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EDITORIAL NOTES.

In our issue of the week before last we gave an account of a visit to the Lachine convent and of the exhibit prepared by the Sisters for the Columbian Exhibition. In the course of our remarks we stated that the foundress of the Order of the Sisters of St. Ann was a Miss Durocher of Vaudreuil. In that we were mistaken, as we have since learned: the first superioress of that admirable order was the Rev. Sister Marie Anne, known to the world as Miss Ester Glondin, of Terrebonne. However at the time of the establishment of the community, under Mgr. Bourget, she was a teacher at Vaudreuil. In the *Catholic World* of New York—March number—will be found a very interesting account of the labors of those good Sisters out in Alaska. From Kotzebue Sound to the Island of Kodiak, and from the mouth of the Yukon river to the dreary station at Kossariffsky, all over that icy region these missionaries have travelled and to-day they have three houses in the territory of Alaska. A wonderful result in so few years: yet Faith and Perseverance can remove all obstacles. Here is a living example of that truth.

THERE are journalists in every sphere of life; their ranks have been filled from all the professions and their phalanx has sent men into the highest posts in Church and State. However, it was only the other day that a journalist was honored by the Holy Father, with the dignity of the Cardinalate, Mgr. Louis Galimberti, has been given the red hat: he was said to be the only journalist on whom that mark of high favor has been bestowed. Long may he live to enjoy the great honor and to benefit the cause of holy religion!

"FACTS are stubborn things;" but facts are always irrefutable. We all remember with what intense pleasure we read that graphic story by Dickens, "Facts." There was something refreshing about it, for we felt that he spoke of life just as life is. Down in Tennessee there is a Catholic weekly called "Facts," and it is one of the very best of our many exchanges. What is most to be admired in its columns is the concise and exact manner it hits off its "Facts." Like sparks from an anvil at the strokes of a logical sledge-hammer, these scintillations of Truths fly around you as you read. Here is one of them. It contains a whole volume in a few words:

If there is any pitiable object in the world, it is to be found in the person of an "ex" priest, kneeling in the aisle of an empty parish, and saying the Mass. Would that he could say like Peter: "Save us; we perish!"

Sic transit! Not many years ago Hyacinthe was one of the most renowned preachers of France. The vaults of Notre Dame rang with his eloquent sermons, his powerful explanations of Catholic Truth. Like Lucifer, like Luther, like others he became the victim of pride: he cried out *non serviam*, and he fell. For a time his fame was lost in a

kind of notoriety. He set up his own church, he took unto himself a wife, and he became a deadly enemy of his former Faith. Lately Mrs. Hyacinthe-Loyson tramped through the United States in search of funds to support her husband's church. The result of her mission was evidently a failure, for a notice of "Lease" is on the closed doors of that church in the Rue d'Arras. The husband and wife and their nineteen year old son live in a flat in the Boulevard d'Inkerman, in Paris. Hyacinthe scarcely ever goes out on the street. The family has ceased to be even noticeable, and the closing of their church is probably the last act in a drama that created some sensation in Paris, about twenty years ago. The fame that the priest might have attained has forever vanished, and in his old age he beholds even the notoriety that he sought so ardently disappear forever. Like many another ill-guided soul he will drift into obscurity and go down finally, "Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

EDMUND YATES has been busy of late. The account of the Queen's departure for Italy; details of life on the Royal Yacht; enumeration of volumes taken to read during the trip; sketches of the preparations at the Florentine Villa; and all the minutiae with which the court gossip is so well supplied, must have taken up considerable of his precious time. Yet the editor of the *World* has found leisure to figure up the gain to the Vatican coffers as the pecuniary result of the Pope's jubilee. Yates puts the amount down at \$1,250,000, exclusive of jewels, plate, and other valuables, which he estimates at \$1,000,000. He also gives the following interesting details:

"The Duke of Norfolk heads the list of donors with an offering of \$20,000, and next comes the Emperor Francis Joseph with \$4,000. The Archbishop of Prague and Primate of Hungary gave \$20,000 each, as they can afford very well to do, considering that each prelate has a revenue of over \$200,000 a year. The Bohemian territorial magnates sent \$80,000, while the nobility of Rome and the convents and monasteries made up \$100,000, and \$80,000 came from South America."

We have no objection to Mr. Yates making an accurate estimate of all that the Catholic world has seen proper to place at the disposal of the Holy Father on the occasion of his jubilee. It is the idea that Yates seeks to convey that we think very unjustifiable. He is over anxious to have the public think that the Pope's mission is one of wealth-gathering. Yet this same Mr. Yates, who knows so much about British Royalty, refrained very religiously from making estimates of the presents received by Her Most Gracious Majesty in the year 1887, when the Jubilee was celebrated. Yet there would be found in that grand list of faithful subjects to their aged Queen, no more than is there any wrong in similar expressions of admiration, love and religious loyalty, on the part of the Catholic world, when there is question of the venerable Pontiff at Rome. Mr. Yates also omits to enumerate the foreign missions, the colleges, universities, homes of education, refuges of poverty, sickness, and misery, the far off evangelical posts in the heart of

Africa, that will look to the Holy Father for support from these funds that the Catholic faithful have placed in his hands. He is merely the custodian of all that wealth, for the benefit of the Church and of the heathen to be converted.

In the different items of news which the *Star* of Saturday furnishes, from England, Ireland and Scotland, we find this very exceptional item:

"A crusade against profanity in the public streets is being carried on with vigor in a number of English towns. A laborer at Wisbech was convicted a week or so ago of publicly using four profane oaths, and fined a shilling for each oath and thirteen shillings costs. The conviction was obtained under an act of George II, which imposes a penalty of one shilling per oath when uttered by a laborer, two shillings when the offender is above the social degree of laborer and under the degree of gentleman, and five shillings for each oath when uttered by a gentleman. Under the provisions of this act the penalty is the same whether the oath is uttered on a man's own premises or on the public streets."

There are many old laws which should have long since been repealed; but there are also many forgotten statutes that would be useful were they disinterred and put into force. Of the latter, this one against profane oaths is certainly to be commended. We require such a law as that in Canada. We have enactments against liquor abuses, immorality, robbery, and all those crimes against the public peace; but we have none that touches upon the crimes against God, such as blasphemy, obscene language, cursing and swearing. Yet there is nothing more common than profane oaths; we hear them at every corner. Some men can scarcely open their mouths without swearing. They say that it is a habit and they cannot control it. This we deny. In presence of ladies—out of respect for the sex—they curb their foul tongues; why not be able to check their bad language in the presence of God, who is always present, and who deserves at least more respect than his creatures? Besides, there is no sin so malicious, so low and so unnecessary as that of profane language. The robber has the satisfaction of carrying off the booty; the drunkard has the questionable pleasure of the effects of liquor; the immoral man has the satisfaction of his passions; but the cursing, swearing, profane man has nothing in return for the oath he launches at God. Let the law then, give him something! It may curb his habit for him!

On this tax question we find there is much to be said. Amongst other things we would remark that the authorities seem very anxious to pile on costs as well as taxes. We know the case of a retail merchant, living out Notre Dame street west, who, when informed that he had to pay the tax, went to the City Hall; there he was asked for two dollars extra. What for? For a lawyer's letter sent to notify him. He had never received any such letter. He paid the two dollars under protest. The receipt he got was for the tax, but no mention of the two dollars; and the tax was receipted as having been paid under protest. He had made no protest about the tax, it was the lawyer's letter (which he had never re-

ceived) that he protested against. On returning home he found the letter awaiting him. This seems a queer mixture. Firstly, we understood that one dollar was the fee for a lawyer's letter, and not two dollars; secondly, we thought that it took less than two days for a letter to be carried from the central post office to the west end of Chabouillez Square; thirdly, we learned that these legal (?) costs would be refunded; fourthly, we wonder how the whole business is carried on.

THE *Toronto Star* has the following very pointed paragraph. There is a great amount of truth in it and it suggests many reflections on Irish landlordism that if made practical use of would tend to open the eyes of Anti-Home Rulers:

"Let Ireland fight out its own destiny. We read upon this side of Ulster rising up, musket in hand, to battle against the innovation, and our hearts beat because there is something heroic in such an attitude. But between the lines we read that in the hamlets of Ireland, in what is called the "Gallant North," from the hard rocks of Lislelaw" to anywhere there are thousands who live only to pay rent that "my lord," or "the Col." or "the Capt." may live in luxury, contemptuous of and an offense to those who contribute to his fortune. The law is now about to step in and give them the relief they have long looked for, and God forbid that any decent man acquainted with their condition should try and incite them to rebellion, merely that a few landlords and parasites in Parliament may profit by it."

A NEW species of religious enthusiast has made an appearance in New York where he is striving to obtain proselytes to the religion of the Turks. His name is Muhammed Alexander Webb; his mission seems to be a real web of extraordinary contradictions. Not long ago, while preaching his Crescent creed, he invited his hearers to read the Koran and then read the Bible; if any one of them did not find the Koran superior to the Bible he would eat the Koran. Speaking of the outcome of this great challenge, the "Michigan Catholic" says: "They told Muhammed A. Webb that they did not think the Koran was any where the equal of the Bible, and presented their Korans to Muhammed to perform his part of the oral contract. Whether it was that Muhammed's digestive apparatus was not toned up to a Koran menu, or because his challenge was simply what is known in sporting terminology as a bluff, we do not know, but the fact remains that the Korans presented are still untasted by Muhammed." The truth is that the Koran is a dry and meaningless volume. Leaving aside the question of the inspiration in the Bible, there is high literary merit in the volume of Christian Scriptures; it is a book of prophecy authenticated by past and present fulfilment; it is a book of poetry lofty beyond the range of human power to imitate; it is a book of history such as no man has ever attempted to equal. But the Koran is simply a huge volume of maxims, more or less meaningless; a book of immoral teachings such as shock all sentiment of civilization; a book of the Sword and of Mahomet. Mr. Webb may succeed in gathering in a few dollars from the curious or the foolish; but his converts, we are certain will not be a menace to the stability of Christianity.

LEO XIII.—EPISCOPAL JUBILEE.

(Revised and corrected for the TRUE WITNESS.)

Lion of the Fold of Judah,
Leo, Pontiff, Priest and King,
Vicar of the King of Heaven,
From whose lips His mandates ring!

Chief Pastor of the Church unchanging,
Keeper of the Heavenly Keys,
Pilot of the Barque of Peter
O'er the world's tempestuous seas.

Many hands have clasped the helm
Of this bright and gallant Barque;
Many storms have raged around it
In the by-gone Ages dark.

But this gallant Barque still boundeth
O'er the stormy waves of Time,
And her Captain's voice still soundeth
With the words of Truth sublime.

Many ships of State have perished
On destruction's rocks ob-scure,
But the Ship of Christ still saileth
For the Port of Heaven sure.

Many thrones have risen, fallen,
Many sceptres passed away,
But the Papal throne still standeth,
Still that sceptre holdeth sway.

Many flags of many nations
In defeat have oft been furled,
But the Church's Cross-crowned Banner
Floats aloft o'er all the world!

MICHAEL WHELAN.

Renous River, N. B., March, 1893.

MARION CRAWFORD.

THE GREAT NOVELIST IN ROME.

Trade and Art—The Trade-Novelist and
Artist-Novelist—An American by In-
heritance, an Italian by Birth, and
an Englishman by Training.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

In front of the Ara Coeli I stood. A swarthy Italian was telling of the dramatic death of Cola di Rienzi. His English was lightly worn, but it seemed to please his audience, and it was for that purpose they had paid their lire. The crazy quilt language of the cicerone and his audacious way of handling history, made him cut an attractive figure in the eyes of most tourists, whose desires are amusement rather than study. As a type, to use a phrase borrowed from the school of psychological novelism, he was a study. To the student, Rome is a city of absorbing interest, to the ordinary American bird of passage, a dull place. It all depends on your point of view. If you are a scholar, a collector of old lace, or a vandal, Rome is your happy hunting ground. If these pursuits do not interest you, Roman beggars with all sorts and conditions of diseases, sometimes by nature, mostly by art, Roman fleas, and the gaunt ghosts of the Campagna quickly drive you from the cadital of the Cæsars and Popes. A few other annoyances might be added, such as sour wine, whose mist fumes are not to be shriven by your bottlelet of eau de Cologne, garlic on the fringe of decay, and the provoking smell of salt fish in the last stage of decomposition. But you have come to Rome, it is a name to conjure with, and despite the drawbacks, you must have a glimpse, an ordinary bowing acquaintance with the famed old dame. At the office, an English office, in the Piazza di Spagna, you have asked for a "droll guide." Who could not listen to a scholarly one amid such active drawbacks as wine, fleas and fish. Michael Angelo Orazio Pantacci is your man. What do you care for good English? Did you not leave New York to leave it behind? What do you care for Roman history? Pantacci is your man, and his lecture on Cola di Rienzi is a masterpiece. A stranger joined our little crowd. Pantacci at that moment had attained his descriptive high-water mark. His pose, voice, were touchingly dramatic. Cola was, as he expressed it, "to perish." The stranger smiled and passed on. His smile was a composite affair. It was easy to see in it Michael Angelo's historical duplicity and our ignorant simplicity. The stranger was tall, with the shoulders slightly stooping, a nose as near an approach to the Grecian as an American may come, a heavy black mustache, ruddy cheeks, that whispered of English food mellowed with the glowing Chianti. Who is that man? I said to my companion, whose eyes had followed the stranger rather than Pantacci. "That," said he, "is Marion Crawford, the author of the Saracenesca books. You remember reading them at Albans." Tell me something about him. He is a very clever man. Cola has perished; let us leave Pantacci. On the way to Cordietti's tell me something of his life. He knows how to tell a story,

an art hardly to be met with in contemporary fiction. Fiction has abrogated to herself the whole domain of life, and thus the art of telling a story for the story's sake is lost. Fiction has a mission. She freights herself with all isms. Scott, Manzoni, even the great wizard of Spanish fiction, could they live again, were failures. Introspection is the cult, and, happily for their fame, they knew nothing of it. These great masters told us how scenes of life were enacted. Why they left to the inquisitive and later day brood of commentators. Since then the all absorbing scientific spirit prevails, and we moderns brush away the delightful humor of Dickens for the analytical puzzles of Henry James; the keen satire of Thackeray for the coxcombetics of George Meredith. Fairy cult interests none, modern children are ancient men. Scepticism is rampant, and the cause of it is in a great manner due to the modern novelist. This product of the 19th century world spirit coolly tells us that romance lies dead. Realism has taken her place. If we are to believe the theories of its votaries, it is without an ideal—a mere anatomical transcript of man. What this theory leads to is well illustrated by the gutter filth of Zola and Catulle Mendes. It makes novel writing a trade. One ceases to be astonished at the output, if he thoroughly grasps the difference between a tradesman and an artist. Trade is a word much used by realists. Grant Allen, writing of that realistic necromancer, Guy De Maupassant, has nothing apter to define his position than the phrase "he knows his trade." In point of fact, Grant Allen enunciates a truth in this phrase, one that might be carried still further, by saying that his whole school are journeymen laborers, tradesmen, if you prefer, turning out work, tasteless and crude, at the bidding of the erubescient young person of the period. It is readily assumed that work of this kind is not, despite the word jugglery of their school realism. It does not deal with the true man, but with a phrase, and that abnormal. A better phrase in use in speaking of the works of this school is, Literature of Disease. The artist who lives must have a model, and that we call the ideal. The nearer he approaches this the more lasting his work. All the great artists had ideals. Workmen may be guided by the rule of thumb. The first lesson a great artist learns is, "The art that merely imitates can only produce a corpse; it lacks the vital spark, the soul, which is the ideal, and which is necessary in order to create a living organic reality that will quicken genius and arouse enthusiasm throughout the ages." The gulf between the trade novelist and the artist-novelist is of vital importance. The former believes that art is simply imitation, the latter, that art is interpretation. One is a stone-cutter, the other a sculptor.

Crawford's canon is that art is interpretative, not imitative, and, moreover, he has a story to tell and tells it for the story's sake. He has no affinity with that school so pointedly described by the Scotch novelist, Barrie, as the one "which tells, in three volumes, how Hiram K. Wilding trod on the skirt of Alice M. Sparkins without anything coming of it." "Cordietti's," said my friend, "give the order and I will tell you what I know of Crawford." Paulo, said I to the waiter, some Chianti, and, well, a pigeon. "Crawford," said my friend, "was born in Rome about thirty-five years ago. His career has been a strange one, full of life. His early years were spent in Rome, where his father was known as a sculptor, his boyhood in the vicinity of Union Square, his early manhood in England and India. In the latter country he was the editor, proof-reader, typesetter of a small journal in the natives interest. As such he was a thorn to the notorious freak, Blavatsky. Crawford is an American by inheritance, an Italian by breeding, an Englishman by training, an Indian by virtue of writing about India with the knowledge of a native. In 1873, by the financial panic, Mrs. Crawford lost her large fortune, and Marion was forced to shift for himself. He became a journalist, and as such wandered over most of the interesting part of the globe. On his return to New York, at the request of his uncle, Sam Ward, the epicurean, who had discerned his kinsman's rare power of story-telling, he wrote his first book, Mr. Isaacs. It was a success. Of the writing of that book, Crawford has told us was "very curious." I did not imagine that I possessed a faculty for story

writing, and I prepared for a career very different from the career of a novelist. Yet I have found that all my early life was an unconscious preparation for that work. My boyhood was spent in Rome, where my parents had lived for many years. There I was put through the usual classical training—no, it was not the usual one, for the classics are much better taught in Italy than in this country. A boy in Italy by the time he is twelve is taught to speak Latin, and his training is so thorough that he can read it with ease. From Rome I went to Cambridge, England, and remained at the university several years. Then I studied for a couple of years at the German universities. During this time I went in for the sciences, and I expected to devote myself to scientific work. Finally I went off to the East, where I did a good deal of observing, and continued my studies of the oriental languages, in which I had taken considerable interest. It was while I was in the East that I met Jacobs, the hero of Mr. Isaacs. Many of the events I have recorded in Mr. Isaacs were the actual experiences of Jacobs."

The writing of his first novel occupied the months of May and June, 1882; it was published the same year, and at once established its author in the front rank of living American writers of fiction. Since then Crawford has written twenty volumes of fiction. Crawford is frank and he tells us how he manages to produce in a few years the amount of an ordinary lifetime. By living in the open air, by roughing it among the Albanian mountaineers, wandering by the sunny olive slopes and vineyards of Calabria, and by taking hard work and pot luck with the native sailors on long voyages in their feluccas, are the means of the novelist to hold health and make his pen-work a laxative employment. In these picturesque journeys, he lays the foundation of his stories, makes the plots and evolve the characters. He does not believe in Trollope's idea of sitting down, pen in hand, and keep on sitting until at its own will the story takes ink. The story in these excursions has been fully fashioned, and it becomes but a matter of penmanship to record it. How quickly this is done may be seen from the rapid writing of the novelist, which averages 6,000 words the working day. This rapid composition has its defects, defects that are in some measure compensated by the photographic views of the life and manners of the people. These views are in the rough, but they are truer than when toned down. Poetry needs paring. The greatest novels have been those that came like Crawford's, fresh from the brain, and were hastily despatched to the printer. Scott did not mope over the sheets. Thackeray's were written to the tune of "more copy." Your American critic, Stoddard, says "that Crawford is a man with many talents, and with great fertility of invention, is evident in every story that he has written. He has written more good stories and in more diverse ways than any English or American novelist. It does not seem to matter to him what countries or periods he deals with, or what kind of personages he draws, he is always equal to what he undertakes." It may interest you, in ending this biographic sketch, that he is a convert to the Catholic Church, and with the American critic's idea in view, a Cosmopolitan." I was not astonished by the former information. To those who know Italy and Mr. Crawford's wonderful drawing of it, there could be but one opinion, that the faith of the novelist was the same as that of his characters. No Protestant novelist, no matter how many years he had lived in Italy, could have drawn the portraits that play in the Saracenesca pages. One of his friends had this in his mind's eye when he wrote of the superiority of the novelist's writings on Italy over those of his countrymen. This writer tells us that Crawford added the indispensable advantage of being a Catholic in religion, a circumstance that has not only allowed him a truer sympathy with the life there, but has afforded him an open sesame to many things which must be sealed books to Protestants." As to my friend's summing up Crawford as a cosmopolitan, in the everyday meaning of that word, I take issue. Cosmopolitan novelist is one who can produce a three volume novel, whose scenes are laid in all the great centers of commerce, while he sits calmly in his library. No previous study of his novelistic surroundings are necessary. What does the age want the beginning of the

plot in Cairo or Venice, half-way at Tokio, and a grand finale beyond the Gates Ajar. Your novelist is ready to turn out the regulation type, with the greatest ease. Cosmopolitan novel writing is simply a trade. The living through of local and artistic impressions, the study of types in their environment, the color of surroundings are unnecessary. Imagination divorced from nature, study is left to guide the way.

Once Crawford followed this school, and the result was "An American Politician," the "worst novel ever produced by an American." Had Crawford been a tradesman he might have produced a passable book, but being an artist, he failed, not knowing what paints to mix in order to get the coloring. The difference between an artist and a tradesman, the one must go to nature direct, the other takes her second-hand. No artist can catch the lines of an Italian sunset from a studio window in London. "Art is interpretative, not imitative." Crawford is only a novelist in the true sense when he knows his characters and their surroundings. This is amply proven in the charming volumes that make his Saracenesca series. Here he is at home, so to speak. The Rome of Pius IX, with its struggles, its ambitions, the designs of wily intriguers, the fall of the temporal power of the Papacy, the rise of an united Italy, the flocking to Rome of the scourings and outcasts of the provincial cities, the money-mad schemes of daring but ignorant speculators, and over all the lovely blue Italian sky rise before us in all their minuteness at the bidding of Marion Crawford. His work is hardly inferior to genuine history; "for it affords that insight into the human mind that acquaintance with the spirit of the age, without which the most minute knowledge is only a bundle of dry and meaningless facts." Who that knows Rome of the Popes and Rome of the Vandals, that will not feel heavy-hearted at these lines.

"Old Rome is dead, too, never to be old Rome again. The last breath has been breathed, the aged eyes are closed forever, corruption has done its work and the grand skeleton lies bleaching on seven hills, half covered with the piecemeal stucco of a modern architectural body. The result is satisfactory to those who have brought it, if not to the rest of the world. The sepulchre of old Rome in the new capital of united Italy." The exclusiveness of the Patrician families of Rome, families that a brood of novelists pretend to draw life like, is happily hit by the painter G. Guache.

Guache, long resident in Rome, being asked what he knows of Roman families, replies, "Their palace is historic. Their equipages are magnificent. That is all foreigners see of Roman families." Who that has seen the great Leo carried through the grand sala, a vision of intellectual loveliness that will not recall it as he reads. "The wonderful face that seemed to be carved out of transparent alabaster, smiled and slowly turned from side to side as it passed by. The thin, fragile hand moved unceasingly, blessing the people." True, said my friend, his pages are delicious bits of the dead past. At every sentence we halt and find a memory. He has the sense of art, if Maupassant definition of it, "as the profound and delicious enjoyment which rises to your heart before certain pages, before certain phrases be correct."

Dinner was finished. A check, Paulo. We rose and went.

WALTER LECKY.



FROM HEAD TO FOOT

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SAND.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day. It was waiting in the round-house, where the locomotives stay; it was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned, and it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives can not always get a grip on their slender iron pavement, cause their wheels are apt to slip; and when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command, and to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track, if your load is rather heavy and you're always sliding back; so, if a common locomotive you completely understand, you'll supply yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade, and if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made, if you ever reach the summit of the upper table-land, you'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover to your cost, that you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost, then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand, and you'll slip way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen, if there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine, and you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand, if for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

—Richmond (Ind.) Register.

LET US SAVE OUR COUNTRY.

BY REV. J. M. SCANLAN,

Second Vice-President C. T. A. U. of America.

Intemperance is Undoubtedly a Destructive Element in Our Social Life.

[Published by the Temperance Publication Bureau.]

Whatever tends to brutalize a man; whatever robs him of his intelligence, and dethrones the reason which should guide him in the paths of rectitude, unfits him for the duties of citizenship. The intemperate man is a curse to the state; he is a cancer on the social body; he not only consigns to destruction his own God-given prerogatives, but he casts aside every kindly feeling, and destroys the home that was destined to be the sanctuary of virtue. He crushes the heart and dries up the well-springs of human kindness in the breast of the mother who must be the inspiration of patriotism to future American citizens. He impoverishes and brutalizes his children, and by the force of his example and neglect drives them into the haunts of crime, where laws are set at defiance. Every citizen has certain duties to the state that endows him with the prerogatives of citizenship and guarantees him protection for his life and property. Pre-eminent amongst these duties is that of obedience to the laws by which the state is governed; not the sullen, ungenerous obedience such as the spaniel pays to the master who has whipped him, but the ready, intelligent obedience of one holding the most vital interest in the maintenance of the state which governs and protects him. For the proper discharge of this duty to the State

THE INTELLIGENCE MUST BE BROUGHT INTO ACTION.

But when the intelligence is destroyed or benumbed, when reason is dethroned, passion assumes control over man, and law becomes a meaningless thing to be trampled under foot lest it should stand in the way of license which the brutalized man proclaims. This is the condition to which the drunkard wantonly and deliberately reduces himself. He drowns in the poisonous cup the intelligence and the reason which make it possible for him to be a good citizen. By his own wilful act he becomes incapable of rendering an intelligent obedience to law. He forswears not only his allegiance, but even the possibility of his allegiance, to the state, and becomes the subject of the most despotic tyrant, his own passions. If the drunkard's treason to his country were to end here; if he were treated as a criminal, and condemned to prison until he had the proper conception of his duties as a citizen; or

if his intemperance were looked upon as a contagious disease and he were isolated from all communication with the general public, there might then be little injury to society from intemperance.

BUT THE DRUNKARD DOES NOT USUALLY LIVE ALONE;

he is surrounded by a family whose circumstances are necessarily affected by his. He is, perhaps, a son on whom the affections of a life-time are centred, and to whom aged and feeble parents must look for support and comfort in their declining years; or, it may be, he is a father of a family, who, to satisfy his own accursed appetite, takes the bread from the mouth of the starving mother and brings consequent starvation and death to the suckling infant. He has children whom he should teach to be God-fearing, honest, many members of society; yet not a single kindly word do they hear from the lips of the monster who is their father, not a single lesson can they learn from his words or example; only curses and blasphemy and rend their tender ears, and the gentle, filial affection implanted in their little hearts by nature's God is supplanted by a crouching fear in his presence, and an unnatural hatred for the man who heaps cruelties and indignities on their affectionate mother, to whom only the wretched little ones can look for comfort and support. The ferocious beasts that roam the wild forests of Africa never neglect their young. They provide abundant food for them, and often at the risk of their own lives protect their offspring. It remains for man alone to practise cruelty on his own flesh and blood after intemperance reduces him below the level of the brute.

THE HOME, WHICH IS THE FOUNDATION OF THE WHOLE SOCIAL FABRIC,

the sanctuary from which society must draw its virtue, is converted into a veritable hell where peace, happiness, or contentment is never known. It becomes only a place of cruel memories for the boy who is driven in rags from it into the world of sin and crime, where every circumstance of his surroundings contributes to make him a criminal. Instead of being the foundation on which the order and peace of the state should rest, instead of being the nursery wherein loyalty, patriotism, and moral courage are tenderly fostered, the drunkard's home becomes the hotbed of discontent, disorder, and crime.

INTEMPERANCE IS A MENACE TO THE STATE BECAUSE IT IS A FRUITFUL SOURCE OF CRIME.

It stirs up the animal passions in man, breaks down all the moral barriers, silences the teachings of religion and the voice of conscience, destroys all the nobler and excises all the baser elements in the human heart, so that crime becomes its natural consequence. Our reformatories, jails and penitentiaries are kept constantly filled and an alarming number of cases continually fill the dockets of our criminal courts; two-thirds of all the crime of the country are traceable directly or indirectly to intemperance.

The political economists of the day are at their wits, and to discover a means of settling the

GREAT CONFLICT BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The wisest and most conservative of our statesmen realize that this conflict must soon become a dreadful crisis if some means are not devised whereby labor may be guaranteed its just rights, and the growing spirit of socialism and anarchy be far ever crushed out. The best friends of labor must admit that much of the poverty and discontent amongst the laboring classes is due to drink. Some of the greatest strikes of the country, which threw thousands of men out of employment and involved millions of dollars, took place because the wages of the laborers were cut down a few cents a day; and yet thousands of these same laborers willingly hand over every day a far larger sum to the

THE MOST INHUMAN OF CAPITALISTS, THE SALOON-KEEPER,

for the privilege of ruining themselves and impoverish their families. Would to God that these hardy, honest sons of toil, the pride and hope of our country, were made to realize that *intemperance is a greater enemy than capital!* Then there would be less discontent amongst working-men, and the agents of socialism and anarchy who hatch their damnable scheme in the saloons, could no longer get the clear-headed, sober working-man

to disgrace the records of labor by criminal actions. No man has a keener realization of the danger to labor from intemperance than the fearless leader of the Knights of Mr. Powderly. "When I know," he says, "that if free from the shackles of intemperance the working-men of America would hew out for themselves a name and a place in the world which was never dreamed of in past centuries, it makes my heart sick that one of them should ever raise to his mouth the glass that damns both body and soul." The sooner the working-men realize the danger to labor interests arising from intemperance, the sooner will they be in a position to assert calmly and temperately their just rights and the sooner will the public regard the movements of the working classes without suspicion. There are thousands who cry aloud for preservation of our Republic, but they stand idly and raise neither hand nor voice in protest when they see the

BULWARK OF OUR LIBERTIES TRAMPLED ON BY THE SALOON ELEMENT.

The political state is made up in the saloon, the caucus is held around the saloon counter, and there before the bar of intemperance the successful candidate gets the assurances of nomination. Liquor men are political bosses in both city and State; they hesitate not to send to the polls men whose brains are confused by the tree liquor that drowned their political conscience and purchased their miserable ballot. There is a sacred trust in the hands of the American people, and if ever the Republic fail, it will be principally because that trust has been betrayed; it will be because the sovereignty of the ballot has been debased; because the political conscience is destroyed by intemperance. It is high time that the honest, noble-minded men of our country should rise up and forcibly protest against

THIS ABUSE OF THE SOVEREIGN POWER OF OUR CITIZENS.

Common decency and self-protection demand that our public affairs should be transacted in sober, thoughtful deliberation by sober, clear headed men. If we would entertain hopes for the future prosperity of the country, politics must be elevated beyond the reach of the saloon. Candidates for public office should be warned in no uncertain tones that the saloon is an unfit place for the headquarters of one who seeks the suffrages of the people.

THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT

is part and parcel of the grand old Church that has always striven for the elevation and betterment of the human race. It has the blessing and approval of the powers that always spurned both men and measures, however great, that were not calculated to educate men to a higher conception of the duty to God, their country, and truth. Our movement has no political doctrines except those that religion and morality proclaim, and self-preservation and public good demand.

Every good, self-respecting Catholic who loves God and his country—and a good Catholic must be a good citizen—should stand shoulder to shoulder with the forces of morality, and see to it that our religion is no longer banished with the reputations of men whose only religion is self-love, and whose only patriotism is greed for political power. The future progress of Catholicity will largely depend on the high moral tone of the Catholic laity, and the banishment from their midst of the imported drinking customs of European nations.

We do not need so much men who are ready to lay down their lives for religion and country. Brute courage is all that is necessary for that spirit of patriotism. But we do want men of moral courage, men who can calmly sacrifice their own interests for the common good; men who by their lives and example will edify their fellow-men, bring honor on religion and respect to the state.

The plain truth is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla. No need of embellishment or sensationalism. Hood's Cures.

Beware of allowing yourself to be cast down by adversity or puffed up by prosperity; faith renders the soul humble in success and constant amid reverses.

BEWARE OF CHOLERA.
The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera, therefore, wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent! Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

GRAND TRUNK

RAILWAY.

Trains Leave Bonaventure as follows:

WEST.

- 9:30 a.m.—For Toronto, Chicago, &c.
- 8:00 p.m.—
- 10:35 p.m.—"Limited" for Toronto, (9 hours) Chicago, (23 hours), &c.
- 9:00 a.m.—For Ottawa and C.A. Ry. points.
- 4:45 p.m.—
- 5:00 p.m.—For Cornwall.

EAST.

- 7:55 a.m.—For Portland, Point Levi, (Quebec), St. John and Halifax.
- 3:55 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Island Pond.
- 5:35 p.m.—For St. Hyacinthe.
- 10:15 p.m.—For Portland and Point Levi, (Quebec).

SOUTH.

- 7:00 a.m.—For New York via St. Lawrence & Adirondack Ry.
- 8:25 a.m.—For Boston, New York via Central Vermont Ry.
- 8:40 a.m.—For New York via Delaware & Hudson Ry.
- 3:45 p.m.—For Hemmingford, Massena Springs and Valleyfield.
- 4:55 p.m.—For New York via St. Lawrence & Adirondack Ry.
- 5:30 p.m.—For New York & Boston via Central Vermont Ry.
- 5:40 p.m.—For New York via Delaware & Hudson Ry.
- 8:40 p.m.—For New York and Boston via Central Vermont Ry.

*Daily, all other trains daily, except Sunday.
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CANADA IN ROME.

An Interview with Bishop Macdonald of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

This being the jubilee year of His Holiness Leo XIII. the eyes of the Catholic world are turned towards the Eternal City, and all hearts beat in harmony with the hierarchy of the Church.

"I have been in Rome," said Bishop Macdonald. "I was there for the Episcopal jubilee of the Pope." Having enquired of his Lordship about the Holy Father's health, and after referring to the many contradictory reports that are daily flashed across the wires, on a subject so delicate and yet so interesting to all Catholics, we asked what amount of credence might be given to such pieces of so-called authentic news.

Being thus satisfied on the question of the Pontiff's health, we naturally thought of our own country and we asked Bishop Macdonald if Canada were well represented at the celebration of the Episcopal jubilee. The answer was indeed a pleasant one. "Canada," said His Lordship, "made a most creditable showing.

Among the many lectures delivered in our city on the festival of Ireland's patron saint, attention may have been called to the address made by Rev. Bro. Noah (brother of Canada's Solicitor-General, Hon. J. J. Curran,) before the young men's association of the Assumption parish, Manhattanville, New York.

ally destined for the use of Catholic students from their respective countries and for those who are preparing themselves for the great life of the priesthood. Some of these Colleges have been established by princes, by monarchs, by the wealthy and devout children of the Church, in the countries that they represent. Some of them owe their foundation to the liberality of the faithful who were taxed—a voluntary tax—for the purpose of having their country represented in the City of the Popes.

The College is conveniently placed on the Via Quattro Fontane, one of the most healthsome localities in Rome. The primary purpose of the good Fathers, in founding the College, was to afford a home for young ecclesiastics from Canada, while perfecting their studies in the best of schools of Rome.

BROTHER NOAH'S LECTURE.

St. Patrick's Day Celebration in Manhattanville.

Among the many lectures delivered in our city on the festival of Ireland's patron saint, attention may have been called to the address made by Rev. Bro. Noah (brother of Canada's Solicitor-General, Hon. J. J. Curran,) before the young men's association of the Assumption parish, Manhattanville, New York.

After referring in feeling, terms to his association with Rev. F. F. Brien, Eriffin and Donnelly, the former Soggarth Arooms of Assumption Parish—after recalling the names of O'Connor, Devlin, Donnelly, Ives and others of the old stock of Manhattan parishioners who have joined the silent majority,—Bro. Noah dwelt upon the universality of the celebration, its meaning and its importance.

"Rude nations may boast of their might and their treasures, They may count in their pride, their ships and their men, But virtue and faith are a country's true measure, The Shamrock and Cross are a power in each Glen."

He quoted O'Connell's famous testament as a proof that Erin's weal is indissolubly connected with fidelity to Rome. "My soul to God, my body to Erin, my heart to Rome" said the le-

urer is the chart from which Irishmen may not deviate without wrecking their political fortune. Brother Noah next referred to the "grand old men" the veterans in government, with the youngest ideas. "We, said Leo XII. speaking of Gladstone and himself" are the oldest in years and the youngest in ideas" and the youngest idea, the thought most prominent to both minds was the freedom of the masses.

A very interesting historical fact was brought to light by Brother Noah when he narrated that the Blessed Founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools had educated a number of young Irishmen who, as subordinate officers, took part in the famous battle of Fontenoy. A very interesting historical fact was brought to light by Brother Noah when he narrated that the Blessed Founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools had educated a number of young Irishmen who, as subordinate officers, took part in the famous battle of Fontenoy.

THE IRISH EXILED BOYS.

"Boarding Schools were opened by the Blessed De La Salle in several places; notably at St. Yon, near Rouen, at the urgent request of wealthy parents..... A similar foundation was opened at the request of Cardinal Archbishop de Noailles, in Paris, for the young Irishmen who came with their parents into France after the downfall of James II. Among these young men was the ancestor of Marshal McMahon. In this school the young gentlemen completed the education needed in all various offices of trust for which they were destined." Life of B. J. S. De La Salle, by F. C. N., p. 46.

Pierce war has swept across the land Of Erin, and her sons' blood, stained wand, Since ruinous William's blood-stained wand Decees their bannishment.

To Spain they flee, in numbers great; Their hearts and hands to noble state Are offered, while with frightened gait Another band departs.

Across, to smiling France, these turn; Their saddened hearts with love still burn; For homes and hopes, now lost, they yearn, As only Exiles can.

And soon, from lips of homeless men, Is heard the question: where and when Shall sons of Erin find a home To welcome and instruct?

Where find a heart in hour of need, To prove itself a friend indeed? Where seek for youth the simple meed Of science, Christiana, pure?

Be brave, sad hearts, rejoice! we say; Already is a star's bright ray Of joy and hope lit on the way To home for Erin's boys.

Augustan Age, G and Louis' reign, Has furnished one whose gentle name Is hailed by all with glad acclaim, John Baptist De La Salle!

To Prince of Church appeal is made, To name professors, skilful, staid, Whose hearts, by error undismayed, Were true to Peter's throne.

In all the glorious land of France No knight was found with Christian lance, Whose hand could guide, or smile entrance Like Baptist De La Salle's.

What better choice than this, of one Whose chosen title, "Priest of Rome," Bespoke the love that he would own For sons of sainted Isle!

If fallen from their high degree, In De La Salle they each could see A father, who, when choice was free A Misfortune's friend became.

If they from home and country fled, In him they saw a model, dead To all that worldly-minded said To sway from Christ-like deed.

If Erin's sons had left the soil Where learning's lamp with sacred oil Was constant fed, by Baptist's toll In virtue's path they're led.

Behold a scene that angels' eyes Look down upon! The deem the noise Of busy, exiled Irish boys The sweetest music known.

Here, in the home that love has reared, Has De La Salle his name endeared To those whose bleeding hearts he cheered, Forgotten of his own.

The Dillons and McMahons came To hear De La Salle the faith proclaim For which they braved the scorn and shame That exiles oft must bear.

They came, dear boys, with tear-stained eyes: At once were knit those mystic ties That hearts alone can make, that rise When evil days oppress.

For stations high in army brave, De La Salle prepares these youths, to save Adopted country's flag, to wave Their own at later day.

Scarce fifty years had passed, and lo! At Fontenoy these brave boys show The skill, the daring that they know To strike the surging foe.

What need we add to glory rare Of De La Salle who thus did share With others of his name no fair, In striking tyrant down?

Blessed De La Salle! one task remains: O! old you heard poor Erin's claims: Make intercession, break the chains That bind her sons to-day.

F. C. N.

At the close of the lecture which had been frequently interrupted by applause

the Rev. Pastor called for a vote of thanks to the Rev. Lecturer who at such short notice and with such singular success had entertained and instructed them. The vote was given with a will.

Bro. Noah has just returned from a prolonged trip in the South of France whether he was ordered by his physicians in Boston. While traveling Bro. Noah gave several lectures on educational subjects before non-Catholic organizations. He has also prepared an educational work that is announced to be read for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. He has been asked to address several educational gatherings during the coming mid-summer holidays, in Canada and the United States—Com. from New York.

SCHOOL EXHIBITS.

A Serious Misunderstanding Cleared Away.

The misunderstanding which was believed to exist in the minds of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners as to the cause for neglect of the Protestant Schools in the matter of exhibits at Chicago has been entirely explained away. This is made clear by the following correspondence:

HIGH SCHOOL, Peel Street, March 17, 1893.

REV. CANON BRUCHESI:

DEAR SIR,—Pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. I do so for the purpose of removing a possible misunderstanding in relation to the Schools' Exhibits which are being prepared in this Province for the Columbian Exposition. I desire to say that it never was the opinion of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners that schools of the minority, in the Province were being ignored by those charged with preparing exhibits of our school work. What they did say was that some assistant Commissioner should have been appointed, who should have actively worked up exhibits in the Protestant institutions, as you have done so well in Catholic institutions. I have since received communications from the Hon. Provincial Secretary, Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere and Mr. S. C. Stevenson from which I find that this was the actual intention of the Advisory Board or when you were a member—an intention which was unfortunately not realized. Through Mr. Stevenson's kindness, I have been made acquainted with the various actions of the Advisory Board, as shown in their minutes, and I now know what I have always believed, that no responsibility in relation to the failure of that intention rests with you, but that your course has been clear and consistent from the start.

We all feel that great credit is due to you for the zeal with which you have prosecuted your work, and only regret that we also have not had a gentleman of equal enthusiasm to prepare an exhibit in our own schools.

I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant, (Signed) E. W. ARTHUR, Superintendent.

The Rev. Canon Bruchesi, who was out of town on March 17th, replied as follows on his return to the city:

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, Montreal, March 22, 1893.

MR. E. W. ARTHUR, Montreal:

DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you for your loyal and sympathetic letter with regard to the educational exhibit of our province at the World's Fair.

There evidently has been a misunderstanding about this School Exhibit; allow me to tell you how sincerely I regret this misunderstanding.

As far back as May, 1892, on reception of the Hon. Mr. Oulmont's circular, which must have reached you about the same time, His Grace, our Archbishop, requested me to ask our several colleges and convents to contribute to an exhibition which must be of immense advantage to our province.

I had not then received any appointment from the Government. Later, when I was named on the Commission, at the same time as the Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere, the Educational Department was specially confided to me.

A motive of delicacy, which you can readily understand, prompted me to ask the Advisory Board and my honorable colleague to relieve me of the responsibility of the Protestant schools, being convinced that the interests of those schools would be better understood and more minutely looked after by one of your own creed.

My proposition was acceded to by all. One of your friends was to be entrusted with the schools. I felt confident that what I was doing for the Catholic schools was being equally carried out for your schools by one of your own choice.

Had I been aware of the misunderstanding which came to my knowledge so recently, I would have made a point of meeting you to confer on the matter.

At any rate, I trust that even at this late hour some energetic efforts may make up for any deficiency. The work of former schools being added to the High School quota of last summer may thus furnish an interesting exhibit which will do honor to the province.

With renewed expression of my deep appreciation of your friendly letters, I remain, Very sincerely yours, (Signed) CANON P. BRUCHESI.

Copies of this correspondence have been forwarded to the Hon. L. P. Pelletier, Provincial Secretary, and a communication has been received from him to the effect that a Protestant Commissioner, probably Mr. Rextord, would immediately be appointed to secure a representative exhibit from the Protestant schools for the Chicago Fair.

President Cleveland is said to be vigorously opposed to Nepotism.

VIRGIN PUREST.

(This is the first attempt of the writer in the line of verse. There is here an evidence of the poetic faculty, as pronounced as in his dramatic powers in "Lamb Dearg Aboon.")

Virgin the purest the sun ever shone on,
Star of Creation, bright pearl of the sea;
God's holy Mother, O deign to look down on
Thine erring children, whose hope is in thee

Eve, our first mother, through temptation
fallen,
Brought down upon us Heaven's awful de-
crees;

Mankind, in sadness, all hastened to call on
Earth's holy Virgin,—their hope was in thee.

Pierced through the heart by the keen lance of
sorrow,
Torn by your anguish at Calvary's Tree;
Patiently suffering, knowing the morrow
Would prove to the world that our hope was
in thee.

O Mother most beautiful, high Heaven adorn-
ing,
At night, in my dreams, thou art pictured to
me;
And then, in the calm dewy hush of the morn-
ing,
My first thoughts, on waking, are wafted to
thee.

Hope is within us, bright Star of the Ocean,
Fear for the future there never can be;
Thy goodness and tenderness fill with emotion
The souls that are yearning to fly unto thee.

JAMES MARTIN, Montreal.

AT THE HOTEL DIEU.

St. Patrick's Day Worthily Celebrated.

While the strong and hearty were amusing themselves in a befitting manner on the occasion of our national festival, the Rev. Father Luke Callaghan, the energetic chaplain of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, organized an entertainment for the sick and infirm. It was a great success and while reflecting credit upon the talented persons who took part in the programme, it also did honor to their kindness of heart and sympathetic natures. Rev. Father Martin Callaghan brought along his violin, from which he drew forth many a strain of Irish melody that warmed the feelings of the sufferers and caused many to forget their pains for the time being. Mr. John Patterson gave a most interesting lecture on the "Future of the Irish Race," in which he drew very vivid pictures of the Old Land in her days of shadow, and in her days of coming sunshine. Miss Fyfe charmed the attentive audience with her admirable declamation. Master Charles O'Loughnan gave a snare-drum solo that was highly appreciated. A couple of choice selections were sung in good style by Miss F. Gaven. Also songs appropriate to the occasion and very well rendered were given by the Misses Leproun. The Kelly Brothers received loud applause for their song and dance contributions to the programme. Messrs. McCaffery and McDonald added to the entertainment some very good clog dancing. In fact it was quite a select variety concert, and the hall was packed full. The patients of the Hotel Dieu will long remember St. Patrick's Day 1893, and will be ever grateful to Father Luke for his kindly interest in their behalf.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

At St. Laurent College.

Never before, in the annals of St. Patrick's Literary Association, was the glorious feast day of Ireland's patron saint celebrated in a more enthusiastic and patriotic manner than that which characterized the celebration of '93.

On the morning of the 17th, the members of St. Patrick's Society, decked in full regalia, slowly wended their way to the College chapel, where low mass was read by Rev. E. Meehan, C.S.C. During the mass the members of the society received Holy Communion in a body, and rendered hymns appropriate to the occasion. An nine o'clock high mass was sung by Rev. A. Roy, C.S.C., assisted by Rev. E. Meehan, C.S.C., and Rev. W. N. London, C.S.C., as sub-deacon.

The panegyric was delivered by the Moderator of the society, Rev. M. A. McGarry, C.S.C. Throughout it was one grand piece of eloquence. The preacher filled the hearts of his auditors with sorrow, when, in moving words, he pictured the poor natives of the Island of Saints dying by the roadside of famine and exposure rather than to abjure their faith.

The day was spent in various kinds of amusements, until two o'clock, when the members and invited guests proceeded to the college refectory, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared. The tables fairly groaned beneath the weight of the viands, and the way in which they disappeared, proved that the menu was no

ordinary one. After dinner, impromptu speeches were made by several of the officers of the society, and then the programme of the day was continued, in a manner worthy of the members of the society, and of the sons of Irishmen. As the shades of evening slowly descended, and St. Patrick's Day was fast fading away, the students repaired to the chapel, where many prayers from every true Irish heart were wafted to the Throne above. Thus ended St. Patrick's Day of 1893, at St. Laurent College, and it can truthfully be said that never before was Ireland's patron saint more praised and honored.

The evening celebration of the 17th, was postponed until the following Wednesday, March 22. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, a large audience was present at the first public entertainment, presented by St. Patrick's Literary Association, for many years. When the family and invited guests had been seated, the curtain, amidst the enlivening strains of God Save Ireland, arose, displaying an elaborately and beautifully decorated stage, the artistic work of Mr. M. J. O'Connor, C.S.C. The following was then presented.

PROGRAMME.

- Overture—"Our Naval Officers' March".....College Band
- Rev. Bro. Raphael, C.S.C., Director.
- Oration—"O'Donnell, the Great Christian Agitator".....John J. O'Donnell
- Exhibition—"Club Swinging".....Edward Osborne
- Oration—"Influence exterieure de l'Irlande".....Antoine Guertin
- Piano Duet.....Quinn Bros

"MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING"

- An Original Irish Drama, by John L. Carleton
- DRAMATIC PERSONAE:
- Squire Hilton, who comes of an illustrious family.....H. E. Quinn
- Marmaduke Hilton.....L. A. Lambert
- Alphonse Behaven, characteristic Irish agent.....J. F. McGrail
- Captain Lookout, officer of English army.....J. J. Colleton
- Dick Barkey, an unscrupulous villain.....J. F. Casey
- Teddy O'Neil, a rare sprig of the old soil.....W. J. O'Reilly
- Captain De Balsac.....J. M. Brennan
- Andy.....J. M. Hannan
- Tom.....P. J. Heffernan
- Joe.....L. J. Barret
- John Fenelon, aristocratic servant of the old time.....P. J. Heffernan

ENTRACTES.

- Vocal Solo—"I Will Always Remember".....J. J. O'Donnell
- Selection.....Orchestra
- Banjo Duet.....O'Reilly and Casey
- Selection.....Band
- Vocal Solo—"Patsy Branigan".....W. J. O'Reilly
- Selection.....Orchestra
- Vocal Solo—"O'Donnell Aboon".....J. M. Mulvey
- Fancy Drill.....Roy, Guards (Com. D.)
- Capt. J. Shea and Lieut. W. Scully.
- Chorus—"An Irish Fair Day, (our quartette)".....O'Reilly, O'Donnell, Casey and Mulvey, solo.

WANTED, A MALE COOK.

- Mr. Hartwell, an old bachelor. P. A. O'Marra
- Joshua Slocum, from Greenville, Me.....F. J. Kenney
- Teddy Ryan, just arrived.....W. J. O'Reilly
- Francois, a French cook.....J. M. Brennan

GRAND FINALE.

St. Patrick's Day.....College Band

Words can scarcely portray the beauty and eloquence of the oration of Mr. O'Donnell, the president of the society. One needs only to have been present to have been filled with burning patriotism, as the orator, in enthusiastic terms depicted all that O'Donnell did for his country. Mr. Guertin paid a glowing tribute to the work of Irish missionaries on the continent of Europe, in America and Australia. Mr. Lambert, in the role of Marmaduke Hilton, deserves great praise, while Mr. O'Reilly as Teddy O'Neil, and Mr. Colleton as Major Lookout, were also the recipients of much praise, for the manner in which they impersonated their respective characters. Mr. McGrail was the surprise of the evening by portraying Alphonse Behaven in a manner faithful to life. Thunders of applause were showered on the members of the military company, and, indeed, their fine appearance and graceful movements well merited them. Special praise, however, must be given to Capt. J. Shea, to whose untiring zeal the success of the drill was due. In the farce Mr. Brennan, by the inimitable manner in which he impersonated the French cook, kept the audience in roars of laughter, while Mr. O'Reilly contributed much to the success of the farce. It would be difficult to find a more typical "Down-Eastern" than Joshua, in the person of Mr. Kenney. The exhibition of club swinging given by Mr. Osborne, was one of the most attractive features of the evening, and it is safe

NO BOGUS testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell **HOOD'S Sarsaparilla**. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.

to say that his performance has never been equalled in this college. He received tremendous applause, and gracefully responded to an encore. The professor of education, Mr. M. J. O'Connor, C.S.C. is to be congratulated on the successful result of his instruction. Rev. Father McGarry, also, deserves great praise for his untiring efforts to make the entertainment a success.

T. N. M.

Next week we will give in full the text of Mr. J. J. O'Donnell's speech on O'Connell.—Ed. T. W.

OBITUARY.

The Late Edward A. O'Brien.

The funeral of the late Edward A. O'Brien took place Thursday morning from the residence of the deceased's sister, Mrs. Beiser, St. Lawrence Main street, and was largely attended. Mr. O'Brien was for a number of years head clerk at the Windsor hotel, and his demise at the early age of 35 years has been deeply lamented by his friends. The pall-bearers were W. E. Callaghan, M. J. McGrail, M. M. Cloran, E. A. Anderson, W. P. McVey and T. McIntyre, the mourners being Messrs. T. C. O'Brien, Jos. O'Brien and M. Beiser. Amongst others present were noticed R. J. Anderson, C. A. McDonnell, W. J. O'Hara, F. Gormley, B. Tansey, Robert Warren, George A. Carpenter, Prof. Fowler, P. F. McCaffrey, John Hammill, J. Clancy and Frank Langan. The religious ceremony took place at St. Patrick's church, Rev. Father Troupin officiating, assisted by Revs. J. A. McCallen and James Callaghan as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

The Late Mr. Munderloh.

There are chords in every human heart, which, though they remain mute and senseless to the most passionate and earnest appeals, vibrate at last to the most fortitious touch, but there seems to be one that responds specially to a certain touch, viz., death, that strange mysterious power, which knows no inequality, and which, for a time, levels all barriers of separation, uniting men's hearts in one common bond. This was clearly manifest last week at the funeral service of the late Mr. W. C. Munderloh, which was largely attended by prominent business men of all denominations; zealous church members; occasional churchgoers, and many who profess no religion whatever, yet all assembled to pay a last and justly merited tribute of respect to a good and worthy citizen, and it was most affecting to hear all alike join in singing the hymns, both English and German; one could not help reflecting, regretfully, that only death and sorrow have the power of bringing men together, heart to heart, in like manner, regardless of caste sect, social or political prejudice, all of which were, for the time, forgotten. —Com.

The Late Mr. Brennan.

The funeral of the late Arthur Brennan took place from his residence, 46 Inspector street, Sunday afternoon, and was attended by a large circle of friends and relatives, fully one thousand people following his remains to his last resting place, Cote de Melges Cemetery. The deceased was a native of the County Armagh, Ireland, and migrated to this country of which he was a resident for the last 43 years, in 1850. He was widely known for his sterling qualities, always responded to the call of charity, was strictly honest with all whom he had any dealings, and deeply regretted by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss, with whom we deeply sympathize.—R. I. P.

An Accomplished Pianist.

Without wishing to be partial in our judgments, still we believe in the old saying, "honor to whom honor is due." On St. Patrick's night, at the grand concert in the Windsor Hall, there were several important features in the programme which certainly deserved more than the passing notice that our limited space allowed. Amongst others whose praises cannot be too loudly sung is Miss Maggie McAnally, whose admirable execution on the piano enhanced so much the beautiful singing, and whose talent was so much admired and appreciated by the two distinguished vocalists whom she accompanied—Miss Walker and Miss Hollinhead. Miss McAnally ranks positively amongst the most skillful pianists of Montreal. She is an ex-graduate of St. Patrick's Academy and a member of the Philharmonic Society. We hope sincerely to see this young lady one day take her rightful place in the ranks of Canada's first musicians—he has the merit, and the recognition must come.

Mgr. Fabre celebrated Mass in the chapel of the Sisters of Charity of Providence on Saturday, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the order. The celebration of the event will take place on a large scale on June 7, 8 and 9. There are now 691 nuns and 89 novices

in the order, teaching 7,000 pupils and attending to 6,000 sick, 250 orphans and 2,000 poor. The order have schools in all the provinces of the Dominion and various parts of the United States. Fifty-seven novices joined the order on Saturday.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 821 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-13-c-o-w)

It is quite impossible to have one's satisfaction in this life and in the next. —St. Francis.

"Sudden Colds."—At the commencement of a cold, take a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain Killer in a little milk and sugar, and the cure is more sudden than the cold. Only 25c. New Big Bottle.

Who in all this world has never hungered? And since we needs must hunger, better for man's love than God's truth; better for companions sweet than great convictions. Let us bear our weights, preferring dreary hearths to desert souls. —E. B. Browning.

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TRUE.

The following poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen is noteworthy, not only for its beauty; but for the remarkable fact that its 252 words are all monosyllables. The poem appears to have been written without a thought of its verbal peculiarity.

The fair frail winds which loved the sun,
Grew faint at touch of cold,
And chilled and pale, fell one by one,
Dead in the dust and mould.

In you tall tree, now bleached and thinned,
A nest swung, frayed and lone,
All soaked with rain and rent by wind—
Its freight felled and frown.

Where are the birds, the moths, the bees,
And scores of glad, free things,
Which thronged the round, the grass, the trees,
Or thrilled the air with wings?

Gone with the warmth and bloom and light
Born of the up and sky,
Ere yet there fell this grief and blight,
And the chill nights drew nigh.

On the low bough that arched the gate
When days were long and warm,
A wren, that has no nest or mate,
Droops all too sad for song.

Shorn of its fruit, still clings the vine,
Its fair robes torn and sore;
No tint is left, nor sound, nor sign,
Of all that June held dear.

But here, where down the dim wet walks
The blanched leaves whirl and beat,
One rose looks through the brown stalks,
And charms the air with sweet—

As one brave heart, when all the truth
On earth seems dead or lost,
Still keeps the faith and fire of youth,
And smiles in spite of frost.

Although the friends I once held dear
Are far or false, or frown,
I need not grieve, for you are here,
My hope, my love, my own.

PUGILISM.

"Butchered to Make a Holiday."

Because the Romans, a fierce and war-like people, saw fit to shout and yell in their arenas with savage joy at the sight of blood and brutal cruelty, that is no reason why a Christian civilization should be treated to the disgusting spectacle of sound healthy young men beating each other to death for the amusement of the very scum of the earth,—a pack of ruffian scoundrels calling themselves "sports." The blood and judgment are not so well mingled in Californians that it is ever given to us to do things by half or in moderation. We do it all, we go the whole length of our line or we sit us down and do nothing. It is only a few months since the whole city was a roar crying and wailing against the dives. Nothing would answer but that they be swept from out our city. The pulpits thundered, the press let loose the dogs of war, even the citizens were aroused. And what came of it all? Nothing. It was only pro-tection vote-catching clap-trap. The dives are alive and flourishing, with their drunkenness and vice and abomination, driving souls by the thousand into hell. They did rescind the "Cremorne" license. But what good did it do? Two weeks later the same people re-opened it under another name with the same purpose in view for which it was run before, with a more damning clause in its new contract—now admission is free there. Then the daily papers sang a doleful song about the magdalens, the burthen of whose strain was, "How shall they be saved?" The whole correspondence was splendidly sensational, for even a voice came out of the depths and discussed in a business-like way the pros and cons of the reform question. It was only sound and fury signifying nothing.

Let us wait and see what they will do about the pugilists. Already San Francisco has at her door three deaths in the prize-ring, and it is time to put an end to pugilism by act of legislature. It is not so bad a thing that the pugilists themselves should suffer physical pain. They are made of such tough calibre that nothing short of blood and broken flesh could interpret pain to them. It is a bad thing, though, that the "lawyers, doctors, business men and citizens of good standing"—the San Franciscans whom a morning paper tell us it would be nonsense to rank with the vicious classes—cannot be made to take a little of the ferocious bodily "punishment" which is administered by the two wretches over whom they stand and gloat with malevolent horrid glee. It is all dry rot to talk about pluck and mettle and manly front and nature's weapons. For years it has been known that the so-called athletic clubs of San Francisco, fostered and supported "sports" have been nothing more than training schools of professional pugilism. Some of them offered to their bestial patrons a nice difference

of entertainment. The line was drawn nowhere—anything for a fight, whether it was between men, dogs, birds or boys. San Francisco has become the paradise for prize fighters, so the scum of ring-men have drifted in here from all over the world. Beside the outside influx the city is infested by a lot of toughs and hoodlums, local and to the manner-born, who owe their status in life to the all-permeating leaves of the hateful immunity allowed by the law to the professional ruffians of the ring. There is but one remedy and that should have swift application. Governor Markham must at once put his signature to the bill that has passed both houses of the Legislature making ring battles illegal.—The Monitor.

Royal Convert to Catholicity

Few people will be astonished in Germany if the announcement that the Grand Duke of Baden has become converted to the Roman Catholic Church proves to be correct. Notwithstanding the fact that he has hitherto figured as one of the principal supporters of the Lutheran Church, it is no secret that both the Grand Duchess and himself have long shown a marked inclination for the Roman Catholic form of worship. They are both known to have been in entire accord, as far as matters of faith were concerned, with the Grand Duchess' mother, the late Empress Augusta, who is popularly believed and reported to have become a convert to the Church of Rome just before her death.

The belief has been strengthened by several remarks which have been made by the Pope and by members of his entourage, and it was but the other day that in receiving Count Kanitz, who is one of the great feudal magnates of Prussia, that Leo XIII went out of his way to specially dwell on his regard and affection for the Grand Duchess of Baden and her husband.

There have been a number of conversions from Protestantism to Romanism in the royal house of Prussia during the last decade, and among the most notable members who have thus gone over are the late Queen-Mother of Bavaria, who was a Prussian Princess, and Princess Frederick Charles, the widow of the famous Prussian cavalry leader who used to be known by the name of the Red Prince.—Letter of St. Marquis de Fontroy.

He Had His Say.

"I will detain you, ma'am," said the pedler, opening his pack, "only a—" "But I don't want to buy anything," she interrupted. "Moment or two," he went on, taking out a cake of reddish, transparent soap. "My object in calling—" "I told you I didn't want anything." "Is to introduce to your notice a superior brand of—" "I've got no time to listen to you, sir!" "Sassafras soap. I guarantee this soap, madam, to remove grease from a rag carpet or a lace curtain without a particle of injury to either. As a—" "How many times have I got to tell you," said the woman, raising her voice, "that I don't want anything." "Shaving soap," persisted the pedler, raising his voice also, "I can commend it as the best in use. It makes a beautiful—" "Of all the bold, impudent creatures I ever saw you are the boldest." "Creamy lather that does not dry on the face. Used according to directions it will cure chaps, remove freckles, obliterate tan and sunburn, and—" "Take it somewhere else! I don't want it!" she vociferated, shutting the door in his face. "Wash stains out of marble and furniture," yelled the pedler, "without leaving a mark of any kind on their polished surface. To introduce the soap into this neighborhood I am selling it at 10 cents a cake, and I don't care a pinch of salt whether you buy it or not, ma'am! Do you hear that? I'm naid by the day to go around and get off this speech, and when I strike a house," he continued, in a voice that jarred the windows, "I'm going to get it off if I have to howl it down the chimney! That's all I've got to say this time, ma'am, and I'll be around here again in exactly thirty days!" He turned on his heel, wiped the perspiration from his face, and moved toward the next house.—Chicago Times.

To assist a fallen friend is instinctive with noble natures.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A Little Gentleman.

The very first snow of the season had come—just enough to slide on without going in over your boots. It was a sunny December day, and Ted and Mamie were out on the terrace all ready for fun. Mamie wore her blue hood on and red mittens. Her eyes matched the hood, and her mittens. She wanted the first slide down the terrace. "Oh, please let me, Teddy!" she begged in a happy flutter. "No," said Ted. "I'm going to slide 'cause I'm the oldest. 'Slides, it's my sled." "Then you're a mean boy," said Mamie. "Say much and I'll slide all the time," answered Ted coolly. "Wasn't it a pity that a quarrel should cloud that beautiful day? Mamie thought so. She had opened the window to get a handful of fresh snow, and she heard it all. "Ted! Mamie!" mamma called. "I'm going to give Tony and Cleo a bath. Don't you want to see?" "They came, hanging back a little. "Oh, yes!" cried Mamie. It was yet one of her delights to watch the new canaries bathe. Ted didn't say anything—he didn't care much about such fun himself—but he looked on while mamma took off the cage bottom and set the cage of a glass dish full of water on the oilcloth mat. Tony hopped to the lowest perch with an eager flutter and dipped his yellow bill in the water. Then at once he seemed to remember something. He looked at Cleo. "Chip! chip!" he said. Cleo understood "Cho-up," she answered, softly. Then down she came, and into the water she went, while Tony stood by and sung as if he meant to burst his little throat. When Cleo had finished her bath, he took his scattering the waterdrops like rain. Mamma looked at Teddy. "What do you think of it?" she asked, with a twinkle. "I think Tony's a little gentleman," answered Ted, promptly. "And I'm going to be one, too. You can slide first, Mamie." "No, you can," said Mamie. It was to see who shouldn't be first this time! But Teddy conquered.—Youth's Companion.

A Clever Boy.

"Father," said a hopeful wrig, "how many fowls are there on the table?" "Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens, that were smoken on the dinner table; "Why, my son, there are two." "Three," replied the young smartness. "Three, sir?" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them; "I'd like to have you prove that." "Easily done, sir; easily done! Isn't that one?" laying his knife upon the first. "Yes, that's certain," said his father. "And isn't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two make three?" "Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was listening with astonishment to the learning of her son; "really this boy is genius and deserves encouragement. Here, mother, you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

RESTORED TO HEALTH.

DEAR SIRS.—For years I was troubled with indigestion, but being advised to try B.B.B. I did so and find myself quite restored to health. HOWARD STILLVAN, Mgr. Sullivan Farm, Dunbar, Ont.

Why Are Misers Miserly

The story of the Birmingham miser, reported in the papers recently, a story which is, in substance, repeated once or twice every year from one part of the kingdom or another, has recalled attention to what we may in some sense treat as the most spiritual, and in another sense, perhaps, as the most unspiritual, of sins, remarks the London Spectator. Why do we call avarice in any sense whatever "spiritual?" Simply because the miser endures hardship in all its most repulsive forms—forms which mortify the flesh as it was hardly ever mortified yet, except by the early or the medieval ascetics—for the sake of a mere symbol of power which is never actually put to use.

It is said that avarice begins in fear, that it is the impetuous fear of being left destitute which makes men scrape and save as this unfortunate man—who was found in horrible squalor and bitter cold, and almost without food enough to keep body and soul together—scraped and saved to insure himself against absolute starvation. Yet he had achieved a small fortune, on the interest of which he could have lived in decency and comfort if he had invested it all in consols. And, rather than use even the interest of this small fortune for the very purpose for which, on the hypothesis of fear, it was hoarded, he faced the very destitution he is supposed to have so much dreaded, and went through all the physical horrors which, if fear was the impelling motive, he had promised himself effectually to avoid.

He lived on a few crusts of bread and bits of cake which he begged from the neighbors, while possessing £1 in gold, a five-pound note, a deposit at the bank of over £100, a life interest in £1,000 railway stock. Yet through all the pitiless cold of last December he was frequently without fire, in order that he might not waste fuel; he lived in the utmost misery and want rather than expend any fraction of the security he had made for himself against misery and want. Surely this is hardly compatible with the hypothesis that fear of misery and want was the chief impelling motive by which he was driven into a kind of self-denial which even St. Simon Stylites on his pillar did not greatly surpass.

It can hardly be dread of destitution which makes a man brave all the pangs of destitution. It can hardly be horror of hunger and thirst and cold and raggedness which makes a man who has the means to feed and warm and clothe himself well suffer the utmost pangs of hunger and thirst and cold and raggedness. Yet we shall hardly find avarice easier to explain, if we suppose the main motive of all this willingness to suffer to have been the love of pure power, stored in the form of money, but money treated as a mere spell which the owner had not the heart to utter lest he should diminish his chance of accumulating more.

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Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanations a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions. 34-G

When we are called upon to suffer, let us recall to mind the torments Our Lord endured, and immediately everything will become light and sweet to us.—St. Francis de Sales.

WASTING

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will restore a lost appetite, lost flesh, and check wasting diseases, especially in children, with wonderful rapidity. Coughs and colds are easily killed by a few doses of this remarkable remedy. PALATABLE AS MILK. Be sure to get the genuine, put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infants to the latest their wonderful, unerring and incomparable efficacy. Hold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c. RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the PUTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER 50c.

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AMONG NON-CATHOLICS.

FATHER ELLIOT'S HIGHLY COMMENDABLE UNDERTAKING.

Missions to Convert Protestants. His Aim to Make Known Catholic Doctrine to Those Outside the Church's Fold—Notable Converts Approve the Work.

Father Elliot, of the Paulist Fathers, who is to begin a series of talks to non-Catholics in the Detroit diocese beginning next September and to continue for a year, will conduct his apostolate under the direction of Bishop Foley, of that diocese, and with the hearty approval and co-operation of the Catholic clergy in that field. He will hire halls, speak in churches, distribute books, pamphlets, leaflets, go into villages and districts, and there expound and explain the doctrines and practices of his church in plain and simple language that cannot be misunderstood.

A crusade of education. Of course it is needless to say that there will be none of the "escaped nun" or "ex-priest" characteristics in his crusade. Nobody will be abused, no church system attacked, no antagonisms aroused, no vexed controversies started. His aim throughout will be to make better known the doctrines of the Catholic Church to those outside of its fold—to clear away the misconceptions and prejudices concerning its doctrines and practices which exist in thousands of minds.

He believes, from his twenty years experience in the mission, that the dislike or distrust of the Catholic Church which exists in the minds of non-Catholics in this country is due almost entirely to wrong ideas concerning her teachings. It will be his aim to break down this wall of prejudice by showing the Church as it is.

Father Elliot is learned and able, an eloquent speaker, plain, logical and convincing, a man of experience and zeal and thoroughly American in all his ideas and aspirations. During his missionary labors of two decades he has instructed and brought hundreds, if not thousands, of persons into the Catholic Church and fully understands the difficulties to be met with. He is, therefore, thoroughly in touch with those among whom he expects to labor.

In the work which he is about to undertake he has the hearty friendship, encouragement and support of such well-known converts to the faith as Prof. W. C. Robinson, of Yale University, George Parsons Lathrop and others of like standing. In fact the movement which is now to be put to the test has long been a hobby of the Paulists, many of whom are converts, and of those named.

The subject was thoroughly discussed at the convention of the apostolate of the press, which was held in the Paulist parish in New York in January a year ago, of which Father Elliot was the chairman. Professor Robinson read a paper upon the subject at that convention, in which he said:

"Since I became a Catholic (now nearly thirty years ago) I have lived in constant and intimate association with non-Catholic authors, teachers, clergymen and lawyers; the men who form the public opinion of the day on social, ethical and religious questions, and indirectly on political questions also. Many of these are active members of the Protestant churches; a large proportion of the rest are religiously disposed—in will, if not in intellect and profession, submitting themselves to the guidance of Christian law and doctrine. Of most of them I do not hesitate to say that they are sincere, upright and conscientious men, who, so far as they perceive and comprehend it, are loyal to the truth and ready to make whatever personal sacrifice such loyalty may entail. Of the Catholic Church they know comparatively nothing. Her external history, as an organized society, they perhaps to some extent discern, but of her inner life, her doctrinal teachings, her moral rule and discipline, they have as yet not even a remote conception. Their antagonism to her, as a church is negative rather than positive, resulting from that false idea of her purposes and methods which was transmitted to them by their ancestors; but which they ever show themselves ready to abandon when its falsehood is discovered. Their per-

sonal attitude toward those Catholics who are true to their religion, whatever be their race or social standing is almost always generous and friendly."

"What they need from us," said Prof. Robinson, referring to these inquirers, "is knowledge and not argument."

Richard Malcolm Johnson, the well known author, also read a paper at the convention, in which, speaking of the attitude of the non-Catholics of the South towards the Church, he said:

"They honestly believe that the Catholic faith was a superstition and an idolatry, known to be so by the leading prelates from the Pope down. What was more hurtful, they as honestly believed that the Catholic Church was, ever had been and ever would be the friend and strongest supporter of despotic governments; that what it hated most was individual freedom; that it ignored and cast forever out the Bible; that it not only pretended to absolve from sin, but for satisfactory consideration in money offered license to commit it, particularly in the case of the powerful, without whose support it must break to pieces. For the Catholics among their acquaintance who were cultured and known to be upright in general deportment southern Protestants felt a pleasant, respectful compassion, wondering how they could have been led to regard an aged recluse in Rome as not only impeccable but all-wise. * * * None has doubts now that a Catholic may be as much a patriot and a gentleman as other people. Thousands and thousands not only say prayers for the souls of their dead, but are thankful when their Catholic friends and sympathizers do likewise."

George Parsons Lathrop, at the same convention, speaking of the non-Catholics of this country, said:

"We must find a way to reach them, and to make them see and know us as we actually are."

These utterances give the keynote of the movement which Father Elliot is to initiate. The result will be watched by many in and out of the Catholic Church.

Father Elliot has received invitations from several other Catholic Bishops to undertake a similar work in their dioceses, but, as already told, he will devote the first year of his new field to the diocese of Detroit.—*The Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

THE VIOLET'S LESSON.

A violet 'neath an elm tree grew,
The tall grass hid it quite from view,
Yet every morn the golden sun
Opened its petals one by one,
And in return the violet sent
Sweet incense on each breeze that went;
And every night the falling dew
Jewelled it o'er, and thus it grew
A dainty, fragile thing.

The breeze that rocked the elm tree tall
Soft whispered to the violet small,
And oft it shook its tiny head
And laughed at what the wild wind said;
And e'en the clouds that crossed the sky
Flew out the little flower shy,
That grew beneath the elm tree tall,
Yet grumbled ne'er at being small,
A grateful, little thing.

O humble, little, purple, bloom,
I found you by your sweet perfume,
And learned a lesson deep and true;
And this, the lesson taught by you:
That tho' a unit in the throng
Of countless beings, I belong
To God, Creator of us all,
He knows each one, both great and small,
And shelters each from harm.

From God above, the spark of life
May come, my soul! He sees the strife
You daily wage; He sees the thought
Within each trembling heart begot;
He knows the needs of each and cares
For all His creatures' anxious prayers;
O trust, my soul! in God above
All things are sheltered in His love.

K. DOLORES O'BRIEN.

Montreal, November 1891. I was suffering for three months from an obstinate cough, prickling in my throat, night sweats and a general debility, which caused me to fear consumption of the throat. I am now perfectly well, and owe my cure to Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took four small bottles of 25 cents each. FELIX SAUVAGEAU, General Contractor, No. 179 1/2 St. Antoine Street.

City Clerk's Office, City Hall, Montreal, March 5th 1892. Dr. Laviolette, Montreal. My Dear Doctor. Your Syrup of Turpentine is without a doubt a marvelous remedy, one whose absolute efficacy will certainly not be long in becoming generally known. I was suffering for several days from acute bronchitis which caused weakening fits of coughing day and night, to such an extent that I was entirely unable to sleep and it became almost an impossibility for me to attend to my business. After having tried various remedies without any relief, I bought a bottle of your Syrup of Turpentine, and in two days there remained not the slightest trace of my bronchitis. I may add that I address you this attestation of my own accord and without having been asked for it by any one. Your sincerely, RENE BAUDET.

THE BARDIC RACES.

BY LADY WILDE.

The magi, the Sephoes, the gymnosophists, and the Irish adepts, held much the same creed and the same dogmas with regard to the conduct of life necessary to heighten the spiritual power. They all abstained from animal food at such times as the rush of inspiration was on them and the madness of prophetic rage and at all times they favoured solitude, living apart in the House of Learning or Bardic College, where they admitted no obtrusive intimacy with lower intellects to disturb their lofty and excited moods of thought. The means, also, by which they obtained mastery over diseases and the minds of men, with the strange and subtle use they made of herbs, were all kept secret amongst themselves; for they held that the prying eyes of shallow unbelievers should never be suffered to intrude upon the sacred mysteries. And it is certain that the bards possessed strange and mystic powers of wisdom beyond and above all other men. It was, therefore, very dangerous to offend a poet. If any one refused him a request he would take the lobe of the person's ear and grind it between his fingers, and the man would die. Yet the bards were capable of much human emotion, and were the sweet singers of sympathy when sorrow touched a household.

The Bardic song amongst all nations was the first expression of the human soul, with all its strong, passionate emotions and heroic impulses. It is remarkable that, although several invasions of Ireland are on record, yet but one language seems to have existed there from the earliest times down to the coming of the Anglo-Normans in the twelfth century. The Bards held it as their peculiar duty to raise the language to its highest perfection, and the laws of Celtic poetry especially, were most elaborate and the structure of the verse exceedingly difficult. Ten years of study were allowed at the Druid's College to gain perfection in the art, and also to practise the memory; for at the royal festivals the Ard Riu was expected to recite fully and perfectly whatever heroic tale might be called for by the king at the banquet. On great occasions also, when the meeting was held in the open air, the chiefs sat round in a circle on mounds of turf, while the bards, standing in the centre, recited the heroic narrative to the accompaniment of the harp, the chorus joining in the lyrical portions at intervals, and a circle of harpists at the uttermost ring of the assemblage introduced occasional symphonies of pure instrumental music to give the bards time for rest between the parts of the recitation.

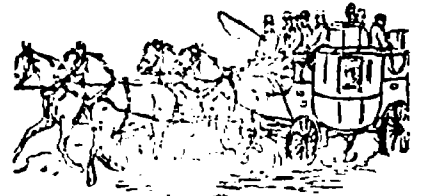
There were three chief measures in music in use amongst the poets:—'The Sorrowful,' or the chant for the dead; 'The Delightful,' reserved for dances and festivities; and 'The Resting,' devoted entirely to love sonnets and the plaintive softness of lyrical expression. But the *Ross-Catha*, or battle-hymn, was the great war song to which the warriors marched to battle, and which inspired them with the heroic madness that braved death for victory.

Everything connected with the bards is interesting. They were so gifted, so learned, and so beautiful. For even genius was not considered enough, without beauty, to warrant a young man being enrolled in the ranks of the poets. A noble, stately presence was indispensable, and the poet was required not only to be gifted, but to be handsome. Then he was promoted through all the grades until he reached the last and highest, called 'The Wisdom of the Gods,' but the knowledge then acquired by the initiated was kept sacred from the crowd, and the adept swore by the sun, the stars, and the hosts of heaven never to reveal the mysteries acquired by his initiation to the profane.

The high born maidens amongst the noble families were also trained by the Druids in poetry and music, and in the exercise of the chase, such as archery and throwing the lance, to give the bodies health, vigour and beauty, while those endowed with peculiar intellect were admitted into the Bardic orders, and became the priestess, prophetess, or poetess of the tribe; who inspired men by her eloquence and had power by her incantations over the deep mysteries of life. Such was Eolain, the chief poetess of Erin, the guide and inspirer of Eugene, the King of the South, the prophetess of

her nation, who saved him and his kingdom from ruin by her wisdom, and redeemed him by her counsels from his dissolute and evil life.

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WEDNESDAY.....MARCH 29, 1898

HOLY THURSDAY.

We are in Holy Week, the last of the Lenten season, and the most important of all the year, since it is commemorative of the most striking events in the history of our redemption. To-morrow is Holy Thursday, the day that witnessed the establishment of the Church. Upon that momentous occasion, when partaking of the Last Supper, Our Divine Lord send forth His Apostles, giving to them the mission to establish His Church all over the earth, to preach, to convert, to administer the sacraments. It was that night, before Judas had performed his act of perfidy, and before the tragic scenes in Gethsemane's Garden took place, that Christ delivered His last will, and gave His final instructions to all who were to begin the perpetuation of the mighty work He was about to commence.

On Holy Thursday the Redeemer broke bread and handing it to His chosen few, performed the miracle of transubstantiation. At that moment for a first time, were the words, "This is my Body" pronounced; and immediately the Eucharistic Sacrament was created. This, next to His death, was the greatest act of superhuman love that the Son of God could perform. He thereby guaranteed us His perpetual presence in the Sacrament of our altars. The institution of the Blessed Sacrament was not enough. It was followed, almost immediately, by the words, "go ye and do likewise" go and preserve for the human race the food that is of the soul for its salvation; go and be the priests of the Church; go and represent, in a visible manner, the ever present but invisible Head of the Church. He, there and then, created the Order of the Priesthood; He bequeathed His Power to St. Peter and his successors. The Sacrament of Holy Orders came into existence on the occasion of that great ordination under the new dispensation.

No wonder then that the day is called Holy Thursday. The kiss of Iscariot told the master that numbers of traitors would follow the example of the fallen Apostle, and receive unworthily the precious gift of His Body and Blood. The weakness and denials of St. Peter prefigured the priests and guardians of souls that would some day fall away from the awful graces they had received, and would deny the Truth that had been given to them. But Christ also beheld, down the vista of centuries, the noble, pious, and fervent millions whose communions of reparation would ascend, like incense, to heaven, and the vast army of

His sacerdotal soldiers that would "fight the good fight" on the field of existence. In truth is it a day of sacred and holy memories, and one upon which all faithful Catholics should to pay special honor to the Eucharistic presence, and renew their devotion towards the Vicar of Christ and their confidence in the priesthood that He established. Thereby will they prepare themselves for a worthy celebration of the still more tragic events reserved for the following and closing days of the grace-burdened period of Holy Week. Let us then, on Thursday, pause to reflect upon the mysteries commemorated and upon the unfathomable love that dictated the institution of the Eucharist and Priesthood! Without the latter the former could not be perpetuated; and without the former we would have but a cold, hollow, meaningless creed; one that would be despoiled of its choicest treasure—the perpetual presence of Jesus Christ in our tabernacles.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The saddest and most glorious day of all the year! The day of twilight grandeur; the weaving of funeral darkness into perpetual light. In the story of the Passion we read of those scenes that have thrilled the human race with awe and the mere mention of which has gone down the ages, like a trumpet-call summoning the spiritually dead to a resurrection of eternal duration. We need not ask our readers to linger with us in contemplation of the events of Good Friday; in our churches they are pictured in the "Stations of the Cross;" from our pulpits they are repeated in the varied tones of different preachers. No matter how eloquent the speaker he can add nothing to the sublimity of the drama enacted on Golgotha; no matter how simple his style, it cannot fail to fire us with a species of enthusiasm and devotion that on no other occasion can be felt. Could we but transport ourselves in imagination to the period of Redemption, and surround ourselves with the actual scenes and the living actors, what an astounding panorama would we not behold. Standing upon some eminence outside the doomed Jerusalem, we would behold the fate of millions of dead patriarchs and just ones hanging in the balance, the future salvation of millions yet unborn awaiting the consummation on yonder skull-shaped mountain. Over the valley and across the Jordan would come the cry of the rabble, the clashing of spears, the tramp of soldiery, the curses of the Jews, the execrations of the Scribes, the moans of the sympathetic, the weeping of women, and the groaning of a vast multitude. Adown the *Via Dolorosa*, would we catch a glimpse of one, solitary, deserted figure, moving under the weight of a cross and clad in the trappings of a mock monarch. We would see Him fall; then hear the kicks and blows that caused Him to arise again. At last the yelling, demonic throng, would issue from the Fish Gate, and dance, in wild anticipation of bloody scenes, up the rocks of Golgotha. Finally we would see the Creator, Redeemer and future Judge of our race, suspended between heaven and earth. The price of our salvation flowing down the wood and dampening the earth; the barbaric conduct of the military around the Cross; the loving St. John, the weeping Magdalene, the agonizing Mary, the Mother. At last we would hear a voice cry out, "Consummatum Est;" as the work of Redemption was immediately accomplished.

Then, turning again to the mountain, we would see the soldiers depart; the centurions casting lots for the garments of the Mighty Dead; and the faithful few looking up to the silent Saviour.

But then; Ah! A transformation! Clouds rolling up and along the horizon; lightning leaping across the expanse; the sun growing dark upon the western sky; the earth rocking like a tempest-lashed ocean; the dead coming forth from their graves and walking amongst the living; the veil of the temple rent from top to bottom. Nature in awe and consternation in presence of Divinity in the agony of superhuman love. All this would we have seen and heard, were we to have stood near Calvary eighteen hundred and sixty years ago. All this we know to have taken place; and all for our salvation. Were we to have witnessed the tragedy, we naturally would have felt our blood boil, our indignation arise, our horror at the sacrileges overcome our every faculty. Yet, to-day, the same scenes are enacted around us, and we participate in them.

Even as we write—even as you read—are we daily playing the part of the Roman soldier, the cruel centurion, the black-hearted scribe, or the bloodthirsty Jew. By our sins we are causing the same Divine Victim to renew the agonies of Good Friday, and to suffer over again the horrors of that sanguinary sacrifice. We drive in the nails with the hammer of our passions; we pierce the side with the spear of our iniquities. And yet we are not indignant with ourselves. Good Friday is at hand; let every true Catholic celebrate it in a befitting manner by doing penance for all his errors and by striving to repair the wounds he has inflicted upon Calvary's Victim. In that way alone can we expect to worthily prepare for a resurrection with Him on Easter morning. We must bury in His tomb all the evil of our being, and await the three days to come forth glorious in spiritual grace. Then will this be a truly Good Friday for us all.

HOLY SATURDAY.

This is a day of repose, of transition between the gloomy scenes of Friday and the glorious event of Sunday. Although it was not until Sunday morning that the Saviour came forth from the tomb, still the prelude to the hymns of rejoicing is heard on Saturday. From the repository the Sacred Host is carried to the altar; at the *Gloria* the bells ring again; the lights around the tabernacle are more numerous and the vestments of black are exchanged for white, and ceremonies preparatory for the coming year are performed. The holy water, to be used for all Church purposes, is blessed; the oil and holy oil are also prepared; the great Pascal candel, an image of Christ, with the five wounds, arisen and glorious, is blessed and lighted. On the Gospel side of the altar it is placed, and there it remains till the day of the Ascension. It tells us of the light of Truth, the gospel of revelation, that the envoys of Christ must carry all over the earth and unto every future generation.

Holy Saturday is also the day upon which the Catholic is supposed to withdraw into the hermitage of his own heart and there prepared himself fittingly for the rolling away of the stone from the sepulchre of his sinfulness, when the Angel of the Resurrection descends on the morrow. It is a day most holy because it is the eve of the greatest event since Creation. To close the lenten season in a worthy manner and to be assured of a spiritual rising on the morning of Easter, it is necessary to enter into the spirit of the Church upon that day. She invites us to penance, to absolution, to a purification in the salutary waters of penance. By following her instructions and obeying her precepts we cannot but secure a happy and glorious

Easter. Holy Week will soon be a thing of the past for this year. Of the thousands, the millions called upon to celebrate the commemoration of the sacred deeds that the first Holy Week witnessed, how many will there remain to join in the ceremonies next year? This fearful uncertainty should make the true Catholic so act as if he were positive that this will be his last Holy Week on earth, and that his next Easter will be a resurrection into a life that knows no ending. A happy Easter to all our readers!

EASTER DUTY.

This is the season when every Catholic is obliged, under heavy penalty, to approach the Sacraments. There is a law of the Church, one that admits of no doubtful interpretation, to the effect that each Catholic must confess his sins and receive Holy Communion, at least once in each year, and that at Easter time—and in his own parish. To say that there are no exceptions to this rule of the Church would not be true; but the exceptions arise from circumstances, which must be fully weighed and will admit of no trifling. To be exempt there must exist a special or a general dispensation. The special dispensation must come from the Ordinary of the diocese, and be for very valid reasons. Such exceptions are few and far between. A general dispensation exists for all who are under the physical impossibility of attending to their duties. For example a man who is living in the woods, away from priest or church; or a person who is so situated, either through illness or other unconquerable circumstances that he cannot reach the church or secure the services of a priest. Catholics so placed are dispensed *ipso facto* from the obligation; but they must have the intention of fulfilling their Easter duties as soon as a favorable opportunity occurs. In all other cases, and without exception, each one is bound, under pain of ex-communication, to confess and receive Holy Communion inside the prescribed time of Easter.

We draw special attention to these points as they are of major importance. The penalty alone should suffice to impress a Catholic with the gravity of the obligation. We sincerely hope that no reader of THE TRUE WITNESS will be found in the category of the delinquents. Wise is the Church in placing such stress upon the fulfilment of this sacred duty. It serves to recall many a wanderer who, were it not for the shame or fear of the consequences, might go on for years estranged from the Communion of the Faithful. Easter is the period of resurrection, and, with Christ, each one should arise spiritually from out the tomb of sin and into a life of spiritual grace. When Easter dawns may there be none so unhappy as to fall under the Church's condemnation and God's displeasure; may all perform their Easter duties!

To Contractors.

We draw the attention of contractors and builders to a special notice in our advertising column, entitled "Board of Catholic School Commissioners of the city of Montreal." This is a call for tenders for the erection of the Montcalm School, and as there is only one notice to be given we draw this special attention to it.

The state department at Washington has received official information that Queen Victoria has raised the rank of Sir Julian Pauncefoot, the representative in Washington, from that of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to that of ambassador.

THE JESUIT IN SOCIETY.

One of France's "patriotically anti-clerical" organs tells its readers that the "Jesuit cannot possibly be a safe guide for youth, because he is outside the world, he does not move in society, and he cannot therefore be competent to prepare his pupil for the ways of the world, much less to guide men of the world." This is a text upon which we could build a pretty lengthy essay; but as space is limited we will strive to prove a proposition directly the opposite of the one laid down in the peculiar sentence above quoted. We believe that the Jesuit (and this applies to the members of other religious orders) is, by his very training and the rules under which he lives, pre-eminently calculated not only to prepare a pupil for the world but also to guide and direct the men who move in what is known as society. In order to reach our conclusion we will, firstly, ask ourselves what is society? secondly, what are the laws that regulate society? thirdly, what are the rules and laws that govern the Jesuit's life? and fourthly, what knowledge and experience of the social requirements does the Jesuit necessarily possess? All the ideas or arguments about to be used are our own, and we know not whether they will please or displease the Order we have chosen to speak of.

In the broadest acceptance of the term, society is the aggregate of individuals united for mutual protection and assistance, and moving in one sphere. The first society consisted of Adam, Eve and their children; as the race of man became more numerous the social circle expanded; finally, smaller circles of families, communities, provinces, nationalities, each larger than the other, were formed, even as the works of a clock, or like the creature of Ezekiel's vision, "wheel within wheel and glistening with eyes." Each community has its inner social circles; so has each nationality; so has each great branch of the human family. But divide them as we will, sub-divide them as we choose, the different elements that go to make the social existence of the world are all subjected to the same laws, the same general regulations, and are all governed by the same universal principles. Let us then see what are the laws that regulate—or should regulate—society in general and which consequently apply to each particular element in the social structure.

All law emanates from God and harmonizes with His laws, otherwise it is not what it purports to be. The so-called law that does not flow from the Divine law, and that is not in harmony with God's spoken or written desires, is a mere contravention of law and a sample of human injustice. Our laws—civil, criminal, political, social and religious—all correspond with the regulations laid down by the Creator, or if they fail in that respect they are not calculated to attain the ends that all legislators should have in view. We pre-suppose, therefore, that the governing laws of the world, or of society, if you so choose to call it, are as perfect as human ingenuity can frame them, and that they harmonize with the laws that God has given to nature and to man for the preservation of the one and the salvation of the other. This much being admitted—if it is not admitted then our society is a mere chaotic mass of confused contraventions of the will of God—we must conclude that the man who best understands the laws of society and the rules and regulations whereby he is to be guided, is the most likely to be able to put them into practice and thereby to secure the end which every child of our

race has in view, namely, happiness and prosperity even in this world. For the present we will not load this article with any reasoning upon the necessity of attaining future rewards beyond this life. Thus having established what society is, of what that social sphere, in which men of the world are obliged to move, consists, and having considered whence should flow the laws that are to govern the members of that society, let us turn to the particular case of the Jesuit and see, in a few words, what laws and rules govern his life.

The Jesuit Order (and the same of the other religious orders in the Catholic Church) is a society within a society. It is a wheel; a small one, but an all-important one in the great mechanism of the social machine of the world. The rules and regulations that govern it, and according to which its members must live constantly, are in as perfect harmony with the laws of God as anything human can correspond with anything divine. The discipline, so strict and so unrelenting, that the Jesuit undergoes, is calculated to make him learn, not only by theory, but by experience, the very fundamental principles of social strength. The union, the obedience to the rules, the self-denial or rather self-immolation, the constant study, the quiet, the meditations, all these tend to make the Jesuit become perfect master of the requirements of his society. He has made it a life study and has devoted all his trained energies towards the perfecting of the laws that guide the destinies of his society. He is therefore an adept, so to speak, in all questions that pertain to social organization, or the progress, success and ultimate accomplishment of its end by the society of which he is a member, and which society is only one of the numberless subdivisions into which all society, or the human family, is divided.

Before turning to the last question, that of the knowledge and experience which the Jesuit most necessarily possesses, we desire to remark that the man of the world, the individual "moving in society," as it is called, has no time (on account of business), no inclination (on account of absence of training), no power (on account of irreflexion in the whirl of life) to pause and meditate upon the laws that govern the social structure, and upon the necessity and means of conforming his life to the legitimate requirements of those laws and rules. He is carried off in the hurry of worldly affairs, he scarcely ever pauses to reflect upon the logical consequences of whatever action or course he may adopt, he is satisfied to listen to the more experienced and blindly obey what they lay down for him, as a rule of life, or else to disregard their advice and run a short and inglorious career, to go up like a rocket and come down like a stick. If the man who is destined to move in society is precluded from reflection, meditation, study, to whom is he to apply for guidance in the great social world into which he is about to enter, or in which he has already stirred?

We have shown how the Jesuit becomes necessarily imbued with the laws that govern his society; extend those laws, as you would stretch an elastic band, and they are the same that should guide the social world, that more numerous society of the human race. Because if the laws that govern society must flow from and harmonize with the laws of God, and if the rules and regulations that are the solidity of the Jesuit's society, so flow and harmonize, it naturally follows that they must be identical, only more extensive in their application in one case than in the other. Consequently, the Jesuit, who has been so

trained and whose life is a study of and meditation upon the means of fulfilling the laws of God and obeying the rules of his society, must be in the highest degree competent to prepare the youth entering the world, or to guide busy men, already launched in the maelstrom of the great outside society. The Jesuit studies, reflects, meditates for the man who has neither time for study, inclination for reflection, or desire for meditation. Thus without actually moving in what is called society the Jesuit is perfect master of all the requirements of that social sphere. Its governing laws are as familiar to him as are the "Exercises of St. Ignatius;" the dangers he can perceive are hidden from the dizzy gaze of the man of the world; the opportunities and advantages that he understands are often passed over in the hurry of life by the one who should take advantage of them. From the pulpit, in the class-room, and above all, in the confessional, the Jesuit is positively the surest and most reliable guide that even the most worldly-minded of the world can possibly secure. His experience, gleaned in one day of confession, is greater than all that any ordinary man could collect in a long lifetime. Building then upon that experience and personal knowledge of the dangers in society, the causes of these perils and the effects of falling into them, and adding thereto his mastery of the rules that should govern the social world, the Jesuit at once becomes the most accomplished of teachers and the most reliable of guides.

We compared society to a watch, the inside of which is composed of wheels of different sizes, but all of the utmost importance. The Jesuit Society is, therefore, one of the smaller wheels, but one that is correspondingly important in the working of the whole timepiece. The larger wheels may make more noise, but they could not move correctly and regularly were they not guided by the inner ones. And the least speck upon the cog of these latter will suffice to cast the whole mechanism into confusion. The main spring of this immense watch is Religion. The social wheels may be all properly adjusted, but without the main spring of Faith they cannot move. And when in motion, the great hour-hand moves about on the dial of time, starting at a certain hour and performing a complete revolution, as it returns to the point whence it started: so each individual in the social body sets out, at a given hour from God, and on the clock face of existence performs a revolution, and returns to the source whence he started. But all this social machinery and all the rules and laws that govern the order of the world or the order of the Jesuit would be useless were one certain Power absent. The wheels of the watch may be perfectly made and exactly placed, and the main spring may be in accordance with every scientific requirement, but unless the watch is wound up it will never move and keep time. An external and superior force is required to apply the key. So with society: the Jesuit's instruction, his guidance and his experience would be useless to the world were it not that the works were wound up by the Hand of the Almighty. With the great key of His creative power God sets all these harmonies in motion, and without His aid, the laws, the rules, the regulations of society would be as useless as the wheels of an unwound watch. The religious society being the wheel nearest to the Hand that sets all in motion, is necessarily the best calculated to guide the others.

Mr. John D. Hood, town treasurer of Woodstock, died somewhat suddenly.

THE WALLACE DEBATE.

Mr. Clarke-Wallace, comptroller of Customs, undertook to air his Orangeism and anti-Home Ruleism, in Kingston, and has accepted the full responsibility of his expressions, when attention was called, in the House of Commons, to his disloyal language. The attitudes of the different actors in that side-show—which was intruded upon the general attention in the midst of momentary and important measures—were somewhat peculiar and confusing, and the unforeseen and unexpected combinations of colors in the political kaleidoscope were wonderful to contemplate. Mr. Wallace striving to conciliate his Orange supporters by threats of active and material aid from Canada for their brethren in Ireland, in case of Home Rule being granted. Mr. Davin defying his own party and rising above religious prejudice and political bias, to bring the scatterer of the evil seeds of bigotry and sectarian animosities to time; Mr. Devlin taking advantage of the occasion to launch into an attack upon the two Irish Catholic representatives on the Government benches; Hon. Mr. Costigan disclaiming all sympathy with Mr. Wallace's sentiments and voting against the Government; Hon. Mr. Curran, the Solicitor-General, disapproving the course of the man who accepted office with himself and under the same leadership, and emphasizing his disapproval by a vote adverse to the party he supports and the Government of which he is a member. For all this tangled combination of different religious and political elements, with its contradictions and seemingly paradoxical situations, let us strive to find a solution and impartial explanation.

We all know, and politicians above all should know, that no matter what party a man belongs to there are always certain questions, apart from the general policy that he supports, upon which he must clash with his leader or the majority of that leader's following. Moreover, it is obvious that in a country like this, a country so cosmopolitan in all its component parts, each politician must have a certain element of his constituency which he is obliged to please; in fact he cannot escape pandering to the more or less extreme ideas of a majority of his electors. It is also reasonable to expect that side-issues will arise, in the course of political life, upon which the member for a constituency finds himself between two fires, his political party on the one hand and a prejudiced element, upon whose votes he depends, upon the other hand. This is about the situation in which Mr. Wallace found himself, when he delivered his Kingston speech. He, the Grand Master of the Orange Order, a leading spirit in the workings of that society, had accepted office under Sir John Thompson, a convert to Catholicity, and the *bel-voeur* of the Orange element. Mr. Wallace felt that he was called upon to do something, and he did it. He praised and defended Sir John Thompson, at one Orange Lodge, thereby defending his own act in accepting office; and at the next Lodge he delivered his fiery and disloyal, his anti-Home Rule and threatening speech, to set himself right with his Order. While Mr. Wallace may not actually mean all he says—despite his reiteration of his remarks—still he is one of the un-safe class of politicians; safe enough for himself, but dangerous to the peace and well-being of a country. Men, like him, with similar speeches, have too often set the match to the fuse of religious hatred and warfare.

Had Sir John Thompson been present leading in the House, the unseemly proceedings would have been avoided. The Government is in no way responsible for the utterances of Mr. Wallace on British politics, and we are certain the Premier would have put a *quies* on the whole affair by simply declaring that it was a subject with which the Canadian House of Commons had no concern, and the amendment to going into Committee of Supply would have been defeated by the unbroken ranks of his party.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A most beautiful and almost unknown portrait of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette is at present on view at Dusseldorf. The portrait, which is three-quarters life size, by Halma, represents the Queen standing, holding a little King Charles' spaniel in her arms.

The tall girl is to have another season. Let the midget look up, dress her hair on the top of her head and stab it with a sword handle ornament; high heels, stripped dresses and up and down lines of trimming will help, too. But put on a belt or trim the hem of the dresses with a darker band and she will lose just that much of her apparent altitude.

There is in every true woman's heart, as Washington Irving wrote, a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and glazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

Wrinkles appear because the fine muscles of the face lose their tone, the tissue shrinks and the skin fits itself to the depressions which are thus left. It is a mistake to suppose that wrinkles can be wholly eradicated, especially those which are due to advancing years. Let us "grow old gracefully" and accept the inevitable with the best grace possible. A cheerful disposition will do wonders towards lighting up the face and making one's friends forget or overlook entirely the signs of advancing years. But wrinkles frequently come on prematurely and prove extremely vexatious.

GROWING UP.

Mothers are fond of their successful headed sons, or happy in the companionship of their sunny-faced popular young daughters, but there are times when they will sigh for those days when the curly heads nestled against their breasts, the soft, clinging baby fingers nestled in theirs for guidance and protection, and the little sorrows wept sobbed out and kissed away in their embrace.

Mothers with their great wealth of love would keep their children babies always if it were possible, for with the advancing years there come other interests and other loves that take the wee birdlings out of the home nest and away from the watchful tenderness of the parent eye.

In babyhood "mother" is their all. No other hand can soothe, or no other voice lull to slumber the tired little folks as can those of the gentle being whom they turn to in every incident of joy or sorrow connected with their little lives. It is this dependence that is so preciously sweet to the mother heart, for well she knows that future days are sure to dawn when worldly knowledge or social ambition will change her trusting little one into a self-reliant man or woman, whose place it will be to protect rather than to need protection. She defers as long as possible each change that brings this epoch nearer and nearer. The little boy retains his baby frocks until his height demands a change of garb. The baby girl is given dolls and toys until one day she discards with scorn the emblems of her childhood and dons long gowns, puts up her hair, and makes her debut in society.

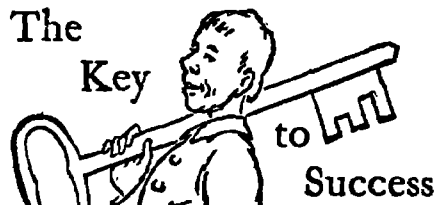
Tender, clinging, mother love, no heart can know the joy the baby helplessness affords, or appreciate the bitterness of regret caused by the growing up of the innocent little ones.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

One of the first requisites of good carving is to have the meat dish of good size. It is almost impossible to handle a piece of meat acceptably upon a platter that is even a degree too small.

Never turn bed clothes down at the foot of the bed to air, but always gather them with both hands through the middle of each, and lay them loosely on a chair. Never let the ends of the sheet covers rest on the floor. Never leave the bed unmade till bed time, and never make it before breakfast.

Kid gloves are not made of kid, in fact, but few of them are. The cheap ones are not kid and neither are the dearer ones. Ladies' gloves that cost under \$1.50 or \$2 a pair are all made of lambskin. It is likely that gloves paid for at a higher price than that will be of



Success in washing and cleaning is *Pearline*. By doing away with the rubbing it opens the way to easy work; with *Pearline*, a weekly wash can be done by a weakly woman. It shuts out possible harm and danger; all things washed with *Pearline* last longer than if washed with soap. Everything is done better with it. These form but a small part of the—Why women use millions upon millions of packages of *Pearline* every year. Let *Pearline* do its best and there is no fear of "dirt doing its worst."

Beware of imitations. 230 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

kid, but the very best and most expensive kid gloves are made of the skins of young colts.

In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it keep it bandaged with hot cloths wrung out of water, or rum and water.

It is at the top that comfortable and quilts wear out and soil soonest. Prevent this by sewing at the top of these a strip of calico, doubled in the middle, half being on inside and half on outside of comfortable. This strip can easily be removed and washed when soiled.

SOME DRESS DRIFT.

Ribbon rosettes of gold and colored enamels are mounted on large snell hair-pins.

Evening silks show a variety of opalescent effects. Satin ribbon is popular as a trimming material.

Ribbons, particularly in satin faced velvet and gros grain were never more stylish for trimming on gowns.

A corselet of a square Russian shape shows four rows of jeweled gimp and velvet, each bow being held by a jeweled clasp.

Dainty embroidery is the distinctive feature of new Paris lingerie. Lace seems to have lost its favor for the trimming of underwear.

Black and white is a fashionable combination, and many black dresses have white vests or plastrons introduced, with very often fine jet girdles.

The long shoulder seams of the 1830 styles do not meet with much favor, but the skirts very full around the bottom are making their way toward more general recognition.

Veloutine is a silk that grows constantly in favor. It is as soft as bengaline and sicilienne, only of finer texture, with a glassy surface. The shaded and spot patterns are very handsome.

White tissue, also mousseline de soie, with embroidered buds, stars or flowers, in white silk make pretty, dainty evening dresses for the young debutante. White spangled in silver or gold, used in combination with silk is stylish, and obtains favor for dancing parties.

GIVES STRENGTH AND APPETITE.

DEAR SIRS,—Last year I was very thin and reducing very fast, owing to the bad state of my blood and appetite. A friend of mine induced me to get a bottle of B. B. B., which I did. I obtained immediate perceptible relief from it, have gained strength and appetite, and now weigh 148 pounds. M. T. MURPHY, Dorchester Bridge, Quebec, Que.

Here on earth we are as soldiers fighting in a foreign land, that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it. See well what is at our hand to be done, let us do it, like soldiers, with sub mission, with courage, with a heroic joy. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.—Curtule.

"SHAMROCKS FROM IRELAND."

A great number of the "boys of the Christian Brothers' Schools, Dublin, forty years ago—will remember the venerable Brother, Maurice A. Joy, who preached over their studies until he was sent to Heytesbury Street School, from which he was subsequently transferred to Michelstown, county Cork. Brother Joy is now, probably, the oldest living Brother of the Christian Schools in Ireland, and a worthy successor of Brother Walsh, the patriarch of the Order in Ireland. Brother Joy still retains the warm affection he was always evinced for his old pupils,—not a few of whom are now fathers of sturdy families of Irish-American citizens. Last week he sent a bunch of shamrocks to his old pupil, Mr. Myles Johnson, of the New York *Herald* staff, accompanied by the following poetical note, written in a clear, firm hand, the chirography of which might have been taken for the production of a youthful expert:

I send you a sprig of the Emerald leaf; Wear it, my friend, like a brave Gaelic Chief. 'Tis the emblem of Erin, in legend renowned; On her bosom, luxuriant, in plenty 'tis found.

To the depths of your soul let its poetry steal; And drink to Old Ire and, for woe or for weal, She nurs'd you with feeling, and fed you with love.

In the land of your exile your nationhood prove.

This dear little leaf will recall the sweet past; Your hopes 'twill revive, while your exile shall last;

The Patriot's zeal it will fire, till the glow Scintillates in your eyes, as the light, on the snow.

To your heart 'twill give vigor—the quick pulse of youth;

Till for Erin you'd die, as the "Martyr for Truth;"

'Twill recall happy days when, buoyant and young,

Her heroes you prais'd, and her glories you sung.

Then, plant it with pride—on your bosom or brow;

Like a true son of Erin, that never would bow To the yoke of the tyrant, the Tory or whig, The legalised despot or proud, landlord prig.

Yes, toast ye the Old Land and drink to her name,

That her glory may shine in the temple of fame;

Tell your sons and your daughters the blood of the Gael

Circle pure in their hearts as the breeze in the gale.

Let them blush not to wear the dear typical plant,

On St. Patrick's Day, when the trefail they flaunt;

Let them tune the old harp and strike the sweet lute;—

'Twould recall on their sires if that day they were mute.

'Neath the "Stars and the Stripes," where sweet Liberty smiles,

The Greeting of JOY I embalm for thee, MYLES.

May we meet once again in the pure bonds of love

Ere our hearts and our souls be commingled above.

M. A. JOY—In *Irish American*.

March 6th, 1883.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

At the recent Brazilian elections several priests were returned as members of the Republican Congress.

This year the Notre Dame University bestowed the Latere medal on Patrick J. Donahoe, editor and proprietor of the Boston Pilot.

Cardinal Moran has brought to Rome with him \$15,000, as a jubilee gift from the Australians to the Pope, and also a monster illuminated address from the colonial young men to Leo XIII.

Dr. Lapponi, the newly-appointed body physician to Pope Leo, has enjoined upon His Holiness that he must take more sleep and hold fewer audiences and not exert his brain so much as heretofore.

"One-half of the Protestant girls," says the Methodist, "who are sent to Catholic convents are sent there as a protest against the lax notions and unwholesome practices of American society girls."

The statement is made that immediately after Easter Dr. McGlynn will comply with the one condition attached to his return to the Catholic Church and visit Rome. He will be accompanied by Dr. Burtzell.

The last act in the drama that amused Paris for the last twenty years has been enacted. "Pere" Hyacinth's Gallican Church in that city has finally closed its doors. The recent mission of the "Madame" to the United States proved a failure.

The analysis of the official figures of the attendance at the parochial school shows that the province of Cincinnati

has the highest percentage. It is 45 per cent of the Catholic population. St. Louis come next, 44 per cent., Milwaukee third with 42 per cent., Chicago 36 per cent., Baltimore 32 per cent., St. Paul 20 per cent., Philadelphia 28 per cent., San Francisco 20 per cent., New York 10 per cent., New Orleans 16 1/2 per cent.

A tired woman, just as much as a sick and ailing one, needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That builds up, strengthens, and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

It's a powerful restorative tonic and soothing nerve, made especially for woman's needs, and the only guaranteed remedy for woman's weaknesses and ailments. In all "female complaints" and irregularities, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

A great many remedies "relieve" Catarrh in the Head. That means that it's driven from the head into the throat and lungs. But, by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy perfectly and permanently cures.

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Consulting Counsel,

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Commercial Union	17,000,000
Western	1,600,000
Scottish Union and National	20,000,000
Insurance Co. of North America	9,000,000
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Lanca-hire	10,000,000
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Will be found superior to all others for all kinds of Piles. Price 25 cents.

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HOME RULE.

THE EFFECT OF THE BILL.

On Irish Opinion—On English Opinion
Practical Solidarity of Irish Mem-
bers—Opposition Knocked Out
of Time.

London, Feb. 18.—Doubtless the cable has brought you copious accounts of all that has happened here this memorable week when Mr. Gladstone introduced his second Home Rule Bill and the House of Commons read it for the first time. I have rather an appalled idea of the quantity of "matter" which must have reached the American press on the subject, for I had a glimpse of one of the telegraphing rooms the evening Mr. Gladstone spoke. What a scene! The machines upon machines, the telegraphists working them like men possessed, the rushing messenger boys, the clouds of "fimsy," the miles upon miles of punctured "wheatstone" tape rattling and roaring outward from these looms of news! And it was all about that evening's debate. And they told me that it had been going on from morning (descriptive matter and accounts of scenes and incidents before the speech began), and that it would be going on.

FAR INTO THE NIGHT,

and that there would be something of a similar scene most evenings of the week. They told me, too, that leagues of this matter was going direct to America via Valentia, in the County Kerry. When I think of this and sit down to write a letter which can only reach Boston some eight or ten days after it is mailed from here, I feel it is better not to trouble you with my account of the historic news of which I have been a witness during the week. What is there that I could tell that can have escaped mention in those voluminous cablegrams? That there were amusing scuffles and scrimmages of members striving to secure good seats? That the place was covered with chairs as it was in 1885? That princesses, dukes and ambassadors filled the galleries? That Mr. Gladstone brought his little pick-me-up draught in a blue bottle this time instead of a yellow one, and was evidently feeling so well that he only had recourse to it twice (in 1886 he took four sips and emptied the bottle?) After this and much more has surely been related, and if I were to expatiate thereupon, it would be but

A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

I am, therefore, robbed of the richest and most obvious subject and must leave description alone. There are other matters touching these events, however, which do not get stale so quickly, and about which the cable is not quite so reliable as it may be in matters of mere reporting and description. These, as it happens, too, are the more vital portions of public events, and it may be useful, as I conceive it, to say something of the aspects they present to those who happen to be in a position of peculiar advantage for observing them from inside points of view. The Home Rule Bill has now been introduced, and its second reading fixed for March 13, some weeks from now. In the interval there are several things which will receive a good deal of consideration. First, as to the bill itself—what sort is it? I can only refer you to the forecast of it, which I discussed pretty fully in *The Pilot* several weeks ago. Point by point the vital provisions of the bill, which Mr. Gladstone explained this week, are identical with those explained in that forecast. There is only a slight difference, and that is only an apparent difference. The bill provides for a reduction of the Irish members from 103 to eighty, whereas the forecast said the Irish members would be continued at Westminster in their full strength so long as the power of dealing with the land question was reserved to the Imperial Parliament. Now the reduction protested against by Mr. Parnell (as was pointed out in that letter) was a reduction to thirty-two, as a

"SYMBOL OF IMPERIAL UNITY";

and it is contended by the Government that the reduction to eighty is not in the sense of a disabling reduction at all, but is simply a readjustment of the Irish representation in proportion to the population. Even so, I have reason to believe that the provision in the bill touching this point will be altered to the provision described in the forecast; thus fulfilling,



It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.
It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.
It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans everything. In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils it's purpose to perfection.
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as in so many other instances, what Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Secretary of State for War, alluded to in the debate this week as "Mr. Parnell's statesmanlike intuitions." The bill is faulty in one or two respects, and both sections of the Irish party, the majority and the Parnellites, are agreed in demanding that it be amended in these respects. But these are amendments which can be effected in committee. In the main the bill is a sound and satisfactory scheme for giving practical effect to the great principle to which Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself of national autonomy for Ireland; and it is most gratifying and satisfactory to know that both wings of the Irish party take exactly the same ground in supporting it, subject to the reservations mentioned. No speech in the debate, indeed, created a better impression than Mr. John Redmond's, and all Irishmen feel a great sense of relief at what appears to be the growing rapprochement, at any rate the practical harmony of action which is being settled between the two sections of the Irish Nationalist representation in the House.

THE LIBERAL PARTY

openly express their gratification at the state of things, and such a paragraph as the following from the Speaker, the semi-official weekly organ of Mr. Gladstone's government, will doubtless be as pleasant reading to friends of Ireland at your side of the Atlantic as it is here:—

"Mr. John Redmond's speech was a bitter disappointment to the Tories, who had been harboring a fond hope that the Parnellite members meant to play the part of wreckers to the Home Rule Bill. For our part, though we have differed from them, of course, and found plenty of fault with some of their proceedings; we must say we have never taken this stupid and insulting view of the Parnellite members. We have recognized their sincerity, and we have always felt confident that, when it came to the scratch, their patriotism would effectively assert itself. Mr. Redmond's clear, able and moderate statement on behalf of his colleagues differs so little, even in its critical attitude, from the equally clear and able statement of Mr. Sexton on behalf of the Irish Parliamentary party, that the entire Nationalist representation of Ireland may now be described as united in support of the principle of the bill. This is, perhaps, the fact of best augury for Home Rule amongst all the events of a remarkably auspicious week, and it is a fact highly creditably to the statesmanship of the Irish members as a whole."

Now, before leaving this point I ask leave to say one word entirely from myself. I assume that the readers of the *Pilot* are not afraid of looking facts in the face with

THE EYE OF COMMON SENSE

and with minds cleared of petty nonsense and prejudice. They are Americans in this respect, and whatever their likes or dislikes about particular persons or groupes, they have a keen and unclouded eye for the value of a political fact. They are aware perhaps also of the open and independent position I have always striven to assume with regard to the unfortunate division in the Irish party. With this preface, perhaps they will permit me to cite, now that the prophecy it contains is fulfilled, the following passage from a letter I wrote many weeks ago, but which through some accident of the post has miscarried and come back to me again.

I was alluding to a certain disgruntled

Liberal who was threatening some time ago to make trouble because Mr. Gladstone refused to give him office, and who was boasting in the clubs and elsewhere that he could use the Parnellites as a sort of guerilla band, to help him to dish Home Rule, and therefore I wrote: "Here is one of the cases in which this gentleman proves himself too clever by half. He proceeds on the assumption that these Irish politicians are as cynical as himself, and that they are utter fools into the bargain; in both of which assumptions he is profoundly mistaken. It will be well for dispassionate friends of Ireland in America to beware of letting their vision of facts be clouded by the reckless calumnies of partisanship—things which by their violence and injustice have done more damage in driving men to extremes, in sowing bitterness, perpetuating misunderstanding, and exciting contempt for the national character, than our cause will be the better of for many a year. There are good as well as bad Irishmen on both sides of

THIS UNFORTUNATE SPLIT:

and amongst the Parnellites there are men—Nationalists from their cradle, men who have been fighting and suffering for their country in jail and out of it all their lives—who may be trusted to take as patriotic a view of these questions as the equally good Nationalists amongst the majority of the party. These men may not see eye to eye with each other as to the questions on which the split divides them. But they are the same as ever they were on the main question; and it is absurd and contemptible to pretend that because they have been pummelling each other lamentably for the past year or two, they have succeeded in pummelling each other into Orangemen or Whigs. Those who pretend such things either do not think what they are saying or else they have a very low opinion of their own countrymen. I am not of their number, and I feel confident that when it comes to the point, either in presence of an attempted betrayal or in presence of a generous and adequate solution of the National question, the true Irishmen, both from the Parnellite and the McCarthvite sections of the National camp, will be found acting shoulder to shoulder on a common policy."

So much for the effect of the bill upon Irish opinion. Its effect upon English opinion is more remarkable. It may be said to have practically flabbergasted the Opposition. The Unionists have, in fact, overreached themselves by their own tactics of the last few years. Their attacks upon Home Rule in every mood and tense, as disruption of the Empire, total separation, and every extreme and objectionable thing which they thought would alarm Englishmen, have not only led their own friends to expect some dire catastrophic portent in the shape of a Home Rule Bill, but have actually helped to prepare the mind of the country at large for a much stronger measure than it would have been ready for otherwise. The result is that the entirely reasonable measure which Mr. Gladstone has just introduced has struck the Opposition

BETWEEN WIND AND WATER.

Not that the new Home Rule Bill is, in the main, any less than the bill of 1886, but the Unionists and their organs, in the excessive zeal of their misrepresentations, instead of attacking the reality, wasted all their ammunition upon a fantastic scheme of their own invention,

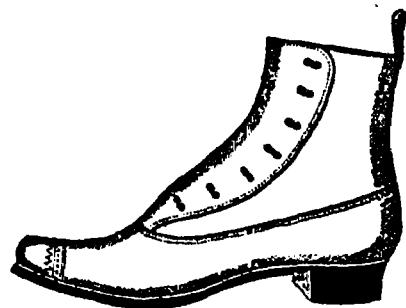
and now that the genuine bill comes into view, they are left without an effective shot. They are utterly disconcerted, and the full-blooded high spirits with which they came to Parliament before the bill was introduced, threaten to evaporate in flatulent demoralization. They are looking to Lord Randolph Churchill to put new life into them, and Lord Randolph is looking into the ditches of Ulster as the only Unionist fighting line. Lord Salisbury is going over there to make the air blue with threats and to sound high the Orange drum in a few weeks. But nothing is more thoroughly discounted than these last-ditch fulminations of Orangedom. Nobody in England believes that Mr. Johnstone, of Ballykilbeg, the most amiable and kindly old gentleman, is going to set forth to cut Papist throats as soon as Home Rule is passed, or that Col. Saunderson, the buffoon of the House of Commons, is going to lie in a damp ditch with a blunderbuss in his hand when he can contribute to the gaiety of his nation from the benches of the Irish Parliament.

I have always pointed to two conditions in particular as essential to the success of Home Rule in the present situation: First, that the Bill should be a sufficiently good one to bring about the practical solidarity of both sections of the Irish party; second, that Mr. Gladstone's health should be such as to permit him to exert his will vigorously and thus overcome the troublesome elements which exist in his own party. These two conditions are now fulfilled, and if Providence only permits them to continue, all is well. The Irish members between them, as I pointed out in the first letter I wrote after the general election, hold one of the keys of the position, and Mr. Gladstone holds the other. These two working together can make all malcontents come to heel. The bill will pass through all its stages in the House of Commons without difficulty, and there is even a possibility that the Lords will think better of throwing it out.—T.P.G. in *Boston Pilot*.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.
10-13-cow-91

IRISH NEWS.

During the week ending on March 2 919 persons left Queenstown as compared with 179 for the corresponding period last year.

Miss Margaret Susan Larkin, second daughter of Mrs. Larkin, of Tralee, has left for Liege, Belgium, to enter the teaching order of "The Daughters of the Cross." Miss Larkin was for the past two years a pupil at the Royal College of Music, London.

Father Leonard (Michael Brophy), O.S.F.C., was ordained priest on March 3 at the Friary Church, Kilkenny, by Bishop Browning, of Ossory. He is the first Kilkenny Capuchin (being a native of Castlecomer) ordained in his native diocese for close on two and a half centuries.

A sad accident occurred on February 27, in the house of John Cummings, a laborer, residing in Church street, Stewartstown, resulting in the death of Rose Ann Cummings, his youngest daughter, aged about seventeen years. It seems that a piece of boiled beef was on the table, and the girl cut off a piece to eat. A portion lodged in her windpipe, and although many efforts were made to remove this obstruction, she was slowly choked.

The death is announced of Mother Morrissey, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity of Clonmel. Her mission in the cloister, as in the schools connected with the convent, and in the visitation of the sick and distressed, was fruitful of immense good. Mother Morrissey was born in Waterford and had reached her sixty eight year. Forty years of her life she had spent as a nun, devoted to the religious, secular and industrial education of girls, and with remarkable success. She was a niece of the late Mr DeLahanty, M. P., for Waterford, and belonged to a highly respected family.

Stewartstown was thrown into an unusual state of excitement on Saturday night, Feb. 25, through the visit of an Orange drumming party from the Coal Island district, augmented by local Orangemen. They paraded the streets, playing party tunes and armed with large sticks. They entered the town just as the National band was about to turn out, and the authorities allowed the Orangemen to pass through the Hill Head, a Catholic quarter, and kept the National band outside the gates until the return of the Orange crowd who raised a howl as they passed the National band room. The excitement at this time was intense. The National band then turned out, followed by a large crowd, and on reaching the corner of Church Street the police lined across the road and kept the Nationalists back. The Orangemen raised a cheer, and the police did not disperse them. Stones were thrown by the Orange mob, but the Nationalists did not retaliate. On the return of the band stones were again thrown, and shouting and yelling was indulged in by the Orange "braves." They also fired several shots in the air before leaving. The action of the authorities is strongly condemned on all sides.

A CURE FOR CROUPE.

Group kills thousands where cholera kills tens. For this dread disease no remedy can compare to curative power to Haggard's Yellow Oil. It loosens the phlegm, gives prompt relief, and soon completely cures the most violent attack.

BECKET'S DEATH.

An Eye Witness Describes the Murder of the Great Archbishop.

One of the most dramatic pieces of writing in English historical literature is Edward Grim's account of the murder of the great priest, Thomas A. Becket, says an exchange. Grim was not only a contemporary of Becket's, but he was actually with him at the moment of his murder, and saw the ghastly spectacle in all its minutest details. The account will be found reprinted in one of Mr. Nutt's excellent little volumes of "English History from Contemporary Writers." On the fifth day after the nativity of Christ the hour of dinner being over, Becket had departed with some of his household from the crowd into a inner room to transact some business, leaving a crowd waiting in the hall outside. Four knights with one attendant entered. They were received with respect as the servants of the King, and well known, and those who waited on the archbishop, being themselves at dinner, invited them to table,

The knights scorned the food. Presently they were ushered into the presence of the archbishop, when they sat for a long time, and did not salute him or speak to him. The archbishop turned to them, and, scanning the face of each one, greeted them in a friendly manner, but they answered him with curses, and ironically prayed that God might help him. At this Becket colored deeply, now seeing that they had come "to his hurt." Whereupon Fitz Urse, who seemed to be the chief among them, breathing fury, "We have something to say to thee by the King's command: say if thou wilt that we tell it here before all." The prelate's reply was: "These things should not be spoken in private or in the chamber, but in public." If the doorkeeper had not called back the clerks the intruders would have killed him as they afterwards confessed, with the shaft of his cross, which stood by. Fitz Urse, again addressing the archbishop, spoke of his "obstinate pride," and declared that his design against the King was known to all. In a few dignified words Becket sought to justify his policy.

After some more recriminations the knights sprang up, and, coming close to him, said "We declare to you that you have spoken in peril of your head." "Do you come to kill me?" asked Becket; and he added, "I have committed my cause to the Judge of all, wherefore I am not moved by threats, nor are your swords more ready to strike than is my soul for martyrdom." The knights then went out uttering imprecations, and presently returned with swords, axes, falchions and other weapons.

When they found the doors barred they turned aside by a private way through the orchard (garden) to a w o' en partition, which they cut and hacked until it broke down. The servants dispersed, horribly affrighted. Those who remained urged the archbishop to fly, but he remained immovable. "Why do you seek me?" asked the archbishop. Having thus said, he turned to his right under a pillar, "I am ready to die," he said. "For my Lord, but in the name of Almighty God I forbid you to hurt my people, whether clerk or lay." Then they laid sacrilegious hands upon him, pulling and dragging him that they might kill him outside the church. But when he could not be forced from the pillar, Fitz Urse brandished his sword and delivered a fearful blow, "cutting off the top of the crown which the unction of the chrism had dedicated to God, and by the same blow he wounded the arm of him who tells this." Then Becket received a second blow on the head, but still stood firm. At the third blow he fell on his knees and elbows, invoking the name of Jesus. Then the third knight inflicted a terrible blow as he lay, by which the sword was broken on the pavement, and "the crown which was large was separated from the head, so that the blood white with the brain, and the brain red with blood, dyed the surface of the virgin mother church with the life and death of the confessor and martyr in the colors of the lily and the rose." The fourth knight prevented any from interfering with what was going on. The fifth put his foot on the neck of the archbishop, and scattered his brains over the pavement, calling out

to the others, "Let us away, knights, he will rise no more." Grim's devotion to his master is corroborated by independent testimony. As no one who stood by the archbishop in that terrible hour, when others fled to save themselves, his name deserves to be revered no less than that of the archbishop who stood up so heroically for the privileges of his church.

Lighting the Stars.

Mabel Greene is a Brooklyn five-year-old. She is full of odd conceits. One evening she stood at the window of her home with her pretty face flattened against the pane intently watching a slowly gathering storm. Darker grew the low hanging clouds, but Mabel showed no signs of fear. Instead, her features were animated and she appeared to be absorbed in the scene. Even when a violent clap of thunder seemed to rend the heavens and forked lightning flashed, the child was unmoved. At last, tiring of the sight, Mabel turned to her mother, sitting near her.

"Mamma," she said, "I fink Dod is dettin weady to fight his stars."

"Why, darling?"

"'Cause he's scratchin matches on the sky."

Fatal Result of Delay.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES DYSPEPSIA. Wrong action of the stomach and digestive organs causes Dyspepsia and kindred diseases, such as Sour Stomach, Waterbrash, Heartburn, Dizziness, Constipation, SICK HEADACHE, Lost Appetite, all-gone feeling at pit of stomach and distress after eating. To be dyspeptic is to be miserable, hopeless, languid and depressed in body and mind. No case, however, is so obstinate or severe that B. B. B. cannot cure or relieve it. I was in misery from Dyspepsia but two bottles of B.B.B. entirely freed me from it. MISS L. A. KUMM, Hamilton, Ont. B. B. B. Cures Dyspepsia.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS AS A SPRING MEDICINE. No other remedy exercises so powerful an effect on the entire system as Burdock Blood Bitters. It purifies, cleanses, tones and strengthens. IN SPRINGTIME various disorders may attack the liver. The strong food taken during winter overloads the system, clogs the bowels and produces biliousness, constipation, sick headache, boils, pimples, bad blood, skin diseases, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters unlocks all the clogged avenues of the system, carries off all foul humors and impurities, and cures the above named diseases, while at the same time giving health and strength to the entire system. B. B. B. Best Spring Tonic.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES BAD BLOOD. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness are causes of Bad Blood. Good Blood cannot be made by any one suffering from these complaints. The results of Bad Blood are BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES. Eruptions, Sores, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters really cures bad blood, driving away every vestige of it from a common pimple to the worst Scrofulous sore. It is the kind that cures. Mr. H. M. Lockwood, of Lindsay, Ont., had 53 boils in one year but was entirely cured by B. B. B. B. B. B. Cures Bad Blood.

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

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY At Home and Abroad. AND THE FOLLOWING SONGS: Come Back Home to Ireland. My Dear Old Mother's Home. Pretty Nelly Dolan.—Grace Conroy. Tell Them That You're Irish. The Night Maureen Landed in New York. Pull the Bell, O'Reilly. The Scientific Man.—Patsy Doyle. Kelly's Dream, Reconciliation (comic). You Better Hurry Home, Mary Ann. I Long To See The Girl I Left Behind. Not On Your Life, Says Dolan. Norah Brady.—Parody on Norah O'Neill. Patrick O'Flaherty—Going Home. If Donovan's A Better Man Than I Am. Duff's Blunders, and a column of Gags and Jokes, are to be had in KELLY'S SONGSTER, No. 49, at all Newsdealers, or Mailed on receipt of Two Three Cent Stamps. P. Kelly, Song Publisher, Box 936 Montreal, Can.

Next Washing Day. If You Have Not Already Got One of EDDY'S WASHBOARDS Get one, and you will find that they work better, are more durable, and superior to any other. SOLD EVERYWHERE. MAMMOTH WORKS, HULL, - - - Canada. YOU CANNOT GET BLOOD FROM A STONE Nor Strength from a Preparation void of Strength-giving Properties. That is Why EXTRACTS OF BEEF fail completely to permanently benefit. They stimulate only, but contain no feeding qualities. JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is rich in Albuminoids, which is the strength-giving part of Beef.

THE WEEK'S DOING'S.

EUROPEAN.

M. Alexjeff, mayor of Moscow, who was shot by a Nihilist on Tuesday, is dead. Oxford defeated Cambridge in the university boat race in the fastest time on record. The Spanish Steamer Malaga has reached Malaga from Hamburg with a case of cholera on board. The Brotherhood of Boilermakers in Chicago demand a day of eight hours with ten hours' pay. John J. Ryan of Toronto, amateur champion of America, has entered for the diamond sculls at Henley, England. W. W. Astor, who recently purchased The Pall Mall Gazette, will start on May 1. The Pall Mall Magazine, to be published in London and New York.

AMERICAN.

Stanbury has accepted a challenge from Teemer to row May 30 at St. Louis. Mr. Elliot F. Shepard, proprietor of The New York Mail and Express is dead. A cyclone swept over Northern Mississippi and Western Tennessee destroying several small towns and killing several people. The Very Rev. Dominic Marssetti, D.D., order of Minor Conventuals, and pastor of the Italian Catholic church in Hoboken, died on Tuesday of pneumonia. Because of unrequited love William Fry, aged seventeen years, laid his head on the Louisville Southern track, near Shelbyville, Ky., and suffered decapitation. The grip is spreading in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. During the past four days there have been 12 deaths from the disease in New York. At Newburgh, N.Y., Irving A. Kilmer, a wealthy manufacturer, swallowed half an ounce of carbolic acid in mistake for cough medicine and died in a few minutes. William C. Williams, president of the Chicago Loan and Savings Bank, which closed its doors a few weeks ago, has been arrested. The liabilities of the bank amounting to \$55,000 and the assets to \$10,000.

CANADIAN.

Canadian horses are being shipped to the West Indies. A strong Board of Trade has been formed in Gananoque. The Womch murder case will not be tried until the fall assizes at Barrie. W. R. Gillies, formerly of Port Hope and Toronto, died suddenly at Winnipeg. Lient. A. R. Gordon, nautical adviser to the Marine Department at Ottawa, died last week, aged 42. Mr. Alex Bontin, founder of the well-known firm of Buntin, Gillies & Co., has just died in Bath, England, aged 73. Quebec city will have a new Liberal English paper to be called The New Era. It will commence publication on May 1. It is reported at Montreal that a movement is on foot to combine the principal woollen mills of the Dominion after the fashion of the cotton combine. As a result of a quarrel between relatives over the ownership of some property some eight miles east of Gananoque John Fitzsimmons was killed by the discharge of a gun in the hands of Charles Shipman.

JULES FERRY.

To the Editor of TRUE WITNESS: MR. EDITOR,—I observe that the French Government are going to give a public funeral to the apostate and infidel Ferry—stricken down by the hand of the Almighty at the very time his star was in the ascent and his ambition satisfied by the prospect of the Presidency of the Republic—following close on to the sudden death of Renan, the blasphemous historian of Jesus.—Ferry is granted an official apostleship like his compeers, Gambetta, Renan, &c., and a place of rest in the Republican Temple of Glory. After turning the Catholic Church of St. Geneva, the saintly patron and defender of Paris into a pagan temple (Pantheon), the French Government are now fairly on the way to converting the same into a—Pandemonium—by making it the receptacle for all that France has produced as anti Catholic and therefore, anti Christian champions of the most impure, blasphemous and subservient doc-

trines, a charnal house for the putrid bodies of departed reprobate souls. Such is the state of invidious official France, the daughter of Voltaire, the cynic and blasphemer; how saddening to see grand old Catholic France, the eldest daughter of the Church, crushed by a band of sectarians, sans foi, sans mœurs, hypocritically using the sacred names of liberty, equality and fraternity to persecute the Catholic Church and Catholics. By allowing these sectarians to monopolize gradually the governmental machinery of the State, the true good Catholic French nation is now trampled down by a band of impious selfish men without conscience, whose only aim is to satisfy their ambition for money and position. Let us hope that the day will never come when the sectarians a la Voltaire in this fair city and country will be allowed to follow the course which their patrons and models in France are pursuing, and to the temporal and eternal damage and ruin of the countrymen—reversing the old saying, Gesta Dei Francos into the Gesta diaboli per impios.

J. A. J.

He Is There.

The custom of visiting the Blessed Sacrament is a most beautiful one, but unfortunately it is one too seldom practiced by Catholics. Were our Saviour to appear as a man in some church how great would be the desire of every Christian to see him. Should he remain there for a considerable time it matters not where the church was located, great pilgrimages would be organized and thousands would leave their homes, and cross oceans and continents to see him. We all know that he is as certainly in the tabernacle of the altar as he was in Jerusalem nearly nineteen hundred years ago; and yet so many who believe that fact seldom think of visiting him, except when forced under pain of sin to attend the celebration of Mass. We know that the Holy Eucharist is an evidence of the intense love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for man; and yet do we show even in a simple way our appreciation of that love by entering the churches as we pass, to say a short prayer? We should remember that the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity is there, and that he will most assuredly bless those who come to see him. Notwithstanding our faith, we are inclined to treat our Saviour with far less respect than we show to the great men of the earth or to our personal friends. Faith should find expression in works. If we believe Jesus is in our churches we should give testimony to that belief by going to see him and praying before the altar. It requires but a few moments, and most assuredly the time there spent is well employed.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla can produce from actual cures such wonderful statements of relief to human suffering as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:— Patent Spring.....\$1.25 @ 1.25 Patent Winter.....1.10 @ 1.25 Straight Roller.....1.40 @ 1.50 Extra.....3.00 @ 3.15 Superfine.....2.70 @ 2.90 Fine.....2.35 @ 2.50 City Strong Bakers.....1.00 @ 1.25 Manitoba Bakers.....1.50 @ 1.70 Ontario bag—extra.....1.40 @ 1.50 Straight Rollers.....1.75 @ 1.80 Superfine.....1.80 @ 1.45 Fine.....1.10 @ 1.20 Cheese.—Prices of old finest stock are quoted at 1 1/2c for finest white, and 1 1/2c for colored. Oatmeal.—We quote prices for jobbing lots as follows:—Rolled and granulated \$1 1/2 to \$1 3/4; Standard \$3 95 to \$4 05. In bags, granulated and rolled \$2.00 to \$2 10, and standard \$1 90 to \$2.05. Mill Feed.—A car load of Ontario bran in bags was sold a week ago in warehouse at \$18.00; on Monday \$17.00 is all that could be had for it. We quote car lots \$17.00 to \$17.50 with an easier feeling, owing to less scarcity. Prices are quoted 50c to \$1.00 lower in the West. Shorts are quiet but steady at \$18.00 to \$19.50. Meal \$20 to \$22. Wheat.—A few cars of No 2 hard have been sold at 81c for shipment to the Eastern Townships; but exporters will only bid 78c to 79c. No 3 hard is quoted at 87c to 88c for export. Corn.—Prices continue nominal at 68c to 65c duty paid. Pens.—The market is quiet at 75c to 74c in store and 77c to 78c per 60 lbs. adust May. North and West of Stratford values we quote at 50 to 57c l. o. b. for 50 lbs. Oats.—Sales of car lots of No. 2 white have been made at 3 1/2c, a lot of about 8,000 bushels selling at that figure. Barley.—We quote 41c to 42c. Malting barley is steady at 50c to 55c to grade.

Malt.—We quote 45c to 75c as to quality. Rye.—We quote 62c to 65c as representing buyers and sellers views. Stock wheat.—Quotations are, somewhat nominal at 45c to 55c. Quoted \$2 50 to \$2 60 for Western and \$2 70 to \$2 80 for Quebec. Red clover at \$9 to \$9 50 per bushel of 60 lbs., and white \$10 50 to \$11 00. Flax seed \$1 00 to \$1 25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:— Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$22 00 @ 22 50 Canada clear mess, per bbl.....21 00 @ 21 50 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....20 00 @ 20 50 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl (net) @ 22 00 India mess beef, per three.....10 00 @ 10 50 Extra Mess beef, per bbl.....14 00 @ 15 00 Hams, city cured, per lb.....12 1/2 @ 14c Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....12 1/2 @ 13c Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....12 @ 12 1/2 Bacon, per lb.....12 @ 13c Shoulders, per lb.....11 @ 11 1/2 Dressed Hogs.—Prices are nominal and we quote \$3.50 to \$4 61.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:— Creamery choice late made.....21c to 21 1/2c do good to fine.....20c to 20 1/2c Eastern Township dairy, choice fall.....20c to 20 1/2c do good to fine.....19c to 2c Morrisburg & Brockville.....18c to 19c Western.....18c to 19c About 1c may be added to above prices for choice selections of single tubs.

COUNTRY PRODUCK.

Eggs.—There are lots of eggs in the country in the West, buyers were paying 13c at the beginning of the week, but are now paying 12c. Beans.—Choice hand picked white beans being quoted at \$1 60 to \$1 65 per bushel, ordinary to good stock at 25 to \$1.50, inferior lots \$1 to \$1 10. Honey.—Comb honey is quoted at 12 1/2c to 13c, and dark lots 7c to 8c per lb. Maple syrup.—The small tins have sold at 7c to 8c. A few lots of old have been sold at 5c to 6c in tins, and at 4c to 4 1/2c per lb. in wood. Hops.—A lot of 2 bales of very choice bright Canadian hops was sold at 20c; but 1c to 1 1/2c is about all that can be had for a good quality, a lot of 6 bales of Eastern Townships selling at 18c, the quality being very fine. Ordinary lots are hard to sell at 15c to 17c. Hay and Straw.—The market is quiet, sales of No 2 pressed being reported at country points at \$7 50 to \$7 75 l. o. b. with re-sale-

at \$8.00 to \$8.25 for export, a lot of 100 tons being placed at the latter figure. No 1 pressed has sold in this market at \$10 to \$10 50 for the Boston market. Pressed straw is quoted at \$3.50 to \$5 00. Apples.—Prices are firm at 45 1/2 to \$5 20 for first quality. Apples are nominally quoted at \$4.20 to \$4 25, and pears \$3.50 to \$5 40.

FRUITS, Etc.

Oranges.—Florida, \$1 50 to \$4, California \$3 to \$5 50, Messina \$2 to 2 25 per box, Valencia 1 to \$4 50, Blood Oranges, half boxes, \$2 25, large \$1 00 to \$1 50. Better Oranges \$2 00 to \$3 50 per case. Over 300 lb. boxes of oranges and lemons arrived here since Monday. Lemons.—Fancy Lemons \$2 75 to \$3 00, choice \$2 25 to \$2 50, common \$1 25 to \$2 00 as to kind and quality. Citrus.—Red are very scarce and selling at from \$3 to \$3 25, yellow meeting with good at from \$2 75 to \$3 25, two car lots were sold this week at from \$2 80 to \$2 90 per bbl. Spanish oranges in crates are selling at 9c to \$1 00. Potatoes.—Prices one easier at from 95c to \$1 05 to car lots.

FISH AND OIL.

Oils.—Cod oil is quiet but steady at 4 1/2 to 4 1/4 for Newfoundland and 3 1/2 to 3 1/4 for Gaspe. Cod liver oil 65c to 75c as to quality. Pickled Fish.—A lot of choice herring selling at \$3 85. Green cod is in only out at first hand and quoted at 21 1/2 to 22 1/2 for No. 1 and \$7 50 for large. Dry cod \$1 50, and case cod at \$1 75. Fresh Fish.—Halibut is in good demand, prices are high, wholesale lots selling at 4 1/2c to 5c per lb.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

Hagyard's Patent Bileam cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, tightness of the chest, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 23 Superior Court, Rachel Morisse vs. the City and Mayor of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. Anne Rodrigue, Louis de Goussagne, Rene alias Rene Masson, & the said Mayor, Defendants. On the eighth day of April 1896, at eight of the clock in the forenoon, at the downtown of the said defendant, No. 3 Exchange Avenue, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said defendant, and in this case, consisting of household furniture, etc. To-wit: cash. Montreal, May 27th, 1896. PHILIP DAN-BREAU, R.S.C.

CHAMPION EVAPORATOR For MAPLE, SORGHUM, CIDER, and FRUIT JELLIES. Carefully made over Fire, doubling boiling capacity. Small interchangeable pumps connected by rubber hose. Fully handled for cleaning and forcing, and a Perfect Automatic Evaporator. This Champion is in great demand over the Globe. Put on the factory wheels. Lightly built, kettle, hangs on a fence rail. Catalogues monthly, or on application. THE G. H. GRIMM MFG. CO., Montreal, Que., Hudson, Ohio, and Rutland, Vt. (29-8-96)

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A LITTLE STORY

BY H. O'R.

Tell you a story? Yes, child, I will. Well, one New Year's eve not long ago, two little children the streets did roam, hungry and friendless, without any home. The boy was handsome, with sunny curls; the girl was dark with teeth like pearls. Silvering and shivering in the cold like two little lambs lost from the fold.

Nobody heeded their feeble cry—indeed, some said "let them die"; hand in hand they trudged along, till, footsore and weary and not over-strong, their journey they can no longer prolong. They knelt and pray in the fast-falling snow; "Please, God, take us home, it is growing late."

God heard their prayer from his throne of late; and those poor little lambs so wan and cold, in the morn had joined the Master's fold. St. John, N. B.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued

"And now a word about myself. You know already how suddenly what I may call my disease left me. From the moment my eye rested upon the poor, lost girl in that den in infancy, I thought I no longer loved her. Not long since the clergyman to whose care I had confided her wrote to me, saying that a wealthy merchant who knew her whole history had been smitten by her extraordinary beauty, and intended to propose marriage to her. And the good priest thought it right to acquaint me with the circumstance. I assure you, it did not cause me the slightest pain,—not the faintest symptom of jealousy did I feel. Neither did I feel any pleasure on learning afterward that she declined the rich man's offer, preferring to remain with the good nuns, and endeavor to atone for those sinful years by a life of repentance. But when my reverend friend wrote to me again, after a few months, to inform me that Rose Mulvany was dangerously ill, then I found my mistake in supposing I no longer loved her! Accompanied by my young friend, Neddy, I hastened to the city. I found her surrounded by the good Sisters, some kneeling by her bedside, and one leaning over her, reversing Gerald Griffin's beautiful picture of the 'Sister of Charity,' whom he represents with her hair 'wet with the tears of the penitent girl.' Rose Mulvany's hair was wet with the tears of the Sister of Charity.

"The priest had prepared her for my visit. She held out her hand when she saw me, but she closed her eyes, and a faint blush stole over her wasted cheek. "Rose," said I, "I'm sorry to see you so ill."

"She turned her head away, and wept silently. After a while she looked at me, and said:—

"I trust and believe God has forgiven me, and why should I be afraid to look at you,—you who saved me?" But the effort appeared to have exhausted her, and she closed her eyes again. If it were not for the light pressure of her hand I should have thought she had fainted. Her mind began to wander, for she asked me:

"Are they coming still?"
"Who, Rose?" I asked.
"The people,—the young girls. Are they still coming?"

"Coming where, Rose?"
"Coming to America," she replied.
"They are," said I.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, opening her beautiful eyes and fixing them earnestly on me, "tell them not. Tell them to stay at home. Tell them of Rose Mulvany."

"She appeared to become unconscious again for a minute or two. One of the nuns motioned me to kneel, and I did so. They continued reciting the rosary, and I soon saw the dying girl's lips move and could even catch the words—"Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." When the prayer was ended she started, and said, "Oh, that is Mary! And—and she forgives me; and my father, and my poor mother. They all forgive me!—they all forgive me! Look, look! my mother is opening her arms." Here she attempted to raise herself up, but finding she had not strength to do so she turned to one of the nuns.

"Sister Patrick," she said, "won't you raise me up to my mother?"

"The nun bent over her to raise her

up, and as she did so, Rose Mulvany died in her arms.

"I remained in the city to see her laid in her grave in the little cemetery attached to the convent. As I was leaving the cemetery, Sister Patrick placed a folded paper in my hand. It contained a long, shining tress of golden hair. To me it is more precious than gold. . . . Connor has come in; he is, I am glad to say, much calmer. But do not forget what I have said."

"I must look to this," said Brian, as he folded the letter. "It did not occur to me before."

On his return, he was startled to see a party of police coming out of the churchyard. But on coming closer to them, his surprise was turned to horror, for they carried a dead man between them, and Brian saw at a glance that the dead man was Mr. Oliver Grindem. He hurried into the grave-yard, and saw a riderless horse grazing upon the rank herbage, with the bridle under his feet. He approached the doorway of the old chapel, and as he passed the mounds (we cannot call them graves) he shuddered: the headstone of the grass of one of them was stained with blood. He noticed a spade and a shovel thrown across the mounds, and thought that perhaps a funeral was approaching, and that they were intended to dig the grave. There was no one within the ruin, and the utter stillness of the place seemed awful to him. On the ground—near the slit in the wall—his eye rested upon some object that made him start. It was a revolver!

"Great God!" exclaimed Brian, "it is as I feared. He has stained his hands with the wretch's blood. He stooped to take up the weapon, but a feeling of disgust would not let him touch it with his hand. He moved it with his foot among the nettles, under a fallen fragment of the old wall.

By crossing a field Brian came up with the police, who were in the act of placing the dead body in a cart procured at the next farm-house.

"How did this occur?" he inquired of the constable.

"Accidentally, sir."
"What! do you say it was an accident?" exclaimed Brian, while surprise and pleasure struggled with incredulity in his looks.

"We were present, sir," said the constable; "no one is to blame."

Brian leaped upon a wall, and cast a searching look around. He returned to the churchyard and explored every nook. He made inquiries at the houses adjoining, but could get no trace of the objects of his search.

Let us relate what took place in the church-yard during Brian's stroll to the cromlech.

Connor Shea—for it was his groan that interrupted the poor maniac in her wanderings—stood with his forehead against the wall, trying to summon up courage so accost her. He heard the sound of voices outside, and looking through the slit in the wall, saw a man with a spade and shovel on his shoulder, opening the church-yard gate. A horseman, accompanied by five policemen, then entered. The police approached the poor maniac, and began to speak kindly to her; but she clung with a terrified look to one of the headstones. Evidently distressed at the task imposed on them, they looked toward the man on horseback, who began to gesticulate violently, and to utter inarticulate sounds. Connor Shea looked more closely at him now, but was barely able to recognize his former landlord—the author of all his misery—so frightfully was he altered. He had but partially recovered from an attack of paralysis, which had left him speechless. His jaw fell down upon his chest, the mouth open, and the tongue lolling over the under lip, while the slaver trickled down his neglected beard and over a dirty napkin which was tied under his chin. The face was that of a corpse, save that the red, glassy eyes glared hideously in the midst of it. He had come with the police to have Sally Cavanagh arrested as a "dangerous lunatic." The man with the spade and shovel was brought to level the mounds which the poor woman supposed to be the graves of her children. Her melancholy history was attracting so much interest that an English tourist, who had been the guest of poor Sally's friend, Parson Stephens, had taken a note of it. Mr. Oliver Grindem resolved to put a stop to this. He gesticulated to the police, who reluctantly dragged the poor woman from the headstones. She struggled violently, and seeing nothing else to

catch hold of, seized the magistrate's bridle rein. He began to strike her with the butt end of his whip. The horse backed to within a yard of the slit in the wall, and when Connor Shea heard the hard buckhorn knock sharply upon the fleshless knuckles of his wife, he ground his teeth with rage, and pulling a revolver from his breast, thrust it through the slit: the muzzle was within three feet of the monster's heart. But at this moment he changed his mode of assault, and struck his victim in the face with the lash of the whip. The hard whipcord entered one of her eyes, and with a scream she let go the rein. The horse reared, and before Connor Shea could pull the trigger, the brutal tyrant fell heavily to the ground,—his head striking against the stone slab which Sally Cavanagh had erected to mark what she imagined to be the grave of her youngest little boy.

The poor maniac ran screaming into the ruin, and with a bursting heart Connor clasped her to his breast.

"Oh save me—save me!" she cried, in an imploring voice.

"I'll save you; yes, I'll save you. But oh! Sally, don't you know me?"

"He comes down every night when the stars do be shinin'," she whispered, "and now they want to take me away."

"Oh Sally, look up—look up and say you know me," he sobbed. And as he raised her face from his bosom, he kissed her wan cheek passionately.

"They're dead," she murmured, "all dead. Poor Norah, an' Corney, an' Tommy, an' Nickey, and little Willie with the blue eyes—an' all."

"But don't you remember me, Sally—your own husband? Thry, Sally, and remember ould times."

But there was no meaning in her smile.

"My God! my God!" cried the distracted man, "what did I ever do to deserve this? Sure I was mad awhile ago, when I thought to take his life. O Heavenly Father! restore her sinces, an' a thought of revenge I'll never let enter my heart again! Holy Mary, Mother of God, intercede for her," he exclaimed aloud, in a voice of the most intense entreaty.

"Look at me again, Sally, my heart's bright love."

He felt her start slightly, and holding his cheek close to hers, repeated the words. She raised her hand, and bent her head in a listening attitude, like one trying to catch some distant sound. Again he murmured the words in her ear. She covered her face with her hands and sobbed. "If we were all together," she murmured; "what harm, if we were all together!"

He remembered these were the very words she used when he bade "God be with her," the night of his departure for America. Looking upon them as an indication of returning reason he knelt down and exclaimed, fervently, "My God, I thank you for your mercy!" and taking the revolver from his breast again, he flung it upon the ground.

"Come, Sally," said he, "let us go."

To his surprise and delight, instead of resisting, as he expected she would, she gave him her hand, and allowed him to lead her like a child over the broken wall, at the opposite side of the old ruin, and up towards the angle of the wood, where he stopped the night he parted from her, to take a last look at his home.

"You're forgetting the spade and shovel," said one of the police to the man who had come to level the mounds. "I'll lave 'em there," replied the man; "they'll be wantin' to dig his own grave."

(To be continued.)

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Are unpopular. But there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust which the public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the best of it is the trust is fully justified by the merit of the medicine. For, Remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES.

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MONTREAL.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT

District of Montreal, } No. 2119.

Dame Emma Fletcher Reed, of Montreal, authorized to sue, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas A. Bishop, of Montreal, Contractor, Defendant. An action for separation of property has been instituted.

Montreal, 8th March, 1893.

HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,
34-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT,
Province of Quebec, } District of Montreal, } No. 1839.

Dame Della Vlau, wife of Mederic Barbeau, farmer, of the parish of St. Constant, District of Montreal, duly authorized to *ester en justice*, Plaintiff, vs. the said Mederic Barbeau, farmer, of the same place, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been returned into Court, in this case, on the 13th February last.

Montreal, 2nd March, 1893.

P. LANCTOT,
33 5 Plaintiff's Attorney.

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To Continue Until January 1, 1895.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING will take place semi-annually (June and December), and its GRAND WEEKLY NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

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

Attested as follows:

Wade hereby certifies that as supervisor of the same, he has seen the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person managed and controlled the Drawings, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties, and is authorized by the Company to use this certificate, with the signature of the same, in its advertisements.

Handwritten signatures of J. A. Ench, M. A. Leblanc, and J. P. M...

Commissioners

Col. C. J. Villiers succeeds G. H. Beauregard as one of our Commissioners to supervise our Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings. G. H. Beauregard always occupied the office to represent him at the drawings whenever he was absent. Mr. Villiers has already supervised nine of our drawings.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery Company as presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank. JNO. H. CANNON, Pres. State National Bank. A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank. CARL KOHN, President Union National Bank.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING

WILL TAKE PLACE

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1893.

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

Table of prizes: 1 PRIZE OF \$75,000 is \$75,000; 1 PRIZE OF 20,000 is 20,000; 1 PRIZE OF 10,000 is 10,000; 1 PRIZE OF 5,000 is 5,000; 2 PRIZES OF 2,500 are 5,000; 5 PRIZES OF 1,000 are 5,000; 25 PRIZES OF 500 are 12,500; 100 PRIZES OF 200 are 20,000; 400 PRIZES OF 50 are 20,000; 500 PRIZES OF 4 are 2,000.

Table of prizes: 100 Prizes of \$100 are \$10,000; 100 Prizes of 50 are 5,000; 100 Prizes of 40 are 4,000.

TERMINAL PRIZES: 999 Prizes of \$20 are 19,980; 999 Prizes of 20 are 19,980.

5,434 Prizes, amounting to \$263,450

PRICE OF TICKETS:

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

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Send Money by Express at our Expense in Sums not less than Five Dollars, on which we will pay all charges, and we prepay Express Charges on TICKETS and LISTS OF PRIZES forwarded to correspondents. Address PAUL CONRAD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Give full address and make signature plain.

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

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

ATTENTION - The present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which is part of the Constitution of the State, and by decision of the SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, is an irrevocable contract between the State and the Lottery Company, which remains in force UNTIL 1895.

In buying a Louisiana State Lottery Ticket, see that the ticket is dated at New Orleans; that the Prize drawn to its number is payable in New Orleans; that the ticket is signed by PAUL CONRAD, President; that it is endorsed with the signature of General J. A. EARLY, and W. L. CANNON, and Col. C. J. VILLIERS, having also the guarantee of four National Banks, through their Presidents, to pay any prize presented at their counters.

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

PERSONAL - LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Secret Service. Offices, Temple Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 2131. Private Telephone: 4668 and 6148. JOHN A. GROBE, Supl. Comm. Criminal Work; SILAS B. CARPENTER, Agent, Criminal Work.

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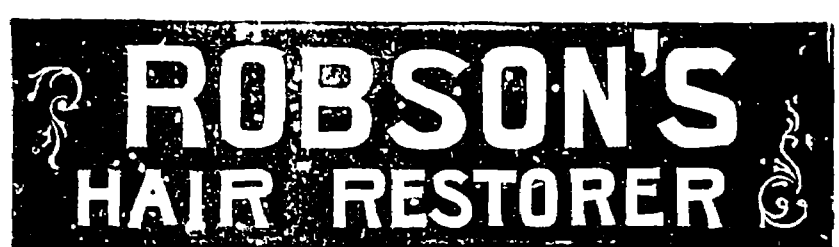
ESTABLISHED 1848. JOHN E. DeWITT, President.

Table of assets: Assets December 1892 \$6,429,927.22; Surplus according to 4 1/2 per cent. Canadian Standard 705,000.00; Deposit with Canadian Government for security of Canadian Policyholders 456,000.00.

The Union Mutual Life Insurance Co. is the only Company whose policies are governed by the statutes of the celebrated MAINE NON-FORFEITURE LAW, which law protects policies from lapsing after they have been in force for three years. For further particulars apply to WALTER I. JOSEPH, Manager, 30 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.

WANTED two or three Special Agents for Montreal and district. To men who can command business, very liberal Contracts will be offered.

WHAT IS



It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality.

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie. Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois.

I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth.

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

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D. Lavaltrie, December 26th, 1893. G. DESROSIERS, M. D. St-Felix de Valois, January, 18th 1890.

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THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature, Next Drawings: April 6 and 19.

PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00.

Table of prizes: 1 Prize worth \$3,750.00; 1 do 1,250.50; 1 do 625.00; 1 do 312.50; 2 Prizes worth 125.00; 5 do 62.50; 25 do 12.50; 100 do 6.25; 200 do 3.75. Approximation Prizes: 100 do 6.25; 100 do 3.75; 100 do 2.50; 100 do 2.50; 500 do 1.25; 999 do 1.25.

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

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These combination trains are run for the express purpose of affording intending settlers the privilege of accompanying their stock and effects.

For intending settlers without effects trains leave Montreal 8:40 p.m. every week day with colonist cars attached.

For further particulars read the pamphlet FREE FACTS, FARMS & SLEEPERS, which will be furnished free on application to nearest railroad ticket agent, or apply to

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Holloway's Ointment. Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, or salt into the ear, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For glandular swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone through out the British Possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted. Purchasers should look to the Label the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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 With Tartan and Fancy Plaids Silk Vests
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NEW PREMIUM PUZZLE.

LADIES AT HOME

With this HANDSOME LADY the faces of two others are shown. Can you find them? If so, mark faces and send to us as directed. **LADIES AT HOME** is the Home Magazine of Canada. Its reading matter and illustrations are all of the best. Nothing like it at the price—only 50 cents per year—has ever before been published in this country. It and its sister publications will soon lead all other Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. To ensure this a fair and legitimate premium system has been adopted at much outlay. During 1893 we purpose giving away **Four Elegant Upright Pianos.** W. Willison, ex-Rieve of Ayr, Ont., was awarded the splendid **Rosewood Piano** which was viewed by admiring thousands passing by our showroom during the past two weeks.

We publish **Ladies' Companion**, \$1.00 a year. Also **Ladies at Home**, 50 cents a year. Do not mistake any other—with the word "Ladies" or "Home" in the name—for either of these fine magazines. We also publish **Our Boys and Girls**, at 5 cents a year. **OUR BOYS AND GIRLS** has no connection with a young people's paper published on King st., west, which advertises for subscribers but gives no street number in its address.

PREMIUM LIST.
 To the first person solving puzzle we will award \$100 in Cash; the next will receive **Gold Watch**; the third a **Silver Water Service**; the fourth a **Silk Dress Pattern**; the fifth a **BANQUET LAMP**; the sixth a **DRESSMAKER'S MAGIC SCALE** with instructions; the seventh a **SILVER FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SET**; the eighth a **CRAYON PORTRAIT**; the ninth a **TOILET SET**; the tenth a **GOLD BROOCH**; the eleventh a **SILVER WATCH**; the twelfth **PLUSH WORK CASE**; to the next nine each a **HANDSOME BROOCH**. To the middle sender will be awarded an **Upright Piano**, valued at \$375. To the ten following, each a **crayon portrait** of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to July 15th next, will receive a **Sewing Machine**, valued at \$40. The sender next to last will receive a **Silver Watch**; ten preceding, each a beautiful **Gold Brooch**.

CONDITIONS:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with fifty cents for a year's subscription to **LADIES AT HOME**. Address plainly,
 "Z" **LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO.,** 166 King St., West, Toronto, Can.

BOARD OF Catholic School Commissioners OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

Call for Tenders.
 Sealed Tenders addressed as follows: "Board of Catholic School Commissioners, P. O. Box 1941, Montreal, and bearing the following subscription: "Tenders for Montcalm School," will be received till
Tuesday, the 4th April Next, at Noon,
 For all parts of the construction of the above school.
 The plans and specifications can now be seen and examined at the office of the architect, Mr. Jos. Haynes, No. 180, room 8, third flat, St. James street.
 Each Tender must be accompanied by an accepted check to the amount of five (5 p.c.) per cent. of the estimate and made payable to the order of the President of the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal.
 In case the party tendering would refuse to fulfil his engagement, this check will become the property of the Board.
 The Board do not engage to accept the lowest or any of the tenders.
U. E. ARCHAMBAULT,
 Secretary-Treasurer.
 Montreal, March 25th, 1893. 38 1

NEW YORK ON DECK.
Justin McCarthy's Appeal to the Irish of New York.
 NEW YORK, March 26.—A message was called to the Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone to-night by the National Federation of America pledging him their most vigorous support in his efforts to carry through the Home Rule bill, and expressing alike the sentiments of the thousands who had gathered at the Academy of Music to endorse his action and the tens of thousands of Irishmen throughout America who are loyal to their motherland. The message was as follows:—"We, the citizens of New York, in mass meeting assembled, beg to tender you our heartfelt sympathy in your efforts to achieve for Ireland the long sought for measure of justice which we trust God will enable you to speedily carry to a successful termination, and we pledge you our vigorous and continued support through the struggle." It was signed by Thomas Addis Emmet, Morgan J. O'Brien and John Byrne. This was the keynote of the great gathering of Irishmen at the Academy of Music this evening. The people listened to patriotic airs by the 99th Regiment band and cheered enthusiastically when Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, the presiding officer, and Congressman Bourke Cockran came on the platform followed by a number of the prominent men. From the governors of almost every state in the union came messages of sympathy with the movement for the freedom of Ireland. Governor Flower, in a letter enclosing a cheque for \$200, said: "My sympathies with the cause of Home Rule have often been expressed." Mayor Gilsey, who was unable to be present, was among those who sent the warmest messages of faith in Ireland. Archbishop Corrigan, also unable to be present, expressed through Manager Farley the heartfelt advocacy of the principles for the promulgation of which the meeting had been called.
 The hall was comparatively bare of de-

corations. A banner surrounded by Irish and American flags, however, bearing the words, "Now or Never; Now and Forever," formed an appropriate background to the stage. A despatch to President Emmet from Justin McCarthy evoked enthusiasm. It was as follows: "We learn with gratitude of the efforts of yourself and federation to help forward the Irish movement. Effectually continue the way you did by timely assistance at the general election. Gladstone's Home Rule bill will pass the Commons, but only by the unremitting attendance of the Irish party. The movement leads the prompt and generous support of kinsmen and friends to defeat the desperate efforts of the wealthy and powerful enemies combined against Ireland. Greeting and success to your great meeting on behalf of the Irish party."

LIVESTOCK MARKET.
 There were about 1,000 head of butchers' cattle, 5 calves and 60 mutton cri-ters, with about a dozen spring lambs, offered at the East End Abattoir yesterday. Some of the older drovers state that prices of extra beeves were lower to day than they had ever seen at any previous Easter market in Montreal. Extra beeves sold at from 4 1/2c to a little over 5c per lb., and 6c per lb. was asked in a few cases for fancy animals overloaded with fat. Common to good butchers' cattle sold at from 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb., large fat bulls, at from 3 1/2c to 5c do., and one extraordinary fine bull was sold at 5 1/2c per lb., and a dollar over. The best calves and sheep were bought up before reaching this market, excepting two very fine calves which Mr N. Bourassa bought for \$54. Nelson Bickerdike bought eleven extra cattle at 4 1/2c per lb. and 43 yearling lambs at \$5 35 per 100 lb. McDuff Lamb bought 30 choice yearling lambs at 5 1/2c per lb. Spring lambs sold at from \$3.50 to \$6 each. Fat hogs continue to sell at from 6 1/2c to 6 3/4c per lb.

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