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The *Witness*

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS

AND

TRUTH THROUGHOUT

VOL. XLIII., NO. 14.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1893.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN THIS ISSUE we give the full text of the admirable Encyclical of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., on the subject of the Holy Rosary. Although we are now almost at the end of October, and this is the month specially dedicated to that beautiful devotion, still there is no limit to the recommendation of the Holy Father, and the devotion of the Holy Rosary is by no means confined to one month. It is certainly one of the most acceptable forms of prayer, and if any indifference has been felt by some members of the Church in this regard, the powerful and fatherly words of the great Pontiff should for ever dispel it. Only on subjects of the greatest importance does the Pope issue encyclical letters; and this one, sent out in the midst of all the countless duties of this jubilee year, is an evidence of the high importance given by the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff to the devotion of the Holy Rosary. We trust that our readers will peruse it carefully.

IT APPEARS that Mr. Israel Tarte is of opinion that the word "Catholic" is out of place in the St. Jean Baptiste Society. He and the Patrie, as well as the Canada Revue, do not agree with the Ottawa Society in its decision that the organization is Catholic as well as national. Mr. Tarte wants to be liberal minded; he wants to "out-Herod Herod"; he is anxious to be more Liberal than the Patrie itself; in fact, in his hurried leap from the Conservative camp into the Liberal one, he miscalculated the exact distance, and he could not stop where he landed, but has been going on in a succession of deer-like bounds to keep himself from falling and to regain his equilibrium. We have a little problem for Mr. Tarte, the Patrie, *et hoc genus omne* to solve. The grand and time-honored motto of the French-Canadians is, "Nos institutions, notre langue et nos lois." If the French-Canadian, who becomes Protestant, or is the son of one who became Protestant, is the bitterest enemy of Catholicity, if he despises everything that we respect, scoffs at our faith, tramples upon our traditions, seeks to proselytize our co-religionists, and, in a word, is opposed to our Church, our religious communities, our educational system and our every inheritance, how is Mr. Tarte, or his friends, going to get that Protestant French-Canadian to support "nos institutions religieuses et nationales?" Efface the word "Catholic" and you must wipe out the first word on the motto—"nos institutions." One more question: When the next celebration of the feast of St. Jean Baptiste comes around, are your Protestant French-Canadians going to be kept out of the principal portion of the ceremonies, or are they to be expected to attend High Mass and walk in the procession behind the cross? Unless these Protestant members of the society can participate in the full enjoyments of the society's celebrations, they can only be

half members, "fish out of water." Mr. Tarte must either cut out of the national *fe'e* day programme the religious ceremonies, the celebration of Mass; or else allow the religious and national elements to blend as before and consequently retain the word "Catholic." A St. Jean Baptiste celebration without the religious ceremonies would be a farce; but Mr. Tarte is a great *farceur*; however, we would like to know how he will solve our problem and answer our question.

WE received a letter from a correspondent in Arthur, Ont., asking us about an amount of money said to be left in India to Frank, Charles and Philip Rinehard, by the widow of Frank Rinehard. We are sorry to say that we never heard of this fortune, nor do we know whether there is any truth or not in the rumor.

A SUBSCRIBER writes to us as follows: "We find in our great city many young lads, who are hardly able to walk, smoking cigarettes. They buy them in the stores and pay, as I suppose, five cents per package. Of course all the badness is not in buying and smoking them. A young lad opens a package and finds a little card on which some of the most filthy pictures, that eyes of man could behold, are painted. The child is delighted with the picture. Why? Because he does not see any badness in it yet; but you know, dear Mr. Editor, that sooner or later those young fellows will curse the day they bought the first package of cigarettes. This, I think, is still more dangerous a way of corrupting our young citizens, than even the posting of bills on fences. The agents and snares of the devil are numerous and dangerous; above all for the young. I think it would be a charity, for you, dear Sir, to try and banish this source of scandal as you banished that of immoral bills." This letter requires no comment. But we will take the hint given.

OUR friend "Desire" gives us again, and in a more tangible form, that question about secret societies. "Does the Church condemn them on the ground of their plotting, from a general view? Does the Church object to societies maintaining entire secrecy as to their meetings, business, &c., plans or other social matters?" This is a subject that would demand fully a volume in order to treat it satisfactorily. In the first place the signs, passwords, and all such so-called secrets of societies are not in reality secrets; they are like the counter-sign given to the sentinels during a time of war—liable to be changed every night and simply for the purpose of recognition. The real secrets of a secret society consist in their political, moral or social aims, and the means adopted to attain them. All such secrets which cannot bear the light of investigation are necessarily evil; therefore, the Church condemns all secret societies—or societies that hide beneath an oath the symbol of their purpose, and that will not allow the presence of a Catholic chaplain at

their most secret meetings. This is a general answer; to give a detailed one would necessitate half a hundred article.

LORD SALISBURY has at last given vent to his real sentiments and aims regarding Ireland. At a recent meeting in Ormskirk, near Liverpool, he indulged in some very pointed and rather rough insinuations. According to the report of his speech,

"Lord Salisbury declared that in the event of Home Rule being given to Ireland the navy would have to watch another coast, which, if England became embroiled with a foreign power, would more likely prove hostile than not. Napoleon, he added used to say if he secured Antwerp it would be a pistol presented at the mouth of the Thames. The British people did not want pistols presented at the mouths of the Clyde, Mersey and Avon."

Does it at all strike his Lordship that in case of justice being done to Ireland, and legislative autonomy being granted her, England would have her closest friend and strongest ally in that same country? Would it not be a guarantee for England to have not only a pistol, but thousands of Irish rifles, at the mouth of every river in Ireland to repel the advance of any enemy coming to attack the British Empire? All unwittingly, and in his vindictive desire to prejudice the cause of Ireland, Lord Salisbury has furnished a glorious argument in favor of Home Rule and an evidence of the spirit that animates the British Tories. Thanks to Salisbury! It is now in order that Balfour should commit some equally silly blunder.

THE CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL has been making strong efforts to secure a night school for St. Ann's district this year. Mr. P. J. Ryan, the delegate of the Council, placed the matter very forcibly before the authorities, and has succeeded, so far, in interesting the members of the Provincial Government in the matter. The Board has consented to grant the school if the necessary funds are secured. We hope that eventually success will crown the efforts of the Council and that we may finally have the pleasure of seeing this much required want supplied.

DESPITE his expressed desire that his jubilee celebration should be unostentatious, Cardinal Gibbons has been the object of the most imposing ceremonies and the deepest and sincerest Catholic enthusiasm that this continent has ever witnessed. The festivals at Baltimore, an account of which we give on another page, did credit to the spirit of the people and well-deserved honor to the great prelate whose individuality is forever stamped upon the page of American progress and Catholic greatness.

IN this issue will be found extracts from letters sent from far off Alaska by a missionary nun to her parents. Next week we will give a few more of those extracts from later letters. A few years ago that Boreal region was "out of the world" for us, but the recent explorations, the colonizing movements, and above all, the great international arbitra-

tion in Paris have served to bring Alaska more prominently before the eyes of the world. It is well to know that amongst the icebergs of the north, as amongst the burning sands of the tropics, wherever civilization advances it finds that the standard of the cross is either in its vanguard or has reached the desert shores before itself.

AS MANY of our readers are interested in the relative strength of the armies of France and Germany, we give the following figures regarding them—on a peace footing:—

	France.	Germany.
Superior officers.....	2,291	2,328
Captains.....	7,290	4,680
Lieutenants.....	11,672	12,962
Infantry.....	292,681	303,087
Men.....	2,390	2,152
Companies..	65,888	62,961
Cavalry.....	458	466
Men.....	50,888	44,959
Squadrons..	484	487
Artillery (field).....	11,566	15,682
Men.....	98	124
Batteries..	18,849	11,869
Men.....	121	102
Companies..	10,833	6,890
Baggage trains, Men.....	72	64
Companies..	126,712	116,456
Horses.....		

In time of war the French forces number 3,285,000. The French fleet is second only to that of England.

THERE are still anti-Irish Irishmen in the world. If it be true that a real Irishman is the finest type of a gentleman, there is no doubt but these un-Irish Irishmen are the best specimens of the opposite. There is a sample of this latter class in the Rev. Dr. Kane, to whom we alluded some weeks ago in an editorial note. The Liverpool Times gives the following account of that anti-Home Ruler's last feat:—

"As a rule, Irishmen are distinguished for their courtesy towards the gentler sex, and if there is any member of that sex who has deserved kindness at their hands it is Lady Aberdeen. For years she has devoted herself with energy and patience, worthy of the admiration of all who value such qualities, to the promotion of industries whereby many Irish men and women have been enabled to earn an honorable livelihood and the welfare of the country has been materially benefited. For these unselfish and fruitful efforts the Irish race are, as they should be, deeply grateful. But there are exceptions to every general rule. Lady Aberdeen had the evil fortune to invite the co-operation of the Rev. Dr. Kane in her good works. The response was as rude and ungracious an epistle as we have ever read. Dr. Kane not only repudiated Lady Aberdeen's labors on behalf of Ireland, but falsely accused her of making them subservient to political ends. When she refuted this charge in a letter as conspicuous for courtesy as Dr. Kane's was the reverse, instead of tendering a manly apology, he wrote another communication in as vile taste as the previous one. Dr. Kane is a leader of the Orangemen, and in acting as he has done he may have been following the canons of the Order. But if such was the case, and if there be any sense of self-respect amongst the Orange body, these canons will speedily be revised, for of a certainty they are neither Irish nor Christian."

Every association of men requires for its maintenance the spiritual principle of self-renouncing love, and requires it the more solid and intense its life becomes.

THE ROSARY OF MARY.

Important Encyclical of Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.

The following magnificent document was read in all the Catholic Churches of this Province, and we reproduce it for the benefit of any of our readers who may not have had an opportunity of hearing it read:—

Encyclical Letter of Our Most Holy Lord Leo XIII., by Divine Providence Pope.

To the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries in Peace and Communion with the Holy See.

Venerable Brethren—Greeting and the Apostolic Benediction.

The holy joy which we experienced at the opening of this fiftieth anniversary of our episcopal consecration was still more agreeably increased when we saw the Catholics of the whole world unite with us, like children with their father, in a common and striking manifestation of faith and love. Penetrated with gratitude, we discover and note in this fact a special design on the part of Divine Providence at once of supreme favor to us and of great blessing for the Church. For this benefit we also feel a desire not less of thanking and extolling the august Mother of the Saviour, our good and powerful mediatrix with God. Always and in every way during the long years and events of our life we have experienced the protection of her maternal and exquisite charity, which continues to manifest itself to us in a manner more and more luminously striking. She pours into our soul a heavenly sweetness and fills it with a confidence quite supernatural. We seem to hear

THE VERY VOICE OF THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN encouraging us in the midst of our crosses, helping us with her counsels in the steps to be taken for the common good of the faithful, urging us to move the Christian people to piety and the practice of all the virtues. Several times in the past it has been a pleasure and a duty to us to respond by our acts to those desires of Mary. Among the happy fruits which, under her auspices, our exhortations have produced it is fitting to point out the great development of the devotion of the Holy Rosary, the new confraternities erected under that name, and the reconstitution of old ones, the learned writings published with that object to the great profit of the faithful, and even certain works of art of remarkable merit and richness inspired by that very thought. To-day urged by the voice of the Blessed Virgin Mother repeating to us "Clama nec cesses"—"Cry out and cease not to cry out." We are happy, venerable brethren, to confer with you anew on the Holy Rosary of Mary at the approach of that month of October which we have consecrated to this touching devotion, enriching it with numerous indulgences and graces. Still, the immediate object of our words at present is not to bestow new praises on that excellent form of prayer, but chiefly to move the faithful to have recourse to it with piety; we wish rather to remind them of certain very valuable advantages flowing from the devotion, and wonderfully appropriate to the present condition of men and things, for we are thoroughly persuaded that from the recitation of the Holy Rosary, practised in a way to produce its full effects, will follow, not only for individuals in particular, but for the whole Christian Republic, the most valuable advantages. There is none who does not know how, in fulfillment of the duty of our Supreme Apostolate, we have striven, as we are ready to do again with the help of God, to labor for the happiness and prosperity of society. Often we have warned those who have the power not to make laws or apply them except in the sense of Divine thought. We have exhorted those whose genius, merits, nobility of blood or fortune have raised them above their fellow citizens, to bring their united intelligence and power to bear in laboring more efficaciously to strengthen and defend the common interests; but in civil society, such as we see it constituted to-day, there are numerous and multiplied causes which weaken the bonds of public order and turn people aside from the way of honesty

and good morals. These causes seem to us to be chiefly the three following: namely,

AVERSION TO AN HUMBLE AND LABORIOUS LIFE,

horror of all that causes suffering, and forgetfulness of future happiness, the object of our hope. We see with sorrow—and even those who only judge everything by the light of human reason and according to utilitarian principles recognize and deplore it along with us—that a deep wound has stricken the social body since we see neglected, and as it were disdained, the duties and virtues which adorn the simple common life. Hence, in effect, at the domestic hearth, that obstinate resistance of children to the obedience which nature itself imposes on them, and that impatience in bearing every yoke, other than that of softness and voluptuousness. Hence in man, condemned to toil, that seeking to withdraw and fly from all painful labor, that profound discontentedness with his lot, that aiming at a higher rank, those thoughtless aspirations after an equal partition of property, and other ambitions of the same kind, which cause people to desert the country to plunge into the tumult and pleasure of large cities. Hence that disturbance of the equilibrium between different classes of society, that universal disquietude, those hatreds and poignant jealousies, those flagrant violations of right—in fine, those unceasing efforts of all the deluded to disturb the public peace by seditions and uprisings, and attack those very people whose mission it is to protect them. Let us ask for a remedy for these evils at the Rosary of Mary, at that co-ordinated recitation of certain formulas of prayers accompanied by pious meditation on the life of the Saviour and His Mother. Let one explain to them in suitable language adapted to the understanding of the simple faithful the joyful mysteries, placing them before their eyes like so many images and pictures of the practice of virtue, and everyone recognize what an admirable and rich mine there is there of easy arguments, capable, by their sweet eloquence, of inculcating good morals and honesty. We are in presence of

THE HOLY HOUSE OF NAZARETH, the dwelling of Divine and earthly sanctity. What perfection of the common life! What a finished model of domestic society! Therein reigns candor and simplicity, perpetual peace, ever perfect order, mutual respect and reciprocal love, not false and deceptive love, but real and active, which by the assiduity of its good offices enraptures the gaze of simple spectators. A provident zeal there provides for all the needs of life, but that, in sudore vultus, "by the sweat of the brow," like those who, knowing how to be content with little, strive less to multiply what they have than to lessen their poverty. Above all, what one admires in this domestic interior is the peace of soul and joy of spirit, the double treasure of the conscience of every good man. Now these great examples of modesty and humility, of good will towards their neighbors, of the perfect fulfilment of private life and all the virtues, cannot be meditated upon nor thus fixed little by little in the memory without their insensibly resulting in a salutary transformation in the thoughts and habits of life. Then the obligations of each one will cease to press upon him and inspire him with disgust; he will like them and will find in their fulfillment a joy which will be a new stimulus to good. Manners will also become gentler, the family life more agreeable and more relaxed, intercourse with one's neighbors more penetrated with sincerity, charity and respect. And if these transformations of the private individual extend to families, cities, peoples and institutions, it will easily be seen what immense advantage will be derived for the whole public benefit. A second extremely lamentable evil, and which we can never sufficiently deplore, because it continually increases from day to day, to the great detriment of souls, is the deliberate desire to shirk pain and employ every means to avoid suffering and repel adversity. For the great majority of men the reward of virtue, fidelity and duty, of labor endured and obstacles surmounted, is no longer, as it should be in peace and liberty of soul: what they pursue, as the height of felicity, is

COMMERCIAL CONDITION OF SOCIETY in which there shall be nothing to be endured, and in which one shall at the

same time enjoy every earthly pleasure. Now it is impossible that souls should not be sullied by this unbridled desire of pleasure; if they do not become its complete victims it always produces such an enervation that when the ills of life make themselves felt they shamefully bend beneath them, and end by miserably succumbing to them. Here, again, it is permissible to hope that by force of example the devotion of the Holy Rosary will give souls more strength and energy; and why should it be otherwise when the Christian, from his tenderest childhood, and constantly ever since, has applied his mind with silence and recollection to the sweet contemplation of the mysteries called sorrowful. In these mysteries we learn that Jesus Christ, "the Author and Finisher of Our Faith," began simultaneously to work and preach, in order that we should find in Him, reduced to practice, what He had to teach us touching patience and courage in sorrow and suffering to the extent of being willing Himself to endure all that could be most crucifying and painful to bear. We see Him overwhelmed under the weight of a sorrow which, compressing the vessels of the heart, caused Him to sweat blood. We contemplate Him bound like a malefactor, submitting to the judgment of the wicked, insulted, calumnyed, falsely accused of crimes, beaten with rods, adjudged unworthy to live, and deserving that the crowd should clamor for His death. To all that we add meditations on the sorrows of His Most Holy Mother, whose heart a sharp sword has not only wounded, but transpierced through and through, so that she became, and merited to be called, the Mother of Sorrows. How should not everyone who will frequently contemplate, not only with the eyes of the body, but in thought and meditation, such great examples of strength and virtue, burn with the desire of imitating them! Let the earth appear to him

STRICKEN WITH MALEDICTIONS and only producing thorns and briars; let his soul be oppressed with pain and anguish, his body undermined by disease, no suffering will reach him, either from the wickedness of man or the anger of the demons; no adversity, public or private, which his patience will not finally overcome. Hence the proverb: *facere et pati fortia Christianum est*—to act and suffer is the attribute of the Christian—for whosoever wishes to have a right to that name cannot do without following Jesus in patience. But when we speak of patience we by no means mean that vain ostentation of a soul hardened against sorrow, which was the characteristic of certain philosophers of antiquity, but that patience modeled upon Him who, having joy set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame"—*proposito sibi gaudio sustinuit crucem confusione contempna* (Hebrew xii., 2). We mean that patience which, after having asked of God the succor of His grace, rejects no suffering, but rejoices at it, and, whatever it may be, considers it as a gain. The Catholic Church has always had, and at present counts, and in all places, illustrious disciples of this doctrine, men and pious women of every rank who, to walk in the footsteps of the Lord, bear with courage and in a spirit of religion all kinds of insults and crosses, saying still more by their acts than words with the Apostle St. Thomas: *Eamus et nos et moriamur cum eo*—"Let us also go that we may die with Him" (John xi., 16). May it please God to multiply more and more these examples of remarkable constancy! They are a support to civil society, and the glory and strength of the Church. The third kind of evils to which it is necessary to apply a remedy is specially characteristic of men of our time. Those of former ages, even though they sometimes loved more passionately the things of earth, did not, however, absolutely disdain Heavenly things; thus to the pagan sages themselves this life seemed like a guest house and a temporary abode rather than a fixed and lasting dwelling. Men of our days, on the contrary, although nurtured in Christianity, pursue

THE PERISHABLE GOODS OF THE PRESENT LIFE

in such a way that they would like not only to forget, but through an excess of abasement even efface the memory of a better land in eternal happiness, as if St. Paul had warned us in vain that we had not here a lasting dwelling place, but that we seek one to come—"non

habemus hic manentem civitatem sed futuram inquirimus" (Hebrews, xii., 14). If we examine into the causes of this aberration, the first which presents itself is the persuasion of a great number that the preoccupation of future things extinguishes the love of the earthly fatherland and is detrimental to the prosperity of the state.

AN ODIOS AND MAD CALUMNY.

As a matter of fact, the goods we hope for are not of a nature to absorb men's thoughts to the extent of diverting them from the care of present things. Jesus Christ Himself in recommending us to seek first the Kingdom of God, has thereby intimated that it should not make us neglect the rest. In fact, the use of present things and the honest enjoyment they afford when virtue finds a stimulus or a reward therein, as also the adornment and embellishment of the terrestrial city, when we see therein an image of the splendor and magnificence of the Heavenly city, presents nothing contrary to human reason or the Divine counsels; for God is the author at once of nature and of grace and has not willed that one should injure the other nor should be mutually antagonistic, but that, united by a fraternal alliance, they should both lead us easily to that immortal beatitude for which we mortal men have come into the world. However, the voluptuous and self-lovers, those thoughts wander to lower and perishable things to such a degree that it becomes impossible for them to rise higher, those who rather than feel awakened in them by the enjoyment of visible creatures, the desire of invisible and eternal things, completely lose sight of eternity itself and fall even to the lowest degree of the deepest debasement.

GOD COULD NOT INFLICT A MORE TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT

on man than letting him forget superior things to pass his life in the enjoyment of lower pleasures. Now, the Christian, who, the pious Rosary in hand, will often meditate on the glorious mysteries, can certainly never be exposed to such a danger. From these mysteries in fact, comes a light which reveals to us those Heavenly treasures and beauties which our corporal eyes cannot perceive but which we know by faith to be prepared for those who love God. We there learn that death is not a destruction which leaves nothing behind it, but a passage from one life to another, and that the way to Heaven is open to all. When we there see Jesus Christ ascend we recall His promise of preparing a place for us—*vado parare vobis locum*. The Holy Rosary reminds us that there will be a time when God will wipe away all tears from our eyes, when there will be no more mourning nor groaning, nor any sorrow, when we shall be forever with the Lord, like to God because we shall see Him as He is, inebriated with the torrent of His delights, fellow-citizens of the saints and consequently of the Blessed Virgin, our Mother. How should not a soul nourished with such thoughts feel itself burn with a great saint: "How vile the earth seems to me when I look up to Heaven"—*quam sordet terra dum celum aspicio*? How should we not be consoled in thinking that a light momentary tribulation produces in us an eternal weight of glory—*Momentaneum neum et leve tribulationis nostrae aeternum gloriae pondus operatur in nobis*. In truth there alone is the secret of uniting, as in a fitting manner, time and eternity, the earthly and the Heavenly city, and forming noble characters. If these characters are the greater number, it will be safe-guarded in its dignity and greatness; we will see the good, the true and the beautiful, like unto Him Who is the principle and inexhaustive source of all truth, goodness and beauty, flourish therein. And now, as we have observed in commencing, who does not see how grand and fruitful is the salutary virtue of

THE HOLY ROSARY OF MARY,

and what admirable remedies existing society can derive therefrom to cure its ills and prevent their return? But those naturally experience the benefits of this virtue in most abundance who, having joined some of the pious confraternities of the Rosary, shall have acquired a new and particular title, thanks to that fraternal union and their special consecration to the cultus of the most Holy Virgin. These confraternities, approved by the Roman Pontiffs and enriched by them with privileges and indulgences,

have their proper constitution and discipline; they hold their meetings on fixed days, and are provided with means the most calculated to cause piety to flourish and to be useful even to civil society. These are like so many fighting battalions who are waging the combats of Christ for virtue with His sacred mysteries, under the auspices and leadership of the Queen of Heaven; and Mary at all times, and still more on the day of Lepanto, has manifestly proved to them how acceptable to her were their prayers, feasts and suppliant processions. It is then, very fitting that not only the sons of the patriarch St. Dominic, who owe it to their state and vocation, but also all priests who have charge of souls, and who notably exercise their ministry in churches where these confraternities are already canonically erected, should strive zealously to multiply them and maintain them in all their fervor. We desire, moreover, and that most earnestly, that those who are devoted to missions and the preaching of the faith either in Christian countries or among infidels and barbarous nations should labor joyfully in this same good work. Their

EXHORTATIONS,

we doubt not, will bear fruit, and multitudes of faithful will hasten to be enrolled in these confraternities and vie with one another in drawing from the Holy Rosary the valuable advantages which we have just enumerated as their essence and raison d'être. The example of these confraternities and their members will insensibly draw the rest of the faithful to imitate them in their esteem for that devotion to the Rosary of Mary, and in their turn the latter, as we earnestly desire, will display more solicitude in profiting by treasures so salutary. Such are the hopes we cherish; they are a support and a consolation to us in the midst of the evils and sadness of the present hour. May it please Mary, the Mother of God and men, the institutor and Queen of the Holy Rosary, to realize them in our prayers and supplications. We are confident, venerable brethren, that by the assistance of each of you these teachings and words will produce all kinds of good effect and notably contribute to the prosperity of families and to the general peace of peoples. Meanwhile as a pledge of Heavenly favors and of our individual good will we give to each of you, your clergy, and the faithful confided to your care, the Apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's the 8th of September, of the year 1893, the sixteenth of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., Pope.

FIFTY YEARS A PRIEST.

An Imposing Celebration at St. Eustache.

The village of St. Eustache, was en fête last Thursday on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. L. I. Guyon to the priesthood. Among those present were Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal; Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa; Mgr. Emard, of Valleyfield and Mgr. Clut, of the N-West Territories. There was an immense gathering, nearly three thousand strangers having come in the morning. The whole village was profusely decorated. At High Mass Rev. Canon Bruchesi preached the sermon. Mr. Globensky presented an address to Father Guyon. An address was also presented to the Bishops. In the afternoon there was a banquet at the college.

The Rev. Louis Ignace Guyon, the parish priest of St. Eustache, who has been honored in such a striking manner on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, was born at Vercheres, July 11, 1816. His father was Augustin Guyon and his mother Marguerite Dandereau. He went through his course of studies and course of theology at St. Hyacinthe. He was ordained to the priesthood October 22, 1843. He was first vicar at Sorel, the Rev. Abbe Kelly, V.G., being the parish priest. In 1844 he went to St. Gabriel de Brandon, in Berthier County. The following year he was appointed cure of Ste. Melanie and St. Ambroise de Kildare, in the County of Joliette, where he remained until 1850, when he was removed to Ste. Elizabeth. In 1858 he was made an arch-priest. On September 23, 1860, he was appointed parish priest of St. Eustache, and has been there ever since. In 1881 he was appointed Vicar Forain. For thirty-three years he has discharged

the duties of parish priest of St. Eustache, to the great satisfaction of all. He is still hale and hearty, and in spite of his seventy-seven years he is as active as he was twenty years ago. He has always been held in high respect and is one of the most esteemed priests in the diocese of Montreal.

The parish Church of St. Eustache where the imposing ceremonies took place is one of the most interesting sacred edifices, from an historical point of view, in this province. It was originally erected in 1783 and is therefore 110 years old. In 1831, the Rev. Abbe Paquin, the then parish priest, had it enlarged twenty-five feet, with a cut stone portico and two steeples. In 1837, Dr. Chenier, and the rebels of St. Eustache, entrenched themselves in the church, and kept up fire against the British troops which surrounded them. They were finally forced to evacuate the building when on fire, and it was partly destroyed. The front of the church still shows the traces of the cannonade. The Rev. Mr. Paquin, after the rebellion, had it repaired, and in 1841 it was again opened for public worship. Rev. Mr. Paquin, at the same time, gave the parish two fine bells. In latter years this priest gave nearly all the bulk of his fortune to the parish.

THE WORLD AROUND.

Cholera is rapidly spreading in the government of Koli, Poland.

France is carrying out the pernicious law requiring of priests a month's service with the reserves.

Eleven mutinous Sepoys were blown from the mouth of a cannon at Lahore, in British India, Saturday.

The late Mrs. Wilhelmina Nelson bequeathed over \$13,000 to the Catholic churches and charities of New Orleans.

The Hon. Roger Gordon Molyneux, youngest son of the late Earl of Sefton, has been received into the Catholic Church.

A dispatch from Rome says that there are on an average 100 cases of cholera reported daily in Palermo, although the government denies that the outbreak is serious.

The Italian Government is in such poor financial condition that it has been obliged to borrow from German bankers the money required to pay interest on rents.

Alfred Lambert, of London, has bought the lands of Killeen with the demesne and castle thereon, and also the beautiful estate owned by Lord Fingal, situated in the barony of Skreen.

The Czar has expelled all the wealthy Jews—about 22,000 in number—from Siberia. Many of those affected are millionaires. The poorer classes are not affected. This is the story of a Siberian refugee in San Francisco.

A terrible catastrophe is reported to have befallen the Russian barracks at Roelavi. Fire breaking out, twenty-eight men were roasted to death. Eleven jumped and were killed and many were dangerously injured.

Captain Tourasseviev of the Russian artillery was court martialed at Warsaw, convicted of ill-treating a sentinel and forging certain documents and sentenced to exile to Siberia. When he heard the sentence he drew a revolver and shot himself dead.

Mrs. O'Rourke's Funeral.

One of the largest funerals ever held in the east end of the city was that of Mrs. O'Rourke, late wife of Mr. T. O'Rourke, which took place last Friday morning from her late residence on Erie street to St. Mary's Church, where a grand Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fathers O'Donnell, Shea and Gervais. The chief mourners were Messrs. James and John O'Rourke of Longue Pointe, J. Robertson and E. Smith. Among those present were Warden King, James King, A. Spence, W. Carson, T. Altimas, D. Murney, Jas. Mullaly, W. Hinton, A. Hinton, O. Hart, A. Bannerman, T. Bannerman, W. Egan, M. P. Malone, J. Trainer, J. St. Pierre, John McGarry, T. Gaynor, M. Murphy.

The more humble we are the more kindly we shall talk; the more kindly we talk the more humble we shall grow.

When we don't spend our money we are economical; when other people don't spend their money they are stingy.

MIGHT KILL THE POPE.

F. Marion Crawford Says There Are Assassins In Rome.

The Appearance of His Holiness Would Certainly Precipitate an Attack by Free Thinking Conspirators.

The following interesting passage is from an article by F. Marion Crawford in the October Cosmopolitan Magazine. As a resident of Rome for many years, and a Catholic, Mr. Crawford knows whereof he speaks:—

Outside of Italy the position of Leo XIII., in Rome is not generally understood. Most people suppose that the expression "the prisoner in the Vatican" which he applies to himself, and which is very generally applied to him by the more ardent of Italian Catholics, is a mere empty phrase, and that his confinement within his small dominion is purely a matter of choice. This is not the case. So far as the political theory of the question is concerned, it is probable that the Pope would not in any case be inclined to appear openly on Italian territory, unless he showed himself as the official guest of King Humbert, who would naturally be expected to return the visit. To make such an official visit and such an appearance would be in fact to accept the Italian domination in Rome, a course which, as I have already noticed, would be contrary to the accepted Catholic idea of the social basis necessary for the papacy. It would not necessarily be an uncatholic act, however, but it would certainly be an unpapal one. No one would expect the ex-empress of the French, for instance, to live openly in Paris as though the Parisians had never been her subjects, and as though she accepted the Republic in a friendly and forgiving spirit. And the case is to all intents and purposes exactly identical.

WHY THE POPE SECLUDES HIMSELF.

But this is not all. It is unfortunately true that there is another and much better reason why Leo XIII. cannot show himself in the streets of Rome. It is quite certain that his life would not be safe. The enthusiastic friends of Italy who read glowing accounts of the development of the new kingdom and write eloquent articles in the same strain will be utterly horrified at this statement, and will, moreover, laugh to scorn that the modern civilized Italian would conspire to take the life of a harmless and unoffending old man. They will be quite right. The modern civilized Italians would treat the Pope with the greatest respect and consideration if he appeared amongst them. Most of them would take off their hats and stand aside while he drove by, and a great many of them would probably go down upon their knees in the streets to receive his blessing. The king, who is a gentleman, and tolerant of religious practices, would treat the head of the Church with respect. The queen, who is not only religious but devout, would hail the re-appearance of the pontiff with enthusiasm. But unfortunately for the realization of any such thing, Rome is not peopled only by modern civilized Italians, nor Italy either. There is in

the city a very large body of social democrats, anarchists and the like, not to mention the small nondescript rabble which everywhere does its best to bring discredit upon socialistic principles—a mere handful, perhaps, but they are largely

COMPOSED OF FANATICS AND MADMEN,

people half hysterical from failure, poverty, vice and an indigestion of so-called "free thought." There have not been many sovereigns nowadays whose lives have not been attempted by such men at one time or another. Within our own memory an emperor of Russia and two presidents of the United States have been actually murdered by just such men. The king of Italy and the emperor William I., Napoleon III., Queen Victoria and Alexander III. have all been assailed by such fanatics within our own recollection, and some of them have narrowly escaped death. Not one of them, with the exception of Alexander II., has been so hated by a small and desperate body of men as Leo XIII. is hated by that little band which undoubtedly exists in Rome to-day. I will venture to say that it is a matter of continual satisfaction to the royal family of Italy, and to the Italian government, that the Pope should really continue to consider himself a prisoner within the precincts of the Vatican, since it is quite certain that if he were to appear openly in Rome the Italian authorities would not in the long run be able to protect his life.

After all that has been said and preached upon the subject by the friends of Italy, it would be a serious matter indeed if the Pope, taking a practical advantage of his theoretic liberty, should be done to death in the streets of Rome by a self-styled Italian patriot. No one who thoroughly understands Rome at the present day is ignorant that such danger really exists, though it will no doubt be promptly denied by Italian ministers, newspaper correspondents and other intelligent but enthusiastic persons.

THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT

To Be Introduced into this Province.

Rev. Fathers Thomas and Hilary two Benedictines, are at the Seminary on their way up from the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. They belong to Manchester, N.H., where the Order have a house. Their visit to this province is for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Order at Coaticook, where Rev. Father McAuley, the parish priest, has promised to secure them a farm. The Order does not exist in Canada, and if this foundation is made it will become the mother house of this Order in this country. The Benedictines, or followers of St. Benedict, are those submitted to the monastic rule which he instituted. The two main principles of the Order are labor and obedience. The Order, when established, was in contrast with the then existing orders which were merely confined to meditative seclusion, as against manual labor. The Order achieved great success and spread almost universally over the most of Europe. Not in rivalry to any other rule, but as the more full and complete development of the monastic system. In France and England especially it took rapid root and "in every rich valley, by the side of every clear and deep stream, arose a Benedictine abbey"—a centre of local good and Christian civilization. The law of obedience is absolute, but is tempered by the necessity on the part of the Superior of consulting all the monks assembled in a council or chapter upon all-important business. The abbot or superior is elected by all the monks, and their liberty of choice is unrestricted. No right of endowment of property exists within the monastery, and the vow of stability once undertaken after the expiry of novitiate could never be recalled. Food and clothing are of the simplest kind, and all duly regulated, and the intervals of labor are relieved by a continually recurring round of religious service from prime to evensong.—The Star.

Testing His Honesty.

Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

Clara: What an absurd flatterer Mr. Softie is. Dora: Did he say you were pretty? Clara: He said you were.

TO STOP THE PROGRESS

of Consumption, you will find but one guaranteed remedy—Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In advanced cases, it brings comfort and relief; if you haven't delayed too long, it will certainly cure. It doesn't claim too much. It won't make new lungs—nothing can; but it will make diseased ones sound and healthy, when everything else has failed.

The scrofulous affection of the lungs that's caused Consumption, like every other form of Scrofula, and every blood-taint and disorder, yields to the "Discovery." It is the most effective blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. In all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

A perfect and permanent cure for your Catarrh—or \$500 in cash. This is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

AGENTS who work for us make MONEY fast. Send your address on postal card for particulars. THE ROYAL SILVERWAX Co., Windsor, Ont. 11-G-98

A SURPRISING LETTER.

The Late Mgr. Bourget and Father Dowd.

Statements Without Foundation Reflecting Upon the Illustrious Prelate and Devoted Pastor—A Full Explanation and a Complete Refutation.

Last week, in an editorial note, we referred to the following letter which we had received for publication, and amongst other things we said that it seemed "to us calculated to raise a very unnecessary discussion, which might terminate in unpleasant results without achieving any corresponding good." Whether we were right or wrong our readers will judge for themselves. We had fully determined not to give the letter to our readers, but on Friday last we received another communication from "J. K.," in which he said: "I respectfully trust that you will insert my letter in your next issue, and save me the disagreeable necessity of having it published in a Protestant paper." We have every reason to believe that this course would be adopted by our correspondent, in the event of our refusal to publish his letter. It is true that the letter is self-refuting; but were it to appear in any of the secular newspapers, it would be read by thousands whom the TRUE WITNESS does not reach, and might leave false impressions upon people who would not have an opportunity of reading the true version of the case. Therefore, and upon sound advice, we have determined to furnish our readers with this contribution; but in so doing we beg of them to read carefully the statement of facts with which we follow it. Here is his letter:

MONTREAL, 16th October, 1893.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR:—Your approval and zealous advocacy of the project inaugurated by the devoted priests of St. Patrick's Church, to establish a Catholic High School in this city, is, like all your writings, a veritable treat. Your invaluable services in the cause of education are scarcely appreciated and cannot be overrated, for you have illustrated the momentous subject, in all its phases, with persistent and surpassing ability. To you our co-religionists, especially the Irish Catholics, are under many obligations. Ever since your advent to the control of the TRUE WITNESS its readers have enjoyed the privilege of reading the best the most grateful and yet the most profound demonstrations of high literary merit. In offering you this feeble tribute, I claim at the same time, the right of dissenting from your extreme laudation of the late Father Dowd. I have known him since he first came to this city, and therefore I trust you will excuse me in saying that I know him better than you. I am with you, however, in paying a certain tribute to his memory, but cannot accompany you in your glowing and boundless praise.

Father Dowd was a painstaking Priest—zealous and devoted and unique as a disciplinarian, but he was never known as a popular Priest in the true sense, nor for high literary attainments. In policy and progress, there was a regular line of demarcation, in fact, antagonism, between him and the other Irish Priests—the late gifted Father O'Brien and the amiable Father O'Farrell—now Bishop of Trenton, N. J., and Fathers O'Connell and McCulloch. When the Irish Catholics had no church—they acquired St. Patrick's but recently, and were the only class in the city who had none—being held in check by the ecclesiastical authorities of the city, the Irish Priests and People—smarting under what was deemed to a certain extent a serfdom, they resolved to make an effort to be emancipated and build a church for themselves. In due course they applied to the Superior of the Seminary for the requisite permission, but to their appeal he gave a blunt refusal, on the plea that the Irish were too poor for such an undertaking. Then Fathers O'Brien, O'Farrell and McCulloch said: "Rev. Sir, give us only permission and we will prove to you what the Irish can do, when there is a question of building a Catholic Church." To this appeal the Superior yielded. At the end of the ensuing week the success of the Irish Priests was so great in obtaining subscriptions, that the Superior actually begged their pardon for the poor opinion which he had expressed towards the Irish—adding that he was deceived by representations made to him. In justice, it must be said here that, the Gentlemen of the Seminary, almost to a man, were in sympathy with the efforts of the Irish Priests, especially Rev. Father Toupin, who has endeared himself to the Irish by a lifetime of unflinching devotion in their service, which he still continues, as one of the exemplary Priesthood of St. Patrick's Church. After the consent of the Superior, however, there yet remained an obstacle to the complete freedom of action, and that was the reluctance of the late Bishop Bourget to give his consent to the project. Repeated deputations waited on His Lordship, imploring his sanction to the erection of the Church—but no he would not yield, and remained obstinate to the end. Why did Bishop Bourget, who was habitually so genial and so good, withhold his consent? The answer is—through the diplomacy of Father Dowd.

All the efforts of the Irish priests and people were thus frustrated, and their cherished project and aspirations fell to the ground! In their dismay they could not account for the conduct of the venerable Bishop or discover any clue to the cause of his mysterious refusal to their respectful and legitimate demands, and although Father Dowd refused to cooperate with them, they never dreamt that it

was by his dexterous manoeuvres they were checkmated, nor till this day have the Irish been undecieved. I claim to be the only Irish Catholic to whom the intrigue has been revealed. I discovered the fact without seeking it. Eighteen years ago—in seventy-five, while in conversation with a clerical friend of mine—Rev. Father Leclerc, of St. Vincent de Paul, the secret came to light incidentally, the Bishop himself—with whom Father Leclerc was on intimate terms, related the facts of the case to him in full, nor would I now reveal the secret had not the higher claims of the exemplary Priesthood of St. Patrick's Church been indirectly challenged.

As to the Rev. Father Dowd, I am with you to the full extent of what he may have been justly entitled to, but I insist that, to call the projected Catholic High School "The Dowd Memorial High School of Montreal" would be a grave misnomer!

I trust that my dissent may not bar the insertion of those few lines in THE TRUE WITNESS, which your gifted pen has made a necessary and welcome guest to its readers. J. K.

A Complete Refutation.

After reading the foregoing we do not think that any of our readers will be surprised if we hesitated in giving it space in our columns, and certainly were it not for the subsequent threat to have it published in the Protestant press, we could not have allowed it to appear. But perhaps it is as well in the end, for certainly if our correspondent "J. K." were to have calmly reflected, and to be devoid of any prejudice or spleen, he would have seen that as far as the statements regarding the late Mgr. Bourget and the late Father Dowd are concerned, there is not and could not possibly be any truth in them. He must have been greatly misled or else greatly mixed up in regard to these events. In order to set such a matter at rest, and to disabuse the minds of any who may have been laboring under similar false impressions, we purpose refuting, in as few and as clear words as possible, the whole fabrication.

We take the first important statement: "In policy and progress there was a regular line of demarcation, in fact, antagonism, between him (Fr. Dowd) and the other Irish priests, the late gifted Father O'Brien and the amiable Father O'Farrell, now Bishop of Trenton, N. J., and Fathers O'Connell and McCulloch." This is absolutely false. Each man, of course, has his own methods and his own ideas, but between the reverend gentlemen mentioned we have it upon the testimony of their intimate friends that no antagonism of any kind ever existed or was ever before suggested. But let us pass on! "When the Irish Catholics had no Church"—that was before they had St. Patrick's—which was in 1841 and previous to that period. Neither Father Dowd, nor Father O'Brien, nor Father O'Farrell, nor Father McCulloch, was in Canada. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the history of St. Patrick's is aware that these assertions regarding Father Dowd are totally and absolutely unfounded in fact. They are, as we said, self-refuting.

The Rev. Father Phelan, who was ordained in 1825, was pastor of the Irish Catholic congregation at the Recollet church, until he was consecrated coadjutor Bishop of Kingston. In 1841 the first meetings of Irish Catholics were held, at which it was resolved to commence a movement in order to secure a church for that rapidly increasing section of the community. It was the Rev. J. J. Connolly, successor to Father Phelan, who headed the movement. That grand old Napoleonic soldier, and subsequent Superior of the Montreal Seminary, Rev. Abbe Quiblier, was the man approached. He did not hesitate; he did not say the Irish were too poor; he did not give any other reply than an immediate and hearty co-operation. So energetic was he and so persevering were the promoters of the project, that on the 20th May, 1843, the land was purchased; the Rocheblave property was secured for \$20,000. That summer the cross was planted and blessed that occupied the center of the site, and the ground was broken. On 26th September, that same year, 1843, the seven corner stones were blessed by Mgr. Bourget, and the first one was laid by himself. Mark the date—1843. There was then no hesitation on the part of the bishop; no secret or underhand work. He blessed, unhesitatingly, the enterprise. On the 17th March, 1847, the church was inaugurated and dedicated to St. Patrick. In 1846 Rev. M. Quiblier visited Ireland, and secured from the then Primate, Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, permission to have Fathers Dowd, O'Brien, McCulloch and others sent out to Canada. In the beginning of 1848 these Fathers came to Canada, and Father Connolly was chosen first parish priest of St. Patrick's in 1847.

Consequently, Father Dowd came to Canada seven years after the project of

securing a church for the Irish Catholics commenced; five years after Mgr. Bourget had blessed the corner-stones; and consequently could not possibly have had any "dexterous manoeuvres," or have done any "checkmating," especially with a Bishop who had never hesitated one second regarding the "aspirations" of the Irish Catholics in this particular. Moreover, Fathers O'Brien, O'Farrell and McCulloch, never approached the Superior of the Seminary—Rev. M. Quiblier—nor did he ever give a "blunt" or any other kind of "refusal" to them; and for the very good reason that they were in Ireland and did not reach Canada until years after the date in question. In the next place, Rev. Mr. Leclair, of St. Vincent de Paul, could never have been told any such thing, by Mgr. Bourget, as that Father Dowd was the cause of his refusal to sanction the project of building an Irish Catholic Church. We repeat, when the Irish Catholics wanted to build a church in 1841 the Superior of the Seminary was with them heart and soul from the start, Mgr. Bourget never hesitated a moment, and Father Dowd did not come to Canada until seven years after the project was started, and for more than a year after the church was blessed and dedicated.

We cannot conceive what could impel any Irish Catholic to seek, at this late date, to rake up dead issues in order to cast a shade upon the memory of such a man as the late pastor of St. Patrick's. Were it not that we have been forced to publish this letter we would be glad to leave our readers in ignorance of the fact that any man could carry personal feelings to such an extent. We have now given the letter; we have answered it, in all charity, for if we only chose we could make revelations that would not affect the dead, but might seriously concern the living. Our readers will excuse us for the length of the reply; but it is an exceptional case—one to be met with in a hundred years—and this must plead justification for us. The TRUE WITNESS is not a vehicle for personal animosities, and our mission is not to create ill-feeling and turmoil. The Protestant press is welcome to any further correspondence on this or kindred subjects.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

THE FREE LIBRARY.

Annual Afternoon Tea and Concert.

The annual "afternoon tea," in aid of the Free Library, will take place at Hall & Scott's rooms, 2269 St. Catherine street, Saturday, November 4th, 4.30 to 7 o'clock. It is unnecessary to say anything here of this entertainment itself, so simple and attractive in form, where all may meet and enjoy themselves in the easiest and most informal manner, with little or no expense. The admission ticket entitles the holder to tea, coffee and other refreshments. Music of an excellent quality is provided. Artists, such as Miss Hurlinshead, Miss Teresa Macdonald and Mr. Sullivan, banjoist, have already promised their services for this occasion.

The "afternoon tea" has indeed become an institution, and a decidedly pleasant one.

The object for which it is given is, by this time no less widely known and no less popular. The free library is in the basement hall of the Gesu, where space has been kindly donated by the Jesuit Fathers and l'Union Catholique. It has sent out over 9,000 volumes, in a period of eight months. Books can be procured without restrictions of creed or race and without parochial limitations. They penetrate into every part of the city, carrying sunshine into countless homes, as well as the best moral and spiritual results. Many consoling testimonies as to effects produced by books from this library have come to the notice of the directors. Necessarily limited from want of means, for the library has subsisted on the liberality of a few individuals and the proceeds of this annual tea, it has, nevertheless, proved the demand which exists for reading and the necessity of providing good reading. This is, indeed, one of the best means of carrying on the crusade, so essential now, more than ever, against the combined forces forever working against the Church.

By means of the last "Tea," together with one or two donations of money, \$84

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

new books were placed upon the library shelves. But so great is the demand that the supply is always insufficient. The work, then, is a noble one, deserving of public support. All can assist it in an efficacious manner, and at the same time spend an enjoyable afternoon by the purchase of a fifty cent ticket for the "Tea." Children are admitted for ten cents.

The Judicial District of Pontiac.

A proclamation has been issued dividing the judicial district of Ottawa and creating the district of Pontiac, in which, after the 1st of January, 1894, court terms will be held as follows:—

The Court of Queen's Bench, in the exercise of its original criminal jurisdiction, shall be held at Bryson, on the 20th day of each of the months of May and October.

The Circuit court, in and for the district of Pontiac, at Bryson, shall be held from the 23rd to the 25th days of February, May and October.

The Superior court, for the district of Pontiac, shall be held at Bryson from the 26th of February to the 2nd of March, and from the 26th to the 30th days of the months of May and October.

The Circuit court shall also sit at Portage du Fort from the 2nd to the 7th of March, from the 1st to the 5th of June, and from the 2nd to the 6th of November.

John Murphy & Co's

ADVERTISEMENT.

Nature is Unrobing

Herself with a quick hand. Even "the serene and yellow leaf" has become a vanishing quantity. There is a biting suggestion of the wolf's tooth in the air; the beneficent face of old Sol has grown less cheery, and something more than the light of his countenance is requisite to make life bearable. That something, of course, is "solid comfort."

SOLID COMFORT

Means, among other things, Blankets, Flannels, and Bed Comforters.

In these lines we have just put to stock some extensive consignments received direct from the best English, Scotch and Canadian manufacturers. The prices as usual are away down low, and the qualities up high. We invite inspection.

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WHITE BLANKETS.

Twenty Bales White Wool Blankets. The cheapest Blankets we have ever shown, all sizes, all weights from 5 to 12 lbs. Large sized White Blankets from \$2.50 per pair. For the best and cheapest Blankets come to

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Hundreds to Select From.

Sateen Covered Bed Comforters. Cotton Covered Bed Comforters. Chintz Covered Bed Comforters. New Reversible Bed Comforters. Full Sized Bed Comforters from 75c each. We are showing a very large assortment of Bed Comforters, in all makes and sizes, all extra value.

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All postal orders filled with care. Samples sent on application.

Real Eider Down Quilts.

Stik Covered Eider Down Quilts. Satin Covered Eider Down Quilts. Sateen Covered Eider Down Quilts. Chintz Covered Eider Down Quilts. Cotton Covered Eider Down Quilts. Eider Down Quilts in all sizes. Eider Down Quilts at lowest cash prices.

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SPECIAL VALUE.

Grey Flannels from 15c per yard. Scarlet Flannels from 20c per yard. White Flannels from 10c per yard. Cream Flannels from 10c per yard. Fancy Shirting Flannels from 25c per yard. Plain Flannelettes in all colors. Striped Flannelettes in all colors. Checked Flannelettes in all colors. Flannel Sheetings White and Grey. Skirting Flannels in all colors. Embroidered Flannels, all colors. Fancy Printed Flannels, all new patterns. We have an extensive assortment of Flannels and we are offering exceptional values.

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THE SHAMROCKS DINED.

AN ENJOYABLE SOCIAL REUNION.

Praise for the Good Work of the Team—List of Guests—Eloquent Speeches.

The Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association had not the same occasion to rejoice this year as it had last, for the championship had been wrested from their great team, but nevertheless they gave their favorite team a flattering tribute Monday evening. This took the form of a complimentary banquet to the team in the Balmoral hotel, and it was very successful. About 200 persons filled the dining-room of the Balmoral, enjoyed themselves thoroughly and voted the affair a success.

Mr. J. P. Clarke presided and to his right sat Captain D. Tansey, Hon. Solicitor-General Curran, Mr. James McShane, and members of the team, while to the left were Mr. Frank Stafford, Ald. P. Kennedy, M.L.A., and other members of the club. The vice chairs were occupied by Messrs. W. J. McKenna, E. Halley, and R. J. Cooke. Among those present were Messrs. W. McIntyre, M. J. Feron, B. C. L.; J. D. Purcell, B. C. L.; W. H. Callahan, John Conway, Edouard Dupuis, G. H. Carpenter, James T. McDonnell, Hon. Justice Doherty, R. McShane, John Long, John Gallery, M. Phelan, F. Loye, W. McVey, A. Brogan, N. P.; W. S. Williams, E. McCaffrey, ex-Ald. Cunningham, T. Larkin, E. J. Duggan, John Hammill, C. Murphy, F. J. Hart, J. Monk, J. P. B. Casgrain, T. Lamontagne, H. Ibbottson, J. T. Scanlan, F. R. Alley, Thos. Collins, Col. Turnbull, F. R. Battlebury, J. J. Furlong, C. Rheinhardt, P. Kelly, M. J. McGrail, R. J. Cooke, J. B. Lorge, N. McCallum, M. J. Polan, C. J. Summerskill, Wm. Kearney, E. Halley, M. Ryan, Wm. Bark, F. Sullivan, P. H. Bartley, A. Demers, W. J. McKenna, T. P. Crowe, T. McBready, D. Callery, P. T. McGoldrick, John Hughes, F. Gleddill, W. O'Malley, T. McCormick, W. J. Smith, W. H. Dunn, M. Ryan, John Dwyer, J. B. I. Flynn, F. O'Reilly, James Scullion, T. Waddell, H. Dion, J. A. Beauchamp, J. Neville, D. McCormack, J. Dupuis, A. Welsh, R. Rough, C. O'Brien, J. Carnaiff, W. J. Kearney, J. Murray, J. Cuddihy, M. Peters, A. H. Woods, Alex. Goyette, H. Gilchen, J. McCoy, A. Robillard, H. Petrey, J. C. Nolan, F. Doyle, M. Kelly, M. C. Futvoye, F. Friend, M. Lemay, G. Hector Clemens, F. Connors, M. M. Cloran, James Quinn, W. Fitzpatrick, James McShane, jr., J. C. Murray, W. P. Kearney, T. A. Beauchamp, N. Robillard, B. Tansey, R. McShane, O. O'Brien, John Egau, C. F. Smith, F. J. McKenna, R. J. Lunny, W. Lunny, T. J. Lyons, John Tumity, P. Murphy, M. Ryan, James Neville, P. J. McCoy, D. Carmody, H. Grace, D. McEntyre, T. A. Lynch, D. Kearns, C. Hamelin, James Cuddy, P. Wright, Dr. Guerin, R. W. Rough, A. A. Welsh, C. Hale, J. Davin, Jos McCoy, P. J. Gordon, C. Pequin, R. Warren, C. McCarrey, John Gallery, J. P. Nugent, P. Deery, T. Deery, J. Morrissey, W. Morrissey, L. Flynn, D. O'Grady.

THE INVITED GUESTS WERE:

His Worship Mayor Desjardins; Hon. J. J. Curran, solicitor-general; Sir Donald A. Smith, M.P.; Mr. P. Kennedy, M.L.A.; Hon. James McShane, president St. Patrick's society; Mr. John O'Brien, president Y. I. L. and B. A.; Mr. William Stafford, honorary president S. L. C.; the presidents of the Montreal, Cornwall, Capital and Toronto Lacrosse clubs; the president and secretary of the N. A. L. A.; Mr. J. K. Foran, editor of the TRUE WITNESS; Mr. D. Tansey, captain senior Shamrock team; Mr. P. McKeown, captain Young Shamrock team; Messrs. W. Duggan, P. Foley, T. Murray, T. Moore, T. Dwyer, C. E. Bark, A. Hinton, C. Neville, James McVey, R. S. Kelly, M. J. Tansey, Joseph O'Meara, John Tucker, P. O'Brien, R. J. Wall, and John Burke, players of the senior Shamrocks; B. Dumphy, trainer; Messrs. John Stinson, P. McGrath, John Dwyer, J. Graham, M. Flynn, F. McVey, T. Pierce, R. Ryan, R. Gilmore, J. Welsh, P. Brophy, A. Lavery, R. Knox, P. J. White, players of the Young Shamrock team.

Letters of regret were received from Mayor Desjardins, the president Capital Lacrosse club, and the president of the N.A.L.A.

THE EVENING'S SPEECHES.

It was 11 o'clock before Chairman Mr. J. P. Clarke arose. He gave a synopsis of what the club had done during the year, this being the first gathering since

its inception. They were possessed of 288,000 feet of ground, valued at 19,000, on which they had expended \$3,000, a total of \$22,000 of property which they owned, and which had not a cent of encumbrance upon it. (Applause.) They proposed to expend in the neighborhood of \$16,000 on a grand stand and running track to make their facilities equal to any in the world.

After the toast of "The Queen" had been loyally and enthusiastically honored, Mr. W. J. McKenna, president of the Shamrock Lacrosse club, was called on to propose "Canada our Home," the band striking up "Vive la Canadienne." Mr. McKenna acquitted himself of the task well, and Mr. R. J. Anderson did himself credit in his response, touching on many historical epochs and eulogizing the surpassing freedom of our institutions.

THE HEALTH OF THE TEAM.

A song by Mr. Hamilton provided a pleasant variety, and then there was an enthusiastic outburst when Mr. Clarke submitted "Our Team," coupled with the name of Captain D. Tansey. Though they had not won the championship they had won the most magnificent trophy ever presented at the World's Fair. Needless to say three cheers and three more greeted this toast, and Captain Tansey received a hearty reception on rising to respond. Referring to the formidable nature of his task, he said that the kind remarks of the chairman and the hearty reception made him feel that weakness which he knew followed an experience of a body check. He acknowledged the kindness of the tribute of the banquet in this hour of adversity, and said the team had practised with one idea, that of retaining the championship. He referred to their triumph in Chicago, and said that the reports of the game in lacrosse parlance were amusing, but generally the Chicago papers received them well. "Not so," he continued, "with some of the Canadian press after the last match."

Mr. Stafford—"All of them."
Mr. Tansey—"It is not my intention to refer to the unjust and harsh treatment we received from certain sections of the press, the style and bitterness of which attacks carries its own condemnation. With all respect I have no hesitation in saying that the Capitals have not won the honor of championship as did the Shamrocks last year. All honor is due them for the gallant fight they made, but all honor, I say, is due our club for retaining their reputation of invincibility on the Shamrock grounds. Permit me again to tender you our expressions of gratitude, and while we failed to retain the championship I may say for the team that their defeat has not quenched their ambition that next year the flag of championship will wave over the dome in the new Shamrock grounds."

AFFILIATED CLUBS.

Mr. J. D. Purcell then submitted the toast of "Affiliated Clubs" in an eloquent speech pointing out the enviable reputation they had achieved, notably the Emerald Snowshoe club. He treated of the records the Shamrock players had made in the past and the brilliant players they had produced. He referred to the victory of the Young Shamrocks in the intermediate series, and the junior club also, while the senior club fought in the most brilliant game ever played. Mr. Joseph Cooke responded on behalf of the Emerald Snowshoe club in an able manner, and Mr. P. H. Bartley on behalf of the Junior Shamrock Lacrosse club, referring to the standing of his team and its value as a recruiting ground for the senior teams.

SISTER CLUBS.

Mr. T. Butler proposed "The Senior Lacrosse Clubs" in a humorous and pleasing manner. He pointed to the positions achieved by a number of lacrosse players, mentioning among others Frank Lally, mayor of Cornwall; Sam Hughes, M.P.; "Jim" Hughes, public school inspector of Toronto; Dr. George W. Beers, the father of lacrosse law; Mr. Justice "Charlie" Doherty, and Sir Adolphe Caron, president of the Junior Capital team. In conclusion he eulogized the grand national game and exhorted the boys to play honorably and honestly, and preserve the credit of a game dignified by the deserved name of national. He also administered a severe reprimand to those players who, thinking themselves indispensable, because afflicted with big head, and refused to play, for instance, if so and so was not on the team, pointing out that even Bismarck found he was not indispensable

to the German empire. When Butler had been declared all right, Mr. McClagan responded briefly on behalf of the Cornwall club.

THE PRESS.

Mr. E. J. Duggan made a thoughtful and forcible speech in proposing "The Press." He referred to the press writers as the high priests of public opinion. The aim of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club in the past had been to achieve distinction in an honorable, fair and honest spirit, and quoted Dr. Beers as saying:—"Take them all round and the Shamrock Lacrosse Club play the most gentlemanly game in the Dominion." He touched lightly on some of the press criticisms, and said that he did not think they deserved the epithets of prize-fighters, sluggers and what-not, so plentifully bestowed on them by some papers. He deplored the introduction of such methods and characterized them as parish politics in the national game. While they did not pose as the curled darlings of the nation, they could not be accused of overweening vanity if they refused to accept that depiction of their players in a wood-cut in an evening paper, whose motto was "Light on our daily path," which portrayed their players with the physiognomies of missing links and their opponents as Greek heroes.

THE SHAMROCK ASSOCIATION.

After this toast had been responded to Hon. J. J. Curran submitted the toast of "Our Association." After touching on the pleasure he experienced at attending such a gathering, as he had on many similar occasions, he referred to the position achieved by the Emerald Snowshoe club, but apart from all that, he said, it had been proved beyond cavil that never was there a body of young men gathered together who had proved their prowess so undoubtedly on the field time and again, but also who could give expression to their views in such eloquent terms. He pointed out the propriety and soundness of the advice tendered by Mr. Butler, which, coming from such an old player as him, would be accepted in good part all over the Dominion. After paying a tribute to the public spirit and patriotism of his hearers and the manhood that flourished in the St. Lawrence as well as ever it did on the Shannon, he pointed out that they were proud to know that if their players had received broken bones and disfigured faces they never whined about it and never went to the press to complain of what had befallen them. He referred pleasingly to the news in the president's speech. They had to-night their land, put a fence around their earth and paid for the fence, too. He eulogized the services rendered to the game by the club and to the executive, and paid a tribute to each of the following: Messrs. J. P. Clarke, president; J. P. Crowe, vice-president; E. Halley, A. Demers, W. J. McKenna, P. H. Bartley, D. Callery, F. Loye, R. J. Cooke, F. O'Reilly, P. McKeown and the indefatigable secretary, C. A. McDonnell, to whom much of the success of the banquet is due. Messrs. Halley, Crowe and others acknowledged the toast.

Mr. McShane proposed the toast of the Junior Shamrocks.

The Calumet club, of Chicago, had its representative, an eloquent speeches were given by Mr. C. A. McDonnell and others, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the toast of the "Ladies" and singing of "God Save the Queen."

Mgr. Fabre at St. Louis de France.

Mgr. Fabre visited the parish of St. Louis de France, Sunday afternoon, on the occasion of the first meeting this year of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in that section. His Grace presided over the meeting of the society held in the Olier school and encouraged the members in their charitable work. There was a large attendance. In the evening he dined at the residence of the parish priest, Rev. Charles Larocque, where a number of priests and citizens of the parish met him. The church itself was gaily decorated on the occasion of the feast of the patron saint. His Grace made a feeling reply to the address of welcome presented him. He also presided over the meeting of the Men's Sodality and delivered a brief address on the occasion.

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I have no hesitation in endorsing its merits."
A. A. WILLIAMS.

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ROMAN NEWS.

[Gleaned from the London Universe and other sources.]

Eleven pupils of the missionary college founded by Cardinal Vaughan in Holland will come to London shortly to complete their studies, and will subsequently leave for Australia, where they will labor for the propagation of the faith.

The Empress Frederick, mother of the German Emperor, but better known to us as the Princess Royal of England, has settled on a residence of two months at Rome during the ensuing winter. Her apartments have been taken at the Albergo Bristol, and it is expected that she will pay a visit to the Vatican.

The conference of Trappists assembled on Sunday at the Monastery of Sainte-Marie-de-Sept-Fonts in the Yonne (France.) Its principal business is to carry out the resolutions passed at the General Chapter in Rome, held just a twelvemonth before. Hitherto the religious of the Order were at liberty indiscriminately to follow the rule of St. Benedict, or the milder constitutions of the Abbot of Tance.

The Bishop of Coimbra in Portugal has delivered a discourse in which he eloquently and vigorously declaimed against the custom imported from France of crowning coffins and hearses with flowers. It is said that this usage was introduced by freethinkers, at whose funerals the honor was first rendered. The ancient and the good practice was to have Masses said and alms distributed for the repose of the souls of the deceased in conformity with the discipline of the Church.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, has been presented by His Holiness with a magnificent gift, which is sure to be treasured as an article of great price in his residence. It is no less than a portrait of Leo XIII. graven on stone and framed in gold, ornamented with precious stones. The work has been executed by an artist of the Vatican, and Father Rooker has been commissioned by the Pope with the conveyance of the offering.

Police Magistrate—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar? Witness—Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it.

A man who will stick up for everybody.—The bill-poster.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

THE CATHOLIC SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

The Establishment of Protestantism—Persecution Forbidden by the Church—Denmark, Geneva, the Whole Continent, and Great Britain, Perverted from Catholicity by means of Unjustifiable Persecution.

We had intended concluding this article in our present issue, but owing to the lengthy Encyclical that we publish we are forced to continue it to next week.

The father of the Church of England, under the authority of the Protector Seymour, the Duke of Somerset, was confessedly Thomas Cranmer, whom Henry VIII. raised to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; of whom it is difficult to say whether his obsequiousness to the passions of his successive masters, Henry, Seymour, and Dudley, or his barbarity to the sectaries who were in his power, was the more odious; there is this circumstance, which distinguishes him from almost every other persecutor, that he actively promoted the capital punishment, not only of those who differed from him in religion, but also those who agreed with him in it. It is admitted by his advocates, (Fox, Acts and Monum. Fuller's Church His. B.V.) that he was instrumental during the reign of Henry, in bringing to the stake the Protestants Lambert, Askew, Frith, and Allen; besides condemning a great many others to it for denying the corporal presence of Christ in the Sacrament, which he disbelieved himself; (see Letters to a Preb., p. 206) and it is equally certain that during the reign of the child Edward he continued to convict Arians and Anabaptists capitally, and to press for their execution. Two of these Joan Knell and George Van Par, he got actually burnt; preventing the young King Edward from pardoning them, by telling him that "Princes being God's deputies, ought to punish impieties against him." Burnet's Church History, p. ii. b. 1. The two next most eminent fathers of the English Church were unquestionably Bishop Ridley and Bishop Latimer, both of them noted persecutors, and persecutors of Protestants to the extremity of death, no less than of Anabaptists and other sectaries. (See the proofs of these facts collected from Fox, Burnet, Heylin and Collier, in Letters to a Preb. Letter V.)

Upon the second establishment of the Protestant religion in England, when Elizabeth ascended the throne, it was again buttressed up there, as in every other country where it prevailed, by the most severe persecuting laws. It can be shown from the most authentic sources, that above 2,000 Catholics were hanged, drawn and quartered during this "she tiger's" reign, in England alone, for the mere profession or exercise of the religion of their ancestors for almost 1,000 years. Of this number 15 were condemned for denying the virgin (?) queen's spiritual supremacy, 126 for the exercise of their priestly functions, and the rest for being reconciled to the Catholic Church, for hearing Mass, or aiding and abetting Catholic priests. (Opponents have objected that these Catholics suffered for high treason. True, the laws of persecution declared so; but their only treason consisted in their religion. Thus the Apostles, and other Christian martyrs were traitors in the Pagan law; and the chief priests declared, with respect to Christ himself, we have a law, and according to that he ought to die.) When to these sanguinary scenes are added those of many thousands of other Catholics, who perished in dungeons, who were driven into exile, or who were stripped of their property, it will appear that the persecution of Elizabeth's reign was immeasurably greater than that of her sister Mary, especially when the deductions are made from the sufferers under the latter. See letters to a Prebendary, pp. 149, 150; also Cobbett's Hist. of the Reformation. Nor was persecution confined to Catholics; for, when great numbers of foreign Anabaptists, and other sectaries had fled into England, from the fires and gibbets of their Protestant brethren in Holland, they found their situation much worse there, as they complained, than it had been in their own country. To silence these com-

plaints, the Bishop of London, Edwin Sandys, published a book in vindication of religious persecution.—Ger. Brandt, Hist. Reform. Abreg. vol. 1, p. 234.

In short, the Protestant Church and state concurred in their extirpation. An assembly of them, to the number of 27, having been seized upon in the year 1575; some of them were so intimidated as to recant their opinions; some were scourged; two of them, Paterson and Terwort, were burnt to death in Smithfield, and the rest banished. (See Brandt, vol. 1, p. 234; Hist. of Churches of Eng. and Scot., vol. 11, p. 199) Besides these foreigners, the English dissenters were also grievously persecuted. Several of them, such as Thacker, Copping, Greenwood, Barrow, Penry, &c., were put to death, which rigors they ascribed principally to the bishops, particularly to Parker, Aylmer, Sandys, and Whitgift. (See Brandt, &c., as above quoted.) The doctrines and practices of persecution, in England, did not end with the race of Tudor. James I, though he was reproached with being favorable to the Catholics, nevertheless signed warrants for 25 of them to be hanged and quartered, and sent 128 of them into banishment, barely on account of their religion, besides exacting the fine (legalized in the previous reign) of £20 per month from those who did not attend the church service. (Mosheim, vol. IV, p. 40.) Still he was repeatedly called upon by Parliament to put the penal laws in force with greater rigor, in order, say they "to advance the glory of Almighty God, and the everlasting honor of your majesty;" (Rushworth's Collect., vol. I, p. 1), and he was warned by Archbishop Abbott, against tolerating Catholics, in the following terms: "Your majesty hath propounded a toleration of religion. By your act, you labor to set up that most damnable and heretical doctrine of the Church of Rome, the whore of Babylon, and thereby draw down upon the kingdom and yourself God's heavy wrath and indignation." (See Rushworth's Collection on the vile hypocrisy of those vile scoundrels.) In the meantime the Puritans complained loudly of the persecution which they endured from the Court of High Commission, and particularly from Archbishop Bancroft, and the bishops, Neale of Litchfield, and King of London. They charged the former of these with not only condemning Edward Wightman, for his opinions, but also with getting the King's warrant for his execution, who was accordingly burnt at Litchfield; and the latter, with treating in the same way, Bartholomew Legat, who was consumed in Smithfield.—See Chandler's Introduction to Limbroche's Hist. of the Inquisition, p. 80. Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, vol. II. The same unrelenting spirit of persecution, which had disgraced the addresses presented to James, prevailed in those of Parliament, and of many Bishops, to his son Charles. One of these, signed by the renowned Archbishop Usher, and eleven other Irish Bishops of the establishment, declares, that "to give toleration to Papists, is to become accessory to superstition, idolatry, and the perdition of souls: and that, therefore, it is a grievous sin."—See Leland's Hist. of Ireland, vol. II., p. 482; and Neal's Hist. of Pur., vol. II., p. 469. At length, the Presbyterians and Independents, getting the upper hand, had an opportunity of giving full scope to their characteristic intolerance. Their divines, being assembled at Sion College, condemned as an error, the doctrine of toleration, "under the absurd term," as they expressed it, "of liberty of conscience."—Hist. of Churches of Eng. and Scot., vol. III. Conformably with this doctrine, they procured from their Parliament a number of persecuting Acts, from those of fining, up to those of capital punishment. The objects of them were not only Catholics, but also Church of England men, Quakers, Shakers, Arians.—Ibid. In the meantime, they frequently appointed national fasts to atone for their pretended guilt in being too tolerant.—Ibid. Neal's Hist. Warrants for the execution of four English Catholics were extorted from the King, while he was in power, and twenty others were publicly executed under the Parliament and the Protector. This hypocritical tyrant, afterwards invading Ireland, and being bent on exterminating the Catholic population there, persuaded his soldiers that they had a divine commission for this purpose, as the Israelites had to exterminate the Canaanites.—See Anderson's Royal General, quoted

by Curry, Vol. II, p. 11. To make an end of the clergy, he put the same price upon a priest's as upon a wolf's head.—Ibid. p. 63. And he had hundreds of perjured villains too eager to earn the bribe of their master, Nero.—Ibid. p. 65, and Neal's Hist. of Churches. It would be impossible to enumerate the number of martyrs Ireland gave to the Church during a continuous persecution of nearly 300 years. "The persecution endured by the Irish Catholics for conscience sake, is without a parallel in the history of Christianity . . . its duration and unexampled refinement and cruelty would put to shame the most expert practitioners of Diocletian's reign."—See Rev. M. Gordon's Hist. of Ireland. The persecuting Penal Laws against Irish Catholics were commenced during the reign of the "Harlot Queen Bess." (See McHenry's True State of Ireland,) and enlarged and made more severe during each successive reign to that of the Georges, is painful evidence of the spirit of Protestantism in these fair Isles.—Ibid. Edmund Burke has placed the seal of his classic language on those barbarous and inhuman laws. Montesquieu, in his "Spirit of the Laws," says "they emanated from the brains of devils; they were written in human gore, and registered in hell." During the active continuance of monstrous laws neither age nor reverence were proof against perjury and prejudice. In the legal murder of the venerable Archbishop Plunkett; the Earl of Essex interfered in his behalf, assuring King Charles that, to his own knowledge the charges on which he was convicted "were entirely false." "Well, my lord," said the King, "his blood be upon your conscience; you could have saved him if you pleased; I cannot pardon him, because I dare not."—See Rev. Mr. Godkin's Repeal "Prize Essay," page 57, quoted by McGeen in Gal. of Irish writers. Those Puritans who, previous to the Civil War, had sailed to this continent to avoid persecution, set up a far more cruel one on its virgin soil, particularly against the Quakers; whipping them, cropping their ears, boring their tongues with hot irons, hanging them, and burning others for witches. We have the names of four of these sufferers, one of them a woman, who was executed at Boston.—Neal's Hist. of Churches. Wherever those Puritans made a foothold on the virgin soil of the West, there they unfurled the standard of persecution. Their proscription of Catholics and even sect proscribing sect is too notorious to need comment. The charred walls of convents and of numerous Catholic churches throughout the States, bespeak the spirit the Mayflower pioneers handed down to their worthy descendants, the Know-nothings (Nonthings) of modern days. Those good people performed all their heroic actions under the tutelage of such patron saints as Rebecca Reed and Maria Monk. From the persecuting Know-nothings and their colleagues the Orange fraternity, have sprung up the no less cruel and persecuting Apa-ists of the western states. The antics, proscriptions and forgeries of these fanatics, have furnished matter that has made the editors of respectable Protestant journals blush for a religion that could shield and foster such reptiles within its fold. The blessed apostle and patroness of the Apa-ists in the Western States is Edith O'Gorman of unsavory memory. I believe they accept the patronage of all the fallen Sexes, as well as that of the chief fallen angels. It will be apropos the subject to introduce at this stage the P.P.A. of Western Canada, a foul bird, hatched in the same nest as the preceding, and introduced there by the disreputable Margaret L. Shepherd. To an ordinary observer it seems strange that those yellow-beaked, carrion twin birds, should both have more than "doubtful" women for their spiritual heads; but, to him who casts his spade beneath the surface the reason is simple.

During the whole of the war which the Puritans waged against the king and constitution, the Catholics behaved with unparalleled loyalty. It has been demonstrated (Lord Castlemain's Catholic Apology) that three-fifths of the noblemen and gentlemen who lost their lives on the side of royalty were Catholics, and that more than the half of the landed property confiscated by the rebels belonged to Catholics. Add to this that they were chiefly instrumental in saving Charles II. after his defeat at Worcester; they had, consequently, reason to expect that the restoration of the king and constitution would have brought an alleviation, if not an end, of their sufferings.

But the contrary proved to be the case; for then all parties seemed to have combined to make them the common object of their persecuting spirit and fury. Even the prose writings of the Secretary of the Long Parliament are as execrable for their regicide and anti-papal principles as his poetry is super-excellent for its sublimity and sweetness. See volume 4. His prose writings breathe the whole persecuting spirit of the sixteenth century, and calls for the fines and forfeitures, the dungeons, fines, halts, and knives of Elizabeth's reign against the devoted Catholics, since it is evident that the idolatry of Popery, as he terms it, exercised in private, cannot be removed without such persecuting and sanguinary measures. The Socinian Locke will not allow of Catholics being tolerated on the demonstrated false pretext that they cannot tolerate other Christians. The true cause of his intolerance was that his hands being stained with the blood of twenty innocent Catholics, who were immolated by the sanguinary policy of his master, Shaftesbury, in Oates' infamous plot, he was obliged to find a pretext for excluding them from the legal toleration which he stood in need of himself. Bishop Headley, who had no religion at all of his own, would not allow the Catholics to enjoy their's, because, he says: "No oaths and solemn assurances, no regard to truth, justice or honor, can restrain them." This is the hypocritical plea for the intolerance of a man, who was in the constant habit of violating all his oaths and engagements to a Church which had raised him to rank and fortune, and who systematically pursued its degradation into his own anti-Christian Socinianism, by professed deceit and treachery, as will be seen in Letters to a Prebendary, Letter viii. Blackstone, being a crown lawyer, and writing when the Penal Laws were in force, could not but defend them; but, judge as he was, and writing at the above-mentioned time, he expressed a hope that the time "was not far distant, when the fears of the Pretender having vanished, and the influence of the Pope becoming feeble, the rigorous edicts against the Catholics would be revised," b. 4, c. 4; Burk, it is evident from his speech at Bristol, his letter to Lord Kenmare, and the whole tenor of his writings and conduct was not only a warm friend to the Catholics, but, in some degree, a martyr to their emancipation. In proof of the foregoing I need alledge nothing more than that two different Parliaments voted the reality of Oates' plot, and that eighteen innocent and loyal Catholics, one of them a peer, suffered the death of traitors on account of it; to say nothing of seven other priests, who, about that time, were hanged and quartered for the mere exercise of their priestly functions. Among the absurdities of that sanguinary plot, such as those of shooting the King with silver bullets, and invading the island with an army of pilgrims from Compostella, &c., (Echard's History) it was not the least, to pretend that the Catholics wished to kill the King at all, that King whom they had hitherto saved in Staffordshire, and whom they well knew to be secretly devoted to their religion. These purposes were to exclude Catholics not only from the throne, but also from the smallest degree of political power down to that of constable, and to shut the doors of both Houses of Parliament against them.—Com.

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LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"So like the fellow! so like him!" was all that Dick could mutter, and he turned away in disgust.

As Atlee never went to bed till day-break, it was quite clear that he was from home, as the college gates could not re-open till morning. Dick was not sorry to feel that he was safe from all intrusion for some hours. With this consolation he betook him to his bedroom, and proceeded to undress. Scarcely, however, had he thrown off his coat than a heavy, long-drawn respiration startled him. He stepped and listened; it came again, and from the bed. He drew nigh, and there, to his amazement, on his own pillow, lay a massive head of a course-looking, vulgar man of about thirty, with a silk handkerchief fastened over it as a night-cap. A brawny arm lay outside the bed-clothes, with an enormous hand of very questionable cleanness, though one of the fingers wore a heavy gold ring.

Wishing to gain what knowledge he might of his guest before awaking him, Dick turned to inspect his clothes, which, in a wild disorder, lay scattered through the room. They were of the very poorest, but such still as might have belonged to a very humble clerk or messenger in a counting-house. A large black leather pocket-book fell from a pocket of the coat, and, in replacing it, Dick perceived it was filled with letters. On one of these, as he closed the clasp, he read the name "Mr. Daniel Donogan, Dartmouth Jail."

"What!" cried he, "is this the great head-centre, Donogan, I have read so much of? and how is he here?"

Though Dick Kearney was not usually quick of apprehension, he was not long in guessing what the situation meant; it was clear enough that Donogan, being a friend of Joe Atlee's had been harbored here as a safe refuge. Of all places in the capital, none were so secure from the visits of the police as the college; indeed, it would have been no small hazard for the police force to have invaded these precincts. Calculating, therefore, that Kearney was little likely to leave Kilgobbin at present, Atlee had installed his friend in Dick's quarters. The indiscretion was a grave one; in fact, there was nothing—even to expulsion itself—might not have followed on discovery.

"So like him! So like him!" was all he could mutter, as he arose and walked about the room.

While he thus mused he turned into Atlee's bedroom, and at once it appeared why Mr. Donogan had been accommodated in his room. Atlee's was perfectly destitute of everything; bed, chest of drawers, dressing-table, chair, and bath were all gone. The sole object in the chamber was a print of a well-known informer of the year '38, "Jemmy O'Brien," under whose portrait was written, in Atlee's hand: "Bought in at four-pence half-penny, at the general sale, in affectionate remembrance of his virtues, by one who feels himself to be a relative—J. A." Kearney tore down the picture in passion, and stamped upon it; indeed, his indignation with his chum had now passed all bounds of restraint.

"So like him in everything!" again burst from him in utter bitterness.

Having thus satisfied himself that he had read the incident aright, he returned to the sitting-room, and at once decided that he would leave Donogan to his rest till morning.

"It will be time enough then to decide what is to be done," thought he.

He then proceeded to relight the fire, and, drawing a sofa near, he wrapped himself in a railway rug and lay down to sleep. For a long time he could not compose himself to slumber; he thought of Nina and her wiles—ay, they were wiles; he saw them plainly enough. It was true, he was no prize—no "catch," as they call it—to angle for; and such a girl as she was could easily look higher; but still he might swell the list of those followers she seemed to like to behold at her feet offering up every homage to her beauty, even to their actual despair. And he thought of his own condition—very hopeless and purposeless as it was.

"What a journey, to be sure, was life, without a goal to strive for! Kilgobbin would be his one day; but by that time

would it be able to pay off the mortgages that were raised upon it?" It was true Atlee was no richer, but Atlee was a shifty, artful fellow, with scores of contrivances to go to windward of Fortune in even the very worst of weather. Atlee would do many a thing he would not stoop to.

And as Kearney said this to himself he was cautious in the use of his verb, and never said "could," but always "would" do; and, oh, dear! is it not in this fashion that we many of us keep our courage in life, and attribute to the want of will what we well know lies in the want of power?

Last of all, he bethought himself of this man Donogan—a dangerous fellow in a certain way, and one whose companionship must be got rid of at any price. Plotting over in his mind how this should be done in the morning, he at last fell fast asleep.

So overcome was he by slumber that he never awoke when that venerable institution, called the college woman—the hag whom the virtue of unerring dons insists on imposing as a servant on resident students—entered, made up the fire, swept the room, and arranged the breakfast-table. It was only as she jogged his arm to ask him for an additional penny to buy more milk that he awoke and remembered where he was.

"Will I get yer honor a bit of bacon?" asked she, in a tone intended to be insinuating.

"Whatever you like," said he, drowsily.

"It's himself, there, likes a rasher—when he can get it," said she, with a leer, and a motion of her thumb toward the adjoining room.

"Whom do you mean?" asked he, half to learn what and how much she knew of his neighbor.

"Oh! don't I know him well?—Dan Donogan," replied she, with a grin. "Didn't I see him in the dock with Smith O'Brien in '48, and wasn't he in trouble again after he got his pardon; and won't he always be in trouble?"

"Hush! don't talk so loud," cried Dick warningly.

"He'd not hear me now if I was screechin'; it's the only time he sleeps hard; for he gets up about three or half-past three—before it's day—and he squeezes through the bars of the window, and gets out into the park, and he takes his exercise there for two hours, most of the time running full speed and keeping himself in fine wind. Do you know what he said to me the other day? 'Molly,' says he, 'when I know I can get between those bars there, and run round the College Park in three minutes and twelve seconds, I feel that there's not many a jail in Ireland can howld, and the devil a policeman in the island could catch me.' And she had to lean over the back of a chair to steady herself while she laughed at the conceit.

"I think, after all," said Kearney, "I'd rather keep out of the scrape than trust to that way of escaping it."

"He wouldn't," said she. "He'd rather be seducin' the soldiers in Bar-rack street, or swearing in a new Fenian, or nailing a death-warnin' on a hall door, than he'd be lord mayor! If he wasn't in mischief he'd like to be in his grave."

"And what comes of it all?" said Kearney, scarcely giving any exact meaning to his words.

"That's what I do be saying myself," cried the hag. "When they can transport you for singing a ballad, and send you to pick oakum for a green cravat, it's time to take to some other trade than patriotism!" And with this reflection she shuffled away to procure the materials for breakfast.

The fresh rolls and water-cress, a couple of red herrings, deviled as those ancient damsels are expert in doing, and a smoking dish of rashers and eggs, flanked by a hissing tea-kettle, soon made their appearance, the hag assuring Kearney that a stout knock with the poker on the back of the grate would summon Mr. Donogan almost instantaneously—so rapidly, indeed, and with such indifference as to raiment, that, as she modestly declared: "I have to take to my heels the moment I call him," and the modest avowal was confirmed by her hasty departure.

The assurance was so far correct that scarcely had Kearney replaced the poker when the door opened, and one of the strangest figures he had ever beheld presented itself in the room. He was a short, thick-set man with a profusion of yellowish hair, which, divided in the middle of the head, hung down on either

side to his neck; beard and mustache of the same hue left little of the face to be seen but a pair of lustrous blue eyes, deep-sunken in their orbits, and a short, wide-nostriled nose, which bore the closest resemblance to a lion's. Indeed, a most absurd likeness to the king of beasts was the impression produced on Kearney as this wild-looking fellow bounded forward and stood there amazed at finding a stranger to confront him.

His dress was a flannel shirt and trousers, and a pair of old slippers which had once been Kearney's own.

"I was told by the college woman how I was to summon you, Mr. Donogan," said Kearney, good-naturedly. "Your'e not offended with the liberty?"

"Are you Dick?" asked the other, coming forward.

"Yes, I think most of my friends know me by that name."

"And the old devil has told you mine?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I believe I discovered that for myself. I tumbled over some of your things last night, and saw a letter addressed to you."

"You didn't read it?"

"Certainly not. It fell out of your pocket-book, and I put it back there."

"So the old hag didn't blab on me? I'm anxious about this, because it's got out somehow that I'm back again. I landed at Kenmare in a fishing-boat from the New York packet, the Osprey, on Tuesday fortnight, and three of the newspapers had it before I was a week on shore."

"Our breakfast is getting cold; sit down here and let me help you. Will you begin with a rasher?"

Not replying to the invitation, Donogan covered his plate with bacon, and leaning his arm on the table, stared fixedly at Kearney.

"I am as glad as fifty pound of it," muttered he, slowly, to himself.

"Glad of what?"

"Glad that you're not a swell, Mr. Kearney," said he, gravely. "The Hon. Richard Kearney; whenever I repeated that to myself it gave me a cold sweat. I thought of velvet collars and a cravat with a grand pin in it, and a stuck-up creature behind both that wouldn't condescend to sit down with me."

"I am sure Joe Atlee gave you no such impression of me."

A short grunt that might mean anything was all the reply.

"He was my chum, and knew me better," reiterated the other.

"He knows many a thing he doesn't say, and he says plenty he doesn't know. 'Kearney will be a swell,' said I, 'and he'll turn upon me just out of contempt for my condition.'"

"That was judging me hardly, Mr. Donogan."

"No, it wasn't; it's the treatment the mangy dog meets all the world over. Why is England insolent to us, but because we're poor?—answer me that. Are we mangy? Don't you feel mangy? I know I do!"

Dick smiled a sort of mild contradiction, but said nothing.

"Now that I see you, Mr. Kearney," said the other, "I'm as glad as a ten-pound note about a letter I wrote you—"

"I never received a letter from you."

"Sure I know you didn't! haven't I got it here?" and he drew forth a square-shaped packet and held it up before him.

"I never said that I sent it, nor I won't send it now; here's its present address," added he, as he threw it on the fire and pressed it down with his foot.

"Why not have given it to me now?" asked the other.

"Because three minutes will tell you all that was in it, and better than writing; for I can reply to anything that wants an explanation, and that's what a letter cannot. First of all, do you know that Mr. Claude Barry, your county member, has asked for the Chiltern, and is going to resign?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, it's a fact. They are going to make him a second secretary somewhere, and pension him off. He has done his work; he voted an Arms Bill and an Insurrection Act, and he had the influenza when the amnesty petition was presented, and sure no more could be expected from any man."

"The question scarcely concerns me; our interest in the country is so small now, we count very little."

"And don't you know how to make your influence greater?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"Go to the poll yourself, Richard Kearney, and be the member."

"You are talking of an impossibility, Mr. Donogan. First of all, we have no fortune, no large estates in the county, with a wide tenantry and plenty of votes; secondly, we have no place among the county families, as our old name and good blood might have given us; thirdly, we are of the wrong religion, and, I take it, with as wrong politics; and lastly, we should not know what to do with the prize if we had won it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The highest steeple in the world is that of the cathedral of Antwerp—417 feet.

The Catholics constitute a little over one-third of the population of the German Empire.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., will be observed between November 1st and 10th next.

The Swiss Catholic bishops have published a collective letter in favor of total abstinence, pointing out the terrible consequences of intemperance.

The Bishop of Livorno, Mgr. Franchi, has been gaining enthusiastic praise from people of all classes by visiting cholera patients in his diocese and distributing food with his own hands.

The Catholic Order of Foresters now numbers 25,000 members in good standing. During the last year 6,700 were initiated into the order, and ninety-two new courts were organized.

The clergy and laity of the diocese of Buffalo, N.Y., are making great preparations for a great celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rt. Rev. Stephen V. Ryan's consecration as a bishop.

Nearly half a century ago the Apostleship of Prayer was established among the young Jesuits of Vals. The golden jubilee of that founding of the League of the Sacred Heart will be celebrated all over the world next year.

The negro priest, Father Augustus Tolton, is building a \$35,000 church for the Catholic colored inhabitants of Chicago. He has only a part of the money in hand and will be grateful for any contribution to make up the remainder.

The centenary festival of the Holy House of Loretto will be celebrated next year, and the composer, Verdi, as an act of veneration to the Blessed Virgin, has promised to set the Litany of Loretto to beautiful music for the occasion.

The Catholic negroes of Washington, D.C., are to have another church. The new church is to be on Capitol Hill, not far from the navy yard. Father Matthews, the pastor, is devoted to the colored people and they are attached to him. He and they have chosen St. Benedict as the patron of the new church.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1898

THE MASS.

When we enter a Catholic Church the first object that attracts our attention is the Cross upon the Altar. It is surrounded by candlesticks in which are lighted tapers, beneath it is the tabernacle, with its small veil'd door. It is unnecessary to state to a Catholic the reasons why the grand emblem of Christianity—the Cross—is placed upon the altar. It occupies the highest place on the exterior of the temple as it holds the most conspicuous position inside the walls. It is ever present to the Catholic, reminding him of the Passion of Our Lord, and telling him of the price that was paid for our salvation. That cross brings back to mind the story of our redemption—the sufferings of Christ—the blotting out of man's sinfulness—the opening of the gates of heaven—the love deep, endless, powerful of the Son of God—the awfulness of sin—the ingratitude of humanity—the dangers of the past—the hopes of the present—and the eternal promises of the future!

As in days of old there was a spot in the Temple called the Holy of Holies, into which the High Priest entered once in each year, and where the sacred vessels, the ark, the golden candlesticks and so forth, were kept, so in the Catholic Church, we have the tabernacle, that depository wherein the Host is kept, and which is always locked. It is the most sacred spot in all the sacred edifice. It rests upon the altar, just in front of the priest, in order that he may, when circumstances require, open the door and take out the Blessed Eucharist, whether to use it on the altar or to give it to the faithful in sacramental form. In front of the tabernacle there burns continually a small lamp.

In the use of lights and incense—a practise sneered at by the Protestant as pagan,—we but read the touching story of the early Church, when her children, hunted by the persecutor, held their religious meetings either at night, or in subterranean places, whose gloom, of course, rendered the light of tapers necessary, and where the fumes of the censor, besides being familiar to the people among whom Christianity sprung into existence, were resorted to as a means of dissipating unwholesome odours. In sprinkling the holy water on the forehead, we call to mind the far period—as early as the beginning of the second century—when salt began to be mixed with the blessed water, in memory of Christ's death; or, as others will have it, as a mystic type of the hypostatic union of the two natures in the Redeemer. According to Tertullian, the sprinkling of the holy water was "in memoriam dedicationis Christi."

An Irish gentleman in search of a religion, states in his exquisite little work

on the Church, that there occurred to him a proof of the high antiquity, of the religious observances of the Catholics, which struck him more forcibly inasmuch as it related to one of the most ridiculed practices, that of beating the breast with the clenched hands, at the Confiteor and other parts of the service; a practice which, in Ireland, drew down on the Papists the well-bred appellation of *craw thumpers*. "When I looked around, however," says the author, "upon the humble Christian, thus nick-named, and remembered that St. Augustin himself, the pious and learned St. Augustin, was also a *craw thumper*, I felt that to err with him was, at least, erring in good company, and proceeded to join the *tudentes pectora*, as the saint describes them, with all my might."

We will now speak of the sacred vessels and ornaments. Firstly the chalice: it is a cup of gold or silver or both, that the priest uses for the consecration and reception of the precious blood. The chalice was in use long before the days of Christianity. Our Lord made use of it when he performed the first grand consecration at the last supper. He put wine into the chalice, and telling His apostles that it was His blood, He gave them the same to drink. For a long time, in the first ages, the faithful received Holy Communion under both forms. But owing to the inconveniences that naturally arose, the danger of spilling the contents, and the great increase in the number of Christians, the Church wisely deemed it better to do away with the Communion in that form. The chalice, however, was retained for the priest, and it, in itself, tells of the Divine origin of the sacrifice of the Mass. The patena is a small plate of gold or silver, that covers the chalice, and upon which the priest places the Host which he offers up and consecrates.

The ciborium is a species of covered chalice that is kept in the tabernacle, in which the Holy Eucharist is deposited. There is also a portable tabernacle, in which the Sacred Host is exposed for the adoration of the faithful: it is called the ostensorium. It is used during the service of the benediction, and upon public occasions when, in procession, the Host is taken out. Such are the principal vessels used by the priest, and they have each a special purpose, while they all date back to the dawn of Christianity. In no other church are they all to be found; they are sacred because, being consecrated by the bishops, they are destined to be used in the temple for the worship of God and for no other purposes. If, of old, Baltazar was stricken down in the banquet of his glory while abusing of the sacred vessels from the temple, what may he not expect who respects not the sacred vessels that have been consecrated under the new dispensation?

The Church makes use of different colors in the various ornaments and vestments, in order to excite the required dispositions in the breasts of the faithful according to the occasions and festivals celebrated. There are five colors used—white, red, purple, green and black. The white reminds us of innocence and is made use of on all grand and imposing festivals such as Easter, Christmas, the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and upon all solemn and special occasions. Red reminds us of charity, and is used especially upon the feasts of saints who are martyrs—the red also recalling to mind the blood that they shed for their faith, the great loving sacrifice of their lives which they willingly made, in order, in some way, to merit the still greater sacrifice of the life of Christ for them. The purple reminds us of penance and hope; it is used during Advent and

Lent, those seasons when we are expected to prepare for the great festivals of Christmas and Easter by fasts, vigils, prayers and penance; and it tells of the hope that we have held out to us by the coming into the world and the death and resurrection of Christ. The green represents faith, evergreen and lively, and is used from the Octave of the Epiphany to Septuagesima, and from the Octave of Pentecost to Advent when there is no reason for any other color. The black, the sign of mourning, recalls the thought of our destiny upon earth, the grave. It is used in all services for the dead, and upon Good Friday. It bespeaks the union beyond the grave, the power of prayer, the communion of saints, the temporal punishment after death, the darkness of the tomb, the hopes beyond it. The sombre pomp of the funeral service gives to the Catholic rites a special meaning, tells the mourners of their own last end, warns the erring that Divine mercy has yet reserved for them moments for repentance and preparation, proclaims to the thoughtless that they, too, sooner or later, must be brought to the same spot, for them, also, one day, the priest must don the vestments of black, and chant the *Libera*. Yes, everything in the Catholic Church speaks. The ornaments, the very colors of the vestments and those vestments themselves.

In closing this second article upon the Mass, we will give the meaning of the priest's vestments, and in the next article we can commence the study of the Mass itself.

1st. The *Amict*: a piece of white linen which the priest passes over his head to cover his shoulders. It reminds us of the moderation to be used in our words, and the care we should have to cover ourselves (so to speak) in order not to be distracted during Mass.

2nd. The *Alb*: a white robe, full and reaching to the feet. It is a symbol of purity which the priest should carry to the altar, and which the people should have while at the sacrifice.

3rd. The *Cord*: a cincture to confine the Alb. It represents the cords with which Christ was bound during His passion, and it is an emblem telling us that we must become detached from a sensual life and attached to things of heaven, the Church and God.

4th. The *Maniple*: an ornament which the priest wears on his left arm. It was formerly a handkerchief used to wipe the tears and perspiration from the face. It tells us of our duty of labor, of good works and their future reward.

5th. The *Stole*: an ornament which the priest passes over his neck and crosses upon his breast. It is the symbol of dignity and power. It reminds us of the position occupied by the priest, of the respect due to him, and of the sacredness of his office.

6th. The *Chasuble*: this was formerly a large mantle, full and round, with an opening in the centre through which to pass the head. Laymen as well as ecclesiastics wore it. However, the former laid it aside, but the Church retained it for her priests. It reminds us of the mantle of charity with which we should cover ourselves, and it recalls to mind the early days of the Church when the priests wore those vestments almost continually.

There are also the ornaments used by the deacons, the subdeacons and those of the bishops. Now that we know the meaning of the lights, the decorations, the incense, the vessels, the vestments and all the colours used, we will commence with the priest, at the foot of the altar, and follow him on through the Mass, reflecting upon each part and studying the dread sacrifice in all its

perfections. Remember that each Mass is a sacrifice, and yet every Mass is but the perpetuation of the bloody sacrifice of Calvary, in an unbloody manner, throughout the ages, for the salvation, redemption, future happiness and glory of mankind.

AT IT AGAIN.

Despite its reduced influence the Canada Revue keeps on getting worse and worse in its abominable attacks upon the Church and upon all things sacred. As in the case last year, so again this year, while its productions were confined to its own pages and to the French language we always allowed it to pass unnoticed; but when the English press sees fit to fill columns with translations of the very worst specimens of anti-Catholic and anti-Christian effusions from that uncompromising opponent of all that we hold in veneration, then it is time for us to have our say in the matter. In the Daily Witness of Saturday we find a lengthy quotation from the Canada Revue in which—to the delight of the Witness—that organ not only openly assails the Church and the clergy, but, by means of vile insinuations, low assertions, the raking up of a dead issue that when living the partisans of anticlericalism could not maintain, and by remarks that could only emanate from seekers after scandal, strives to sow the evil seeds of that corrupt plant—irreligion—imported here from the hot-beds of European infidelity. The Witness has a bonanza these days; between comments upon Father Lacasse's new work, and copious extracts from the Canada Revue our "only religious daily" has a splendid opportunity of displaying its Christian spirit and putting into practice—after its own fashion—the commandment that forbids "bearing false witness against our neighbour." If we are to believe that "bearer of false witness" there are several actions to be taken by individuals—names unmentioned—against the publishers of the splendid work in which the Oblate Father shows up the real enemies of Catholicity. Probably the Witness is pleased to know that it is not the only exponent of thought that is subjected to libel suits when it seeks to individualize in its attacks upon either religious or political principles.

This is becoming quite a trick on the part of those enemies of Catholicity. The moment they are devoid of any arguments to sustain their contentions, and that they find they have gone beyond their depth, they rush to the Prothonotary's office and issue writs to the amount at which they value their own reputations and opinions. When this is not a proceeding too certain of success it becomes necessary to get up a little sensationalism therewith. At an hour when no person is around to either corroborate or disprove a fact, on a day and at a time when no man could reasonably be supposed to be in an office writing, an attempt to murder a leading actor in the drama is reported. Every precaution is taken that no person is in the way of the terrible bullet, but traces of its fearful course are left on the walls. It is passing strange how suddenly this sensation collapsed; how little effort was made to detect the abominable criminal; how carefully the veiled inuendoes were penned; and how nicely it all corresponded with the approaching trial of a case in which the intended victim was to measure swords—before the courts—with a distinguished and venerable prince of the Church. Deeply as France's Liberal-Catholicism has implanted itself in certain portions of our social garden, still we are not yet prepared to "take

stook" in all the jugglery and legerdemain of the old country methods.

In order that our readers may know that we in no way exaggerate, nor do we go beyond measure in the criticism that we, at times, make upon these writers, we will give them a sample of the style and language used by these "wolves in sheep's clothing"—a style and language which the Witness revels in translating and reproducing on its first page. So contemptible and low is the attitude of the infidel organ of French Freemasonry that comment is almost superfluous. Thus speaks that journal in regard to the celebration of the Patronal feast of His Grace the good and venerable Archbishop of Montreal:

"The revolt of the clergy against civil institutions is becoming accentuated. There was, the other day, at the Archbishop's Palace, a real council of war, under pretence of the feast of Archbishop Fabre. Our poor clergy, who cannot pay taxes, presented His Grace with a fine purse containing five hundred fine gold pounds, in order to allow him to fight the just demands of the Canada Revue deprived of its property through an iniquitous and arbitrary measure. The occasion was a good one to give full vent to all the rancor and hatred of those holy souls against the audacious people who claim the liberty of speaking freely."

Is it a "revolt against the civil institutions" for the Archbishop to accept service of a writ of summons and to take no privileges, in any way, but obey that summons to the letter, come down from his palace, leave aside all his pressing duties, and give evidence in the court, when he might have had the examination take place privately in his own palace? "A council of war under pretence of the feast of Archbishop Fabre;" whose is the narrow soul from which such a statement—or rather insinuation emanated? What species of distorted mind could possibly be diabolical enough as to conceive such thoughts? Does the Canada Revue imagine that the whole attention of His Grace and the clergy of this diocese is centered upon its little self? It must imagine that it is of some terrible importance, that the ecclesiastical and the social worlds cannot move without that its greatness be the pivot upon which they revolve. It would be more proper, perhaps, that the clergy should refrain from honoring the Archbishop—since the Canada Revue seeks to besmear him with its vindictive brush; they would do well to forego recognizing his patronal feast—because in so doing they risk offending the pure, unsullied, immaculate, virginal organ of infidel morals and atheistic dogma; they should not deprive themselves of a few dollars in order to give a token of their esteem and veneration for the representative of Christ's Vicar, since by so doing they incur the criticism of the hydra of anticlericalism. "The hatred of those holy souls;" how truly we see green through green glasses and red through red ones! Judging the hearts and sentiments of others by its own standard, the Canada Revue can only distinguish *hatred* in any dissent from its methods and in any opposition to its wickedness. It claims a "liberty of speaking freely" but the moment the Archbishop, in the interest of his flock, and according to the vows he has made to shield and protect them from all dangers to their morals or faith, attempts to "speak freely" he is answered with an action of damages to the amount of \$50,000. That is the price at which the Canada Revue will allow him that "liberty of speaking freely," which it demands so loudly for itself.

One more short quotation:

"The rabbit commenced. Ravishing wolves penetrated into our houses and soiled our homes; monstrous beings perverted not only the mind but also the body of our children; rapacious beings snatch away the bread from our mouths to satisfy their thirst for gold and silver; ferocious dominators put their foot on our throat to gratify their appetite for domination and authority."

The remainder of this paragraph, although suitable to the Witness, is too vile for our columns; we have some respect

for our younger readers and for the innocence that, thank heaven, has not been contaminated by contact with such foul works. But the foregoing will suffice; what follows it may be imagined by some, and those who cannot imagine it are better without ever knowing the capacity of perverted writers for evil inculcation by assertion and insinuation. Such language is merely the fuming and frothing of distracted spirits, vexed and tormented by impotent rage, seeking vainly to undermine the pure Church of God and to instil into the younger generation a detestation of all that the ages have held sacred, venerable and holy. These remarks are nothing other than bold assertions without any truth and without any evidence in their support, wild declamation without the slightest pretence at argument, and violent censure without either self-respecting dignity, or even a common prudential moderation. In their very excess they over-do the work and the effect recoils upon themselves. We have no intention, nor is it at all necessary, of entering into any defence of our clergy or hierarchy against these vile slanderers; but we reproduce the least offensive of these paragraphs in order to show our readers in what species of Christian charity our neighbor, the Daily Witness, loves to revel.

Some years ago there appeared a cartoon in which Bismarck was represented at the door of St. Peter's; a rope was tied around the cross upon the dome, and the Iron Chancellor was pulling on it with all his might. Satan appeared on the scene, and he asked Bismarck what he was trying to do. "I am trying to pull down that cross and upset this church," replied Bismarck. "I wish you luck, with your work," said Satan, "because I have been nearly nineteen hundred years trying the same thing and I have not yet succeeded; but"—continued His Satanic Majesty, "if you succeed you may have my place; I will resign cheerfully since you can say that you 'beat the Devil.'" Do the Canada Revue and the Daily Witness understand the cartoon?

NO BIGOT CAN TEACH HISTORY.

Recently the Catholic Columbian had an admirable article upon the subject of history as written or taught by the religiously prejudiced. From it we quote the following remark, which is preceded by a criticism of the bigotted spirit in which writers distort history:

"Teachers of history, too, in the institutions of learning, lecturers and public speakers have accepted the erroneous conclusions of historians and continue to spread these broadcast."

This is followed by another very pertinent remark:

"We are pleased, however, to occasionally note the honesty and courage of a public teacher or lecturer who endeavors to disabuse the minds of his hearers of this prejudice against the true history of the Catholic Church and its institutions. But we have little hopes that his words will be effectual, when bigotry has firmly set against them."

Professor H. P. Warren, Head Master of the Albany Academy, read a lecture recently before the Teacher's Institute, in the course of which he said:

"History cannot be taught by a bigot. No history is complete that does not teach the progress of the Roman Catholic Church under the Jesuits and their efforts for a purer priesthood. On the other hand you cannot have a history that leaves out Puritanism. Greene says that the history of the Puritan reformation is modern history. Unless we can teach history in the spirit of fairness, emphasizing all that is good and noble and true wherever found, better

not touch it. In all our teachings we should constantly aim to lead our pupils to the highest and best."

Commenting upon this paragraph the Columbian says:

"His hearers were those entrusted with forming correct ideas in the minds of the young, and many of them are known to be bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church, going so far at times as to present in the class-room their own personal opinion regarding the history of that great Church. As the province of the teacher is truth, the words of Prof. Warren would seem unnecessary, yet he doubtless knows that he had very good reasons for what he has so fearlessly declared. He was very opportune and his lecture should be appreciated by the teachers."

In several of our recent issues we have had articles upon the subject of school-books used in the Public and High Schools of Ontario. We have given our readers a pretty good idea of the anti-Catholic spirit in which the histories of England and Canada have been written or compiled for the use of pupils in these so-called undenominational schools. Evidently these text-books are the work of most bigotted writers, and consequently not of true historians. "Since no bigot can teach history" much less can one write or compile a history. Having proven, from the pages of these works that they are pronouncedly anti-Catholic and flagrantly unjust we desire to show how impossible it is for a teacher—already naturally prejudiced—who is armed with such text-books to teach history as it should be taught. There are more ways than one of destroying the faith of a child or a youth, and to destroy the faith in a Catholic is the direct and generally avowed object of these gentlemen who cry so loudly for "liberty of conscience" and "equal rights."

You may poison the mind of a youth against his faith by such means as are employed in those works to which we have referred. But even if there is not poison enough to procure an immediate effect, the faith can be starved out of the child, by constantly depriving the young person of spiritual nourishment. But what matter is it whether the faith is poisoned or starved, provided it is killed in the pupil? Well, this system of text-books is calculated to weaken the faith, by denying it that religious nutriment so necessary, and only to be found in the sources of grace which the Church affords, and finally to complete the work of destruction by instilling the poison of anti-Catholic prejudice and hatred. In fine the work is accomplished and the object attained when the Catholic child has gone forth from the so-called undenominational school a full-fledged enemy of the Faith of Ages.

It is impossible that a teacher, who has breathed from childhood the atmosphere of anti-Catholic methods, who has been trained in the ways of Protestant thought, who has studied his history from text-books such as we have criticised, and who undertakes to teach history from similar works, it is impossible that such a teacher can do justice to the Catholic pupil. Granting him all the best will in the world, still he cannot divest himself of his early prejudices, nor can he avoid a predilection for the anti-Catholic side of every question, nor is it to his interest to assist the Catholic pupil in the explanation of a history that if truthfully written or truthfully taught would only reflect the glories of his creed and the splendors of his Church. It is not in the nature of things that a teacher, who has even the slightest taint of bigotry, should be able to do unbiased justice to the subject of history. Too many are the temptations that beckon him into the bye-way of prejudice; too

many are the inclinations that, having become as it were a second nature, overcome his best conceived desire to be impartial. The consequence is that the Catholic pupil, attending non-sectarian or public schools of the class referred to, is in constant danger of losing his faith—we should say is in presence of the almost certainty of ultimate indifferentism, irreligion, and either infidelity or Protestantism. His companions are bigoted against his faith; on the playground, in the class-room, every place he meets with the same anti-Catholic spirit haunting the place. In the text-books he finds sneers at his creed, lies about his faith, calumnies against the consecrated members of his Church, perversions of facts the most glaring and extraordinary; in his teacher he finds a person who has been educated through means of similar text-books and consequently as prejudice against Catholicity as it is possible to be. That teacher undertakes to explain and examine the different historical questions through the spectacles of his own preconceived ideas and by the light of false history; the result is simply that the pupil is led on, step by step, into the winding labyrinth of sectarianism—perchance beyond the reach of all light from the orb of truth, therefore beyond all hope of redemption.

And even were the text-books perfect, and were the teachers unprejudiced, still there is danger to the faith of a youth from the starvation point. Although nothing may be done to directly slay the spirit of faith, still no nourishment is given to it, and its vitality ebbs away for want of ordinary sustenance. So dangerous are these public schools to the children of Catholic parents that we must be excused for touching so often upon the subject; our sincere desire to see our Catholic children receive sound Catholic instruction and a thorough Catholic education, must alone plead an excuse for us.

"DESIRE," whose question about the "free will of man," we answered the week before last, asks us the same thing again, but in another form. He writes: "Could it be said that the child of two or three years of age has it (free will?) must not he or she accept religious teaching entire in the case?" When a child reaches the age of reason—generally supposed to be about seven—he is in full possession of his free will, he is able to correspond with the graces sent him, or he can refuse to do so. He may or may not commit sin—just according as his will leads him. "Desire" says: "For instance, the Mayor of Montebello was, as a child, brought into the Church; was he there of his will?" No; he was there by the Providence of God, and he left it of his free will, and for the latter act he is responsible. The late Cardinal Newman was born of Protestant parents, baptized a Protestant, brought up as such, educated as such. After reaching the age of reason he preserved his innocence of soul in a remarkable degree, and he eventually corresponded with the grace sent from heaven, and of his own free will he became a Catholic, and finally was raised to the degree of a prince of the Church. As a child he had the freedom of his will, which he had in after life; he possessed the same gift of a "free will;" but his faculties were not developed and he could not distinguish between right and wrong, virtue and vice, consequently, he could not sin. A child of a month old possesses the gift of reason and that of expression, but he cannot use them until his faculties are developed. He possesses them none the less and is not deprived of them by God. So with "free will."

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

His Episcopal Jubilee.

Twenty-Five Years a Bishop in His Church—A Grand and Imposing Celebration—Baltimore Crowded with Clergy and others at the Celebration.

The grandest ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church that prelates, priests and laymen have ever engaged in or witnessed in the United States, took place on the eighteenth of October instant, in and about the Cathedral in Baltimore.

The occasion was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the election to the episcopate of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

All of the archbishops in this country, with, perhaps, a single exception (and this particular archbishop had written that he would be present), nearly the entire court of bishops, many monsignors and priests from far beyond the province of Baltimore were here to do honor to the Primate of the Catholic Church upon this consummation.

The day was an ideal day and the crowds of people were enormous that hoped to get within the Cathedral to witness the august ceremony of Pontifical Mass or to view the procession of the religious or to listen to the choir, organ and orchestra, as the strains of music, however subdued, might reach them. Admission into the Cathedral was by card. Every seat was taken long before the services were begun, and after the procession had entered, hundreds of people were allowed to follow who had been lucky enough to receive a ticket

GIVING THEM THIS PRIVILEGE.

Solemn Pontifical Mass and solemn Pontifical Vespers were the religious functions. At these services the archbishops of the country, and nearly all of the bishops, together with the priests of this province and many from other provinces, assisted. Archbishop Satolli and the Archbishop of New Zealand, Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, were also present. Monsignor Nugent, of Liverpool, represented Cardinal Vaughan and the Roman Catholic Church of Great Britain, and Rev. Dr. Booker, vice-rector of the American College in Rome, occupied a prominent place. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, preached the sermon of the solemn Pontifical Mass, and Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, will preach the sermon at the grand vesper service. A part of the celebration will be a grand banquet by Rev. Dr. Magnien, president of the Seminary of St. Mary of St. Sulpice, in honor of the Cardinal, at which the archbishops, bishops, monsignors and attendant clergymen will be present.

The following is the musical programme arranged for orchestra and the augmented Cathedral choir:

Prelude for orchestra and organ.....Cherubini
Entrance of procession—"March Solennelle,"
Hamerik
Vesting of celebrant—Andante.....Mascagni
"Introit"—Seminary choir.....Gregorian
"Kyrie".....Beethoven
"Gloria".....Beethoven
"Graduale".....Gregorian
"Veni Creator".....Farrow
"Credo".....Beethoven
"Offertorium".....Gregorian
Offertory motet—"Alma virgo".....Hummel
"Sanctus".....Beethoven
"Benedictus".....Beethoven
"Agnus Dei".....Beethoven
"Communio".....Gregorian
"Te Deum" (six-part chorus).....Kainz
Recessional—"Alleluia Chorus".....Beethoven

CARDINAL JAMES GIBBONS

was born in Baltimore, in July 23, 1834. When a lad he was taken by his father to Ireland, and on his return, having received an academic training, entered St. Charles College. Here he was graduated with honors, and with equal success completed his theological training at St. Mary's Seminary, being qualified for the priesthood in 1861. He was assigned to St. Bridget's Church, at Canton, a manufacturing suburb of Baltimore. After receiving several larger charges he finally came to the Cathedral, and was Chancellor at the time of the Second Plenary Council, which was held in this city. In 1868, he was created Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, and upon the death of Bishop McGill, of Richmond, succeeded to that vacancy. Then he became coadjutor to Archbishop Bayley, at the latter's urgent request, with the right of succession, and at the latter's death succeeded him as Archbishop of the diocese. The Cardinal's hat was con-

ferred upon him in 1886, Archbishop, then Mgr. Satolli being the bearer of the beretta. The services attending the investiture were very imposing. Cardinal Gibbons soon afterwards went to Rome, where the Pope placed the red hat upon his head with the usual impressive public ceremonies. Cardinal Gibbons has contributed largely to the religious and secular periodicals, but his most stable effort in literature is "The Faith of Our Fathers," which has run through a very large edition, and is constantly referred to by Catholic as well as Protestant writers. He is a small man, whose unassuming manners and modest reserve would give no indication to the passer-by of the dignity he holds in the Church or the influence he wields upon thousands of people. One could scarcely notice him in the passing throng, so quickly does he stride along, and so modestly. He rarely raises his eyes, save when his attention is attracted by the

SALUTATION OF SOME ACQUAINTANCE,

and then the greeting is as courteously returned. Nothing in his attire gives any indication of his rank, save that his frock coat is a trifle longer and his stove-pipe hat a trifle higher, and both apparently somewhat more worn than in the case of the ordinary individual. If the passer-by turned around he might catch a glimpse of the Cardinal's cap protruding just a little below his stove-pipe, and the back of the Cardinal's necktie obtrusively working its way above the coat collar. A walking cane is his usual companion, which he uses energetically to help propel him along. Ascetic in his eating, and regular in his mode of living, the Cardinal is, despite his fifty-nine years, his arduous duties and delicate responsibilities, a hearty, lithe, young man, who can walk faster and further than those who have thus far challenged him. He is an agreeable companion on a walk, but is generally unaccompanied, as few persons after one experience care to indulge in a second walking match. Personally, he is very affable and gentle in his manners, and until his duties became so burdensome, and the calls upon his time so great, was always approachable. No one had any need to send a card or give a name then. There was no formality nor condescension about him, and every one who had a question to ask might always be assured of an opportunity to ask it and get a courteous answer. The Cardinal is to-day as affable, as courteous and as gentle in manner as before he became the Primate of the Church, but this new dignity, which neither increased his authority nor swelled his purse, has added very materially to his labors and the demands upon him.

The Most Gorgeous Treasures of Arabia

What a splendid picture it brought before your mind! You read the glowing descriptions of the secret treasures which the genii of the ring spread before Aladdin's gaze. You perused this favorite story of yours in "Arabian Nights" when a boy, and your imagination pictured brilliantly for you everything that the words suggested.

That was when you were a boy. To-day, possibly, you are unable to do it. Shall we tell you the reason why? Most probably because your liver is sluggish, and as a consequence you suffer from sick headache, dizziness, and constipation. Do you want to cure all these permanently, make your liver active, your imagination lively, and in general enjoy things as you did when a boy? All you have to do is to use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest and easiest to take, and they are the cheapest because they are guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. What more can you ask?

A facetious fellow, who has occasion to send post-cards to a certain small town where there is a postmistress, writes this legend on the top of the card: "Please forward after perusal."

A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Rev. F. Gunner, M. D., of Listowel, Ont., says regarding B.B.B.: "I have used your excellent Burdock Compound in practice and in my family since 1884, and hold it No. 1 on my list of sanative remedies. Your three busy B's never sting, weaken, or worry."

Inquisitive old party—"My good man, can you tell me who is dead?" "No, sir; but I think it is the gentleman in the hearse yonder."

FATHER BERNARDINE OF THE INCARNATION.

(Roman Correspondent of London Tablet.)

It is only when the Saints are removed to a higher life that the world in general hears we have had another in our midst. The Order of the Most Holy Trinity has lately lost, on 11th September, its brightest ornament of these later times, Father Bernardine of the Incarnation, Definitor General of the Trinitarians. He was born at Terracena, and assumed the habit in 1835. He dedicated himself to preaching, and became quite celebrated for the number of conversions he made from infidelity to Christ and to His Church. To profound learning he united a still deeper humility with great gentleness and charity. His obedience and patience were put to many a proof in days of prison, exile, and persecution. He was beloved by his religious, had the friendship and confidence of the highest personages, both ecclesiastical and secular, and was venerated by all the poor and humble in Rome and Italy, as a source of strength and consolation, a teacher and adviser in every doubt and trouble. He died at his monastery of St. Chrysogonus, in Trastevere, and in the venerable basilica of the same name his funeral took place. Crowds of all ranks filled the church, and few eyes were dry during the funeral sermon preached by the Benedictine Father Bruno. From the preceding day, when the remains were carried into the church, there had been a ceaseless concourse of people pressing round the bier in order to touch it with rosaries, medals and other objects. After the Absolution, when the body was taken into the Chapel of Our Lady, a throng surrounded the bier to kiss it, and the monks had to guard the confessional of Father Bernardine from being demolished and divided into relics. Finally, they carried it out of the church, and the people threw themselves on the place where it stood, kissing the wall it had touched and the pavement it had stood upon. The Holy Father, Leo XIII., united with the popular voice in proclaiming Father Bernardine a Saint; for in sending him the Apostolic Benediction on his death bed, he added these words: "Go to Paradise another Saint." The Voce remarks that these remarkable tributes to a saintly life are fresh proofs of the vitality of religion and faith in the Italian people, who still, as in the past epochs, manifest their enthusiastic affection for the memory of the servants of God.

PROTESTANTISM IN ROME.

From Roman Correspondent of London Tablet

It has never been my rule personally to speak or write against, or criticize any form of belief outside the Catholic faith, but I cannot help recounting what I have heard of the means adopted by certain Protestants in Rome to enrol converts into their flock. This method seems only to have effect on the poor classes, and, in fact, it is only on them that it is practised, as there is more chance of success. In the street in which I live is shortly to be built a new Protestant church. The ground chosen is quite at the end of the street, facing the Via Venti Settembre. This ground was once occupied by a large convent, which took up also a large piece of the ground when now stands the new Ministry of War, which also face the street. The convent belonged to the Teresian nuns, but was expropriated after 1870. The first stone of this church was laid the other day. The same evening a man who does odd jobs for me, running messages, etc., came for orders. I asked him about the laying of the stone. "Yes," he said, "there were a few people, a great deal of singing and two preachers. One preached in English and the other in Italian. The English, of course, we could not understand, but the Italian one did nothing but speak against the Pope." But "he continued," they have been making us offers these new-comers here amongst us poor workmen who live in the surroundings. They promise us 500 francs each if we will become Protestants, and then if we have any debts or are sometimes in difficulties they will help us." So surprised was I at this that at first I could not believe it, and thought he must have been telling a story. The next day I asked him again, thinking also that I might have made a mistake, and that he had said fifty francs instead of 500 francs. "No," he answered, "ask the man who keeps the

lemonade store at the top of the street. He will tell you just exactly what I have said. It is perfectly true, and the money offered is 500 francs." In fact, the man who keeps the lemonade store confirms what my messenger says. "And are you going to accept?" I asked my informant. "No," said he, with a shake of his head, "and then the money safe in my pocket first."

What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?
COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?
COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice,
Better than lard, while less in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?
COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?
COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?
COTTOLENE

Who is it earns the gratitude
Of every lover of pure food
By making "COTTOLENE" so good?

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LETTERS FROM ALASKA.

INTERESTING ACCOUNTS OF THE BOREAL REGION.

Correspondence of a Missionary Nun—Descriptions of the Country, of the Indians, and of the Catholic Schools in That Far-off Land.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Salley, of Lachine, we are enabled to publish extracts from letters which they received from their daughter, Sister M. Winifred, who has been over a year on missionary work in Alaska. The Rev. Sister is stationed at Holy Cross Mission, Kosoriffsky, and her first letter is dated Nov. 27th, 1892. The first pages of the letter being more of a private nature than of any public interest, we will commence with that part in which she tells of her missionary work. In this issue we also give a letter from "Aloysius," one of her pupils. We might remark that the penmanship of Sister M. Winifred's letters is equal to anything found in our Catholic school exhibit at Chicago; while the pupil seems to copy the mistress closely, for the little Alaskan's writing is superior to any we have ever seen for a boy of his age. We give the boy's letter exactly as written without any corrections or changes.

The letters that Rt. Rev. Mgr. Clut sent us sometime ago seems to have proved most interesting, and have been largely copied by our Catholic American contemporaries. We trust that these letters from Alaska will also serve to give an idea of the great and noble work being done by our Catholic missionaries—priests and nuns—amongst the untutored children of these wild and distant regions. Next week we shall give others of increasing interest.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

J. M. J.

HOLY CROSS MISSION, KOSORIFFSKY, November 27, 1892.

VERY DEAR PARENTS,— I look at the date of this journal and say with reason, is it possible, I am a year in Alaska, and have not found time yet to write to my dear beloved parents? But it is the last time, dear loved ones, that I will be caught like this. The salvation of souls will not make me forget the consolation of hearts. Do not get discouraged though, for dear Sr. Superior has just given me two hours to write to your own dear selves. Experience teaches. This dear sister has been telling me to write my letters and leave other things aside, but I always counted on having time in spring when the days are long, and I have been nicely caught. I have forgotten that the longer the day the more the work. Nevertheless, although there will be no dates I will try to remember things as well as I can. I will make no promises in future, but I will do. The fact that a year has passed is like a dream to me. I never enjoyed better health than this year. What is more than extraordinary for me, I remember only having a headache twice, and I have not had even as much as a cold in the head. And for happiness it cannot be surpassed. A sad thought never crosses my mind, much less penetrates the heart. I imagine I hear papa say as usual that the world is ill divided. But I know my dear parents will not be surprised at this, for they know and have often said that I have chosen the better part. Now for the news! A day or two after I came here I went out to weed turnips in the garden with the boys or rather I oversee the work. I said to myself Indian children are harder to manage than a flock of geese. I think they found me pretty green in that trade and I did not find them very intelligent, so our impressions were about the same. They have queer ways of talking English, they always say I will go, yis, for shall I go? You will be our teacher, yis? My needle is go upstairs, etc. I think I spoke already about my class. The boys and myself did not take long to get acquainted, so we are real good friends, so much so that when anyone slights them they offend me. Every month they have a picnic, and they are very fond of hunting. I told them I would ask you for a gun and I would lend it to them every holiday. They never forget when we promise them anything, and they will certainly expect it. The children here are all boarders, so that we never have vacation. The children have no class during the month of July and have a little more liberty, but we have the pleasure of enjoying their amiable company and do all in our power to give them all the pleasure we possibly can. Apart from class I take care of the boys' clothes and keep them in order. Every morning I am generally greeted as follows: "Sister, my pants is hole." "I too, Sister, I too, Sister," repeat a number of timid voices. Then I gather them around my treasure box which contains a number of patched trousers, jumpers, etc., and each gets according to his needs. Towards the end of September we brought in the potatoes, turnips, etc. We had about 180 bushels of potatoes in all, that is counting the Fathers' and Sisters' garden. They were just as big as in our own country, but somewhat watery on account of the wet season we had. The supply of cabbage, carrots and turnips was also quite abundant; so you see we are not so much to be pitied after all. This winter has been milder than any yet experienced in the Yukon. The month of December was like a Spring month, that is although the snow was deep the thermometer did not attain freezing point for several days. The month of February however was not so pleasant. Some days the cold was intense: so much so that I had to break the ice on my dish of water in order to make my toilet. The Sisters often tease me over this and say this is a poor excuse to relieve me from the discomfort of washing my-

self in cold weather. It is not an uncommon novelty in this country during the winter season to have Jack Frost a very near but not a dear friend. This inseparable companion frequently whitewashed the logs around my bed, and often permitted me a *little* life on the same pillow. This is all right when the cold is intense but when soft weather comes this frost melts and wets everything. All the sisters have a deerskin cloak called a parky with hood attached. I have the great honor and privilege of having the very one worn by our dear regretted martyr Archbishop Seghers. There is no difference between the men and women's parky; they are made alike. Perhaps you have seen the sample Sister M. Joseph brought with her. If not you should ask to see it. The beauty of the sunrise in this country is unsurpassed, and this especially in autumn. The sky all along the Yukon is of a dark blue, then a fiery red darts through this and reflects on the calm waters. This way you will understand better. We are situated from river about the same distance that Peter's house is from the St. Lawrence. This is the only difference; the river is not so wide at this part nor are there any villages on the opposite shore to greet the wandering eye, but these are replaced by beautiful mountains and tall trees. The sun rises in the midst of these mountains just opposite our door. Our shortest days are in December and even though the sun rises at half-past ten or later, the rising effect is equally beautiful. At this season the sun is always shining, that is we see no sun rise nor sun set. The sun is shining when we get up and it is still shining when we go to bed. In July it sets about half-past eleven and rises at one. I often go for long walks with the children along the river. There we sing beautiful hymns and songs, my favorite is "There's nothing true, nothing bright, nothing kind but heaven." I am very happy here and I often say if my dear good parents only knew this they would rejoice with me. I have the children pray very often for you, and now when they want to please me very much they say I pray for you Sister and for your father and mother too.

June 9. You see my two hours have been interrupted. I come again only to have a short chat. We expect the boats, (for there are two this year) every day, and my boys need a brushing up before they come. These boats pass the winter up here in search of furs and skins, and when the ice breaks they go down to St. Michael's to meet their Company's boat from San Francisco. They always stop here, on their way down, to receive our letters and assist at the children's examination. Their work of the year is also examined such as knitting, sewing, writing and drawing books, etc. This is an important business it appears, but I will be better able to describe the scene after it has taken place. Until this fuss is over I have hardly time to make ends meet. We shall not know if there are any of our Sisters coming this year or not until the boat comes back from St. Michael's in July. Sister Superior goes down every year to St. Michael's, either to receive our provisions or to send orders for more. I forgot to tell you last year that we had the chance of receiving news in September. The St. Paul made a second trip. It will probably be the same every year now so, that you can risk a letter in July. I received several letters in September from the dear Sisters of Worcester and also from the kind ladies in San Francisco. I would have been overjoyed to receive a letter from you or dear Sister M. Frances but I knew you did not know so I did not expect any. If I was not kept so busy I would certainly find it very long to wait two months more before getting any news from you. I hope dear Lizzie will write for you all and keep a faithful record of passing events. Do not forget to speak to me of my faithful and dear old friends Mr. and Mrs. Fallon, Father Salmon and all those whom I have no time to mention here, but for whom I pray. I wish you to tell dear Father Salmon in particular that I have a special memento for him and family in all my prayers and sacrifices, and I beg of him also that he may pray for me and for the dear souls confided to my charge. In a word remember me kindly; to every one and tell them of my happiness and a constant remembrance of them in prayer. My letter to Sr. M. Francis will be short so you might send her this when you get tired of it; she might find something in it to make her laugh. This is a particular trade of mine, to make other people laugh; and I think I never laughed so much in all my life as I did this year. I often tell the Sisters that they are advancing in sanctity and I in mischief. I often think of the grand time I had with Sr. M. Frances, in Victoria. I teased her so much. She found me entirely changed. For the better of course. Make her send you her letter too. There are certainly facts in it that I have not written here. I will write to you again in August if the boat makes a second trip like last year. Your letters will always be safe no matter when you send them. The Alaska Company always takes great care of packages or letters addressed to this country and delivers them faithfully. If you, or friend wish to send me anything as you generally do, just send a V or — to our dear intimate friends Mother St. Anastasia, Mother Mechtilda, or Sr. M. Good Shepherd. They know best what is suited to our mission and useful to myself. Wishing my dear loved ones all the happiness and consolations the Sacred Heart can bestow. I am always Their loving and grateful child, Sr. M. WINIFRED.

An Alaskan Boy's Letter.

HOLY CROSS MISSION, Alaska, May 16, 1893.

To Sr. M. WINIFRED'S DEAR PARENTS,— I am one of Sr. M. Winifred's boys. I am very happy at school and like the Fathers and Sisters real well. Sister often speaks of you, and asks us to pray for you. We are all very glad every year when the boat comes up. We always get something. Last year the good boys of some rich lady sent us a nice game of baseball and many other nice things. I got a painting box, and every play day I color my pictures in my drawing book. I was a prefect of the boys and I always get my good marks. The highest marks we can get is one hundred each week—fifty for conduct and fifty for application. When we do not lose a single mark during a whole month, we wear a nice badge and meddle every week at Mass and Benediction. Every month we have an examination. That is Father Superior Rev. Father Muset comes to our class to see how we are getting along. It begins by a song or a hymn then reading, spelling, counting, dictation and catechism of course for it is our first and principal study, and it ends with a recitation spoken by the best boys. Father is always pleased with us, and says we are improving each time, and so is our dear teacher. Then comes the picnic. What fun we have with the sleigh and dogs. When the weather is too cold or storming we enjoy ourselves at home. How happy we feel after having been good

boys. One day we met Sr. M. Winifred in the woods with the girls. We only had one dog pulling the sleigh. We asked Sister to get on and he pulled her all round the lake. This is for the winter. Now at this season before the ice breaks, it is the time to shoot ducks and swans. I like our hunting parties very much. Brother John and some boys started out one morning at one o'clock, and came home at six in the evening and they killed seven geese. They were fat and big and heavy, they were very tired, when they came home. The small boys do not go to shoot, but they come only to bring home what the big boys kill. They kill chickens and rabbits and squerrel and birds with their bow and arrows.

The girls have their holy day also. In summer they go on the mountains to get some berries with Sister and bring their baskets with them. You see we live very happy here. Sr. M. Winifred says she will ask you to send her a gun and she will lend it to us every holy day. We are all waiting for the ice to break, and hoped that the big boat will bring us some more Sisters and Fathers to make us happy. I will write a longer letter next you. I will try to be one of Sr. M. Winifred's best boys.

ALOYSIUS.

He is really one of my best boys, although they are all very good. They enjoy nothing better than to give me a sleigh ride with the dogs. Whenever they catch me out in the woods they run up to me and say Sister! you never come for a walk with us. I take care of their clothes and try to make gentlemen of them, but it is no small task. Paper is scarce in Alaska. I fill up the spaces.

Sr. M. W.

The Ideal Food for Infants!

By Royal Letters Patent.

MILK GRANULES. The perfect equivalent of Mother's Milk.

It is the solids of pure cow's milk of the very best quality so treated that, when dissolved in the proper amount of water, it yields a product which is practically identical in composition, re-action, taste and appearance with Mother's Milk. It is absolutely free from starchy matter, which is present in barley, flour and other infant foods, and contains no glucose and no cane sugar.

Put up in 50c. Tins by the Johnston Fluid Beef Co'y, MONTREAL.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. WORLD'S FAIR LINE.

TO CHICAGO AND RETURN \$18.00 EVERY DAY Till 28th October

LAST OPPORTUNITY VISIT the FAIR.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 129 ST. JAMES STREET. Next to Post Office.

COLLEGE NOTRE DAME. Cote Des Neige, Montreal, Canada

[FOR BOYS FROM 5 TO 12.] This institution directed by the Religions of the Holy Cross, occupies one of the most beautiful and salubrious sites in Canada. It was founded for giving a Christian education to boys between the ages of five and twelve years. They receive here all the care and attention to which they are accustomed in their respective families, and prepare for the classical or commercial course. The French and English languages are taught with equal care by masters of both origins. Boys are received for vacation. L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C. President.

THE MARTYR OF CHARITY.

A Memorial Cross Erected at Molokai in Father Damien's Honor.

A beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of Father Damien at Molokai on Sept. 10, when the beautiful cross presented to the Catholic mission in his honor by the National Leprosy Fund of Great Britain, of which the Prince of Wales is honorary president and Sir Somers Vine secretary, was unveiled in the presence of the chief dignitaries of Hawaii.

The Daily Bulletin of Honolulu gives a lengthy and interesting account of the ceremony from which the following is taken:

About 4.15 p.m., Sunday the 10th, Mr. Edmund Stiles, Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, arrived at the cross, which was veiled, and around him were standing the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Honolulu (Protestant), and Mrs. Willis; Mr. J. A. King, Minister of the Interior; Mr. W. O. Smith, Attorney-General; Father Conrady, the Franciscan Sisters with their leper wards, and a large assemblage of the lepers. The leper band was also in attendance, arrayed in new uniform. At 4.30 the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Panopolis and Vicar-Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands, walked from the Bishop's Home (for leper girls), robed in his episcopal habit, attended by Father Wendell, and preceded by two acolytes bearing incense and holy water, to the cross, and then the leper band struck up "Nearer my God, to Thee." After which Mr. Stiles approached the Bishop, and in the presence of the large assembly of natives as well as foreigners, and those stricken with that dread disease which the skill of the present generation cannot grapple with, delivered the address of presentation to which the Rt. Rev. Bishop responded briefly in these words:

"MR. STILES:—In the name of the Catholic Mission, I accept this beautiful monument, sent here by a committee of English people, presided over by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and erected by the Hawaiian Government. I beg you to convey my hearty thanks to both His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Hawaiian Government for their appreciation of the good deeds of Father Damien. I knew him very well because I spent the five first years of my missionary life with him, and I was present when he knelt down and asked the Rt. Rev. Bishop Malgrat to grant him leave to come here and spend his life for the consolation of these poor afflicted ones. So of him and of the Fathers and Sisters now living here, we can truly repeat the words engraved on this monument, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

The Bishop of Panopolis also spoke in Hawaiian to the assembly. After the addresses the Bishop proceeded with the church ritual of dedication. He walked around the cross, sprinkling holy water upon it, and, after incensing it, read a prayer of blessing, after which the band played another air. Thus ended the ceremony of unveiling and dedicating the memorial of one whose name has become the theme of kings and rulers everywhere. "The curse a blessing shall be found." The cross is erected at Kalaupapa, in a very prominent place, where passers-by on the main road can easily see it, and just beneath the Bishop's Home for Girls.—Catholic Columbian.

IMPORTANT TO WORKINGMEN.

Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful cords, stiff joints and lameness. To all thus troubled we would recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure, for outward and internal use.

She: Am I the first girl you ever proposed to, darling? He sincerely: No; but you are the only girl who ever accepted me.

DIZZINESS CAUSED BY DYSPEPSIA.

Dizziness is a symptom of dyspepsia. "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for dizziness, which came over me in spells, so that I had to quit work for a while. The B.B.B. entirely cured me." James Wright, Chesterfield, Ont.

The blonde: I wonder if I shall ever live to be one hundred. The brunette: Not if you remain twenty-two much longer.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Public speakers and singers are often troubled with sore throat and hoarseness, and are liable to severe bronchial attacks which might be prevented and cured by the use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam—the best throat and lung remedy in use.

A FARMER'S HARD LUCK.

MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT FOLLOWED BY PAINFUL RESULTS.

Mr. N. B. Hughson tells a Story of Years of Suffering and How he found Release—The Circumstances Familiar to all his Neighbors.

From the Chatham Banner.

A Chatham Banner reporter while on news-gathering rounds a few days ago dropped into the well-known drug store of Messrs. Pilkey & Co., and overheard scraps of conversation between customers, in which the words "Pink Pills" and the name "Hughson" were frequently repeated. With a reporter's instinct for a good news article, he asked for some particulars, and was told that if he called upon Mr. Hughson he would probably get a story well worth giving publicity. Mr. Hughson does a snug feed and sale stable business on Harvey street and thither the reporter repaired, and was somewhat surprised to find the very antipodes of an invalid. Mr. Hughson is a man of medium height, about fifty years of age, born with a good constitution, and who, until some three years ago only knew the meaning of the word sickness from the dictionary.

Mr. Hughson is a stationary engineer by trade, and a good one, but some six years ago getting tired of that calling quitted it and rented a farm in Harwich. While returning from town one day on top of a load, one of his horses stumbled, and Mr. Hughson was pitched head foremost to the hard, frozen roadway. When he got home and the blood was wiped away his external injuries seemed trifling, but the grave trouble was inside, and took the form of a violent and almost-constant headache. A week later he went into the bush to cut wood, and felt at every stroke as if his head would burst. He worked for half an hour and then went home, and for eight weeks his right side was wholly paralyzed and his speech gone. After a time this wore off and he was able to go about the house, though he could not walk. All this time he was attended by a physician, whose treatment, however, seemed of but little avail. In the following June he had a second stroke and was not out of bed for seven weeks and was left very weak. The belief that he was doomed to be a burden on those near and dear to him, that he was unable to take his place as a bread-winner, added mental to his physical anguish. But relief was coming, and in a form he had not expected. He saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and asked his physician about them. The latter said he had not much faith in these remedies, but they would do no harm, and Mr. Hughson got a supply which he began taking according to directions. At the outset his wife was also opposed to them, but before he had taken them long she noticed an improvement in his condition, and then was quite as strong in urging him to continue their use, and even took them with good results herself for heart weakness following la grippe. Continuing the use of the pills, Mr. Hughson found his terrible headaches leaving him and his strength returning, and soon found he could do light work on the farm near his house. He still continued using the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, and found himself fully restored to his old-time strength. Mr. Hughson's old neighbors in Harwich never expected to see him on his feet again, and are astounded at his recovery, so much so that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has spread far and near throughout the township, and are the standard remedy in many households. Mr. Hughson can be seen by any of our citizens and will only too gladly verify the foregoing statements.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Pilkey & Co., at the Central Drug Store. They do not, they informed him, make a practice of booming any proprietary medicine, so that the lead taken by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is not due to persistent puffing but to irresistible merit, and on all sides their customers speak of them in terms of warmest praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale

and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

NOTICE.

JOSEPH LEVEILLE, Gentleman, the Rev. F. X. JOSEPH LEVEILLE, Priest, CHARLES ALPHONSE LEVEILLE, Notary, and JOSEPH DUCLOS, Merchant, all of Montreal, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for the ratification of certain sales of real estate and of certain transactions entered into between them.

LAMOTHE & TRUDEL,
Attorneys for Petitioners.
Montreal, 2nd October, 1898. 12-5

NOTICE.

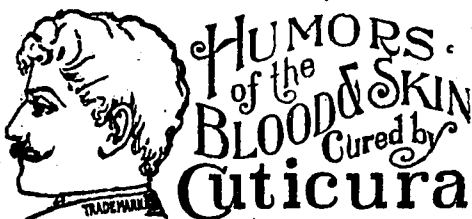
NOTICE is hereby given that The Chamber Manufacturing Company will apply to the Legislature at its next session for an Act amending its Charter 51-52 Vict. ch. 73, granting additional powers to said company and more clearly defining the powers it already possesses.

BEIQUÉ, LAFONTAINE, TURGEON & ROBERTSON,
12-5 Attorneys for Petitioners.

The Testamentary Executors of the late Francois Xavier Beaudry

Will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law defining more clearly their powers to alienate the properties bequeathed for charitable purposes, and acknowledging that the proceeds of such alienations may be employed in improvements or buildings on unproductive immovables or others in their possession before acquiring any new ones; acknowledging, moreover, that they may remit that part of the Estate to the Seminary of St. Sulpice or to another religious Corporation before the expiration of the period of twenty-five years mentioned in the Codicil of the Testator, and for other purposes.

BEIQUÉ, LAFONTAINE, TURGEON & ROBERTSON,
12-5 Attorneys for Petitioners.

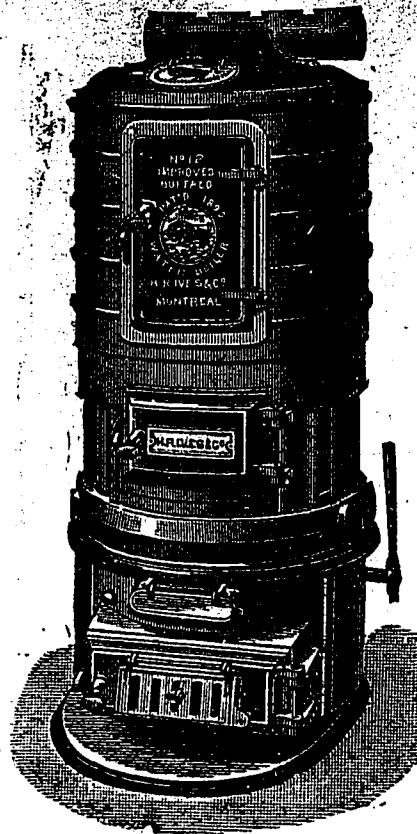


HUMORS of the BLOOD & SKIN Cured by Cuticura

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER 80c.



HE HAD THEM TESTED.

You are in want of a Thoroughly Reliable Hot Water Boiler

PLEASE EXAMINE THE

BUFFALO

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

For Economy of Fuel, For Steadiness of Heat. For Ease of Management.

For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.

Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal, MONTREAL 19th July, 1898. DEAR SIRS:—With reference to the "Buffalo" Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last year, we are pleased to say that we find the same very satisfactory in every respect.

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

WHAT IS

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER

It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality. — Numerous and very flattering testimonials from well known PHYSICIANS and other citizens of good standing testify to the marvelous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER. Lack of space allows us to reproduce only the two following:

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth, a substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view. This is a proof that the manufacturer of Robson's Restorer is above all anxious to produce an article of real value, regardless of the expense necessary to attain this end. It is with pleasure that I recommend Robson's Restorer in preference to all other preparations of that nature.

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D. Lavaltrie, December 28th, 1898.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Félix de Valois.

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

G. DESROSIERS, M. D. St-Félix de Valois, January, 18th 1898.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

Registered. A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily.

Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

as THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it all others are imitations.

That Wedding Present You are Thinking of Giving

IS CAUSING YOU A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE.

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

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

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

A Set of EDDY'S INDURATED FIBRE WARE,

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

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

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

MARSHAL McMAHON BURIED

In the Presence of the Russians and a Great Crowd of People

PARIS, October 21.—The funeral of Marshal McMahon took place to-day. There were few marks of mourning along the route of the procession. The lamp-posts were hung with crape and here and there a flag fluttered from a window. The crowd was enormous. Hundreds of thousands filled the streets close up to the military lines, covered the roofs of the houses, blackened the windows and packed the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysees and the Pont des Invalides. The Esplanade des Invalides was occupied by troops. The hearse was taken after the services to the Esplanade des Invalides, where 40,000 troops defiled past and saluted. The infantry was represented by sixteen line regiments, the cavalry by six and the artillery by four. All had their colors wrapped with crape. As the troops passed the civilians stood with bared heads and the foreign military representatives saluted. The march past occupied two hours. It was a splendid spectacle. The Russians watched it with intense interest, not once removing their eyes from the moving columns. During the march the battery at the Quai d'Orsay fired at frequent intervals. At 4:30 o'clock the ceremony was over.

JUBILEE OF THE ABBEY MARIALACH, RHEINISH PRUSSIA.—A correspondent writes:—"On the 15th inst., the Abbey here celebrated the 800th anniversary of its foundation. It will be remembered that last year the Benedictines returned to Marialach, whence they had been driven by the French revolution. The abbey is by a beautiful lake surrounded by wooded hills. In former times all the land around belonged to the monks. Now, however, only a part is in possession of the monastery. Since 1863 the Jesuits occupied the abbey, and made Marialach famous by the works of their professors. In 1870, they, too, were driven out by the Government, and now the Benedictines are in possession of their own again. The Emperor has allowed them the use of the church, which has been closed since the beginning of this century. There are no bulls in the town, no organ in the church, no high altar. All is bare and undecorated. The vast buildings of the abbey are in a very unsatisfactory state of dis-repair. But in spite of those drawbacks, the anniversary has been celebrated with great pomp. The Bishop of Treves sang Pontifical High Mass before a large congregation, filling the church in every corner. A large number of guests were present, including the Rev. Father Priors of Erdington and Maredsons, Professor Schofer, Count Sper, Baron Eichendorf, the provost and canons of the Cathedral of Treves, and many other well-known priests and laymen. The Bishop of Treves preached most eloquently after High Mass. At dinner, as is usual with the monks, strict silence was observed, but afterwards the bishop made a speech, and gave the toast, "Pope and Kaiser," and was followed by the Rev. Father Prior and Professor Schofer. The Very Rev. Lord Archabbot had been expected, but, unfortunately, illness prevented him from attending. At this grand festival thronged crowds from all parts of the Rheinland. The greatest enthusiasm marked the joy with which the Catholics of the Catholic Rheinland received the return of the monks in their midst.—*London Tablet.*

Life is Misery.

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum, and every form of blood disease. It is remarkably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

A Simple Way to Help Poor Catholic Missions.

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. 84c

WANTED—BY A LADY, WELL QUALIFIED, a position as housekeeper in a Cure's Presbytery. Apply TRUE WITNESS OFFICE.



Give Ear to the plain facts about Pearlina, and then give Pearlina a chance to prove them, by giving it a fair trial. Nothing else will give the same result. It washes safely, as well as surely; it cleans carefully, as well as easily. It is as cheap as soap and better. Anything that can be washed, can be washed best with Pearlina. It lightens labor and does lightning work. As nearly as we can figure, about eight millions of women use it. Do you? You will sooner or later.

Beware of imitations. 287 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

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FIGURE WINDOWS } FOR CHURCHES.
STATUARY }
Approved by His Holiness Pope Pius IX., Brief 1865.
Gold Medals at all the Universal Expositions.
Grand Prix d'Honneur, Rome, 1870
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\$3 a Day Sure.
Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.
Address A. W. KNOWLES,
Windsor, Ontario.

DR. WOOD'S

Norway Pine Syrup.
Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.
A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.
PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WEDDING PRESENTS.
Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate, Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Spoons and Forks, A1 quality, Choice Selections and Low Prices.
INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.
WATSON & DICKSON,
1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter.
[Late 58 St. Salpêtr.]

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Sales of choice Manitoba patents are reported at \$4 to \$4.10 for Newfoundland account. A prominent shipper of flour to Newfoundland assured us in the most positive terms that he had recently purchased good Ohio straight roller flour at equal to \$3.00 laid down here. Sales, however, have transpired at \$3.10 to \$3.15 during the past week. Flour is a very difficult article to quote just now, each holder forms his own ideas of values and sells accordingly, irrespective of what others are selling at.

Patent Spring.....	\$3.85 @ 4.10
Patent Winter.....	3.45 @ 3.85
Straight Roller.....	3.15 @ 3.25
Extra.....	2.80 @ 3.05
Superfine.....	2.50 @ 2.70
Fine.....	2.20 @ 2.35
City Strong Bakers.....	3.55 @ 3.65
Manitoba Bakers.....	3.25 @ 3.65
Ontario bags—extra.....	1.40 @ 1.60
Straight Rollers.....	1.50 @ 1.55
Superfine.....	1.25 @ 1.40
Fine.....	1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—Car lots of rolled oats have changed hands at \$4 to \$4.10 on track here as to brand, one buyer stating that he can get better terms than \$4. We quote as jobbing prices as follows:—Rolled and granulated \$4.20 to \$4.30, standard \$3.75 to \$4.05. In bags, granulated and rolled, \$2.00 to \$2.10, and standard, \$1.80 to \$1.95.

Feed.—We quote \$14.50 to \$15, with Manitoba bran quoted at \$14.50. Shorts are quieter at \$18 to \$17, and moullie \$20.00 to \$21.50.

Wheat.—Canada red and white winter wheat is offered west of Toronto at 55c to 57c, and here at 68c to 67c, without finding buyers. Here No. 2 hard Manitoba is quoted at 72c to 73c.

Corn.—We quote cargoes in bond 49c to 50c, and car lots duty paid 69c to 72c.

Peas.—The market is quite and prices are easier, 68c being the most that shippers will pay. A country shipper was offered 68c a few days ago for immediate reply by wire.

Oats.—There have been sales of No. 2 for export at 35c in store, and for local account 38c. No. 3 has sold at 34c. per 34 lbs. Lower prices are expected.

Barley.—About 5,000 to 10,000 bushels have been placed at prices ranging from 50c to 55c as to grade. No 3 barley is quoted at 48c, and feed at 41c to 42c.

Malt.—Prices are believed to be in the close vicinity of 70c, and we quote 70c to 75c.

Rye.—A few car lots have sold at 50c cost and freight Montreal, which is equal to 51c in store per 58 lbs.

Buckwheat.—There have been sales of car lots in this market at 50c.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—Hog products keep firm, Canadian short cut mess pork having sold at \$24.00 to \$25.00, a lot of 20 bbls selling at the latter price. Lard is irregular, with sales of compound at \$1.65 per pall of 20 bbls, which is equal to 8c per lb. and we quote \$1.65 to \$1.75. Smoked meats are steady at old rates, the demand being a little slack just now.

Canada short cut pork per bbl.....	\$24.00 @ 25.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.....	22.00 @ 23.00
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....	22.50 @ 23.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....	22.00 @ 23.00
India mess beef, per tierce.....	00.00 @ 00.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.....	00.00 @ 00.00
Hams, city cured, per lb.....	12 @ 14c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....	11 @ 12c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....	8 @ 9c
Bacon, per lb.....	11 @ 12c
Shoulders, per lb.....	10 @ 11c

Dressed Hogs.—A few lots of dressed hogs have arrived, and sales have been made at \$8.00 to \$8.50 as to quality.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Another factory was offering its September good at 21c a few days ago. Shippers, it is said, have paid recently 22c for late made creamery, but they will not pay more.

Creamery September.....	21c to 22c
Eastern Townships.....	19c to 21c
Western.....	17c to 19c

For single tubs of selected, 1c per lb may be added to the above.

Exports.—The total exports for the season up to the close of last week were 61,700 pkgs against 80,000 pkgs for the same period in 1892.

Cheese.—The sales at the boat on Monday last, embracing about 6,000 boxes of Quebec cheese at 11c to 11 1/2c, showed an advance of 1/2 to 3/4c upon last week's figures. We quote prices here as follows:—

Finest Western colored.....	11c to 11 1/2c
Finest Western white.....	11c to 11 1/2c
Finest Quebec.....	11c to 11 1/2c
Underpried.....	10c to 11c
Liverpool cable white.....	54s
Liverpool cable colored.....	54s

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of choice candled stock in one and two case lots at 16c to 18c, while the ordinary run of stock was 14c for round lots. Culls have sold at 12c.

Beans.—Sales of choice hand-picked beans have been made at \$1.50, and we quote \$1.50 to \$1.70 as to size of lot and quantity. Ordinary to good \$1.25 to \$1.40, and inferior \$1.00 to \$1.10.

Maple Products.—Syrup at 4c to 5c in wood, and 5c to 6c in tins. Sugar is dull at 6c to 7c per lb.

Hops.—Sellers asking 23c to 25c, and buyers bidding 20c to 22c.

Honey.—Sales were made this week of 10 lb tins at 7c to 8c, extra qualities commanding a fraction more. Old honey has sold at 5c to 6c as to condition. Comb honey sells 11c to 12c for mixed, and buckwheat 13c to 13c for fancy white clover.

Baled Hay.—Sales reported at \$9.50 to \$10 alongside vessel, per ton of 2,000 lbs. New business has also been done at stations on the Grand Trunk and O.P.R. at \$9 to \$9.25. Baled straw is quoted steady at \$8 to \$8.50 per ton.

FRUITS, Etc.

Peaches.—California selling at \$1.15 to \$1.25; Canadian in baskets at \$1 to \$1.25.

Pears.—Quoted at from \$4.50 to \$9 per bbl, and 50c to 70c per basket.

Cranberries.—Are unchanged at \$7 to \$7.50 per barrel.

Oranges.—Fresh arrivals of Floridas \$2.25 to \$2.75, Jamaica in bbls \$5 to \$5.50; boxes, \$3 to \$3.50.

Lemons.—We quote \$1 to \$4.50 for fancy Messina, and \$3 to \$3.50 for Florida.

Bananas.—Are quoted all the way from 50c to \$1.50.

Dates.—Are selling at 75c per lb.

Cocoa Nuts.—Remain unchanged at \$4 to \$4.25 per bag of 100.

Potatoes.—Prices quoted at about 50c to 55c on track.

Sweet Potatoes.—Selling from \$3.25 to \$3.75 per bbl. for choice stock.

Quinces.—Selling at 40c to 50c per basket.

Onions.—Native onions are quoted at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per bbl; Spanish in crates from 85c to \$1 Round lots have sold at 75c to 80c.

FISH AND OILS.

Pickled Fish.—Newfoundland Shore herrings are still quoted at \$3.75 to \$4. Cape Breton at \$3 to \$3.25. Green cod at \$4.75 to \$5.00 for No. 1. Dry cod \$4.50 to \$3.00. In cases of 100 lbs., \$5.50 to \$6.00.

Oils.—Newfoundland cod oil is quiet but firm at 30c to 37c, with sales at the inside figure. Steam refined seal oil sales have been made as low as 40c for round lots, and we quote 4c to 42c as to quantity. Cod liver oil dull at 45c to 50c for old, and new 55c to 60c. Norwegian 70c to 80c. A lot of steam refined seal was also sold at 41c.

Dried Fish.—Boneless cod 8c to 8c per lb, and ordinary dried fish at 4c to 5c. Smoked herring 12c to 15c per box.

Canned Fish.—Lob-ters \$3.00 per case for talls, and \$3.50 to \$9.00 for flats. Mackerel \$4.00 to \$4.50.

Fresh Fish.—Cod and haddock, 3c to 8c. Oysters.—Sales of fine Malpeques have been made at \$3.50 to \$4 per bbl, one lot of 25 bbls selling to arrive at \$3.

LIVE STOCK.

The Montreal Stock Yards Company, Point St. Charles, reports as follows: No demand for shipping cattle and few changed hands. For the local trade market opened up fair, with medium receipts; but as the week advanced heavy receipts of inferior grades caused the market to close with several lots left over. Hogs during the early part of the week were in good demand, and sold readily at 6c to 6 1/2c, with heavy receipts during the latter part, closing 25c lower, all sold out. No change in sheep or lambs, closing about the same as previous week. Good calves sell readily at good prices.

We quote the following as being fair values:

Cattle—Export.....	4c to 4 1/2c
" Butchers' good.....	3 1/2c to 4c
" " medium.....	2c to 3 1/2c
" " culls.....	2c to 3c
Lambs.....	\$2.00 to \$3.00
Calves.....	\$5.00 to \$8.00
Hogs.....	\$5.00 to \$5.50

Montreal Horse Market.

The Montreal Horse Exchange, Point St. Charles, reports as follows: Trade for the week at these stables was fair. There was considerable enquiry and 10 horses were sold at good prices. We have on hand for sale all kinds of horses, heavy and medium draft, choice drivers, saddle, coachers and jumpers, with one car to arrive early in the week.

County of Hochelaga Agricultural Society

ANNUAL PLOUGHING MATCH.

The Annual Ploughing Match under the direction of the above named Society will take place on the premises of Mr. Archibald Drummond, at Petite Côte, on WEDNESDAY, the 25th day of October instant. Ploughs to be on the ground by 8 o'clock in the morning.

By order,

H. BRODIE,

Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, 18th October, 1892. 14-1

P. BRADY

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

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

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

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

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

ADDRESS:

P. BRADY,

47-L

Helena P. O., Que.

LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER.

DIVIDEND NO. 56.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent, has been declared on the paid-up Capital of this institution for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office, in Montreal, on and after FRIDAY, the First of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th of November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

A. DE MARTIGNY,

Managing Director.

14-6

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A STORY.

The following story tells about an American princess who is now reaping the reward of trying to do what she thought was right. It is called

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF.

A notable personage, frequently pointed out to newcomers and strangers at Seattle, Wash., is a real, live American princess. She is often seen seated on the sidewalk in an old, faded calico dress and a common woolen shawl wrapped about her shoulders. This is Princess Angeline, the daughter of Chief Seattle. She is very well treated by the older residents, and has only to ask them for anything she may want, and it is given her.

This is all owing to the fact that at an early day in the history of that part of the country, when the people were in constant danger from attacks of hostile tribes of Indians, she, at great personal danger to herself and after a long journey, came into the white settlement and warned the "pale face" of a very formidable threatened attack of the Indians, and by her timely aid saved the entire settlement, thus preserving their homes from destruction and their wives and children from captivity and massacre.

Her father, Seattle, was very kind and true in his friendship for the white race who had made their homes in the region of Puget Sound, sheltered by the snow-capped mountain heights, and now the grateful people have erected a monument to his memory upon his grave.

Well may the inhabitants of Seattle pay the Princess Angeline all honor for the services she rendered, for she has become a part of the history of their country, even if, as she sits by the roadside with her little short-stemmed black pipe held tight between her teeth, her old woolen shawl is her only "royal mantle" and her blanket by night. It is not known just how old Princess Angeline is, but that she has passed the century mark seems beyond doubt.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

You have all read of the Corpus Christi processions which are to be seen in Catholic countries, and in many places in the United States; and I know you would have enjoyed taking part in the beautiful one at Ammendale last Sunday. After High Mass there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the little church of St. Joseph, and a procession was formed through the handsome grounds of the Christian Brothers, visiting three shrines, at each of which Benediction was given, and ending in the Brothers' chapel. Aunt Agnes had her little Sunday-school children from Montebello there, and they walked just behind the priest and his attendants, and sang a hymn at one of the shrines. It was a grand day for the little ones, some of whom had never been to church before, and after the ceremonies were over our kind pastor gave them a nice lunch, so that they should not go home tired and hungry. Suppose all Aunt Agnes's nieces and nephews had been there, wouldn't they have swelled the procession to a great size? After Corpus Christi comes the beautiful festival of the Sacred Heart, and this whole month is devoted to the Sacred Heart. I suppose all of you are members of the League of the Sacred Heart; if not, I hope you will be before the end of this month; and don't forget to say a little prayer now and then to the Sacred Heart for your auntie.—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG.

The first American flag that was saluted by any foreign nation is owned by Mrs. H. R. P. Stafford, of Cottage City, Mass. The flag has thirteen stripes and twelve stars. The patriotic ladies of Philadelphia presented it to John Paul Jones, whose name has become famous for the successful victories he gained for America. It floated from the mast of the Bon Homme Richard in its engagement with the English vessel Seraph, and was shot away and fell into the water. Mr. James Bayard Stafford, father of Mrs. Stafford's husband, a lieutenant, jumped into the water and saved it from an untimely fate. He was wounded by a British sword and disabled for life. After the war was over the flag was presented to him for meritorious service. Three thousand dollars has been offered for these old "stars and stripes." It was exhibited at the Centennial by Lieutenant Stafford's daughter. At the inauguration of President Harrison it was carried in the procession.

IRISH LAND UNDER CULTIVATION.

A Net Decrease of 5,580 Acres as Compared With 1892 Shown.

A parliamentary return just issued shows that the total extent of land under crops in Ireland in the present year is 4,877,528 acres, being a net decrease in the extent in 1892 of 5,580 acres, or 0.1 per cent. There was an increase in Munster of 12,958 acres, or 1.1 per cent; in Connaught of 1,523 acres, or 0.2 per cent, and a decrease in Leinster of 13,261 acres, or 1.0 per cent., and in Ulster of 6,795 acres, or 0.4 per cent. In 1892 the extent returned under grass was 10,253,824 acres; in 1893 the amount returned is 10,308,848 acres, being an increase of

55,024 acres; the extent returned as fallow in 1892 was 24,298 acres, and in 1893 22,038 acres; the extent under woods and plantations in 1892 was 309,536 acres against 308,645 acres in 1893; and the extent returned under "Turf, bog, marsh and barren mountain land, etc.," in 1892 was 4,862,528 acres, against 4,816,285 acres in 1893, being a decrease of 46,243 acres; of the average thus returned in 1893, 1,192,999 acres have been entered by the enumerators as turf bog, 455,997 acres as marsh and 2,250,895 acres as barren mountain land. It appears that between 1892 and 1893 there has been an increase of 8,550 in the number of horses and mules; and an increase in the number of pigs amounting to 38,893. Cattle exhibits a decrease of 67,099, and sheep a decrease of 406,184. Of the

16,096,685 poultry enumerated in 1893, 1,081,928 were turkeys, 2,177,227 were geese, 2,909,252 were ducks and 9,978,278 were ordinary fowl.

The usual employments and everyday occurrences of life are the best things for taking away our grief; jogging effectually sends woe to sleep.

The most knowing man in the course of the longest life will always have much to learn, and the wisest and best much to improve.

It is an intractable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections.

A STURDY CANADIAN YOUTH!

MADE SO BY THE WISDOM OF HIS PARENTS!

It Will Interest All Fathers and Mothers to Know How Young George L. Gervan Was Made Strong.



Canada has need of strong, healthy and vigorous boys. In a few years the youths of our dear country will be called upon to battle in business, politics and professions. Success in these varied callings will very much depend upon physical strength and vigor, as well as clear brains. The physically weak and diseased can never cope with the strong and robust, all other things being equal. Parents are directly responsible to God and our country for the health and well-being of their sons.

A noteworthy example of parental wisdom, and one deserving of notice by every newspaper in the land, is kindly furnished us for publication.

Mr. J. H. Gervan, of 261 Albert Street, Ottawa, Ont., is the father of the sturdy lad whose portrait appears above. Young George suffered with inflammatory rheu-

matism from his seventh year. A year ago he became very ill, and could not bear to stand on his feet. Mr. Gervan, anxious about his son's condition, decided to procure Paine's celery compound, about which he heard so much as a curative agent for rheumatism. The anxious father was not disappointed in his expectations. His son is now cured, and goes out in all kinds of weather, and all wonder and rejoice at the wonderful deliverance from a terrible disease.

Mr. Gervan is now a firm believer in Paine's celery compound, and recommends it at every opportunity; he writes as follows:—

"I wrote you some time ago in reference to the case of my boy George, aged 16 years, who has suffered for the past seven or eight years with inflammatory rheumatism. A year ago last May, he

could not bear to stand on his feet; and having heard so much about your Paine's celery compound, I decided to try it. During last summer my boy used sixteen bottles, and continued it occasionally during the winter. I am happy to say that during the past seven or eight months he has been free from pain and at work, going out in all sorts of weather.

I may add, I have had salt rheum myself for nine years in my hands. Every winter it has been bad; in fact, often I have been unable to write. I used several bottles of Paine's celery compound in the summer of 1892, and last winter I was almost free from the trouble. I may also say, that the bottle is often passed around at the table at meals. When I hear any person complaining now, I advise them to take your great remedy."

A GRAND TRIBUTE.

T. P. O'Connor on Edward Blake, M.P.
T. P. O'Connor's paper, the London Sun, speaks of Edward Blake M.P., as follows:

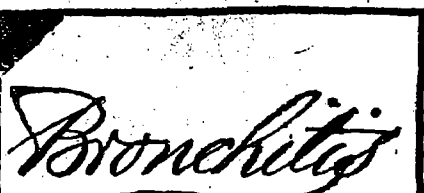
The Irish party did honor to itself last night in doing honor to Mr. Blake. Of all the illustrious recruits which the Irish party have received since 1880, when it was first really organized he is the most remarkable and the most valuable. And it is only his friends and colleagues who can fully appreciate, either all the sacrifice it cost him to give that service. A man of the keenest family affections—happiest when surrounded by children and grandchildren—he has consented to lead for months the sombre and lonely life of a dweller in a land far removed from those nearest and dearest to him. And to a man of affections so ardent—of emotions so keen—such a separation must have brought many an hour of sadness and loneliness. Holding in his own country a position of unquestioned eminence, high in the respect and honor of all men, undisputed chief of a great party for many years, he left it all to begin at the beginning, and take his place in the rank and file of the Irish party.

Mr. Blake's own nature is too fine and too lofty to appreciate at its full value all there is of dignity in these sacrifices. But what he may not feel about himself others are privileged to do and to note. His presence in the Irish party has not been notable only as a mere accession of another honorable name. Mr. Blake is essentially a man of active and most restless intellectual energy; a mind, keen, subtle and highly trained, is ever at work analyzing with its extraordinary promptitude and eagerness all the questions of the hour. His fine and supple intellect has had the additional advantage of long training in official life and in Parliamentary institutions, and thus Mr. Blake brought to the service of the Irish party not merely very great, but also very high-trained talents. All these he has placed freely at the service of his colleagues and the land of his fathers. It adds to the generosity of the gift that the giver has known how to do all this unostentatiously—with no claim for special recognition—often with that spirit of self-effacement which is perhaps a higher, as it is often a more difficult, testimony of patriotism than even the most eloquent speech.

In the private councils of the Irish party Mr. Blake's judgment, knowledge and genius have been especially valuable. I confess for myself that it was during an exposition by him I first grasped how there could be that distribution of powers which would leaven Imperial Parliament.

Indeed, I can imagine few intellectual enjoyments keener—more delightful—than to listen to a constitutional exposition by Mr. Blake. His ideas and thoughts are written large on the great settlement of the Irish question which is now approaching its final stage in the House of Commons. In the long discussion which took place on the form and framework of the settlement, Mr. Blake took a part more momentous than the annals of contemporary history will probably ever reveal. In the House of Commons he has spoken when it was necessary, and has been silent when silence was required in the interests of the Bill. It was not a session—as I have already indicated—when an Irish member was required to advance the cause by his eloquence, but silence was often the most potent and most patriotic of Parliamentary weapons. But on the occasions when he did speak, Mr. Blake rose to the level of the great hour, and few who heard will ever forget the admirable, the crushing, the overwhelming reply which he made to an elaborate speech of Mr. Chamberlain, without a moment's preparation.

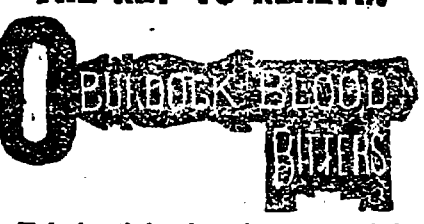
Finally, on all those questions of tactics, of policy and of personal claims, which are to be found inside every party, Mr. Blake's breadth and serenity as well as kindness of judgment—his detachment by natural temper and by training from narrowing or personal views—have made him in hours of stress a most valuable and efficient, as well as generally accepted arbiter. On Saturday next he sails for a brief visit to his native land and to his home and family. The good wishes, the honour, and the affection of his colleagues, follow him there, and their welcome will be as enthusiastic and as kindly when he brings back to the Irish cause the inestimable service of his gifts and his character.



ACUTE or CHRONIC,
Can be cured by the use of
SCOTT'S EMULSION
of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

CAUTION.—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Sold by all druggists. 50c. and \$1.00.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



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