government had embodied in the Bill the ideas that underlay the recommendations of the Reces Committee. The department would consist of the Chief Secretary as President, a vice-president, who would be entitled to sit and vote in Parliament, and a Commissioner of Agriculture, besides nine other members appointed by the Lord Lieutenant. It was not intended that the department should be confined to agriculture, but it would also collect statistics relating to industries, and it was intended to supplement this Bill by a measure for providing industrial technical education in Ireland, for which purpose the Chancellor of the Exchequer was prepared to provide a liberal sum to be administered by the new department. The board would be independent of the Treasury and of the Irish Government, and would have a free hand in dealing with the funds at its disposal, and its duties would cover the whole subject of agriculture, fisheries, and cottage industries, as well as the improvement of land by drainage. The board would be empowered to draw up regulations for a Consultative Council, consisting partly of members representing agricultural organizations. There would be placed at the disposal of the Board a sum of about £150,000 a year, being the amount paid to local taxation account in respect of estates duty. The right hon. gentleman explained further provisions of the Bill, among which were empowering of Grand Juries and Boards of Guardians to levy special rates for carrying on schemes.

Mr. J. E. Redmond, in the course of his criticism of the Bill, complained that the board would not be elective, as unanimously recommended by the Reces Committee. He also said:—"One broad fact that stands out is that we are not receiving one single 'farthing' for

this Bill [hear, hear]. We have made a claim that we are overtaxed, and I think we have made that claim good already [cheers]. This Bill, however, is not giving back one farthing to Ireland, but allocating for use in Ireland our own money which belongs to us already. And on this question of money we cannot forget that while we are receiving apparently about £150,000 a year under the statute of last year, if we were treated on the same principle as England we would be in receipt of seven or eight hundred thousand a year. We are, therefore, not receiving a farthing for the purposes of this Bill. For my part I would be glad to see the money under the Act of last year devoted to useful purposes outside the relief of the rates. All I will point out is that we are receiving nothing whatever from the Imperial Treasury under this Bill. My one desire will be to consider and discuss this Bill from the point of view of pressing such amendments as will make it workable, and I sincerely trust that when it comes to pass through this House, as I suppose it will, it will be in such a shape that it will confer a real benefit on the people [cheers].

Mr. Carson protested against the finance of the Bill. The Government must treat Ireland either as a part of one country or as a separate part or a separate country. This sum of £150,000, somewhat cynically called an equivalent grant, was entirely inadequate compared with that given by the Act of last year for the relief of agriculture in England. The object of that Act was to relieve local rates to the extent of 10s in the pound. Why should Ireland not get relief to the extent of 10s in the pound? He protested against this differentiation between the two countries. Mr. Healy ridiculed Lord Cadogan's selection of the "Twelve Apostles of Agriculture." Mr. Dillon, Mr. Dane and Mr. Knox objected to the finance of the Bill. Mr. Horace Plunkett warmly supported the Bill, which was brought in and read a first time.

COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA.

Mr. H. Laporte

—MAN OPENED—

COMMITTEE ROOMS

In the Old Church, corner of Laprairie and Centre Streets. Another committee will be opened shortly on the other side of the Crossing. Mr. H. Laporte's canvass is progressing most favorably. All friends are requested to report at the Committee.

Philip Sheridan, B.C.L.

ADVOCATE, BARRISTER & SOLICITOR MONTREAL, P.Q.

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Mrs. Pansack—I can't see why a great big fellow like you should beg. Hungry Hank—Well, mum, I s'pose me size helps to gimme an appetite.

"The man who brought this in," remarked the editor's assistant, as he unrolled half a yard of manuscript, "told me confidentially that he needed the money for it." "Yes," was the melancholy answer; "it's a strange fact that the longest poems seem almost invariably to be written by the shortest poets."—Washington Star.

Faneuil Hall, one of Boston's historical structures, and the scene of some of John Boyle O'Reilly's stirring speeches, is to be completely renovated and made as nearly fireproof as possible. The interior will be entirely reconstructed and iron floors will replace the old one.

Mistress—How is it, Mary, that whenever I come into the kitchen I find you gossiping with the baker or butcher? Maid—Well, ma'am, if you really ask for the truth, I should say it was them nasty gait-soled shoes you come creepin' about in.

DIED.

DUNLOP—At Montreal, April 22, 1897, Bernard Dunlop, native of Carra more Urris, County Mayo, Ireland. [Boston, New York and American papers please copy.]

A DOUBLE RELEASE.

By T. M. JOYCE

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

UPON the summit of a hill, high over a beautiful valley and against a background of vivid green pines, a Gothic cathedral reared its brown ivied turrets in solitary state. So strongly were the rays of the setting sun, ascending from below the western edge of a shining lake, directed upon the base of the glistening cross, that, like an evening benediction, it seemed to hover in mid-air over the restless world.

Obliquely gleaming through the stained glass windows, the soft tints illumined the angels carved over the arch at the entrance until they seemed ready for upward flight on wings of purest gold.

Within the sacred edifice, although many of the faithful kept vigil in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours' Devotion, a sweet and solemn stillness reigned.

On the lower step of the sanctuary, with his earnest eyes fixed in pleading eloquence to where the exquisite carved tabernacle with its treasure of divine Love nestled among the flowers and ferns, Willie Carroll knelt and prayed as he never had prayed in his life.

The softly lighted air was flooded with the delicate perfume of flowers. The flames rising out of the hearts of the gold rose petals in the tall candelabras, quivering and flickering in silent service before the throne of the Most High, shed a sweet radiance over the kneeling form of the boy.

A wonderful love entered and suffused itself within him, taking possession of his inmost soul.

Sweet Jesus, low before Thee,
We bend in fear and love—

in children's voices floating up through the dim vaulted roof, fell upon his ear, and a new confidence, born of tenderness, vibrated through his frame so thoroughly that, when half an hour later he arose from the step, his young face glowing with hope and victory, this boy of twelve had offered himself, his whole life, to his dear Master, the Saviour, whose grace had stirred the depths of his soul, that his father might be exonerated from the almost inevitable fate which awaited him on the morrow, prison and the stamp of guilt.

Below in the valley, from the lace-draped window of a cottage, set somewhat back from the street among avenues of leafless shrubbery, Mrs. Carroll looked out of tearful eyes upon the dimmed beauty of the evening. Glimmering through the depths of the green and brown branches of pine, lights of gold and the palest of blue broke forth from the illumined background, but the twilight, slowly deepening, soon left on the landscape only a dense darkness of woods, with here and there a bit of brightness shining for a moment and then fading away, leaving the space it had lighted more gloomy than ever.

"It is like my own life," thought she sadly, "the hope and the sweetness gone out." The words of the *Memorare* were upon her lips, but her heart's desolation was plainly depicted upon her white face.

Her attention was suddenly diverted when a fine equipage, drawn by a pair of horses with silver trappings on their harness, came to a full stop at her gate. A vague hope arose within her, as she recognized them as belonging to Judge May, who, on the morrow, might pronounce the sentence, fatal, perhaps, to her husband; words more cruel than death to her!

But it was Mrs. May who stood on the threshold.

"My dear Mrs. Carroll," said she, "I have come to offer you my sympathy, and to help you to dry these tears if I can. Although there is little comfort derived from words when one is unable to remove the root of the evil, still there is consolation in knowing there are hearts grieved for us."

"You are very kind," faltered the grief-stricken woman, as she motioned her visitor to a seat, "to take this interest, considering we are unknown to you."

"Not entirely," observed the strange lady quietly, "your little son on the altar each Sunday has almost sung himself into my heart." She smiled cheerfully as she said this, but when she added slowly, "he is like the only child I ever had," the steady voice quivered for a moment.

Her listener detected this, and a great wave of pity swept through her heart for the lonely mother, whose son she concluded had died.

"However, I was going to say, my husband returns from the city to-morrow and I mean to tell him all the good I know of Mr. Carroll, so I have come to hear it all from you."

The poor woman arose and advanced to her visitor with outstretched hands. "You have come in answer to my prayers," she exclaimed tearfully. Then lifting her face so that her eyes were on a level with those of the Saviour in an engraving of "The Agony in the Garden," she added in grateful tones, "Oh, my God, I thank Thee!"

"Nay, my dear," responded the other quickly rising and gently clasping her arm. "I would not encourage you with false hopes. I am powerless, as my husband will be. It is not he who decides the innocence of persons in cases like this. However, I am sure he will speak in his favor."

The afflicted woman sank despairingly upon a couch, and covered her face with her hands. "Then there is no hope left," she sobbed. "none whatever, not

anything in the world can save him, the evidence is so strong; although he is innocent, God knows he is innocent!"

"There, there, my dear Mrs. Carroll," said the other soothingly, "why, you must pray."

"Pray!" repeated she hopelessly, "I have prayed; but what prayers could stand against such proofs, such false proofs; the night watchman, the patrolman, and the roundsman, all of their statements are precisely the same." Then drying her eyes at her visitor's bidding, she began: "My husband has held the position of cashier in the wholesale department of Richie's clothing house for four years. While in their employ his salary has been raised frequently, so well have they appreciated his service. He was trustworthy always. I believe they are sincere in their efforts to avert this misfortune from us. And yet not anything that they can do can avert the finger of blame from pointing steadily at my husband. The money, five thousand dollars, was missing on that morning. My husband alone understood the combination of the safe, and after supper on the previous night, he returned to the office, being somewhat worried about whether he had properly locked the safe. The money was there and everything as usual when he left. He had some conversation with the night watchman on duty there, and with the two officers outside.

"In the morning the money was missing. That is all. There is no clue except that some red rubber bands were found in our orchard, and which they proved were the same that bound the little bundle of the missing notes. A neighbor's child, whose oath would not be accepted, says he used them for a sing-shot, a little contrivance used for shooting birds.

"Then it seems a fact that no entrance had been effected during the night."

"O, Mrs. May, it is all a plot to ruin my husband! and I believed we had no enemy." Stopping suddenly, the whole expression of her countenance changed, and with white set lips she added: "If I thought it were not sinful, I would pray God to shower down His heaviest curse upon the head of him who perpetrated—"

"No, no," interrupted the other, warningly, "heap no curses upon any one. There is sufficient misery in the world. Our lives are often filled with sorrow; besides, you have much consolation in your sorrow. Your husband has wronged no law of God. What if the law of man condemn him to suffer as though he were guilty? My dear Mrs. Carroll," entreated her visitor, soothingly, "an aged priest who has guided me safely over the most dangerous perils of my life, often repeats to me: 'Learn of Him, to whom was done the most cruel wrong that ever stained the face of the earth, to pray for your enemies.'"

Mrs. Carroll looked up wearily.

"You cannot understand the depth of my sorrow," she sighed. "My boy's father branded as a thief; besides his cruel suffering and our poverty. O, Mrs. May, I am desolate in my misery, so desolate that you could never know, you who have known no want that wealth could not remove."

The visitor bent her beautiful face, with its crown of white waving hair, toward the bowed head of the heart-broken wife.

"Listen to me, Mrs. Carroll," said she, in a steady voice, "I tell you I have a grief so much greater than yours that all the wealth of the world could not remove it." Her large, calm eyes were slowly kindling, and her listener gazed in astonishment. "The wealth of which you speak has done but little for me. While it surrounds me with luxury, jewels and costly gowns, and serving people who wait upon my lightest word, I wear no stronger shield upon my heart to guard it from the memories and the words that wound, or the sorrow which has filled my life.

"My silent house is lonely and often most unbearable; yet, wherever I go, my empty, aching heart is with me; his vacant chair, his untouched books, his rooms still undisturbed as when he left them, for, dear Mrs. Carroll, I stood beside my husband when he sent our only child, my son, an outcast into the world; I stood beside him when he said the words that broke my heart, and I was powerless to countermand them."

Her face was aflame with wounded love, and her form quivered with emotion, as she continued in a low tremulous tone, "I saw his boyish head bowed low upon his breast when he passed down the staircase, and when he turned his white face to me, his mother, the face that was engraved upon my heart, I heard my husband's voice in harsh discordant tones.

"When I awoke from the swoon, that sad pale face came back to me, and it has never left me. The memory of those sorrowing eyes is ever before me, and my heart is aching for him every moment. While my life is passed in plenty, I know not where he is, or whether he is suffering, while I, his mother, dwell amid hateful riches. My son alone, homeless, disinherited, among strangers."

It was now Mrs. Carroll's time to offer consoling words, and while the cadence of their voices rose and fell a sweet peace seemed to descend upon them, and when Mrs. May took her departure they had both resolved to pray for the one who committed the theft, that his heart

might be softened, as well as for the man who had been accused. Mrs. Carroll shuddered as she thought how nearly she had been to cursing him.

Slowly down the cathedral aisle the procession moved in solemn grandeur. Beneath the trembling canopy of gem-encrusted snowy silk, bordered with bands of heavy gold from which depended waves of glistening fringe, the Bishop bore with stately grace, in the shining monstrance, the Holy Sacrament.

The soft lights of the tapers shed a radiance upon the assemblage, and waves of incense, ascending, flooded the air with fragrance. A tall, well-dressed man entered the church and seated himself with the boys in the wing.

His cheeks were thin and flushed, and his eyes had a brightness in them strange to see. A curly-headed youth at his side imparted the whispered information to him that everybody in the church knelt in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and that he should do likewise. As no heed was paid to this timely admonition, the little fellow concluded the man was dead, and gravely ruminated upon the possibility of putting him on his knees by force.

Meanwhile, sweet rose crowned little girls were nearing the ring in advance of the procession, and scattering flowers in His pathway who trod on earth a thorny one; still clouds of incense arose thicker and nearer. Clear and sweet sounded the notes of the little bell carried by Willie Carroll. That bell had a holy mission in the world, and Willie loved to hear its high quivering resonance. The little children's voices sang out sweetly and plaintively to the one who loved them.

O Lord, I am not worthy,
That Thou shouldst come to me,
But speak those words of comfort
My spirit thirsts shall be.

Suddenly, to the intense astonishment of the boys in the ring, the man who had remained seated until that moment, with an awful sob, prostrated himself in the aisle before the king of heaven and earth, and remained in that position until the procession had ascended the altar. The Brother in charge of the boys sent a message through the ring to the effect that a *Memorare* was to be said by each of them for the man who seemed to be a penitent sinner.

In a few moments the aisles were filling rapidly, and the people were leaving the church. The man had arisen and joined the moving throng. Seized with a sudden weakness, he looked about for a place of resting. He was on the side of the aisle next the wall. There were no pews at his right, but a confessional hung with dark green curtains stood before him. Somebody almost pushed him into it. He looked behind to see who it was who was elbowing his way so roughly, and only the Brother, with a face of humility and meekness, moved slowly ahead of the boys; a faintness again stealing over him, and the boys crowding upon his heels, he stepped into the only refuge and mechanically knelt on the bench. The slide was drawn back and a voice at once gentle and soothing said: "How long since your last confession?"

"How long?"

It was the good Bishop himself who had responded to the humbler request of the Brother, and who awaited the sinner whom he had promised to send to him in the confessional.

Willie Carroll was seated beside the prisoner in the court-room. One hand clasped his father's hand, the other, since the commencement of the trial, was thrust into his coat pocket. He looked often at his mother, always hoping he would not see her crying and wishing she were not so pale. Mrs. May whispered words of encouragement in her ear, but she added: "Try to say 'Thy will be done.'"

The lawyers and the very learned men, whose eloquent pleading proved irresistible and convincing in many famous cases, would scarcely credit the fact that the calm little boy with the grave, earnest face, was pleading his father's case in a higher court than theirs as he told the beads in his pocket.

At length the trial came to an end, and the judge addressed the jury. Long and earnestly he adjured them to reflect carefully upon the evidence, to weigh well each trivial circumstance, and, above all, to be just in their decision.

When they had retired a few moments, Willie began the last decade.

The judge moved uneasily in his chair. He felt he knew what the verdict would be. There was no other way. He would like to believe the man innocent

for his wife's sake, but the law was unflinching unyielding, and would take its course.

Willie told his father to cheer up, as he had but two more Hal Mar's to say. The jurymen entered and seated themselves.

"Guilty!"

The word burned like fire in his head. He heard the noise in the court room, his mother's low moan, and felt his father's clasped tight on his hand.

"Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

He finished with white lips.

A voice arose over the murmuring throng.

"He is not guilty!"

"The man who would not kneel in the church," exclaimed a small boy in the gallery to his companion, "I'll I made him!"

A cry from the depths of a mother's sad heart rent the air, and Mrs. May raised her hands in supplication to heaven and fainted.

The judge's face became livid. Three times he attempted to rise from the chair into which he had sunk, and as often failed.

Willie Carroll's pleading had won.

"From the roof of the gallery adjoining," continued the man, "I descended the skylight." A cough, which nearly choked his utterance, seized him, but, resisting it, he added, "the notes I have with me." Then, in loud stentorian tones, the judge exclaimed authoritatively, "I will take charge of the prisoner."

The servants in the spacious household of Judge May moved noiselessly to and fro, and spoke in subdued voices. A hush was over everything. Although it was scarcely dusk, a soft rose-colored light burned dim in the wide hall, and tinted with long shadows the snow on the lawn.

At the top of the staircase the door of a room opened, and Mrs. May passed quietly out bearing two lighted candles. A maid coming into view with a tray, started suddenly back, and exclaimed: "O, Madam—is it?—Is he?"

"What is the matter, child? Come up with the coast."

"Nothing has happened, thank God. It is Christmas eve, and I mean to leave the candles lighted all night. It is an old custom. Have you never heard of it?"

On an onyx table, before a beautiful crib, she deposited one. Then moving to where, at the opposite end of the room over the mantel, hung a picture of the Holy Mother at the foot of the Cross, she placed the other. Long and appealingly she looked into the face of the sorrowful Mother, until deep sobs shook her frame.

"O blessed Mother, protect him!" she moaned. "Thou who didst witness such—"

E. B. DEVLIN, B.C.L. JOSEPH BRISSET, LL.B.

permitted to detect what were it is now revealed, his abiding fantasies. We do not wonder that Sir Francis Jeune refused to recognize the will of Mr. Hounsell—from one point of view a sensible man of business, from another a hopeless lunatic. Nor is it to be doubted that the President did wisely in refusing to order payment out of the estate of the cost of executors who had before them a mass of correspondence full of unequivocal marks of insanity. The interest of the case is that in many respects the testator was perfectly sane, and that the scope of the will was unobjectionable, except so far as it passed over relatives.—(London Times.)

NEURALGIA.

Generally speaking this disease is caused by a low condition of the nervous system. It seems to be a sort of "scour" that is preparing the system for other diseases to enter. The first means, therefore, should relate to the improvement of the general health. With a view to this the diet should include nothing that is not strengthening or nutritious. Romberg says: "It seems as if pain were the prayer of the nerves for healthy food." The surroundings should be cheerful, for this has much to do with the recovery of a patient and doubly so with a nervous one.

ELEVEN SHOTS A SECOND.

The War Office will make a practical test of what appears to be the most simple, most serviceable, and deadliest of all the automatic wholesale man slayers ever yet invented. The new Hotchkiss gun is capable of discharging 1,000 shots in 2 min. 30 sec., and on the necessary occasion of a brief sharp attack can fire eleven shots a second. There is no water-jacket required to keep the barrel cool. That is done by means of a steel collar of irregular surface, called a radiator. This fits over the portion of the gun wherein the cartridge is exploded, and most heat developed. The man firing wears an asbestos glove with mail-clad fingers, and there is no possibility of the gun's being even temporarily delayed by the overheating of its parts.

THE PEOPLE ARE CONVINCED!

When they read the testimonials of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest men and women, and are plain, straightforward statements of fact. The people have confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla because they know it actually and permanently cures, even when other medicines fail.

Hood's PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

"I don't think it was exactly thoughtful of that young lady who has just come back from South Dakota," said the young man who had just been married. "What did she do?" enquired the bride. "She said she congratulated me and wished me many happy returns of the day."—Washington Star.

THE D. & L. Emulsion

Is invaluable. If you are run down, as it is a food as well as a medicine.

The D. & L. Emulsion Will build you up if your general health is impaired.

The D. & L. Emulsion Is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs.

The D. & L. Emulsion Is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada.

The D. & L. Emulsion Is a marvelous flesh producer and will give you an appetite.

50c. & \$1 per Bottle.

Be sure you get **DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.** the genuine.

"D. & L." MENTHOL PLASTER

I have prescribed Menthol Plaster in a number of cases of rheumatic pains, and as a very much pleased with the results of its application.—W. H. GARDNER, M. D., Boston.

I have used Menthol Plaster in several cases of neuralgia, and find it very effective. It gives almost instant and permanent relief.—J. GOSWELL, Washington, D. C.

It cures Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Pains in Back or Side, or any Muscular Pains.

Price: Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., 25c. Sole Proprietors, MONTREAL.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS

PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN). Send for Price and Catalogue.

MESHAKE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

WAVERLEY

LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLES.

95 JARVIS STREET, MONTREAL.

D. McDONNELL, Proprietor.

Special Attention to Boarding.

TELEPHONE 1528.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT No. 235.

Dame Charlotte Campbell, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Michael McGrath, of the same place, Plaintiff, duly authorized & sworn to by her solicitor, Plaintiff, vs. Michael McGrath, formerly Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been filed by the Plaintiff in this cause. Montreal, 18th March, 1897.

D. R. MURPHY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

GEORGE BAILEY, Dealer in Coal and Wood. Hay, Straw, Oats, Bran, Mould, etc. Packed Hay always on hand. Orders delivered promptly. Dry Kindling Wood, \$1.50 large load.

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RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.

FOR THE HAIR.

IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWS OR HEAD-DRESS.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle.

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A Wholesome Tonic
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Strengthens the brain and nerves.

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Teeth extracted without pain, by electricity and local anæsthesia.

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28 St. Lawrence Street.
Hours of consultation:—9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Telephone, BELZ, 2813.

DR. BROUSSEAU, L. D. S., SURGICAL DENTIST,
No. 7 St. Lawrence Street MONTREAL
Telephone, 6201.

Your impression in the morning. Teeth in the afternoon. Elegant full gum sets. Rose Pearl (dark colored). Weighed lower sets for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wasted faces. Gold crown plate and bridge work, painless extracting without charge if sets are inserted. Teeth filed; teeth retained in 50 minutes; sets in three hours if required.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION
Kindling, \$2.00. Cut Maple, \$2.50. Tamarac Blocks, \$1.75. Mill Blocks—Stove length—\$1.50. J. C. MAITLAND, Richmond Square, Tel. 5303.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST MOST FRAGRANT MOST REFRESHING AND ENDURING OF ALL PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.

ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton & Pork. Special Rates for charitable institutions. 54 PRINCE ARTHUR STREET. TELEPHONE 6174.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians. PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND SLATE ROOFERS. 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine. Drainage and Ventilation a specialty. Charges moderate. Telephone 1834.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

OUT of all her wavering moods, April was gracious enough to preserve a bright smiling face for Easter Day.

Were it not for this we would like to take April to task for another sudden flight of her

for, immediately after, we find her in open league with the frost and the doctors, and skipping around to point out the hapless folk who had followed the fashion's dictate.

Many have even suspected the Street Railway Company of squaring the triangle by becoming the fourth in the association.

A little consideration will soon compel us to see the fallacy of the accusation, and to acknowledge that the Street Railway Company was a victim like ourselves and for a similar reason—the desire to display their bright new cars among the

It is impossible for such a corporation to be partial to physicians—they reduce their faces in a most unhappy fashion; and then—they have taken to bicycles.

The readers of this department are wondering by this time if they are going to learn anything new about the fashions, for they think they have suffered enough from the weather, without having a second edition thrust upon them through the fashion column.

are so closely associated if comfort is to be taken into account, there is always a legitimate excuse for diverging from the zig-zag path of Fashion in order to moisten our pen in the pellucid rain-drops or brighten it in the sunshine that alternate in Nature's domain.

The very latest styles noted in Montreal last week were last winter's furs and dresses—so anyone can adopt the new mode immediately with the great, and hitherto unprecedented advantage, of absolutely no outlay.

From the N. Y. Post we glean the following information:—

The "sunny" dress skirts are likely to prove very popular this summer, as Fashion has set her unqualified approval upon the style. It seems a pity, however, that the dominating taste for immoderate decoration will not leave even these new graceful models untrimmed.

The "art linens" manufactured in Donegal are now made into stylish tailor costumes, plain, braided, finished with handsome white linen lace insertions, or facings and vest of white duck, the skirt completed by bias rows of the duck in graduated widths.

The really handsome zephyr gingham are found in more beautiful color mixtures than ever this year, but in spite of the temptations presented in the way of gay novelties, not a few women in selecting these fabrics choose the white and violet striped or plaids, and are having them made up in the simplest manner, with belted waist, plain at the top; and to wear with these are a number of embroidered yoke collars, which when soiled can be sent to the laundry without the entire dress.

The box-pleated Norfolk waist reappears among costumes and toilets for spring and summer wear, and forms a part of utility gowns of tweed, shepherd's check, plain and fancy mohair,

cheviot, and serge, as well as the waist portion of linen, duck, pique, chambray, and daintier toilets of taffeta striped and dotted summer satin, foulard grenadine, and very many more hot weather textiles.

The parasols this year are beautiful beyond description, and the colorings, combinations, and new effects are simply marvellous. The richest and heaviest materials are utilized in strong contrast to the most diaphanous and perishable, and scores of fabrics which in times past were never thought of in the creation of a parasol are now brought into prominent use.

The Empire sash, softly folded around the waist, is adopted by slender women, and is very becoming. The high fringes that are the present popular decoration for the neck will be abandoned in the summer season.

New blouse models are appearing continuously, and this style of waist will be as favored as of yore.

In setting the table, the tines of the fork should be turned up and the sharp edge of the knife blade toward the plate, placing the fork next the plate.

Always place tumblers to the right and fill only three quarters full. Place the cup containing coffee at the right side of each person; offer sugar and cream at the left.

Anything relating to one course must be removed before serving another course.

Always go to the right of each person to remove the dishes.

The corn to be preferred, if you can get it, is the squirrel tooth corn, and, if possible, that which is a year old. Shell and pop the corn in a popper, or in a tin pan with a pie plate for cover.

Worcestershire Sauce. Pound half an ounce of cayenne pepper, half an ounce of shallot and one eighth of an ounce of garlic in a marble mortar.

MISS PARLOA ON SOUPS.

The French Housekeeper's Way of Making them Described in a Lecture. "Economy is the watchword of the French people," said Miss Parloa in her talk upon the characteristics of French cookery.

For Sick Women. Has your doctor failed to cure you? I am an experienced woman's nurse, and I have a Home Treatment for your weakness which will not fail.

in the making of dainty and fancy desserts, but to a Frenchwoman the making of soups and sauces is the most important part of the cookery.

The following simple soup is said to be savory and delicious: Put 3 table spoonfuls of butter or meat fat in a soup kettle and pour over it 2 quarts of water. Let it cook 10 minutes before adding a pint of potatoes cut into cubes and 8 leeks washed and sliced thin.

A French vegetable soup is made thus: Cut a large onion into thin slices and put them in a pan with 3 table spoonfuls of butter. Let them simmer together half an hour and add 2 quarts of water. Have prepared a pint of white turnips cut into cubes the same amount of potatoes, half a pint of carrots, half a pint of the white part of the leek cut into thin slices.

A paste for thickening sauces is kept at hand for constant use. Here is the way to make one that will keep a long time: Cut equal amounts of beef, veal and pork suet in small pieces. Put them in a kettle with very little water and slowly render. Turn off the first fat, and when very hot stir in flour until it forms a thick paste—about a pint of flour to a pint of liquid fat.

Household Hints. A pinch of ground arrowroot put into the salt receptacles will keep the salt dry and fine and prevent it from becoming caked.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will remove the stains of paint from clothing. Saturate the spots as often as necessary, and wash out in warm suds.

To remove the smell of onions from knives, rub the blade after washing with a flannel dipped in warm salt.

Efferescent waters should be chilled, but not iced. The ice deadens their lightness.

To clean brushes and combs put a table spoonful of ammonia in a quart of water and wash them in the mixture. Then rinse, shake and dry in the sun or by the fire.

Water colors of flower and fruit should be framed in simple white bands of wood or narrow gilt, with a mat in light gray or dark cream to enhance their colors.

CHRISTIANITY OWES MUCH TO HIS ZEAL AND ENDURANCE.

His life during the early days of Methodism in Canada was often one of great hardship—the story of one now enjoying a ripe old age.

In the early days of Methodism in Canada the gospel was spread abroad in the land by the active exertions of the circuit rider. It required a man of no ordinary health and strength; an iron constitution and unflinching determination to fulfil the arduous duties incumbent on one who undertook to preach salvation to his fellow-men.

Rev. David Williams, who lives two miles southwest of Nixon, Ont., in the township of Windham, Norfolk County, was one of these early days circuit riders. He was a man of vigorous health and although without many advantages in the way of early education he succeeded by dint of hard and constant study in being admitted to the ministry.

For many years he had been a sufferer from kidney and kindred diseases. He tried all kinds of remedies, and although sometimes temporarily relieved he gradually grew worse until in October, 1895, he was stricken with paralysis. From this he partially recovered and recovered his powers of speech, but his mind was badly wrecked, and his memory was so poor that he could not remember the name of the person to whom he wished to speak with out thinking intently for several minutes.

One day driving to church he wished to speak to a neighbor who lived next to him for twenty years, but he could not recall the name for an hour or more. In addition to his mental trouble, he had intense bodily suffering; pains in the head, across the forehead, in the temples and behind the ears, across the lower part of the skull and in the joint of the neck. He had great weakness and pains in the back, hips and legs. In fact, so much did he suffer that sleep was almost an impossibility, and he fell away in weight until he weighed only 145 pounds. By this time, December, 1895, he became despondent and felt that if he did not soon obtain relief, he would say adieu to the things of this world.

Tired? Oh, No. This soap greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO. OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. Assets Exceed... Investments in Canada: Forty Million Dollars. \$1,783,487.83. MONTREAL OFFICE, 117 St. Francois Xavier St. WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent.

mediate good results followed their use and he has improved wonderfully during the past year. He has recovered his bodily health and strength, is comparatively free from pain and his memory is nearly as good as it ever was, and as the improvement continues the prospects are very bright for complete recovery.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood builder and nerve restorer. They supply the blood with its life and health-giving properties, thus driving disease from the system.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete list to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors in the following countries, which is specially prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, head office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained.

- 55000—E. W. Downing, Vancouver, B. C., bottles. 55001—Henry L. Gulline, Granby, P. Q., horse collars. 55116—E. B. Tree, Woodstock, O., rotary engine. 55119—P. Phillips, Toronto Junction, O., apparatus for opening and closing greenhouse ventilators. 55120—T. A. Knapp, Prescott, O., marine vessels. 55132—T. A. Watson, Creemore, O., rifle and gun sights. 55140—E. W. Thomson, Fort Williams, O., quartz pulverizer. 55141—H. and Benj. Beliveau, Danville, P. Q., washing compound. 55152—J. Warensky, Toronto, O., wrenches.

- 550841—Ls. Barceloux, Stanbridge, Canada bale-tie. 551190—Thomas S. Bayles, Toronto, Canada, hot water heater. 55191—George Bell, Toronto, Canada, shipping box for animals. 551105—James A. Donahue, bottle-stopper. 551107—John Emery, combination tire inflating pump and bicycle supporter. 551215—Joseph A. Lombas, nut-lock. 551224—William B. Draper & W. B. Page, masting device. 551189—George W. Soule, tire-tightener. 551146—George W. Young, insole. 550893—Charles R. Pratt, elevator.

STEAMSHIP STATEROOMS.

The latest addition to the great steamships which ply across the Atlantic, the Friedrich der Grosse, of the North German Lloyds Line, has, it is said, a number of single staterooms. This indicates a change in the direction of civilized methods on the seas as well as on the land. There was a time, years ago, when a traveller on land in this country, if he stopped at an inn, or even a hotel, and this though the hostelry were located in some fair-sized community, might expect to have an occupant in the room which he engaged; that is, as the rooms, or rather, the beds, were built on a size intended for two people, the fact that one man had taken a room and had gone to bed was not considered the least barrier in the way of the landlord putting another newly arrived traveller into the same room and bed. Of course, conditions have now entirely changed, so far as land travel goes, but this old custom has been clinging to on the seas partly on the ground of limited space. Even at the present time there are passenger steamers plying across the English Channel, at its wider points, where the traveller is compelled to take a berth in a common room with twenty or thirty others in the entire absence of staterooms. But the stateroom in many steamers has as yet little privacy connected with it, as it is understood to afford accommodations for two, often three, and sometimes four persons, men who, perhaps, may never have seen each other before in their lives, and who have few, if any, tastes in common. This is

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural, Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

not a method in any way in accordance with customary methods of living by well-bred people, and the time has come when steamship companies should recognize this fact. The size of the modern steamer is such that more space is accorded for stateroom accommodation than has been the case in the past, and there is now no reason, whatever may have been the case before, why, even on approximately the same base of charges, the stateroom should not be temporarily the undivided possession of a single occupant. We imagine that in a few years more there will be just as many single staterooms on our passenger steamers as there are single bedrooms in a great hotel.—Boston Herald.

The most beautiful women of antiquity were famous for their long and brilliant tresses. No matter what the face and form of a woman may be, she cannot be called strictly beautiful without this crowning glory. Hence all women in all ages seek after this desideratum, which may be had by using Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer. Sold by all chemists.

Break Up a Cold in Time BY USING PNY-PECTORAL. The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc. Mrs. JOSEPH NORWICK, of 65 Surabree Ave., Toronto, writes: "Pny-Pectoral has never failed to cure my children of a cold after a few days. It is the best selling medicine I have; my family prefer it to any other medicine for coughs, croup or hoarseness."

SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY. FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR FLUID, 25 cents. FOR THE TEETH: SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE, 25 cents. FOR THE SKIN: WHITE ROSE LANOLIN CREAM, 25 cts. HENRY R. GRAY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

Pain-Killer. Used Internally and Externally. Two Sizes, 2c. and 5c. bottles.

The Finest Creamery Butter IN 1-LB. BLOCKS AND SMALL TUBS. NEW LAID E3G. Stewart's English Breakfast Tea at 35c OUR SPECIAL BLEND OF COFFEE IS THE FINEST. D. STEWART & CO., Cor. St. Catherine & Mackay Streets, TELEPHONE NO. 3835. BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour Is the best and the only genuine article. Housekeepers should ask for it, and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

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M. HICKS & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill Street.) MONTREAL. Sales of Household Furniture, Farm Stock, Real Estate, Damaged Goods and General Merchandise respectfully solicited. Advances made on Consignments. Charges moderate and returns prompt.

CALLAHAN & CO., Book and Job Printers, 741 CRAIG STREET, West Victoria Sq. MONTREAL. The above business is carried on by his Widow and two of her sons.

P. A. MILLOY, MANUFACTURER OF Ginger Ale, Ginger Pop, Ginger Beer, Cream Soda, Plain Soda, Ciderine. 119, 121 ST. ANDRE STREET. TELEPHONE 6978.

C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter. PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER. Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 65 Dorchester St. East of Bleury, Office 107.

Accountants. M. J. DOHERTY, Accountant and Commissionaire INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENT. Money to Lend! No. 8, FOURTH FLOOR. SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS. C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Trustee, 180 ST. JAMES STREET, Telephone 1182. MONTREAL. Personal supervision given to all business. Rents collected, Estates administered and Books audited.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM One Way Weekly Excursions - TO - CALIFORNIA And other Pacific Coast Points. A Pullman Tourist sleeper leaves Bonaventure Station every Thursday at 10.25 p.m. for the Pacific Coast, all that is required is a second-class ticket and in addition a moderate charge is made for sleeping accommodation. This is a splendid opportunity for families moving West. Forticketsand reservation of berth apply at 143 ST. JAMES STREET, Orat Bonaventure Station.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE

An Interesting Sketch of the Distinguished Irish Canadian.

(By WILLIAM ELLISON, IN THE CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES.)

In this present sketch the mind of the biographer has not to strain itself in making choice of a subject among distinguished men of Irish blood and lineage in Canada...

At a time when Hon. Mr. Blake has won fresh distinction, as an orator and patriot, by his great speech in the Imperial Parliament, on behalf of Ireland...

IN CANADA, FOR A GENERATION AT LEAST, the name of Mr. Blake has been as a household word among the people, and with whatever project, public or private, he has associated himself he has ever been the eloquent and fearless advocate of parity, honor and honesty...

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, where he took first class honors in classics and proved himself an apt student of rare mental gifts and perseverance...

HIS GREAT POWER IN DEBATE

was duly acknowledged in the Commons; and on the retirement of the late Hon. Alexander MacKenzie—a former Dominion Premier—he was selected as leader of the great Liberal party...

During the long years that Hon. Mr. Blake gave his strong mind and clear intellect to the consideration of politics and statecraft he left the impress of his far-seeing views upon every measure and policy he advocated...

But admirable as has been his Canadian record of services to his country, the patriotic side of his personality was raised to a higher plane when he consented, at the call of Ireland, to leave his home in Toronto and his large legal connections in Canada...

THE CALL TO IRELAND

are perhaps unequalled in the history of a public man, and reflect double distinction in the honor implied. A case can scarcely be recalled in which a statesman of one country was called by another nation to serve in the parliament of a third...

He scarcely had left the steamer at Moville before he had to utter his warmest thanks to enthusiastic crowds, both lay and clerical, who gave him cordial welcome to Ireland...

HIS VISIT TO SOUTH LONGFORD

where he was afterwards elected and for which constituency he still sits in the British Commons. Then in rapid succession, in nearly every city in Ireland, England and Scotland he spoke to immense audiences in powerful advocacy of the cause of Home Rule...

It was, however, when Hon. Mr. Blake entered upon his duties in Parliament that his eminent abilities as an orator and debater showed to the best advantage...

speech made by the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain; of course a great deal was expected from a man of the high reputation of the Irish-Canadian, nor did he disappoint his friends...

THE GREATEST EFFORT OF HON. MR. BLAKE'S

life was made a few days ago in introducing the question of the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. He was specially selected for the unfolding of the great problem...

The subject of this all-too-brief sketch, Hon. Edward Blake, Q. C., LL.D., M. P., etc., was born in the province of Ontario in 1833, son of the late Hon. William Hume Blake, a distinguished jurist of Upper Canada...

where he took first class honors in classics and proved himself an apt student of rare mental gifts and perseverance. In 1858 he received the degree of M. A., was called to the bar in 1856, and created a Queen's Counsel in 1864...

As would be naturally expected, a man of Mr. Blake's intellectual capacity tends strongly in the direction of higher learning for the rising generations in Canada; and as chancellor of the Toronto University he gives both moral and material encouragement to induce to the higher branches of studies...

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

ISAAC BUTT.

shrank from the very name of Nationalist as they would now from the name of Anarchist. An occasional funeral procession, if it is not paradoxical to say so, was the one symptom of life in the country—that and the interruption or total suppression by the popular voice of any attempt at constitutional agitation...

MOST FORMIDABLE DIFFICULTIES

was to get even a hearing for his agitation from young men, deeply depressed, no doubt, by the horrors and failures of the Fenian cycle, but firmly determined to allow no revival of the parliamentary agitation of the old kind which smelled to heaven...

HE HAD BEEN VICTORIOUS AND THE PRISONER ACQUITTED.

Flushed with the triumph, he stood up to speak, and in a life of pretty large experience I have never yet heard a more bold and soul-thrilling speech, with two exceptions—one being Captain Mackey's

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TERMS, CASH

speech from the dock in Cork, when he had the very Judge in a flood of tears, and the other Mr. Gladstone's lion-like, flowing-tide speech the night the home rule bill of 1886 was beaten. Butt's speech was almost wholly a plea to the released Fenian leaders to give him a chance for seeking Irish freedom by conciliatory means...

MEMORABLE OUTBURSTS OF GOLDEN ELOQUENCE

that ever left human lips. Some rumors crept into the English papers that Mr. Butt had made an extraordinary speech

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at the banquet, and the Chief Secretary was asked on the subject, a few nights afterwards in the House of Commons, whether Mr. Butt, as Queen's counsel, would not be brought to account for it...

Mr. O'Brien vividly describes the last time he saw Mr. Butt. It was, he says, the final tussel in the Home Rule League in the Molesworth Hall in Dublin in which Butt was for the last time beaten by a narrow majority by Messrs. Parnell, Biggar and Dillon...

The days in which Mr. Parnell in his last tragic struggles went through a similar ordeal in his turn were not more pitiful. Those who deposed Mr. Butt were inevitably and absolutely in the right; but the pity of it—the drooped shoulders, the genial old face, the vast arched forehead, with the rings of silver hair tossing about it, the voice you heard the last rattle of dying genius!

I never saw Butt again. Many months afterward I was returning from Egypt, having just escaped from the grave by one of life's curious chances; and at Naples, where the boat of the Messageries Maritimes called, I paid 6 pence for a copy of the "Daily News," which a Neapolitan news vendor came on board to sell. The first paragraph of its news announced that Mr. Butt was dead, and before I reached Ireland he was already sleeping in his quiet Donegal churchyard...

Two Views—He: "Mrs. Brown is a remarkably candid woman." She: "Why do you think so?" He: She admits that her baby is not as pretty as ours." She: "I call that insincerity. A woman who could bring herself to say anything like that is not to be trusted."

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 10 per cent upon the capital stock of this institution has this day been declared for the half year ending 31st May, 1897, and that the same will be payable at the head office in this city on and after the first day of June next.

W. WEIR, President. Montreal, 21st April, 1897.



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TANCREDE BIENVENU, General Manager.

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