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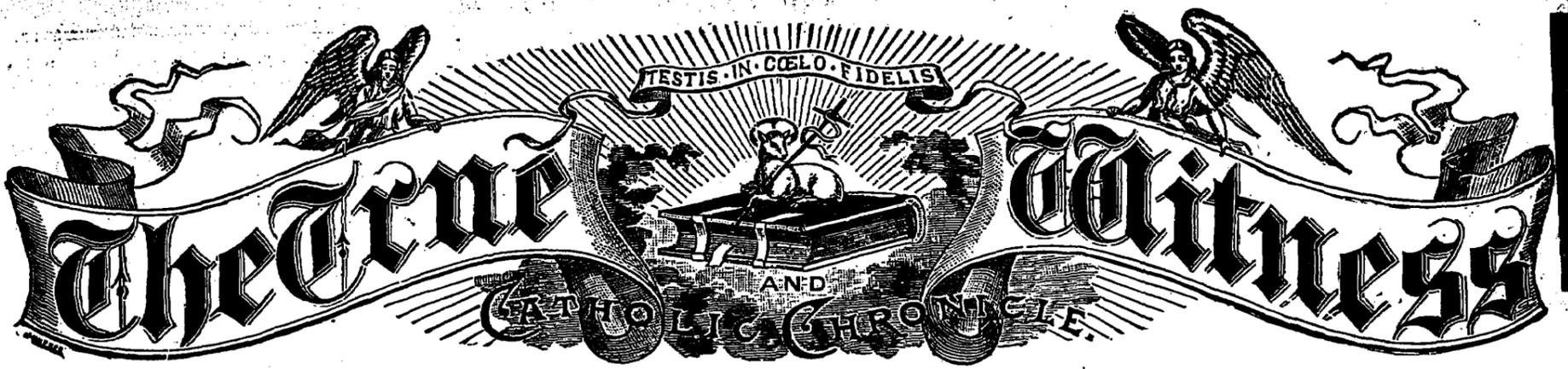
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT complains about the dancing at excursions. He very wisely remarks that all associations should refuse to place on their programmes any dances that are forbidden, and that a great deal depends on the class of people attending the excursions. He is right. Dancing, in itself, is not wrong, nor is it dangerous. It is a most pleasant means of whiling away a few hours, especially when people go out for enjoyment. But most decidedly no forbidden dances should be allowed—above all at excursions. Mothers should never allow their daughters to attend excursions that have round dances on their programmes.

SUBSCRIPTIONS have been opened in Rome to defray the expenses of the defence of the editor of the *Moniteur de Rome*, who was tried last month and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 1,500 lire, for publishing hostile criticism of the Quirinal's policy toward the Vatican. The Pope contributed 375 lire. Such is the "liberty of the press" in Italy. What a grand sample of the Liberty, Fraternity and Equality that Adriano Lemmi and his Masonic followers accord to the people whose king he rules and over whom he governs!

QUITE a number of street accidents have recently taken place, and not a few of them are due to furious driving. There are certain sections of the city where life is constantly in danger, on account of the number of streets meeting and the great amount of traffic. Around Victoria Square, at the corner of Craig and Bleury, at the corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Main, and at the corner of McGill and Notre Dame, there should be policemen—specially detailed—to see to the safety of pedestrians. In all large and well-regulated cities it is so; and here there is no reason why the public should not have the aid of the officials in a like manner. It is not after a few inquests are held that it is time to look to the matter.

A CORRESPONDENT, thanking us for a reply to a question, writes—May 5:—"I have always been an ardent admirer of your worthy Irish Catholic paper. You may well be proud; and for my life I cannot see how any one can find fault with the editor (editorials, likely, he means) of this truly Catholic organ. If you do not supply us with Catholic news, I would ask 'who else will do so?' Forced, from the simple reason that we have no Irish Catholic daily, we are obliged to read a paper which poses in our midst as an independent journal. In vain do I peruse its columns for the news I would wish to have. In your paper, and in yours alone, do we find, in glowing terms, a full account of our Church questions and all that pertains to Catholicity." The letter closes with a thousand good wishes and expressions of

encouragement. The reception of such letters is very gratifying, and compensates in a large degree for all the labor and trouble that the directors of the paper undergo for the sake of Catholic literature.

SOMEBODY writes to ask the following: "According to the *Daily Witness*, ex-priest L. Martin is reported to have again left the city: do you know if it is so, and what reason is assigned?" We do not know, nor do we see what is to be gained by finding out Mr. Martin's reason for leaving the city—if he has done so. He may have business to attend to or friends to visit outside of Montreal. Moreover, we don't attach much importance to his movements. Since he left the Church, the first time, he has been oscillating backwards and forwards so much that one would require to be interested in his movements to lose any sleep over them. The Church neither loses nor gains very much by his eccentric escapades—no more does Protestantism. The man does not know his own mind, and we are under the impression that he is not very much to blame, for his conduct would indicate a lack of responsibility.

AN exchange has the following somewhat witty, and very truthful paragraph. In fact it would apply to almost any business or state of life, as well as it does to the subscriber who is never pleased and who is always sending back his paper:—

"After you get angry and stop your paper, just poke your finger into water, pull it out, and look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you are missed. A man who thinks a paper cannot thrive without his support ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back half his friends will not know he has gone, and the other half will not care a cent, while the world at large kept no account of his movements. You will find things that you cannot endorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain, and it hits some hard raps. If you were to get mad and burn your Bible, the hundreds of presses would go on printing it, and when you stop your paper and call the editor names, the paper will still be published, and what is more you will read it on the sly."

"INQUISITOR," from Columbus, Ohio, writes to ask us what we make out of the words in the 115th psalm, "Every man is a liar." We make out of these words two things: first, that they express an exaggeration; second that our correspondent is too *inquisitive* for his own good. Perhaps he has been reading the "*Columbus Record*." If so we are not surprised at his lack of knowledge on a scriptural subject, nor his folly in attempting to understand the meaning of a text, when he reads only part of it. This is a striking example of the dangers that arise from individual interpretation. Nothing clearer than the words of the psalmist: "every man is a liar;" but these words are merely the second part of a verse, or sentence. The second verse of the 115th psalm runs: "I said in my excess, every man is a liar." The words, "I said in my excess," show that the expression "every man is a liar" is

an exaggeration, is a false statement arising out of the excess of zeal on the part of the one making use of it. We would advise "Inquisitor" to read Leo XIII's encyclical on the reading of the "Holy Scriptures," before he undertakes to work out his salvation by means of a volume, the very simplest expressions of which he does not understand.

SUNDAY last was the Feast of Pentecost. On that day the Church commemorates the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. According to promise, Christ sent the Holy Spirit—the Third Person of the most Blessed Trinity—to illumine and sanctify His Church. In the form of tongues of fire came the Spirit that was to abide with the Apostles and their successors unto the end of time. In that form they learned that it was their mission to "go forth and teach all nations," to fulfil the orders of the Redeemer of man and preach the word of God to the peoples of the earth. Moreover, they received then and there the wisdom, courage, fortitude and strength to qualify them for their wonderful task. The opposition of paganism, the fires of martyrdom, the hardness of human hearts, the barbarism that hung over the world, had no terrors for them. Inspired by the Holy Ghost, their chief became infallible, and they all felt the necessary graces for their mission flowing into their souls. Pentecost is one of the grandest feasts of the year, for it commemorates the completion of the establishment of Christ's Church on earth.

THE London correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post* says:—

"The number of converts to Roman Catholicity since the beginning of 1894 has been unparalleled within recent years; and one of the more prominent priests of the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington is authority for the statement that arrangements are being made for the reception of six other clergymen into the Catholic Church."

These are facts; and they only go to prove that there is a great tidal wave of Catholicity rising in England. It would not be surprising to find it sweeping over the whole country during the next few years. If so the members of the different ministerial associations will have to fly to the Grindelwald to escape the deluge.

THE Boston Republic always contains some well-turned paragraphs that are short and to the point. In the last issue of that excellent paper the editor gives expression to the following:—

No more congenial soul exists wherein every grace and virtue may live and bloom than the heart and mind of a good Catholic woman, whether she be wife, mother, daughter or sister, says an exchange. She is the glory of the church in every age and clime, and to her, above all others, has God given the command and exalted mission of redeeming the world. She has done it once, and we believe she can and will do it again. Yes, the greatest agents for good given by God to man are good Catholic mothers, daughters, wives and sisters. It is by them we must sink or swim, and who

will say that, while battling for their own virtues, which are most threatened by the vice of intemperance, and for the redemption of their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, the holy cause of temperance will fail and go down before the powers of darkness?

THIS week our correspondents seem to have taken a peculiar fit of objecting. One writes to say that if five cents were given by each member of a congregation every Sunday, it would amount to a sum at the end of the year so large that there would be no necessity of bazaars. He objects to bazaars. We agree that his calculations and figures are correct. And if every baptized member of a congregation (which includes infants and children) were to give five cents each Sunday, or \$2.60 per year, the aggregate would certainly be a big lift to the church. We also agree that if it were possible to avoid them, it would be better in many respects to do without bazaars. But as long as the members of the congregation will not contribute \$2.60 per year, for each individual (a goodly sum for certain large families) some other means must be devised to secure the necessary funds, and at present no better way is suggested than the one in vogue—namely, the holding of bazaars.

FATHER CEZZA LUZZI, the sub-librarian of the Vatican, while examining some papers which had been undisturbed for many years, found a Codex of Dante's "*Divina Commedia*." It is beautifully illustrated in miniature and bears the date 1450. Wonderful are the hidden treasures of the Pope's palace. Perchance this century will roll past, and the next will follow, before all the relics of history, literature, art, science and religion, that the Vatican holds, will be brought to light. It is a world in itself.

PROF. SIMS, the A. P. A. lecturer, has fallen foul of Ignatius Donnelly, and they are at it hammer and tongs. It appears that Donnelly is represented as going to Heaven after death, and Sims is sent down to Purgatory—in order to get a taste of it, so that for all eternity he may fully believe in what he denied while on earth. He calls upon Donnelly to help him out, but the latter can do little for him. At last Donnelly asks him, "Do you still believe the terrible things which you used to tell on earth about your Catholic fellow-citizens?" "No, I do not," answers the suffering Sims. "Are you willing," says Donnelly, "to believe that they were as good citizens of our glorious republic as you were?" "Donnelly," pathetically, answers the professor, "I am willing to believe anything. If you'll get me out of this hole, I'll agree to believe that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays." What benefit the world is to derive from this style of controversy we fail to see; but it is amusing to the people, and perhaps prevents Professor Sims from doing more ridiculous and more dangerous things.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER-SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

Third Session at Plattsburgh, N.Y., 1894
—Lectures for Teachers.

By general approval of the Board of Trustees the last week of the approaching session will be devoted to a special course for teachers, under the direction of Principal John H. Haaren. The course will be opened on Monday, August 6, with a lecture outlining the work projected, and showing the correlation of the subjects comprised in the course. Two lectures will be given each morning and two each afternoon. In the evenings four lectures on the Bible will be delivered by Very Rev. William O'B. Pardow, S.J., Provincial of the Jesuits.

The lectures in the normal course will be devoted to the discussion of abstract science (grammar, logic and psychology), language and literature, history, mathematics and geography.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURES.

LOGIC AND PSYCHOLOGY.—Five lectures by Rev. J. A. Doonan, S.J., Boston College.—The scope of the lectures by Father Doonan will include: first, study of the objectivity of truth, the present confusion of thought in regard to it; next, an examination of the lower cognitive faculties of man, their essential agreement with the faculties of the brute, their accidental differences—the laws of association of ideas, attention, memory; following this, an examination of the higher cognitive faculties of man; the decay of the logical powers; the necessity of teaching logical induction and deduction practically, before treating them scientifically; one lecture to be devoted to the cognitive faculties of man, his will and his lower appetites; their training—hereditary and acquired habits—conduct. Finally, the application of logical methods to the study of grammar; induction and deduction in the teaching of grammar. In the treatment of the above subjects the aim will be, first to establish true principles, and then to discuss and refute false theories.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Four lectures by Principal George E. Hardy, President of the New York State Teachers' Association:—

First Lecture.—Language the Instrument of Education.

Second Lecture.—Language work.

Third Lecture.—Grammar.

Fourth Lecture.—Language as Literature.

HISTORY.—Three lectures by Principal Marc F. Vallette, LL.D.—Dr. Vallette will treat of the definition, sources uses, and value of history; its division as to periods; as to subjects; as to methods, topical, biographical; the time to be devoted to it in school; its philosophy, cause and effect; geography and civil government as collateral studies; these to be illustrated, wherever practicable, by model lessons.

MATHEMATICS.—Three lectures by Bro. Adjutor, of Manhattan College, New York City:—

First Lecture.—Arithmetic—Theory and method of Procedure.

Second Lecture.—Algebraic Equations and Empirical Geometry.

Third Lecture.—Natural Philosophy (Mechanics).

GEOGRAPHY.—Four lectures by Principal John H. Haaren, Brooklyn, N.Y.

First Lecture.—Scope, Meaning, and Purpose.

Second Lecture.—Aids and Appliances.

Third Lecture.—Physical Geography.

Fourth Lecture.—The Geography Lesson.

The fee for the course will be three dollars.

Board may be secured at a reasonable rate by writing to Catholic Summer-School, Secretary of Local Committee, Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Suitable accommodations for the sisters of religious communities may be had at a low rate by applying to Mother Superior, D'Youville Academy, Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Tickets for the course may be purchased in advance from Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio, or John H. Haaren, 390 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Astronomer Hill, of the national naval observatory, has sighted the comet recently discovered by Professor Gale at Sydney, N.S.W.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM MCKAY.

In our last issue we announced the sad news of the death of Mr. William McKay, of 72 Fortier street, one of the employees in Her Majesty's Customs, Montreal. It is already well known that on Saturday, 21st April last, Mr. McKay very mysteriously disappeared. When last seen he was in perfect condition, mentally and physically—in fact he was in the best of humor, on account of bright prospects that were unfolding for him. Vainly was he searched for until Tuesday, the 8th instant, when his body was found in the river. An inquest was held and a verdict of "accidental drowning" was returned. No theory can be advanced regarding the immediate cause of his sudden death. One thing positive—he did not commit any rashness himself.

Few people—even his oldest acquaintance—knew Mr. McKay better, or even as well as we did. He was a man possessed of talents and fine qualities far in excess of what was generally supposed, and his knowledge and education were immeasurably beyond even what he thought himself. Still he was sufficiently aware of all these to know and feel that—for one cause or another—he did not occupy the position to which his acquirements entitled him; in consequence he was very reticent regarding himself. We had ample opportunity of sounding the man's disposition and weighing his abilities; many a beautiful contribution on historical subjects has he contributed to these columns—yet he would never allow his name to be assigned to even the most masterly of his compositions. He was a great lover of books and had a rare faculty for putting his hand—at a moment's notice—upon the proper authority. He was one of these men who was very little understood by the world in which he moved; he was always wrapped in that species of loneliness that belongs to characters of a rich nature, and that encircles them when they feel that the world does not understand them. If any one quality, more than another, marked the life of the deceased, it was his deep and immutable religious faith. Through all the ups and downs, the varied vicissitudes of an exceptionally checked career, that warm flame of Catholic fervor never grew dim or diminished in his soul. He was sincere in his friendship and upright in his dealings. He had great and high ambitions; mostly always were they frustrated—and none ever knew the profound sorrow that each failure caused him or the inward sufferings that his sensitive nature underwent.

Mr. McKay was a native of Ireland, and a little over 55 years when he died. He received his primary and intermediate education in the Irish National schools. When properly qualified to matriculate, he entered the "Arts Course," Catholic University, Dublin. Mgr. Woodlock, afterwards Bishop of Raphoe, in succession to Mgr. Conroy, was then president of the University. Passing a three years course, he severed his connection with his Alma Mater. He entered the celebrated Central Training Schools, Dublin, with the intention of preparing for the teaching profession. He passed through the "General Class," in one year, (which is the minimum time allotted) and took the highest certificate granted for that grade of Training, namely, "First in second." He then entered the "Special

Class," and at the end of a second year graduated with highest honors, and a "First in First" class certificate—which is accounted the equivalent of an M. A. degree in any of the universities of Great Britain. Although barely of age, he received—contrary to all precedents—the appointment of "School Organizer," which place he held for one year. He then became assistant Mathematical Master, at the Royal Military College, Dublin. After two years in that office, he was induced to come to Canada, where he expected to meet with very bright prospects. In 1863 he landed in Montreal, and since has lived here. He married, and now leaves a widow and ten children to mourn his loss. One of his daughters is married to Dr. Fitzpatrick, of Beaver Hall Hill. As a teacher and organizer of classes, Mr. McKay gave ample evidence of his early training and his wonderful ability.

Success, however, did not always smile upon him, and, as we said, he was of a nature too high-strung to allow the world to know of any failures he might have met with on the highway to a success in his chosen profession. In justice to his memory, and to his family and friends we deemed it only proper that we should convey to our readers the story of a life that few, if any, thoroughly knew, and which we had the opportunity of studying and appreciating.

The funeral, which took place on Thursday afternoon, was largely attended. Although at an hour when almost all men are at work, and on one of the most busy days of the week, the assembly was exceptionally large, and the manifestations of respect and regret spoke volumes for the departed gentleman. Needless to add that we extend to his bereaved widow and family the heartiest expressions of sincere sympathy, and pray most fervently that his soul may rest in peace.

The chief mourners were Messrs. John McKay, Michael McKay and William McKay, sons of the deceased; Dr. T. Fitzpatrick, Messrs. J. O'Toole, D. O'Leary, W. O'Toole, John O'Leary and James O'Leary. Amongst those present were noticed nearly all the employees of the Customs Department, including Messrs. S. Cross, Nicholson, McCallum, Flynn, John Phoenix, Warren, Brady, W. McCaffrey, and a number of others; Messrs. P. J. McCaffrey, McCabe, of Sadlier's, James Meek, J. Hoolahan, W. Delahanty, Prof. Bingham, Prof. Anderson, and Profs. Fitzpatrick and Colfer. There was a number of representatives of the Montreal Watch Case Company, including Wm. Alberts, Wm. Masson, J. Genile, J. Woods, W. McMurray and a number of other prominent citizens.

THE LATE MR. CORNELLE LORGE.

One more of Montreal's pioneer citizens has gone to his reward, and it is our painful duty this week to announce the death, at the advanced age of seventy-three years, of Mr. Cornelle Lorge. The sad event took place on Wednesday last, the 9th instant, at his residence, No. 72 Carrières street. The funeral and solemn services were held on Friday morning, the 11th. The requiem Mass was chanted in the Church of the Infant Jesus, St. Louis de Mile End. The Rev. G. D. Lesage officiated, and the deacon and sub-deacon were Rev. M. Constant and Rev. J. Desnoyer. A choir of one hundred voices from the Christian Brothers' School lent an impressiveness to the scene and a grandeur to the service. In the sanctuary were a number of priests from the surrounding parishes and fifty boys from the Brothers' School. The church was most elaborately decorated in the funeral drappings of the richest class, while in the sanctuary the tricolor, interwoven with festoons, was suspended over the scene. The pall-bearers were Messrs. L. G. Jacques, M.D., L. C. Gravel, J. G. Kennedy, J. B. Desautels, L. Derome, and C. A. McDonnell. The chief mourners were the deceased's son, Mr. J. B. Lorge, F. X. Deom, Avela Deom and Arthur Lorge.

The late Mr. Lorge was a native of Belgium and the oldest member of his nationality in Canada. He was one of the leading furriers of Montreal and a pioneer of the retail branch of that important business. Some twenty years ago he retired from active interest in the commercial world, and was succeeded by his son. He always took a great interest in public affairs and established, what was more valuable than his extensive trade, the reputation for honesty, high-mindedness and generosity. He was one of those men whose loss is always felt most keenly by all sections of the com-

munity. In his dealings with the public he was upright, considerate, and universally successful; in his wide circle of intimate friends he was an admired and respected citizen; in his immediate and closer relationships he was a model of kindness, paternal goodness and religious fervor; in his spiritual, or inner life, he was filled with the principles of his fathers, and his charity was in accord with his unwavering and ever hope-inspired Faith. He fought the good fight, fulfilled his mission as God willed he should, left the heritage of an honorable name to his children and went forth to his eternal reward amidst the sincere grief of all who knew him, and accompanied by the consolations of the religion he loved so well. At his funeral service young voices sang the *requiem*, and young features surrounded the altar—a parting tribute from a rising generation to one who had left them an example for their practice and a model for their imitation. R. I. P.

THE LATE MR. JOHN BROWN.

We have this week the sad duty of recording the death of another of our pioneer citizens in the person of Mr. John Brown, of 264 Richelieu Street, St. Cuneogonde. The sad event took place on Monday the seventh instant, and the solemn service was held in St. Anthony's parish church, on Thursday, the tenth. Amongst the chief mourners were a grandson of the deceased—Mr. Francis O'Connor, of Athens, Pa., organist of the Church of the Holy Ghost, in that city; and his daughters, from Boston, Mass. Mr. Brown leaves a family of seven children to mourn his loss; six daughters and one son. He was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, and emigrated to Canada in 1825. After an active life and sixty-nine years spent in this country, with all the consolations of holy religion, and surrounded by loving relatives and friends, he passed from life's battle-field to the eternal reward that awaits the "good and faithful servant." While extending to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy, we voice the prayer of our Church—"May his soul rest in peace."

THE LUDWIG CONCERT.

From a musical point of view the concert given in the Windsor Hall last Friday evening by Mr. William Ludwig, assisted by the choir of the Gesu and a number of local artists, was certainly a success. Mr. Ludwig was in excellent voice, and to those who had heard him previously his contributions only tended to raise him higher in their estimation, while upon those who listened to him for the first time he certainly made a most favorable impression. The choir of the Gesu fully maintained their reputation for excellence. Mr. Edouard Lebel sang "Savourneen Deelish," and later on "Invocation a Vesta," very sweetly, for both of which he was loudly applauded. Miss Terroux contributed two numbers, aria to Gounod's "Reverie" and "The Last Rose of Summer," giving the latter in a manner of which a daughter of Erin might not have been ashamed. Mr. J. J. Goulet played with great delicacy of touch, and proved himself to be a master of the instrument he handled. The ladies were each presented with a bouquet.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whiteners." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whiteners" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whiteners for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whiteners, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whiteners" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

B. RYAN,

22 SHERWOOD STREET Ottawa, Ont.

P. S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purposes, then it will save us the cash of P. O. stamps.

Above the cloud which casts its shadow upon us is the star that sends its light towards us.—Victor Hugo.

ST. VITUS'S DANCE,

Spasms, Convulsions, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Nervous Prostration and those nervous conditions brought on by functional disorders are permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a strengthening nerve and restorative tonic, prescribed by an eminent Physician for all those distressing "weaknesses" and irregularities common to women.



MISS MERKEL.

Mr. ADAM BERK, Albany, Berks Co., Pa., writes: "DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—My sister, Miss Cordelia Merkel, had St. Vitus's Dance. Her head and right arm moved or twitched constantly; she could not walk without being held under her arms. She tried four doctors, but without good. After fifteen months, having been given up as a hopeless invalid, I bought her Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; in two months she was well and strong."

PIERCE GUARANTEES A CURE.

Society News.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

JOHN C. SCHUBERT, HIGH CHIEF RANGER,
ON THE PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

Mr. John C. Schubert, High Chief Ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters, who has been spending a few days in this city, left for Idaho last Wednesday. Mr. Schubert, when speaking of the progress of the C.O.F., said that the Order is growing with extraordinary rapidity; new courts are continually being formed, and yet there are many places where a court could be established and have many members. During last year no less than 140 courts were formed.

In view of the great enlargement which is continually taking place in the order, Mr. Schubert and a few others have been agitating for home rule for the Quebec and other courts distant from headquarters. If this were obtained Mr. Schubert says that the expenses of the courts could be cut down to one-tenth of their present figure. He believes also that the high council, at the convention, would also be able to give better legislation, as a small body can deliberate and arrive at conclusions better than a body of five hundred. To send a delegate from the Province of Quebec to the convention at St. Paul, it costs the society at the least sixty dollars; therefore, about \$6,200 are spent each year, when about \$720 would suffice if the courts had home rule, and instead of so many delegates, one in every 500 attended the conventions.

The C.O.F. numbers 28,000 members altogether, among these six different nations are represented: English-speaking, French, German, Belgian, Italian, Polish and Russian; there are also two courts of negroes; no racial distinctions as to color are made; religion only is the point on which they must be unanimous to be admitted. The C.O.F. has the sanction of many Catholic Bishops, both in the States and here; Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, having especially expressed his belief in the nature of the society, and Bishop Messner of Wisconsin, so far believes in it as to be himself a member of its brotherhood. In some parts of the States the growth of the C.O.F. during the last few months has been phenomenal; this is always the case in districts where the A.P.A. exists. The reason for the Catholics flocking to the standard of the C.O.F. is a protective one; it is not a society for fighting bigots, it is not animated by antipathy to Protestants; but Catholics in A.P.A. districts feel that in joining its brotherhood they will be better able to resist the A.P.A.'s encroachments on their liberty. The C.O.F. was organized ten years ago, with its headquarters in Chicago, which is now its chief stronghold. There are about 10,000 members of the society in Chicago, and all its high officers except one live in that city. Since its foundation, ten years ago, the C.O.F. has paid out in death benefits the sum of \$800,000; for sick benefits, \$300,000; and funeral expenses, \$150,000.

Mr. Schubert is very hopeful for the future of the society, and believes that in a few years it will rank as perhaps the most powerful benefit organization in America.

A meeting of the C.O.F. was held in St. Lawrence Hall, on Wednesday last, to complete arrangements for the transportation of the Canadian delegates to the C.O.F. convention, at St. Paul, Minn., which begins June 5 and ends June 9. The delegates were so well satisfied with their previous trips on the Grand Trunk that they decided to again go by this route to Chicago. From Chicago they will proceed to St. Paul by the C. M. & St. Paul Railway by special train, passing through Milwaukee, and taking up the large Wisconsin delegation. There will be 450 courts represented at St. Paul.

A. O. H.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR BRANCH NO. 2.

Branch 2 of the A. O. H. will hold the election of officers immediately after the return of their delegate from the convention at Omaha, which is expected to take place some time this week. Branch 2, of the A. O. H., has been established about 18 months and already numbers 175 members in good standing and the numbers are increasing very

rapidly. A movement is on foot to hold a monster Irish demonstration some time during the summer; if this can be brought about there is little doubt it will be a success. The members, however, are determined, they say, not to have an excursion for the benefit of the railway companies, but will have their excursion to some near place where an enjoyable time may be spent without absorbing the funds of the society. It will be remembered that the A. O. H. made a good showing in the procession last St. Patrick's day; but by next year they are resolved to make a turn out that will surprise their friends and the public in general.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO REV. FATHER STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.

At the meeting of St. Ann's Young Men, in their Hall on Sunday afternoon, an address of welcome was read to Rev. Father Strubbe, C. S. S. R., it being the first time he had appeared officially since his return from Belgium. There was a good attendance, and the address, which was a splendid literary composition as well as a touching expression of the esteem in which Father Strubbe is held by his young men, was read by Mr. J. J. Casey. Father Strubbe, in replying to the address, said that during the whole time he was away his thoughts were in Montreal; he said what pleasure it gave him on St. Patrick's Day to receive from a lady of his parish a present of some shamrocks, which he wore in his buttonhole, like a true Irishman. He then said that he visited a Dominican Convent in Flanders, in which was preserved a green flag of Ireland. This flag has a history. After the defeat of the Irish by the Orangemen at the battle of the Boyne the flag, which had never been captured, was carried to this convent by some Irish refugees, and it had remained there ever since.

The Rev. Father stated that he held the old flag in his hand and that he offered a hundred dollars for it, but could not buy it. The nuns, however, told him that perhaps some day they would present it to him; then he would give it to St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Several new members were admitted to the society and the meeting adjourned.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

THE SECOND CONCERT A GRAND SUCCESS.

The second concert of the season took place at the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday night. There was a very large attendance of sailors; there was also a number of ladies. Among the citizens present were: The Rev. Father Jones, S.J.; Rev. Father Forhan, S.J.; Mr. R. Martin, President of branch 226, C.M.B.A., several members of the Catholic Truth Society and others. The following gentlemen contributed to the programme: Messrs. Carpenter, Fayne, Collinson, J. Lakin, Fulton, J. Greene, Parkes and others. Mr. G. Parkes, the popular favorite, was there and delivered several of his comic songs in fine style. Mr. Fulton sang several ludicrous ditties in a mirth-provoking manner. He also gave specimens of step dancing, etc. Mr. Fulton is a born humorist and his appearance on the stage, after each encore, was greeted with roars of laughter; Mr. Fulton received a valuable prize for his singing in New Orleans, and he certainly deserved it. During the evening Mr. Carpenter treated the audience to some of his original parodies on the song "Daisy" and others. In these parodies Mr. Carpenter displays considerable facility as a verse maker, while treated from the standpoint of humor his parodies are somewhat more laughable than the original songs. Next week Mr. Carpenter will give an exhibition of step dancing and highland flings, at which exercises he is an adept. The concert was closed by a recitation from Mr. Green, entitled "How Bill Adams won the Battle of Waterloo." Mr. Green is well known as a humorous reciter and the sailors and committee feel much indebted to him for his valuable services.

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

The regular monthly meeting of St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society was held in their hall, corner of Young and Ottawa streets, on Sunday last, 18th May, and was well attended. The President, Mr.

P. Flannery, occupied the chair. After the regular order of business had been disposed of Rev. Father Godts, of St. Ann's Church, made a short address in the interest of the society. There was a resolution of condolence passed on the death of a very old and respected member, Mr. P. Harkin, who died last week. The committee of management were empowered to make arrangements to hold the usual excursion or picnic, during the summer, after which the meeting was brought to a close. The officers of the society held a special meeting after to make the necessary arrangements.

IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the society, held in the hall, 223 McGill street, last week, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers of the society for the ensuing six months: President, Mr. Thos. Kinsella; 1st vice-president, Mr. Daniel O'Neill; 2nd vice-president, Mr. William Grace; secretary-treasurer, Mr. James Inskip; collecting do., Mr. John Davis; assistant collecting do., Mr. Wm. Inskip; grand marshal, Mr. John Dwyer; assistant marshals, Messrs. Patrick McGovern and Jas. Keegan; auditors, Messrs. Arthur Jones, Patrick Corbett and Michael O'Brien. The treasurer's and auditors' reports were read and showed a good balance in favor of the society and gave general satisfaction. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the retiring president and secretary.

A BOGUS "NUN" CONVICTED

Sensational Exposure in Glasgow.

At the Eastern Police Court, Glasgow, recently, Sarah M'Cormack, a young girl, 18 years of age, was charged with falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition in so far that she had fraudulently represented that she had been a "white nun" in Lanark Convent and had delivered a series of addresses in the Glasgow Globe Theatre, on her alleged experiences in convents. A Gospel Army captain, called Samuel Evans, was concurrently charged with inducing many persons to pay for admission to the addresses.

The court was crowded and great excitement was shown in the proceedings.

Hugh O'Neill, the first witness, stated that he had been the foster father of Sarah M'Cormack. From the time she was ten years of age she worked at the mill until taking a distaste at the mills, when she went to domestic service in Glasgow. He knew her history intimately from the time he took her out of the workhouse, where she was until ten years of age. She never had been a nun.

Sister Theresa O'Farrell, superioress of Smylum Orphanage, denied that M'Cormack had ever been in Lanark Convent.

Thomas Walker, her uncle, declared the girl never had been a nun.

Several witnesses gave evidence of having paid for admission to the Globe Theatre to hear the "white nun's" revelations, which a placard described as "shocking revelations—tricks and quirks of priests' lives, and the horrors of the convent exposed by the converted nun." The revelations were scandalous. M'Cormack "revealed" that disobedient nuns were hung from the ceiling—some by the head and some by the heels (laughter.)

John Banks stated that he offered to prove to Evans that M'Cormack was a fraud, but he refused to listen to the proof and to a telegram from the Lanark Convent denying that M'Cormack ever was in that institution.

Frederick Tierney stated also that he offered to prove that M'Cormack was a fraud, but Evans would not listen, and threatened that if witness or any other person attempted to expose the sham nun in the hall Evans would have them "seriously shifted" (laughter.)

Mrs. M'Lennan, a Protestant and the last employer of M'Cormack as a domestic servant, informed Evans that she was a poor helpless creature and not to be relied upon even for her honesty. Witness also proved that M'Cormack could not have been in a convent for eighteen months, as alleged. She told Evans that the girl's statement could not be relied upon, and directed him to find out the truth from the girl's relations. She could not believe anything the girl said.

George Ball stated that he saw Evans hand over the book "Maria Monk" to the woman M'Cormack. He said to her,

"Read and study this all day, so that you will have something to say in the meeting, as you seem very ignorant" (sensation). Evans also bought in a Glasgow shop the white veil worn by M'Cormack (laughter.) The day "Maria Monk" was given the girl witness asked one of Evans's men, "Is that where the white nun gets her information from?"

Thomas Scott, one of his men, stated that Evans received the drawings of the meetings. Accused paid M'Cormack once 30s, and again 20s—in all £2 10s. Witness saw the girl M'Cormack read "Maria Monk," but he did not see Evans specially give her the book. Witness "run" the "white nun" after Evans had dropped her. Witness added he would not take the proofs of M'Cormack's fraud simply because the informants were Roman Catholics (laughter), and would say any lie against a Protestant (hisses.)

W. Fitzpatrick stated he received the money drawn in the theatre while the "white nun" was there. It amounted to between £50 and £60. That was accounted for to Evans. The girl M'Cormack got £1 (laughter.)

Witnesses were then examined on Evans's behalf.

Sarah M'Cormack was then put into the box. She said that when she went to the "General" he offered her 10s per week. She had no desire for money herself. "General" Evans determined to make the price 6d and 3d, but as the people would not come in he lowered it to 2d (laughter). The place was perfectly packed for 2d; for 3d it was less crowded, but for 6d only the body of the hall was occupied. She represented herself as a nun to Evans. The latter told her to read "Maria Monk" and "Edith O'Gorman," to try to get out of them something she could say at the meeting.

Baillie Murdoch, in passing sentence, said M'Cormack had pleaded guilty, but she was young, and it was her first offence. However, they wished to show their horror of such a crime as she had pleaded guilty to, and they must inflict a penalty of seven days' imprisonment. Regarding Mr. Evans, they thought his judgment was warped, and that he had been too anxious to refuse to listen to some of the witnesses, because they were Roman Catholics. He had acted wrongly, but they were inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt, and find the charge in his case not proven.

M'Cormack wept as she left the bar, and on emerging from the court-house Evans was hooted by a large crowd. The leniency of the sentence on M'Cormack for vilifying a religious order is considered by many as a miscarriage of justice. Great credit is due to Detective Gordon for his conduct in tracing M'Cormack, and to Messrs. D. J. Quinn and Walter Conway, who worked up the case.—Cork Examiner.

FATHER ELLIOTT'S BRAVERY.

Edward Hill, of St. Louis, Mich., late Colonel of the Sixteenth Michigan Cavalry, in a letter to the New York Tribune, gives the following interesting information concerning Father Walter Elliott, the distinguished Paulist missionary.

"Father Elliott's invitation to the G.A.R., published in the Tribune of March 28, inviting James H. Kerwell Post to the memorial services in the Church of the Paulist Fathers, recalls Father Elliott's heroism as a soldier and the patriotism of his family.

"At the battle of Chancellorsville, Father Elliott, then a beardless boy, a private in the Fifth Ohio Volunteers, returning from a detail of duty, could not find his regiment, which had changed its position in his absence. Going at once to the extreme front, where the 16th Michigan then held a line of battle, bringing his musket to a shoulder, young Elliott requested permission to fall in with the regiment as he wished to be reported "on duty," fighting when the battle raged the fiercest.

"Father Elliott lost two brothers in the war. William R. Elliott, captain in the 1st Michigan Cavalry, was killed in the Gettysburg campaign. Major Robert T. Elliott, a brave and most accomplished soldier, was also killed in action while in command of his regiment, at Tolopotomy, Va., on May 30, 1864. I was at his side when he fell, and shall never forget his last words as he was borne to the rear, 'Give me my sword.'"

USEFULNESS.—No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.—Dickens.

POLICE CLOTHING.

Considerable comment has been created by the awarding of the contract for the policemen's outfit for the ensuing two years. As reported in one of the daily papers the committee awarded the bulk of the contract to Mr. Charlebois, although his tender was considerably higher than that of Messrs. Arcand Brothers, and very much higher than that of G. H. Pearson & Co. On the face of it there seems to be something suggestive of great favoritism, and numerous complaints were made to us. We have taken the trouble to interview members of the Police Committee and to see Superintendent Hughes. As a result we find that still opinions are divided. The Superintendent received us very kindly and took the trouble to show us the different samples of clothing; stating, also, that for two years prior to his appointment Mr. Charlebois had the contract. On his assuming office he informed Mr. Charlebois that the materials used were not satisfactory. The latter said that to give better goods he would have to charge higher prices. Since then the higher prices were charged, but the goods were in accordance and gave the Chief and the men satisfaction. He is also opposed to the plan of experimenting in such matters as long as the one who has the contract gives satisfaction. He considers that the coats furnished are worth far more, on account of finish and material, than they actually cost. However, it is the Committee that has the awarding of the contracts, and the Superintendent has only to express his views as to the satisfaction heretofore given. Such is, in substance, that side of the case; and to this the aldermen who were favorable to the granting of the contract to Mr. Charlebois subscribe.

But here comes the other side of the question. In the first place the tenders demand the furnishing of an outfit from each tenderer—which outfit is an entire loss to the one who makes the clothes, if he does not secure the contract. It would be much fairer were the tenders to be accompanied by samples. Moreover, while the lowest tender is not necessarily accepted, still the difference of prices should weigh greatly in the balance. In the present case there is a difference of about \$800 between the Pearson and Charlebois tenders. And yet the latter was accepted. It is said that the cloth furnished is of such a superior quality that it compensates for the difference. The samples were of the same cloth, which is manufactured in the same establishment, and which cannot be got elsewhere. If a contractor gives general satisfaction it is certainly just that he should have his contract renewed—provided all other things are equal. But if his prices so out-strip all others, and that the others have never had a chance of showing what they could do, it is evidently unfair to the members of an important trade to cut them off from all opportunity of giving the same satisfaction—and at much lower cost to the city. There is something that savors too much of monopoly in this to suit the spirit of the times.

One of the aldermen, on the committee, stated that he considered it a real piece of injustice to the community and to the other tenderers. We fail to see why Messrs. Pearson and company should not have had their tender more discussed and more favorably considered. Taking into account the three hundred dollar order that they received we feel that if they had a right to that, on the same principle and for the same reasons, it would be only fair to the city that they should have got the whole contract.

Eight hundred dollars is no small item; the material being the same, and the opportunity of giving satisfaction being only equity, it must have been for reasons that are not given that the tenders were dealt with in the manner reported. There is ample room for investigation into these grantings of contracts, and we are surprised that our enterprising daily press does not make it a duty to find out the ins and outs of the City Hall workings in such matters.

The middle of May has come. We once more remind all subscribers who are in arrears, for more than one year, that on the 1st June next their names will be struck off the list. The delay of one month has been given at the request of a number; but we cannot extend it.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

SATISFACTORY STATEMENT.

The Bank of Montreal statement for the year ending April 30, 1894, was issued at noon May 11th. It shows very satisfactory results, in view of the general condition of trade during the past year. The net earnings are \$1,313,289.80, or a little over eleven percent on the capital stock. Thus, after paying two half-yearly dividends of five percent each, \$113,289.80 is left to be carried to the balance of the profit and loss account, which now amounts to \$804,715.33. The total assets amount to \$53,856,760.92, as against \$51,520,478.50 for the previous year. The liabilities to the public have increased from \$32,224,377.28 for the year ending April 30, 1893, to \$34,448,534.90 for the year ending April 30, 1894.

The only important changes in the present statement from that of last year are a decrease of note circulation from \$5,125,377.00 to \$4,637,189.00 and a decrease in deposits not bearing interest from \$7,556,402.23 to \$6,579,678.10. The shrinkage in those two important sources of revenue, therefore, amounts to \$1,464,912.13. On the other hand, the deposits bearing interest have increased from \$19,542,424.87 to \$23,222,171.88 or \$3,679,747.01.

These latter figures are a barometer by which the trend of business during the last year may be gauged. The decline in circulation and non-interest-bearing deposits are no doubt due to the quiet state of trade throughout the country, while the increase in interest-bearing deposits would indicate a condition of affairs where capitalists had found difficulty in securing safe investments for their accumulations. A new item in the assets is \$2,207,000 in United States railway bonds, which would also indicate the difficulty which the bank itself has experienced in finding profitable investments for the funds in hand.

The result of the business of the bank for the year may be briefly summed up as follows:—

Balance of profit and loss, April 30, 1893.....	\$691,425.53
Profits for the year ending April 30, 1894, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts.....	\$1,313,289.80
	2,004,715.33
Dividend 5 per cent paid Dec. 1, 1893.....	\$600,000
Dividend 5 per cent paid June 1, 1894.....	600,000
	1,200,000.00
Balance profit and loss carried forward.....	\$804,715.33

There has evidently been some delay on the part of customers in meeting their obligations during the year, judging from the fact that the debts secured by mortgage or otherwise have jumped from \$45,206.51 to \$174,681.68, and that the overdue unsecured debts have risen from \$108,818.41 to \$150,952.37.

That the bank should be able to show earnings of only \$11,580.40 less than last year while maintaining a cash reserve of \$5,371,049.68, as against \$4,950,002.58, or an increase of \$421,047.05, indicates the able and economical way in which its affairs are being administered. Taking all the circumstances of the present stagnation in business, the exceedingly low rates of interest and the general want of confidence in the immediate outlook into consideration, the statement is an eminently satisfactory one.

Church Notes

To-day (Wednesday), Friday and Saturday being Ember days, are days of fast and abstinence of obligation.

A general meeting of the Promoters of the Sacred Heart society will meet in the sacristy, at St. Patrick's Church immediately after service to-night.

After Vespers next Sunday, Rosary Sunday, the Rev. James Callaghan director of the Rosary society, will perform the ceremony of the blessing of roses.

Rev. Father Lacombe, the North-West missionary, has issued an appeal on behalf of Mgr. Grandin, Bishop of St. Albert, for priests for the six new parishes lately formed in that diocese.

A drama, the "Fils de Ganelon," in four acts, will be presented to-night at 8 o'clock, in the Hall at St. Mary's College, Bleury street. The play is to celebrate the 11th annual feast of the association of old scholars of St. Mary's College.

Prof. A. P. McGuirk, late choir master and organist at St. Anthony's Church, has gone to Connecticut, to accept a lucrative position as director of one of the leading church choirs. We wish that talented young Irish-Canadian musician every success in his new position.

His Grace the Archbishop will administer Confirmation at the following places to-day and to-morrow: Wednesday, 16—At 7 o'clock at St. Anthony's Academy; at the Sacred Heart, at 8 o'clock. Thursday, 17—At 7.30 a.m., at St. Louis; at 10.30 a.m., at St. Bridget's; at 2 p.m., at Notre Dame.

St. Anthony's Young Men's Society will hold their annual picnic on May 24th, at St. Hilaire. It is expected that a large number will be present. The society is in a most flourishing condition, thanks to the energy and spirit of its members, as well as to the zeal of the Reverend Pastor.

In St. Ann's Church, on next Sunday, there will be a general communion at 8 o'clock Mass, for the young men of the parish, and in the evening a special sermon will be preached to them. The choir is practising a most beautiful programme for this service, and a very large number of young men will no doubt attend.

Rev. Abbe Colin, Superior of the Seminary, presided over the soiree litteraire at the Cercle Ville Marie last Friday evening. Mr. Alex. McCoy, of Le Monde, gave a lecture on "Joan of Arc," which proved most interesting to the large audience present. He strongly defended the Maid of Orleans, and was repeatedly applauded.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre celebrated Mass at the Gesu, Thursday morning, and gave the first Holy Communion to 9 of the students; there was a large attendance of the friends of the young communicants. There was special singing and the church was tastefully decorated for the occasion. After Mass those present were invited to a first Holy Communion breakfast in the college refectory.

The Rev. Father Strubbe, when interviewed in reference to a report which was published in a daily paper, to the effect that a seminary was to be founded in Montreal, stated that it was all a mistake on the part of the paper as nothing whatever has been decided as yet. He said, also, that nothing in this direction can take place, as Quebec is not yet an ecclesiastical province of the order; it is only a vice province, when it is raised to the dignity of a province there is a prospect of a seminary being established.

The Feast of Pentecost was celebrated at the Cathedral last Sunday by a splendid Mass by Riga with strong orchestra accompaniment. At the Gradual, Handel's "Largo;" at the Offertory G. Couture's "Veni Creator," for tenor solo, were brilliantly executed. After Mass Guilmant's "First Symphony" was given in fine style. At Benediction, in the evening, the music was also very fine, the soloists including the following well known artists: Messrs. A. Fortier, Ant. Destroismaisons, P. Gagnon, E. Guillemette, C. O. Lamontagne, F. Pelletier; organist, Mr. R. O. Pelletier; choir master, Mr. G. Couture. Mr. G. Couture gave a most beautiful

rendition of "Schilbert's "Ave Maria." The Tantem Ergo and the "Veni Creatoris Spiritus" were also well and powerfully rendered.

The first branch of the A. O. H. assembled at 7.30 last Sunday morning at their hall on Craig street, for the purpose of marching to St. Patrick's Church to receive Holy Communion. There was a splendid attendance of over a hundred members, each wearing the badge of the society. After Mass they marched back to their hall and then dispersed.

A grand musical Mass was sung at St. Anthony's, on Sunday last, the Feast of Pentecost. Mr. E. Casey was director and Miss Donovan presided at the organ. The soloists were Messrs. Hainault, Charlebois and others. The Rev. Father Donnelly sang Mass. The sermon, by Father Gilboa, was an eloquent and impressive one; the Rev. Father took for his text, Romans, chap. 8, verse 13. "If you live according to the flesh you shall die, but if by spirit you mortify deeds of the flesh you shall live." The substance of the preacher's remarks was the mission of the Holy Ghost in the world, which was to destroy the power of Satan, to deliver the world from the bondage of sin and to strengthen it in the love of Christ.

The Church of the Gesu celebrated the Feast of Pentecost by a special High Mass with full orchestral accompaniment. The Mass was a new one, by E. Silas, and was given for the first time on this continent. This Mass contains many new melodies, and in some parts is very devotional. The rendition of it by Prof. Alex. Clerk and his choir was grand in the extreme. The beautiful strains, in perfect time, which echoed and throbbed through the Church must have made an impression on the congregation which it will take them some time to forget. The following well known musicians were at their very best and certainly added to their reputations: Messrs. Gruenwald, first violinist and leader; F. Bucher, flutist; M. Ross, double bass; Duquette, second violin; T. Leroux, trombone; Mr. J. Dubois, cellist, who played his important score with marked excellence. The devotional and impressive "Agnus Dei," of Wagner, and the "Ave Maria" were surpassingly beautiful. The "Benedictus" quartette, sung by E. Lebel, H. C. St. Pierre, Courtois and Pinsoneault, with chorus by the choir, was very fine. An eloquent sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Desjardins, the subject being the Feast of the Holy Ghost.

ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.

THE ROSARY TABLE.

In addition to the list of valuable donations made to this department of the Bazaar, and published last week, Miss Cassidy has received the following articles:—

- Rae & Donnelly, wicker-chair, from Hong-Kong, China.
- Dr. Edward J. C. Kennedy, stone china tea set (extra fine).
- Miss Ann McDonald, portraits of Rev. P. Dowd and Rev. J. Quinlivan, with morocco frame.
- Mrs. Gerald Doyle, silver knife and butter plate.
- Miss Emma Doyle, hand-painted bowl, pair of head-rests, in pink satin, and hanging basket, in fancy colors.
- Mrs. James Murphy, case of silver teaspoons (½ dozen).
- Miss Annie Roach, pair of fancy vases.
- Mrs. Patrick Mahony, enameled-cased clock.
- Mr. Thomas Doherty, chest of tea.
- Mr. Theodore White, jewel box.
- Miss Rose Carey, pair of colored fancy vases.
- Miss Margaret Rafferty, fruit dish (glass).
- Miss M. Quigley, hand-painted handkerchief case, blue and white satin, with a pretty view of the rising sun.
- Miss McDonald, picture of St. Ignatius.
- Mrs. J. McDermott, five o'clock tea set.
- Mrs. S. Young, fancy tea-pot, alarm clock and pair of brackets.
- Mrs. Charles McKenna, hand-painted tea set.
- Mrs. H. McGlynn, piano lamp.
- Miss Onagh Kane, willow-pattern tea set.
- Rubenstein Bros., silver pickle jar.
- Mr. J. G. Kennedy, musical zither, with 8 airs.
- Mrs. P. A. Duffy, framed pictures of Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

A GRAND SERMON

BY REV. FATHER MCCALLEN, S.S., OF ST. PATRICK'S.

The Feast of Pentecost—The Descent of the Holy Ghost—Almsgiving—The Decoration of God's Temple.

"And when the days of Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in the same place. And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a mighty wind coming; and it filled the whole house where they were sitting, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." (Acts II., 1-4).

On this solemn day of Pentecost, beloved brethren, did the Holy Spirit of God descend on the Apostles and on their disciples of the first infant church, in the little upper room at Jerusalem, to begin on earth a work which is only to end when the last sanctified soul is brought face to face with God in eternal glory. It is impossible in one short discourse to portray adequately the action of the Holy Spirit in the Divine economy of the Church—enlightening minds; moving hearts; strengthening weak human wills; making holy the immortal souls which have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ; teaching all truths; preserving and protecting the precious deposit of Faith; and abiding with the church forever. What I wish to do is to call your attention briefly to the action of the Holy Spirit in two of His temples here on earth—one this material temple in which you worship, the other the spiritual temple of your souls. Of the first we may truly say what was said of the first little church of Jerusalem, that the Spirit of God "fills the whole house where you are sitting; and of the second, in the words of St. Paul: "The temple of God is holy, which you are." (1 Cor. III: 17).

Now these thoughts are of intense practical interest at all times, but especially on such a feast as that of Pentecost, and in the circumstances in which we now find ourselves. At the present moment, the priests and people of this parish are engrossed in the one thought and desire of making this material temple worthy of the God who dwells in yonder tabernacle, and of the Holy Ghost, whose action herein never ceases. At the same time our desire must ever be to make both body and soul worthy temples of the living God. With regard to the decoration, the beautifying of this material temple, you have no need of my exhortation to take up and carry on the grand work to successful completion; for you are proving that this new appeal, which has been made you has been received like all those which preceded it, with that enthusiastic zeal and generosity which by common consent of the people of Montreal, have always been adjudged the noble heritage of the members of this St. Patrick's parish. In some places it is the rich, principally, who, by munificent donations towards God's works, relieve the poor almost entirely of what ought to be the grateful burden of church building and church decoration. In other places, the rich seem to forget their duty and their privilege, and leave to those less wealthy but more generous the task of making God's home on earth as beautiful as their moderate means will allow. But with us it is not so! Here rich and poor, young and old, all do their duty; all realize their privilege; no one shirks his responsibilities.

Is this flattery, or is it fact? Let us see. You have already been told of the little boy, five years old, who, receiving a penny, came in all the simplicity of childish innocence, and, addressing your pastor, said: "Father, here is a cent to paint your church with." When I heard this touching incident, my thoughts travelled back many hundred years, and I beheld in spirit a poor widow going up to the temple of Jerusalem, and casting her mite into the treasury. And I saw the Divine Master calling his Apostles aside, and heard Him commending her generosity: "Amen, I say to you, this poor widow has cast in more than all they who have cast into the treasury. For they all did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living." (Mark XII., 43, 44) I have no doubt God will bless that child and all the children of this parish, who are putting aside their offerings that they too may help to decorate the parish church.

The Rev. speaker then quoted other facts of donations made to the Bazaar b

people of moderate means, by those who were wealthy, as well as by the male societies of the parish, and continued:

Thus from all sides comes the cheering news that young and old, rich and poor, men and women, are enthusiastically engaged in God's work. And those not of our Faith, now, as in the past, are seconding the efforts of their Catholic neighbors to make the Bazaar a success, some of them with a princely generosity beyond all praise; while the ladies under whose auspices the work is being carried on are untiring in their efforts, as they always are when such labors are committed to their charge. Am I not then free from flattery, when, in presence of such facts, I say to you to-day, you need no exhortation from me to excite either good will or generosity on your part towards the Bazaar.

But may I not, usefully, on this solemn day of Pentecost, tell you how noble, how appropriate, how pleasing to God are your efforts to beautify the temple in which the Spirit of God dwells, and in which His Divine action is constantly exercised? What a consolation for the little children, the poor, the men and women of moderate means, the rich, to be able, with the psalmist, to say, and to say truly and practically: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." And is this not really God's house? Does not Christ dwell in yonder veiled sacrament as really and truly as He does in His unveiled presence at the right hand of His Father? Are not the holy words of Scripture which form the basis of all our instructions, of all our exhortation, from this pulpit, dictated by the Spirit of God? And does not the action of that Divine Spirit accompany our poor human words, and vivify and warm and fructify the blessed seed thus sown in your hearts? Is it not the grace of the Holy Ghost that removes in Baptism the stain of original sin, and through Penance cures the no less cruel wounds made by actual sin in souls? Does not the Divine Spirit descend in Confirmation, bearing to your children his seven-fold gifts? Does not that Spirit, after the Real Presence in holy communion is gone, dwell in your souls by His grace, as in His chosen temples? Is there a good thought that rises in your minds, a prayer that issues from your lips or a resolution that proceeds from your wills, in this holy place, which is not suggested, accompanied, and perfected by the action of the spirit of God? Oh! is not this a noble undertaking in which we are engaged of making this church a fitting place for the spirit of God to live and act and accomplish his Divine work! "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

Speaking of the value of sacrifice in almsgiving, the Rev. speaker recalled what he had previously suggested as a means of raising money for the decoration of the church. If the two thousand men of the parish, he said, were during the month of May to forego but one cigar a day, and put aside the value in cash, the sum thus realized would be for each individual \$1.50 or a total of \$3,000 on June 1. If the two thousand ladies of the parish would consent during this same month of May to spare in the price of material for dress or of vain and superfluous ornamentation a similar sum of \$1.50 each, we would have other \$3,000 or a total of \$6,000, the result of a little sacrifice made for God's own sake. Further, if the two thousand men would consent to continue the same sacrifice from June till Christmas, they would be able on that day to offer as a gift to their new born King \$3,000 a month or in the six months \$18,000, and if the ladies during the same period only spared in their purchases one-half of that amount—75 cents a month, or \$4.50 during the six months—their Christmas gift to our Lord would be \$9,000, making a grand total of \$27,000. This sum, added to the \$6,000 saved during May, would make in all \$33,000. With this we could fresco the entire church and surround the outside property with an iron railing as well as adorn the grounds. Then we might say good-by to bazaars. No one would be the poorer, but richer, spiritually at least, and I will go farther and add, temporally also; for God will not be outdone in generosity, but will reward a hundred fold the sacrifices made for his sake.

And it would after all only be giving to God what he has a right to demand. "What shall I return to the Lord for all he has rendered to me?" He has given

me life, health, a happy home. He has guarded, protected, increased my little savings. Is it too much that I should take a part of that life and health and devote them to gathering offerings for the glorious work of adorning His home on earth? Is it too much for me to set aside a little portion of my earthly possessions to enrich His earthly poverty?

Again, what a consolation do we not find in the thought that we wish God's home on earth to be more beautiful than our own? Just as David, who, being prevented, by the many wars in which the people of Israel were engaged, from building a temple to the Lord (this privilege in God's providence being reserved to Solomon, his son), felt ashamed that while he dwelt in a palace the Ark of the Lord rested under a tent, so may we feel ashamed that other heavy burdens that had to be borne have delayed this our work of church renovation. "Dost thou not see," complained this great king, to Nathan, the prophet, "dost thou not see that I dwell in a house of cedar, and the Ark of God is lodged within skins?" (II Kings VII., 2.)

When I look, O Lord, do I seem to hear the men of means exclaim: when I look on my own home and view its tinted walls, its handsome furniture, its well appointed drawing room, its rich table service; when I remember that to Thee I owe all, that Thou hast given all, and with the rapidity of the lightning flash canst take all away; when I recall Thy greatness and my own lowliness, Thy sanctity and my own sinfulness; when I contrast the richness of my home with the poverty of Thine, I feel that love, gratitude, and the high sense of strict duty will make the sacrifice, of some portion of that which Thou has so abundantly given, easy and agreeable; because, "O Lord, I love the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

But, dear brethren, while these are, as they ought to be, your sentiments, do not forget that other temple of your souls, dearer to God than the material temple whose decoration you so generously undertake. This church has been built with human hands and will one day crumble to pieces; but your souls are the direct work of the Divine Architect and Builder, who has made them to His own image and likeness and endowed them with immortality. Time will work its ravages on these material walls which surround you; the beautiful colors which will adorn them, will lose their lustre, become dimmed, and fade away. But if you place no obstacle to the Divine action of God's Holy Spirit, your souls will always shine with undimmed lustre, always glow with the luminous presence of the divinity, always attract the benignant regard of the God who made them, always send forth in exterior practice and conduct to edify the neighbor, the reflection of the christian virtues in which they abound, and by which they are embellished, till, by the continued action of the Divine Spirit, and your own co-operation, every blemish has been removed, the slightest stain blotted out, the last spiritual ornament added, the last finishing touch given to the spiritual building. And then, God, whose temple it is, will find it too holy for sinful earth and transport it to the inner sanctuary of His own great temple in heaven.

Let each one of us, as we make our offering to this great work of church renovation, do so through love, for the beauty of God's house, and the place where his glory dwelleth, knowing, that by so doing we shall have a better right to claim from Him an eternal home in Heaven. Let us also invoke the Divine Spirit to take up his dwelling in our souls as in his rightful temple; let us beg Him to illumine, instruct, strengthen, beautify and enrich them with his seven-fold gifts, till in God's appointed time they may be borne by angels' hands to the very throne of God, there to adore and bless and praise the Divine Spirit, whose help and grace have brought them to the bliss and joy of Heaven.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION—IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES.

On Thursday morning, at 7.30 o'clock, over 200 children and nearly 50 adults received Holy Communion for the first time; the task of instructing and preparing the children for this great event in their lives was undertaken by the Rev. Martin Callaghan, S.S. In the evening

the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered by His Grace Archbishop Fabre. The occasion was one of grand solemnity and the sight was a very beautiful one. The little girls, all arrayed in their emblematic white dresses, with long flowing veils, and the boys, neatly attired in black, with each a first communion badge on his breast and a white ribbon bow tied on his arm, made the scene most touching and edifying. There was a very large attendance of the friends and relatives of the children, every seat in the church being occupied.

Two hundred and thirty-five communicants received Confirmation; fifty-one of these were adults and forty-five of the fifty-one were converts; there were also nineteen little children from the Orphan Asylum.

Father Martin Callaghan commenced the services with an address to the children upon the subject of the significance of the great sacrament which they were about to receive. Mrs. Sadlier, the well known Catholic writer, and Mr. A. Wood acted as sponsors for the communicants. Canticles were sung during the service, the Rev. Fathers James and Luke Callaghan singing the solo parts and the whole congregation joining in the choruses. The Rev. Father Quinlivan delivered an appropriate sermon, addressed mainly to the children and adults who had just spent the happiest day of their lives. By Baptism they had been admitted to the fold of the Church; by Confirmation they had been confirmed in their faith. Some of the rev. father's young hearers, many of them he hoped, had preserved themselves in the sinless condition in which baptism had left them. How happy they should be! How they should strive to preserve that stainless purity of soul up to the end. Those who had fallen from grace could

always,
NO MATTER HOW GRIEVOUSLY THEY HAD SINNED,

obtain that pardon which God, in His infinite mercy, extended to all repentant sinners; but notwithstanding this, let them remember that when the bloom of baptismal innocence had once departed, it could never be entirely restored. Two men might be to all appearances equal in bodily strength. They might have the same apparent power of endurance, the same agility, the same skill in defending their persons against attack. Yet, on examination, it was found that the body of one was free from mark or blemish, while the other's was covered with scars, the traces of deep wounds now healed, but not to be entirely removed. The power of the former of these men to resist assault would, on a sufficiently severe test being applied, be found superior to that of his less perfect brother. As it was with the body, so it was with the soul. The soul unspotted with sin could better resist the attacks of the enemy than could that whose armour had once been pierced. Let the rev. gentleman's hearers, then, avoid all occasions of sin as they would the pestilence. Let them avoid places devoted to sinful amusement as they would houses infected with some fell disease. The Rev. Father concluded with a reference to the beauty and happiness of the sacerdotal and monastic professions. Among no people, perhaps, so much as among the Irish, was the calling of the priest so highly honored, and happy indeed were the Irish parents whose son or daughter devoted himself or herself voluntarily to a life in the service of God. Parents were urged to encourage and foster any inclination which their children might manifest in favor of a religious life. But no attempt should be made to force their inclinations. As it was bad to deny a child permission to follow the priestly calling, if he had a vocation therefor, so it was bad to attempt to force a child into the ranks of the clergy, against his own will.

After the sermon, Miss Mary Kennedy sang a hymn "To Mary" in excellent style. Benediction was then given, the Rev. Luke Callaghan acting as soloist and singing the "O Salutaris." On Sunday, the children who had made their first Communion on Thursday, together with some other children, in all three hundred, took the total abstinence pledge until they were 21 years of age. The Rev. Martin Callaghan administered the pledge and explained its nature to the children.

To call in question God's power to perform a miracle is not blasphemous only, but idiotic.—Jean Jacques Rousseau.

A GRAND ORATION

ON THE LATE BISHOP O'FARRELL,

Preached at the Month's Mind, May 4th,
by Rev. Father A. P. Doyle, C.S.P.

—A Glowing Tribute to the
Dead Prelate.

Our readers will thank us for giving the full text of Father Doyle's beautiful sermon on the life of the late Bishop O'Farrell. Both the preacher and the subject of his theme have special claims on Montreal's gratitude and remembrance.

To the Christian who is thoroughly permeated with a religious sentiment the grim monster, Death, has no terrors. It is but an awakening into a new and a better life. Christ in his resurrection has robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory, and has become the first-fruits of them that sleep. Though death is a resistless tyrant, and the frail body seems to wither in its grasp, yet the grave opens not to swallow up that which cannot die, but to make straight the way to God, where to exist is pleasure; to live is to be sustained by the divine hand, to glory in the divine light, and to revel in the divine love. The bed of death is a couch on which the faithful ones of Christ sleep in the Lord, resting from their labors, awaiting the resurrection morn in the hope of a blessed immortality. The shroud, which brings only a shudder to the heart of the votary of pleasure, to the Christian becomes a wedding garment with which the bride adorns herself awaiting the coming of the bridegroom. The bier around which we gather in sorrow and weep our silent tears is but the car of triumph carrying the soul out from the prison-house of this world into the celestial Jerusalem, where it shall no more hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall on it, nor any heat, and where God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes and shall lead it to the fountains of the waters of life (Apoc. vii., 16).

We are gathered together to-day to pay the last tribute of affectionate respect to one who labored among us as the great high-priest of God, one who walked in God's sight as becometh a great Christian Bishop, who, having perfected his days on the earth, his generation rolled away from him as a shepherd's tent, and he was gathered unto his fathers. It is sad to lament the taking away of any one, but when the angel of death comes unto the sanctuary, and ruthlessly violates the anointed of the Lord and extinguishes the brilliant light of the candlestick on the altar, then our grief is doubly sad. And as we recall the casket with its precious burden, which lay here before this altar but a short month ago, the deep solemn lesson which death always teaches, and the piercing grief which the snapping of the close ties of friendship and love always brings, are renewed again in our hearts; but to-day all this is moderated by the thought that, having fought the good fight and kept the faith, he has gone to enjoy that title of justice which the just Judge has laid up for him, and we can calmly measure the extent of our loss, and estimate the gap made in the ranks by the taking away of a great leader in Israel. When death first comes we are so stunned by the blow, and our grief is so great, that we know no other sentiment than sorrow, and it is only when time heals the wounds and dries the tears from our eyes that we can see the extent of our loss.

The main facts of Bishop O'Farrell's life are as follows: He was born sixty-two years ago in the city of Limerick. He made his studies at All Hallows and at St. Sulpice in Paris. Later on he identified himself with the Sulpicians, became professor of dogmatic theology in Paris and in Montreal, until, his health being impaired, he went out on the missions. He spent eight years of active missionary life in Canada. He then became identified with the Archdiocese of New York, serving first as an assistant at St. Peter's, later on as pastor at Rondout, and subsequently was recalled to old St. Peter's to be its pastor until his elevation to the episcopate. The latter event took place in November, 1881. Since then his coming in and going out have been known to you all, and his life has been as an open page, finding favor both in the sight of God

and his fellow-man till the day of his death.

These are but the outlines, and some day or other the careful biographer of the first Bishop of Trenton, with a sympathetic touch, will go over these facts and fill them in, and give us a portrait of the real man.

He will gather the little incidents of his boyhood days, and will see in each and every one the promise of future greatness; he will collect the stories of his youth at school, and point out the first traces of that strong mind that made him in after years a bright and shining mark among the many lights in the hierarchy of the church. He will paint the picture of his early surroundings that gave him such a deep and lasting love for the land of his birth, the beauty of river and dell, the greenness of the verdure, the sweet song and poetic legend, the famous old historic towers and the trailing vines, and the sweet, innocent home-life of the peasantry.

He will swell the harmony by striking the minor chord, and tell of the scenes of desolation amid which he grew up; the roofless cathedrals, the ruined abbeys, the desolated homes, showing that Ireland has been a nation consecrated to an unutterable sorrow. Weeping she had wept the long night of persecution through, and tears were on her cheeks, and there was none of all the nations of the earth to console her. Little wonder, then, that, though he had gone into exile and his lot was cast in other lands, still his heart was back in the lovely little legend-haunted isle beyond the sea. Little wonder, then, that he knew her beautiful legends so well, and could almost call by name her towers and holy wells. Little wonder, then, that her history was known to him as he knew his prayers, and when Froude, the perverter of history, came here giving voice to English lies, daring any one of the army of the living God to come out to meet him in single combat, he found a David in Father Burke; but it was Father O'Farrell, the quiet, unassuming parish priest of Rondout, who furnished the stones and fitted them in the sling that laid the giant low and put an end to his lecture course. Little wonder, too, that when he himself was called to speak of Ireland's history, though his eloquence was not that of a Tom Burke or of O'Connell, yet his heart was in what he said, and scarcely could he tell of Ireland's woes; so deep was his love that his heart would fill to overflowing, and abundant tears would flow from his eyes.

The biographer will not pass unnoticed the years of his seminary life at All Hallows, and later on at St. Sulpice, when the broad and strong foundations of sacerdotal virtue were laid, when the good habits of priestly life were so formed that they became a part of his very being—so much so that they were not and could not be laid aside even when the multifarious duties of a busy city pastor, or the compelling functions of the episcopal office consumed his days and nights; when he acquired the deep love for learning that made him one of the best known book-gatherers in the priesthood. The keepers of the old bookstalls in New York knew him well. His was a familiar figure at all the book stores, and his own library was the most select, and at the same time the largest private collection in the country. The Catholic University at Washington has reason to be grateful to him, and to keep his memory in benediction, for the large additions to be made to its library. Nor will the one who writes his life forget the years spent in the seminary as a professor of theology, training the young levites. The devout Catholics, too, of Montreal and St. Peter's can testify to his kind, fatherly care of their spiritual interests; how he went in and out among the poor, bringing to them the consolations of religion, and relieving, not merely their spiritual sickness, but their bodily wants as well.

Believe me, the office of parish priest in a large, busy city parish is no sinecure position, if its duties are conscientiously performed.

There is one way, of shutting one's self in a pleasant library amid the companionship of books, enjoying all the emoluments of the office, and relegating to assistants all its duties. There is another way, of being a real father to the poor, a spiritual physician to the tempted, an instructor of the ignorant, a consolator of the afflicted. To be a real pastor of the flock, one must be in touch with the people; must have a kind, sympathizing heart, which will draw the poor

and afflicted to him; must be willing to spend and be spent in the service of the Lord.

That Father O'Farrell was all this, the Catholic people of New York City and Montreal will gladly testify.

To fill out all these phases of his life in fullest detail will be the pleasing duty of the one who writes his life. But to you, dearly beloved brethren, who have known him as the first Bishop of Trenton, you, to whom he has come in the maturity of his years, with the glad oil of consecration on him, to be more than your friend, to be your father—you need no biography to tell of his numberless kindnesses, of his wonderful devotion, and of his upright and holy life.

He was to you a Christian Bishop in the fullest sense of the word.

The office of a Bishop is one of the most exalted to which God can call any man. It is the plenitude of the priesthood, and, as the priest is another Christ, so in a deeper sense, when through the splendid ritual of the spiritual espousals Holy Church elevates a man to the dignity of the episcopal office, the Holy Spirit enters into him to consecrate him to the closest unity with Jesus Christ—to call him to the highest state of exalted sanctity, and to impart to him a power over both the natural and mystical body of Christ marvellous in its extent, even unto omnipotence itself. We all recognize the wonderful dignity of the simple priesthood—to come into the relationship of close friendship with our Lord, to possess the power which the act of saying Mass implies. Great God! it is wonderful when we delay to think of it. A man speaks a few words standing at an altar, holding a piece of bread in his hands, and immediately all Heaven is in commotion. Every angel bows down prostrate before the reincarnation of the Son of God in the hands of the priest, and the Eternal Father Himself accepts the sacrifice of infinite power as a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

But this is only the power of the simple priesthood; in the Episcopal office the priesthood is carried to its perfection. Not only is it the privilege of the Episcopate to speak the word that will consecrate the bread and wine at the altar, but to speak another word, and to speak it with such strength that it will consecrate a man so as to impart to him a power to do likewise. He can send forth into the soul of a man the Holy Spirit to impart to him the marvellous power of the priest, so as to enable him to transubstantiate the bread and wine, and to break the fetters of sin by his absolving power.

To be thought in some sense worthy of this high office evidences no little merit in a man; to be selected and set apart by the Holy Spirit of God for such an exalted station is abundant proof of his fitness.

This fitness Bishop O'Farrell demonstrated by his actual labors. When he came among you he had everything to do, a diocesan organization to create. There were churches and schools to some extent, but the work of evangelization had to be pushed on into the remotest districts. New churches had to be erected, other schools had to be built, institutions for the relief of the poor and the afflicted had to be inaugurated. When he came he found a willing and zealous clergy ready to receive him with open arms, and without their assistance he could have accomplished very little of what he done; but he knew well how to elicit from them, not the unwilling, superficial work of place hunters and time-servers, but the spontaneous homage of generous soldiers who had sacrificed much for God's holy name, and were willing to offer up the last drop if only Christ and Him crucified be preached. The extensive fields were white with a rich and abundant harvest, but the reapers were few. So, with sickle in hand he went himself into the hardest of the work; with boundless energy and unremitting diligence he did the task the Master of the vineyard set him to do.

What success he achieved a comparison of figures will tell. When he came, in 1881, there were but fifty priests and sixty-nine churches; in 1894 there are ninety-three priests and 110 churches. In 1881 there were twenty-four parochial schools with 4,512 pupils; in 1894 there are thirty-two parochial schools with 7,443 pupils. In 1881 there were 104 Sisters; to-day there are 256.

What this wonderful increase cost in prayers and anxieties and labors the angels alone know. One thing is certain, it was not bought without the coming of his very heart's blood. To foster the

young vine of the faith planted in the not over-fertile soil of southern New Jersey, to weed out prejudices which impeded its growth, required years of the most apostolic labor, "in journeyings often; in labor and painfulness and much watchings; in hunger and thirst, in fastings often and in the cold; continuing in those things he had learned and which had been committed to him, being vigilant, laboring in all things, showing himself an example of good works, in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity, preaching the word, exhorting and rebuking with all authority," burning under every scandal which was cast upon his beloved Mother, and waging with error an eternal war.

Little wonder he ingratiated himself into the affections of the people of all classes? Little wonder that when the hand of death smote him down his spiritual children grieved over his taking away as over the loss of a father?

The zeal of his house hath eaten him up. As a great river wears away its banks, so his body, broken with sickness, could no longer stand the strain of the constant fatigues, the long fasting, and the much traveling.

With a mortal sickness on him he awaited the coming of death, feeling that his race was run, and that he had done his full duty to his Master in contending for and earnestly propagating the faith once delivered to the saints. When death came it did not find him unprepared. It alone was necessary to complete the argument of his life. Like the good householder, he had arranged all his affairs, and, with his lamp trimmed, his household affairs in order, clad in the wedding garment, he awaited calmly and peacefully the angel of death. When it came and touched his heart with his cold, icy hand, quietly as a babe resting he slept in the Lord.

Thus has been taken away from us a faithful friend, a wise counsellor, a good priest, and a true Bishop. A great pillar in Israel has fallen; a light has gone out in the sanctuary; the Catholic Church has lost one of its strongest defenders, the American Hierarchy one of its brightest lights, the Diocese of Trenton a wise and zealous pastor, and the sheep of the flock a faithful shepherd.

The children will miss him. It was his delight to go in and out among them. Through that secret freemasonry which passes between children and those they love, they knew the depth of his fatherly tenderness. Their little eyes lightened up and their faces were wreathed in smiles when he came among them. His presence in the school-room was as a gleam of sunshine. As he loved them, and his thoughts by night and day were for the little lambs of the flock, so they loved him. They will wait his coming and look for his kind, genial smile; but no more will he walk among them, for the angel of death hath smote him down and they have carried his body hence.

The people will miss him. When the poor came with their stories of affliction; when the weak want the strong hand of a vigorous character to lift them up; when the man of affairs looks for the prudent counsellor; when the tempted to sin and the sick at heart want the good Samaritan who will pick them up and pour the oil and wine of consolation into their wounds, they will find his door double-barred and locked, and no latch-string out to give them a kindly welcome.

The religious of the diocese will miss him, for a Bishop must of necessity be to them all that a good mother is to her children. In affairs of property and business, in matters of internal rule and external governance, in the deep things of spiritual concern, whom have they to look to but their Bishop? His prudence, his farsightedness, his deep learning, were to them infallible rules of conduct.

His clergy will miss him. Oh! how much a priest depends on the Bishop in the difficult and trying circumstances of his ministry. His position is peculiar, with the Bishop above and the people beneath; if the adjustments are not accurately made, the weight of authority above and the pressure of contention beneath will soon crush out his life. If anything is out of joint, how necessary it is to have the good engineer who knows the workings of all the secret forces, so that harmony may be restored. A priest wants a Bishop who will be a true and steadfast friend; one to whom he can go in trouble for sympathy, and in perplexity for advice; not a hard

master who is ready to trip up the weak, but a friend who, while he applauds the success and rewards the good intention, still is lenient to the fault and looks kindly on the mistake.

The people of other faiths will miss him, though they cannot feel towards him as we do. Yet they saw he was the good citizen who loved his country; believed that it has a great mission among the nations of the earth of diffusing a higher happiness and a larger liberty among all classes. They saw that he was a tower of strength for good order in the community, they saw that this influence was beyond that maybe of any other single man in the community, for not only was he by his position an extensive property-holder, but he had spiritual power which made for high principle, for decency in social relations, for honesty in commercial dealings, which made strong the very foundations of society. To be expected, then, was that outburst of public sorrow manifested at his obsequies a month ago. It was a spontaneous and touching tribute to the elevated character and personal worth of the deceased prelate whom we mourn to-day.

Though his days have been cut off and his spirit fled from the tenement of clay, and no more will we see his kindly presence among us, still his memory will remain green in our hearts. The remembrance of his upright Christian life will be a strong tower against the evil day. Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God, whose faith follow.

Now one word and I am done. Let us not forget him at the throne of justice. Faults that may appear trivial in an ordinary Christian, the fierce white light that beats on the episcopal chair may reveal many a defect to the all-piercing eye of God. A Bishop's responsibility is very great; and though God gives him abundant graces, still He demands a strict account of his stewardship, even to the last farthing. It will be far easier for Tyre and Sidon on that great day than for him. Let us all, priests and people, pray that no evil power may stay his upward flight, and that God will grant unto him a seat of light and refreshment in the many mansions of our Father's house.

APPEALS TO THE CIVIL POWER.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

I observe that the Protestant pastors are out again in arms and on the war tramp and path, determined *a la Don Quixotte* to fight and empty certain houses, and as their burning eloquence and fiery appeals cannot change the hearts and inclinations of their congregations they have resolved to appeal to the policeman's *baton* to break heads and doors. If they confined themselves to their pulpits and meeting houses, and use whatever moral influence they may have, no one could find fault, but the idea of attempting to rehearse the foolish and cranky enterprise of their New York pastor prototype is perfectly ridiculous and absurd—they would only succeed in emptying certain houses and filling others—the evil would remain. They may wish to show to the outside world their zeal for morality, public and private, but they would only manifest how utterly powerless they are, by their very acts, to stay the overflowing immoral tide invading their territory. They are not satisfied with attempting the moral reform of their own Protestant population, but they are going it wholesale; they englobe the whole city in their incendiary zeal, Catholics, Protestants and Jews. Now, we Catholics request them to mind their own business, as we are quite able to attend to our own. As to purity and morality, we have enough to supply their deficiency in that respect. If one of our priests falls away, carried by the currents which they attempt to dam, we know very well we can always find him in the ministerial camp, with a woman *in plus*.

The recourse to the civil authority to enforce their preachings shows that the spirit of their predecessors, the so-called Reformers, but more properly styled Deformers—overshadows them, for if the fathers called in the soldiers, gendarmes and executioners to enforce and impose their new tenets, the sons are ever calling on the policemen to carry out their foolish ideas. J. A. J.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

ARRAN ISLES, CO. GALWAY.

An Appalling Condition of Affairs—Famine and Misery Abroad—A Touching Letter.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—The appalling condition of the homeless and the starving on the Arran Isles compels me to appeal to the charity of your readers for assistance. The good and kind public have often relieved Arran in the past, and a sense of gratitude for the kindness received would keep us from appealing to the same source again, but the government of the day callously denied us anything, and the pale-faced people are fainting with hunger. They are in distress through no fault of their own. The beautiful summer which produced such abundant crops in the country parched up and scorched the light sandy soil that scarcely covers the limestone bed in Arran. As a natural consequence the seed decayed in the ground and no crops grew. The potato was a complete failure—either not worth the labor of digging, or did not come above the ground at all.

Here is an instance that is typical of last year's crop on these islands: In the Middle Island a man named Patrick McDonogh, in whose house I sleep when I go there, has a garden in which he sowed seven stone of potatoes. When he dug out the crop last October the whole produce was less than nine stone. When a part of these were ready to go on the fire to be boiled, I myself put my hands into it, and such was the size of the potatoes that I took up forty-three between my hands! Yet in response to our repeated appeals for seed potatoes this spring, in order to prevent another famine next year, Mr. Morley, from whom we thought we might expect consideration, coldly replied that Her Majesty's government had no funds for such purposes, and that an inspector from the Local Government Board reported the distress not general in Arran.

Now I make the following statement, and I challenge any board or government to contradict it: That the average crops on the Middle and South Islands were no better than the crop on Mr. McDonogh's garden, and that on the North Island, up till the first of the present month, the ridges where potatoes were sown remained untouched because nothing grew in them.

Yet, on the 3rd of April, a steamer came here carrying a large force of police, the agent, the sheriff, and these cruel creatures called emergency men, to evict the starving Islanders because they could not pay rent for the land by which they lost their scanty seed and many a hard day's toil.

It was not enough that these poor people should have worked at the land from morning till night, that they should have curtailed their children's meals in order to spare the seed, that their labor and their seed should be fruitless, and their children starving; it was necessary that they should get the rent for the landlord or go out from the homes where their fathers and grandfathers lived before them.

The hungry poor had not rent to give. The cruel alternative was resorted to; and as I write 130 of the destitute poor of the Arran Isles have no roof they can call their own save the canopy of Heaven.

I followed the evictors as they went along from house to house. The scenes I saw I cannot describe, though they are graven on my heart and always before my mind. I saw the scanty furniture torn asunder; I saw the pot of nettles lifted off the fire and left out on the stones; I saw the squalid bedclothes trodden under foot; I saw the heartless evictors laugh at the rags of poverty; I saw the widow and seven orphans wailing for their home; I saw the aged couple bent with the toils and hardships of eighty-four winters assisted out the door; I saw the mother refused the use of the pigsty as a shelter for her children; I saw the old man, who is fourteen years an invalid, laid on his wisp out in the open air; I saw the boy who is stone blind cast out on the trackless hillside, and I saw the infant I baptized last January out in its cradle on the rocks. The sight was pitiful to behold, the mother and six children sobbing around the cradle while the infant smiled towards heaven. Such is the sad condition of things in these remote islands.

The crisis has not come suddenly. It

is not the growth of a week or a month or two months. The late parish priest, early in February, called the attention of Mr. Morley and his local government board to the distress then existing and every day increasing among his people.

Numerous letters passed between himself and Mr. Morley's officials; there was nothing remarkable in the replies he received except that every one of them ended by saying: "The matter is having attention." He went to Dublin Castle to press their claims for seed potatoes, but his appeals were treated with such callous indifference that he returned home broken down with grief and disappointment, and died shortly after on a mission of charity for his starving flock. After he had spent nine days asking and entreating at the Castle he telegraphed the following message to Mr. Morley to London: "Respectfully and most urgently ask if seed potatoes and work be given to relieve my poor people of the Arran Islands. I have to leave Dublin to-morrow."

A week elapsed and no reply. He then telegraphed to Mr. Morley again: "Telegraphed Wednesday from Dublin urgently asking relief; appeal unanswered; contemptuously disregarded; expected better treatment from Mr. Morley on my return to parish. I find distress steadily increasing."

To this the Chief Secretary sent the following reply: "Local Government Board have adopted all the necessary precautions for dealing with any unexpected emergency." This reply, translated into plain English, means: "The poor house is open for your poor people of Arran."

Hence it is, dear sir, when the government has spurned our petitions, when starvation is painted on the pale lank cheeks of our people, when the widow and the orphan, the sick and the blind, the feeble old and the tender young are out in the cold, that I am forced earnestly and urgently to appeal to the charitable public for relief. Fancy 12 human beings huddled together in a little cabin 88 inches wide by 138 inches in length. I have seen them to-day and have measured the cabin; they have not a morsel to eat or a penny to buy it, and yet they were evicted for non-payment of rent. Oh cruel, heartless land agent, this night is cold and rough and wet, and there is many a man, woman and child in Arran that has not a supper to eat, a fire to look at, or a bed to sleep on.

It is heartrending to see the little children sitting where a fire used to be and crying for something to eat, to see the infant carried away to be warmed at the neighbor's fire, to see the mother dying of starvation and her little ones stretched around her, to see the death chamber without a fire, without a bed except a bundle of last year's fern, dried and rotten on the damp floor, without bedclothes and without a chair, but a few stones taken in off the wall.

It is pitiful to see these sights every day and to be forced to turn away one's eyes from God's little ones, because they have not enough clothes to cover their bodies.

It is for them I appeal to the charitable public. I ask them, in charity's name, for God's sake to send me something and to send it quickly.

MICHAEL McDONALD, C. C.

April 24th, 1894.

THREE WANTS.

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, Live in three words, health, peace, and competence."

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IRISHMEN AND THE A. P. A.

AN APPEAL TO THEM TO DEFEAT ITS OBJECTS.

NEW YORK, May 10.—The ancient order of Hibernian's Board of Erin branch is continuing its convention here in Tammany Hall, last evening was given to a debate over the question of amalgamation with the American branch of the order at present holding a convention at Omaha, Neb. It was a heated discussion, vindictive feelings were let loose, and accusations of their rivals were cast around in Donnybrook style by a minority of the delegates. But a majority seemed in favor of amalgamation. A letter from the Parent Board of Erin in Ireland, counselling unity, was read. It advised a determined effort of all "Catholic Irishmen" to defeat the objects of the A. P. A. It was mentioned that the A. P. A. had an enrolled membership of 1,500,000, which was increasing at the rate of 10,000 a week, and that if Roman Catholic Irishmen were to have any voice in the country there must be union in the ranks. Mr. Dolan and Delegate Patrick McCann remarked that no member of any organization under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church could join the Board of Erin. They declined to say whether members of the Clan-Na-Gael or Irish revolutionary brotherhood were eligible.

LYNCH LAW STATISTICS.

The following interesting letter appeared in Saturday's Gazette; it is timely and conveys some very startling information:—

SIR,—In your paper of to-day (Friday) there are some remarks about the frequency of lynching in the United States. There is nothing that is so disgraceful to the States; it shows a weak and corrupt administration of justice. Mob law and lynch law rule only in countries where the official administration of justice is worthless. I have, during the past five years, noted the statistics on the above subject, and I give them, as they may prove interesting. They are taken latterly from the Chicago Tribune. Formerly these figures could be found in American Almanacs, but of late years they have ceased to publish them. It is to be hoped they are beginning to feel some touch of shame:

Year.	Murders.	Execu- tions.	Lynchings.
1888.....	1,517	98	118
1889.....	3,657	98	175
1890.....	4,290	102	128
1891.....	5,909	123	195
1892.....	6,791	107	236
1893.....	6,615	126	200

The figures for 1889, '90 and '91 are published in the World Almanac.

The above shows a state of things that should rouse any decent community to action; but the Americans seem to have no sense of shame on this subject.

The main reason why I call attention to these particulars is that we may see how much better our condition is than theirs; and it is better simply because we enjoy the inestimable boon of the administration of justice after the British fashion. Where justice is administered by elected judges, sheriffs and prosecuting attorneys, elected on a basis of universal suffrage, as in the States, you have the ridiculous travesty of justice that the above figures show. Lynching is unknown in Canada, because justice is well administered. When people advise our annexation to the States we should remember these facts, and treat such advisers as either knaves or fools. G. C. C.

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He will never go to heaven who is content to go alone.

How sweet it is to suffer in doing God's will.—St. Teresa.



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WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1894.

LUCIFERIAN.

Devil-worshippers, or Luciferians, are members of a sacrilegious sect that has recently sprung up in Europe. Their headquarters are at Fribourg, but quite a number of them are to be found in Paris. The fact of such an organization existing is now beyond all question; and it is a fact that baffles comprehension. The story of the crimes that they commit is so horrible that one can scarcely record it without a shudder. They seem to aim particularly at stealing the sacred vessels and securing consecrated Hosts from the Catholic churches and making use of them in a species of mock Mass—a caricature of the Holy Sacrifice—which parody constitutes the leading feature in their diabolical rites. Every week we read of some fresh outrage perpetrated by the members of this body. They rob the tabernacles by night, or else they go openly to the Holy Table, and having received the Eucharist, carry off the sacred species to use in their own hellish services. They acknowledge the Devil as their master; they adore him instead of God, and they dedicate their lives to his service.

It is somewhat difficult to form any theory regarding these Luciferians. No act is ever performed by a man without a motive—be it good or bad; men who act without any motive are insane. There are, consequently, only two conclusions at which we can arrive regarding this devil-worship; either the people who belong to the sect are insane, or else they have some very strong actuating motive. If insane, they should be dealt with by the state; if sane, it behooves us to try and discover what their motive can be. As to the question of insanity we will skip over it. If they are crazy society is not safe while they are at large, and the authorities should take steps to gather them in and secure them under lock and key. But until they give some other evidence of madness it is probable that the law will not interfere. We will suppose them sane, at least for argument sake.

Now what could possibly be the motive of a man who would enter such a society and exercise his ingenuity in devising every species of abominable sacrilege? In this world each one seeks to better his own condition. We all love ourselves, and we all desire to augment our own happiness. There is a species of selfishness that belongs to human nature and which is not always reprehensible. The saint performs penances, works deeds of merit, and voluntarily submits to

humiliations; but behind all that is the ever present desire of increasing or insuring his own happiness. He knows life is short, that eternity is unending; he, therefore, undergoes privations, and performs sacrifices, in order to heap up merits in the next world and secure for his soul the unending bliss of the Beatific Vision. Salvation in eternity is the motive of all his sufferings during time. Another person, who has no faith in God, seeks to enjoy all the happiness that this world can afford, in the satisfaction of his desires; he dedicates his days to the accumulation of wealth, the attaining of honors, or the gratification of his passions. It matters not what he does, his motive always is more happiness. He may be mistaken—but his error of judgment does not destroy the fact of his motive. He may feel that he is most happy when intoxicated; it is true he is only shortening his days, squandering his health, reputation and means; but still it is not for the purpose of dying sooner, of becoming more degraded, or of sinking into poverty that he drinks—it is because he imagines that there is pleasure and happiness in the cup. Consequently every sane man has a motive of improving his prospects—either for here or for hereafter, or for both, when he performs any important action, adopts any mode of life, joins any organization, or takes any steps along the highway of existence.

Presuming then that the Luciferian is sane, pray what happiness, what amelioration of his condition—temporal or spiritual—can he reasonably expect? As far as eternity is concerned he decidedly does not outrage the Body and Blood of Christ with the expectation of unending happiness. He deliberately and knowingly cuts himself off from God, heaven, and all chance of eternal enjoyment. It cannot be argued that he has no faith in an after life; because he acknowledges and adores the devil, while he purposely insults and attacks God. He, therefore, believes in God, in heaven, in reward, as he believes in the devil, in hell, and in punishment. He cannot expect to enjoy any improved condition of existence in hell. In a word, while knowing and believing in all the dogmas of faith regarding the next world, he purposely goes to work to deprive himself of all chance of happiness after this life. His motive must then be a temporal one—some earthly gain, that he foolishly thinks will compensate for an eternal loss.

Now, what earthly motive can he have? Not wealth, for certainly he is not taking the royal road to fortune; not ambition, for his very connection with such a society he knows would be a barrier in his way; not the satisfaction of his passions, for he can wallow in the mire of lust without necessarily taking the trouble to build up a cairn of sacrilege upon his life; not honors, for he is making use of the surest means of becoming ostracised by all men of honor; not prolonged life, for he knows that God, and not Satan, has in His hand the lives of men; not health and strength, for he is wearing out his poor system in the nightly revels of his sect; not oblivion of his crimes, for he is rushing into an atmosphere that constantly breathes the recollection of his iniquities; not peace, for he is voluntarily the victim of constant anxieties; not liberty, for he is running the risk of imprisonment for actual robbery, or sacrilege—or else for participation in both crimes. What then can be his motive?

We may guess it; perhaps vengeance against God. If so—he being sane—what could give rise to such a motive? Having a belief in God, as well as in the devil, he is perfectly aware that he can

in no way injure the Almighty, and that his petty vengeance is merely casting a stone at the sun, a stone that will not go more than a few yards in the air, and will fall on his head and crush him. Then whence this vengeance or hatred? Is it because God drew him from nothingness and gave him life, an imperishable soul, and glorious faculties? Or is it because God came on earth and redeemed him, and secured for him every means of salvation? Or is it on account of God's mercy in allowing him to live, and God's favors in the form of health, strength, sight, hearing, taste, feeling, memory, imagination, speech and the million other boons accorded? We confess that we are unable to find the motive. We know not what the incentive can be. It outstrips our understanding.

The only conclusion at which we can arrive is that the Luciferian is not sane. He acts without any rational motive. He is a being so different from the rest of the human race, that he seeks misery instead of happiness. If so he is a monomaniac on that point. He may become possessed of the devil, and be forced to act by his master. But if he is possessed he is no longer sane. Some people may ask, "why does not God strike such a monster dead?" That we do not know; but we do know that God has some all-potent motive in permitting such crimes and allowing such criminals to live. It may be to show us how far man can go in his folly when under the influence of hell; it may be to give the human fiend a chance of repentance. But be it a motive of mercy or of justice—the fact remains that God permits such beings to exist and to enjoy life, even as he allows the maniac to live on after his reason has fled. The law takes charge of the madman; we believe that it should also deal with the Luciferian as with a wild beast or lunatic. He has no motive for his folly—he must be insane.

AN UNSTEADY JOB.

Some renowned economist (it matters not who he was) once said that "an unsteady job was worse than no job at all." Perhaps he is right; in any case a job that is likely to fail a person at any moment is a very poor guarantee of a livelihood. But when a job is both "unsteady" and unsafe it becomes a source of grave disappointment in the end. Now of all the jobs, trades, professions or whatever you choose to call them, the "ex-priest" or ex-nun one is the most uncertain in point of duration and unsafe in point of future remuneration. One by one these impostors are being unmasked; and so absolutely unreliable have they all become, that even the most ultra-Protestants are growing afraid of them.

In this issue we publish, from the Cork Examiner, an interesting account of the trial and exposure of a so-called "ex-nun," one Sarah McCormack. It appears that she is a poor servant girl about eighteen years of age, who was given a "Maria Monk" pamphlet, by some fellow who thought he had a first-class speculation in her, and who went about striving to imitate the other "ex-nuns." Poor thing; it turns out that she not only was never inside a convent, but that she was too uneducated and too ignorant to learn her lesson and repeat it. The result of all the investigation was simply this: Miss Sarah McCormack lost her job—it was an unsteady one. Our friend Mrs. Shepherd (?) has rendered her "ex-nun" engagements entirely impossible. She will have to turn to some other job. Anyway she has always had unsteady work—probably to correspond with her ideas and principles. She didn't stay long with Mr. Stead,

running about the slums and interviewing loose characters for him—it was an unsteady job. The Salvation Army don't seem to have had much use for her; still she could play the tamborine and shout with a vengeance, and her face and attitude were as brazen as the best of them. No one would ever suspect her of having hidden her modest features behind a veil—of course not, since the only veil she ever wore was one of hypocrisy. Even salvationism proved an "unsteady job" for Margaret Regan-Parkyn-Shepherd. Poor Miss Cusack has dropped into complete obscurity; her last flash of sanity was when she attacked a rival "ex-nun," who had encroached upon her territory. It was a lucid moment, followed by a blackness as obscure as the cloud that preceded it. The "ex-nun" job is fairly played out; the field has been worked too long; there have been too many attempts made by poor imitators; the originality has entirely gone out of the business; there is nothing in it. It would be very wise on the part of these "ex-nuns," who have come late upon the scene, to try dressmaking, cooking, or some other respectable trade, they might make honest livings, and be of some use to the world; and they would have steady jobs.

Maria Monk was not so bad; she had a dash of originality about her. She was as genuine an original humbug, in her line, as ever was Barnum, in his line. Edith O'Gorman did not fall very short of Maria; still she lacked a good deal of Maria's assurance, and she felt, besides, that she was rather late coming out. Despite the fact that she was merely a copy, she succeeded very well. An original line cannot be duplicated; every other attempt must be a mere copy. The "Nun of Kenmare" was the nearest approach to a successful performer in this drama of anti-Catholicity. She paved the way very well by gaining a good and wide-spread reputation for sanctity and patriotism. It was a good card to play; it improved on the Monk and O'German plans. Still, when she became Miss Cusack, her job ceased to be steady. Today she finds herself out of her first job, unable to make the second pay, and without any prospects of a third one.

Here we might incidentally remark that we have no great admiration for or confidence in members of a religious community who make it a point to spread their own names and fame all over the world. They generally have a fall. Publicity and notoriety conflict with that retirement and humility which characterize the true religious. The world is a strong magnet, the devil is a cunning fellow, and the flesh is weak. Vanity is the herald of pride, and pride caused Lucifer's downfall; while pride and lust combined to ruin every one who has—since the first revolt—turned into the ways of error. It is always with great misgivings that we read of a nun's popularity or a priest's fame; that is, while still alive. Of course once the battle of life is fought, it is only just that the grand deeds and wonderful achievements of God's servants should be trumpeted on all sides, as examples and models for others. But it is dangerous to play with fire. On one occasion, after delivering a masterly sermon, after making the aisles of Notre Dame ring with his matchless eloquence, Locordaire went to a little private chapel to pray; a friend found him kneeling before the altar and crying out, "j'ai peur; j'ai peur." "I fear; I fear." "What are you afraid of?" asked his companion. "I dread myself I dread fame; I dread success," said the great orator; "the heights are dizzy, I fear to fall." The great soul of Lacor-

daire was too humble to fall, but its humility alone saved it.

Coming back to the "unsteady jobs," we learn that a number of "ex-priests" will soon have to take to some more honest and honorable mode of gaining a livelihood than by lecturing and lying against Rome. When the feverish feeling of bigotry came upon a portion of the community some time since, and the epidemic of anti-Romanism appeared in our midst, the A. P. A. and kindred organizations sprang up on all sides. "Anti-Romanism" and "ex-priestism" got a boom. Stocks went up. A new profession was suddenly established; an apparently easy and remunerative way of hoodwinking the fanatical section of the public was open to the impostors. While Chiniquy, Hyacinthe and a couple of others held the field, there was something in it; but too many imitators sprang up and the result is that the "ex-priest" has become a nuisance rather than a novelty. These little fellows who try to ape their more notorious models, and who seek—by means of every extravagance and folly—to out-Herod the originators of the trade, have only ruined the business. There is not a "steady job" in any part of the country for an "ex-priest." And what is most discouraging for them is the fact that their own temporary patrons are turning against them. In Des Moines, Iowa, on the sixth of this month, the question arose in the A. P. A. council as to how they were to deal with ex-priests, whose vaporings were only injuring their cause. State Secretary Jackman secured the passage of a resolution, in the state committee, "cutting the order loose from the ex-priests." (Bishop) or ex-priest McNamara vigorously opposed this in the supreme council, but the latter body sustained the state committee. So McNamara, after risking his life in the battle against Rome, after lecturing with fire-arms in his hands, after convincing an audience at the muzzle of a Winchester rifle, after parading his woman—armed to the teeth—on the anti-Roman platform, after being chased by an indignant population, after being tried as a dangerous character and being sent to the martyr's dungeon of a county gaol for one year, after all these sacrifices, bravado, and mountebank fervor, McNamara has discovered that the "ex-priest" business is "an unsteady job." He no longer suits the masters he has been serving and they turn him out. It is so with all such employers. McNamara should have had enough experience of life to know the inevitable outcome of his crazy undertakings. The saloon man will keep the most repulsive creature in his bar-room as long as that being is of use to him and has money to spend; the moment his usefulness is gone, he is mercilessly, heartlessly, hellishly flung out—perhaps to perish. The Devil will befriend the one who is gradually becoming his victim; but won't he everlastingly make that one suffer through all eternity, when the poor fool's usefulness is gone for Satan! The A. P. A. will use the "ex-priest" as long as his ravings suit the purpose; but the job is unsteady, and woe betide the miserable man when his tax-masters turn him out.

THE ZOUAVES.

It appears that General Herbert, commander of the forces, has created no little amount of noise by simply paying a well-deserved tribute of praise to the French-Canadian members of our militia and in particular to the ex-Pontifical Zouaves. It would seem as if a certain class of anti-French and anti-Catholic lip-loyalists would prefer not to have the French-Canadians as defenders of Canada

and of British interests. To rob them of the honor and credit that are theirs, these victims of a fanatical fever would even go to the extreme of making themselves ridiculous and of flying in the face of history. Well, General Herbert—who by the way is a Catholic—and the members of the French-Canadian militia, as well as the ex-Zouaves, can afford to smile with contempt upon these disturbers of the public peace. We have no intention of entering upon a defense of the General or of the men whose loyalty, bravery and services he so justly indicated; they don't require any one to lift a shield for them.

The fact is that the writers and the member of parliament who has grown so warm upon the subject are to be pitied. Imagine a member of the House of Commons rising in his place and asking the Government if the General were rightly reported, what were his words, and what the Government was going to do in the matter? One would imagine that the man would have more sense and would not make such an exhibition of himself, before the whole country, even for the sake of cheap notoriety. A man must have little to do and very small interests to represent when he seizes upon such an opportunity to place himself on record as the mouthpiece of a few ignorant creatures. He must be—like the vast majority of his order—most densely ignorant of the simplest facts in the history of the last quarter of a century; above all, he must know as little about French-Canadians, Catholics, Zouaves, the Pope, Italian feuds, and all such matters, as he does about the French language and the international code.

When the Canadian Zouaves buckled on their armor and went to meet the blackguard crew of the robber Garibaldi, and when they faced the red-shirted banditti at Mentana and before the Porta Pia, they were acting as true subjects of Great Britain—nationally speaking—and true children of the Church—religiously speaking. They went forth with the full sanction of England to defend the rights of a temporal monarch, who was friendly with England—and at whose court was a British envoy—a diplomatic representative of the empire. They fought for the rights and property of that friendly sovereign against a host of murderers, plunderers and traitors. It was not the Italian government nor the Italian people that assailed Pius IX., or robbed the Pontiff of his legitimately acquired possessions; it was a so-called army of infuriated revolutionists, led by the incarnation of hatred and moral degradation. On the fields of Italy the Zouaves did good work and they gave an honorable account of themselves. They were applauded by England, and the most far-seeing and powerful minds in the empire paid tribute to their worth. The soldiers and statesmen of England saw in the bravery, the discipline and the fidelity of the Zouaves a promise for the future stability of Great Britain's power in Canada. They knew that the arms that drove the bayonets in 1859 on the slopes of Castelfidardo, and courage that in later years, climbed the hills and trod the valleys from Castelmare to Rome, belonged to a class of men whose loyalty to Great Britain was as true as steel, and whose lives were ever at the service of this—the fairest portion of the great empire—our Canada.

Let Mr. S. Hughes, M.P., rave away, and ask silly questions; let the anti-Catholic and anti-French press grow purple with vexation; it matters not. General Herbert spoke the truth, and the Zouaves deserve every word he uttered. Faithful, courageous and loyal—

their devotion to their church and the cause of God only proved their attachment to their country and the cause of her rulers.

MATRIMONY.

The British Canadian is very kind to think that we are animated with a better spirit than that of our Church. Anything good that we possess we have taken from the Church, any errors we may commit are the outcome of our individual weakness, and are in opposition to the spirit of our Church. However, our anti-Catholic friend has come down to a fine point regarding marriage. The editor of that organ simply denies that matrimony is a sacrament, and requires that we prove the institution of such a sacrament before presuming upon its existence. If matrimony is a sacrament the editor of the TRUE WITNESS is right in his contentions; if it is not a sacrament, but merely a civil institution, the editor of the British-Canadian is right—and we are wrong. We claim that it contains the three requisites of a Sacrament; Divine institution, outward sign, and inward grace. As to the second (the outward sign) we are of accord; no sane person can deny it. The third (inward grace) depends upon the first one, (a Divine institution). Therefore if it is instituted by Christ as a sacrament, it must be a source of grace. The question then is: Was matrimony raised to the dignity of a sacrament? Tradition, the writings of the Fathers and the words of Christ as recorded in the Scriptures (the Bible itself) are the evidences that can be brought to bear, either for or against. As to tradition—upon which the British Canadian cannot rely, seeing that its creed is of too modern a date to enjoy the benefits of tradition—it carries us back to the very first years of Christianity and potently proves that matrimony was considered a sacrament, even in the catacombs. The Fathers of the Church—one and all—have taught that Christ sanctified matrimony and attached a special grace to it. Many of them speak of it as a sacrament. The Eastern and Western rituals—even the most ancient—have held a place for the sacrament of matrimony. But the Bible itself—Old and New Testaments—furnishes ample evidence of the sanctity of marriage, and the sacramental dignity of matrimony. Leaving aside Genesis, I. and II., let us take the words of Christ: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery, and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery." (Luke x.) If marriage were not a sacrament—merely a civil bond—this command or condemnation would not have been pronounced. In the conservation of the sacramental dignity of marriage the Catholic Church—and she alone—refuses to countenance adultery, even when sanctioned by a divorce decree. Therein is an evidence, in itself, of the holiness and sacramental nature of matrimony. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Ephesians (v. 25), looking upon matrimony as an image of the union between Christ and His Church, calls it "a great Sacrament." The union therefore between the couple who are married must be like that of Christ and the Church—a supernatural union. If so, it must be sanctified by Divine Grace. And the sacrament is the source of grace or sanctification. It is almost useless, however, to prove over and over again that which the British-Canadian would continue to deny. Like Goldsmith's school-master, the editor, is intentionally blind, for,

"Even though vanquished, he could argue still."

One question: which is the more perfect, which tends more to elevate, which is more likely to lead to morality and God—a sacrament of matrimony or a civil marriage?

THE DIVORCE COMMITTEE.

Two applications for divorce have come up before the committee of the Senate of Canada, and after evidence was taken the committee reported in favor of both applications. Perhaps there could not have been two stronger cases than those in question—particularly the second one. W. S. Piper, of Port Arthur, asks for a divorce, because, in 1886, while in Winnipeg, he fell in love with Mary Ann McKenzie, who, without waiting for him to propose, asked him to marry her. On the day previous to the intended wedding she ran off to Selkirk with another man. A week later she wrote him asking him to meet her and marry her. He did as she desired. That evening, after tea, she told him that she had married him to please her friends, and that she would not live with him. She left him immediately and they never lived together. Surely, if ever there were a case in which a divorce could be tolerated it is this one. Yet we must say that, as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, not even such extraordinary conduct on the part of the wife, can give the power to man to cut the knot that only death can rightly sever. It is in extreme cases, very few, very exceptional, of this kind, that the advocates of divorce find arguments in favor of the abominable and anti-Christian practice of putting asunder those whom God has joined together.

We are asked what then is the remedy? Is this man to have his future destroyed? Is he to live on the victim of such a woman? Must he drag his chain of matrimonial slavery after him, until death steps in to either free him of or from his wife? We believe that in such a case the power to grant a separation—from bed and board—and to absolve the husband of all future responsibility regarding his wife, should be exercised. But the undoing of the marriage tie cannot be justified—because no power that is human, no matter by what title you call it—can possibly destroy the effects of the sacrament that has been received. But what of the man? The man had his full liberty; he was not obliged to marry the woman; he should have weighed the case sufficiently to enable him to make provisions for every possible contingency. If he did not do so, then so much the worse for himself. If he did so, he took her "for better or for worse," and must abide by the consequences. He is perhaps far better off, and is likely to be much happier than if she had remained with him. A man marries a girl whom he supposes to be a model of perfection. Whether she is, or she is not, when he is blinded by love he will suppose her to be so. Later on he wakes up to find that she has a bad temper, or that she is careless about her home, or that she does not love him: that man has been taken in, he has been deceived, he is no longer happy, but he took his wife "for better or for worse," he took her to love, protect and cherish her, no matter under what circumstances; he did so of his own free will and in presence of God. He has no right thereby to a divorce. No more has the one who has just obtained a decree from the Senate.

By divorce—in the full sense of the term—we mean a separation that allows either of the parties to marry again during the lifetime of the other. This is contrary to God's law, and no legislature on earth has a legitimate power to pass a law that is antagonistic to a law of Divinity. All the decrees that the Senate can pass—no matter how they may be backed up by statutory provisions—cannot alter the fact that a divorced man, who marries again during the life-time of his first wife, is guilty of sacrilege in receiving the sacrament of Matrimony under the circumstances, and is guilty of adultery in the consummation of that marriage. Argue it as you please, these are the cold facts.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXI. Continued.

"They have got affidavits to show old Gill's life in danger; he is in high fever to-day, and raving furiously; and if he should die, McEvoy declares that they'll be able to send bills for manslaughter, at least, before the grand jury."

"There's more of it!" cried Kilgobbin, with a long whistle. Is it Rogan swears that the fellow is in danger?"

"No; it's Tom Price, the dispensary doctor; and as Miss Betty withdrew her subscription last year, they say he swore he'd pay her off for it."

"I know Tom, and I'll see to that," said Kearney. "Are the affidavits sworn?"

"No. They're drawn out. McEvoy is copying them now; but they'll be ready by three o'clock."

"I'll have Rogan to swear that the boy must be removed at once. We'll take him over with us; and, once at Kilgobbin, they'll want a regiment of soldiers if they mean to take him. It is nigh twelve o'clock now, is it not?"

"It is on the stroke of two, sir."

"Is it possible? I believe I overslept myself in the strange bed. Be alive now, Dick, and take the 2:40 train to town. Call on M'Keown, and find out where Miss Betty is stopping; break this business to her gently—for, with all that damnable temper, she has a fine, womanly heart; tell her the poor boy was not to blame at all; that he went over to see her, and knew nothing of the place being let out or hired; and tell her, besides, that the blackguards that beat him were not her own people at all, but villains from another barony that old Gill brought over to work on short wages. Mind that you say that, or we'll have more law and more trouble—no, notices to quit, and the devil knows what. I know Miss Betty well, and she'd not leave a man on a townland if they raised a finger against one of her name! There now, you know what to do; go and do it!"

To hear the systematic and peremptory manner in which the old man detailed all his directions, one would have pronounced him a model of orderly arrangement and rule. Having dispatched Dick to town, however, he began to bethink him of all the matters on which he was desirous to learn Miss O'Shea's mind. Had she really leased the Barn to this man Gill; and if so, for what term? And was her quarrel with her nephew of so serious a nature that she might hesitate as to taking his side here—at least, till she knew he was in the right; and then, was he in the right? That was, though the last, the most vital consideration of all.

"I'd have thought of all these if the boy had not flurried me so. These hot-headed fellows have never room in their foolish brains for anything like consecutive thought; they can just entertain the one idea, and till they dismiss that they cannot admit another. "Now he'll come back by the next train, and bring me the answer to one of my queries, if even that?" sighed he, as he went on with dressing.

"All this blessed business," muttered he to himself, "comes of this blundering interference with the land laws. Paddy hears that they have given him some new rights and privileges, and no modesty of his own will let him lose any of them, and so he claims everything. Old experience had taught him that, with a bold heart and a blunder-buss, he need not pay much rent; but Mr. Gladstone—long life to him—had said: 'We must do something for you.' Now what could that be? He'd scarcely go so far as to give them out Minie rifles or Chassepots; though arms of precision, as they call them, would have put many a poor fellow out of pain—as Bob Magrath said when he limped into the public-house with a ball in his back, 'It's only a "healing measure;" dont make a fuss about it.'"

"Mr. Flood wants to see your honor when you're dressed," said the waiter, interrupting his soliloquy.

"Where is he?"

"Walking up and down, sir, forenent the door."

"Will ye say I'm coming down? I'm just finishing a letter to the lord-lieuten-

ant," said Kilgobbin, with a sly look to the man, who returned the glance with its rival, and then left the room.

"Will you not come in and sit down?" said Kearney, as he cordially shook Flood's hand.

"I have only five minutes to stay, and with your leave, Mr. Kearney, will pass it here;" and, taking the other's arm, he proceeded to walk up and down before the door of the inn.

"You know Ireland well—few men better, I am told—and you have no need, therefore, to be told how the rumored dislikes of party, the reported jealousies and rancor of this set to that, influence the world here. It will be a fine thing, therefore, to show these people here that the Liberal, Mr. Kearney, and that bigoted old Tory, Tom Flood, were to be seen walking together, and in close confab. I will show them, at all events, that neither of us wants to make party capital out of this scrimmage; and that he who wants to affront one of us cannot, on that ground at least, count upon the other. Just look at the crowd that is watching us already! There's a fellow neglecting the sale of his pig to stare at us, and that young woman has stopped gartering her stocking for the last two minutes in sheer curiosity about us."

Kearney laughed heartily as he nodded assent.

"You follow me, don't you?" asked Flood. "Well, then, grant me the favor I am about to ask, and it will show me that you see all these things as I do. This row may turn out more seriously than we thought for. That scoundrel Gill is in a high fever to-day—I would not say that just out of spite the fellow would not die. Who knows if it may not become a great case at the assizes? and if so, Kearney, let us have public opinion with us. There are scores of men who will wait to hear what you and I say of this business. There are hundreds more who will expect us to disagree. Let us prove to them that this is no feud between Orange and Green; this is nothing of dispute between Whig and Tory, or Protestant and Papist; but a free fight, where, more shame to them, fifty fell upon one. Now what you must grant me is leave to send this boy back to Kilgobbin in my own carriage, and with my own liveries. There is not a peasant cutting turf on the bog will not reason out his own conclusions when he sees it. Don't refuse me, for I have set my heart on it."

"I'm not thinking of refusing. I was only wondering to myself what my daughter Kitty will say when she sees me sitting behind the blue and orange liveries."

"You may send me back with the green flag over me the next day I dine with you!" cried Flood; and the compact was ratified.

"It is more than half past already," said Flood. "We are to have a full bench at three; so be ready to give your bail, and I'll have the carriage at the corner of the street, and you shall set off with the boy at once."

"I must say," said Kearney, "whatever be your Tory faults, lukewarmness is not one of them! You stand to me like an old friend in all this trouble."

"Maybe it's time to begin to forget old grudges. Kearney, I believe in my heart neither of us is as bad as the other thinks him. Are you aware that they are getting affidavits to refuse the bail?"

"I know it all; but I have sent a man to McEvoy about a case that will take all his morning, and he'll be too late with his affidavits."

"By the time he is ready you and your charge will be snug in Kilgobbin. And another thing, Kearney—for I have thought of the whole matter—you'll take out with you that little vermin, Price, the doctor, and treat him well. He'll be as indiscreet as you wish, and be sure to give him the opportunity. There, now, give me your most affectionate grasp of the hand, for there's an attentive public watching us."

CHAPTER LXVII.

A DOCTOR.

Young O'Shea made the journey from Kilbeggan to Kilgobbin Castle in total unconsciousness. The symptoms had now taken the form which doctor's call occasioned; and though to a first brief question he was unable to reply reasonably and well, the effort seemed so exhausting that to all subsequent queries he appeared utterly indifferent; nor did he even by look acknowledge that he heard them.

Perfect and unbroken quiet was en-

joined as his best, if not his only remedy; and Kate gave up her own room for the sick man, as that most remote from all possible disturbance, and away from all the bustle of the house. The doctors consulted on his case in the fashion that a country physician of eminence condescends to consult with a small local practitioner. Dr. Rogan pronounced his opinion, prophetically declared the patient in danger, and prescribed his remedies; while Price, agreeing with everything, and even slavishly abject in his manner of concurrence, went about among the underlings of the household, saying: "There's two fractures of the frontal bone. It's trepanned he ought to be; and when there's an inquest on the body I'll declare it so."

Though nearly all the care of providing for the sick man's nursing fell to Kate Kearney, she fulfilled the duty without attracting any notice whatever, or appearing to feel as if any extra demand were made upon her time or her attention; so much so that a careless observer might have thought her far more interested in providing for the reception of the aunt than in cares for the nephew.

Dick Kearney had written to say that Miss Betty was so overwhelmed with affliction at young Gorman's mishap that she had taken to bed, and could not be expected to be able to travel for several days. She insisted, however, on two telegrams daily to report on the boy's case, and asked which of the great Dublin celebrities of physic should be sent down to see him.

"They're all alike to me," said Kilgobbin; "but if I was to choose, I think I'd say Dr. Chute."

This was so far unlucky, since Dr. Chute had then been dead about forty years, scarcely a junior of the profession having so much as heard his name.

"We really want no one," said Rogan. "We are doing most favorably in every respect. If one of the young ladies would sit and read to him, but not converse, it would be a service. He made the request himself this morning, and I promised to repeat it."

A telegram, however, announced that Sir St. Xavier Brennan would arrive the same evening, and as Sir X. was physician in chief to the nuns of the Bleeding Heart, there could be little doubt whose orthodoxy had chosen him.

He came at nightfall—a fat, comely-looking, somewhat unctuous gentleman, with excellent teeth, and snow-white hands, symmetrical and dimpled like a woman's. He saw the patient, questioned him slightly, and divined, without waiting for it, what the answer should be. He was delighted with Rogan, pleased with Price, but he grew actually enthusiastic over those charming nurses, Nina and Kate.

"With such sisters of charity to tend me, I'd consent to pass my life as an invalid," cried he.

Indeed, to listen to him, it would seem that, whether from the salubrity of the air, the peaceful quietude of the spot, the watchful kindness and attention of the surrounderers, or a certain general air—an actual atmosphere of benevolence and contentment around—there was no pleasure of life could equal the delight of being laid up at Kilgobbin.

"I have a message for you from my old friend Miss O'Shea," said he to Kate the first moment he had the opportunity of speaking with her alone. "It is not necessary to tell you that I neither know nor desire to know its import. Her words were these: 'Tell my godchild to forgive me if she still has any memory for some very rude words I once spoke. Tell her that I have been sorely punished for them since, and that till I know I have her pardon I have no courage to cross her doors.' This was my message, and I was to bring back your answer."

"Tell her," cried Kate, warmly, "I have no place in my memory but for the kindnesses she has bestowed on me, and that I ask no better boon from fortune than to be allowed to love her, and to be worthy of her love."

"I will repeat every word you have told me, and I am proud to be bearer of such a speech. May I presume, upon the casual confidence I have thus acquired, to add one word for myself—and it is as the doctor I would speak?"

"Speak freely. What is it?"

"It is this then: you young ladies keep your watches in turn in the sick-room. The patient is unfit for much excitement, and as I dare not take the liberty of imposing a line of conduct on

Mademoiselle Kostalergi, I have resolved to run the hazard with you! Let hers be the task of entertaining him; let her be the reader—and he loves being read to—and the talker, and the narrator of whatever goes on. To you be the part of quiet watchfulness and care, to bathe the heated brow or the burning hand, to hold the cold cup to the parched lips, to adjust the pillow, to temper the light, and renew the air of the sick-room, but to speak seldom, if at all. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly; and you are wise and acute in your distribution of labor; each of us has her fitting station."

"I dared not have said this much to her; my doctor's instinct told me I might be frank with you."

"You are safe in speaking to me," said she, calmly.

(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS NEWS

Mrs. Catherine McCloskey, sister of Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, died in that city on the 23rd ult.

Benedictine Fathers in Scotland have formed a League of St. Andrew with a view to the restoration of that country to the ancient faith.

The Archbishop of Lyons has had his salary stopped by the Government because he has opposed the state interference with the disposal of ecclesiastical revenues.

Right Rev. Abbot Jaeger, of St. Procopius Abbey, Chicago, will this month be consecrated. Archbishop Feehan will probably invest him with the insignia of his new office.

Lady Maud Barret, daughter of the Earl of Cavan, who has spent many years of his life as an Evangelistic preacher, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Father Don Unia, who has been devoting his life for some years to the lepers of Colombia, South America, has caught the disease. He belongs to the Order of Silesians.

The Liverpool Catholic Times announces the deaths of Very Rev. Edward Canon Pearson, of Middlesborough; Rev. Matthew Kearney, superior of the Mariat Monastery, East End, London, and Rev. R. T. Butler of Cardiff.

King Leopold of Belgium recently asked the Holy Father to allow the Trappist Fathers of Westmalle to go to the Congo to found a house. The Pope has consented and preparations are being made to settle the fathers on a large estate to cultivate the soil and teach the natives agriculture.

Ignatius Donnelly appears to be having no small amusement out in the West by debating Apaism with the notorious Professor Sims. Exactly what advantage the audience gets from the joint debate is not very apparent, but anyone who reads the efforts of the two speakers can see at a glance that Mr. Donnelly carries altogether too many guns for his opponent.

The Sisters of Notre Dame, whose motherhouse is at Namur, have now as many as 39 convents in the United States, aggregating 1100 Sisters, with 28,000 pupils mostly in parish schools. Twenty of these are in Massachusetts, seven in California and the rest in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Rhode Island and Washington.

The Paulist Fathers of New York have issued an invitation to the members of the Grand Army to be present at the annual memorial service in their church, which will take place on Sunday evening, May 27th. The exercises will be under the direction of the Rev. Walter Elliott, formerly of the Fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

The Catholics of New York deserve the highest commendation for the action they have taken in deciding to exhibit in their own city the advantages which Catholic schools confer upon the pupils who extend them. At the Catholic educational exhibit made at the World's fair the Catholic schools of New York, city and archdiocese, bore a very prominent part; and the showing of their system and operations which is now to be made in the Empire City cannot be without good results.

WALTER LECKY.

A SKETCH OF A CATHOLIC AUTHOR AND LEARNED SCHOLAR.

A Well Deserved Tribute From One of the Leading Critics of the Day—The Story of a Writer Who Commenced His Career of Success in the Columns of The True Witness.

Walter Lecky, a country doctor, as he calls himself, is the pseudonym of a comparatively young and brilliant Catholic writer who, for the present at least, objects to let the public into the knowledge of his real identity. Respecting his wishes in that respect, I have his permission to supply you with some biographical details in connection with him as well as with his personality. Before I enter into a discussion of these subjects, I have a few words to say about the character and style of his essays, biographical and otherwise. The name of Lecky was unknown to the literary world two years ago. To-day his "Adirondack Sketches" have won him fame not only in Catholic circles, but also in all the literary circles of the land. These sketches, which he is at present contributing to The Catholic World of New York city, and which are illustrated by the doctor's friend, an artist, are pen and ink pictures of odd, quaint, novel characters in a little town situated on a plateau high up among these stately mountains which are covered with forest. French Canadians and their descendants are the predominating portion of this classic burgh. Among the best drawn, though morally worst of his characters, is a parson, who, after having started a bank, clears out of the town one fine morning with the deposits of his parishioners rich and poor. This swindling dominie is evidently drawn from nature, for he is one of those unique type of arch-villains and pious canting hypocrites, like McKane, a tenant at present of Sing Sing, who was a volunteer Sunday school teacher on Coney Island, N.Y., who are never suspected till they are compelled to reveal themselves in their true character.

Lecky's maiden debut behind the footlights of the stage of literature was made in the columns of the Montreal True Witness, the organ of the English-speaking Catholics in the province of Quebec and all the other provinces in the Dominion. The ideas of these articles matured in the brain of the author of them for a long time ere they were jotted down on a Ms. sheet. Walter does nothing in a hurry. He does not rush audaciously into print. He slides slowly into it. He is very careful of his words and sentences; and he is a great stickler for original and strange ideas garbed in epigrammatic harmonious prose. His essays are full of a quaint dry humor peculiarly Leckyish, from the fact of its pretended unconsciousness—a particular species of humor which tickles his reader to fits of laughter at times, and thus beguiles his hours of recreation away. Walter's praise and criticism are the products of a candid pen. He is a hater of shams of every kind. He has had bitter experiences of the hypocrisy of humanity in his salad days, as will be shown further on in these pages. He knows that literary perfection belongs only to the Shakespeares and Dantes who are as few as white black birds in this sublunary sphere of ours, where it takes nature a century or two to create a great master. But to the brilliant and logical talents of several of our best known Catholic authors, he always gives their due meed of intellectual merit. The writers taken up for a course of literary treatment were Dr. Eagan, of Notre Dame University, Mrs. Blake, Miss Guiney, and Miss Conway, of the Pilot of Boston, and several others. Here I close my remarks on Lecky, the author. I shall now deal with Lecky, the man, and

OF HIS EARLY ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

when the fragrance of the flower gardens tempted him to enter the frontiers of the clime of dreams in the sweetly scented atmosphere of which subtle fancies scintillate like the fire-flies of the sunny south, and the luscious and Lucullan treasures of the poet's imagination gild with their glamour the woodlands, and the verdant valleys, the picturesque mountains and glorious vineyards of that delightful locality in the fruitful soil of which grow the twin plants of literary hope and ambition.

Lecky's early days were passed in such an elysium in the little Puritan town of

Lawrence, Mass. His maternal uncle, Father Denver, provided for the expenses of the bright juvenile's education. His father's mother, from whom he inherits his decidedly literary and artistic tastes, and his omnivorous desire for the quality, and not the quantity, of literature he is in the habit of absorbing daily, was a very well-read woman. She was the proud possessor of the first editions of Coleridge, Southey, Scott and other writers which are now to be found in her nephew's library, the volumes of which number 25,000. His first studies were conducted in private school houses of New England, where he passed his boyhood afterwards under the tutorage of his Rev. uncle, and subsequently in the College of Villanova. Lecky had a natural aptitude for languages, of which he has a profound knowledge. He left college and proceeded to Chicago, where he starved on too little oatmeal and *belles lettres*, as poor Thoreau did on beans in the wild woods of Massachusetts. He became that phenomenal nuisance of every day life, the book canvasser, and had to bear up with many an affront in that perilous profession. Failing in the book arena, the indomitable youth became a reporter on the Times, Herald and Mail of Chicago. He afterwards left for the south and was attached to the Louisville Courier and New Orleans Picayune, and tramped on foot through lovely Mexico with his kit of provisions and liquids on his back. His money grew so slack that he had to accept the humble position of cabin page in a steamer, bound for New York City. He abandoned journalism after a long illness in the Sisters' Hospital in Chicago, and became a college professor. Having fallen in for a d cent windfall from a maiden auntie, Lecky took up his scrip and scallop shell, and made a pilgrimage to Europe, where he studied the character and customs of its various peoples with the observantly eagle eye of a true blue Yankee globe trotter. In London he had a chat with Parnell and Gladstone, and received the blessing of Cardinal Newman. He heard Renan philosophizing in his lectures at the Sorbonne, of Paris. He was delighted with Rome, where he had an interview with the present pontiff. He witnessed the Sacred Play at Oberammergau and stood on the summit of the venerable acropolis of Athens. After these interesting travels, Lecky returned to this country loaded down with diaries of his travels in Europe, and rented a Queen Anne cottage in the town amid the mountains referred to already in this article.

LECKY'S MOUNTAIN HOME.

A large lawn extends before the door, planted with fine shrubs, and is decked with flowers in the genial sunshiny summer when the cool breezes are caroling down the mountain slopes, refreshing the people who inhabit the plateau. A huge mastiff guards the portals. This animal and an Irish greyhound always accompany their master on his excursions over the mountains. Three deer hounds leisurely stroll over the lawn or cut high jinks of impatience in the sunlight, longing for the hills and their brothers and sisters deer. Peacocks, guinea fowl and various breeds of game hens whisper to me of Lecky's exquisite tastes, which are also in love with flowers, of which he has a deep knowledge. The office is provided with rare plants, and all kinds of literature and writing material. The author's evenings are generally spent in the cabins of the poor, listening to their woe-begone stories and helping them out of his own modest income. He has done much for this poor people—he built a hall and library for them; taught, and still teaches their children. His name is a household one in their midst. The little salon of Lecky's cottage, I should have remarked further up, contains busts, plaster casts, and his magnificent collection of photographs of Adirondack scenery. The dining-room has its deer head, while another chamber contains some precious bearskins and fox-skins, trophies of his deft skill in the hunt, the delights of which he relishes and enjoys so much. The visitor, who is invited upstairs, has a genuine treat. Books here, there, and everywhere. Books on his writing desk, books piled up against the wall, books perched on the mantel piece in a confusion worse confounding, proving beyond all doubt that the learned and scholarly tenant is still a Bohemian *pur sang*, as he was in the days of his adventurous youth. Among them are many rare editions, picked up from the quai Voltaire, Paris book-stores, in the

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

Corso of Rome, or in Fleet street, London.

Lecky is as fond of those old tomes as he is of the apple of his eye. He doats on them with all the enthusiastic and highly cultured love of a genuine artist and aesthete. One of those valuable volumes is a copy of Lactantius that belonged to Garrick. It was its first Oxford edition. He has also in this collection "The annals of the Four Masters," 1st edition; rare editions of the Spanish classics and books given him by their authors, such as "In Bohemia, and other Poems," with the signature of Justin McCarthy, novelist and leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. He has also the South Sea Idyls, and several novels of his old friend, C. W. Stoddard, and Malcolm Johnstone. I might add here that when Lecky was introduced to the late lamented Brother Azarias, and submitted some of his articles on divers Catholic subjects to that distinguished scholar, the latter, after his having read them, told their author that they were very promising, and that he would one day become a popular Catholic writer.

SPECIMENS OF HIS PROSE AND VERSE.

The following is not given here as a specimen of Lecky at his best; but as a sample specimen of his literary style in the article on "Literature and the Catholic Poor:"

"Could not parish libraries have cheap editions for free distribution among the poor denizens? To defray expenses, a collection might be taken up twice a year. No good Catholic will begrudge a few cents, when he knows that it will go to brighten the hard life of his less fortune-favored brother. The critic who does nothing but sneer may call this Utopian. It is the old cuckoo call, known to every man that tries to help his fellows. Newman, Barry, Lilly, Brownson, Hecker, Ireland, all the glittering names on our rosary have heard it, and went their way, knowing full well that if the finger of God traces their path, human obstacles are of little weight. The plan, however, is eminently practical. In one of the poorest parishes in the diocese of Ogdensburg, it has been tried and with abundant success. I remember well last summer with what pleasure I heard a mountain urchin ask his pastor, 'Father, can I have the Pilot?' This urchin had made the acquaintance of James Jeffrey Roche and Katherine E. Conway. He was in good company. Infidelity is going to our poor. Her weapon is the printing press. The pulpit is well, but its arm is too short."

The following little gem entitled Retribution appeared from Lecky's pen in a recent issue of a small Catholic magazine, printed and published by the Paulist Fathers of New York City:

"He came and play'd his part,
He sang some songs of love,
The rabble prais'd his art,
As coming from above.

Thus prais'd his muse grew coarse,
And sought for art without!
Its voice was strangely hoarse,
To fit the rabble's shout.

He's dead, his age gone by,
The age of rush and din;
To-day with clearer sky,
We count his life a sin."

LECKY IN THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

Socially, he is quite at home. It is here that his conversation sparkles with the solitaires of fun, and rich diamonds of what the French call "esprit." He has a decidedly analytic mind. He dissects with all the self-satisfaction of an anatomist any statements written or oral, which he sees or hears with the view of finding a possible flaw in the jewel. He does not act as critic through any vindictive spirit. Far from it. Lecky has a warm and generous heart, but he is anxious to see if the truth is told, and gracefully told. Physically, he is slightly over the medium height, and is somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*. He has bright dreamy eyes, a ruddy complexion, and an artistic head.—*Eugene Davis in the Catholic Columbian.*

Norway Pine Syrup is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c. and 50c. ...

IRISH TOPICS

James Mulhern, of Ederney, has been appointed a magistrate for County Fermanagh.

There was no criminal business for disposal at the County Limerick Quarter Sessions on the 5th ult.

Dr. Samuel Connor, of Newry, died suddenly from apoplexy whilst in his bath-room on April 14.

J. O'Reilly, the popular Irish cyclist, known as the "Scorcher," and joint editor of Wheeling, is shortly to be married to Miss Meyer, of Switzerland.

A largely-attended meeting was held in O'Meara's Hotel, Nenagh, on April 13, for the purpose of presenting R. P. Gill, civil engineer, with an address and testimonial.

At Roberstown Petty Sessions, Rev. L. G. Cotton, of the Carogh Orphanage, has been returned for trial, charged with having cruelly ill-treated two children.

Father King, O.M.I., having completed his term of management at Glencree Reformatory, has been succeeded by Father Cox, of St. Conleth's Reformatory Philipstown.

The Rev. R. T. Butler died at St. Paul's Presbytery, Cardiff, Wales, recently. Father Butler, who was aged thirty-eight years, was the youngest son of the late Michael Butler, of Derryvinane, Adare.

Dr. H. Gordon Gray, J.P., of Millvale House, Newry, died on April 4, aged 87. The deceased was the oldest Orangeman and Freemason in Ireland, and was a member of the first Orange Lodge in County Armagh.

At Limerick Quarter Sessions on April 9, Ellen Lynch, aged fourteen, residing at Croom, was awarded £20 damages against the Great Southern and Western Railway for injuries received through a carriage door having shut on her finger.

On May 18, 1892, the foundation stone of the new Catholic church, Tomgraney, was laid, and in the following spring the work was commenced on the 4th ult., when Bishop McRedmond, of Killaloe, consecrated the altar, and the next morning the ceremony of dedication of the church to St. Joseph took place, while the bell was immediately afterwards blessed.

While an elderly man named Daniel McAllister, of Ballycastle, was engaged in removing potatoes from a field in Ballynad for his sister, he was instantly killed. It appeared that the deceased was going to the field with his horse and cart for the third load when the animal stumbled, and the unfortunate man fell to the ground and sustained injuries causing his death.

A forthcoming volume of "Poems and Verses" of considerable interest to Irish readers will be that by Lady Helen Dufferin, the mother of the present British Ambassador at Paris, and the author of "The Irish Emigrant," and several other well-known Irish songs. The book will contain a memoir of the author by Lord Dufferin, in which is promised an interesting picture of the Sheridan family.

Charles M. O'Conor, of Mount Druid, Ballinagar, Deputy-Lieutenant of Roscommon, was married to Miss M. Howley Hale, on the 12th ult., in the Chapel of the English Sisters, Via Ferruccio, Florence, Italy. Mass *pro sponsis* was celebrated by Father Luke Carey, O.S.F., of the Church of Ognissanti, who was delegated by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Florence to impart the nuptial blessing

SPORTS AND GAMES

The Beaver Lacrosse Club will have a moonlight excursion on June 1st, to Herne island. The Beavers are pushing ahead with the preliminary arrangements and a very successful outing is expected.

Barney Quinn, the great amateur lacrosse player, has received a lucrative offer from Brockville to play in their team there. It is expected, however, that the Capitals will do their best to retain him in their team; he is too good a man to lose.

The Cornwalls are regretting the loss of Danaher, and hopes are entertained that he will return to Corawall; but they are not likely to be realized, as Danaher is a pretty sure fixture on the Shamrock team and during this summer will do his best on the Shamrock home.

The newly invented hollow baseball stick will be a great acquisition to baseball men; the stick is lighter than the old style and quite as effective for hitting, as in the hollow part of the stick there are three loose iron balls which fly forward to the head of the stick when the ball is struck, thus giving a greater force to the blow.

Those M. A. A. members who are fond of athletic exercises and who formerly lacked the advice of a practical trainer should now have nothing to complain of, as a trainer has been engaged for two weeks on trial, and as he seems to have given every satisfaction up to the present there is every probability that he will remain permanently.

The Standard Lacrosse Club hold their first annual concert and ball in the Victoria Armory to-night, at 8 p.m. Music for the ball will be provided by Davis' celebrated orchestra. The best local talent has promised to contribute to the programme of the concert, among whom is Mr. G. Parkes, the favorite comic singer, also Miss May and Miss M. Kitts, Mr. W. Kitts, Mr. W. Traynor, Mr. J. Young, Le Marche and Denney, Mr. J. Lyons, Mr. McLeod, Miss Collins, and others.

The well-known footballer, Mr. H. B. McGivern, has returned to his home at Hamilton after a lengthy stay in England. Mr. McGivern, after a lengthy study of English football, has come to the conclusion that the English are not such good kickers as the Canadians, and their combinations on the field are not so good. He proposes that a good representative team of Canadian footballers go to the Old Country in the fall, and he is sure that they would be able to hold their own against a good number of the crack English teams.

The Herald is the authority for the announcement that the Montreal Lacrosse team may withdraw from the senior championship league. We sincerely hope that the statement is a mere rumor, because we would not like to see the depletion of such an organization as the Montreal lacrosse team—with its splendid record and its noble endeavor in conjunction with the Shamrock team to modernize a sport which had been in the hands of the Indians somewhat primitive. When the Montrealers were champions, in 1889, the Shamrocks were in a somewhat similar dilemma, through the retirement of their old players; but with even a small membership, when compared to the present roll of the M.A.A.A., with characteristic energy and zeal they entered a team entirely composed of juniors, and within a period of two years received the championship. This is an example that is worthy of imitation, and we would advise the Montrealers to follow it on this occasion.

Four or five hundred sympathizers of the S. A. A. A. particularly, and of lacrosse generally, might have been found on the Shamrock stand last Saturday afternoon. The attraction was the first practice match of the season between the senior team and the intermediate champions, the Young Shamrocks. Captain Polan performed his old time office for the seniors, while the younger twelve was under the generalship of John Ahearn. P. McKeown acted as referee and Messrs. J. Lunny and Wm. Snow as umpires. The seniors came out with a majority of games, but they had to do some tall hustling. The

defense of the intermediates developed a strong, well-balanced strength and succeeded in holding the Shamrock's home, who were playing admirably for this early date. The senior defense is not up to the mark, however. The same old intermittent attacks of the "rattles" were painfully noticeable. Mulcair is playing in too good company, and unless a very sudden change takes place he will doubtless be relegated to a lower rank. Moore, Murray and Dwyer show good form, but, for defense men, a too great anxiety to all get the ball. With the three men last mentioned in front of cool-headed, reliable point and cover-point players the green and grey wearers might defy attack, providing, always, that the goalkeeper is up to the mark. The fielders were running and playing fast and Kelly carried around his superfluous avoirdupois surprisingly lively. On the home, Tansey was conspicuous and daring. He would make an excellent point, but can he be spared from the home? Wall works hard, but as yet has not got over his old hesitation in handling the ball. Captain Polan and the committee should exercise consideration and more than usual judgment in selecting and placing this year's team. There is lots of good material on the grounds, and Stinson, McGrath, Brophy and Walsh might be commended especially. Danaher turned out late in Saturday's practice and had no opportunity to show any form. All through the players are in extraordinarily good condition for a season's opening and are evidently going in enthusiastically to win or know the reason why.

Among the clubs which distinguished themselves in association football last season was a comparatively new club, the Mohawks. The rapidity with which this club has passed from the intermediate into the senior league speaks well for its future success. The Mohawks are a quick team, perhaps one of the quickest in the city, but their most commendable characteristic is their splendid combination; it was this trait which enabled them to come out as champions of the intermediate league last year. The Mohawks played their first league match in the senior league on Saturday week, against the Druids, the match resulting in a draw. On Saturday next the Mohawks play the second match of the season, at three o'clock, on their own grounds, past the exhibition grounds, on Park Avenue. The Mohawks have decided not to charge admission this match. Their opponents will be the General Hospital team. Both teams are practising hard and seem in excellent trim, especially the Mohawks. There is sure to be a large crowd to witness this game, which bids fair to be a hardly contested one.

A meeting of the Emmet Lacrosse Club will be held at 8 o'clock to-night, in St. Ann's Hall, Ottawa Street, when final arrangements for the management of the Club during this season will be completed; the Club is in a very flourishing condition and numbers over 200 members. The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the Club:—President, T. P. Conway; 1st Vice President, T. Dillon; 2nd Vice President, J. Donovan; Treasurer, W. Flannery; Secretary, J. Hussey; Assistant-Sec., J. J. Gomersall. Committee:—F. Giles, E. Sullivan, T. Connelly, M. Lynch and J. Hanrahan; J. Kearney, Captain.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

PREPARATIONS TO DO HONOR TO MGR. LAFLECHE, OF THREE RIVERS.

Great preparations are being made in Three Rivers for the celebration of the jubilee of sacerdotal golden wedding of Bishop Lafleche, which will take place on May 22 and 23. Invitations have been sent to the clergy of all the dioceses in the province and to several dignitaries abroad and the event promises to be a memorable one. Bishop Lafleche is one of the oldest and most respected prelates in Canada, and the Catholic population will be enthusiastic in doing him honor.

Louis Francois Lafleche was born in Ste. Anne de la Perade, on September 4, 1818, and was ordained a priest in 1844, and after a few years' service in the ministry here, devoted himself to the North-West missions. His success among the Indian tribes and half-breeds was very great, but the arduous labors proved too much for his weak constitution and failing health forced him to return to his native province after a few years. In 1866 he was appointed coadjutor to the



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late Mgr. Cooke, Bishop of Three Rivers, and on the death of the latter, in 1870, took possession of the See. Mgr. Lafleche is a man of great energy and strong mental power. He is one of the leading pulpit orators of the Dominion.

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We have just started in to-day,

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We are showing the Finest Display in the city; of course it would be impossible to enumerate the prices or describe the different kinds we keep in stock. Suffice to say our Stock is second to none; and our prices were never so low.

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DIED.

Brown—Suddenly, at his residence, 264 Richelleu street, Ste. Cuneconde, on the 7th instant, John Brown, aged 77 years, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland. The funeral service took place at St. Anthony's Church, on the 10th instant, and interment at Cote des Neiges Cemetery. 43-1

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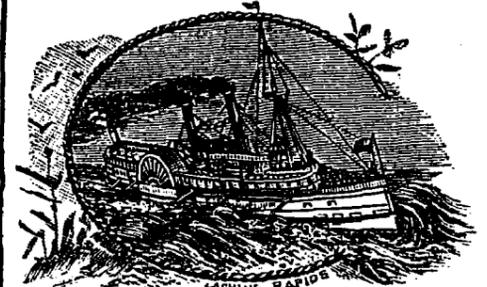
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Passengers leaving Three Rivers on Wednesday, 11 a.m., by the St. Three Rivers, and arriving Montreal same night, can return by St. Quebec and Canada on Thursday and Friday evenings, or by St. Three Rivers leaving Friday at 1 p.m.

Quebec Line—Leaves 7 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

Saguenay Line—Steamer Saguenay leaves Quebec 7.30 a.m. every Tuesday and Friday.

Steamer Magnet leaves for Toronto, St. Catharines and Hamilton 6 p.m. every Friday.

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[Continued from third page.]

SOCIETY NEWS.

C. M. B. A.

MONDAY'S MEETING.

Branch No. 1, (Quebec Council) of the C. M. B. A., held a well attended meeting on Monday night last. It was decided to enter into the competition at St. Patrick's bazaar—and twenty-five dollars were voted from the society funds to the object of the Bazaar—the painting of St. Patrick's Church. Many of the members will take numbers of tickets.

CATHOLIC ORDER FORESTERS.

ST. GABRIEL'S COURT, 185.

A meeting of the above court took place on Monday evening for the installation of officers and for election of a delegate to represent the society at the ninth annual convention at St. Paul. Deputy High Chief Ranger J. J. Ryan installed the following gentlemen:—Chief Ranger, Thomas Monahan; Vice-Chief Ranger, Peter Shea; Recording Secretary, M. J. Healy; Financial Secretary, Chas. Pickering; Treasurer, A. R. La Prairie; all elected by acclamation. The three trustees were J. Knox, J. Farrel, W. G. George. Conductors, B. J. O'Bryne and P. Doyle. Inside sentinel, T. Connors; outside sentinel, A. Mullins. The brothers spent a very enjoyable evening; after the business was transacted refreshments were served up. The annual excursion will take place on June 16, to Valleyfield. The brothers show their shrewdness in selecting Valleyfield for their outing, as it is pretty, easily accessible, and has not become familiar and commonplace to excursionists, like many other places which are often visited. The excursion is almost sure to be a very successful and enjoyable one; 300 tickets have been sold already. There will be splendid opportunities for boating, fishing, games and dancing. A lacrosse match between the Valleyfield and White Stars of Montreal will take place in the afternoon.

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

The regular monthly meeting of the above society was held on Sunday afternoon and was largely attended. Hon. Senator Murphy presided and Mr. M. Sharkey occupied the vice chair. After the transaction of the usual formal business, the secretary, Mr. Costigan, reported that arrangements had been made at a recent meeting of delegates of the various societies for a contest in connection with the forthcoming bazaar to be held in aid of St. Patrick's Church. The contest would be for trophy valued at \$100, and would be awarded to the society getting the most votes. The society unanimously decided to enter the contest. The following societies have so far signified their intention to enter the contest: St. Patrick's Society, St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, Catholic Young Men's society, C.M.B.A., Branch 26, Canada; St. Lawrence Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1, and Shamrock Athletic Association. Arrangements were made for Procession Sunday, and after the transaction of routine business the meeting was brought to a close.

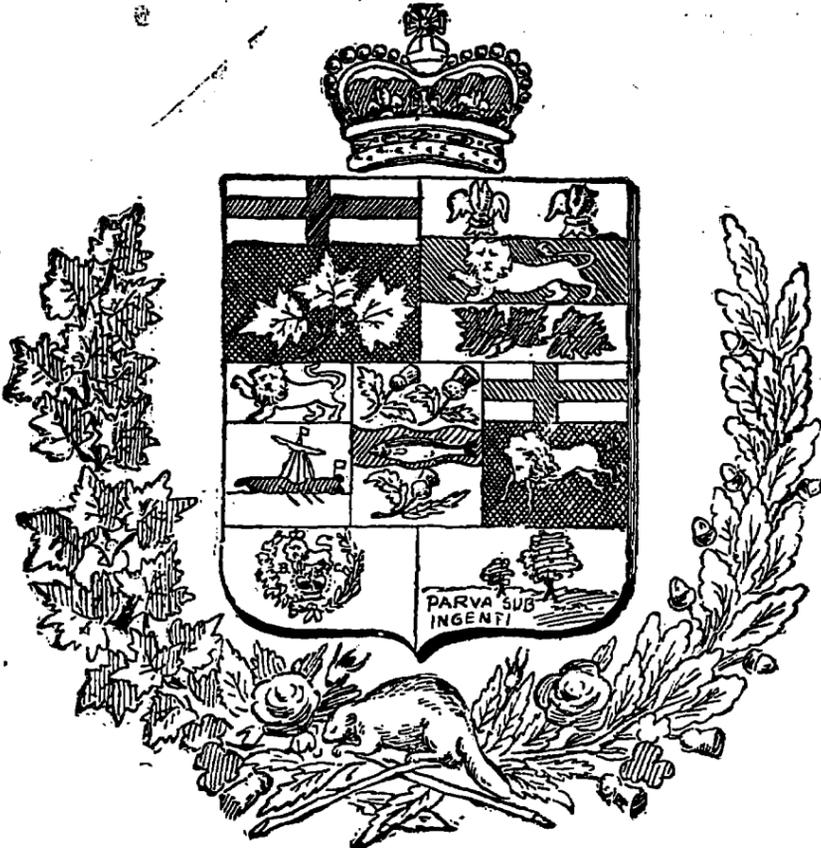
MAGAZINES.

THE AVE MARIA.

As might be expected the first number of the Ave Maria, for May, is equal to any of the former issues of that most attractive and instructive magazine. There is a beautiful frontispiece—"The Madonna and Child"—after a painting of Peter Janssen. A splendid article by Rev. James McKernan, on "The Victory of the Holy Spirit," is most appropriate to Pentecost season. Miss Loughhead, Miss Mannix, the Countesse de Courson, Dr. M. F. Egan, and others, furnish choice literary productions. A piece of sacred music, "Veni Creator," by J. F. Liscombe, adds greatly to the many attractions of the number. And, as usual, the editorial remarks are characteristic of the facile pen and grand mind of the editor. By all means let every Catholic family have a number of the Ave Maria as a weekly visitor.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The May number of the Canadian Magazine is beautifully illustrated and



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A few years ago, that health-giving and life-saving medicine, Paine's Celery Compound, was given to the people of Canada in a quiet, honest and unostentatious way. This discovery, of a giant intellect in medicine and science, was given to the people of Canada with confidence, and the happy results are unparalleled in the annals of medical science.

The great mission of Paine's Celery Compound was to root out and banish disease and suffering, and to give new health, strength, vim, energy and activity to weak, nervous, sleepless and run-down men and women.

Up to the present, the career of Paine's Celery Compound has been astonishingly grand and successful. In its great battles and magnificent victories over diseases, this grand scientific agent has driven to obscurity a host of quack nostrums and deceptive medicines that took away from the sick and afflicted what little physical strength they possessed, and their hard-earned money as well.

Whenever and wherever the common patent medicines of the day failed to cure—when doctors, after honest striving, gave up their patients as incurable—Paine's Celery Compound extended the mighty right hand of power, and saved

from death and the grave those who had faith to lay hold of the rescuing hand.

No other medicine holds such a record of wonderful works and cures in our young Dominion, and no other has ever received such notices from physicians and the press of the country. The honors won by Paine's Celery Compound span this broad Dominion from ocean to ocean. The seven provinces have awarded it the palm of victory for its marvellous and triumphant successes.

This is a position at once high and commanding—a monument of fame and honor that time and circumstances can never dim or dethrone.

Readers, ye who are weary, brain-tired, sickly, suffering and diseased, this grand discovery in medicine is offered specially for your troubles and physical burdens. It will restore to you the blessings you so eagerly crave for—a healthy body, a clear brain, bright eyes, the glow of health in the face, and the quick and elastic step. You must decide at once; your course must be marked by progress or retrogression. You have the incontrovertible evidence and testimony of thousands of our Canadian people to guide you; all have testified that Paine's Celery Compound "makes people well."

is filled with some very attractive and well written articles. "The Comic Ballads of Homer," by Thos. Hagins, Q. C., is a novelty in itself, A. C. Shaw's contribution, "The sun dance among the Sarcees," is original and striking. E. B. Biggar gives instructive "Memoirs of Bathurst." But the two most attractive and best written articles are "With two Canadians in Algeria," by Alan Sullivan, and "French Journals and Journalists," by Eugene Davis. There are several pieces of very good poetry. On the whole the Canadian Magazine is a credit to Canada and deserves great encouragement from the people of our dominion.

BISHOP LAFLECHE'S JUBILEE.

Chancellor Beland, of the Bishopric of Three Rivers, has extended an invitation to the members of the clergy of all the dioceses of the province to attend the celebration of His Grace Bishop Lafleche's sacerdotal golden wedding, which will take place in Three Rivers on the 22nd and 23rd instant.

HORSE MARKET.

The receipts of horses at the Montreal Horse Exchange, at Point St. Charles, for week ending May 12, 1894, were 163; left over from previous week, 102; total for week, 265; shipped during week, 95; left for city, 88; sales for week, 81; on hand, 108. One hundred and sixty-five horses were received this week and 95 shipped. Thirty-one horses were sold at fairly satisfactory prices.

THE CATTLE MARKET.

At the Montreal Stock Yards, at Point St. Charles, the receipts of live stock for the week ending May 12, 1894, were 2,821 cattle, 784 sheep, 865 hogs, 727 calves; left over from previous week, 1,160 cattle, 200 hogs; total for week, 3,481 cattle, 784 sheep, 795 hogs, 727 calves; on hand, 120 cattle, 100 hogs. Two thousand five hundred cattle were received at these yards during the week, of which about 700 were for local consumption, which met with a fair demand, everything being sold at fair prices. About 500 changed hands for export; 500 less than last week, closing 100 to 150 higher. Medium receipts of sheep and lambs, prices firm. Calves, the market is glutted and sell at any offer. We quote the following as being fair values: Cattle, export, 40 to 45c; butchers' good, 35c to 40c; butchers' medium, 30 to 35c; butchers' culls, 20 to 25c; hogs, 5c to 6c; lambs, 40 to 50c; calves, \$1 to \$5.

IRELAND'S BARD.

THE GRAVE OF THOMAS MOORE.

The twenty-eighth of this month will be the anniversary of Moore's birth. The following, clipped from the Galway Vindicator, will prove timely:—

Few of the many visitors who journey through Wiltshire, says the London Echo, are acquainted with the resting place of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet—that he lies buried in English soil. In the sequestered and pretty hamlet of Bromham, some three miles from Devizes, is the tomb of the melodious lyric writer, whose works are enshrined in the national life of Ireland. The church of St. Nicholas, Bromham, is remarkable for its decorative chapel, situated on the southeast of the building, which contains various monuments of the Baynton family, and specimens of armor of past centuries. It dates from the time of the Prelate Earl Beauchamp, in the reign of Edward IV. The church occupies an elevated and commanding position, and the venerable pile may be seen for miles, as the chief object of interest, crowning the beautiful plain around Bromham. The churchyard is carefully kept in order, and the spreading yew trees give a sacred tone to the place. Here rest the remains of Ireland's favorite poet, in a family vault, encompassed by railings. The inscription on the large Bath stone runs as follows:—

THOMAS MOORE, Esq. J. D. D. Tenderly beloved of all who knew the goodness of his heart, the purity of his mind, and the patriotism of his country. Born May 28th, 1776. Died Feb. 25th, 1852. God is love!

There is in the interior of St. Nicholas church a beautiful memorial stained window, bearing the following inscription:—

"This window was placed in this church by the combined subscriptions of 200 persons who honor the memory of the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, Thomas Moore."

The poet died on Feb. 25, 1852, at Sloperton Cottage, near Bromham; the cottage is in good preservation, entirely overmantled by ivy, with a spacious flower and fruit garden. On a walling round the neat enclosure, in the calm, spring-like morn, one Sunday, the snow-drop bells fringed the garden walks and crocus and daffodil graced the meadows but historical home with their sunny smile. The Rev. E. Edgell, rector of St. Nicholas' church, courteously informed the writer that he read the funeral service over the great poet, who was a man beloved in his day and generation.

"So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is over and gone."

There are many interesting places in and around Bromham; according to the history of Devizes, it is recorded that Henry VIII., with Anne Boleyn, visited Bromham in 1535. The father of Anne Boleyn was the Earl of Wiltshire.

The poet Moore's declining years were made comfortable by a pension of £300 per annum from the crown. This ceased at his death, but his diary and letters, through the interest of Lord Russell, were published by Longman & Co., and yielded a comfortable maintenance to Moore's widow for the rest of her days.

The old curfew bell of St. Nicholas still rings the knell of parting days over the wide spreading plains of Bromham; and the lowing herds wind slowly over the lea, but the voices of the forefathers of the hamlet are still, while the plaint of a sweet singer of a nation's hopes and joys is still being heard, and will brood ages.

ANOTHER READING CIRCLE.

The boys of St. Ann's School have formed a Reading Circle, and in order to perpetuate the name and memory of their late beloved Director, have named it "The Arnold Reading Circle." The following officers were elected:—T. J. Donnelly, President; T. Gleason, Vice-President; J. Manning, Secretary; O. Lennon, Treasurer. Committee:—P. McGuire, M. Martin, M. Scott.

I have been greatly troubled with headache and bad blood for ten or twelve years. I started to take Burdock Blood Bitters in July, 1892, and now, (January, 1893), I am perfectly cured. HUGH DRAIN, Norwood, Ont.

YOUTHS DEPARTMENT

A STORY ABOUT IRVING.

An English paper tells this story about Mr. Irving and a dog, which proves how homesick a dog can be, and how generous Mr. Irving always is:

Mr. Irving was in Scotland two or three summers ago, and on one of his walks he frequently met a shepherd with a fine collie. He took a fancy to the dog, and a few days before leaving he said to the Highlander: "I will give you £50 for your collie." The shepherd seemed surprised at the amount offered and was struck with sadness, for he was poor and wanted the money, yet he had formed so strong an attachment to the dog that he could not bear the thought of parting with it. After deliberating for a while, he said: "Na, sir; I weel no tak' the feefy pund." "Well, then," said Mr. Irving, "I will give you £60 if you bring the dog to my hotel within three days. The man stood looking down at his dog and was silent and Mr. Irving walked away. At the end of three days one of the hotel servants said that a shepherd had called to see Mr. Irving. The Highlander and his dog came in, and the man said that although he did not want to part with the collie, as he was poor and had a family to support, he could not afford to keep a dog worth £60, and he had decided to accept the offer. The poor fellow took the money and thanked Mr. Irving. He looked once very hard at the collie, which whined and tried to lick his hand; then he threw his arm over his eyes and ran out of the room.

Mr. Irving took the dog to London, but the rumble of the city and the crowds in the streets seemed to confuse him. He grew more and more unhappy, and after a few days the great actor began to regret his bargain, for he had only succeeded in making himself, the shepherd and the dog thoroughly miserable. A few days after his return Mr. Irving took his dog into Kensington Gardens, and for a moment the poor creature brightened at the first sight of a few sheep that were grazing under the trees, but soon discovering that they were not his own flock, and that his master was not near, he relapsed into his usual dejection. After this it was very difficult to get him to take any food, and, as he soon lost his fine appearance and grew lean, Mr. Irving decided to give him his liberty. So he returned him as a present to the Highlander, who afterwards wrote that the dog was so overjoyed to get back home that he leaped upon his old master's shoulders, and then ran about the hills so wildly that he (the shepherd) feared for a time that he would go mad.—*Catholic Mirror*.

WHICH WAS THE "NICE" BOY?

He was the office boy, a round faced, undersized boy, who seemed to live in a neighborhood where water was scarce and soap an unknown article. He had a high pitched, strident voice that made one's ears ache. And he always talked. He was a disputatious boy and would argue with the head of the firm on points which the head salesman, who got \$3,000 a year and went to Europe, would not question. The boy wore "long pants" and suspenders and a cape overcoat. He "chewed" gum. He was the *bete noir* of every one in the establishment.

Suddenly, by a few words, this pestilential boy made himself a favorite. He and another "kid" were working in the office. The office force was sitting around waiting for the time to go home. The two "kids" were disputing.

"I never 'sass' my mother back," said the tiresome office boy to the other, who up to that time had been regarded as "pretty decent."

"You don't, eh?" sneered the "nice boy," with contempt in his tone.

"No, I have too much respect for her," said the boy we thought a nuisance.

There was an inaudible remark from the nice boy and the other replied: "Because I was raised that way." And we forgave him his squeaky voice and his shuffling gait and his disputatious propensities, because he respected his mother too much to "sass her back."

Do not neglect coughs, colds, asthma, and bronchitis, but cure them by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Do You Cough?

It is a sure sign of weakness. You need more than a tonic. You need

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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



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INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS for Cadetships in the Royal Military College will take place at the Headquarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June each year.

In addition to the facilities the College affords for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

The course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Services and other departments of applied science.

The Obligatory Course of Surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the degree of Dominion Topographical Survey. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught.

Length of course four years.

Four Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are awarded annually.

Board and Instruction, \$200 for each term, consisting of ten months' residence.

For further information apply to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, before 15th May.

Department of Militia and Defence, 1894. 43-2

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Burdock Blood Bitters cure Constipation.

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Biliousness.

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Headache.

Burdock Blood Bitters unlock all the clogged secretions of the Bowels thus curing Headaches and similar complaints.

Speaking of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Governor of South Australia recently said: "They could not help admiring the self-sacrifice, the philanthropy, and the piety of the good Sisters of St. Joseph. They could see them in the houses of the poor feeding and clothing the wretched. They could see them in the gaols and the abodes of vice striving to raise the fallen and save the lost."

The French Government is about to present some magnificent vestments to the church at Solferino, Italy, where the famous battle was fought. The rulers in France hate the Church, but are not above taking advantage of the power of religion when they have anything to gain.

Little girl, you may never know how much you gladden your mother's weary heart by your daily love tokens.

I can highly praise Burdock Blood Bitters because it had a fair trial in my case with wonderful success. My symptoms were dropsy, backache and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing powers too highly. GEORGINA HOLMES, Wood Point, Sackville, N. B.

The Polish Catholics of Boston, some 2,000 in number, intend to have a church for themselves.

A REMARKABLE IRISHWOMAN.

A NATIVE OF CARRICK-ON-SUIR, COUNTY TIPPERARY, IRELAND.

Miss Rose O'Halloran is the only woman member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, having been nominated to the honor by Prof. Holden. The San Francisco Chronicle gives a sketch of her life. From her earliest childhood she was attracted by astronomy, and it was the one study that was always a pleasure and never a task. In appearance Miss O'Halloran is very dull, with a well-shaped head, held up with that indescribable air that denotes character. Her eyes are gray. She dresses with the utmost simplicity.

Miss O'Halloran was born in Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, Ireland. Her father was a well-to-do, and his daughter received a good education. Miss O'Halloran came to America, and began teaching; and she naturally chose astronomy, her favorite subject, as her specialty. She managed to keep up her independent observation, in spite of the difficulty of teaching all day and star gazing all night. Her chief difficulty was the lack of a fitting instrument for her work, but she was at last enabled to obtain her heart's desire. Professor George Davidson became interested in her struggles, and it was by the help of his wife and himself she finally owned a four-and-one-eighth inch Brashear refractor. The room where Miss O'Halloran and the telescope do their work is an observatory and class-room combined, for she still finds it necessary to teach. In place of pictures the Observatory is hung with maps and charts of the heavens. Just now she is looking for variable stars. On every clear night she scans the heavens in the region of Scorpion. Each night she draws a map on which the positions and magnitude of the stars are indicated. In 1894 she will have completed her third sets of maps. From these she will determine what stars she supposes to be variable in Scorpion. On January 19th, 1893, she observed and sketched a rapidly developing group of spots near the sun's western limb. The return of the eastern limb was first seen on February 4th. This group was identified with the great February sun-spot group, so that Miss O'Halloran was one of the very earliest, observers, and possibly the earliest, which she shows what can be accomplished by industry even with nothing better than a four-inch telescope. During the years of struggle and study she has added to her income by writing astronomical articles for the Scientific American and other magazines. At present Miss O'Halloran is collecting material for a book. She expects it to take years; but, some day, all the maps and diagrams she is drawing will be collected and published.

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was the best I ever ate.

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MONTREAL.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal, No. 181. Marie Basianne Fortin, of the city and district of Montreal, wife of Jean B. O. Bissonnette, Blacksmith, of the same place, has today taken an action en separation de biens against her said husband.

Montreal, May 9, 1894.
BERARD & BRODEUR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

49-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, Superior Court. Dame Matilda Trenholme, of the City of Montreal, wife of George O. Bishop, of the same place, lithographer and printer, and duly authorized a *ester en justice*, Plaintiff; vs. the said George O. Bishop, Defendant. The Plaintiff has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against the said Defendant.

Montreal, May 2nd, 1894.
HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

42-5

SUPERIOR COURT, Montreal, No. 105. Dame Genevieve Desève, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Albert Barre, clerk, of the same place, has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband. Montreal, April 27, 1894.

LAMOTHE & TRUDEL,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

41-5

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Do You Suffer from Weakness?

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DEAR SIR.—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for B. B. B. entirely cured me. I have also used it for my wife and family and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends.
I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.
Yours faithfully,
GEORGE READ,
Sherbrooke, Que.

LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER
DIVIDEND NO. 57.
NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Three and a Half (3½) Per Cent., for the current half year upon the paid up capital stock of this institution, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at its Banking house, in this city, on and after FRIDAY, the first day of JUNE next.
The Transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive.
The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking house of the institution, in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 20th day of June next. The chair to be taken at One o'clock p.m.
By order of the Board,
A. DE MARTIGNY, Managing Director.
41-8

BANQUE VILLE MARIE.
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three percent, for the current half year, being at the rate of six per cent. per annum, upon the paid-up Capital of this institution, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Banking House in this city, on and after FRIDAY, the First Day of June Next.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL MEETING of Shareholders will be held at the Head Office, in this city, on TUESDAY, the Nineteenth Day of June Next.
At Twelve O'Clock Noon.
By order of the Board,
W. WEIR,
Montreal, 24th April, 1894. President.
41-4

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L'Epiphanic, February 8th 1889.

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Z. LAROCHE, M. D.
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Lack of space obliges us to omit several other flattering testimonials from well known physicians.

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

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and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.
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The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.
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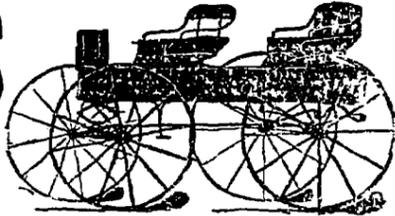
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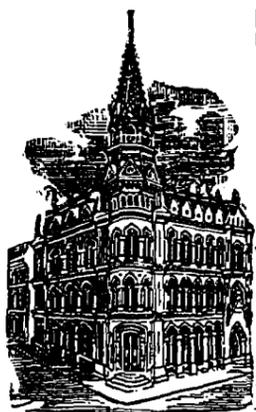
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