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The True Witness



VOL. XLII., NO. 28.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

A BISHOP'S WRATH.

CATHOLICISM AND THE BIBLE.

The Newly Appointed Bishop of Worcester Opens His Episcopate Career by a Series of Attacks Upon the Catholic Church.

The Anglican Bishop of Worcester, England, who has been recently appointed to the See, has been making a visitation of his diocese. He availed himself of the opportunity afforded him in that visitation to make a regular series of attacks upon the Catholic Church and its doctrines. These attacks were characterized by an utter ignorance of what the Catholic Church teaches, and by that vagueness and that love of generalities which form the weapons of parties who will ever slander the church. Speaking at the institution of the Vicar of Assinon, the Bishop said, "What the Church of England held in highest honor was God's Holy Word. It was not so in the Church of Rome." The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass he denounced as a "blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit." On the following day he is reported to have said in a sermon at one of the Birmingham churches: "In the records of the Bible were to be found hundreds of instances where the Bible, unaccompanied by any sectarian bias, had been productive of good. He cited two instances, one relating to India, wherein one of the towns a Bible had been translated into the vernacular, and was instrumental in bringing many to Jesus. The other was in Spain, where the copy of a Bible purchased from a bookstall was the means of making a whole village renounce the errors of the church of Rome.

As might have been expected these orations of his Lordship drew forth replies from the Catholic priests of the neighbourhood. When such statements are made by brainless bigots, whose characters are appraised at their proper value by all who know them, Catholics pass them over in silence, treating such attacks with contempt. But when a dignitary in the position of his Lordship of Worcester, descends to the level of fanatic and rabid intolerance, it is but fair to many, even his own flock, to hold up to the public gaze his ignorance of the very matters upon which he essays to speak. The Rev. A. L. Chittaway, Catholic priest of St. Joseph's, Needham, made the very pertinent inquiries of the Bishop, through the Birmingham Post, "Will the Bishop satisfy the legitimate desire of a large number of Catholics in Birmingham by giving the name of the village in Spain, and some indication as to the time at which this event occurred? He would gratify us still further if he would kindly inform us to what form of religion the whole village adopted after its renunciation of what he calls the 'errors of the Church of Rome.' I may as well say at once that on receipt of the above information from the Bishop of Worcester it is my intention to cause inquiries to be made in Spain, and to make known the result of my inquiries—whether they confirm the Bishop's statement or not—through the columns of the press."

The Bishop made no reply. Silence was his best method of retreat.

The Rev. Father McCarrick, Catholic priest of Chasetown, had the following in the Birmingham Post on the same matter:—"The following information may be of use to the Bishop of Worcester regarding the Spanish Bibles: In Spain the whole Bible which had been translated into the vernacular tongue by Bonifacio Ferrer, in 1495, was printed in Valencia in 1478, and reprinted in 1515 with the formal consent of the Spanish Inquisition. In 1512 the Gospels and Epistles were translated by Ambrosio de Montezinos, and this work was printed at Barcelona in 1491, and again in 1608, and at Madrid in 1603 and 1605. Caranza, the Catholic Archbishop of Toledo, writes in his introduction on his 'Commentaries of Christian Religion': 'Before the heresy of Luther appeared, I do not know that the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue were anywhere forbidden. In Spain the Bible was translated into Spanish by order of the Catholic Sovereigns, at the time when Moors and Jews were allowed to live among Christians according to their own law. It would, no doubt, afford your readers—amongst whom I have the pleasure of reckoning myself—a great deal of happiness if his Lordship of Worcester would kindly gather together the statistics of the souls converted to the Established Church of England from Nonconformity by the purchasing of the Bible at railway bookstalls, either in Spain or England.'"

The Rev. A. L. Chittaway, on the Sunday evening following the Bishop's discourse, delivered an address to a very large congregation, which included many Protestants, on the "Catholic Church and the Bible." In the course of which he made pointed references to the utterances of the Bishop. He gave an exhaustive explanation of the position of Catholics with regard to Bible truths, and showed how the Church of England rejected several of the books of the Bible which Catholics held to be inspired, and how, whilst Protestants based their faith on these decried versions, Catholics, on the contrary, took the Bible as pronounced by the Church to be genuine in its entirety, and in addition had the sacred traditions handed down from generation to generation to rely upon as the foundation of their religion. Surely Father Chittaway said, the Church that accepted the whole of God's Word showed greater respect for it than the sect which threw a part overboard. Their non-Catholic friends went upon the assumption that the Bible con-

tained all the message of God to mankind. The books of the Old and the New Testament did not contain the whole of God's message to mankind. Besides the Gospel of St. Matthew, which was written for the Jewish communities, and that of St. Mark, written for the Christians at Rome, there was no other book for upwards of twenty years that could be proved to have been written by God's inspiration. And during that period, and for long afterwards, until the books had been copied and circulated, there was nothing to which the people could appeal for an authoritative statement of Christian faith except to the living teachers and preachers of the Church. The Bible then was not the whole guide to the teaching of Christianity; as a matter of history it could not be. The argument of the new prelate in the See of Worcester was "the Bible had been productive of good, unaccompanied by any sectarian bias." Fancy the Bible being put amongst people who did not know anything about it, and had nothing to guide them in interpreting it. What did the Bishop think they would make out of the New Testament with regard to the mystery of the Blessed Trinity? What would be their views on the doctrine of the incarnation, the doctrine of original sin, and the doctrine of the Atonement "unaccompanied by any sectarian bias"? Again the Bishop of Worcester, in recent gratuitous attack upon Catholics, stated that the Church of Rome taught the doctrine of the sacrifice of the Mass, which was "blasphemous fable." Yet in the Church Times of the previous day there was an advertisement relating to St. Margaret's Church, Eastcheap, London, which read: "Feast of St. Luke, October 18th, 1891, Missa Cantata, 11.30." That meant a Mass that was sung; so that in St. Margaret's Church they would attempt to do what Dr. Perowne called a "blasphemous fable." He quoted those instances to show how the Bible "unaccompanied," he would say, "by any sectarian bias," leads men, even of the same Church, to give it different interpretations. A gentleman belonging to the Church of England in a recent conversation with him (the speaker) said it was a lamentable thing that in his church there were two faiths. The position of the Catholic Church on the point was clear. The Bible contained the truth of the science; the Church and not one's private judgment was the teacher of that science. The Bible contained the law, and the Catholic Church was the expounder of that law. The Bible was a chart, the Church was a pilot. All that the Bible taught the Catholic Church believed without exception; all that the Church taught accorded with the Bible. The Bible contained nothing that contradicted the Church; the Church taught nothing that contradicted the Bible. The Church was the Ambassador, the Bible the written document signed by God, which furnished the credentials of the Church, and contained the substance of the Church's message to mankind. If these were the teachings of the Catholic Church, the doctrines of the Church, the views of her theologians with regard to the Holy Scriptures, he would ask how it could be said that the Church disliked the Scriptures. Such a statement was misleading and false.

In connection with this state but oft-repeated charge against the Catholic Church, of hiding away the Bible, we append the following remarks of the Rev. T. H. Blunt, who is a Protestant. They were penned regarding the Holy Scripture and the Catholic clergy in pre-Reformation times, and are quoted together with others from a letter that appeared in a Welsh paper:—"There has been much wild and foolish writing about the scarcity of the Bible in the ages preceding the Reformation. It has been taken for granted that the Holy Scripture was almost a sealed book to the clergy and laity until it was printed in English by Tyndale and Coverdale; and that the only real source of knowledge respecting it was that made by Wycliffe. The facts are that the clergy and monks were daily reading large portions of the Bible, and had them stored in their memory by constant recitation; that they made a very free use of Holy Scripture in preaching, so that even a modern Bible reader is astonished at the amount of quotations and references contained in medieval sermons. The monks took a vast amount of personal trouble with respect to the production of the Holy Scriptures, and accomplished by hand, hands, and heart what is now chiefly done by paid workmen and machinery. The clergy studied the Word of God and made it known to the laity; and those few of the laity who could read had abundant opportunity of reading the Bible either in Latin or in English up to the Reformation period. Four historical research will convince any investigator who is open to conviction that God has always had a large army of faithful servants engaged in making known—some one way, and some another—the Word of God which he hath revealed." And again, "notwithstanding the immense destruction of manuscripts by the English Puritans, there still exists many vernacular Gospels, Psalters, and complete Bibles, of dates varying from the ninth to the sixteenth centuries; relics that bear witness to extensive labors, of which devoting time and fanatic ignorance have spared but a representative portion." We turn to Maitland, who, in his "Dark Ages," p. 469, tells us that before Luther was born the Bible had been printed in Rome, Naples, Florence, and Piacenza, and Venice alone had furnished eleven editions. No doubt (says the writer) we should be within the truth if we were to say that, besides the multitudes of manuscript copies, not yet fully into disuse, the press had issued fifty different editions of the Latin Bible, to say nothing of Psalters, New Testaments, and other parts. Then we

have the further testimony of Reuss that "no book was so frequently published immediately after the first invention of printing as the Latin Bible, more than one hundred editions being struck off before the year 1520." I might go on killing the slain for an indefinite time, but the following from Dr. Farrar will prove how utterly mistaken your correspondent is in placing before your readers his absurd views of history, which he has evidently been taught to rely explicitly upon as facts:—"Once more consider what the Church did for education. Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted that torch of learning which otherwise would have been extinguished long before. The humanizing machinery of schools and universities, the civilizing propaganda of missionary zeal, were they not due to her? And, more than this, her very existence was a living education; it showed that the successive ages were not sporadic and accidental scenes; but were continuous and coherent acts in one great drama. In Christendom the yearnings of the past were fulfilled, the direction of the future determined (Lecture V., Christianity and the Race)." Well might Milman say that the Papacy was the great conservative of Christianity, for such the Catholic Church in communion with the See of Rome has ever been.

REV. FATHER DOWD.

Remembered in Ireland and Lamented by the Irish Press.

"The Catholic and Nation" of the 16th January, 1892, pays a high tribute to the life and virtues of the late lamented parish priest of St. Patrick's. It is pleasant to know that the good pastor, now gone to his reward, was not only respected by all classes and creeds, and beloved of his flock in Montreal, but that even in the old land his name has not been forgotten and that the story of his great works, for the Church, for Christianity, and for charitable and benevolent institutions, had found its way to the land of his birth and that the people of that island learned to appreciate the efforts of the good old priest, in a sphere, four thousand miles away. The Irish people are not forgotten, they are not ungrateful, as the world would be made to believe by certain parties. Montreal thanks Dublin for its tribute to our late pastor.

A TRIBUTE

On a Jew to the Late Cardinal Manning. We need not have been surprised at the admiration expressed by the clergy of different Christian denominations, for the great qualities of heart, soul and intellect possessed by this lately lost light of the church; but when the Hebrew even lauds his virtues and speaks of him in such a Christian spirit, our estimate of the man, the prelate and the saint, must be greatly enhanced. And to think that such a man joined our Faith is one of the best evidences of the stability and truth of that creed. The Catholic Review says:—

On the last Jewish Sabbath at the Temple of Jerusalem, Israel, the second day after the regular service the pastor, Rev. Dr. A. Callman, addressed his congregation as follows:—"Before proceeding to the usual benediction I become, by order of our race or creed, a Catholic priest, to pay a deserved tribute to the departed dead. Two days ago a man—a man in the broadest, noblest sense of the word—departed this life; a man whose loss should be felt in every Jewish heart, and which should be sincerely mourned. In mourning for him our sorrow is not for one of our race or creed—a Catholic priest was he, but a priest of God—a Catholic priest true to Catholicism, and still a priest of humanity. Cardinal Manning, head of the Catholic Church in England, prince of the Church and prince of humanity. Aside from the fact that our faith and the faith he teaches us to honor, love, and respect, noble and righteous men, whatever their faith may be, where is the Jew or Jewess who does not honor and revere the name of our friend, the friend of our race and our people, Cardinal Manning? When the persecutions of our people in Russia were inaugurated by the assault of the Czar, and the great and noble presents all that is hateful and shameful in government, a delegation of our brethren in London walked on the streets of London, and giving to the world their sympathy and aid against Russian tyranny and in behalf of the suffering Jews. Never to be forgotten are the words of our sainted genius, the great and noble and holy love of mankind displayed by this grand old man in his answer: 'I am more than gratified I am honored, by this living proof that my efforts are appreciated in behalf of suffering humanity. You ask protection, my sympathy, my help. Has not your God and my God protected His people from the time of deliverance from Egypt up to the present day and delivered them from evil? He will rescue them from the present and the future. As a priest of God, I will contend for you. All my strength is enlisted in your behalf.'"

"My devout auditors, was said not by a Jew, but by a Catholic high priest, a man full of genius and love. Have we not then every cause to add to the name of Cardinal Manning, at every mention of his name, the great and noble after the death of any of our heroes: 'Remember his name as a blessing.' He truly followed the precept of his Master: 'Even as you do it unto Me.' He fulfilled the spirit of the prophecy, the righteous are a blessing and life for ever, even after their death. In the example they have left us. Peace to his ashes and honor and love to his memory in the bosom of every true Jew. May he reap the reward of his good deeds in his everlasting home. Amen."

A Catholic Hierarchy in Egypt.

The rumor concerning the establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in Egypt is gaining consistency. The Pope will, if not hindered by political complications, nominate English bishops to the new See, as desired by the English Government; but it is said that he makes it a condition of this concession that the British Government shall establish full and open diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Mr. Virtue, Bishop of Portsmouth, is in Rome with the object of negotiating on this matter.

Man at the door: "Have you a position for a very bright young man?"

Editor: "Looking for work, eh? Where were you last employed?"

Man at the door: "Oh, I've been the busiest man in seven States for the past three or four months."

Editor: "And now you're out of a job, eh? How's that?"

Man at the door: "I was a Chilean war correspondent at Washington."

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Archbishop of Cambrai, France, died Jan. 9.

Seventy-seven cardinals have died since Pope Leo began his reign.

It is said that the Archbishop of Oaxaca, Mexico, is to be raised to the Cardinalate.

Cardinal Manning's will leaves all his available assets, about \$9,000, to pay a loan contracted for a charity.

Emperor William, of Germany, has donated 60,000 marks to the building fund of the Catholic St. Sebastian church at Berlin.

In replying to Emperor William's New Year congratulations, the Pope wished his majesty every success in the struggle with socialism, "the common enemy of religion and the empire."

In accordance with a decision of the Archbishop of Montreal, Rev. Mr. A. Desautels has been named curate of Chateaugay.

His Lordship the Bishop of Three Rivers has announced, by a circular, that the Vicar General, Rev. C. O. Caron, has been raised, by a Pontifical Brief, to the dignity of Apostolic Prothotary ad instar.

The Westminster chapter will support the nomination of Mgr. Gilbert as archbishop in succession to the late Cardinal Manning. The meeting on February 13 will forward the nomination to the Vatican.

During the past year the Pope has distributed 36,538 lire among families who have lost money by failures due to the financial crisis, and has given away 25,322 lire to the poor, and 11,500 lire to the hospitals, besides purchasing 952 beds for poor people.

Among the distinguished European ecclesiastics who have been carried off by the influenza are Monsignor Thibaudier, Archbishop of Cambrai; Monsignor Magnasco, Archbishop of Genoa; Canon O'Sullivan of Solihull, Birmingham, and Very Rev. Dr. Henke, vicar-general of the diocese of Treves.

The beatification of the venerable servant of God, Gerold Maiella, a Redeemerist, will, it is hoped, take place on the occasion of the Pope's episcopal jubilee, at the same as the beatification of the venerable Blanche of the Barnabites, and Baldinacci of the Jesuits. His cause came before the Congregation of Rites on the 26th of the month.

The death of Monseigneur Thibaudier causes the seventh vacancy in the French episcopate: those of Basse-Terre, Angoulême, Saint Flour, Arras, Sens, Angers and Cambrai. France is divided into 90 dioceses, three of which are in the colonies, at Guadalupe, la Reunion, and la Martinique. They have 18 archbishops and 72 bishops. Before the revolution in France there were, as today, 18 archbishops, but 113 bishops.

La Semaine Religieuse gives the following figures as showing the work done by the Sisters of Charity of the city. There are at present in the houses of the Grey Nuns, outside the personnel of the establishment 1403 poor persons receiving gratuitously lodging and board. They are divided as follows: At the General Hospital, Guy street, 201 old men, 266 orphans and 58 assistants; at the Nazareth Asylum, 100 blind and 72 orphans; St. Joseph Asylum, 142 orphans; Bethlehem Asylum, 95 orphans; St. Henri Asylum, 40 orphans; St. Charles hospital, 155 old men; Ste. Brigitte Asylum, 122 orphans; St. Patrick's, 157 poor people. These details do not mention the dispensaries, where hundreds obtain remedies for their ailments; of the halls, where hundreds of little children are daily confined to their care, while the mothers go out to work; of visits to the sick, accompanied with some assistance for healing; of the houses of refuge and Notre Dame Hospital. They gave permanent relief to over 1403 poor people, and estimating the cost of each at \$100, the Sisters expended annually on these poor pensioners \$140,300.

Lawrence J. Kip, grandson of Bishop William Ingraham Kip, of the Diocese of California, was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church in that city on the 25th January. The step that Mr. Kip took is of special interest on account of the high place of his family in Episcopalian circles both there and in the East. His grandfather ranks as the second Bishop of America, Bishop Williams of Connecticut being his senior. Young Kip has been bred a lawyer, but in assisting his grandfather he was brought into close relations with several Catholic clergymen, including Father Susa, the head of the Jesuits, on this coast. They converted him, and now he proposes to make public profession of his new faith. He says he had to choose between agnosticism and Catholicity and he selected the latter because he believes it is the true faith that the Bible teaches. The news of his conversion has not yet been broken to his grandfather, who will be greatly shocked, as he is in feeble health. Young Kip's mother was a daughter of Mr. Kinney, a former United States Minister to Tunis, and a cousin to ex-President Cleveland and to Bishop Coxe, of Western New York. Her half-brother

is E. C. Stedman, the banker and poet. The old Bishop came out here in 1851. Just before he sailed for California he was married to Miss Lawrence, of New York, sister of the famous "Don't Give-up-the-Ship" Lawrence, who commanded the frigate Chesapeake, and cousin of William Beach Lawrence, the jurist. Bishop Kip is noted as an author, his text-books on religion being used in Oxford and Cambridge University in England, and in the University of Canada. Of late years he has been assisted in the diocese by Assistant Bishop Nichols.

CATHOLIC TRUTH.

Deput of the New Society at Ottawa.

The Catholic society, lately organized at Ottawa, made its debut before the public, on Friday evening last, with a musical and literary entertainment. The literary portion of the programme consisted of addresses by Sir John Thompson, the president of the society, and His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa its patron, and a paper entitled "Tradition," by Mr. Joseph Pope.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON'S ADDRESS.

Sir John Thompson, after referring to the establishment of the Catholic Truth society in Ottawa and to its affiliation with the present society in England, stated that its object was to use the press as a means of increasing the practice of the Catholic religion and extending the knowledge of what religion really is. It will do this by paying attention to three subjects—devotion, instruction and controversy.

The instruction which the Catholic Truth society aims at, continued Sir John, is the instruction in their religion of Catholics themselves. In this age it is necessary, in order to the defence of the Catholic religion, in order to put its truths before those who do not understand them, that every member of the church should not only believe what the Catholic church believes and teaches, but should also be able to give a reason for what he believes. We proceed upon the principle that the Catholic who is the best informed in connection with his religion is best grounded in the faith and most likely to be zealous in the practice of it. It is also important to place before those who are not Catholics an accurate and simple statement of what is the Catholic belief. What Protestants believe the Catholic church to be is not the Catholic church at all. What they dislike as Catholic belief is not Catholic belief. The great object of the society is to place before those who are not Catholics simple, inoffensive, plain statements of what Catholic belief really is.

There are also, he said, the duty of attending to controversy. We engage in controversy only for the purpose of defence, and for the purpose of stating the grounds on which our belief rests, when that belief is misrepresented or attacked—not for the purpose of attacking any man's belief, but for the purpose of putting plainly before those who differ from us what we believe and why we believe it. That certainly can give offence to no man. Sir John added: "While I say that the society inculcates upon its members great caution, let me not be understood that our object is to apologize to any man for that which we believe or that which we practice. What we do will bear examination and criticism, but it is due to the public, as well as to ourselves, to remove misapprehension and misunderstandings as they arise. We shall have the publications of the Catholic Truth society of England placed on sale in Ottawa, and also distributed gratuitously to the poor visited by the members of St. Vincent de Paul society and other similar societies. We ask you to help us in this undertaking by becoming members of the society. The membership fee has been fixed at one dollar a year, but those who so desire may subscribe a larger amount. We would, however, rather have 50 members at a dollar apiece than one at \$50 or \$100. If we meet with your sympathy and assistance, you will have no cause to feel ashamed that you have helped us in the good work."

(We may add to the above that the "Catholic Association of Canada," established in Montreal, is affiliated to the "Catholic Truth Society."—Ed. TRUE WITNESS.)

How Converts Are Made.

The late Cardinal Manning, in his "Religio Victoris," gives a splendid idea of how and the series of reasons by which such men as he became converts to the Catholic Church:—"I know that I am; I know that I have the light of reason, the dictate of conscience, the power of will; I know that I did not make all things, nor even myself. A necessity of my reason compels me to believe in One higher and greater than I, from whom I come, and to whose image I am made. My perfection and welfare consist in knowing Him, in being conformed to Him. I am sure that He is good, and that He desires my happiness; and that, therefore, He has not hid Himself from me, but has made Himself known to me, and that I may love Him and believe Him. I find that the light of the knowledge of God has filled the soul, and has been ever growing by fresh accessions of light, waxing brighter and clearer until it culminated 'in the face of Jesus Christ.' In Him God and man were perfectly revealed. In Himself, in His words, and in His commandments, I find the most perfect knowledge of God that the world has ever known; the most perfect knowledge of Himself that man has ever reached; the most perfect law of morals towards God and towards man, that man has ever received. All this is to be known in Christianity alone. Christianity is therefore, the fullness of the revelation of God. Moreover, I find that the maximum of human happiness and welfare consists in knowing Him, in being conformed to Him, in being united to Him, in being united with the world-wide and immutable faith of the Roman Catholic Church. "On these foundations—four square and imperishable—rests the faith to which God in His mercy has called me, in which I hope to live and die, for which I also hope that my God's grace, I should be willing to give my life."

There is no good reason to suppose, that the new government of Chile hasn't got a level head.

THE C. A. C.

An Interesting Paper Read—The Objects of the Society Explained.

On Friday evening last, at 7:30, a meeting of the Catholic Association of Canada, was held in the hall under the church of the Gesu. Rev. Father Devine, S.J., spiritual director, was present. Mr. Singleton opened the meeting, in the absence of Mr. Martin, the president, who on arriving took the chair. The first portion of the meeting was taken up with private business, the reception of new members and other routine. At 8:30 Mr. H. J. Codd, the secretary, read a most beautiful and learned paper upon the life and virtues of Sir Thomas More, the most famous of those English martyrs "whose blood," said the lecturer, "was the seed of so many English conversions to Catholicity." The treatment of the subject was all that might be desired and worthy of the great saint, whose life and works formed its subject matter.

After the lecture was concluded the Rev. Father Devine called upon the new editor of THE TRUE WITNESS to address the audience. That gentleman responded, and, in the name of the paper he represents, promised the Catholic Association of Canada the fullest support and encouragement. He felt happy to be there, beside the friend of his childhood, Father Devine; and since the society intended to form a press association for the propagation of Catholic ideas, he thought it his duty, as editor of the leading Catholic organ of the Province, to identify himself with their noble work.

During the course of the evening, for the benefit of the new members, the Rev. Father Devine gave full explanations of the rules of the society, and the purposes for which it was founded. This society originated about a year ago and was first called the "English Catholic Association of Canada," but soon finding that so many people of other nationalities were applying for membership, the officers decided upon the more cosmopolitan and Canadian title of "The Catholic Association of Canada." Its objects are three-fold:

1st. The conversion of non-Catholics to the true Faith;

2nd. The return to fervor of lukewarm Catholics;

3rd. The relief of the forgotten dead in Purgatory.

The means to be used in order to attain these ends are:

1st. Intercessory prayer;

2nd. Good fellowship;

3rd. Church defence.

Our readers will see by an editorial in today's issue, that THE TRUE WITNESS is in perfect accord with the objects of the C. A. C., and with the means it desires to adopt in order to reach all at which it aims. Desirous of seeing every association of this order flourish in Montreal, we express the hope that "the Catholic Association of Canada" may be properly encouraged. It was founded mostly by English converts. May their energy and devotion be crowned with success!

A "Cum Grano" Report.

The London Times publishes a long despatch from its Paris correspondent relative to the appointment by the Pope of Cardinal Ledochewski to succeed the late Cardinal Simeoni as Prefect of the Propaganda. The correspondent, who is in a position to speak knowingly of the matter, says he regards the appointment as a most significant act. The cardinals at the head of politics are divided into two camps. One consists of Ledochewski, Orsaglia and Monaco La Valetta. The leader and only powerful man is Ledochewski, who is of a despotic turn, makes everybody tremble and is aristocratic and rich. Even Cardinal Rampolli, the secretary of state, has to consult him. He is an able politician, but extremely uncompromising. The group of which Cardinal Ledochewski is at the head, aims at the preservation of Italian unity, but with concessions guaranteeing the absolute liberty of the Pope and the cession of Rome to the Vatican by Italy.

An Appeal From Tuam.

The Sisters of Mercy, of Tuam, County of Galway, Ireland, have been unable for the last forty years to build a suitable chapel for their community. The Archbishop of Tuam, in their need, has promised them a large donation, and has sanctioned their appealing to the public for help. Heretofore all their collections were for the poor; now they require something for the object of their chapel. Even a dollar will be accepted with gratitude and rewarded with special prayers. THE TRUE WITNESS will be happy to receive any donations that the charity of the public may deem proper to grant to those good Sisters and to immediately forward the same to its destination.

Chile and the United States.

Chile has offered a full apology to the United States for the rather pedantic manner in which that Southern State acted towards the American Republic in the late embroglio. The Santiago correspondent of the London Times says: "Public opinion here is satisfied with the procedure of the Government in the dispute with the United States Government. Interest now centres in the precedent which the United States is preparing to solemnly lay down for herself and in the question whether her further demands will be such as she herself would be prepared to concede under similar circumstances." Congress has passed a bill authorizing the President to borrow \$5,000,000 to withdraw the notes of the dictatorship.

"The Minister of Finance has stated that he has arranged to withdraw the bulk of the excess of the fiduciary circulation."

BENEDICTION.

Filled be thy years, but not—no, not with Joy; For close beside her tread the steps of Pain; And shadowy sorrows hover in her train. And all her rarest gold holds grief's alloy.

KILLARNEY.

AN OLD BUT EVER WELCOME STORY

The Hotel at Clogheen—The Village and The Catholic Cathedral—The Famous Lakes.

The O'Sullivan's are a motherly lot; and their hotel is quite primitive in its appearance, but as comfortable as possible. Old-fashioned flowers bloom in the door-yard; the house-dog makes the dog-house with every fresh arrival—hotel friends know their business well—and the dogs who hang around the premises guides you with fraternal familiarity.

As soon as the "rain" took up this morning our car was at the door, and I joined a friend in the special excursion of the season. These "low-back" cars are a novelty, that one first laughs at and then grows used to. It is more than probable that the tourist, who in Ireland is often at their mercy, ends by liking them. Yet it must be confessed that the preference for the car is an acquired taste. It is a jaunty affair; my friend pronounced it a cross between a sidesaddle and a butcher's cart. You sit on the wheel-houses facing the fences, and hang your legs over the side. Your companion sits with his back to you; and the driver, whose heels are just over the nag's tail, forms the third side of a hollow square.

With rigid muscles and distended limbs, breathlessly await a pause at the first gate. By and by you get used to the motion. Your nerves relax; you wobble about in your seat like a sack of wool; and, having learned to draw in your toes when you pass a party on the road, you are trotted on four after four, feeling a little as if you had had a falling out with the rest of the passengers; but are consoled, to a degree, with the idea that you have the whole of the landscape to yourself. These two wheeled affairs carry five people comfortably; but two or three extra passengers can be hung on in different parts, if necessary.

We trotted through the village of Killarney, which has but one noticeable structure—the Catholic Cathedral; it is handsome and modern. Then come the lawns and lanes of the vast estates of the Earl of Kenmare, a Catholic peer, who owns nearly three-quarters of the surrounding country; the remainder is in the possession of Mr. Herbert, a Protestant. The long drive by the lakes—two of them, the middle and lower—was varied by the richest and most extensive stretch of wood and wilderness I have ever had the opportunity of exploring. The shores of the three lakes are like one vast landscape-garden—trimmed, trained, swept clean of every trace of decay, and decorated at intervals with huge pinnacles, where the Earl implores the pleasure-seeker—who have free access to his grounds—to assist him in protecting his property.

The lakes are not large; it is but eleven miles from the head of the upper to the foot of the lower, and their greatest breadth is two and a half miles. I have sometimes wondered if I really thought them worthy of their fame. They are pretty enough, as all bodies of water quite impressive. The shores are wooded; a multitude of rocks and islands dot the blue surface of the three; and some of the mountains that are grouped about are lofty and imposing. Yet, but for the legends,

and so extravagant, that are associated with almost every rock and tree in the district, I fear that many an enthusiast would greet the lakes with less enthusiasm than they merit,—as I am half inclined to do; for I can no longer dream over them as their bright waters flash under the roseate skies of fancy; and their silent shores, peopled with fairy-folk, seem slumbering in the long, long twilight of perpetual summer. Beyond and above the middle lake there is a range of mountains, through which we are to make our way by the Gap of Dunloe. As we approached its warms of guides assailed us. Would we engage trumpeters, a score of them, to awaken the echoes in the Gap? "The echo is the very finest scenery in the Gap of Dunloe," said one of these trumpeters. We happened to be aware of the fact that the Gap is staffed full of local performers on sundry instruments, including small cannon; and that they would each levy an assessment as we passed. Horses and foot-guides, beggars, peddlars of wooden ware for memorials, and twenty other tiresome sorts of itinerants beset our way. It began to seem like a chapter out of "Pilgrim's Progress"; and while I was giving bread of it we came to Kate Kearney's cottage,—the veritable cottage, with a new roof on it, where Kate lived when Lady Morgan sang of her fatal charms:

"Oh, did ye ne'er hear of Kate Kearney? She lives by the lake of Killarney."

It was Kate's granddaughter who sold us goat's milk, with a drop of the "mountain dew" in it; and Kate's great-granddaughter who furnished photographs of the little cottage with its bright new roof. The car left us a few rods on the

Gap. We could ride over to the lake on the other side of the mountains, about six miles away, or foot it if we preferred. We footed it; for the way was wild and the beasts not very inviting,—as for myself, I have ridden enough to last me to the end of my days.

FROM THE MOMENT we got well into the Gap we were besieged by swarms of poor creatures, who live upon the charity of the summer tourist, and who are a thousand times grateful for the mite they are thus able to lay up against the evil day. Little things, girls and boys, with uncombed heads and bare legs, beset us, shrieking at the top of their voices, "Somethin' to buy a book, sir!" over and over for half a mile without stopping. Then came women with jugs of milk and bottles of "mountain dew." "Take a drop of the dew, sir," said one of them, dropping a courtesy about two feet deep. I modestly turned the subject, when she drew a photograph on me and said: "Would you buy me picture?" which I did, it was so queer and so quaint; and across the foot of it was printed: "Eily O'Connor, the Colleen Bawn." The echoes were wakened for us, and went dashing down the wild gap, darting from side to side and repeating themselves till they died of sheer exhaustion. We saw the small, deep, gloomy pool wherein St. Patrick banished the last serpent; some one of the hundred idlers and spongers that haunt the place said the serpent is locked in an iron chest and sunk at the bottom of the lake. At one part of the Gap the blind fiddler was rattling and singing; everybody gave him something. And when we drew a little nearer, we found Eily O'Connor dancing a lively jig with one of the party of tourists in advance of us. From the top of the Gap we looked off into the gloomy bosom of the Black Valley—a deep chasm, with a leaden-colored stream in it, flowing down from the rocks at the top of the valley between Cavin Dhu and the purple mountains. The clouds never rise from the desolate place, and the whole land looked melancholy and deserted. The walk down the mountain side led through a small village, once partly destroyed by a cloudburst. At the top of the upper lake a boat and

TWO OARSMEN AWAITED US. There was luncheon under the seat, and good appetites to match. We drifted among the wild, rocky islands, and threaded the winding channel known as the Long Reach that connects the upper with the middle lake. Great cliffs overhung us. At Eagle's Nest—one of the most picturesque of them all—a skiff-bowler blew out his music, and the horns of eiland responded in notes of ineffable sweetness. Then we shot the old Weir Bridge—it is dreadfully old,—where the lake waters, that have been so placid and so peaceful, gather themselves in a narrow channel and plunge madly through one of the two arches. Women scream, men hold their breath for a moment, the boatmen stand like statues with their oars out of water—then we are suddenly seized by the terrific current and shoved under the arch with such velocity that we seem to strike the stream a boat's length below, as if we had dropped out of the air. There is a tremendous splash; the spray dashes over us, a bucketful of water pours over the bows, and we are safe. More drifting among islands. Eily O'Connor's Cave is visited, and we think of poor Danny Mann with a shudder.

The story of the O'Donoghue of the Lakes is cheerfully related by one of the guides. Once every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to dispense the mist from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donoghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, intent upon household affairs; fairies hover about him, and strew his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence, everything returns to its former state of magnificence: his castle, his library, his prison, and his pigeon-house are reproduced as in olden times. Those who have courage to follow him over the lake may cross even the deepest part dry-shod; and ride with him into the mountains on the opposite shore, where his treasures lie concealed. The daring visitor will receive a liberal gift

his company has afforded; but before the sun has risen the O'Donoghue recrosses the water and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle. The O'Donoghue of the Lakes is not to be confounded with the O'Donoghue of the Glen,—who was a very different chief, and "bloody and tyrannous." While we are half-charmed and half-amused with the legends, one boatman says to the other, a lad: "Raise it now; let the lady hear you sing it!" Then we both insist; and after the boy has coaxed to the roots of his hair and looked all round the horizon, he slackens his oar a little and sings, with a voice plaintive as a lark's and quivering with emotion, "The Wearing of the Green." Just fancy hearing that from the lips of an Irish boy, in the middle of Killarney Lakes! He said he sang it for an Englishman not long before, and came near getting ducked for his impudence. He was safe enough with us, and might live a hundred years, as they do hereabouts. There is a tombstone over by the Abbey bearing the name of one who died in his hundred and fourteenth year; in fact, the boatman himself told us his own father was a hundred or so, and could eat for three. I was thinking of Thackeray and his "Irish Sketch Book," and this passage came to me as we were in the midst of the Middle Lake: "What is to be said about Tore (Middle or Muckross) Lake? When there we agreed that it was more beautiful than the large lake, of which it is not one-fourth the size; then, when we came back, we said: 'No; the large lake is the most beautiful.' And so at every point we stopped at we determined that that particular spot was the prettiest in the whole lake. The fact is—and I don't care to own it,—they are too handsome. As for a man coming from his desk in London or Dublin and seeing 'the whole lakes in a day,' he is an ass for his pains. A child, doing a sum in addition, might as well read the

WHOLE MULTIPLICATION TABLE, and fancy he had it by heart." True, O genial satirist! but that is what most tourists do when they come to the Lakes of Killarney. Now we drew up by a

bridge, overgrown with vines, that spanned a pond full of lily-pads. There we found a path leading through the meadows to Muckross Abbey. Glorious ruin, I salute thee! The monks have been at rest these hundred years; the roof has fallen to decay; in the open nave the grass has spread like a carpet under foot, and the ferns hang like ragged tapestries from the chinks in the wall. I doubt if there is any ruin more charming than this. It is not extensive; it is simply complete and satisfying. That dim cloister at Muckross, how it haunts me! There is a yew-tree growing out of the heart of it, and covering the whole with a green roof of leaves. The light that steals into this cloister is so soft and sentimental—shall I use the word?—that one easily imagines the rooks to be the ghosts of the old monks, complaining at the sacrilegious trespassing of more sight-seers—such as myself for instance. The various tenancies, and now untenable, chambers are pointed out by the civil custodian; but he hurries you from ruin to ruin, so that you get but a glimpse of the clustered crosses in the yard where the dead lie; and the rooks scold at you with hoarse voices for your worldly and careless intrusion. Muckross Abbey is like a petrified sigh. It is the sweetest and the saddest and the most heartrending ruin imaginable. It is like a torn volume of sacred history, or a broken statue of a saint. There is not enough of it left to console you in the loss of that which is gone forever; there is too much of it remaining to permit you to forget the magnitude of your loss. The flutter and the fall of leaves in gusts of warm south wind; a cloister full of shadows; a chapel crowded with weeds breast-high; a refectory haunted of bees and blossoms;

A CRUMBLING TOWER, with the ivy folded about it like a mantle, and a cloud of rock clamoring overhead—such is the Abbey as I remember it after hours and hours of wholesome lounging, that made me familiar with almost every stone in it. The "Annals of Innisfallen," record that seven centuries ago all the gold and silver and richest goods of the land were treasured in that island; and that Medwin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue, plundered the Abbey and slew many in the cemetery adjoining. There was no peace even among the graves of the holy dead. I have seen it; but, alas! shall see it no more.

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well;" A verdant island with the ruins of a monastery scattered over it; winding paths skirt the irregular shores. Every tree grows here, and every charm of nature is reproduced in little somewhere within its wave-washed borders. There have been battles here and monks massacred, but how long ago it seems! Now there can not be found a more peaceful retreat. And with the lap of its waves in my ears, and the phos of its myriad fluttering leaves, and the rustle of the hoofs of the sheep that feed here, I think of the day, more than twelve hundred years ago, when St. Finian founded his Abbey. I wonder if he realized then that he was building for the moment, as it were?

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well! May calm and sunshine long be thine; How fair the scene that sunny state, While but to feel how fair be mine.

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell In memory of thee that sunny state, Which of thee on that evening fell, When last I saw thy fairyisle."

That is Tom again. Forgive me! I sleep with the "Melodies" under my pillow these nights. Perhaps I do like Killarney better than I at first thought I did; but I am sure that I would love it were it not so solemn. Oh, Ireland is the saddest, the loneliest, the sweetest, and the loveliest land on the face of the waters!—at least I am beginning to think so.—O. W. STODDARD, in Ave Maria.

D'Arcy McGee's Schoolmaster.

The schoolmaster of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, if little known outside of Wexford, is one of the most striking personalities in that historic town. Michael Donnelly, who is now in his 105th year, has taught several generations of Wexford. He loved his calling, but his greatest recompense was the satisfaction he derived from the success of his pupils in various parts of the world. When D'Arcy McGee had risen to the rank of a Minister in Canada, and when his literary attainments were the subject of general comment, a friend questioned him as to the university in which he graduated. The scholar and historian answered:—"I graduated under Michael Donnelly, of Wexford, and his was the only school I ever attended." The story was told by McGee in Wexford twenty-five years ago, when his teacher was already an old man. Mr. Donnelly had one son, who devoted his life to the service of God, and who sacrificed his life in a trying mission to the West Indies. The old man had seen blood flowing in the streets of his native town in '38. A handsome thoroughbred now crosses the ground where "Donnelly's School" once stood, and the scholars are scattered the world over. Mr. Donnelly, enfeebled and almost blind, daily makes his way to the oldest of the Wexford churches. He has lived in the forgotten past, and his thoughts are already on another world. A testimonial is at present being raised in his behalf.

AN ABBEY BURNED.

The Benedictine Monastery at Fecamp Destroyed. The famous Abbey of Fecamp, where the well-known Benedictine liqueur is made, was totally destroyed by fire last week. The fire broke out at two o'clock in the morning in an out-building in the abbey. The fireman behaved with great gallantry, and were successful in their efforts to save the laboratory of the factory and the houses of the adjoining quarter of the town, which stood in immediate danger of being consumed by the flames. The abbey itself, however—an edifice celebrated both on account of its great antiquity and historical associations, and the beauty of its architecture—was doomed, and instantly the walls of the venerable building gave way, and the edifice fell in a frightful crash. The bottles of Benedictine liqueur stored up in the building could be heard exploding amid the ruins, followed by a shower of burning glass. The loss entailed by the disaster is said to amount to more than £50,000, and the inhabitants, whose prosperity depends greatly on the manufacture of the Benedictine liqueur, are in a great state of consternation. Two hundred thousand bottles of Benedictine were destroyed, and 1,500 houses were in danger in the port, and endanger the shipping. The burning of the abbey was also caused by the collapse of the belfry.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Chip at Home.

A writer in Our Animal Friends tells the following story of his acquaintance with a family of squirrels: It was up in the woods of Maine that I made Mr. Chip's acquaintance. There was a large hotel on a hill near by, where people came to drink the water of a celebrated spring that bubbled out of the rocks; there were great names on the register, and some fine people to talk to, but nobody was half as interesting to me as Mr. Chip.

The first Sunday I spent there I went out for a walk. Now, perhaps, you think I ought to have gone to church, but there was no service but "Shaker Meeting" anywhere near; so I, as a good Catholic, preferred to go into the woods, and enjoy the "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks." Did you ever sit quite still in the woods and listen to the thousand little voices around you? It is a very full chorus, and if you know the singers personally, a very pleasant one. There is a buzzing and a whirring and chirping and piping that must sound to the performers themselves very much as a symphony concert does to us. I flung myself down on the ground and leaned against an old stump. Suddenly I heard a quick rustling, and there just at my hand was Mr. Chip, his bright little eyes inspecting me as if he were questioning my right to intrude so unceremoniously.

I lay perfectly still, and he came a bit nearer and sat upon a branch like a tiny preacher with a white tie under his chin. After a while he whisked off, and when he came back, in each cheek he had an acorn that gave his face such a funny expression. I laughed, but he didn't seem to mind; only he wanted something done, and I was to do it. Presently I found out what this something was: I had thrown my hat right over his home, and when I moved it he ran in like a flash. Then I had the impudence to peep in, which was certainly rude; but I was so curious. There was a quick frisking around at first, but I think Mr. Chip assured his family that I was a harmless person, so they quieted down, and I could count them and tell which tails belonged to which heads. There was Mrs. Chip and three baby Chips. I named them at once Frisk, Flip and Flirt.

By good luck I found a nut in my pocket, and dropped it in very gently. Then I leaned back and waited. It seemed just as though I had sent in my card to Mr. Chip and family and was waiting to be received. It took them a long time to decide. You see they were F. C.'s and had to be careful about extending their list. However, they finally decided to accept me. Mr. Chip came first, then the children, and last Mrs. Chip herself, and they gave an exhibition just for me.

You know how a dancing class performs on visitors' day; well, it was something like that, only ever so much more difficult, for boys and girls only have two feet to manage, which you know is sometimes hard enough; but Frisk and Flip and Flirt had four feet apiece, to say nothing of brushes quiten large as their bodies. They jumped and skipped in the liveliest fashion, and whirled around and in and out, so that you would have thought the lancers quite simple in comparison.

When they didn't seem to know how to perform a new feat, Mr. Chip went ahead and showed them how, and then they all tried it too, and even when they tumbled, they did it as gracefully as kittens. It was great fun, and when on a sudden they all flashed out of sight and left me wishing for more, I thought that of all folks to visit, Mr. Chip and his family were the most entertaining. After that I became a regular visitor, and all the nuts from the dinner table which I could conveniently get into my pockets found their way into the Chips'arder. Frisk and Flip and Flirt became such good friends of mine that when I held out a nut in my hand they would come and take it. Hundreds of nuts and acorns were packed into their storehouse, and I often wondered what they ever could do with so many.

And now I am going to tell you a story which you may not believe, but which is just as true as a "midsummer night's dream," and we all know about that. It was the night before I came home, a beautiful, clear moonlight night. There was a hop at the hotel, and everyone was dancing gaily; but I kept thinking of the Chip family, and so, at the first chance, I slipped out and away into the woods. I did not expect to see them, but I wanted to leave a parting handful of nuts to surprise them in the morning. However, when I came to the old stump and thought of the five little warm hearts beating softly inside its gnarled old trunk, I felt so at home that I sat down in the same place and leaned my head against its rough bark. Pretty soon I heard a tinkling, and there sat Mr. and Mrs. Chip and all the rest with stalks of hare-bells in their paws, which they were swinging and shaking so that the tiny bells rang out merrily.

"What can it mean?" I thought; but as still as I could and waited. Presently all the air seemed full of the rush of wings. From every side, out of every flower and leaf they came, little creatures of every shape and color, with wings of velvet or gauze, or with rose leaves just fastened to their shoulders, which seemed to answer the purpose beautifully. They all fluttered around the Chips, and I knew at once that Frisk and Flip and Flirt were having a birthday party and the fairies had been invited.

A moonbeam came through the branches and threw, like a tablecloth, a white light over the stump. Then the secret came out. All my nuts were brought up. Mr. Chip carved them, and my small friends passed them to the guests in acorn cups, with a drop of honey for sauce which Mrs. Chip poured out of a pitcher plant. After that they danced, such wonderful dances—up in the air as much as on the ground, and singing all the time. They didn't mind me at all, but danced over me, and I could feel their wings on my face and hear their voices in my ear, while Frisk, Flip and Flirt frolicked and jumped at the time, and swung the hurebells and pelted each other with nut shells. One of the shells struck me on the nose, and I sat up fairly bewildered.

Where were the Chips and the fairies? They had all disappeared. I looked at my watch and found I had just time to catch the morning train. I had made myself so much at home with the Chip family that I had spent the night in the woods.

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WEDNESDAY.....FEBRUARY 3, 1892

A NEW EDITOR.

Mr. Joseph K. Foran, LL.B., advocate and Irish-Canadian poet, who has been for years contributor to our Catholic press, has assumed the position of editor of THE TRUE WITNESS. We trust that our readers shall be pleased with the new departure taken and that Mr. Foran's pen shall be wielded for the benefit of all parties, of the Church, of the people, of THE TRUE WITNESS, and of its readers!

BYE-ELECTIONS.

Three bye-elections took place last week. In Kingston Mr. Metcalfe was elected by a majority of 97 over Mr. Gunn, in succession to the Sir John Macdonald. As a choice of men, the result would indicate that the people of Kingston are identified with the Conservative party and the National policy. The reduced majority notwithstanding the powerful aid Mr. Metcalfe received from such men as Mr. Curran and others shows, however, that the personality of the member has not been without its effects. The total vote in Kingston was as follows:—Metcalfe, 1,830; Gunn, 1,733; making the majority for Metcalfe 97. The vote in 1891 was: Macdonald, 1,784; Gunn, 1,341.

In Halton, Mr. Henderson, the Conservative, was elected by the large majority of 434 over his opponent, Mr. McGregor, the Industrial candidate.

In Lincoln Mr. Gibson, the former candidate was re-elected by an increased majority. The relative position of parties in the House of Commons remains unchanged by these elections.

RECONSTRUCTED.

Sir John A. Macdonald was in the habit of humorously remarking that, no matter how the Grits managed to form their governments, it was always the same old Brown stuff. The reconstructed cabinet of Mr. Abbott, published as we went to press last week, very forcibly reminds one of the late witty Premier's remark. There is so little new timber in the governmental barque that it is difficult to see what particular good is to be derived from the mere shuffle of portfolios, if the *drumatis persona* are the same, but in different roles. The press generally confesses its disappointment, and in so far as Irish Catholic representation is concerned, we must re-echo the sentiment. While the Hon. Frank Smith held the portfolio of Public Works, with general approval we had no reason to complain. That gentleman having retired to continue in office, we may say we are without a member in the cabinet capable of looking after our interests. The general expectation was that Mr. Curran, M. P. for Montreal Centre, would have been offered a portfolio. The Catholic press of Ontario and Quebec has been almost unanimous in asking for his promotion, but that seems to be as far off as ever.

GREAT CONVERTS.

The recent death of England's illustrious Cardinal suggests the patent fact that almost all the converts to the Catholic Church were men of deep learning, broad views and profound reasoning powers. The mere enumeration of a few should suffice to contradict a recent English writer who had the audacity to state, "that only fools went to Rome."

We would like to know if such men would class in the category of the *stulti* the late Dr. Brownson, who had one of the mightiest pens of this century? What about Bishop Ives, of Charleston, who stepped down from his episcopal dignity to join the Church of Rome? What of Bishop Rosser, brother of the American General, who did likewise? What about Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, and Bishop Beacon, of Portland? Are these men whom any sane man would class with the ignorant or stupid? And there is Father Hecker, founder of the Heckerite school, and of the Paulist Order, as grand a mind as our century has produced. Beside him are Fathers Hueb, and Baker; then James Kent Stone, and lastly Dr. Spalding, of the Episcopal Theological School of Harvard. Does not that list suffice to prove that some learned and wise men have found that "all roads lead to Rome?" If not,

we will add the three Wilberfores; the two Marshalls; Father Harper, S.J., and Dr. Ward; St. Jean Myvart, one of the first scientists of the age; and the Rev. Oshey Shipley, the hymnologist. Scarcely any man would dare style these men anything but models of wisdom. We must draw the list to a close, as space will not permit, nor could our six columns of editorial hold the names of the once bright lights, in other denominations, who became stars in the sky of Catholicity. However, for a last stroke on the nail, we will mention the late Cardinal Newman and the recently deceased scholar and prince of the Church, Cardinal Manning. If these men are fools, then the Catholic Church would be overjoyed to have a few thousand such fools enter her fold and embrace her Faith.

THE CATHOLIC LAITY.

We learn from the Providence Visitor that a Mr. M. J. Hanson has taken issue with Mr. M. F. Egan, of Notre Dame University, upon the question of the Baltimore congress and the duties of the Catholic laity in general. Mr. Hanson seems to wish to criticize, to find fault and to blame, provided he is given even the semblance of an argument. We deem it the duty, as well as the right, of a member of the Catholic laity to aid, by all means in his power and with all the gifts that Heaven has bestowed upon him, in furthering the cause of the Church. Truly it is the place of the clergy to administer the sacraments, to evangelize and to propagate the Faith; but there are places where the clergyman never goes and where the layman may be found, there are people with whom the ecclesiastic never comes in contact and with whom the layman may often associate. It is therefore necessary that the layman should be able to defend his Faith, and explain its principles. It is not necessary that the *Te es sacerdos* should be pronounced over him, nor that episcopal hands should impart to him the priestly gift, in order that he may have the right to defend the tenets of his creed or interpose between the Church of Christ and the arrows of infidelity that are aimed at it. There are times when it is necessary for the true Catholic to rise to that level which he is supposed to occupy and to show to the world, by his example and his precept, that the Faith which he holds is not fruitless. A voice from beyond the Alps, infallible, under given conditions, speaks the dogma and proclaims the morals of the Church; but like so many echoes in the mountains, that voice should be carried from man to man until it has been heard throughout the universe. We do not advocate every layman setting up a pulpit of his own, that would be giving in to the principle of "private interpretation;" but we do believe, that having subjected his will to the immutable truth of his Church's doctrine, he should, whenever and wherever it may be, as occasion presents itself, take his share in the promulgation of the Faith which he knows to be true, and in the struggle against error, whether in the form of infidelity, or even indifference. However, if we judge him rightly, we think that Mr. M. F. Egan is able to take care of himself and to tilt with any ordinary layman in the religious tournaments of the day.

ROME AND MERCIER.

Several journals announced at the end of last week that Le Moniteur de Rome, diplomatic organ of the Vatican, in its last issue, published a leader bearing on the situation in the Province of Quebec. The following is quoted from the Roman journal: "Mr. Mercier has the suppleness which makes for a time the bantering diplomat and the rash gambler. For a long time he has posed as the representative of popular rights and religious interests." Again, Le Moniteur is said to state that: "certain newspapers have attempted to compromise the cause of the Church by associating it with the dismissed ministry. They say that it received its flattering approbation as if these acts were intended, not for the cause, but for the man. When the originator of an idea falls, perhaps through fate, perhaps by his own fault, the idea still lives on inviolate and immaculate. Thus it is with Canada and Mr. Mercier."

Whether Le Moniteur is, or is not the official organ of the Vatican, it matters little; but in any case it is high time that Rome should cease to be imposed upon by adventurers and politicians of a particular class. Mr. Mercier has run an extraordinary career. Few public men ever rose more rapidly into prominence and wealth, fewer still were ever hurled more quickly from power and opulence. It is not from a political standpoint, but rather from a religious one, that we regard the subject. Had the ex-Premier only hood-winked his own people and secured their confidence by a display of patriotism and religion; had he only caused our province to go from door to door of the European money-lenders, knocking like a spendthrift-borrower; had he stopped at the confines of politics, we would have nothing to say upon the subject, but would leave the merits and

demerits of his case to be explained by other organs; but when he carried his ambitious designs to the gates of Rome, it is time for a Catholic journal to express its views with regard to his conduct. After a display of his vaunted devotion to the Faith, and a clever masquerade of his labors in the fields of religion, he received decorations such as Bohemund of Torremont, Stephen of Blois, or Richard Cœur de Lion would not have dared to claim. With his insignia he returned to Canada, was met like a prince, and re-entered the province to wave in one hand the trophies of his speculative trip, and with the other to grasp the money-bags of the treasury. How could we blame the Holy See were it to receive with doubts and caution any future Canadian, no matter how truly deserving, who might chance to seek favors of any kind from the Vatican? The action of Count Mercier, in this regard, is injurious to the cause of Catholicity, exposing its faithfulness to the arrows of ridicule and sarcasm, and all to satisfy the vanity, the cupidity, or else the personal ambition of one individual. Let public men play whatever tricks of political jugglery they wish, provided they remain within the sphere of politics; but let them not enter the arena of religion and attempt to make capital through means of the Faith they profess. If Rome has repudiated Count Mercier, no one, true Catholic or reasonable Protestant, will blame the Vatican for its course.

INDIFFERENTISM.

Generally infidelity is looked upon as the greatest enemy of Faith, and, in truth, they are opposite spirits; but there is another creature of evil that creeps into the garden of religion and stings to death many a possessor of Faith—it is Indifferentism! The pendulum of the age oscillates between the two extreme points, sincere religion on the one side, and rank infidelity upon the other; but mid-way between these two, when the works run down, it hangs uselessly at the centre of indifferentism. Too many to-day are tainted with this dangerous spirit; they require to be awakened from their lethargy, they need that the clock be wound up; and the TRUE WITNESS proposes making war upon that peril to Catholic Faith. It is an absolute necessity, in this age of socialistic, revolutionary, and infidel indoctrinations, that a livelier spirit be infused into the great body of a people who believe in the truth of their religion. The Atheist can be met and confuted—we need not bother ourselves much about him;—the Socialist can be argued with and his ideas combated successfully; the enemies of Catholicity, who spend their days and nights in preparing arms to hurl at the Faith of centuries, can be confounded by history, profane and sacred, by logical argument, and by reason itself. The danger to our sacred cause,—the cause of that establishment which has weathered the storms of nineteen centuries, and that is today as it was when cradled in the catacombs,—is not from without, it lies not in the memories of its assailants, nor in the efforts of its enemies; the real danger is to be found within, to be discovered in that Indifferentism, which is the parent and precursor of Irreligion. If we stand not up for our own rights, who is to do so for us? We mean to breathe constantly upon those smouldering embers, until the flame of Catholic exertion is fanned into an undying life. If our voice is low, and our influence limited, still the "widow's mite" was acceptable, and we purpose contributing our mite to what we deem a truly Catholic cause. It is only right that an organ, bearing the title of this one, should strive to advance the cause for the advocacy of which it was established.

But we do not wish it to be understood that we make a declaration of war upon any persons, or establishments, or principles. While conceding to all persons who differ from us in belief their rights to their views, we simply ask the same concession on their part. One can surely defend the principles that he was taught, and in which he believes, without offending the most delicate sentiments of any person, without expressing a word that might grate upon the most sensitive feelings in the world. We shall never attack any individual or establishment; and should our principles be the object of any unnecessary or unjust attack, then we shall defend them with all the courtesy, yet all the firmness, we can command. We hope sincerely that intolerance shall soon disappear from our midst, that broader ideas may spring up, that all species of bigotry shall be relegated to the far away past, and that the TRUE WITNESS, while pleading the cause of its own people and its own creed, may never use a harsh expression, nor convey an ungenerous sentiment, and that it will so direct its course that men of all creeds and nationalities may find in it a true Canadian tone and a sincerely Christian and Catholic spirit.

Mr. SIBBONS, almost of world-wide reputation as a Methodist preacher, is dead.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY. A POET OF "THE NATION."

We referred last week to Thomas Campbell, the Scotch poet; it seems that several of our readers were pleased with the idea of thus reviving the histories of men who had done something of permanent benefit to literature. Consequently, we have decided to now and again call up the shades of departed bards and to awaken anew their songs, that their memories may not die and their works may not perish. Of all the poets who flourished in the earlier days of the good old Dublin Nation, none was sweeter in his songs, more touching in his pathos, more rhythmic in his rhymes or more sincerely patriotic and religious than Denis Florence McCarthy. Unfortunately few of his poems are known to the men of our day, and it would be a worthy act if some publisher would reprint the old and almost extinct edition. In school-books and in magazines we do sometimes meet with his "Pillar Powers of Ireland;" his "Waiting for the May;" and some of his shorter and generally more religious pieces. But beautiful as these may be, we can glean no idea from them of the grandeur that lie hidden in the casket of his gems—"The Bell Founder;" "Alice and Una;" "The Vale of Shanaghah;" "The Voyage of St. Brendan;" "The Foray of Con. O'Donnell;" and a hundred other such productions, worthy of immortality, that should be rescued from oblivion and stereotyped on the minds and hearts of all Irish Catholics throughout the world.

Let us see but a few short samples of his different styles, then we shall comment briefly upon the effects of these poems upon the people of his day. Take for example in the "Foray of Con O'Donnell," that verse which is one of the most truthful expressions of noble forgiveness:—

"Mac John I stretch to you and yours, This hand, beneath God's blessed sun,— And for the wrong that I might do, Forgive the wrong that I have done."

Let us for a moment linger with him, as he caused St. Brendan to pause on a moonlight night, upon the deck of his vessel and contemplate the skies: "As the Saint's bark is bounding over the waves towards Hy Brasil, 'The home of a Bless,' a weary mariner laments that they have no temple wherein to pray, and the Saint replies, in McCarthy's verse:—

"What earthly temple such a roof can boast, What glowing lamp with the rich star-light vies, When the round moon rests, like a Sacred Host, Upon the azure altar of the skies?"

Try and imagine the rest of a poem, long as "Child Harold," and conclude in that strain! Again for description of the beauties of nature and at the same time of those duties which man owes to God, to his family and to society, we will quote one stanza from his "Vale of Shanaghah":

"When I have knelt in the temple of duty, Worshipping honor and valor and beauty, When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance, I've fought the good fight on the field of existence;

When at home I have won in the conflict of labor, With truth for my armor and thought for my sabre;

Be that home aedin home, where my old age may tarry, A home full of peace in a sweet pleasant valley;

Sweetest of valleys is the vale of Shanaghah; Brightest of valleys is the vale of Shanaghah; May the accents of love, like the droppings of Manna, Fall soft on my heart in the vale of Shanaghah!"

Now as a sample of his rhythmic powers we will give one or two stanzas from "Alice and Una," a fairy story. The scene is in Ceinnamhain in Ireland, and the bard laments the loss of the fairy-creatures. Not Edgar Allan Poe could surpass the flow of rhyme in this production:—

"Ah! the pleasant time has vanished, 'Ere our wretched bodies banished, All the graceful spirit-people, children of the earth and sea,

Whom in days, now dim and olden, When the world was fresh and golden, Each mortal could behold in haunted cave, and tower, and tree;

They are banished, they have vanished; Ah! how sad the tale for thee, Lonely Ceinnamhain!"

"Yet we have a new romance, in Friesland through the time-suns glancing, And the sparkling, and the prancing of the mighty enameled steed, Still Astolfo-like we wander through the boundless azure yonder, Realizing what seems fonder Than the magic tales we read— Tales of wild Arabian wonder, Where the fancy all is freed— Wilder far indeed!"

"Ah! the Past shines clear and pleasant, And there's glory in the Present, And the Future like a crescent, Lights the departing sky of time;

And that sky will yet grow brighter If the Worker and the Writer, And the Scepter and the Mitre, Join in sacred bonds sublime; With two glories shining o'er them— Up the coming years they'll climb Earth's great evening as its prime."

We must reserve, for space will not permit, the comments we would like to make upon his masterpiece, "The Bell Founder;" but we hope some day in the future to have occasion to give that beautiful story to the world.

What were the effects of poems like these upon people who were suffering sorrows untold? While famine's gaunt

figure stalked over the hills, and the poison breath of disease and blith swept the valleys; when the dead were found by the wayside, and the living were all but dead; when the struggle, that followed the dark days of 1847, was exciting the young blood of the country and that Meagher's voice rang elation-like throughout the Island; when the slightest consolation from friends would be a solace, and the smallest elevation in the eyes of enemies would be a source of encouragement; when such was the state of things, let us ask ourselves what were the effects of McCarthy's poems upon the people at home and upon those abroad? Some day or other, God willing, we will return to this subject, but now we must bid farewell to the last of the "Clan of MacCaura." May his memory be ever green as the sod above him!

FIAT JUSTITIA.

The revelations before the Royal Commission on the plundering of the Mercier Government are simply astounding. The public have become disgusted with the rank rotteness of the whole gang, and the wonder is that the chief actors are not safely lodged within the walls of some secure jail to await their trial for having robbed the public chest. The scandal of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway with its \$100,000 has been dwarfed into insignificance by the series of barefaced plunderings under the guise of letters of credit illegally issued, cashed and the major part of the proceeds pocketed by the Government and their friends. Two millions of dollars, exclusive of the gigantic sum squeezed out of Mr. John P. Whelan, when he was trying to secure the payment of the sum awarded to him by the provincial arbitrator, will not cover the amount the new Government has to face. Every honest man in the country who reads the evidence exclaims "is it possible such a state of things exists in our province?" The verdict of the people will be "Mercier must go." Mr. Laurier and the liberal leaders are trying the old experiment of sitting upon two stools. They condemn the Baie des Chaleurs scandal but they also condemn Lt. Governor Angers for having dismissed the men whom they acknowledge to be the hoodlums and steeped to the lips in corruption. Mr. Mercier is making frantic appeals to the passions and prejudices of the country constituencies, but it will be all in vain. The Ontario liberals are outwitting the conservatives in their denunciation of the Mercier stealings. Their organs cannot find words sufficiently strong to characterize the conduct of the late provincial Government. Mr. Laurier is in a wretched plight and has had to return to his home in Arhabaska, no doubt disgusted with the man whom he dared not denounce as he would wish. So much of the stolen money was used for the purpose of trying to defeat the Dominion Government at the last general elections that it is hard for those who benefitted by the plunder to frankly condemn the plunderers. All the same the condemnation will come from the people and from no section more emphatically than from those who feel that the sacred name of religion has been prostituted by a vile political charlatan and his reckless co-leaders.

THE EX-PRIEST.

We noticed often, during the past year, that men styling themselves ex-priests, or converted Catholic clergymen, have been infesting society, blaspheming God, insulting the intelligence of respectable Protestants, and to use a slang phrase, "taking in" the public in general. These men go about a *la Blott*, and poison the atmosphere which they breathe, with their pitrid ideas, their foul and false language, and their daring impositions upon the credulity or fanaticism of a certain class of people. It would be well to warn our Protestant friends against these religious tramps, these men, who never were members of the Catholic priesthood, but who make use of that easily-adapted title in order to eke out a dishonest living at the expense of our separate brethren. There have been priests of our Church who fell away and who preached doctrines other than those of Rome; but not one of these *ex-priests* ever styled himself an ex-priest. Mr. Chiquy even, retains the prefix of Father, although long years have rolled passed since he became a convert. The one who was actually a priest of the Church of Rome, knows full well that he is ordained, not only for time, but for eternity. When he bowed his head at the altar on the day that he took the most important step that man can take on earth, he heard those words pronounced over him: "Thou art a priest unto all eternity, according to the order of Melchisadeck." His soul was then and there stamped with a seal that no action or desire in life could efface, and that must continue to exist throughout the endless cycles of the yet to be; to endure forever, either as an nimbus of glory or a diadem of fire. Not the unfortunate Pere Hyacinthe, not one of those who fell from sacerdotal grace ever styled himself an ex-priest. Even as none of them were ever able to reveal a single confessional secret, so none of them ever wished to deny—nor could

he if he so desired—that he was, is and ever shall be, a priest. So, whenever you meet a man who proclaims himself to be an ex-priest of Rome, you have an infallible sign that he is an imposter. Trace his pedigree and you will find we are right. This is merely a piece of advice, for their own benefit, given to our Protestant friends, that they may not be duped by designing men.

UNION BY ALL MEANS.

One branch of the Irish press informs us that steps are being taken to unite the two factions of the Irish Home Rule party, and bring the Parnellites and McCarthyites into one camp; another branch of the same press contradicts the statement and expresses the view that these two parties, within one, cannot be united at present, and that no such steps have been taken. No matter whether such a movement were on foot or not, it is a poor policy, we think, to discourage in any way, that which might lead eventually to the cementing of the rival parties of the same organization. With a common object in view, they should forget past differences; they should, as Longfellow says,

"Let the dead past bury its dead, and live in the present and for the future. In 1848, when Meagher was addressing a meeting at Limerick, he used these significant words: "From the winter of 1846 till the summer of 1848, the wing of an avenging angel swept our sky and soil, the fruits died as the shadow passed, and men, who had nurtured them into life, saw in the withered leaves that they too must die,—and dying, swell the red catalogue of carnage, which was the stay and support of the Empire, of which they were the prosecuted foes. And all that time they were battalions into faction, drilled into disunion, striking each other above the graves that yawned beneath them, instead of joining hands and snatching victory from death." With the Home Rule cheers that greeted the last victory in England still ringing in our ears, it is meet that we should recall the spirit of Meagher and ask that union between both parties should soon be consummated. If there is only a hint of a tendency in that direction, let us not prevent its final realization." Denis Florence McCarthy, to whose works we refer in this issue, once pictured the state of Ireland in four graphic lines:

"Thy children are dying or flying, Thy green ones are laid in the dust, And those who survive are divided, And those who control are unkind."

It still unfairness, or even injustice, lingers with the men who control, do not allow division to remain with the remnant of Irish patriots and the millions of her children, descendants of a glorious race. We hope and trust that ere 1892 holds its last sun set, the unfortunate split in the Home Rule party will be cemented, and the first sun of a new year will dawn upon a united nation, firm in its purpose, just in its cause, and successful in its action. We trust that in future no branch of the Irish press will, intentionally or not, dampen the ardor of the men who wish to see Ireland a nation—united and prosperous.

Hon. Mr. Outmet Elected.

The opposition to the Hon. J. A. Outmet, Minister of Public Works, was withdrawn on Saturday, thus allowing the new member of the Cabinet to go in by acclamation.

Mr. Dickey Elected.

A dispatch from Halifax referring to the election in Cumberland Co., which took place last Saturday, states that the result was the re-election of Mr. Dickey, the Government candidate, by between 1,000 and 1,100 majority. Returns then received gave him over 1,000. Last year his majority was 821 when a third party candidate was running. The large increase in the Government majority was a standing blow to the Liberals.

The Appeal To Go On.

The Hon. Thos. Greenway, premier of Manitoba, who was in the city on Monday, being asked whether it was intended to go on with the appeal now before the Privy Council in reference to separate school legislation in Manitoba, he replied most emphatically that it was intended to proceed with the appeal.

Wm. O'Brien's Experience.

A Dublin despatch states that William O'Brien arrived at Thurlock, County Tipperary, on Saturday. While on his way from the railway station to the episcopal palace, the residence of Archbishop Croke, he was recognized by a number of Parnellites who followed him. They were joined by others, till finally O'Brien was surrounded by a menacing crowd who kept him company to the gates of the palace. He was hooted and jeered, and all manner of epithets were hurled at him. Some of the mildest terms of reproach addressed to him were "renegade" and "murderer," and between the insults piled upon him the crowd amused themselves by cheering for John E. Redmond, and other prominent Parnellites.

Bellak's Pianoforte Tutor. The last new edition of the celebrated tutor, just issued is now for sale at Streets, 29 Bleury and 2429 St. Catherine. This edition, in its selection of airs, far surpasses all other editions. It is edited by Wm. Dickenson. See you get no other.

No man can tell what a day may bring forth—a sun umbrella or pair of skates.

PROVINCIAL COMMISSION.

THE INVESTIGATION RESUMED

Into the Monetary Transactions of the Late Mercier Government—Effective Means of "Raising the Wind."

The Provincial Commission consisting of Judge Mathieu, and Messrs. Masson and Macmaster, appointed to enquire into certain expenditures of the late administration of Mr. Mercier and his friends met last Thursday at the Court House Montreal.

Mr. Machin assistant treasurer of the province, was the first witness. He testified that a sum of \$37,500 had been voted for the bridge above mentioned, of which amount \$14,940 was paid on the 14th February, 1891. Mr. Machin then read the correspondence in connection with the matter, showing that in order to make the steal complete this amount had to be transferred to Mr. C. A. Geoffrion, Q.C., the treasurer of Laurier's election fund in the district of Montreal, and an application from Mr. Geoffrion was necessary as transferred to him by Charlesbois of this cheque of \$14,940.

Certain correspondence of some length established this. The witness continuing said that there was no transfer recorded in the department by Charlesbois, the contractor, in favor of Mr. Geoffrion. The cheque was not paid to Geoffrion and the warrant was not issued in his favor.

"By whom was the warrant acquired?" asked Mr. Stewart. "By the Hon. H. Mercier on the 14th February, 1891."

"Have you any entries recorded that will show to whom this cheque for the subsidy in question was paid?"

"Mr. Mercier acquired the warrant in my presence, and I handed him the cheque by order of the treasurer, the Hon. Mr. Sheehy. I made a minute of this on the records at the time."

Other correspondence was produced, after which Mr. Machin declared that this was the official record, but he added that he had the original cheque, which he produced. Mr. E. Webb, cashier of the Union Bank, at Quebec, deposed that the Treasury cheques, dated 14th February, 1891, for \$14,940.50, had passed through his bank. "Mr. Ernest Picaud brought it to the Union Bank, and he may have been accompanied by A. Charlesbois. It was Picaud, who spoke about it. It was either unendorsed or bore Charlesbois' endorsement only." Picaud wanted to get money, and as it was not endorsed by the railway company it could not be paid, so Picaud offered to give his note for eight days, endorsed by Hon. Mr. Mercier, the same to be discounted and retired by the Treasury cheque in question, as soon as the endorsement could be secured. The bank discounted it, and it was dated February 14 and made to mature February 25. Picaud accounted for being in possession of the cheque by saying the cheque was being prepared at the department, and he came down to advise me of the deal, so that the bank might not be closed, as he was in great need of the money. On the 21st February the cheque for \$14,940.50 was placed against the note and on the 25th the balance of \$36.50 was charged to Picaud's note. Mr. Picaud withdrew the amount of account, \$14,904, the same day it was made. There was a wire transfer that day of \$7,000 to our Montreal branch for C. A. Geoffrion, Q.C., and the balance was drawn out by Picaud, and the amount was paid to him. The eight-day note was probably Picaud's suggestion.

Mr. Picaud, Hochelaga Bank gave evidence as to the sale of a collection of coins by Mr. Breton on which it came out he was to pay a toll of

on a sum of \$5000. Mr. Breton in his evidence spoke of the difficulty he experienced in obtaining his money and how he had to promise Mr. C. A. Geoffrion \$1500 to the election fund if he would lend him in getting the money. He did not say the sale was effected.

Mr. G. H. Balfour of the Union Bank, Montreal, testified to the reception of \$25,000 to the credit of the Hon. Mr. Mercier in Feb, 1891, and also \$7,000 to Mr. Geoffrion. (These sums relate to the Langelis payments.)

Mr. A. Devine told how his firm had sold 15,000 copies of a health manual to the government through Mr. Davely of which the broker received 10 per cent. of the money. Mr. Gouin, the premier's son-in-law, was to receive half the commission.

Mr. Senecal, printer, said he had sold a number of copies of the Municipal Code to the Government and was told that Mr. Gouin was preparing another edition which would prove dangerous in competition. By making an arrangement with Mr. Gouin whereby he was to receive 45 per cent. on all sales he made to the Government this was prevented. In all he paid

FOR THE SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS on this account.

Mr. J. P. Whelan was examined at his house and reported the tale of the numerous demands that had been made on his purse for political services.

Tabulated the amounts were as follows to Mr. Mercier:—

Table with 2 columns: Date and Amount. Rows include June 11, 78 (dinner bill) \$50, July 7, 86 (Montreal election) 400, Sept. 27, 86 (Chamby election) 4000, etc.

SONGS—Our cheap edition ready of "Just another comic," and "Teaching McFadden to waltz," both sung at the Theatre Royal this week. 10c each or 11c mail. W. STRICK, 29 Bleury.

Urbien: "I wish to buy my wife a present, can't you give me an idea? It must be something very old; she is dead crazy just now on the antique."

Valentine: "How would a nice assortment of the latest jokes answer?"

If sick headache is a mystery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

It being conceded that snow is good for the grip, it would be inconsistent to say that they fall together.

THE CONTEST OVER.

The Aldermanic Elections for Montreal's Five Wards.

This year there was no mayoralty election, the ex-chief magistrate of the city being elected again by acclamation. But if the election of last year did not run into 1892, still in the different wards great interest was taken in the contests.

Mr. J. G. A. Crose is now alderman for Centre ward by the largest majority ever recorded in that ward. His opponent, Mr. Joseph Meunier, polled a very poor vote, despite the fact that he had the active support of Ald. Hamelin, the retiring alderman, and Mr. Louis Perrault, who canvassed most vigorously for Mr. Meunier. His opponents were all very active, but with very poor results. Probably the most active battle took place in St. Lawrence ward. Ald. W. Kennedy has been a successful member of the council, and his defeat, considering the fact that he was a tripartite one, is not discreditable. His successful opponent, Mr. E. James, polled a majority of all votes cast in the ward. Mr. James was short of a plurality by 152. Ald. Savignac's return was almost a foregone conclusion, and stands as an evidence of the general appreciation of his conscientious effort and fair dealing, without regard to race or creed. His majority of 198 was a very good one, considering the cry on which he was elected before the electors. Ald. P. Dubuc has not been

A VERY ACTIVE MEMBER of the council, but his electors in St. Gabriel ward either approved of his conduct or disapproved of his opponent, Mr. Berthelaine. The most regrettable feature of the campaign was the defeat of Alderman Rolland. "It is a loss to Hochelaga ward, and also to the city, as well as to the cause of good honest representation," said an alderman on the night of the election referring to his defeat. He had not the support of some aldermen, who should have supported him. Mr. Hurlbut, being a dealer in hay and grain, has great influence in Hochelaga ward. The greatest majority in the ward has only been 90, and in March 1891, only 57.

The total results in the different wards were as follows:—

ST. LAWRENCE WARD. Kennedy, 657; Anderson, 236; James, 331; giving Ald. James a majority of 171.

CENTRE WARD. J. G. A. Crose, 400; Joseph Meunier, 127. Majority for Ald. Crose, 273.

ST. LOUIS WARD. J. R. Savignac, 1267; E. Lavigne, 978. Majority for Ald. Savignac, 285.

ST. GABRIEL WARD. P. Dubuc, 614; E. X. Berthelaine, 367. Majority for Ald. Dubuc, 247.

HOCHELAGA WARD. J. D. Rolland, 423; A. L. Hurlbut, 68. Majority for Ald. Hurlbut, 152.

Some of the successful candidates were called upon by their friends on Monday night, and much rejoicing took place. Ald. Savignac was called upon at a public dinner at the Hotel de la Ville, and was presented with a bouquet and a congratulatory address by his only daughter, which, needless to say, was very acceptable.

Now that the election is over, it is to be hoped that friends and municipal opponents will slack arms upon the field, and that all will join in assisting the aldermen for 1892, in carrying out their duties in the best interests of the city of Montreal.

MARY THE MOTHER OF CHRIST.

In Prophecy and Its Fulfillment.

Before us to-day is a volume that we think is of great importance at this season, and that certainly shall eventually be productive of much good. It would be well that such a book should be found in the hands of every student of the Scriptures, and every household should have upon its shelves a copy of "Mary, the Mother of Christ." Mr. Quigley is not a clergyman; he is a Bachelor of Laws, a graduate of Harvard University, and a member of the Bar at New Brunswick. His legal training has seemingly developed his faculties, and to that judgment, we are sure, other readers of the "True Witness" will be able to testify.

The book is well bound, in large type, and printed upon fine paper. However the exterior appearance of the volume strikes into insignificant when contrasted with the logical argument and the theological and philosophical conclusions that are drawn from all its premises.

We cannot possibly enter into a full discussion of the contents of this volume, but we can say that it arose out of a statement made by the Rev. Bishop Kingston, who, while lecturing upon "Missions," took occasion to attack the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He claimed that the letter being substituted for the letter "I" in the vulgar rendering of Genesis 1:1, which we read "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," should read "In the beginning of Mary's womb." This is not a matter of mere puff that we so advise; it is for the sake of those doctrines that we all cherish and which too many do not properly understand.

We must state positively that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception does not, in any way, infringe upon the doctrine of free will, as is insisted upon by some of our "delightful" work early proves us to be correct.

We hope and trust that all who venerate and love the Mother of God will be enabled to refute all attacks upon her; and no attack can be greater than that which assails the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. We are almost inclined to quote three words of a Canadian writer:

"Triumphant, the church all thy bounty is feeling; Alliant, the church is wrapped in thy flame; Sober, the church all thy power is revealing. Mary, we hail thy immaculate name! Blessed, the church all thy grace is giving. Unvalued the jewel, and glad; Gloriously set in thy bright diadem; Mary, thy holy face, thy sweet smile, thy grace; Mary, our pure, our immaculate gem!

If ever the truthfulness of that pure brilliancy of the Mother of God was explained it is in that volume by Mr. Quigley, entitled *Isis, Isis, Isis*, etc. We wish it success, for the glory of the Church, and the praise of the Mother of God, the honor of the One who was destined to be "called Blessed" from the dawn of Redemption till the sunset of Time.

It is sold at D. & J. Sandler's and Godeaux and Demers', Montreal. Orders may be left at St. Patrick's Presbytery or with Rev. Father Devine, S.J., St. Mary's College.

CATHOLIC DIRECTORY.

The True Witness has been favored with a copy of "Hoffman's Catholic Directory," a volume of seven hundred and thirty pages, published by Hoffman Bros., of Milwaukee, Wis. The work is of the greatest utility, not only in the United States, but also in Canada, and is a most valuable and complete directory of the One who was destined to be "called Blessed" from the dawn of Redemption till the sunset of Time.

It is sold at D. & J. Sandler's and Godeaux and Demers', Montreal. Orders may be left at St. Patrick's Presbytery or with Rev. Father Devine, S.J., St. Mary's College.

TRAIN ROBBERY.

As a train on the Lake Erie and Western road ran past Fort Recovery, on Saturday evening, last, and as the coach swept past the station, Conductor Reed was seen to flip a small piece of paper from the window. It fell upon the platform, and when picked up station Agent Brownlee read as follows: "Gang of tramps taken possession of my train. For God's sake get a party of officers together and help—"

Here the message broke off. Conductor Reed having evidently been unable to write more. Station Agent Brownlee sent a message to Marshall Woods. Then a despatch was received from Conductor Reed, at the next station, saying the tramps had almost beaten to death Sam Woodin, a brakeman.

As the train sneaked up and before it came to stop the tramps saw the posse and a wild break for the timber on each side of the track was made. Marshall Woods dashed toward the nearest of the tramps, yelling to the posse, "Don't let one of them escape if possible," at the same time grabbing a feeling rascal by the collar. The tramp turned and let out his right with a vicious swipe but Woods dodged the blow and in a moment had his man by the throat on the ground. Nearly every member of the posse had a similar or worse tussle with one or more of the tramps, half a dozen of the dirty, ragged scoundrels being finally captured and bound hand and foot. The train crew, who had also endeavored to round up some of the tramps, were not so successful in their efforts, seven of the desperadoes managing to escape into the woods. One of these was, however, without doubt badly hurt, a brakeman having hit him on the head with a coupling pin and knocked him down. The wounded tramp's companions kept the trainmen at bay and he was carried off by his fellows to the woods, threatening they would shoot anyone who dared to follow.

The way in which the train was boarded, was during its stop at the station, and as it pulled out on Portland in the evening the tramps, who had evidently been lying in wait for it, suddenly appeared and climbed on the cars, two entering the engine and the others scattering themselves along the train. Three mounted the engine, the leader, a gigantic ruffian with a stubby beard all over his face, and a black eye, and taking charge of the locomotive, the working of which he evidently understood. The gang swore they would run the train wide open and were as good as their word. As freight train No. 51 was only a mile or so ahead the train crew became alarmed and endeavored to dispossess the tramps which they succeeded in doing, but the tramps had been informed with tramps, and farmers and the railroad companies have suffered much from their depredations.

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes

That Tired Feeling during the winter months, when the system is weakened, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out "Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BRADLEY, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Warn Out "Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully I saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. PHENE MOSEBROOK, 20 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced by anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. Price for 25 Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE GREAT WORM REMEDY.

DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS. For Sale by all Druggists. 25c. a box.

CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Directors of this Company of the first day of February instant, a special general meeting of the stockholders of this Company will be held at the Company's office, No. 131 St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on MONDAY the Fifteenth day of February instant, at TWO o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of ratifying preliminary agreement for the re-insurance of the Company's fire-insurance risks in Canada and Newfoundland and of empowering the Directors to complete definite contracts in accordance generally with its terms.

Montreal, 2nd February, 1892. WILLIAM SMITH, Sec.-Treasurer.

OBYS PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle. PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVIANNE, ROUEN, France.

Interested, but of use to members of the clergy of the different professions, and of the press also to all who may have any desire to communicate with any special Catholic clergyman in North America.

SHAMROCK Bazaar

AND Tombola.

FOR BENEFIT OF NEW GROUNDS.

OPENING February 22nd, 1892.

IN THE WINDSOR HALL, MONTREAL.

The gentlemen's committee in charge beg to acknowledge the following contributions:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Value. Rows include C. W. Lindsay, "Heintzman" Piano \$800.00, Willis & Co., "Bell" Organ 300.00, James Baxter, Diamond Ring 250.00, etc.

Retrospection. Napoleon once said: "scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar." These words were true than some people imagine, for according to advices from St. Petersburg, the Czar intends to initiate measures for the restoration of serfdom among the peasants. Reports from district officials have concurred in the statement that the increase of population in the villages is so great that the land belonging to the "mirs" or local communes, is insufficient to support all the members. The Government, with the view of remedying the evil, proposes to allocate to the peasants vast tracts of land under conditions similar to those of self tenure. One-third of the harvest is to be stored in the communal magazines for the support of the peasants, one-third is to be sold by the Government for the payment of local debts to the state, and one-third is to be retained for the payment of Government taxes. The peasants will not be allowed to move from their communes but will be bound to the soil and will be obliged to fulfil their contracts with the state. The system will be first applied in the provinces of Samara and Saratoff and if successful will be extended all over the Empire. The execution of the new law will be entrusted to the district officials. As these are recruited from the nobility, who, being in favor of the restoration of serfdom, they are certain to report the scheme a success.

The "Labrador" in Penit. On Saturday afternoon the Dominion Line steamer "Labrador" arrived at Halifax after a boisterous trip. On January 26th the steamer encountered a furious gale from the northwest, the wind blowing with hurricane force, with tremendous seas. The ship's head was turned to the southward to escape the fury of the gale and while in this position she was bounded by several heavy seas, which washed away No. 4 gangway, broke the bulwarks, split all the boat covers on the starboard side and did other damage. During the storm one of the men while trying to secure gangways was carried over the ship's side into the sea, but fortunately for him he was thrown back on the deck by the next sea. On the 27th the ship experienced a tidal wave, during which she rolled in a frightful manner causing the cargo to shift in No. 9 hold, and become badly broken. The following is a list of her saloon passengers:—E. B. Buckenfield, Miss Bulmer, W. A. Farron, R. W. Holland, J. Kaitery, George Kyffin, Henry Marriott, Miss Milloy, R. A. E. Taylor, C. J. Stayner, M. R. Miles, B. Taylor, H. M. Taylor, L. M. Taylor, Miss Holland.

Contributions may be sent to the undersigned or to the office of the TRUE WITNESS.

TOMBOLA DRAWING

will take place at close of Bazaar.

TICKETS. \$1 Each. Sent by Mail if necessary.

B. TANSEY, W. J. MCKENNA, CHAIRMAN, SECRETARY.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Morgan did not suffer much from sea-sickness. He went on deck every day, and used to experience a strange feeling of solemnity as he felt the ship ploughing with a subdued, rushing sound, through the water. How isolated and helpless one feels on the deep! The ship is but a speck on the immense waste of waters which sport with her weakness. A few inches of wood that may be riven by the straining of the vessel, or consumed by fire, is all that intervenes between you and death.

There is sublimity and danger in a squall on the Atlantic. A fitful wind is abroad on squally days. For an hour or more the sky will be clear and the sea smooth. Anon, in the distance, a dark spot will be seen which rapidly grows in size, and quickly develops into a cloud of dark mist. On it will come, seeming to glide phantom-like over the agitated bosom of the waters, and gradually hiding the bright beams of the mid-day sun. Jets of spray and huge billows fleeted with a creamy foam, come dashing madly forward, like savage heralds of the advancing storm-king. The broken waves wash over the decks: the mist envelops the ship, and winds roar hoarsely through the rigging. But the sailors had seen the danger: the sails had been lowered and furled ere the squall struck, and the vessel kept before the wind. Disaster is thus usually averted: but persons unused to such scenes are filled with awe, and feel for knees when relentless Juno obtained from Æolus the release of the winds from their rocky prison-house.

Morgan had witnessed one of these squalls, and wished that Virgil could have seen it, in order that his description of the Trojan hero's perils might have been yet more vivid. But the worst was to come. During the day the wind veered round all the points of the compass, and settled at the northwest. This caused a heavy swell of sea, and when after midnight the gale increased to a hurricane, the gallant ship tossed about as aimlessly as a bubble sporting in a zephyr. Towards midnight the storm reached its height; it was impossible to keep before the wind, for the waves were washing over the deck and drenching the cabin. Sail was furled, and the ship was "hoove to."

Poor Morgan felt slightly sick and somewhat unnerved. He thought it would be a dismal fate to sink, on that wild night, beneath the surging sea, amidst the crash of timbers, the hissing of the waters, and the screams of the passengers: to have all the aspirations of youth rudely buried in the seething waves; to perish on the pitiless ocean so far from home, where loved ones were perhaps wondering where he might be, or perchance offering up a prayer to the Almighty for his safety: to think as life was departing, that no one would be left to tell the story of his fate, or to give to sorrowing friends the mournful satisfaction of knowing how he had died.

These thoughts cursed quickly through his mind, and awoke all the tender affections of his soul. It is in such moments as these that one becomes aware of the real nature of one's love for friends. Morgan was resolved not to die in his stateroom, but to go on deck and be prepared to battle for life, or at least to be able to look up to the sky when sinking. But soon an unaccountable something dispelled all gloomy thoughts; he felt his time had not yet come: he felt that the protection of the immaculate Virgin, under whose patronage he had placed himself, was not withdrawn.

All night the storm raged but gradually decreased towards dawn. The sight presented by the sea at daylight was terrific. No one who has not seen an Atlantic storm can imagine its untamed fury. At one moment the ship would rise on the crest of a towering wave, hundreds of feet above the natural level; next moment it would descend with a giddy whirl into the trough of the sea while the mighty billows rose far above its masts on each side. One would fancy escape impossible; but in a moment the swell of a wave from behind would rise under the vessel's keel, and quickly shoot her aloft on its advancing tide. The water no longer appeared liquid, but seemed to be pressed into a firm substance, and to surge to and fro in solid masses, like great bodies of snow, emitting a hissing sound not unlike the noise of a snow-drift on a rough day in February.

After the storm had subsided a favoring breeze soon wafted the ship into the magnificent harbor of Liverpool. Without delay Morgan started by train to London, and quickly passed on to Brussels. Thence he went to Cologne, and up the banks of the Rhine by railway. Arrived at Bale he resolved to pass into Italy by Mount St. Gothard, one of the Alpine range. He crossed the beautiful Lake of Lucerne, which quietly nestles in the bosom of snow-capped Alps, like a lovely child asleep in the arms of a hoary grandparent. At Altorf, a small village, he took the stage-coach, which conveys passengers who desire to ride over these rugged heights up the frowning mountain.

The road is, in great part, cut out of the rock along the edge of the ascent, and runs zig-zag up its almost perpendicular sides. As you ascend it becomes more steep; the path is quite narrow, the outer wheel of the carriage being only a few inches from the brink. The mountain falls down with alarming steepness. Far below rushes a wild torrent, plunging and hissing through its rocky gorge. Jagged rocks and stunted trees offer, here and there, a precarious footing for a daring climber. One slight push over the edge of the road and all would be over in this world. The torrent, thundering so far below, would receive the shattering fragments of what had once been a human body and bear them to the Rhine, and thence to the German Ocean.

The drivers of these conveyances have a sturdy and professional playfulness, not always appreciated by travellers. It is this: when a timid passenger remarks that the wheel is dangerously near the brink, the driver says, "Look here!" and jerks the horses until the wheel grazes

the extreme edge. Your only consolation is the certainty that an upset would involve the death of the coachman and horses, as well as your own.

Along this mountain track traces of human habitations are to be seen. A rude shed supported by a jutting rock, serves the hardy mountaineer for a dwelling; scanty patches of clay amid the clefts of the stone, and table rocks covered with soil carried from far below, afford a little space on which to grow a sparse crop of vegetables. The wild goat, which, by some process known only to itself, ekes out a livelihood on these barren heights, supplies meat and clothing. Blasted trees are good fuel; what more is wanting to those who require no better?

The free air of heaven blows coldly at times, over their exposed brows; the sharp frost pinches their gloveless hands; the wild goat may clude their pursuit,—but what of that? Is there no misery in towns and cities?

The mountaineer is not haunted by the tax-gatherer; he is not dunned by the baker; he is not bullied by the butcher. Freely he climbs his rugged patrimony; sweetly he sleeps in his rude hut; fervently he prays in the little oratory or before a picture of the Madonna set in some rocky recess. If contentment of mind be a true measure of happiness the mountaineer is more blest in this regard than the millionaire.

When Morgan and his companions had arrived at the summit of Mount St. Gothard, a wild and rugged panorama was presented to view. They wore thousands of feet above the level of the sea. The mists were thickened and congealed in the cold upper air. Snow was on the ground: snow was in the air: snow was drifting in eddying whirls down the gorges of the mountain.

The various bald peaks of the Alpine hills looked as cold and cheerless as the broken shafts and draped funeral urns which, unrelieved by the cross or any emblem of hope, may be seen in so many cemeteries. The sublime savagery of unclaimed nature stood forth in all its massive strength and beauty.

What a puny being man appears when considered side by side with one of these dark, frowning mountains! yet what a noble superiority is his which enables him to triumphantly scale these giddy heights, or to pierce a track through their rocky bowels along which screeching engines may rattle and labor, a fitting heart for such enduring hills.

But even these savage wilds have been warmed and brightened by Catholic charity. Ages ago, ere yet steam and electricity had become the servants of man, and ere an ungrateful world had begun to persecute its benefactors—the religious orders—a community of monks was established on these barren peaks, they employed their time in glorifying God amid these howling solitudes, and in caring for the occasional wayfarer who passed from Switzerland to Italy.

We often hear sneers and gibes against these generous men who renouncing all worldly comforts, dedicate themselves to the service of God, and to the care of his suffering creatures. Men who have rared themselves a forbidden pleasure, or wrought at any useful trade, or assisted a fellow-being in distress, will prate about "lazy monks" and political economy. Unable to appreciate a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, they declaim against it as unmanly. With long drawn faces they will de liberately swindle day after day, falsify bank accounts, impudently cheat without remorse, and then cant and wince at prayer-meetings about the evils of non-resistance. Had such as these ever been exhausted in the dreary waste of Alpine snow and felt the cold shadow of death from frost-bite gradually projected over their bodies, and been roused to consciousness by a huge but gentle dog tacking the snow from the face, and by a draught of warm wine and milk proffered by one of these abused monks, perhaps even their devilish malice against God's holy ones might be softened. Hundreds, aye, thousands of human beings have been saved from death by those devoted men who left cheerful rooms to wander out into the cold blasts of the Alps in search of lost travellers.

At the old monastery the poor are fed gratis, and ordinary travellers can procure an excellent dinner at a small cost. A fresh pair of horses was procured for the descent towards Italy. The road was cut out of the mountain in a manner similar to that already described. Naturally the descent is more expeditious in the ascent, but it is perhaps more trying to weak nerves. The horses are jerked so often and so sharply around the corners of the zig-zag path, that one begins to fear that they may grow dizzy and fall.

As the coach in which Morgan rode passed near a small hut, a little girl, with all the wild beauty of a mountain sprite, came out and nimbly ran for a distance at its side, holding up for sale a few flowers which she had just culled. They had none of the rich coloring or luxuriant foliage of the flowers which grew in the plains beneath; they were cold and chaste and redolent of the mountain snow.

Towards nightfall Morgan alighted and walked for a short time, whilst the driver was engaged in mending a broken strap. He gazed around on a scene well calculated to inspire awe. Far below him, to the south, stretched the Italian plains, faintly lighted up by the autumn twilight. Lago Maggiore faintly glistened in its caustic recess; the Ticino hopelessly chafed down its gloomy ravine; little streamlets which, through an open valley would have babbled peacefully onward, leaped with a sharp hissing sound from crag to boulder, and frothed and foamed in their puny strength. High above him the grim peak which he had descended stood frowning and stern, despite the glow on its summit which yet caught the sun's expiring beam. It was not unlike a gloomy misanthrope in a well-lighted drawing-room.

Every object around, the heaving crags, the thundering river, the foaming brooks, the irregular mass of unshaken mountain, spoke of strength and greatness.

O God! how little does man's power seem amid the Alpine heights! how great doth thine appear!

At the foot of the mountain Morgan remained all night, and crossed the island-dotted Lago Maggiore in the morning. This is after Lake Como, the most beautiful in Europe. The scenery around its

banks and on its fairy heights is varied and magnificent. From the bold grandeur of the Jura Mountains to the smiling loveliness of the Italian shores, every phase of natural beauty is to be seen.

Morgan landed on the Italian soil, and swiftly sped by train to Milan. The great cathedral was hastily inspected, and on he went to Venice.

The Queen of the Adriatic still attracts the tourist and the lover of art. No adventurous Doge pilots her fleet to distant lands; no martial sailors sweep down the Gulf to bear supplies to an army of Crusaders. The Lion of St. Mark sleeps listlessly at his post; the great square which once resounded with the tread of heroes, now echoes at times the footfalls of solemn revolutionists, who plot, in dark lodges, the downfall of that Church to which Italy owes all its glory. Yet there is a lingering of old-time beauty and majesty and beauty around Venice still; she is a disrowned Queen, but traces of royal greatness remain. The song of the gondolier is still heard on her canals, and the great Church of St. Mark still tells of past glories, and speaks from its every stone a hymn of praise to God.

It was while visiting this cathedral that Morgan met a party who were his fellow travellers afterwards to Rome. Said party consisted of an elderly man and his wife, together with their two daughters and a son. They were from the United States, and were a good specimen of that class of vulgar persons who acquired money during the late Civil War.

Newspaper scriblers would, probably call Mr. Drew a "self-made" man. By this phrase you often find designated creatures who are composed, so to speak of ninety-nine parts beast, and one part man. So that the individual has made money, whether by honest business, or by defrauding the Government, or by cheating the Indians, or by robbing a credulous multitude, he is frequently styled a "self-made" man. A gushing reporter will give a sketch of his life, and propose it as a model to rational beings. Small wonder that dishonesty is rampant when it is fawned upon instead of being denounced.

Mr. Drew had made his "pile" as he called it by supplying bad army-shoes at an enormous price. He was shrewd, ignorant, and unprincipled. His wife was vulgar but good-natured. The daughters had been sent to a boarding school, where they had learned to hammer a little on the piano, and to forget English and to dabble in French and German. To dress extravagantly, to talk about the "beau monde" and to despise all manner of household duties. The son had profited first by the "glorious free schools" to the extent of being able to stammer tolerably well through dime novels, and vicious habits. Then he had been sent to a mushroom university, where he chewed tobacco, swore great oaths, frequented low haunts, and otherwise improved his mind for three years. At the expiration of that period he had done fifty dollars and picked up a parchment dubbing him A. M. The "secular schools" of the United States have produced many such families.

The young ladies had been looking at something which they pronounced "awfully nice," and "fearfully pretty." Desiring to know more about it, they endeavored to ask the custodian its history. Evidently their French was not very strong: "Vous savez le history du cette..." but here the jargon failed. Morgan seeing their difficulty, kindly came to their rescue.

Mr. Drew, hearing an English voice, at once introduced himself and party. His appreciation of fine arts and of the grandest monuments of human genius was on a par with that of his countryman "Mark Twain." Doubtless there are some with whom Mark's vulgar attempts at wit in "Innocents Abroad" for being of the purest water; but they belong to the class of Mr. Drew.

"What a tarnation fine shoe-factory this would make! you could put in a couple more lofts; ram your engine in in that nook; cram your leather here; stuff your shoes round there."

"Lawk, Daniel," said Mrs. Drew, you are always thinking of shoes. Me and the girls think it would be just the go for a *suete*," probably soiree.

"Yes, quite *ou fait*," said the elder; words which Morgan at length supposed were intended for *ou fait*.

"What a nice cool place to keep the *vin blanc*," said the younger German being her strong point.

"How that little chan is *skobadling*," said the heir to the house of Drew, as he pointed to an angel.

Poor Morgan felt it useless to point out the beauties of St. Mark's to such uncultured minds. With a keen sense of pity for such animal men of whom the United States can boast thousands, he got out of the church as soon as possible, closely followed by his new found friends. Next morning they started for Rome. Mr. Drew, with easy familiarity, asked Morgan his object in going to the Eternal City. When told it was to fight for the Pope, he "guessed it was *quise* the old fellow could not do his own fighting, and wished to know how the expected trouble had been brought about. As many of our readers may wish to know the same thing, we will tell them in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE TROUBLE HAD BEEN BROUGHT ABOUT.

There is something exhilarating in the motion and clatter of an express train. To be whirled through a lovely country at the rate of fifty miles an hour; to feel the quick rush of a balmy atmosphere fanning one's brow; to catch fleeting glimpses of ruined towers, bold mountain ridges, and glistening lakes; to know that you are fast drawing near to your journey's end,—to experience all this while comfortably seated and under no necessity of driving or guiding, is surely enough to cheer one's spirits. The pulse is quickened, the heart beats in unison with the rattling music of the wheels, and the play of thought keeps time with the rapid change of scene.

It generally were to bring their men to the field of battle on an express-train they would on a nightingale, make the most gallant charge yet witnessed. This will doubtless, be part of the tactics of the future. The roar of cannon will be drowned in the swelling wave of sound created by the fierce rattle of advancing

wheels, and the cracking of musketry be elided by the shrill whistle of puffing engines. Krupp cannons will be preserved in museums as a monument of a clumsy German invention. Englishmen, will, like their remote ancestors go to war in chariots, but no vulnerable horses shall be yoked thereto. The scythes of early Britons will be succeeded by electric batteries which shall discharge artificial thunderbolts into the midst of a terrified enemy.

In the great battle of the future, by a Catholic British Empire, comprising in addition to the United Kingdoms, America, North and South, Germany, Russia, and India, shall be firmly consolidated, and the Church shall receive her greatest worldly triumph, the English strategist will employ tactics similar to these herein foreshadowed. Some may smile at this fancy, but we believe in a mighty future and an almost universal dominion to be attained by England after her return to the faith of her forefathers.

Feelings and thoughts akin to those expressed above were experienced by Morgan, as he sped from Ancona towards Rome.

It was late in November, but the spirit of summer seemed to be still hovering in the air, and warming it with her gentle breath. Summer never dies in Italy; she sleeps for a season whilst the rains descend; but every glancing sunbeam wakes her from her slumber, and she smiles over the valleys in every warm gleam.

The verdure was fresh and green: wild-flowers were growing by the roadside, and many species of vegetables were flourishing in the garden. Morgan accustomed to the cold of a Canadian November, almost fancied that he had fallen asleep somewhere for six months, and that it was now May.

For some time he had sat gazing out of the country through which they were passing so rapidly, when Mr. Drew questioned him as to his reasons for going to Rome. Then he wished to know how the expected trouble had been brought about.

"It's a long story," said Morgan, "and its primary cause is very remote; possibly it might tire you to hear it related." Mr. Drew protested that he "rather liked a long-spun, hifalutin sort of oration" and would listen with "tarnation pleasure."

Having said this he spat out of the window the jellied products of half a "plug" of Virginia, and as Morgan, who was between him and the window, foreseeing the discharge was about to move, he quietly said, "don't move, I guess I'll clear you," and true to his word shot it fairly over his head out into the harmless air.

Morgan looked aghast at this novel mode by which Mr. Drew avoided disturbing his fellow passengers. That gentleman appeared to enjoy his surprise, and Mrs. Drew laughed until big tears coursed down her flabby cheeks. When she recovered the power of speech she said:

"That's nothing that ain't to what I see Daniel doing once at a hotel in Nevada. There was three long fellows from the hills smoking in the bar, and boasting of how truly they could spit and squirt into the spittoon. Daniel he walks in a kind of a careless way and says, 'I ain't much in the smoking line myself but I guess I can spit about as true as any of you.' Then the barkeeper he gets a fly and pins it to the wall. He marks off three yards and tells them to toe the scratch. The man as spits the widest from the fly the most times out of three pays for the drinks says the bar-keeper. One tall mimer spits first and hits the fly twice. The next hits only once. Then comes Daniel's turn; and winking to me (laugh how I laughed) he stepped up to mark and standing with his hands behind his back, he spits three times, quite rapid like and hits the fly every time."

(To be continued.)

This story can be had in book form from J. Murray & Co., Bathing more, or Knowles' book store, Halifax, N.S.

When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any doubt.—Consulting, Mich. U.S.A., Feb. 16, 1887. "Was troubled 25 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from either remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 11 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. M. BEAUFORT.

Self-respect will not permit a man to boast of his own good deeds, while egotism will not permit him to keep quiet about them.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Glandular swellings in the throat, neuralgia, the rheumatic, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, and other diseases affecting the glands, muscles, and nerves of sensation are permanently eradicated by this healing and feeble and soothing preparation. It is also a perfect remedy for all skin diseases, and every kind of superficial inflammation, which soon lose their angry and painful character under this invaluable Ointment. The Pills have never been administered either by hospital or private practitioner in dyspepsia or liver complaint without producing the desired result.

D. NIGHTINGALE,

Dealer in General Sporting and Athletic Goods, Snow-Shoes, Boxing-Gloves, Fencing Fists, Masks, Single Sticks, Hockey Sticks and Pucks, Bicycles, Belts, Lanterns, etc.

Manufacturer and Dealer in Pool and Billiard Tables.

Improved Billiard Cushions patented Nov. 21, Ivory and Composition Balls, Tips, plain and fancy Cues, Billiard Clubs, etc. Tables altered, repaired and put down, etc. Agents for Canada of the Star Patent, Hockey, Burlington Toboggans, just the thing for Clubs and Boys. If you wish the best and where quality is considered the cheapest, get a Star Patent.

1742 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. BELL PHONE 2331. 211

AGENTS who seek to make MONEY fast. Send your address on postal card for particulars. The Royal Sarsaparilla Co., Windsor, Ont. 18-13

DR. FULTON Cures patients of all Diseases by letter or in person. Enquiry FREE. Piles, Tumors, Glanders, Scrofula, etc. cured without Surgical operations. Hours, 1 to 10 p.m. Bell Telephone 3351. Residence, 214 St. Catherine street.

THE O'HART TESTIMONIAL FUND.

Hon. Edward Murphy..... \$25 00
A. Brogan..... 1 00
D. Macdonald..... 1 00

Subscriptions sent to this office, or to the Hon. Edward Murphy, will be duly acknowledged and remitted to Mr. O'Hart.

The Two Misers.

A miser living in Kufa heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, from whom he might learn much. He forth with journeyed thither and presented himself to the great miser as a humble beginner in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome," said the miser of Bassora; "we will straight go into the market to make some purchases."
They went to the baker.
"Hast thou good bread."
"Good, indeed, my masters; and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the man of Kufa, "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper, and we will therefore act more wisely, and more savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They then went to the butter merchant and asked him if he had good butter.
"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as is the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this also," said the host to his guest, oil is compared with the very best butter, and therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They then went out to the oil vendor.
"Have you good oil?"
"The very best quality: white and transparent as water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa: "by this rule water is the very best. Now, at home I have a painful and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you."
And, indeed, on their return nothing but water did place before his guest; because he had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"—Exchange.

Dr. T. A. Stocum's OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you are Feeble and Emaciated—Use It. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

It begins to look as though our new gunboats would continue to remain merely pretty.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. People's Popular ONE WAY PARTIES TO THE Pacific Coast.

FEB 3 & 17, MAR 2, 16 & 30, APR 13 & 27.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION paid to applications received by any CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENT.

MONTREAL TICKET OFFICES: 266 St. JAMES STREET (corner McGill) and at stations.

BURDOCK. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD. CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

BITTERS. BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour.

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

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER. Mr. Henry Macomber, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally ST. JACOBS OIL was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Sustaining, Strength-giving Invigorating. JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. IS A PERFECT FOOD FOR Invalids and Convalescents. Supplying all the nutritious properties of PRIME BEEF in an easily-digested form.

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S CELEBRATED ALES - AND - PORTERS. Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE". INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER. XXX PALE ALE. STOUT PORTER.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. DRAWINGS IN FEBRUARY, 1892:—February 3 and 17.

Table with 3 columns: Prize, Worth, and List of Prizes. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00.

MONTREAL PAPER MILLS CO. St. Lawrence Paper Mills, 588 Craig Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

Book, Toned and News, Prints, Colored Posters. Bleached and Unbleached Manilla. Brown and Gray Wrappings. White and Tinted Flat Writings. Bill Heads, Note and Memo. Forms, and General Printing Supplies. SAMPLES AND PRICES SENT ON APPLICATION. TELEPHONE, 2690. P. O. Box, 1133.

O'NEILL'S DEFIANCE.

The following stirring lyrics—commemorative of Hugh O'Neill, the English Queen Elizabeth's first viceroy in Ireland, in 1585.

"Go tell your surly, Saxon queen I value not her might— My arm is strong, my sword is keen.

The Hy-Niall's race, for ages true; Those hills and mountains blue; They lived and loved and worshipped God.

Then back, then back to England's queen— And tell her this from me— My own, my native land of green.

"This name, in Gaelic, is pronounced as a word of two syllables—equivalent to the genitive of the name O'Neill."

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

To Set a Table.

Breakfast being the plainest meal of the day, the arrangement of the table should always be simple, writes Mary Parlow in her domestic department in the February Ladies' Home Journal.

A Sunny Dining-Room.

The dining-room, writes Maria Parlow in the February Ladies' Home Journal, should be light and sunny.

Something About Making Soap.

A few years ago, when on one of my lecturing tours, I boarded with a family where the ladies did their own work.

the potash is prepared. Remember that potash is very strong, and do not spatter it on yourself or on the floor.

Possibilities Within Easy Reach.

One can buy half a pound of sausages, a thin slice of ham that will not weigh more than half a pound, a quarter of a pound of dried beef, a quarter of a pound of smoked bacon, half of which can be used with chicken livers, while the other half may be cooked another time with one pound of calf's liver.

Trade Returns.

The trade returns for the month of December and for the first six months of the fiscal year have been made up by the Customs department, and show that the exports continue to increase in the most satisfactory manner, and are now \$8,898,839 in excess of what they were at this time last year.

Table with 2 columns: Products of the mine, Products of the fisheries, etc. and their respective values.

Compared with the first six months of the last fiscal year this shows an increase of \$5,379,305 in produce of Canada and \$3,517,534 in produce of other countries.

The statement of goods entered for consumption for December shows: Dutiable goods, \$4,291,461; Free goods, \$4,702,283; Cohn, 78,465.

Public Accounts for 1891.

The public accounts for the year ended 30th June, 1891, were distributed this afternoon, from which it appears the revenue on account of consolidated fund was \$88,579,310.88, and expenditure \$86,343,567.96, showing a surplus for the year of \$2,235,742.92.

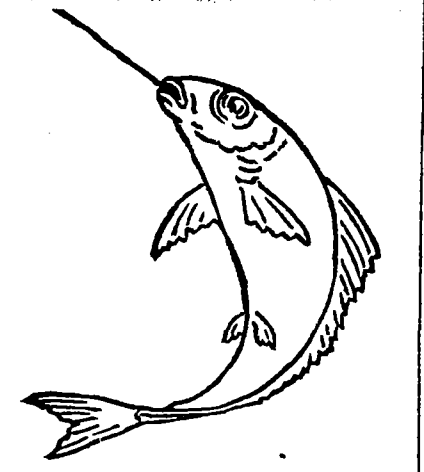
Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Pleuritis, Catarrh, Asthma and other Lung Affections.

Live Stock.

The receipts of live stock at the Montreal Stock Yards Company, Point St. Charles, for the week ending January 30, 1892, were as follows: Cattle, Sheep, Lamb, Hogs.

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



Down in the mouth—the woman who doesn't use Pearline. Her work brings weariness and complaint—Pearline brings cleanliness with ease and comfort.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, &c.

Flour.—The market remains quiet all round and prices continue unsatisfactory to sellers. It is stated that although the nominal quotation for city standard is \$4.75 to \$5.00 per barrel, a fair range of values, however, would be from \$4.45 to \$4.75 per barrel.

Wheat.

Receipts during the past week were 22,021 bushels against 28,901 bushels for the week previous.

Peas.

There is very little doing in this market and prices are unchanged at 72 to 75c per bushel in the west prices are quoted at 50 to 60c per bushel.

Butter.

Receipts during the past week were 1,531 packages against 1,663 packages for the week previous.

Dairy Produce.

Butter.—Receipts during the past week were 1,531 packages against 1,663 packages for the week previous.

Cheese.

The market remains very strong, English buyers having been compelled to advance their limits by 15 to 18c per cwt.

Country Produce.

Eggs.—The cold weather has greatly reduced receipts and improved the feeling somewhat.

Fruits, &c.

Apples.—The market is quiet, car lots are still being offered from the west, but it is difficult to get over \$2.25 for the best red fruit.

P. N. Y. CO. PIANO CO.

This Company still leads in fine American PIANOS and ORGANS.

They are now receiving their full supply of the beautiful

Weber, Decker, Vose and Hale PIANOS.

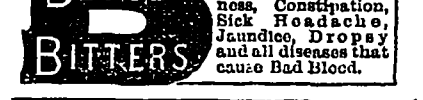
Fine specimens of which can be seen in the stores,

No. 228 ST. JAMES STREET.

It is a fact not generally known to our readers that this Company sells beautiful new upright pianos at \$225.

Second-hand Pianos at from \$60 upwards.

Our readers should call and examine the stock and prices at N. Y. PIANO CO'S stores.



FURS!

We are now showing an

EXTRA CHOICE STOCK of

Fur Coats,

Mantles,

Capes,

Muffs, Caps, etc.

All of our own manufacture.

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

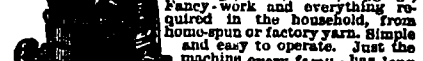
ROBERTSON & CO.

220 St. James Street,

Opposite Alexander's.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING MACHINE.

Small price only \$10. Will knit stockings, mitts, scarfs, leggings, fancy work and everything that can be done on a factory yarn.



Do not miss this opportunity. Address: A. KARDON & GEARHAULT, Dundas, Ont.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY,

Advocates and Barristers,

180 ST. JAMES STREET,

City and District Bank Building

Castor Oil.

Registered. A delightful, refreshing preparation for the hair. It keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth of a perfect hair dressing for the family.

35 CENTS

USE IT FOR

Difficulty of Breathing

Tightness of the Chest

Wasting Away of Flesh

Throat Troubles

Consumption

Bronchitis, Weak Lungs

Asthma, Coughs

Catarrh, Colds

DR. T. A.

SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure

COD LIVER OIL

TASTELESS

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

LABORATORY, TORONTO, ONT.

FARMER'S COLUMN.

Fattening Lambs and Leakages on Farms.

Some time ago at Guelph, Prof. Shaw, of the Agricultural College, gave a very interesting address on the subject of "Fattening Lambs."

On the same occasion Mr. Raynor spoke on the subject of "Leakages on the Farm." He advised the farmers to keep their wood sheds on the farm and to provide their barns with cava troughs to prevent a waste of water coming down through the yard, thereby saving the elements of fertility.

Cattle Dehorning.

Much discussion has taken place of late with regard to the question of dehorning cattle. At the county dehorning investigation, at London, Ont., County Constable Allen gave recently an account of his visit to William York's farm in North Devonshire.

ARE YOU DEAF?

Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send for a copy of our valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure, which costs comparatively nothing.

A General Overcome.

DEAR SIRS,—I suffered from general weakness and debility and my system was completely run down and I found B.B.B. the best medicine ever tried. I would not be without it for a great deal.

Attacked By An Enemy.

DEAR SIRS,—About a year ago I had a very bad attack of dyspepsia. For nearly four months I never ate a meal without suffering pain after it. I had got so weak I could scarcely walk, when one day I saw an advertisement for B.B.B. and I bought a bottle.

Epitaph on a Dead Letter.—It died at its post.

Suitable Dower for a Widow.—A widower.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.



Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and charitable purposes, its franchise was a part of the present State Constitution, in 1878, by an overwhelming popular vote.

INCORPORATED BY THE LEGISLATURE FOR EDUCATIONAL AND CHARITABLE PURPOSES.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBERS DRAWING takes place in each of the twelve months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

ATTENDED AS FOLLOWS:

"We do hereby certify that we supervised the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and its own management and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith towards all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

Commissioners:

G. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bk. FERRER LANAU, Pres. State National Bank.

C. WALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank. CARL KORN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING.

WILL TAKE PLACE At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, FEBRUARY 10, 1892.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000.

100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

LIST OF PRIZES:

Table listing various prize amounts and their frequencies, such as 1 PRIZE OF \$100,000 is 1, 1 PRIZE OF \$50,000 is 2, etc.

Price of Tickets:

Whole Tickets at \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

Club rates, 50 fractional tickets at \$1, for \$50.

IMPORTANT.

Congress having lately passed laws prohibiting the use of the mails to advertise lotteries, we urge the Companies in answering correspondents and sending lists of prizes, until the Courts shall decide otherwise.

THE PEOPLE WILL FAVOR CONTINUANCE.

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure, that makes the disease of THE PEOPLE'S CURE a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. EXPRESS AND POST-PAYMENT. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP. Cuticura... Cures itching, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or itchy skin...

LOCAL, GEORGE AND SOCIETY NEWS

Under this heading will be published... of the Archdiocese which are of interest to the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS.

Prof. McKay's Lecture. We propose, next week, beginning the publication of Prof. McKay's instructive and graphic lecture on the subject of "Irish Literature."

Shamrock Bazaar and Tombola. Owing to the immense number of articles coming in and the fact that an unprecedented success and popularity for the bazaar is now beyond doubt...

Nearly Reached the Century. Theredacted at St. Sulpice in the county of L'Assomption, a few days ago, a Catholic gentleman who had almost reached the great age of a hundred years...

St. Mary's Y. M. S. Although it has only just been formed, the membership of St. Mary's Young Men's Society is already numerous...

Catholic Young Men's Society. The monthly literary entertainment of the C. Y. M. S. was held in their hall, 92 St. Alex. street, on Thursday evening, January 28...

Our Schools. Speaking of the Protestant Mission school work amongst the young, this gentleman, says the Advocate, said that love was the great command, and he wanted to see the teacher of the Mission school a little more loving...

The Archbishop's Academy. On Monday the names of the pupils who by their conduct and their application won for themselves the distinction of being inscribed on the Roll of Honor, were read out...

Laval University. A University to be Established at Montreal. The details of a bill which we understand, it is intended to bring before the Quebec Legislature in its next session have just come to light...

The Grip Amongst the Judges. The "grip" is playing sad havoc with the health of our judges. Mr. Justice Jetté has not yet recovered from his long prostration with the malady...

The Grey Nuns. Their Noble Work—A Reply to Maledictors. La Semaïne Religieuse states that besides the regular staff there are at present in the different establishments of the Grey Nuns, in this city, 1,408 poor, all, or almost all, getting gratuitously their lodging, food and clothing...

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint...

THE BLESSING OF ST. HILARY. The customary ceremony which takes place on the anniversary of the feast of St. Hilary in the field in the Cathedral this afternoon, when the blessing of the throats will be proceeded with by His Grace the Archbishop...

the fourth century. While undergoing a term of imprisonment at the hands of the soldiers of Agricola he rendered himself famous by miraculously healing a child who was being smothered by a snake...

Death of a Venerable Priest. The death is announced of the Rev. Norbert Barret, who was pastor of the parish of St. Luc for about twenty years...

The Better Part. His Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, presided last week at the religious profession of the following postulants, at the Hotel Dieu in that city...

Feast of St. Francis de Sales. Friday last being the feast of St. Francis de Sales, Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the Seminary of Quebec city, by Mgr. Bégin...

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OBITUARY. Rev. Norbert Barretto. The death is announced of the Rev. Norbert Barretto, formerly cure of St. Luc. He was born at St. Catharines, March 16th, 1822, and was ordained priest in August, 1847...

THE CANADA PLATING CO., 763 Craig St. LADIES.—We secured three first prizes and diplomas at Montreal, Ottawa and Sherbrooke, 1891, for the extra quality of our manufacture of Silver-Ware and replating old goods equal to new...

THE EXILE OF ERIN. His inquiry of the Priest, "Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland?" Denis O'Sullivan, of New York, wrote the first three stanzas of this piece of humor and pathos. The name of the writer of the others, so different in character, is not given.

THE EXILE OF ERIN. Sooth, sooth, in the strange earth my poor bones will lie; I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing. And if the Lord's willing I'm ready to die. But sooth, sooth, when I never again see The valleys and hills of my dear native land?

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