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VOL. XLV., NO. 33.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE WORK OF DEATH.

A TIMELY SERMON BY THE REV. FATHER PAQUIN

IN ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL—LIFE BUT A MARCH TO THE GRAVE—THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND NECESSITY FOR RIGHT LIVING DWELT UPON.

The Rev. Fr. Paquin, of Elm Grove and Triadelphia parish, delivered the following sermon, on Ash Wednesday, in the Cathedral at Wheeling. Father Paquin was once a leading professor at Ottawa University, and is widely known throughout Canada.

The Rev. Father said: "You hear the toll of the bell in the church tower and you say: who is dead? You open your door and ask of a passer-by: who is going to be buried? You are given the name of the departed one, you attend to the funeral ceremony, cast a last glance on the cold features of the dead man, of the dead woman, of the dead child; you whisper with a sigh: poor man! poor woman! poor child! And you turn from the mournful sight and go on your way, never thinking that you are yourself, at the very same moment, in the grasp of the power of death. Many and many a time you have heard the church bell tolling its mournful song, tolling the death of your father, tolling the death of your mother, tolling the death of your husband or wife, tolling the death of your brother or sister, tolling the death of your child, tolling the death of your friend. Yet you never stopped to think that this same bell will toll your own death to-morrow; and with haste you hurried back into the buzz of your busy life, being as heedless as before of the high speed at which you are carried down to the abyss that ends the whirling of this life. So it has been with you; so it has been with me; so it has been with all. Every mortal man holds fast before his eyes the glass of illusion that to him shows death, although striking all around him, young, old, friends, relatives and strangers, as if it were bound to make an exception of him, and to keep far, far away, at an indefinite distance from him.

To-day is Ash Wednesday, the voice of God sounds a general alarm and calls out every one from the illusive and dangerous slumber. Wake up, my friend, and face the reality that confronts you. Did you hear this morning, when the ashes were placed on your head, a gentle whisper ringing into your ears: Remember, man, thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return? That was the bell of God tolling, this time not for your neighbor, but for yourself. And what did the solemn toll tell you? That you are soon to die? More than that, my friend! It gently but firmly whispered to you that you are actually dying, that you are already within the cold embrace of the messenger of death, already struggling in the grasp of the ghastly hand that is only waiting for the signal to give you the last stroke. Ay, you have only to open your eyes and see, and judge for yourself. The child is no sooner born than he begins to die. Its first call for food is a first acknowledgment of the hold of death. Its first whining is a first surrender to the power of death. And the whole human life is but a continual struggle with the ever-conquering power of death, a struggle that may be prolonged for a more or less short time, but must always and irrevocably result in a final crash.

You are strong, your cheeks exhibit the glow of youth, you pride in your good health. Ah! my friend, do not be blind, and do not fall asleep in a false and delusive security. Are you not aware of the gradual disintegration that is constantly at work in your body? Every day, every hour, every minute, every instant of your existence, there is a continual and steady waste going on in every department of your frame: waste of your muscle, waste of your bones, waste of your blood, waste of your veins and arteries, waste of your heart, waste of your lungs! Every movement of your body, every motion of your hands, of your feet, of your mouth, tongue and eyes, every beat of your heart, every breathing of your lungs, every display of activity and energy, all are done at the expense of the material of which your frame is built up. Even the oxygen of the air that you are forced to breathe sixteen times or more every minute, is itself coming to your rescue at your own expense. It acts as a destructive agent, oxidizing or burning your lungs, your blood and every part with which it comes in contact. It generates for you the heat that keeps you alive, but your own body has to supply the fuel, and is thereby gradually turned to ashes. Hence the necessity for you to hunt all the time for a supply of new material, in order to make up for your daily loss, and repair your daily waste.

Did you ever stop to think, when taking your meals, that you labor under the obligation to be, three times a day, of the cattle and other animals, of the birds and the fishes, of the grains of the field and the fruit of the trees, their substance, which you need to make it your own, that you may check your decay and continue in a moving or running order? Walk into one of our "wheeler-mills." You see a piece of machinery, it keeps turning every day, sometimes every night, for weeks, for months, for years, and it wears the same material, because the material of which it is made is not

organic substance that is very instable, highly decomposable and prone to complete disorganization. Stop for a few days only to store new material in your stomach and your whole mechanism will fall into pieces, and its debris consigned to a box and buried underneath the ground.

And to what systematic strategy are you not forced to resort in order to keep on your feet in the war you have daily to wage with the power of death. You must warm your body near the fire and wrap it up in heavy clothes during the cold season; you must cool it down by an icy beverage in the hot weather; you must give it a rest after each exertion; you must make for its sleep an allowance of eight hours out of every twenty-four; you must expose its clashing to the skill of a physician; you must rub it with liniments; you must lose it with medicines, and what else! But, my friend, be as cautious as you will, and fight your battle as bravely as you can, you are soon confronted by the bare fact of your failure to keep the repair even to the waste, soon forced to realize that the deadly power in whose clutch you are struggling is gaining, gaining, gaining, over you every day, and that every minute of your existence takes you nearer and nearer to your final wreck. Ah! let me see how you presently stand on the battlefield. I notice an unusual pallor around your eyes. Beware! This is the shade of death creeping towards your most vital parts. I see wrinkles on your cheeks. Beware! These are death chambers hollowed in by the digging hand of death. I see your back rounding its curvature, and your grey head sinking down. Beware! Death weighs more heavily upon you, and hurries you down to the grave. What! Who is there in that small, white, flower-covered coffin that is carried ahead of that old man? Ah! it is a child who could not stand the race, fell down before its time, and now takes the lead in the lugubrious procession of all human beings moving towards their last home. Oh! my God, how sad it is! That poor girl was so happy during the last entertainment, with her rosy cheeks and her smiling lips, and her bright, sparkling eyes, her beautiful dress, and the flowers that were showered upon her during the whole evening. It was a cold night when she returned home. A cough! Then pneumonia! And * * * how quiet and beautiful she looks through the glass of her coffin. Wipe your tears, mother! Very soon you will follow her.

My friends, these are not cheerful thoughts, I know. If they were only thoughts, the creation of my mind! But they are more than mere thoughts, they are facts that confront you every day. Why then do you yourself confront them to-day, the last Ash Wednesday perhaps that you have received the ashes on your head? Do not be down-hearted. Brace up and listen a few minutes more. The toll of the bell of God has something else to say. It has to tell you that while you slowly but surely move forward to your grave, your sombre cortege is composed of the ghostly representatives of death, and that you are surrounded from all directions by the spoils of death. What stuff do you take for your blood? The flesh of dead animals. Of what material are made your hat, your clothes and dresses and your shoes? Of the skin, the hair, the wool and the feathers of dead animals. Under what sort of matter are you sheltered in your dwelling? Under the dead trees of the forest, cut off from their sap-giving roots, and dried up into decaying lumber. Ah! my dear Christian friends, can you not take the warning? Why, you eat every day the spoils of death, you are wrapped every day in the spoils of death from head to foot. You live and sleep under a roof made up of the spoils of death, and in addition to this, the hand of death is making new spoils in your own body every minute of the day, and you forget that you are dying! And the voice of God summing up these warnings of nature tells you plainly that "thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return," and you forget you are dying! And you have a manner of living and a behavior as if you were to live in this world forever!

Ah! then, you may say, if such is life, if it is only a downward race to the grave, with a baggage of sufferings and trials, sorrows and tears, contradictions and miseries, is it really worth living? This is the very point where I am in wait for you, and I say: If our existence were limited only to the few years we have to live in this world, this life would not be worth living. But when we open the eyes of our faith, and know that this body of ours, which is the battlefield of our earthly struggles, is but the exterior and perishable envelope that conceals an unperishable substance which is our real self; and when we know that our immortal soul will forever stand triumphant above the reach of the giant of death, and enjoy an endless and glorious life in the happy land of heaven; and when we know that our immortal soul is attached to this our corporal structure only for a short time in order to ripen for a life everlasting, as the juice of a fruit has to remain in its envelope until its maturity, when it casts off its peel to become incorporated into our living blood; and when we know that our immortal soul has to stay down here for a few years, only to be tested in the crucible of God and be made worthy of admission into His eternal glory and be happy for ever in His glorious society, then we rush to the conclusion that this our life is indeed worth living. But if it is worth living only if we do live in the right way, and the right way to spend our transient years on earth is to provide first for the welfare of our immortal

soul in the endless hereafter, and then only to see to the welfare of our perishable body. Seek first of all the kingdom of heaven, said the great guide who came down from heaven to point out to men on earth the right road they have to follow. If we reach the harbor of eternal salvation, our life will be a success, no matter how many hardships we have to encounter in this vale of tears; whilst, if we miss the salvation of our soul, or life, although very successful otherwise, successful in piling money by the millions, successful in acquiring properties by the hundreds, successful in the enjoyment of earthly pleasures, successful in gaining a reputation as wide as the world, will be at the end a failure, a complete failure, an irremediable failure.

Therefore, my friends, go ahead along the road of heaven. Your body is carried down to the grave by its own weight, independently of your will, being hurled by an irresistible current; but your soul

with twelve companions for Caldonia's shores, and landed on the Isle of Iona, three miles long and one mile broad, rocky, dreary, rainy, foggy, unlike the smiling grazing fields of green Erin. They set to work at once to put up a few huts made out of tree-branches, and replaced them afterwards by a monastery. Columba occupied, on the top flat of the building, a plank cell, with the floor for his bed and a stone for his pillow. The lion was changed into a lamb and an apostle, too. At that remote period of Scottish History, the whole country was inhabited either by the Scots, who occupied the Western Coast and the Islands, or the Picts, that dwelt everywhere else. Doubtless, long before his arrival, the influence of Christianity was being slightly felt in the West, owing to Irish Catholic emigration there, and in the Southern Districts, too, by reason of their close proximity to Gaul and their commercial relations with it.

Greater religious refinement was, how



THE LATE REV. FATHER JAMES HOGAN, FORMERLY PASTOR OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

is in your hands, under your own control, and it behooves you to make it travel in the upward direction, on a par with the downward progress of your body. Rest, when the later falls into the dust, the former will be left behind, entangled in the futilities of this world. You know the fate of the five foolish virgins who were too late and found the door shut. Go ahead! You will meet gold and silver, and diamonds along the road. Take what you need for the necessary comfort of your suffering body, but do not delay there, lest your soul be behind time. You will be attracted by beautiful flowers on the wayside; enjoy their fragrance in a proper measure, as a matter of relief in your tiresome journey, but do not fall asleep there, lest your soul miss the ship of heaven, which will bring "all aboard" only once for you, and will not come back if you are too late.

The ocean on which you have to voyage may be boisterous sometimes, but fear not, so long as you keep your eyes on the star of the word of God and the anchorage of His Church. Your feet will be hurt by thorns and thistles more than once, but do not pay too much attention to the sting, and proceed forward towards the land where there is no suffering, no pain, no tears, only rest and joy. Watch as much as you wish over your body journeying towards the grave, but by all means have your eyes always open on your soul, that it fail not to reach its eternal destiny.—Wheeling Register.

SCOTLAND'S APOSTLE.

Rev. James Callaghan Delivers an Interesting Lecture on St. Columba.

The Catholic Young Men's Society of Classic Literature held their regular once-a-week meeting last Wednesday evening, in their hall, 92 St. Alexander street. Mr. John J. Patterson, B.L., presided, and opened the proceedings with a few laudatory remarks on the flourishing condition of the Association. His masterly effort was deserving of the young gentleman's title of Bachelor of Letters of Laval University, and was greatly appreciated by his large audience. Select violin and piano cantos, with vocal solos, varied the programme. Rev. James Callaghan, S.S., Director, delivered a lecture on "St. Columba, or Scotland's Apostle." St. Columba, born A.D. 521, was the great-grandson of Tara's King, who ruled all Ireland when Patrick was carried a slave into the "Emerald Isle." Educated by the Monks of Clonart, near Dublin, he was ordained deacon, and upon his retirement from that renowned sanctuary of faith and science, had, when only twenty-five years old, completed the erection of thirty-seven monasteries. Warlike and bloodthirsty, he incurred King Diarmid's displeasure and the censures of the Church. Repentant, he sought a holy monk's advice. "Go away from Ireland," was the reply, "and convert to Jesus Christ a number of pagans corresponding to the victims slain in your sanguinary revolt." "I shall do as you bid me," answered Columba. He sailed

ever, badly needed in these localities whereas an entire reform was imperatively demanded among the Eastern and Northern Picts, who adored the sun, wells and forest trees, at the command of their Druidical Priests. For thirty years the Apostle sowed the Gospel seed on every side, climbed the steep bleak mountains, rowed the frail skiff on the broad inland lakes and through the Northern Archipelagoes of the Hebrides and the Orkneys, and donated to the land of his exile many churches and monasteries. He died, A.D. 597, aged 76 years.

A cordial vote of thanks was tendered the Rev. gentleman, who announced his next Wednesday lecture, "St. Augustine of Canterbury; or, the Apostle of England."

THE SECRETS OF THE CONFESSORIAL.

EPISCOPAL PRONOUNCEMENT ON THIS MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION.

During the present Lenten season the mandamentum, which was issued by the bishops of the Province in 1884, regarding the Sacrament of Penance, has been re-quoted in La Semaine Religieuse, under the authority of His Grace Archbishop Fabre, on the occasion of the condemnation of Rev. Mr. Gill.

The document deals principally with the secrecy of the confessional and the benefits derived therefrom. It begins: "God, who in His infinite wisdom directs everything according to His will, with all the conditions and consequences that may appertain to the purpose intended, has so willed (and the Church teaches) that the administrator of the Sacrament of Penance shall keep the most absolute silence on all that comes under his cogitation or judgment, in the name of God, in the remittance or the retaining sin."

"Who would submit to such a tribunal, were there the slightest fear of treason? Not even when the death of an innocent person is threatened, not even the necessity to prevent a public calamity, not even a dispensation from the highest authority of the Church; none of these may force the priest to reveal any secret he may have heard in the confessional, even after the death of the penitent. The confessor must suffer death before divulging, directly or indirectly, what he has learned by confession. This secret is so absolute that the confessor must not say anything of, or even allude to, by a sign or otherwise, to any knowledge so obtained, or to anything that might render the Sacrament odious. He may not speak even to the penitent, notwithstanding that it might be for his greatest spiritual good, unless with the penitent's free and express permission. Any danger there may be to the respect and confidence due to the sacrament, for the confessor may not use his knowledge, and thus the penitent is not the only interested one. Things being thus regulated by Divine right, as to the secret which the confessor is obliged to keep in his relation to the sacrament of penance, the penitent him-

self must, naturally, have grave obligations to the Sacrament and the minister to whom he has come for absolution. The penitent, without doubt, is obliged to keep only what is termed the "natural secret" about anything that would have a tendency to bring disrespect upon the Sacrament, or to the sacred ministry to which the priest is invested by Divine grace, or to the person of the confessor. "This 'natural secret,' though some what less strict than the confessor's, is nevertheless, the object of a very grave obligation of religion, charity and justice, as may be seen by article 285 of the Code of Civil Procedure, which protects the confessor just as well as the lawyer, the notary, the physician, or any other person to whom is confided a secret of office. The law does not permit any one to interrogate him on the subject; for the cause of public order demands that these confidential communications of a citizen with one from whom he expects advice and comfort, must be free of any fear of misplaced confidence. Even in case where the divulgence of a secret would produce considerable benefit, the law forbids it, because it is believed that this temporary benefit would have been bought too dearly at the price of the mutual confidence and perfect liberty which must govern all such matters and communications."

FATHER O'CONNELL'S ANNIVERSARY.

SIXTY YEARS A PRIEST: HIS SINGS HIGH MASS ON THE CANONICAL: A MOST IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

St. Patrick's Church was the scene of an exceedingly interesting ceremony last Sunday morning, the occasion being the diamond anniversary of the Rev. Peter O'Connell, who has been a Roman Catholic priest for sixty years, has reached his 76th year, and is still hale and hearty. Rev. Father O'Connell was born in the North of Ireland, in the year 1820, and when thirty years of age, came to Canada, where he has lived ever since. Father O'Connell has labored among the Irish Catholics of Montreal for 40 years. Rev. Fathers Richard and Phelan, the latter, afterwards Bishop of Kingston, being his co-workers in this city. It then went to Ottawa, and for many years was located in the diocese of Ottawa and Kingston.

For some time past, Father O'Connell has been living quietly at the Grey Nuns, on Guy street, and, although a good many years have elapsed since the zealous priest was engaged in active work, his memory is still revered among the faithful, whom he served so long and so well. It is not surprising, therefore, that the congregation would be a very large one when it was known that Father O'Connell was to be the celebrant at High Mass, with Rev. Fathers Gaudin of the Seminary, and Martin Callaghan, deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. While the aged priest was singing, it was remarked that, although slightly faltering, his voice was sweet and its notes quite correct.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Fahcy, and the subject was "Heaven." There was, likewise, an interesting ceremony in the afternoon and again Rev. Father O'Connell was the central figure. He blessed 700 children attached to the Parochial Catechism, and presented the retiring Priest with a rose, as an example of his great love for little children.

During the day the venerable priest received congratulatory letters, besides being made the recipient of several valuable presents, including a splendid bronze statue of St. Peter.

HIS SIXTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

MGR. FABRE CELEBRATES THE EVENT ON LAST SUNDAY.

Although the 69th anniversary of Mgr. Fabre's birth fell upon Friday last, the religious services in connection therewith took place last Sunday evening, at 7.30, in St. James Cathedral, Dominion square, the faithful both from the East and West End crowding the sacred edifice to the doors. Some time ago a committee was formed, composed of well known citizens, and it was decided to take subscriptions in order to provide for the lighting of the Cathedral, and present the whole to his Grace upon the occasion of his 69th birthday, and this inauguration took place with considerable éclat last Sunday evening, at the place above designated.

The new lighting apparatus, which is of fine design and great beauty, is composed, in the first place, of fifty-four small electric globes, distributed two by two on each group of pillars around the church, while the various chandeliers, composed of five branches bearing Auer and electric lights, produce a brilliant effect throughout the building. At 7.30 last evening the whole was inaugurated by solemn benediction. His Grace, the Archbishop, officiating, with a good representation of the clergy.

A sermon was preached by the Rev. Fr. Douth, of the Archbishop's palace, and editor of La Semaine Religieuse. The ceremony was followed by the usual monthly reception held by His Grace, in the large parlor of the Palace, and it goes without saying that the attendance was both large and representative, scores of Montreal's prominent citizens calling to pay their respects to the worthy head of the archdiocese. It was also remarked that amongst those who were present at Monsignor's Mass at the Grey Nuns, on Friday, was Madame Fabre, mother of the Archbishop. The venerable lady is 85 years of age, being but 16 years older than her distinguished son. She is still in the enjoyment of good health.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Rev. Father Stevin Shows How Education Without Religion is a Delusion.

Rev. Father Stevin, S. J., of Galveston, the Lenten preacher at the Gesù, last Sunday evening, gave an address on the necessity of religious training forming a part of education. He contended that comparative history showed that education, no matter how bright and high, must, without religion, sooner or later, terminate in decay. Education, without religion, was a delusion. The modern system of education, although there were exceptions to the rule, too often consisted of cramming with tables and mathematical formulae, without one word about the soul. Nowadays, the common acceptance of the word "education" meant the ability to answer a certain number of questions, which, it was presumed, a person ought to be able to answer, and, if they were answered, the person was adjudged to have been educated. Education without religion left the masses free-thinkers, and, consequently, free-differs, for the two always went together. He quoted from Guizot, St. Augustin and others to show that religion and morality could not be dispensed with in education, and went on to say that no nation could get along at the expense of religion and morality. A country that was simply intellectual would never deserve national life; religion was the mainspring and centre of intellectual national life. The schools of the nineteenth century, or any other century, in which religion was banished from education were hotbeds and nurseries of the elements of discord in national life. Some few months ago the Archbishop of Montreal and the Fathers of the Catholic Church, sat in council, and they took occasion to warn the faithful against a certain class of literature, which, though not infidel, was still working towards infidelity, was exciting the passions of youth, was teaching licence under the garb of liberty, and was holding up the doctrines of the Catholic Church to ridicule. Look at the rebellions of the last 200 years, he said, and at America and Canada draw a conclusion. To be socially and nationally useful, education must be fundamentally religious. National education must be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and this was the system upon which the Catholic Church succeeded.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH NOTES.

THE COMING RETREAT.

We wish to again remind the young men of St. Patrick's parish, that the retreat for their benefit will commence on the 22nd March, instant, and will be continued throughout the whole of the following week. The Rev. Father Schneider, of the Redemptorist Order, New York, will preach the sermons. It is to be hoped that the attendance will be such that we will be enabled to report a grand success as that which resulted from the recent retreat for unmarried ladies.

SIXTY HOURS DEVOTIONS.

On Friday next, at half-past nine in the morning, the exercises of the Forty Hours will commence in St. Patrick's Church, and will terminate on Sunday morning at High Mass. Any parishioners desiring of contributing flowers, candles, oil, or other donations, for the decoration of the altar, are requested to present them at the Sacristy and they will be gratefully received.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This (Wednesday) evening, at eight o'clock, the delegates from the various societies for the St. Patrick's Day celebration will hold a meeting in the Hall of St. Patrick's Presbytery.

LENTEEN DEVOTIONS.

During the whole of Lent special services are held each evening at half-past seven o'clock. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament each evening, except on Fridays, when the Stations of the Cross will take the place of the Benediction.

ST. ANN'S PARISH NOTES.

LENTEEN SERMONS.

Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.R., will deliver the evening sermons, in St. Ann's church, during the present Lenten season. So far these evening services have been largely attended and it is expected that as Easter approaches the numbers will become greater. Every parishioner, who can possibly do so, should be present to hear these instructive sermons.

A REQUIEM MASS.

Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, a grand Requiem Mass was chanted in St. Ann's church for the repose of the soul of the late Father Hogan, former pastor of the parish. Rev. Father Scheubert, the parish priest and superior, officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Goits and McPhail, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The church was filled with a devout and sorrowful congregation, and many a fervent prayer went up for the repose of the departed priest.

REQUIEM MASS.

It was announced in St. Ann's Church, at all the Masses on Sunday, that a Requiem service would be celebrated on Tuesday morning, at seven o'clock, for the repose of the soul of the late Father James Hogan, formerly pastor of St. Ann's Church.

FREEMASONRY IS ORGANIZED TREASON.

AN ARTICLE WELL WORTH CAREFUL PERUSAL AND STUDY.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FREEMASONRY IDENTICAL—THE "SOLEMN OBLIGATION"—A TERRIBLE OATH—INTERFERING WITH JUSTICE—THE SAME THROUGHOUT THE WORLD—A MESSAGE TO LAW AND JUSTICE—SOME STRIKING FACTS REVEALED.

It is generally asserted that Freemasonry in the United States and Freemasonry in Europe are very different. Their perfect identity in all essential particulars has been proved again and again. They are revolutionary in principle, and in practice subversive of social order, and the active promoters of revolution in government. This has been again proved by facts published in the Hartford papers. A man named Griswold, a member of the Blue Lodge of the Royal Arch degree, and a Knight Templar, was tried for arson in Connecticut, convicted and sent to State Prison. An acquaintance, Doctor Jackson, a member of the same Lodge, appeared against him as a witness in court, and largely on his sworn evidence the accused was convicted. Jackson was expelled from the lodge because he gave evidence, as other citizens, in accordance with the law of the State, but Griswold is retained in the Lodge, and defended, not because he is innocent, but because he is a Freemason. According to Masonry, Jackson committed perjury when he testified against a brother Mason.

When he was raised to the 3rd, or Master's degree, he took the following oath, called a "Solemn Obligation": "Furthermore do I swear that a Master Mason's secret given to me in charge, as such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own before communicated; 'Murder and Treason only excepted;' and they, 'Murder and Treason,' left to my own option. . . . To all this do I solemnly promise and swear, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my body severed in two and divided to the North and South, my bowels burned to ashes and scattered to the four winds of heaven, that there might not remain the least remembrance among men and Masons of so vile and perjured a wretch as I would be, should I ever be guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath and obligation of a Master Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same."

He kisses the Bible thrice. The Master, as usual, says, "And God said: Let there be light, and there was light." Consider that terrible oath, with all its imprecations and penalties, and say if the man who willingly takes it can honestly swear allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, or to the Constitution of the State in which he lives. Will he remain a Mason or become a traitor? Can the judge on the bench, the juror in the box, the witness on the stand, do justice between all parties, the "Propane" or the "Cowans or dogs," and not commit perjury? How can the judge commit a party accused of perjury when he may have already perjured himself? How can office-holders take the oath of office and the oath in the Lodge, and be honest? Why do so many criminals escape the penalty of the law? Why are so many criminal cases never brought to trial? Seek the reasons in the Lodges.

An exchange says, commenting on the expulsion of Jackson: "May the eyes of the present generation be opened by this well attested fact, as were those of a past generation, when 45,000 Masons left the Lodge after the murder of Morgan?"

A similar case was before the Supreme Court at Anderson, Indiana, in November last, when W. H. Freeman, a lawyer, gave the "Grand Halling Sign of distress" to Judge Devin, who was also a Mason. He recognized it and had the lawyer arrested for interfering with justice in the case. Freeman telegraphed to Masons at Kokomo for assistance, and declared he would appeal to the Grand Lodge of the State. Masonry is evidently in defiance of civil law, for Thomas Smith Webb has said: "No law of the land can affect it; no anathema of the Church can weaken it."

MASONRY THE SAME THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The facts given above agree perfectly with the following from Les Annales Catholiques, commenting on the indifference of Legislators who allow themselves to be spattered with foul mud, without wincing. They seem to be hypnotized, and to be perfectly indifferent to the scandals that are so well known to the public. They are quite indifferent to matters that touch most deeply the honor and the good name of the French Nation. Sad! Sad! Well, but they do not represent the Nation; they are not Frenchmen; they are Freemasons; they are, as they claim to be, citizens of the world; they recognize no country.

This deplorable spectacle, of which we are witnesses, and which is increasing with rapid strides from year to year, is becoming every day more lamentable. All this work, intended to bring about the ruin of morals, this degeneracy of character, all this immorality, this anarchy, is the work of Freemasons; the work of traitors by whom we are oppressed.

In France, we need not go back very far through the innumerable scandals of late years, to find that Freemasonry has been most active. In the list will be found Grevy, Wilson, Cornelius Hertz, the financial agent of Universal Masonry, Arton, Reinach, Floquet; Freemasons, unprincipled recreants and defrauders, who have bought the consciences of parliaments, and have sold them like Richard and the notorious Bourgeois, who are now trying to make a show of virtue.

Freemasons, every one of those groups which, for the last twenty years, have destroyed the country, have sown in its

bosom the germs of division, have trampled liberty under foot, have squandered the finances, have propagated doctrines subversive of social order, and have encouraged, by their acts, openly or secretly, as seemed best, the armies of assassins and dynamiters. This pernicious influence, exerted by Freemasons in any country, destroys, not only public morals, but it acts directly on the morals and the consciences of individuals and often with tragic results.

No one need be told how mercilessly the Freemasons have used the dagger and the deadly poison. Every head of legitimate government, whether King, President of a Republic, or Prime Minister, who interferes with the sect, or whose principles conflict with the programme which Masonry has imposed upon them, is mercilessly stricken down by the secret assassin. The doctrine of the Freemason is, in this regard, most positive, its teachings, its principles, as presented to the people, are purely hypocritical, and are distinctly laid down in its rituals.

How many crimes have, for these reasons, remained undiscovered! Thus it is that the *Nouveliste de Lyons* recalls the fall of Paul I., Emperor of Russia, by the dagger of the delegates of the Freemasons; among whom was found the Knight Kadush—Holy and Perfect Mason—Bazaine, the father of the betrayer of Metz.

The written confession left by a Freemason who was a refugee, in Louisiana, relates how General Quesnel, condemned by the Lodges of Paris, was mercilessly assassinated. At the same meeting at which this crime was determined upon, Saint Blamont, an agent of the police, was walled up alive by the Freemasons. In 1826 a journalist, William Morgan, who had revealed the secrets of the "Sect," was killed by the Masons in the United States. The history of this case, so often told, is known to all.

Judge Daniel H. Whitney was Master of his Lodge when S. H. Keith, a member of the same Lodge, murdered Ellen Shale. Judge Whitney, by attempting to bring Keith to justice, brought on himself the vengeance of the Lodge, but he boldly defended himself and afterwards renounced Masonry.

In 1834, Rodez, France, M. and Madam Emiliani and their friend, M. Lazzonneschi, were assassinated by order of the Lodge "Parfaite Union" of Marseille, which was presided over by Mazzini in person, the Supreme Grand Master of Executive Masonry, and the intimate friend of Albert Pike, of Charleston; the Secretary of that meeting was B. J. La Cecilia, the father of the General of the Commune. One of the murderers, B. J. Gaviola Knight Kadush, was put to death by the guillotine. The sentence of death against those who were assassinated was signed by Mazzini, and is now in the archives of the Court of Appeals of Montpellier. On the 15th of November, 1848, the Freemasons had Rossi, the Minister of Pius IX., assassinated on the steps of the Chamber of Deputies, surrounded by crowds of people, mostly Carbonari. His death was decreed by the Lodge of Turin, on the 10th of October of the same year. On this murder an English writer remarks:

"Lord Palmerston, Lord Minto, and the English Consul, Freiburg, being of English Free Masonry and protectors of the Carbonari, were as much guilty of his murder as the vile assassin who received the blood money for his deed."

The list of undoubted victims of Freemasonry would be well long interminable, but the following may be cited: Marshal Prim, in Spain; Garcia Morino, President of the Republic of Ecuador; the Chief of Police of Modena; the Prefect of Naples; the Legate at Bevenna; and at Zurich, the student Lessing; generals Latour, d'Asserswald; de Lemberg; de Lignowski; the illustrious Swiss patriot Joseph Leu, etc. . . . Finally, every one knows that Orsini and his accomplices were Masons and Carbonari.

For a long time Freemasonry has been trying to disprove these facts, with that hypocritical effrontery which is its chief characteristic. At last, however, the truth has been fully established and recognized; the documents in proof have been multiplied; they are terrible, formal and undeniable. To-day the world knows what to expect from them, and the public are no longer duped by the cunningly devised intrigues of this deceitful sect. The Freemasons, in view of the awakening of public opinion, horrified at these scandals that fall heavily on their chiefs and on their party, try to lessen the force of facts by crying: "Beware of the Jesuits."

An old defence, but one that will not divert the attention of the public from those who have sold the Cross of the Legion of Honor, from those who have been involved in the scandals of Panama, in the railroads of the South, in the Phosphates of Tebessa, with Wilson, Cornelius Hertz, Reinach, Kiffl, Bihant, Arton, etc., and the Ministers of State who protect them, the Deputies who are guilty of extortion, their accomplices, their secret agents, all Freemasons, Freemasons, Freemasons!

FREEMASONRY THEN IS ORGANIZED TREASON

Its malice was exhibited in the meeting at the Borghese Palace, when Lemmi exclaimed, as one really possessed: "Yes! Yes, he must be put out of the way, if not our institution is lost. Margiotta, the traitor; Margiotta cannot be bought; he is too proud; he has too much self-respect; that is why we must be rid of him at any price, by any means, if not, Freemasonry is ruined."

Crispi: "If this war to the hilt that Margiotta has declared against us is waged because he did not obtain the seat as Deputy, it is I who am responsible; I will open the door for him at the next election."

Lemmi: "No, no, he must be put out of the way, I tell you; Margiotta, the infamous Margiotta, will be successful, and will work our ruin. . . . Margiotta has betrayed us, he has deserted to the enemy; he must be destroyed without mercy." This scene had scarcely taken place in the Lodge when Margiotta had the details in his possession and has given the whole to the public in "Le Palladisme, Culte de Satan-Lucifer." The latest reports:

"Paris, February 8.—The court of Cassation has rejected the appeals made in GREAT BATTLES ARE continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and Restores Health.

behalf of Doctor Cornelius Hertz, against the sentence imposed upon him by the Correctional Court of five years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine for complicity in the Panama Canal frauds. Hertz is still in England.

Protected, no doubt, by the Freemasons.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

OBITUARY

The Late John Foran, Esq.

The obituary notices that we have written may be numbered by the score, and even by the hundred; in every case we sought to place ourselves in the position of the bereaved relatives of the departed and to give expression to the sentiments of deep sorrow that naturally filled their breasts. How far we always were from succeeding has only dawned upon us since it has become our sad duty to break a silence which we would have much preferred to keep, and to trace a tribute to the memory of one who was attached to us by the most tender and the closest of all relations. When the mind rushes back over the years that are dead, and memory conjures up the scenes and faces, smiles and tears, generous deeds and kindly words that through the avens of the by-gone, the heart fills to overflowing, the pen trembles and the mind recognizes the utility of the writer to convey, in cold words, the emotions that irresistibly arise. Realizing, therefore, that incapacity on our part, we will make an effort to overcome a most natural inclination, and tell the short but edifying story of a good man's life and death.

The late John Foran, of Aylmer, Que., was a native of Carrick-on-Suir, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, where he was born eighty-six years ago. He was of an old, highly respected and once influential family. The hand of oppression fell upon thousands of the people in that land, and under its weight his father saw his hopes crushed. The consequence was that the deceased was obliged, at an early age, to go forth across the Atlantic and seek his future in the New World. Without any other inheritance than a good constitution, an energetic mind and determined heart, he landed in Newfound-land. Thence he first found his way to Quebec, where he soon engaged as an ordinary workman in the great lumbering industry of the time. The early forties found him in the pine forests of the Ottawa valley, helping to carve a way for colonist and missionary. He rose rapidly and soon secured sufficient means to go into the general store business. Aylmer was then the only way by which the ever increasing villages and lumber centers of the Upper Ottawa were reached. In Aylmer he pitched his tent. For years he was connected with the business of the late John Egan, and after the death of that pioneer merchant, he took control of the whole estate. His success was phenomenal, and for long years he was considered one of the best salesmen in Quebec. About 1880 he retired completely from the active field of commerce; since then nearly all his contemporaries have passed away; and, as far as the older lumber merchants are concerned, he might have been styled, for some time back,

"The last leaf upon the tree."

He was identified closely with almost every enterprise in the region of the Ottawa for over a space of forty years. He helped to give an early impetus to Aylmer, and was the builder of the first Catholic Church in that place. He was twice married, first to Louisa Fulford, daughter of one of the most highly respected and earliest settlers, by whom he had six children; and secondly to Catherine F. Kearney, sister of the late Michael Kearney, engineer of the Clonmel gas-works, and of the Superior of the Convent of Mercy in London,—by which marriage he had three children. To mourn his loss there now remains his widow, two sons and three daughters. Deceased was of a thoroughly Catholic family and was, himself, a devoted and most constant child of the Church. His faith was as simple as it was inspiring. The late Bishop Foran, of Waterford, and several priests, of the same name, were near relatives of his, and the spirit of religion that seemed to have found its expression in their lives animated his whole career. He expressed, at the close, his entire satisfaction with everything and everyone; he thanked Providence for such a long lease of life, for the privilege of dying after receiving the last sacraments of the Church that gave him the first one, and with a pleasant glance over the past and a most hopeful, confident, expectant one into the future.

IRISH RE-UNION.

London, Feb. 29.—Nationalist meetings throughout Ireland have taken up with unwonted enthusiasm the cry for re-union. Speaking at Dublin on Thursday night, Timothy Healy seemed to be irreconcilable. He said Mr. Dillon was as fit to be chairman of the party as he was to be captain of a warship, and he added that he had attained his position through a long and arduous struggle. Among the anti-Parnellites this language is considered to be Mr. Healy's final bluff before his surrender. He knows Mr. Dillon to be an easy leader and always open to conviction. If the expectation of the lobby is realized, the committee of the anti-Parnellites will be reorganized in the course of the session and Mr. Healy will be offered a chance of taking a line with Mr. Dillon. The movement for re-union extends to Great Britain.

Two valuable prizes, worth \$2,000 each, were this fortnight distributed by the Society of Arts of Canada, 1666 Notre Dame Street, to M. M. Auguste Demers, 358 St. Denis Street, and Alderic Gelinas, clerk at Mongenais, Boivin & Co., St. Paul Street.

AN IMPORTANT JUDGMENT.

Judge Doherty rendered an important judgment last week in a case of Antoine Kober vs. the Fabrique of Notre Dame. By this action, the plaintiff sought to obtain an injunction to prevent the Fabrique from using a certain part of the new portion of the Cote des Neiges Cemetery for burial purposes, and claimed \$15,000 damages, on the ground that water running from that land on to his property, and which was previously good and pure, was now contaminated. The Court in an elaborate judgment, and after going fully into all the circumstances of the case, dismissed the action on the ground that no illegal act on the part of the defendant had been shown to justify an injunction, and also because although plaintiff suffered actual damages from the present state of things, such damages resulted not from the privation of any right to which he was entitled, but simply from the loss of a privilege which he enjoyed, namely, the running of the water from defendant's land to his own.

CELLULAR THEORY.

Rev. Abbe Guillemet delivered the first of a series of scientific lectures at the Cercle Ville Marie last Friday evening, to a large audience. Dr. Oswald de Cotrel presided. The lecturer, with the aid of illustrations, gave an elaborate dissertation on the cellular theory. DON'T WAIT FOR THE SICK ROOM. The experience of physicians and the public proves that Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in Wasting Diseases and Consumption.

On Thursday morning, 27th February, the funeral of the late Mr. Foran took place from his late residence in Aylmer to the Roman Catholic Church, and thence to the local cemetery. It was by far the most imposing obsequy ever witnessed in that place. The floral tributes were in profusion; but the tributes of tears and marks of real sorrow, on the part of rich and poor, were still more remarkable. The procession was very large, and both young and old came from all directions to attend the sad ceremonies. A number of Ottawa's leading citizens were present, and all of Aylmer turned out—Catholic and Protestant, French, Irish, English and Scotch, the wealthy merchant and the poorest man in the town. The Superior Court at Hull, over which Judge Bourgeois, of Three Rivers, presided, was adjourned for the occasion, to permit the Judge, Sheriff and members of the legal profession an opportunity to attend the funeral of the oldest magistrate and Justice of the Peace in the district. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, who had just returned from Rome, being unable to attend, sent his sympathy and regrets and was represented by his brother, Dr. Duhamel, ex-M.P. The pall-bearers were Messrs. C. Devlin, James MacArthur, G. L. Dinnouchel, N.P., A. Perrier, James Klock and T. Symmes. The new and

magnificent church was elaborately decorated; the choir was augmented by several professional singers from Ottawa and Hull; and the solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Father Labelle, the parish priest, assisted by Father Beauchamp, of Ottawa, a former pastor at Aylmer, as deacon, and Father Devlin, S.J., of Montreal, as sub-deacon. The venerable Sheriff Cotleur, the remaining octogenarian of the place, and his long friend of deceased, was present to join the hundreds of others in this last tribute of respect to his memory. Shortly before noon the remains were laid to rest in the new cemetery on the Aylmer road, a beautiful spot which for half a century had passed and passed in the days of our activity. The clouds that hid their stately heads to the sky and cast their shadows on "God's acre" were saplings when it was young; they grew old with them, and at their feet he will now rest till the final call and the ultimate resurrection. R. I. P.

The Late Miss O'Neill.

We regret to have to announce the death of a most popular and widely beloved young lady in the person of Miss Mary Ann O'Neill, daughter of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. O'Neill, of the St. Lawrence Hall. Miss O'Neill was educated at St. Patrick's Academy and was ever considered one of the most promising pupils of the Sisters of the Congregation. She was a general favorite with all who had the advantage of her acquaintance and she was a bright, example for all her friends and associates. Her death was a long and painful illness borne with a patience characteristic of the true Catholic. The end at last came and a gloom fell upon the happy household. While expressing our sincere sympathy with her bereaved father and all her loving relatives, we humbly express the hope that her soul may be now in the enjoyment of an eternal reward.

The Late Mrs. Hammill.

Another sad death has occurred during the course of last week. Numbers of our readers will be glad to learn that Mrs. Hammill, one of Montreal's most highly respected citizens, has been called to her reward. The deceased lady was the mother of the late Mr. H. J. Hammill, for years one of Montreal's most popular young men and one of the greatest Irish-bald singers of our day. Mr. Arthur Hammill, inspector of abattoirs, and Mrs. F. D. Shallow, wife of the able and widely-known editor of the *Montreal Commercial*, were also children of the departed lady. Generous in disposition, kindly of heart, an affectionate wife and devoted mother, Mrs. Hammill will be missed by the steam-ship and the land-going circles in which she moved her fine qualities of mind and heart earned for her the confidence and respect of all who knew her. We tender her relatives the expression of our sympathy and we pray that her reward has been peace and eternal happiness in the world to which she has gone.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1896

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

Our contemporaries, whose recent editorials would lead the unsuspecting to believe, that while the Catholic hierarchy and clergy want remedial legislation, the great body of the Catholic laity is not favorable to a measure of justice in favor of the minority in Manitoba...

In regard to this question, we might here drop a suggestion—one which we would gladly have taken up and acted upon. We think that the various Catholic societies, composed of young or old men, should give public expression to their views upon the subject.

As a rule, the Catholic Church and Catholics are misunderstood, or misrepresented. There is a unity of sentiment between the lay and clerical elements of our Church which those outside its limits cannot understand.

The lecture system is perhaps the most profitable way of enjoying those evenings of reunion, during the winter months, for the societies of young men. St. Ann's Young Men's Society had quite a wholesome series of lectures during the past season, and the result has proved beneficial in many ways.

amount of instruction as well as information derived from them. As a proof of this sentiment we find, after the last of the series given, the honorary membership of the Association conferred on our eloquent and popular fellow-citizen Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C.

A GREAT WARRIOR.

Major Stewart Mulvey, ex-Grand Master of the Orange Order in Manitoba, is a legislator and a warrior—according to his recent speech in the Legislature of that Province. Had he lived about two centuries and a half ago, he would have been a man after Oliver Cromwell's own heart.

Major Stewart Mulvey stated that "he had taken up his gun four times to suppress domestic troubles, and he was prepared to take it up a fifth time in the interests of the liberties of Manitoba."

This great orator also informed the Legislature that "the Dominion Government is the slave of the Catholic Church, and Manitoba is in a worse state, being the slave of a slave."

ROBERT EMMET.

To-day, the fourth of March, in the faithful Irish hearts there are memories of the patriot martyr, Robert Emmet, awakened. This is the anniversary of his birth.

Robert Emmet is one of the grandest figures in the tableau of modern history. Were his life, talents and deeds those of a man of any other land, his fame would have been re-echoed by the world as the years rolled away.

to mention his name in order to bring before them all that wonderful and thrilling story of his heroism and sacrifices for the cause of his country.

"Everyone," he writes, "must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned and executed on a charge of treason."

Moore was right; for the young lady died at an early age, and single-hearted, while the children of the Irish race never can, and never will, cease to lament the fate of Emmet and to glory in his heroic career.

LADY SMITH DEAD.

From Toronto, on Monday, came the following announcement. Lady Smith, wife of Sir Frank Smith, died this afternoon, at the family residence, 102 Bloor street East, after an illness of a couple of weeks, which had been regarded as very seriously only since Saturday.

FATHER HOGAN DEAD.

The faithful, the pious, the priest of the Lord: His pilgrimage over, he has his reward. By the bed of the sick lowly kneeling. To God with raised cross appealing. He seems still to kneel and he seems still to pray. And the sins of the dying seem passing away.

influence around her. In thus briefly—alas, too briefly—tendering Sir Frank Smith and his family the expression of our condolence, we join in a fervent prayer that he may be comforted and that her soul may rest in peace.

FATHER HOGAN DEAD.

The faithful, the pious, the priest of the Lord: His pilgrimage over, he has his reward. By the bed of the sick lowly kneeling.

Thus did Davis, the Protestant patriot poet, sing the lament for Father Tyrill, the holy priest of Fingall; the words must find an echo in the hearts of thousands of faithful Catholics, and no place more than in St. Ann's parish, Montreal, when they learn of the death of that beloved pastor and whole-hearted friend—the late Rev. Father James Hogan.

Father Hogan was an Irishman. His name would suffice to indicate his nationality; but it gives no record, nor can it suggest to the mind any idea of the sterling patriotism and all-overcoming faith of the one who was Irish by birth, by education, in heart, mind and sentiment as well as in name.

His tomb remains uninscribed—at his own request—until the cause of Ireland shall triumph and the hand of an independent small trace his name upon the marble. We hope and pray that the day is not distant when fraternal strife will so far vanish that the heart's desire of Robert Emmet may be realized.

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However, Providence had marked out another field of labor for the good priest. It would be useless for us to attempt any description of the sentiments of bereavement and grief that took possession of the people of St. Ann's when it was learned that Father Hogan was positively to leave them.

man and devoted friend—awaited the summons with fortitude and patience, offering up his sufferings to the One who sent them. It came at last; the Angel that had walked by his side for almost sixty-eight years took charge of his spirit, and on the way to heaven we are confident their passage was hailed by the numerous souls that owed their happiness to the priestly ministrations of the departed one.

"Thou art a priest until all eternity." During forty years Father Hogan carried the mark of the Lord's anointed, and performed the duties—so solemn, awe-inspiring and tremendous—of his sacerdotal state.

A PIONEER POEM.

Rapidly the days and men of the pioneer epoch are passing away. The electric progress of our age is driving from the knowledge of the world the scenes that marked the great period of early lumbering activity.

Last week we received a letter from Mr. William Foley, a rising barrister of Portland, Oregon, in which he says: "I wish to know if you could inform me where I could find a poem, credited to Pitman Lett, of Ottawa, in which the late John Egan is spoken of as 'Lord of the frozen Bonnechere.'

The late William Pitman Lett, the genial and gifted City Clerk of Ottawa, author of "Reminiscences of Bytown," and numerous other characteristic poems, was not the writer of the pioneer song above alluded to by Mr. Foley.

On the 5th September, 1879, the late lamented Alonzo Wright, M.P. for Ottawa County, wrote one of his beautiful and gem-like letters to the present editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

The lines referred to open with an address to the once famous Moses Holt, the last survivor of the stage-coach-bark-canoe period. Moses still lives; but the days of his glory, like the men who moved in them, have gone down to the buried past.

Ho! Moses, bold! a goblet bring, And cross the rim with rosy wine; Ho! Bacchus, old! on jovial wing, Descend and weave the juicy vine;

Alas! We fear that the warm-hearted descendant of the oldest settler—Tiberius Wright—may prove a mistaken prophet; how few, even to-day, know of John Egan and his wonderful achievements in opening up the great region of the Ottawa.

if we allude to a somewhat personal connection with the pioneer lumbermen. The writer's father was for years head agent for John Egan, and after the death of the latter—in 1857—became chief trustee of his estate and carried to a successful issue the great works commenced by the "Lord of the frozen Bonnechere."

The hand that traced that letter has been for over two years in the dust; one by one all these pioneers have disappeared; now the last and oldest—and once the foremost—of them has gone to his reward.

Don't forget the all-important fact that the Grand Shamrock Fancy Fair will take place in the Windsor Hall on the 18th of April. Time flies and that date will soon be with us.

It was with sincere pleasure that we learned of Sir Donald Smith's recovery from the recent illness which confined him for some time to his house.

Three priests have just been received as members of the National Society of French Antiquaries. They are the Rev. Pere S. Journe, of the Order St. Dominic; the Rev. Pere Germer-Durand, of the Augustinians of the Assumption, and the Rev. Pere Delatte, one of the Missionaries of Algiers.

A reunion of churches is abroad in the air. The Novaye Vremya of Russia says, speaking of the various Russian sects: "We are firmly convinced that reunion in faith is a real necessity, and that the efforts which are being made in this direction will sooner or later bear fruit."

We have been asked often about the principal movable feasts during the present ecclesiastical year. They are Ash Wednesday, February 19; Good Friday—April 3; Easter Sunday, April 5; Ascension of Our Lord, May 14; Pentecost Sunday, May 24; Trinity Sunday, May 31; Corpus Christi, June 4; Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 12, and the First Sunday of Advent, November 29.

ACTING ON PRINCIPLE.

The press of the country, of both political parties, reported Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P. for Ottawa county, as having made the following statement when questioned concerning the report in Le Canada, that he would support the Remedial Bill—

"I have very little to say beyond this, that in as far as I am concerned the statement of Le Canada is absolutely correct. If you want the opinion of the other gentlemen mentioned it would be better to seek it from them directly. I know nothing of their intentions. I will support and vote for the act even if I should be alone on the Liberal side to take such a course and even if my friends in the county of Ottawa should take from me the party nomination. It is unnecessary for me to give my reasons. Over and over again I have repeated them to the House and may have occasion to do so again."

Being asked if he could say what attitude will be taken by the Liberal party, Mr. Devlin replied—

"I cannot. You have read speeches made by Messrs. Davies, Mulock, Martin and others. They may throw some light upon the subject. Needless for me to add that I have no sympathy with and heartily deplore their utterances. I have nothing to add beyond this, that my respect and admiration for my leader are not diminished, but that I consider it my duty to vote for the remedial act, introduced by the government."

There is no stronger party man in Canada than Mr. Devlin: ever since he has entered public life, and to our personal knowledge long before he ever thought of a political career, he was a most faithful adherent to the principles of the Liberal party. During the past six years he has rendered immense services to his party, and always spoke "with no uncertain sound." If we are not mistaken the Liberal party may expect still greater services from him in the future. As a party man nothing can be said against him; all the more, therefore, do we admire the fine manly attitude of the young member, on this occasion. He knows that while faithful to the cause of his political friends he will not allow his religious principles to go under or be made subservient. He is a Catholic first and a Liberal afterwards.

Time and again we have drawn attention to the difference between a Liberal-Catholic and a Catholic Liberal. The former is a Liberal first and then, if it suits his party's interest, he is a Catholic; the latter is a Catholic above all, and in temporal affairs belongs to a political party that is called Liberal to distinguish it from another party called Conservative. We have been accused of being out and out Conservative, of being able to see good in no other party simply because we performed the duty of a Catholic journalist in warning our people against the dangers of Liberal Catholicism. Be it remembered we never yet uttered a line in condemnation of Catholic Liberalism—on the contrary, we admire the principles of men who have faith. We are thankful to Mr. Devlin for having furnished us with such a striking illustration of the Catholic Liberalism to which we refer. We applaud him with both hands, not because he declares himself ready to support a Conservative Government on a measure, but because he can rise above party influences to steadfastly adhere to the higher and more lasting principles of his faith. There is no danger that his party will refuse him the nomination at the general elections; no party can afford to lose the services of such men. We are doubly proud to feel that the first to unhesitatingly and most positively declare, in fearlessness, his adherence to the grander principles of religion and justice to all, is an Irish-Catholic.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Don't forget that our Souvenir Number will be ready on the 18th March. We would respectfully request our advertising patrons not to give any orders or sign any contracts purporting to be for THE TRUE WITNESS Souvenir, unless solicited by Mr. P. J. Ryan or Mr. J. C. Smeaton.

IN IRELAND bacon from Denmark is rapidly forcing the Irish product out of the market. There is more protection needed in Ireland than any other country we know of, protection of the industries and of the whole race against perpetual injustice.

A SOCIETY in Munich has been formed for the purpose of collecting street car tickets. If the promoters' electric inventions continue on for a time there will be a sufficient variety of these tickets in the world to lay the basis of a great collection.

IN the Dutch village of Knyk the two Church bells are rung, without intermission, day and night, from the 21st to the 25th December. No one can explain the custom; the only reason given is that it has existed for centuries, and therefore cannot be omitted under any circumstances.

MR. DALTON MCCARTHY would rather see Confederation smashed than that the Catholic minority of Manitoba should be granted their rights under the Constitution. How very much like our

old friend, Col. Sanderson, who, on a certain occasion, threatened to kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne, if Mr. Gladstone should dis-establish the Irish Church! And these are the worthies who prate about loyalty.

A BANKER of Wales spends much of his time and money in collecting doors and gates through which illustrious persons passed at some time or another. If he could only get his hands on the portals of heaven, or the gates of the other place, he would have something to boast.

THE famous Chauncey M. Depew declined an invitation to address the law students of the Kansas State University. His reason for refusing is that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was not granted permission to speak before the students. The incident is highly to the credit of the University and far from being so to Mr. Depew.

CARDINAL PERRANI, a member of the French Academy, and one of the most able writers amongst the French clergy, is soon to publish a book on music, or rather upon the relations between music and morality. In the plan of this work there is something actually new and striking; it will be a welcome addition to the literature of our age.

THERE is a Californian specimen of the "New Woman" who rejoices in the name of Miss MacMelbourne, and who enjoys the unenviable distinction of being "the only lady fighter in America." We always understood that it "took two to fight"; we would like to know how this lady is going to prove her prowess should she remain alone in the field.

THE Polish Catholics of Chicago are making great progress. It has been decided to soon hold a grand Polish Catholic convention in that city, which it is thought would explain the position of the Poles in regard to the Church. Catholic Poland was a land of long and cruel sufferings; the Poles were ever remarkable for their strong faith.

THE Rev. Patrick Hennessy, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Jersey City, died on the 27th February, after a long and painful illness. In 1871 Father Hennessy formed the first society of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, which has since extended its branches all over the United States, and has become one of the grandest levers in lifting up fallen humanity. God's rest to his soul.

THE Imperial Academy of Science of St. Petersburg has elected Leo XIII. an honorary member, and the Sovereign Pontiff will be represented at the approaching coronation of the Czar. All these things indicate the high esteem in which the Holy Father is held in Russia. In every quarter of the globe the great Pontiff is admired, honored and beloved even by those outside his own flock.

THREE well-known French writers, Paul Verlaine, Louis Le Cardinal and Albert Jouney, have become Catholics. Jouney is a poet, author and editor of L'Étoile. Thus we see that even the infidel and anti-Catholic writers of importance are turning towards the Church. France is Catholic at heart despite the secret societies and atheistic leaders who have been seeking to run her to perdition.

IN the death of Joas de Deus, Portugal has lost the greatest of her modern poets. In 1862 he became editor of a Boja newspaper; but giving up the position became a candidate for Parliament, and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. Many of his poems have been translated into various European languages. He was as fine a speaker as he was a writer.

IT is rumored that Cardinal Satolli is to have six months leave of absence in order to travel through the United States and see more of the country than he has been able to do with the weight of his official responsibilities on him. Both Protestants and Catholics throughout the country are most pleased to learn that the eminent church man will remain some time longer in the New World.

THE debate on the Remedial Bill is on. Soon the one hundred and one rumors concerning the various attitudes of different parties and different individuals on the question will be merged into cold facts. We will well know before another issue the fate of the measure—or, at least, its probable fate—which will likely include the political stability or fall of many public men of to-day. All we can say is "God defend the right!"

AN occasional correspondent has sent us a communication finding fault with the hours at which the "Public Free Library," at the Gusa, is open, and with the separation of sexes in the use of the same. The letter evidently comes from a person whose impressions—no matter from what source—run away with his more serious reflections. It must be remembered that the library is in connection with a school and religious house. As we find fault it is the hour-keeper, be it ever so, or the "Month of St.

Joseph." We do not publish the letter because its author would be guilty of a grave wrong that we would be thus doing and which, we know, is far from his intention to commit.

THIS year the Redemptorist Fathers will celebrate with great solemnity the second centenary of the birth of their founder, St. Alphonsus Ligouri, Doctor of the Church and one of the greatest figures of the last century. St. Alphonsus was born in Italy, near Naples, on the second day of August, 1767, and died in 1847. We expect that the event will be the occasion for a special celebration with the Redemptorist Fathers in our city.

CERTAIN newspapers recently informed the world that the Congregation of Rites had forbidden the giving of Holy Communion before and after Mass except in the case of grave necessity. The Congregation of Rites has announced that no document of the kind has ever been published. The various congregations of Rome are, from time to time, the victims of that spirit of journalistic enterprise which can fabricate when it can find news.

BROTHER MARCELIN announces the publication of an illustrated history of the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. This will certainly be a work of great interest and most highly instructive. There is no person in America more capable of presenting a perfect history of that wonderful Catholic educational triumph. We will watch with anticipation and great expectations the advent of this promised addition to our literature.

THE Kansas City A. P. A. people are trying to force a lot of doggerel of an obscure kind into the public school curriculum. It would be bad enough to circulate poison in the public journals, but when it comes down to having it introduced into the school books we think it is time to draw a heavy line. What is funny about the whole affair is the fact that these productions are styled "poems." God protect us from the poetry of these people!

IN May next the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis will be celebrated at Reims. One of the principal promoters of the fete is Count Robert de Beaufort, President of the Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Francaise. The pilgrimage will be under the patronage of Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of the diocese. His Holiness has written to the Cardinal expressing his approval of the celebration. Great will be the interest centred in the grand old Gothic Cathedral of that ancient city.

THE King of Portugal had never seen the Highland costume. On the occasion of his visit to Balmoral, to receive the order of the Garter, he was very surprised to see the bare legs of the soldiers in kilts. Turning to the Duke of Fife he asked—"Why are these men without trousers?" The Duke gravely answered—"It is a local custom. In some places men take off their kilts as a mark of respect to a distinguished guest. Here they take off their trousers." Needless to say that the King felt highly gratified on finding so many men taking such an amount of trouble to do him honor.

NOW that Madame Albani-Gye is in Canada again and creating as favorable an impression as ever in the past, the following paragraph, from an American exchange, may be of interest to the admirers of the prima donna:—

"One of the debts which the world owes to the late Bishop Conroy is the prima donna Albani. When she had the good fortune to attract his notice, she was little Emma La-Jaunesse, of St. Joseph's choir. His expert ear recognized the possibilities in the sweet, rich young voice, and he made it his business to see Miss Emma on the way to a thorough musical education."

A FAKE DIVORCE STORY.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND GIVES HIS OPINION OF A HALIFAX DISPATCH.

Despatches from Halifax, N. S., state that a decree of divorce, approved by Pope Leo XIII., has been granted John Keefe, on the ground of infidelity on the part of the woman. The despatch also stated that the decree granted Keefe is not a separation, but it permits a re-marriage.

[Archbishop O'Brien states clearly the law of the church. This case of Keefe v. Keefe is an over ten years standing. The parties were actually married, but the

marriage was never consummated. Infidelity on the part of the woman was proven; the case came within the provisions of ecclesiastical law; and the ecclesiastical courts, after carefully examining all the particulars, found the marriage to be null and void. No consummation having ever taken place, the parties stood in relation to each other as if no marriage ceremony had been performed; dispensation being only necessary to permit re-marrying. The case is very simple, and in no way affects the attitude of the church on divorce. Ed. T. W.]

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS.

To Have a Comfortable Home in the Port of Montreal This Year.

With the opening of navigation, the Catholic sailors coming to the port will have nice cheerful quarters to while away their leisure hours. The club, which was started in a rickety old garret on St. Paul street, has been a great success during the past three seasons, but much too small for the number of sailors, the average attendance on an evening being eighty.

The fact having been brought to the notice of several prominent citizens, who set about to look for a building which would be suitable, with the result that they have just secured from the Nuns, at a very low rental, the large building at 53 Common street, corner of St. Peter street. Yesterday the painters and carpenters were working on the inside, as the committee intend having the building ready to receive the sailors of the deep on the opening of the navigation.

Several ladies have kindly volunteered to look after the financial arrangements, and to carry on the good work, which is the only effective way to keep the sailor from repeating the many sad scenes near the wharves, donations and subscriptions will be generally received by the committee. Among those who take a lively interest in the welfare of the sailors are William and Lady Hingston, Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. F. R. McNamee and Mr. Frank J. Hart. As the city now possesses two sailors' institutes, working admirably, Jack Tar will hardly complain of the way he gets treated in Montreal.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

Amongst all the institutions of charity which are the glory of Montreal, none is, perhaps, more striking in its effects, more noble in its aims, than that little association which has for its object the welfare of Catholic seamen. Modest and unpretentious in its humble quarters overlooking the river, it has drawn, as by a powerful magnet, the hearts of the fine folks towards it. At No. 203 St. Paul street, the sailor coming into port is provided with a reading room, where the best of current and other literature is supplied him, and whence he takes forth for each ship a great parcel of the same—a parcel containing possibly the means of salvation for many a poor soul, to whom, afar on the deep seas, away from the whirl of the shore with its distractions and temptations, the truths of faith are presented, silently and powerfully. Games are supplied in this reading room, music of various sorts, weekly concerts, electrical computation, stationary in abundance to write home, while home letters are often awaiting the voyager there. Spectacles and medals are also distributed, with cards, setting forth the location of Catholic churches, English or French, the hours of service and of confessions. A priest is frequently in attendance, the sailors having their own special chaplain, Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. Without imposing any irksome restraint, or making this meeting place a religious assembly, a thousand influences are brought to bear on the honest and generous heart of Jack Tar.

But this good work, which has been so fruitful in the best results, is hampered for want of money. With the best will and the most scrupulous economy on the part of the management, it is difficult even to continue the work on its present lines, much less to develop it, as it should be developed.

During this Lenten season most people augment their charities. It is, moreover, approaching the time, when the opening of navigation will bring the sailors again to this port. What a blessed privilege, for those who have the means to help on this noble association. Protestants fit out vessels to go to the Deep Sea Fisheries in search of the souls of seamen. In the chief seaports they have homes and missions. Shall Catholics alone hold back and refuse to succor their imperilled fellow-believers? It is true, that the Catholics of Montreal, as elsewhere, have constant demands upon their purse, and there are a number who contribute, with a splendid generosity, to every charitable work. But this one more need which appeals to them is one which God must very specially bless, when the almost limitless opportunities for good are considered. It is useless here to attempt the giving of figures. But some eighty to one hundred seamen nightly congregate in those rooms in St. Paul Street. And those eighty or one hundred are kept from temptation, for the time being, at least, while they are brought directly under the best of influences. The Ladies committee, by strenuous efforts and very scanty resources, have endeavored to make the place habitable. The gentlemen of the Catholic Truth Society, who have been at the head of the movement, with other gentlemen, give their services, every evening, to entertain the guests. The gratitude of the sailors is proverbial. Over and over again have they expressed delight that their co-religionists have at last come to their aid, and their thankfulness for the same.

share, and various confraternities, and notably the League of the Sacred Heart, have made it their work of zeal. Still, Montreal has the glory of being first in the field. She was first in the world to establish a Catholic meeting place for sailors. Let her add to this triumph by making it a grand success. Let the French-Canadians, so active in every worthy cause, lend their assistance to their English-speaking brethren, for French and Belgian Sailors are visitors to the home. Let the poor give their mite no less than the rich.

Some may ask, and have asked: "But what is the good of it?" They are thinking only of the material side of it, though even in that way it is of immense benefit to poor Jack. Such a question can be only adequately answered in eternity; at least the helpers of these toilers of the deep may rest assured that the face of the Lord shall be turned towards those who turn not away from the poor, it must look lovingly at all who contribute thus directly to the saving of souls. With the following little anecdote which occurred here in Montreal, this appeal, through the Sacred Heart and Our Lady, for the Catholic Sailors' Club, may fittingly end:—

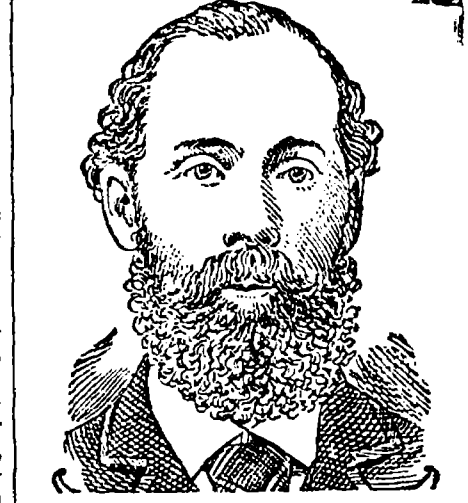
An active and zealous member of the Ladies' Committee chanced to be one evening in the neighborhood of St. Mary's Church. She perceived an individual, whom she at once took to be a seaman, hovering about the church. She spoke to him and discovered that he was in search of a priest. She told him it was too late, that he had better come in the morning. He answered that he could not, as the ship sailed at sunrise. She offered to find him a priest and to wait to confession. It transpired that he had not knelt at the tribunal of penance in many years, and the cause was going then, she saw the picture of the Blessed Virgin displayed at the Catholic Seamen's Club, which had so touched his heart that he could not go away again without making his confession.

ST. ANTHONY'S YOUNG MEN.

At the semi-annual meeting of the St. Anthony's Catholic Young Men's Society, held in their hall, St. Anthony street, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, D. Deady; first vice-president, J. K. Foley; second vice-president, William J. McGee; financial secretary, James Reardon; recording secretary, William E. Foley; assistant recording secretary, D. Shea; librarian, E. M. Cullen; assistant librarian, James McRoy; marshal, Joseph Ferguson; council, J. J. Whelan, C. Beady, C. Foley, J. P. Corbillion, G. C. Galan.

FORESTERS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

The members of St. Lawrence Court, 253, C. O. F., celebrated their 4th anniversary, on Tuesday evening, by a smoking concert, in their hall, 652 1/2 Craig Street. The Chief Ranger, Bro. P. Langin, being absent through indisposition, Vice-Chief Ranger Bro. Howard presided, and there were about one hundred and fifty members of the Court and their guests present. Professor Wilson, in his usual genial manner, presided at the piano. There was an excellent programme of songs, recitations and speeches, which were all enthusiastically received. Among those who contributed to the enjoyable evening's entertainment were Professor Wilson, Messrs. W. M. Briggs, Corcoran, Smeaton, Herbert, Conroy, Paul, O'Connor, T. W. Maguire, secretary of the Court, Burwick, Kavanagh, Clarke, Beady, Davis, O'Rourke, Ryan, Murray, McCarthy, M. Donald, Maguire, Sullivan, Quinn, Hill and Conroy. The beautiful piano was kindly loaned by Willis & Co., N. de la Paine Street. The guests of the evening were W. M. Briggs, J. Davies, J. O'Keefe, and J. J. Ryan. Donators of refreshments, etc., were Messrs. J. Scanlan, J. J. Ryan, J. O'Shaughnessy, J. O'Rourke, M. M. J. Flanagan, S. Davis & Sons, C. Gault, J. Brown, and Mr. Scanlan. J. F. Quinn acted as caterer and did remarkably well, as did also M. Scanlan, who loaned the programme. There being some 35 items, it was the "wee wee" hours when the entertainment closed.



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ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

REGULAR MEETING (RESOLUTIONS OF CONGRESS) COLLECTION OF MEMBERS—ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION.

On Sunday evening the regular meeting of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society was held in their hall on Young street. After the general routine business was dispatched several important resolutions were moved and unanimously adopted. Resolutions of condolence were moved and unanimously adopted in respect of the death of the late Rev. Father James Hogan, formerly a pastor of St. Ann's parish. Several of the members present spoke very feelingly of the deceased priest and praised the numberless services he had rendered the parish and the great good of gratitude due him. It was announced that the Victoria Rifles Army Band has been engaged for the St. Patrick's Day celebration. The band will accompany the St. Ann's Young Men, who will turn out in a body on that occasion. The Dramatic section is preparing a splendid new play for their entertainment on St. Patrick's night. The drama is entitled "The Bride of Killarney." It is in four acts and special scenery has been painted to correspond with the play. The author is Mr. James Martin, the talented writer of whom we have so often spoken, and who, by his present production, will add materially to his fame as a dramatic author.

Some few weeks ago the Society conferred an honorary membership on our talented and eloquent fellow-citizen, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C. This was a most timely and appropriate act of recognition, and the recipient must certainly have felt gratified to know that his many services, and particularly his very instructive lecture on the "Duties of Young Men," were so thoroughly recognized. At last Sunday's meeting a similar honor was conferred upon one of Montreal's rising young barristers in the person of Mr. E. B. Devlin, M.A., and likewise on the editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

A SERMON ON FAITH.

Last Sunday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, Notre Dame Church was filled with people who had gone to hear Rev. Father Trippier. The text of the sermon was "Credo in Jesum Christum, filium Dei unigenitum." (I believe in Jesus Christ, only Son of God.) You will be, said the orator, true believers the day when, recognizing Jesus Christ, the eternal Truth, you will take Him as the master of your thoughts, the inspirator of your conscience, the day when you will give Him in your heart the priority on all your affections, and when He will be the rule and aim of your conduct, then you will be true believers. Absolute faith in our Lord gives security in the storms of adversity.

VALUABLE PRIZES

Two valuable prizes, worth \$2,000 each, were this fortnight distributed by the Society of Arts of Canada, 1066 Notre Dame Street, to M. M. Auguste Demers, 358 St. Denis Street, and Alderic Gelinus, clerk at Mongenais, Boivin & Co., St. Paul Street.

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ENGLISH TOAST.

A pretty way of serving eggs for tea is to cut bread into square pieces and toast, take eggs out of the shell, keeping the yolks whole. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Lay the beaten white around nicely on the toast, drop yolks in center of white ring, and put in hot oven to bake a few minutes. When taken out of the oven, pour a little melted butter over the toast.

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.

Mix three heaping tablespoonsful of grated chocolate with enough water to beat it to a smooth paste, taking care that no lumps remain. Put it into a chocolate pot and set it into a kettle of boiling water. Pour in one quart of new milk, with the whites of one or two eggs, well beaten. Stir the chocolate paste into the scalding milk and let it boil two or three minutes, then stir in the beaten whites and serve it hot.

HAM RELISH.

Cut small pieces of cold ham, fry in their own fat; lift out and place in a warm dish made thus: Two tablespoonfuls of made mustard (German or French), one teaspoonful of white sugar, one-half cupful of vinegar; one-half tea-spoonful of cornstarch; season with cayenne pepper. Mix well and add to the gravy in the pan; let it boil twice; pour over ham; cover and send to table.

TO PRESERVE BREAD.

The secret for preserving the freshness of bread seems to be known only to the Swiss and German housewives. These thrifty cooks bake but once in three weeks, always placing the fresh loaves in an empty sack well sprinkled with flour. The sack is then swung up in a dry, airy place, and the day before a loaf is wanted it is taken out, brushed free from the flour and left standing in the cellar over night. The success of this odd method fully justifies it.

A DELICATE CUSTARD.

Pour one-fourth of a cup of sugar over the tire with a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and melt to a golden brown. Divide this, while hot, into eight parts by pouring a little into the bottom of each of eight small custard cups, sprinkling in each a teaspoonful of mixed almonds, and fill two-thirds of custard made by beating three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and adding three gills of milk. Stand in a pan of water and cook in a quick oven until the custard sets. Turn out at once on the little dishes on which they are to be served, and let them get icy cold.

HOME MATTERS.

An icing for cake, that will be found inexpensive and good, may be made by taking three tablespoonfuls of milk and letting it come to a boil. Then set it aside, and when it is cool add one teaspoonful of vanilla or other extract and stir in confectioner's sugar until thick enough to spread without running.

Common sea-shore sand will greatly improve the appearance of old velvet and remove all the dust. Sprinkle the velvet well with the fine sand, and then brush until none remains, always brushing the pile the wrong way.

Handsomest lunch cloths are made of fine linen, and have a deep border of renaissance lace. Doilies and buffet covers are also edged with the same beautiful lace. It washes well, and is handsome as long as it lasts.

Sofa pillows are covered with plain silk in delicate colors and have a three-inch double frill around the edge. A square of renaissance lace is then laid over the pillow and is large enough to partly cover the frill. In place of the plain silk two shades of pale satin ribbons may be used, weaving them in and out basket fashion, and allowing the ribbons to extend three inches over the pillow and fringe the ends for a finish.

Mothers cannot too soon begin to teach their small daughters to be carelessly and neatly for their belongings, no matter how simple they are, is one of the virtues. Gloves pulled out and carefully put away; ties folded and put in a box with a sachet bag; handkerchiefs similarly looked after and shoes mated and slipped in the proper pockets or stood on a shelf—all these little niceties begun at a tender age become second nature. Costly things soiled and crumpled are vulgar. Exquisite neatness with the simplest belongings betrays refinement.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The new cotton dress goods brought out in such profusion in the stores conjure up all manner of attractive visions of summer and its pleasures, and colored ducks and piques are already being made up in the neat and skirt style of dress to be worn with shirt waists. They are plain or patterned with hair line stripes, dots or flowers of contrasting color, and white grounds are similarly treated. The coats are quite short, fitting the figure in the back with a fluted basque below, and loose in front with the usual revers.

The new gingham has a frise effect of black loops over the pretty soft plaid, which makes them look like anything but cotton. And cotton crepons plaided and crinkled very showily have a place in the new summer dress goods. Linen batistes, with every possible variation of pattern in lace or silk stripes, and additional threads of gold woven in, rank first in price in this class of fabrics, but there are innumerable designs in less expensive ones with stripes and variable sized dots in different colors on the ecru ground and colored batistes, blue, lavender and gray with white stripes.

The new ecru embroideries shown for trimming batiste gowns are very elaborate in design and much more beautiful than any we have had before. They come in various widths of insertion and edging to match, and in very open patterns, which can be applied like lace.

The new lawns and dimities are exceedingly pretty, with flowered stripes

in soft, faded colors, and plain stripes of color on a white ground. Swiss muslins, too, are quite new in design, with lines of color and Dresden bouquets scattered all over them in addition to the usual white dots.

Yellow in all the shades from a delicate tint to the bright screaming red-yellow similar to the old-fashioned flame color, is first in the list of fashionable colors for the coming season. But as no special shade ever rules the day in fashion, so there are no end of new greens mixed with blue, lovely rose tints, marine and Neapolitan blues and metallic gray, which makes a pretty background for flowered and Persian designs. All the violet shades and pretty dark blue, with peacock or plum tints, will be worn. In fact, the scheme of color is the same as ever, with endless variations in shading.

A new style of applique trimming is made of several thicknesses of French crepe arranged in handsome patterns on light-colored silk. Small diamonds are introduced into some of the new embroideries with fine effect. Picelle lace studded with turquoise and diamonds is used for the yoke of white and colored chiffon waists.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

SECOND THOUGHTS' BEST.

"Good-by, dears, I hope you'll have a good time this afternoon."

It was mother who said it. Nobody never went away from mother's side boys declared, without having a good wish as they started.

"But I hope you won't stay late. I mean very late. The days are so long, and it's good to have you come home."

It was Hetty who said this.

"Poor little Het," said Frank, as he turned for a farewell smile at the two faces at the window. "It's too bad this race on the ice came just to-day."

"Yes, it is," assented Rob.

"When she's been shut up in the house so long. And this the first day she could get out."

"Yes," said Rob again.

"Look here," said Frank, stopping short after they were out of reach of the eyes inside the window. "Spese we give this up and give Hetty her frolic."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Rob, half angrily. "All the boys are going to be out, and it'll be a regular tip-top time. Give it up just to take out a little girl!"

Hetty had a long illness and was just able to go out. For several days it had been arranged that on Saturday afternoon she was to be wrapped up and the boys were to take her in a sled over to the house of Uncle Harry, half a mile away.

The little girl had looked forward to it with such delight as those know who have spent many weary weeks in the house.

Then had come the regatta. Of course, all the boys in the country around would expect to be there. And equally, of course, Hetty, being an unselfish little girl, said at once that she would remain at home, so that her brothers might go.

"I wouldn't care a bit," went on Frank to his brother, as they walked on. "If Hetty wasn't so nice about it. I should cry and make a fuss, as most girls would, I'd have just told her to shut up. But she didn't."

Rob remembered, though the tremble of the lip with which his little sister had insisted that the boys should not give up their sport for her sake, so he didn't make any reply except to quicken his steps, which had slowed as Frank had hesitated.

"You don't mean," said Rob, presently, "that you'd really go back now?"

"I will, if you will," said Frank, stopping short. "I don't mean but what I want to see the regatta—awfully—but—"

"Well that's just my fix," said Rob, stepping on with a resolute face. "I want to see it awfully—and I'm going to see it. Hurry up now."

With one or two swift runs to vary the fast walking, the mile was soon covered. They were early. It was scarcely past noon, yet there were already numbers of people gathering on the lakeside.

What a gay scene it was. The ice-boats stood decked with bright ribbons, which whirled and danced in the breeze. The ice was alive with skaters, flying this way and that, while on the bank sleighs and cutters, with merry parties and jingling bells, drove up and down.

But, notwithstanding all, there was a weight at the hearts of our two boys. Rob was by no means inclined to be unkind to his sister. Take them as a family, they were most united in loving care and thought for each other. A large sleigh full of little girls drove by. They were Hetty's friends, and how Rob would have rejoiced in seeing her face among them. But it was inside the room in which she had been a prisoner for so long, probably still looking from the window from which she had waved them a farewell.

Then before him arose the day on which the dear face had lain on a pillow, and no one knew whether it would ever be lifted, to gladden those who loved it.

Rob skated up to his brother.

"Say," he said, "do you believe mother'd let us bring Hetty down here? We'd scoot her down in no time at all."

"No," said Frank, "I don't believe she would."

Rob hadn't believed it either. It was simply his way of getting at what he now fully intended doing.

He took another turn around the skating course. It was pleasant to be there—hard to think of turning one's back upon it. He was soon at Frank's side.

"We've," he began, "seen how things are here now. They say the boys won't go for an hour yet, and who wants to wait so long? It's early. What did you say?"

"I say, yes," said Frank.

Skates were taken off and the distance home soon left behind.

"What's that at the gate?" asked Rob, as they drew near.

A sleigh stood beside it, inside of which was a delightful mixture of furry wraps and bright faces. Strings of bells pealed out jerky chimes with every movement of the restless horses.

"Hello!" cried voices, mingled with the bells. "We've come for you. Hurry up. We must get there before the regatta begins."

It was Uncle Harry's family, and within the house was an equally exciting condition of things. Hetty was being wrapped for the ride. She was to go it all.

"Why boys; why are you back so soon?"

"We came to take Hetty out."

"Now, boys." How her face beamed and shone as she heard it. "You really gave it up to come for me? Why, you dear, dear brothers—that'll be the very best part of it all."

It may be easily guessed that it was the best part of it for each one of them. Surely no one on that bright day could be more light-hearted than the boys who had been willing to give up their own pleasure to do a kindness.

"We should have been glad to do it even if it hadn't turned out so," said Rob, as they talked of it in the evening.

"Yes, dears," said mother, your self-denial was as perfect as if it had not met with such quick reward."

"Pshaw," said Frank, with a little swagger, walking around the room, hands in pockets. "It wasn't such a big thing to do."

"Perhaps not," said mother, "but you know that in our everyday routine we are not often called on to do big things. It is the small kindnesses, given out of loving self-denial, which make up the sweetness of home life."

FOR BOYS' GUIDANCE.

SO W A CROP OF WHEAT AND REAP A HARVEST WORTH HAVING.

"Don't be deluded into the belief that it is smart to know things that you wouldn't like to tell your mother," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on "That Boy of Mine," in March Ladies' Home Journal. "Don't think it is smart to listen to stories that are not nice and which are about women. Gentlemen never write in deriding women—that is a peculiarity of eads. Never read a book that you could not share with your sister, and never look at a picture that might not be framed and hung in her room. What? You think somebody will call you 'girly'? Oh, no, my dear boy. If any thing is said about your conduct there will be approbation given you, and the chances are that the older man will say of that younger one who is properly modest, 'Brown is a nice fellow; I should like him to come and see my daughters.' It is not necessary for you to see the folly of anything. That is an exploded theory. Why should you sow a crop of wild oats? Why not sow a crop of wheat and get a harvest worth having? From day to day, my boy, you make up the story of your life, and it is the little things, the little honest things, that will make you a man, mentally as well as physically."

A BOY'S APPEARANCE.

HE OWES IT TO HIMSELF TO BE CLEANLY AND NEATLY DRESSED.

Ruth Ashmore, addressing herself to "That Boy of Mine," in March Ladies' Home Journal, writes that his personal appearance "should be good. You owe that to yourself. And whether it is at the office or when you are out visiting you should be a clean, wholesome-looking young man. Cleanliness does much to ward off evil, and a clean body aids a clean soul. It may not be in your power to possess a dress suit, but if you should not, don't borrow one and don't hire one. Brush up the best clothes you have, make them immaculate, and then enjoy yourself and forget your clothes. Your linen can always be fresh and clean, and your tie can be in good style and properly knotted. Never wear a loud scarf and never wear imitation jewelry. Gentlemen select plain gold buttons, and simple gold links, and scarfpins of the most modest pattern. If you can afford dress clothes, remember never to appear in them until after dark. You may wear, as you like best, either a lawn tie or a black satin one, but the stiff little bow should be looped by yourself and not bought ready-made."

AVOID DANGER AND TROUBLE.

Beware of Substitutes when Buying Package Dyes.

When danger and deception threaten to disturb the peace and happiness of wives and mothers, it is but right that they should be warned and advised. Crude and worthless imitations of Diamond Dyes are put up by some manufacturers for the sake of profit only. It matters little to them if women have their materials spoiled in the dyeing operation, their tempers ruffled, or soured, as long as their common products are sold.

For easy and profitable home dyeing, the Diamond Dyes to-day command the admiration of the civilized world. In fact, therefore, that your dealer provide you with the "Diamond" that are always a success. The Diamond Dyes are the favorites with all wise women.

"Your age," said the interviewer, who had more energy than diplomacy, "is twenty-seven, is it not?" "Yes," replied the actress; "how did you know?" "I looked over the files of a newspaper in which you were interviewed twenty-five years ago. That's what I found it said there."

"Oh, Jo—John," she sobbed, "I'm so grieved to hear that—that Rover bit a piece out of your leg when you called the other day." "Don't fret about it, darling," he said soothingly; "I'm used to leaving a sample wherever I call—I'm a commercial traveller you know."

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is **HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.**

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.

It was a stormy night in February when Charles Maynard arrived at his aunt's farm. The wind blew a hurricane, piling up the feathery flakes in great heaps, and drifting it high in places along the road, leaving brown, bare spots at intervals.

Charles was twelve years old when his mother died. He had always lived in the city, but his father was obliged to go to Europe to attend to some important business, and the boy was sent into the country to live with his aunt, a Mrs. Browning.

At first everything was new and strange to the lad, accustomed as he had been to the life of a great city; and the farm, by comparison, seemed very desolate and dreary. And yet, even in the country, winter, rude and blustering though it be, has its own particular enjoyments, cold and rough as the weather is, turning all the hills to snow and streams to ice. Then come many amusements, such as skating and sleighing and indoor games.

One morning, a few days after his arrival, Charles put on his long ulster and cap, and went out into the yard. The ground was covered with snow, and Charles thought he had never seen such a beautiful sight. Turn his eyes where he might, everything he saw was white; the trees, the fences, the roofs, the hills, and even the pond in the valley had a thin covering of snow.

The lad wandered down the road until he came to a place where three cross roads met; on each corner there was a house. A stout boy with a bright scarf around his neck and a pair of skates in his hand came out from the yard of the nearest house.

"Hullo! Who be you?" he said.

Charles thought that this was decidedly an original way to address a stranger.

"My name is Charlie Maynard," he answered.

"Where do you live?"

"Up at my aunt's."

"Your aunt's? Who in thunder is your aunt?"

"Why, my aunt of course," said Charles, pointing up the road.

"Oh! Wilder Browning, eh? So you're the dude from the city, are you?"

"I'm no dude," replied Charles, getting angry.

"You ain't, eh?" and the boy came close to Charles, and looked him in the face. "Guess you're all right. Come down to the pond. I'm going skating."

"Yes, but I haven't got any skates," said Charles.

"Well, I've got a pair in the house," said the boy; "hold these, and I'll be out directly."

In a few minutes he returned with a pair of skates which he gave to Charles, and took his own.

"Come along chappie," he said.

As they passed the corner, they met two boys, who were also evidently on their way to the pond. The taller one wore a sailor's cap and a reefer, and Charles thought he looked very "cute."

"Holloo, Bert! Who have you got with you?"

"He's the du—I mean the city chap—Mrs. Browning's nephew."

The lads looked at each other curiously, and then proceeded on their way to the pond. Before they were half-way across the fields they were all chatting together and laughing, and Charles felt quite at his ease with his new friends.

The four lads approached the ice cautiously, and Albert, the boldest of the quartette, stepped forward to see if the ice was frozen hard enough for skating and stamped with his foot.

"Will it bear?" asked Charles.

"Of course it will," said Albert.

The lads sat down on the snow and put on their skates, but Charles had some difficulty in adjusting his, because there were no holes bored in the heels of his shoes. Then he remembered the combination knife his father had brought him from the World's Fair, and which he had in his pocket.

"I, gracious ain't that knife a stunner!" said one of the smaller boys; "look, Bert!"

They watched Charles as he bored the heels of his shoes with the little gimlet attached to the knife.

"I say," said Albert, let's look at the knife?"

Charles passed it to him, and in a few minutes he was racing over the pond with his companions, and enjoying himself very much. Once, as Albert passed him, he stopped for a minute and returned the knife to Charles.

"Isn't this jolly!" cried James; "my uncle says that two bones tied to the feet with strings were first used as skates by the ancients."

The boys did not feel the time passing, and were startled when they heard the sound of a horn over the hill.

"Dinner time!" exclaimed Albert; "why, how short the morning was!"

The lads escorted Charles to the door of his aunt's house and he promised to meet the following day after school.

Early the next morning Charles was in the barn, watching the hired man, who was mending the shaft of the hay-wagon. He wanted to cut a piece of rope, and asked Charles if he had a knife.

Charles felt in his pocket, but could not find his knife; he searched all through his clothes, but it was nowhere to be found.

"Oh, yes, now I remember," he exclaimed, "I lent it to Albert yesterday, down at the pond, and he forgot to return it."

That afternoon, when he met Albert, Charles asked him for the knife.

"I gave it back to you," said Albert.

"No, I don't think you did, for I have searched all my pockets."

"But I am sure I gave it back to you," repeated Albert.

"Oh, no you didn't," insisted Charles; "if you did, it would be in my pocket. You must have lost it. Let us go down to the pond, perhaps we may find it there."

"I gave you back the knife," said Albert, "you lost it yourself, more likely."

Charles felt very indignant. Just then, they reached Albert's house, and without speaking to Charles, he turned into the yard.

The next few weeks made matters worse between the boys. Charles obtained admission to the school; and became



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a great favorite with the teacher and the scholars; it was soon whispered among the little circle that "Albert had Charles' knife, and wouldn't give it back to him."

"He borrowed it and then said he gave it back," said the little fellow of the sailor suit, who had been their companion on the morning, when the lads met for the first time.

"Why don't you go and tell his father?" said one of the boys to Charles.

"No; if Albert is so mean as to keep the knife, let him have it," said Charles.

All this made for Albert Sydney, the largest boy in the school, a most uncomfortable position. Looked upon with suspicion, the other boys generally talked low among themselves about it. He noticed it all and felt unhappy.

One day Charles and his aunt passed Albert on the road, and the latter turned his head away. Mrs. Browning stopped.

"Ain't you and Albert good friends, Charles?" she asked with some surprise.

"No," answered Charles, "we do not speak."

"Why not? What is the trouble?"

"He stole my knife—he's a thief!"

"Hush! you must not say that. Tell me what he has done?"

As they walked along, Charles told her the whole story, and Mrs. Browning thought the matter over, but said nothing more until they nearly reached home, when she said:

"It certainly looks bad for Albert, but are you quite sure that he did not return the knife. It is a very serious matter to accuse another of being a thief."

Another week passed away, and Albert was still shunned by most of the boys. Washington's Birthday came, and a large party of the scholars were going into town to attend a concert, Charles was asked with the rest.

"May I go, aunt?" asked Charles.

"Yes, but you must change your clothes. Put on your best suit."

Charles went up stairs, and changed his clothes. As he did so he felt something hard in one of the pockets of his trousers and putting in his hand, he found the long lost knife.

Now the whole truth flashed upon his mind. He had worn his best clothes that unlucky morning, when he went skating on the pond. He had put the knife in that pocket, and there it had been all this time!

What ought he to do? Poor Albert! how he had wronged him! How could he ever atone for his conduct! With flushed face and tears in his eyes he hurried down stairs to the kitchen, and told his aunt.

"Let it be a lesson to you, Charles," she said. "I have known Albert all his life, and I felt all along that there must be some dreadful mistake. What do you intend to do, to repair the wrong you have done him?"

"I think that I will run down to his house, aunt, and ask him to pardon me."

Makes Them Well!

Paine's Celery Compound Woman's Tower of Safety in the Spring Season.

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The world has never heard of a medicine so highly recommended as Paine's Celery Compound. It has a world-wide reputation, because it "makes people well."

Paine's Celery Compound is known as "Woman's Tower of Safety." As the seasons come with trying and varied weather, women of all conditions find in Paine's Celery Compound a life-giver and health-preserver. It establishes that perfect condition of health that keeps the user far above any depressing influence of variable weather. It feeds the great nervous system and keeps the blood pure and fresh. For weakness, prostration, nervousness, rheumatism, dyspepsia, indigestion, headache and neuritis, this marvellous discovery of Prof. Phelps has no equal. It always cures when other medicines prove useless, and today Paine's Celery Compound is the chosen medicine in half a million of Canadian homes. Miss Bridges, of Montreal, says:

"I consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to put on record what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I suffered for years from indigestion, headache, pains in the back and side, and from a nervous, tired feeling. I used many patent medicines without any good results. I was also attended by one of the best doctors and used his medicines, but could not get cured."

"I saw Paine's Celery Compound advertised, and decided to try a bottle. It gave me such good results that I used six bottles, and found myself altogether a new person. I have now used it for some time, and can say with pleasure that all my troubles are banished; my nerves are strong, my sleep is good, and my appetite splendid."

"I would therefore strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who suffer as I did; they are sure and certain of good results."

When the boys are all in the sleigh, I will show them the knife and explain the whole story."

"This is right. Tell Albert that I feel very sorry that such a thing should have happened, and that I hope he will come over this evening."

An hour later, a barge on runners was drawn up before the school-house, and it was well filled with the boys. There was great surprise among them when Charles was seen coming down the road, accompanied by Albert.

As soon as the two lads reached the barge, Charles held up the knife which he took from his pocket, and said:

"Boys, I found my knife this morning in the trousers of these clothes, which I have not worn for several weeks. I accused Albert wrongfully, and I am very sorry. He has been good enough to forgive me, and I am sure you are all sorry for having thought him guilty."

"Let's give three cheers for Albert," cried one of the scholars.

Then the boys cheered lustily, and at its close, room was made for the two friends in the barge. The signal was now given to start, and away they went over the snow at a rapid rate. But Charles did not forget the lesson he had learned, and never again judged any one hastily.—HENRY COYLE, in Orphan's Bouquet.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
DISTRICT OF MONTREAL }
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Marie Liger, of the City and District of Montreal, has this day taken an action against her husband, Andre Lefebvre, trader, of the same place, for a separation as to property.

Montreal, 14th February, 1896.
ROBIOUX, GEOFFRION & CHENEVERT,
32-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF

HOW A HOME WAS LOST.

THE BITTER EXPERIENCE OF MR. ELWOOD, SR., OF SIMCOE.

ATTACKED WITH NEURALGIA OF THE LIMBS HE BECAME HELPLESS AND SUFFERED INTENSE AGONY—SPENT HIS HOME IN DOCTORING WITH SPECIALISTS WITHOUT AVAIL. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CAME TO THE RESCUE WHEN OTHER MEANS HAD FAILED.

From the Simcoe Reformer. The many virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have so often been published in the columns of this paper, that they are widely known to the residents of Norfolk County, and it is as widely conceded that they have brought joy into more than one household, and their merits are spoken of only in words of praise. In this instance the facts are brought directly home to the residents of Simcoe, a gentleman who is glad to testify to the benefits being a resident of the use of these pills being a resident of this town. Mr. Wm. Elwood, sr., a resident of Simcoe for about two years, and for years a resident of Fort Erie, a carpenter by trade, is found in his praise of the benefits he derived from the use of Pink Pills. In an interview with Mr. Elwood, that gentleman told the Reformer that about eight years ago he was attacked with ulcerated catarrh of the head and throat, and was obliged to quit work, and since that time has not been able to resume his calling. The disease, shortly after he was taken ill, developed into neuralgia of the lower limbs, from which he suffered terrible agony. During his long illness the services of specialists in both Toronto and Buffalo, as well as those of local physicians both in his former home and Simcoe, were called into requisition, but all to no purpose.



"WAS UNABLE TO WALK AROUND."

So had did he become, and so great were the pains that shot through his limbs, that at times Mr. Elwood had to be held down on his couch. His stomach and bowels were seriously affected and he was in a deplorable condition. About a year ago he lost the use of his left foot and ankle and was unable to walk around his home without great difficulty. At one time Mr. Elwood was possessed of a good home, but so long was he ill that he spent all his property in the hope of regaining his health. Last fall Mr. Elwood commenced taking Pink Pills and shortly after he began to feel an improvement in his condition. He continued the use of the pills until he had taken three boxes when he regained the use of his foot and ankle and thought he was at last cured and discontinued their use. So long had he been a sufferer, however, that it was impossible for him to become convalescent in so short a time. An attack of the grip again brought on the disease, but not by any means so terrible as formerly. Mr. Elwood again commenced taking the pills and is fast regaining his former health and feels certain that the Pink Pills will exterminate all traces of disease from his system. He feels so gratified at what the pills have done for him that he gladly gave the information to the Reformer for publication in the hope that his experience may be a benefit to some other sufferer.

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

THE EVICTED TENANTS' BILL.

J. J. CLANCY, M.P., MOVES ITS SECOND READING. LONDON, Feb. 26.—J. J. Clancy, Parnellite member for the North Division of Dublin County, moved the second reading of the Evicted Tenants' Bill in the House of Commons to-day. This measure is of a voluntary nature, not compulsory, and provides that a board of conciliation, consisting of three members, be appointed by Parliament and empowered to confirm existing agreements or to reinstate the tenants by purchase or as tenants under judicial rent. The number of evicted persons is few and the matter, it is claimed, could soon be settled.

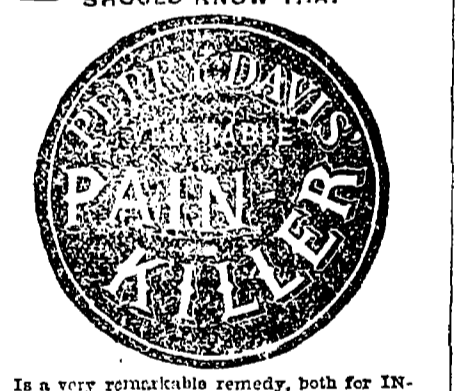
Mr. John E. Redmond, Parnellite member for Waterford, and Mr. John Dillon, anti-Parnellite, member for East Mayo, supported Mr. Clancy's motion. Mr. J. A. Renton, Q.C., Conservative, member for East Down, moved the rejection of the motion on the ground that he and other Conservatives considered that the measure under discussion involved the principle that tenants evicted for non-payment of rent would receive large grants of money and reinstatement. Mr. John Morely, Liberal member for Montreal, formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, said he could not understand how the bill could be resisted, and suggested that the Irish Church surplus fund be devoted to it.

changed its provisions and now he would be disappointed if the Conservative leader, Mr. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, did not assent to its second reading. Mr. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, said that a policy of conciliation did not mean granting everything demanded by the Irish members. The bill in question could not be justified unless a public evil of grave magnitude existed, and which required an exceptional remedy. He did not think they were justified in expending 480,000 of public money upon 686 evicted tenants of 1893 at the present time, especially as 376 of this number—of whom 100 belonged to the Ponsonby estate—were coming to amicable settlement of the differences between themselves and their landlords. Continuing, Mr. Gerald Balfour said that the adoption of the bill providing for the payment of money to those who refused to pay their obligations was another step downward in the demoralization of Ireland. The Government's Land Bill, he asserted, would deal with the matter in an adequate manner. Mr. A. J. Balfour said he thought the bill would strengthen the hands of members in asserting that under the same circumstances the tenants could resort to the same plan of campaign. Mr. Clancy's motion that the Evicted Tenants' Bill be read for the second time was then put to a vote and rejected by 271 to 174.

Washington's Rules of Life.

The following are some of the fifty-seven rules of conduct which helped to form Washington's character. They were all written by him in a note-book when he was only thirteen years old, and he rigidly observed these rules during his long life. Every action in company ought to be some sign of respect to those present. Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with. Read no letters, books, or papers, in company. Come not near the books or papers of another as if to read them. Show not yourself glad at another's misfortune. Let your discourse with others on matters of business be short. It is good manners to let others speak first. Strive not with your superiors in arguments, but be modest. When a man does all he can, do not blame him though he succeeds not well. Take admonitions thankfully. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the injury of another. In your dress be modest, and consult your condition. Play not the peacock, looking vainly at yourself. It is better to be alone than to have company. Let your conversation be without malice or envy. Urge not your friend to discover a secret. Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Speak not injurious words either in jest or earnest. Gaze not on the blemishes of others. When another speaks, be attentive. Be not apt to relate news. Be not curious to know the affairs of others. Speak not evil of the absent. When you speak of God, let it ever be with reverence. Labor to keep alive in your heart that spark of heavenly fire called conscience.—In Orphan's Bouquet.

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FLOUR AND GRAIN. FLOUR.—Spring Patent, \$4.20 to 4.25. Winter Patent, \$4.30 to \$4.35. Straight Roller, \$4.00 to \$4.10. Manitoba Strong Bakers, best brands, \$3.90 to \$4.00. Manitoba Strong Bakers, \$3.45 to \$4.00. Straight Rollers, bags \$1.95 to \$2.00. OATMEAL.—Rolled and granulated \$3.05 to \$3.20; standard \$3.00 to \$3.15. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.50 to \$1.60, and standard at \$1.50 to \$1.60. Pot barley \$4.25 in bbls and \$2.00 in bags, and split peas \$3.50. WHEAT.—In the West, Ontario winter wheat has sold at 75c to 80c, and Manitoba No. 1 has sold at North Bay at 82c. May wheat in Chicago has sold up to 47c, but has since eased off somewhat. BRAN, ETC.—We quote Ontario bran at \$15.00 to \$15.50, and Manitoba at \$14 to \$14.50. Middlings \$12 to \$15 as to grade. Middling \$19 to \$21.00 as to grade. CORN.—A few cars selling for delivery in the Eastern townships at equal to about 43c to 44c here, being all there is to report. PEAS.—Blackeyes and Munnys have sold at 65c to 66c, West, and in the Stratford district common peas sold during the past few days for export on a 22c rate to Liverpool at 50c to 51c. Here prices are easy at 58c to 59c per 60 lbs. OATS.—Sales of car lots of No. 2 white were made on this market at the beginning of the week at 31c; but later sales were made at 31c with more offered at the same figure and not taken. Sales of mixed at 29c to 30c. BARLEY.—Malting grades have sold at 52c to 54c as to quality. Feed barley is quoted at 37c to 38c, a lot of Manitoba selling at the inside figure. BREWING.—Steady at 39c to 40c. RYE.—Nominal at 52c to 53c. It would cost 51c to 55c to buy it down from the West. MAIZE.—Steady at 70c to 75c as to quality and quantity. SEEDS.—We quote Timothy seed \$2.00 to \$2.50 per bushel. Red clover quiet at \$5.50 to \$6.00 per bushel. PROVISIONS. PORK, LARD, AND COUNTRY SHORT CUT. Pork, per barrel, \$15.00 to \$15.50; Canada thin mess, per bbl, \$12.50 to \$13; Hams, per lb., 9c to 10c; Lard, pure, in pails, per lb., 8c to 8 1/2c; Lard, compound, in pails, per lb., 6c to 7c; Bacon, per lb., 9c to 10c; Shoulders, per lb., 7c to 8c. DRESSED HOGS.—The market is easier, and 1c to 2c lower on the week, sales of cars being reported at \$3.10 to \$3.25 as to quality; and car lots of mixed in the West have been offered at \$4.75 to \$4.80. DAIRY PRODUCE. BUTTER.—We quote Creamery, 21c to 22c; Eastern Townships, 17c to 18c; Western, 16c to 17c. For single tubs of selected it may be added. Eggs.—In better demand, the Western in tubs and laid barrels selling promptly at 16c to 18c. Sales in baskets have also been made at 16c. A lot of Western eggs was placed at 16c, but the quality was only medium. CHEESE.—Finest Western, \$1 to 1 1/2; Finest Eastern, \$1 to \$1 1/2; Summer goods, 7c to 7 1/2; Liverpool cheddar 4 1/2 to 4 3/4. COUNTRY PRODUCE. Beans.—New and old are coming in more freely, with sales at 18c laid down here, and we quote 18c to 19c. HONEY.—Prices are easy at 7c to 8c for white extracted. Dark 6c to 7c as to quality. White comb honey 1c to 1 1/4, and dark at 10c to 12c. PEAS.—Hand-picked peas \$1.00 to \$1.05 for round lots and \$1.10 to \$1.25 for smaller quantities. Common kinds 8c to 9c in a jobbing way. MEAT PRODUCE. Sales of old have been made at 10c to 12c in tubs. We quote Sugar 6c to 7c for old. Syrup 14c to 15c per lb in wood, and at 50c to 60c in tubs. BAIT HAY.—No. 1 selling on track here at \$13.50 to \$14.00, and No. 2 at \$12.50. At country points \$12.50 for No. 1, with some holders asking \$13.00. TALLOW.—Market unchanged at 4 1/2c to 5c as to quality and size of lot. HORS.—Prices are quoted here at 7c to 8c for good to choice. Fair 5c, and old 3c to 4c. Account sales of Pacifics have been received in New York netting the shippers 5 1/2c to 7c per lb, which showed quite a loss. FRUITS. APPLES.—\$2.00 to \$2.75 per bbl; Fancy \$2.50 to \$4.00 per bbl; Fameuse, \$2.50 to \$4.00 per bbl; Dried, 3c to 4c per lb; Evaporated, 6c to 7c per lb. ORANGES.—Jamaica, \$10.00 to \$10.50 per bbl; Valencia, old stock 42c, \$3.75 to \$4.00; do new stock \$4 to \$4.25; 714, \$4.75 to \$5.00; Messina, \$2.00 to \$2.25. LEMONS.—\$2.25 to \$3.00 per bunch. TOMATOES.—\$4 to \$4.50 per carrier. CALIFORNIA CAULIFLOWERS, \$1.50 to \$5.00 per crate. PINEAPPLES.—15c to 30c as to size. CRANBERRIES.—Cape Cod, \$8 to \$12 per bbl. \$1 per bushel box. DATES.—Old, 1 1/2c to 2 1/2c per lb. New, 4c to 4 1/2c per lb. FIGS.—9c to 10c per lb; fancy, 13c to 17c per lb. PEACHES.—Bosnia, 6c to 6 1/2c per lb; French, 5 1/2c per lb; Calif, 10c lb. COGNAC.—Fancy, firsts, \$4.00 to \$5.00 per 100. WALSHERS.—New Grenoble, 11c to 11 1/2c per lb. BRAZIL.—11c per lb. ALMONDS.—11 1/2c to 12c per lb. FILBERTS.—7c to 7 1/2c per lb. PEANUTS.—7c to 9c per lb. CHESTNUTS.—Italian, 10c per lb; French, 10c per lb. POTATOES.—Jobbing lots, 40c to 45c per bag; on track, 30c per bag; do sweet, \$6.00 to \$6.25 per bbl; Havana, \$8 per bbl. ONIONS.—Spanish, 25c to 40c per crate; red, \$2.50 per bbl; yellow, \$1.50 to \$1.60 per bbl. MALAGA GRAPES.—\$4 to \$6.00 per keg. (Continued on eighth page.)

OBERAMMERGAU SUFFERS A LOSS

ACCIDENT TO JOSEPH MAIER, THE
CHRIST OF THE PASSION PLAY.

HOW HE WON DESERVED FAME—A POSSIBLE
SUCCESSOR IN PETER RENDL, WHO PLAYED
ST. JOHN—THE PRODUCTION IN THE YEAR
1900—IMPRESSIONS OF THOSE WHO HAVE
SEEN PREVIOUS PERFORMANCES.

Many persons must have felt deep regret a few days ago at the news of the serious accident to Joseph Maier, the Christ of the Oberammergau Passion Play. He was employed with others in hauling some heavy timbers, when one of them fell and crushed his leg so badly that it had to be amputated. His misfortune will be the cause of sorrow, not because it will deprive his admirers of any future privilege of seeing him or his acting, but because every one who saw him as the Christ learned to admire and respect him, and to remember vividly, happily and almost affectionately his wonderful impersonation. He would never play the Christ again in any case. He might play some other part in the drama, but it is doubtful whether, having been the central figure for so long, he would wish to take any subordinate place.

Maier first appeared as the Christ in 1870. It is the custom in the year when the Passion Play is given to act it on certain days of each week all through the summer. In 1870 the series of performances were interrupted, after only three or four had been given, by the Franco-Prussian war. Maier and his associates had to leave their theatre of the Passion and serve as soldiers. The next summer, 1871, the series of representations were taken up again at the point where it had been interrupted, and was carried through the season. Maier played the leading part in it again in 1880, and it was then that his fame was spread all over the world, and his name became known wherever newspapers and books were read.

His exquisite performance. Six years ago Maier did indeed look a trifle too old for the part, but his performance was exquisite, and in the simplicity, the refinement and the dignity of his acting and the sweetness and gentleness of his voice he made those who saw him forget any disappointment that they felt at the first sight of him. When it was over the spectators felt that he had seen the Christ, and it took an effort, if he thought such an effort worth making, to recall his old ideal of the face and to prove that it was not the face of Maier.

People go to Oberammergau with all sorts of views and opinions as to the good or the bad taste, the reverence or the irreverence, the propriety or the impropriety, the right or the wrong of the Passion Play. Not one in a thousand of them leaves Oberammergau without being convinced that the performance is good and noble and reverent. In these last thirty years Joseph Maier has done more than any other to convert those who doubted to this view. He has not done it all, for the Passion Play is a consistent whole, and his has been only one part of it. But it has been the central, the pivotal part, and the rest, while all worthy of it and in harmony with it, have been subordinate to it.

In the performance of 1890 the first impression which Maier produced when he came upon the stage was that there was something indifferent in his manner and something stern and unsympathetic in his face. As the play went on the indifference was seen to be passive patience. The active part of the life of the Christ is all but done when the play opens. Maier represented Him as one who had little more to do, but much more to suffer, as one who waited calmly and silently for the fulfilment of His destiny and the end of pain and sorrow. All thought that there could be anything stern or sympathetic about the man vanished when he spoke. There was something about him more winning than his voice. It was not that his delivery of long speeches was so fine from an oratorical point of view. It was the way in which he spoke, whether he had much or little to say, the tenderness of the tones, the earnestness and sympathy of the utterance, that expressed more than anything in his look or his action, the depth and the purity and the sweetness of the character he was playing.

PREPARING FOR 1900. There is no place too small, if there are three people in it, for ambition to enter. Even in Oberammergau there is rivalry. Sometimes two or more persons want to play the same part in the Passion Play, and only one of them can be chosen. Then the others, being of human mould, are sometimes jealous. And so it has been said that Joseph Maier is one of a clique that controls the Passion Play, and assaults on his character have been made which would be in bad taste even if they were true. No one who has seen him play his part in the play will readily believe anything against him, and Canon Farrar, who stayed at his house on his visit to Oberammergau, writes in the highest terms of his personal character and repels every insinuation against him with warmth and vigor. At any rate the man is modest. He is greatly annoyed, it is said, by curiosity-seekers, and while the series of performances is going on and the town is full of visitors he never shows himself outside his own house and the theatre.

It is the custom of the Oberammergau players to make the characters which they are to play parts of themselves by long study and attention to every detail of manner and appearance. In order that they may grow into the characters, as it were, they are chosen for them two or three years in advance. It was thought while the play was going in the summer of 1890 that the successor of Maier as Christ would probably be Peter Rendl. He then appeared as St. John. His chief qualification for the part was his beautiful face. Physically he was a model for St. John. His acting, though adequate to the small part which he played, was not conspicuously fine. He was clearly trying to do his best, and he was young. He was then about 20, and he will therefore be of the right age to

play the Christ in 1900. If he is chosen for the part there is no doubt that he will give it diligent study and serious effort. But he will have a hard task to satisfy those who have seen Joseph Maier.—Catholic Standard and Times.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

British Guiana was once a Catholic country. It is now cursed with penit anti-Catholic laws.

The Pope has just inherited \$300,000 under the will of Sig. Tongiorgi, former minister of finance at the Vatican.

May 10th is given as the date upon which Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, will be formally invested with the pallium.

The Catholics of Livermore, Iowa, will build a church next summer to cost about \$10,000. Rev. Father McInerney is pastor.

Archbishop Corrigan, accompanied by his private secretary, Rev. James N. Connelly, is visiting the Bahama Islands, which are subject to his jurisdiction.

When the late Bishop Conroy of Albany died it was supposed that he was intestate. A will made August 8, 1871, has been found in which he leaves his property to Archbishop Williams of Boston.

Father Bernard, of Andermatt, Minister General of the Capuchins, has sent a circular to the superiors of the convents of his order informing them that the general chapter, which takes place every twelve years, will be held next May in Rome.

John J. Lucas, colored, has purchased 300 acres of land in Prince George county, Virginia, from W. W. Taylor, of Brandon, upon which he will erect a school for the education of colored youth under the auspices of St. Joseph's college of missions.

Miss Alice Feehan, in religion Sister Mary Ambrose, daughter of Dr. Feehan, of St. Louis, Mo., and niece of Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, of Chicago, made her solemn profession as a Sister of Mercy, at St. Patrick's Academy, Chicago, February 3rd.

The Sisters of Charity purchased recently a large property in the east for the purpose of erecting a sanitarium for the members of the order from different States, of whom there are 450, incapacitated by age or failing health from carrying on actively the work of the Order.

The Order of Servants of Mary, commonly called Servite Fathers, who are now spread throughout various countries of the world, have just opened a new international college at Rome, under the supervision of the Rev. M. Spiciner, the successor of Cardinal Satolli as professor of theology at the Propaganda.

Dr. Louis Ch. Boisjerie, who died lately in St. Louis, was a resident of that city since 1847. He was a leading physician and a model Catholic in his eightieth year. He was a most charitable man and gave the entire proceeds of his practice for one day in each week to the poor and devoted a day each week to their gratuitous treatment.

The membership of the Sacred College is now represented by sixty-one, leaving nine vacancies, at least four of which, it is thought, will be filled when the next consistory is held. The prelates whom it is expected the Holy Father will then honor with red hats, are the nuncios at Lisbon, Madrid, Paris and Vienna, whose creations were anticipated at the time of the last consistory, but were not then announced. The coming consistory will probably not be held until the Easter-tide days, though there is, of course, nothing certain known regarding its date.

C. M. B. A.

GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 12, held last evening, the following officers were installed by Grand Deputy James McKel, assisted by Chancellor Patrick McDermott, jr.: P. McDermott, jr., chancellor; Michael Merriman, president; Ed. Murray, first vice-president; Thomas M. Jones, second vice-president; P. Quillan, recording secretary; M. McCabe, financial secretary; P. Mammell, treasurer; J. Mullins, marshal; M. Whelan, guard; W. P. Beaudoin, Jos. Graham, Jno. Furlong, J. Mullins and P. Murray, trustees.

Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at the corner of St. Etienne and Forfar streets. This Branch is in a very flourishing condition and a committee was struck to make arrangements for a social entertainment after Lent.

A PRIEST'S DEATH.

Rev. Father Maguire, of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, died at the Hotel Dieu on Saturday. The remains have been sent to the Ancient Capital for interment.

FATHER LACOMBE'S LETTER.

A letter of Father Lacombe to Mr. Laurier, calling on him to support the Remedial Bill, has caused some extensive criticism to be indulged in, and, in some cases, with more zeal than discretion. The communication was purely a private expression of opinion, couched in the fervid rhetoric which belongs to the French language, and which can hardly be appreciated by those who do not think in it and for the most part do not understand it at all. The latter has been erroneously described as the exposition of the views of the Roman Catholic bishops. The episcopate of a church when it speaks collectively does so in a different manner. Pere Lacombe is a very aged man, and his appeal bears the mark of one who feels that his stewardship is drawing to a close and desires to leave his charge in such a condition that he may give a due account to his Lord, whose commission he has been executing. He may have spoken for the clergy of his province. It does not appear that for the other parts of Canada he presumed to do so. Already the head of the diocese of Quebec has spoken, and Archbishop Bugin, the coadjutor of the Cardinal, has entered his protest, and this implies the repudiation of responsibility for the letter on the part of the episcopate generally. But, so far as the English-speaking people are concerned, the opin-

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Children's Cashmere Gloves, 25c for 15c. Children's White Wool Gloves, from 20c. Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, from 20c pr.

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ions of the Roman episcopate in Quebec are matters with which they have nothing to do. Everyone knows that the Roman clergy watch closely for the morals of their flocks, and that they should be profoundly moved by any legislation affecting the schools is only natural. They would be false to their vows if they were not. The position they occupy is well known, and the present issue has produced nothing new in this respect.—Ottawa Free Press.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

Sir Maurice O'Rourke, speaker of the New Zealand Legislature, visited the Four Courts, Dublin, on Feb. 7.

Mrs. Morris, widow of the late postmaster of Drogheda, has been appointed postmistress of Downpatrick with a salary of £135 a year.

John Robinson, of Lisglassick, Kenagh, has been appointed sub-sheriff of County Longford, and John Wilson, of Dublin and Longford, solicitor, returning officer.

At St. Malachy's College, Belfast, on Sunday, Feb. 2, Bishops Henry and O'Connor, of Down, ordained to the priesthood the Rev. John McAleese, a native of Kesharkinn.

Miss Hannah Bridget O'Kelly, in religion Sister Mary Dominic, daughter of Robert O'Kelly, of Tralee, received the white veil at the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Sligo, recently.

The death occurred on Jan. 27, at St. Brigid's Convent, Abbeyleix, of Mother M. Clare Johnston, in the eighty-third year of her age, and the sixty-second of her religious profession.

Father McCarthy, pastor of Tramore, one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics in the diocese, died on Feb. 6. He was a native of Dungarvan, and received his early training in St. John's College, Waterford.

The death occurred on Jan. 27, at Durlless, Lecanvey, Westport, of Anne, wife of James Joyce, mother of Thomas Joyce, sister of the late Revs. John and James McGirr, of Australia, and aunt of the Rev. P. McGirr, Adm. of Westport.

The Earl of Westmeath has made arrangements to the tenants on his County Galway estate near Loughrea. The non-judicial tenants are granted 25 per cent. reduction on their rents, and the holders of farms on which the rent has been judicially fixed are allowed 20 per cent.

The Quarter Sessions for the division of Listowel were opened on Jan. 22. Mr. McGillicuddy informed Judge Shaw that the calendar for the sessions was a blank. The latter said a similar announcement was made in Killarney, both of which smoke well for the peace and order of Kerry.

New Stations of the Cross have been erected in the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Strabane, opened in October last by Cardinal Logue. The Stations are of a large size and costly description, and in coloring, mountings, and beauty of the figures in relief, are works of the highest art.

Thomas Hally, of Clonmel, in company with Mrs. Hally, was about leaving his house for Vespers on Sunday evening, Feb. 2, when he was stricken down and died, the cause of death being heart disease. Mr. Hally was an exemplary

VALUABLE PRIZES

Two valuable prizes, worth \$2,000 each, were this fortnight distributed by the Society of Arts of Canada, 1066 Notre Dame Street, to M. M. Auguste Demers, 358 St. Denis Street, and Alderie Gollins, clerk at Mongenais, Bolvin & Co., St. Paul Street.

Catholic and only that morning he received Holy Communion. All his life he was an active Nationalist.

James Crogan, a native of Boyle, who landed on Jan. 30 at Queenstown from the steamer Germanic, from New York, was charged, at a specially constituted court under the Peace Preservation Act, with having in his possession a revolver and ammunition without being duly licensed. He was fined 30s. and costs, and the revolver and ammunition forfeited.

The business of the Tralee Quarter Sessions was opened in Tralee on Jan. 28. Judge Shaw said there were only four cases to go before the grand jury and those were of the ordinary class. The condition of the district was exceedingly peaceable, as far as he was able to ascertain from all sources. He had the same experience in other parts of the county, having been the recipient of white gloves at Killarney and Listowel.

A DOG'S REMARKABLE INSTINCT.

A remarkable illustration of a dog's intelligence has occurred in Sutton, England. A married lady there has a small pet, and on her removal to a London hospital, owing to ill-health, the animal became greatly distressed, running hither and thither in search of his mistress, to whom he was greatly attached. A week afterwards the dog disappeared, and two days later returned to its home footsore and weary. It subsequently transpired that the faithful terrier had found his way to the hospital where his mistress lay. No one guided him and he traveled the whole way alone. He waited about for hours trying to gain admission, and finally after many rebuffs, succeeded in running into the hospital and finding the bed where the lady lay. With great delight he hailed her, and after satisfying himself that she was safe he trotted back to Sutton, about fourteen miles distant.

COMMERCIAL.

FISH AND OILS.

FRESH FISH.—Fresh fish is very scarce, and receipts during the last week or two have been very light. There is no fresh cod to be had now on the market. Fresh haddock 3½c to 4c per lb. Fresh herring is very scarce, and goods that were sold at \$1.10 to \$1.25 a few days ago are now held at \$1.75 per barrel. Tommy cods \$1.25 to \$2 per barrel. White fish 7½c per lb. Dore 7c per lb. Pike 4c to 4½c.

SALT FISH.—The market for Cape Breton herring and green cod is pretty well cleared up, and very little if any available stock is to be had. Dry cod \$4 and green cod firmer at \$4.50 to \$5 for No. 1; and large \$5.50 to \$6.00. Cape Breton herring steady at \$3.25 to \$3.50, and shore \$2.75 to \$3.00. Salmon \$11 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$12.00 to \$13.00 for No. 1 large. British Columbia salmon \$11.00 to \$12.00. Sea trout \$5.00 to \$6.00.

SMOKED FISH.—Smoked haddies are very scarce, and it is estimated that there is not over 150 boxes of available stock to be had in the city. Haddock 7c to 8c; blotters 7½c to 8½c per box; smoked herrings 7c to 9c per box.

CANNED FISH.—Lobsters \$6.00 to \$6.25 and Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4.00 per case.

OILS.—Seal oil 4½c to 4c net cash, and regular terms 4½c to 4c. Newfoundland cod oil 3½c to 3c. Cod liver oil \$1.10 to \$1.30 for ordinary, and \$1.75 to \$1.85 for Norway.

LATEST MARKET REPORTS

TORONTO CATTLE MARKET.

TORONTO, Ont., March 3.—Butchers' cattle are about ¼c lower in price. Receipts to-day were heavy for this time of the year, 34 carloads, which included 141 sheep and lambs, 500 hogs and the usual quota of calves and milch cows.

Butchers' Cattle—Trade was quiet and the prices generally were lower. Buying for Montreal was not so active. The top figure for good butchers' cattle at the Western cattle yards to-day was 3½c per lb. for loads, which is ½c per lb. lower than the best price of last Tuesday. Some of the common cattle sold as low as 2c per lb. Dealers expect no improvement in live stock until after Lent. Medium to good cattle are quoted at from 2½c to 3c per lb.

Export Cattle—There was no buying to-day except a few bulls at about 3c per lb., but dealers are beginning to prepare for the season.

Bulls—There are a few being taken for export at about 3c per lb. Stock bulls fetch 2½c per lb.

OTTAWA MARKET.

OTTAWA, March 3.—There was a big market this morning and thin consequence of this, together with the soft weather, prices generally ruled somewhat lower than during the week. Lots of beef were offered varying from 3½c to 5c for fore and hinds. Pork dropped owing to the factories being pretty well supplied. Large hogs brought \$5.25 and smaller ones ran up towards \$6 per hundred weight. Mutton keeps around 6c to 8c. Veal was fairly plentiful at about the same price. Potatoes can be bought at from 25c to 30c per bag and other vegetables in proportion. A few bunches of forced rhubarb were offered for the first time at 9c a bunch. Butter is in good demand at 18c for tubs and 17½c for prints. Fresh eggs which are clearly such, bring 25c per doz. A very good lot of poultry was brought in to-day. Geese sold at 45c to 55c; turkeys averaged a trifle more than 4c per pound, and chickens sold at what would be equal to 6c to 8c per pound.

Hay can be bought at from \$11 to \$13 per ton and there is plenty of it. Oats keep at 27c to 28c per bushel.

TORONTO PRODUCE MARKETS.

TORONTO, March 3.—The market is quiet. Flour quiet; prices steady; holders ask \$3.65 to \$3.70 for straight rollers, the latter for choice brands. Bran, ears of bran nominal at \$11.25 to \$11.50, west and shorts at \$13. Wheat quiet, white sold outside at 81c on North and red at 80c west; No. 2 fall offered outside at 82c without bids; No. 1 Manitoba hard offered at 85c North Bay, with 8½c bid; No. 2 hard offered at 82c to arrive North Bay with 80½c bid; spot and No. 3 hard offered to arrive at 74c with 72½c bid; No. 1 frosted sold at 65c North Bay for March delivery. Barley quiet, No. 1 sold at 40c outside; feed barley is 28c to 29c outside. Oats quiet, prices unchanged; mixed sold outside at 22½c and white offered at 23½c with 23c bid. Peas dull, buyers at 50c outside and sellers at 51c. Buckwheat dull, prices nominal at 31c to 32c outside. Oatmeal quiet; prices unchanged at \$2.90 to \$3 on track, and small lots at \$3.25. Corn steady, sales of yellow outside at 32½c. Rye, dull quotations nominal at about 45c outside.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Messrs. Hodgson Bros., under date February 22, write as follows of the Liverpool market for dairy produce: Cheese has been in moderate demand, holders being willing to concede 6d to 1s per cwt., in order to make more progress. The market closes steady on choice autumn make. We quote to-day finest September-October, 4½ to 4½ 6d per cwt., and ripe summers, 30s to 36s. There is nothing fresh of importance to note in butter this week; the sales have been to a moderate extent at last week's prices. We quote to-day finest American and Canadian creamery 88s to 95s per cwt., and grades under this description 50s to 80s. Finest Danish butter is offered at 110s to 115s, and choice Australian 97s to 100s. We quote Irish butter: Cork firsts, 115s per cwt.; seconds, 101s; thirds, 88s, and fourths, 77s.

It is now optional with a widow if she keeps her husband's initials or not. It is quite proper to use them in addressing her, and Mrs. Grundy is more and more sanctioning it, to distinguish the widow from the divorced woman. The latter takes her own initials.

MR. DE STYLE: Why, my dear, I'm glad to see you so composed. When I left this morning you were weeping and wailing and tearing your hair because Fido was sick. Mrs. De Style: Well, you see, just after you left, Mrs. Tipton came in and told me that dogs of Fido's breed were going out of fashion. So I dried my tears and kicked him out.

What is the difference between a French pastry-cook and a bill-sticker? One pulls up paste, the other pastes up pulls.

Mrs. Watts: I am afraid you don't love work. Dismal Dawson: Deed I do, mum, but I am so bashful.

THE LAST RUSH!



VICTORIAS SHAMROCKS

CRYSTAL RINK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4.

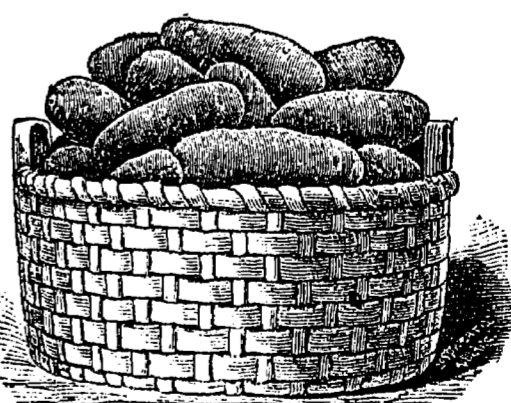
Reserved Seats 75c & 50c.
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The finest and largest crop of Potatoes you ever seen or heard of

Use the "VICTOR" BRAND FERTILIZER



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

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N.B.—SECOND-HAND INSTRUMENTS ACCEPTED IN PART PAYMENT FOR NEW ONES.