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# The True Witness

ESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1894.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A HAPPY EASTER to all our readers! This is a holy time and a season of rejoicing. The commemoration of the Resurrection is an event of paramount importance all over the Christian world. From out the death of sin the Church calls upon her children to arise into a new life of grace. Nature harmonizes with religion, and we behold the resurrection of spring after the white shrouds of winter have enwrapped the year. We also feel a species of rejuvenation; THE TRUE WITNESS appears, after a long and weary trial, stronger, more hopeful, firmer and brighter than ever. Consequently we thank all our friends who have aided us so well in the hour of difficulty, and we promise them that we will do all in our power to repay them many old.

ON SUNDAY next, the 1st April, His Grace the Archbishop will celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of his episcopal consecration. The clergy of the Archdiocese and the faithful of Montreal will honor the occasion in a worthy manner. In our next issue we will furnish our readers with an account of the celebration. Meanwhile we desire to express our hearty congratulations to His Grace and we trust and pray that he may be granted many long years to carry on the grand work which has derived such an impetus from his master mind.

A COUNTRY without a magazine is decidedly a poor land. Canada to-day possesses a really admirable publication in the Canadian Magazine, the March number of which is before us. We learn that the promoters of this magazine are now taking steps to introduce it into the various provinces, and have commenced with Quebec. As a thoroughly national publication, pregnant with fine ideas and filled with historical information, we trust that it will receive due encouragement. We want all the Canadian literature that we can possibly secure. It is the food whereon our young country must thrive if she wishes one day to attain her rightful position amongst the nations.

We notice by several correspondents in the Dramatic Mirror, that Rev. Mr. Usher is receiving some hard raps for his severe criticism of certain prominent actresses. To judge of that critic's remarks by the persons he undertakes to criticise, we must say that he deserves all that he is getting. It is true that in the theatrical profession, as in every other one, there are crying abuses; we admit that there are actresses whose lives—public and private—are deserving of censure; but that by no means gives a man the right to condemn a whole category of people in an indiscriminate manner, nor does it excuse a gentleman—however reverend he may be—for casting discredit upon the names of ladies whose grand lives have served at once to elevate their profession and to instruct the world. No matter how certain his

trionic characters may degrade themselves and disgrace the stage, no man has the right nor can be justified in attacking wholesale a profession that numbers amongst its "stars" such names as Jenny Lind, Adelina Patti, Albani, Mary Anderson, and dozens of others equally grand in their public careers and equally exemplary in their private lives. There should be temperance in criticism as well as in everything else; to use a common expression "we take no stock" in extremists—men who have a monomania on certain subjects and have lost all power of weighing justly the pros and cons that true facts present. The abuses of the stage will not be remedied by abusing the ornaments of the profession.

THE following advertisement appears in a London paper; it is quite original:

"MISSION WORK.—Lady desires re-engagement; mothers' meetings, &c.; very successful with men."

The London Universe, commenting upon this paragraph, submits that if she is very successful with the men, she will scarcely be so with the "mothers." The lady who advertises in this case may be an exception to the rule. Probably she has had so much success in her engagements with the men that she feels a re-engagement will qualify her to give mothers a few pointers that may be outside their ordinary experience. We are in no way prejudiced against this particular would-be missionary; but decidedly we would not care to have the names of our own female friends or relatives signed to such an advertisement. The lady may be very zealous and awfully Christian, but she lacks that which is the true charm of all true womanly life—at least in the eyes of mothers.

A CORRESPONDENT signing "N. C. D." writes a letter on "The Minority of Ireland," to the Toronto Week, in which he quotes the following very significant paragraph from the speech of an Ulster M. P.:

"You would naturally expect that people who charge others with intolerance were themselves the perfection of tolerance. I will show you by figures that in no part of the world is there such bigotry and intolerance as is meted out to the Catholics of Ulster. There are over 70,000 Catholics in Belfast, or about one-fourth of the entire population. Let us see how the Protestants act toward the Catholics in giving them representation on the different public boards. In the Belfast Corporation (City Council), there are forty members, and not a single Catholic; out of 82 officers, just two Catholics. In the Harbor Board, 22 members; Water Commissioners, 16; Poor-law Board, 44; and not a single Catholic will be permitted to sit at any of these five boards. They employ among them nearly 350 officials, and there are not more than ten Catholics, and these are nearly all in subordinate positions—not one to be found filling any of the higher offices. And it is the same all over Ulster (as in Cavan, an Ulster county, with 80 per cent. of Catholics; and of Magistrates, 120 Protestants and 8 Catholics.) I leave it to you to judge if these are the men who can with clean hands charge the priests and people of the South of Ireland with intolerance.

No, gentlemen; it is their guilty consciences frighten them. They are afraid when we get Home Rule the Catholics will persecute them as they persecuted the Catholics. How is it in the South of Ireland, where the Protestants are in a minority, no single case of intolerance has ever been charged against either priests or people? In no part of the world is there a more tolerant or kindly body than the Irish priests, and very many Protestants in Dublin have been elected to high paid positions. Last year the Lord Mayor of Dublin was a Protestant. I need hardly tell you there never was a Catholic mayor for Belfast. In fact, the Penal Laws might as well never have been repealed so far as the Catholics of Ulster are concerned.

SIGNOR CRISPI seems bound to grapple with the Italian phantom of bankruptcy. It could scarcely be expected that the first instigator of the Triple Alliance would allow any reduction in the army. Yet he has had to meet in some way a deficit of one hundred and twenty-seven million francs, and to do so with a country already groaning under terrible taxation. He expects in other departments to make a decrease of forty-five millions. An augmentation of income-tax, increased death, spirit, corn and salt duties, and the conversion of the *rente* are the main sources. These taxes fall principally upon the upper and lower classes, and as encouragement to working men the octroi duties on breadstuffs are abolished. A large issue of nickel coinage will remedy the scarcity of small change in Italy. But it is certain, even with such exceptional measures, that the country can scarcely be rescued from a financial crash. Italy is an agricultural country, and the fresh imposts on an already over-taxed land most have crushing results.

THE following significant paragraph appears in the London Athenaeum, in a review of Father Garguet's new work:—"It is becoming apparent that the parochial clergy of the Established Church are ceasing to be men of learning and culture, while Jesuits, Oratorians, and other battalions of the Papal army are sending forth scholars and accomplished students, who are taking prominent positions as teachers of history among us—teachers, too, who deserve a hearing, and will retain it."

A RUMOR has been going the rounds of the press about a Father Lambert, of New York, who is said to have suddenly become Protestant. In the first place it has been stated that he is the famous Father Lambert who handled Ingersoll in such a masterly manner. This is a mistake. The great writer and profound thinker is editor of the Catholic Times of Philadelphia, and is in no way connected with the New York priest. Again, it is said that he is a Redemptorist and a Jesuit. That is impossible; he cannot belong to both orders. He might have once been in the Jesuit community (which we doubt) and subsequently become a Redemptorist. But whether so or not, we are prepared to

stake our prophetic reputation upon the assurance to the public that if what has been said of Father Lambert is true, before very long he will be a Benedict. Yes, before one month we will receive the news of his marriage. It is the natural outcome of every priest's loss of Faith. Of course it is the original starting point on the down grade; but it is likewise the terminus toward which the individual is rushing. Keep a look out for this gentleman: three courses are open to him, return to the Church (which is not likely), the asylum (which may be nearer than is expected), or else the taking unto him of a woman (which is the most probable of all).

ON next Sunday, 1st April, in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, a Catholic priest will preach at the regular services. This is the first time in the history of that institution that such an event takes place. The preacher is the Rev. Peter J. Callaghan, a graduate of Harvard in the class of '88, and who is stationed in New York at the parent house of the Paulists. Bishop Keane of the Catholic University has lectured there already. All this speaks well, and in it we notice signs that are certainly far from discouraging. Who knows but the day may come when, like England's "Oxford Movement," we may hear of a "Harvard Movement" in America.

DUMAS the younger sent the following letter to Mgr. Ferrand, Bishop of Autun, after hearing him preach on the abolition of slavery:

"Monseigneur, I have received and read with the greatest interest the fine address you delivered in Autun Cathedral upon the abolition of slavery. No one could remain deaf to this eloquent appeal, especially a reader like myself, who has only to go back four generations to find negro slaves among his ancestors. It is therefore not only for our brothers, from the Christian point of view, that I thank you, Monseigneur, but perhaps also for some real relatives whom I may still have on board the slave-traders' vessel."

The Universe adds the following story thereto:

Dumas the elder was asked by an impertinent fellow what his father was. "A mulatto," he answered. "And his father?" "Oh," said Dumas, "he was a negro." "And his father again?" persisted the bore. "Monsieur," said the great romancer, "he was a monkey. My family began, you perceive, where yours ends."

NO WONDER that bombs are flying in Paris. On Sunday, 25th April, in six elections to the municipal council of that city, five socialists and one Moderate Republican were returned. The country that purposely holds its elections on the day of rest, and the city that returns to power men who are advocates of most anti-christian ideas cannot expect other results than those we find daily announced in the press. "Sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind," stands good in every sphere, political as well as religious.

Several communications are unavoidably left over till next week.

# THE CATHEDRAL.

ST. JAMES THE LESSER, OF MONTREAL.

A MAGNIFICENT EASTER SUNDAY CEREMONY.

The Opening of the Grand Edifice—The First Mass—Vast Concourse of People—Splendid Music—Eloquent Sermon—Imposing Scene—An Account of an Event that will become Historical.

On Easter Sunday, amidst pomp and ceremony worthy the important occasion, the new Cathedral of Montreal was opened to public worship. On Saturday evening the edifice was blessed by His Grace Mgr. Fabre, the Archbishop of Montreal; but the ceremony was entirely private. This most imposing structure—the grandest on this continent—has been dedicated to St. James the Lesser, under whose protection it stands. Owing to its being an exact reproduction of St. Peter's in Rome, it has been wrongly called, by the public, after the greatest Basilica in the world. It is the third cathedral edifice that Montreal has had since the advent of Catholicity.

## THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL

stood upon the present site of St. James Church on St. Denis street, between Mignonne and St. Catherine, and was destroyed in the great fire of 1852, which swept the Quebec suburbs. For some years after Mgr. Lartigue, the first Bishop of Montreal, lived at the Hotel Dieu, where he died. His successor, the late Mgr. Bourget, the second Bishop, erected the Bishop's Palace and adjoining chapel upon its present site, which was then far removed from the centre of the Catholic population. His Lordship, however, seemed satisfied that Montreal, like every other city, would grow westward and that the Cathedral would soon stand in the very heart of the metropolis. When the present chapel was erected it was well-known that it would be only a temporary edifice, so that on July 25th, 1857, Mgr. Bourget planted a cross on what was then known as Mount St. Joseph and where to-day stands the imposing Cathedral of St. James. His Lordship after turning the sod declared that the Cathedral to be erected to the glory of God on the spot would do honor to Catholicity, to Canada and to Montreal. It was not, however, until August 28, 1870, that the first stone was laid by His Lordship, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Bayle, Superior of the Seminary, and Rev. M. Gagnon, of Berthier, and in the presence of a large gathering of the clergy and faithful. Twenty-four years have elapsed since that date, and though the edifice is able to receive worshippers, the interior is far from being complete and much work still remains to be done. The building has been put up wholly by voluntary subscriptions, which were raised by the clergy, headed by Mgr. Bourget, and after him by Mgr. Fabre, and by donations, collections and bazaars. For many years, however, after the laying of the foundations work had to be stopped owing to financial considerations. Mgr. Fabre had greatly at heart to finish the work, and he has energetically kept appealing to the faithful, with great success. The Cathedral has been

BUILT UPON THE PLANS OF ST. PETER'S at Rome, and is about one-third of the size of the latter. The dimensions of the Montreal church are: Exterior, 338 ft. long; interior, 295 ft.; 150 ft. width in its widest part; 114 ft. in its narrowest part; 216 ft. width in the transept; the facade of the portico is 176 ft., and its width 30 ft. The extreme height of the dome and cross is 256 ft. Owing to its many wings and subdivisions it will not be able to seat as many people as Notre Dame, but will rank second to it among the Catholic churches from that standpoint. Three statues have been placed over the portico, but there is room for many more. As is known, the remains of Mgr. Lartigue and Mgr. Bourget and several priests lie beneath the Church.

All week extensive preparations were made for this feast. The situation of the altar and the sanctuary is such as to add to all the grandeur of the ceremonies. The sanctuary is situated immediately under the large dome, and extends from one side of the church to the

other. The clergy will sit behind and beside the altar, but no one will be seated in front, as in other churches. This will permit a good view of everything that takes place, for there is no altar railing surrounding the sanctuary, as is the case in many Italian churches, especially St. Peter's of Rome. The sanctuary forms a semi-circle, the convex being towards the entrance. When the ceremonies are in progress, the eclat of the gold vestments of His Grace and the chaplains will be enhanced. The altar is not completed, only the base being erected at present, and it will not be finished for some time yet. The only other altar in the building is the altar of the Blessed Virgin, situated at the extreme end of the church. It is intended that the Cathedral, when completed, shall contain thirty marble altars. One thing worthy of notice in the sanctuary is the throne of His Grace. It is a magnificent work of art and looks beautiful. It was presented to the Archbishop by the young priests of the Archdiocese some time ago. It stands on the left-hand side of the altar, in a niche of the wall, and it partly faces the worshippers and partly the altar. It is made of walnut, with sculptured ivory, and surmounted by a statue of St. James. Beneath this is the escutcheon of Mgr. Fabre, consisting of a cardinal's hat and cross, under which is a shield of gold and blue; in the blue field are three silver stars. A lamb appears in the gold field.

the walls. Next year the doors will be opened for daily worship. There will be, however, ceremonies during the month of May.

## THE MORNING CEREMONIES—PONTIFICAL MASS AND SERMON.

Long before the hour of High Mass the vast temple was filled, the throng extending in all directions—a regular sea of faces. The musical portion of the services consisted of La Messe de Mehl, composed for the coronation of Napoleon the First in 1804 (first time in America), with organ and orchestra accompaniment. At the Graduale, "Adagio," by Bizet, for strings. At the Offertory, Handel's "Alleluia." At the close of the service, Th. Dubois' "Fantaisie Triomphale," for organ and orchestra.

We might as well at once mention the musical portion of the afternoon services, all of which was really grand. The magnificent organ filling the immense edifice with its rich volumes:

At Vespers (at 3.15 p.m.)—"Interludes," by Gigout, arranged for strings by R. O. Pelletier; "Magnificat," by Mozart. Antiphons, "Hæc dies," by Riga; "Regina celi," by Rheinberger.

At Benediction—Handel's "Alleluia;" "Ave Maria," solo, by C. M. Widor, arranged for orchestra by J. J. Goulet; "Tantum Ergo," by Wagner, adapted to the Pilgrim's Chorus; "Laudate," by

miniature, yet immense, reproduction of the decorations in the mighty temple by the Tiber.

## THE SERMON.

After the Gospel the Rev. Canon Racicot made the usual announcements. Then the Rev. Canon Bruchesi ascended the pulpit and delivered the sermon of the day. It was a splendid piece of oratory and equal to the importance, solemnity and grandeur of the occasion. He took for his text the words that were suspended across the church, "Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus," "Behold a day that the Lord made." Combining the event of Easter with the opening of the Cathedral, the preacher delivered one of those discourses that are difficult to reproduce and impossible to translate; sparkling with bright ideas, filled with noble conceptions, couched in language of the choicest, and delivered with a characteristic ease and power we would not attempt to convey to our readers even a remote equivalent—such sermons must be heard to be appreciated.

Easter, he said, was the triumph of Christ over hell, Satan and sin. Men had their day of success, and they imagined that they had conquered the Almighty. They sold Him, dragged Him before the tribunals, scourged Him, nailed Him to a cross, as they would the worst of criminals, and they said to themselves that this prophet was silenced; they called upon Him to come down and prove that He was God. But He heeded not; He died, was buried, a stone was rolled against His tomb, a seal set upon it and picked guards were ordered to watch over it. But their day was about to close, the sun had gone down on their triumphs; they were impotent to check the approach of God's day of glory. From out the heavens an archangel came; and this ambassador of the Most High rolled away the stone. Had the prophecy of Christ been unfulfilled, the gospel that He preached and the Church that He built would have perished with Him. But the cry went forth—"Resurrexit sicut dixit." He had arisen: the sorrowing women, the doubting Thomas, the apostles, the disciples, the lives and deaths of thousands of martyrs, nineteen centuries of the Church's glory, all attest the fact of the resurrection.

Infidelity, the cold and heartless, proclaims through its funereal oracles that the Church is dead and that its last Easter is in the tomb. These prophets of death merely play the role of the pharisees, the scribes, the doctors, the haters of Christ; but like these enemies of old these modern croakers of dismal tidings, are mistaken. Man's hour is over; that of God's Church has come. Ever young, ever strong, ever beautifully, year after year for centuries has she sung the same canticle, "Resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia!"

That canticle of joy is in our hearts to-day as we come into this temple to assist at the first Holy Sacrifice ever offered from its altar. Here again is another resurrection. In 1852 the Cathedral and Palace of Montreal were destroyed by the flames, so also was a large portion of the then young city. The venerable Bishop wept amongst the ruins of his home and the crumbled walls of his temple. He vainly asked himself how all this disaster was ever to be repaired. Like the holy man Job, he submitted to the will of God and left the future in the hands of an Allwise Providence. Nor was his faith misplaced. To-day the answer comes, in the form of one of the grandest cities in America springing up before the eyes of the world, and in the eloquent, if silent, voice of the most imposing temple upon this continent. It is a resurrection from the ashes and ruins of the past, and a sublime, a glorious one. Here is an exact reproduction—except in size—of the wonderful Church of St. Peter in Rome. Many a person present at this ceremony has visited the Eternal City. What memories must not this occasion awaken. How the days and scenes that cluster around the centre of Catholicity must come forth to greet us again! The blessings of the great Pontiff, the pilgrimages to the tombs of the Apostles, the wonderful ceremonies, the hours of calm, of admiration, of adoration, of delight, all flash back upon us. See, yonder in that southern transept was the consoling dogma of the Immaculate Conception proclaimed; there, on that western arm of the temple, the Council of the Vatican was held; off to the front—where such numbers are congregated at this moment—behold the place where



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

Beneath the whole is a scroll, bearing the inscription *In fide et lenitate*, (in faith and in kindness). Above the whole are the words *Honor sed onus* (the episcopate is an honor, but also a burden). The chair appears in the same part of the sanctuary as the throne of the Pope in St. Peter's of Rome, and it presents very much of the same appearance. The cost of the chair was \$1,300. The radiators have been placed in position at the sides of the church, and they are of the latest pattern, enhancing the beauty of the Cathedral. All week men have been placing chairs in position for Easter, for the number of pews is limited, the middle aisle alone containing them, whilst the nave is empty. The pews are of the finest material and finish, very much in keeping with the church. The pattern of these benches is very nice and they are larger than the generality of pews in Catholic churches. The proportions of the edifice are so magnificently kept, that it is almost impossible to conceive the exact size. It was not sought to make room for crowds, but to build a monument that would lose in space what it would gain in beauty. Generally it is sought to make churches hold as many as possible, but this was not an object in the Archbishop's. The organ is also ready for the great occasion, and it has proved itself one of the finest on the continent. It was played on Sunday for the first time since its inauguration by Mr. Guilmant last autumn. St. James is very bright and has a cheerful appearance. The painting and gilding relieves the whiteness of

Mozart. At the close, Th. Dubois' "Fantaisie Triomphale."

Soloists, Messrs. A. Fortier, G. M. A. Destroismaisons, P. Gagnon, J. E. Guilmette, R. Bourdon, C. O. Lamontagne. Organist, Mr. R. O. Pelletier. Choir master, Mr. G. Couture.

At ten o'clock the procession entered the sanctuary from the south side, or rear of the grand altar. His Grace the Archbishop, with gold and bejewelled mitre, gold crozier and clad in sacerdotal robes for Mass, over which hung the sacred pallum, was accompanied by the Vicar General as priest of honor; Rev. Canons Archambault, Savariat, Leblanc, and Vaillancourt as deacons and sub-deacons, and the crozier, cross, mitre, and missal bearers, clad in gorgeous vestments followed the acolytes and the thurifer with the golden censor. The Mass commenced. The scene was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in this city. All the ceremonials peculiar to the Roman Basilica of St. Peter were observed. There were the military officers in their rich uniforms and clashing swords; the ushers with their golden colors and neat evening dresses; the light, lofty, brilliant, vast appearance of the temple. The High Altar in the centre under the dome; around it the hundreds of surpliced clergy; the magnificent throne on the gospel side; the pulpit on the epistle side—looking down the body of the church and into the two arms of the great cross, each a large church in itself. The four evangelists, the arms of the late and those of the present Pontiff, the inscriptions, all the



Leo XIII. appeared in all the splendor of his Pontifical array, when first the tiara rested upon his anointed head. The same inscription upon the dome up there, "Tu es Petrus, &c.," as it seemed to fling into the sky the golden ball that connected the masterpiece of Angelo's genius.

In August, 1870, Mgr. Bourget blessed the corner-stone of this monument. He beheld the work commenced. But eventually the walls stood there, proclaiming sadly that they were incomplete—more mournful than ruins. But the Catholic spirit was alive in Canada. A grand man, a priest of God, blessed by the Bishop, consecrated his life to the noble work. To-day he beholds the realization of his dreams. Here is the mother of all the churches of the Archdiocese; here the service of God's altar will be found in all its plenitude; here is the burning focus from which must radiate the beams that will illumine the other churches. Here the clergy and the laity, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, shall have a share in the work and a participation in the blessings, therefore in the prayers, of thousands. This is a fitting occasion to express gratitude to all benefactors, direct or indirect, of the work; to the living who have aided, to the dead who have helped, to the architects who designed, to the workmen who executed, to the good and holy Bishop whose name will ever be associated with this temple, and whose remains rest under its altar beside those of Mgr. Lartigue. From heaven, to-day, he smiles upon this scene, and his heart is glad in the triumph of his work. But, before closing, there is one other to whom we must address words of gratitude and praise; to the present Archbishop, who has carried on and completed the work of his predecessor. He is the object of our prayers and thanks to-day; he is the central figure in this magnificent tableau. Long may he live to administer the archdiocese, to guide his clergy, protect his flock and shed blessings upon our country. The hand of Time may efface, after years, the beauty of this temple's youth; but it is only an image of the Church—that immutable temple built in the celestial Jerusalem, that shall resist the ravages of centuries and in which may we all one day join in an eternal alleluia of a general and glorious resurrection.

THE AFTERNOON SERVICES.

As in the morning so in the afternoon the great Cathedral was filled with a general congregation. The principal feature of the service, apart from the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, was the eloquent and powerful sermon delivered by Rev. Father Donnelly, the pastor of St. Anthony's Church. The following is a report of that able address—

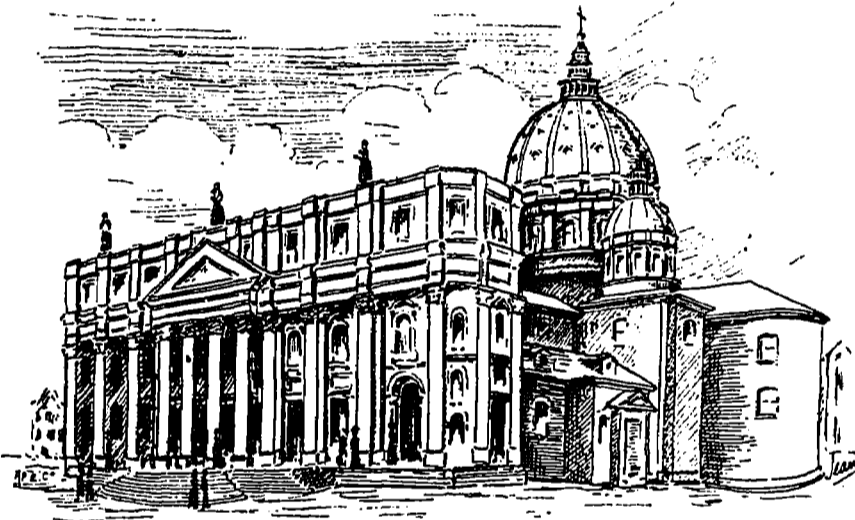
The Rev. Father Donnelly took for his text: "And the work is great, for a house is prepared not for man but for God."

Throughout the entire world Christians join in the cry of Alleluia, hail, for the Lord has arisen, proceed to preach joy and happiness, for this is the great day of God's resurrection; let us rejoice, let us be exceeding glad, for Christ dead has arisen. To all in the Catholic Church this day brings great joy for it terminates the sad season of repentance. But as Catholics of Montreal let us rejoice for to us it is a double resurrection, a double victory over death, and for the first time we gather together within the walls of this vast monument, this great mausoleum opened to receive under its roof the God of Gods, the Host of Hosts. Let us think of the past and then gather round and bend the knee to the Host of Hosts and offer the tribute of our praise to him who under God accomplished this great work. When a child appears in this world, joy appears in every countenance because a new man has been born into the world, but when this child is heir apparent to vast domains, when he is the son of a great prince, joy takes possession of every heart throughout the kingdom and the day is a day of great festivity and rejoicing. When we celebrate the christening of this prince of churches then should our joy overflow; and we should fervently thank God for allowing our Archbishop to bring to completion this great work. We are gathered here to-day from all the parishes of the city, and many who are here never worshipped in the Pro-Cathedral, and many are not acquainted with the history of this vast and beau-

tiful edifice which we worship in for the first time to-day. Therefore a short history of its vicissitudes and the trials which delayed its completion may not be without interest. The undertaking in every sense of the word was great, for says King David the work is great, for a house is to be prepared not for man but for God, and who can ever hope to erect a temple worthy to be occupied by God. The greatest artists in the world may paint for it their masterpieces; the greatest sculptors chisel their most glorious creations, and all these and more may be placed in the house of God, before the Master, but they will be as nothing, for all the genius we have in the world is but a feeble ray of what God has, and in giving it to God, we give but to the Master, that which he gave us. If this be true of a parish church, what is it when we erect a cathedral. Wherever you go, in every city and town and village of the world, you will find temples and churches erected in honor of the Most High and all these temples and churches under the guidance of that citadel at Rome in harmony with which all Catholics worship. A cathedral is one of those towers, one of those forts which surround the world like a great chain and bind together all those who are proud to style themselves Catholics, "when a strong man guards the house, they therein are at rest." A cathedral is a church among churches, a father whose devotion and love guides the footsteps of his children, and again a mother tender and solicitous.

The preacher then proceeded with the history of the Cathedral. In the year 1852, on the 8th of July, that memorable day when a great conflagration swept the eastern portion of the

would not become reconciled to the bishop's decision and withheld their contributions; this was the first of the many great trials which for years hampered the progress of the new Cathedral; but finally after much waiting the foundations were laid in 1870. The first stone was laid with great ceremony in presence of a large concourse of clergy and laity, but after the walls had been raised to a height of 40 feet work had to be suspended for lack of funds; for years little was done, but in matters of this kind Catholics can afford to wait. It had been announced that Saint Peter's at Rome should be the model on which the new Cathedral should be built. This was a great matter, to erect a church, the only one in the world, on the exact plan of the great Saint Peter's. But if any city is worthy of a temple on the plan of the great Roman temple it is Montreal, the home of Catholicity, the Rome of America, where the clergy are so numerous, where there are so many religious orders with members so full of zeal, and so true and loyal to the grand old Catholic faith. These are reasons why this city is worthy a temple on the plan of the temple of Saint Peter. Then again, take the people, where are they more inflexible and faithful without bigotry and unswerving without fanaticism—mark the word? My friends, this is more than other American cities can say, and it were well that other cities should take a page from Montreal. For years, when the Cathedral made no progress towards completion, the Catholics did not lose heart entirely, for they knew the time would come, they knew the Church is eternal like God, so they could afford to wait. Unbelievers saw the Church for years make no progress



ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL. [A facsimile of St. Peter's in Rome.]

city and reduced the greater part of it to ashes, the old cathedral of St. James was burned to the ground and the venerable bishop was homeless, his palace was burned and his cathedral was gone. But great as were his own trials, his first thought was for the distressed members of his flock, and that good old man went forth, first succouring his children, and not until all that could be done for them had been done did he think of himself. Montreal was not then the great city of commerce it is to-day, not then was its name known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the great metropolis of industry; the spot on which this cathedral stands was then a waste, a city of the dead, a grave-yard; the bones of many pious priests and faithful laity rest under this spot; how their dust must have quivered with emotion when to-day for the first time the great sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated over them. His Lordship Bishop Bourget, to whom is due the instigation of the cathedral on the present site, after the great fire was called upon by his parishioners, who were willing, at every sacrifice to themselves, to erect another cathedral. His Lordship then announced to them his intention of erecting the new cathedral in another part of the city, in fact in the western part. His intention caused great surprise, and he was implored to change his intention; the Bishop, however, remained inflexible in his determination, but it must be remembered that he often derived his inspiration from God and that he was a man of prayer. The western portion of the city in those days was not the Catholic portion, it was not the French portion, but His Lordship, with true wisdom, calculated that the city would grow westward; and do we not see now that God assisted the good bishop. Many citizens

and they scoffed and wagged their heads and quoted the parable of a man who set about to build a house but when he had made his plans he found he had no clay for his bricks; scoffers, too, scorned the Divine Master, but that did not prevent Him dying for them, and scoffers could not prevent the Church from doing her duty. Bishop Bourget died before the completion of his cathedral, but others went on with the work. Like David, the good Bishop wished to erect a temple to God, but it was not the will of God that he should see its completion; that trust was transferred to another. This church will be a monument to the Catholics of Montreal for ages and ages and the work which has been begun will be carried on, for a great glory of the Catholic Church is the lack of personal ambition in the priests; one may drop out but another takes his place and goes on with the good work. Observe these glorious words: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of the kingdom of hell shall not prevail against thee." Observe those words placed above us in letters of blue and gold, and also in letters of fire in the heart of every Catholic. This cathedral stands as a beacon-light in the midst of the churches in this city of churches; on every side you see towers and steeples, some of them look as though beneath those towers and steeples rested the altar of God, but alas there is no altar; but let us pray and think of the words of the prophecy, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold, them too will I bring into this fold." That prophecy has not been fulfilled as yet, but let us hope, please God, that it will be in the near future. Vigorous efforts have been made of late among the different sects to bring about a union of churches, but how ludicrous, how ridiculous;—a union of churches with

the Catholic Church left out! But let us hope that time will open the eyes of these sheep of other folds and that they will all eventually come into the union of the Catholic Church, where there only can be union. There is hope in this age for it is a thinking age; there is less of that indifferentism which stills the pulse of life. Since this Cathedral of Saint James was commenced churches have been built on all sides, some of them are not Catholic, but it is better to have people of another faith than for them to be indifferent. We fondly trust that this Cathedral will be a beacon light to the truth to all the churches which rest in its shadow. If this be so, the task of our good Archbishop will be repaid a hundred fold, aye, even if this glorious time be delayed for 200 or 300 years.

In conclusion the preacher said: For us, my friends, this is the house of God, but not for others; let us hope that those who came to gaze out of curiosity may stop to pray.

To FATHER McDERMOTT.

Welcome to-night to our bright festive hall!  
A caed mille fallthe from one and from all!  
Long shall we treasure the words of your theme,  
Thrilling our souls with fond hope's kindly gleam,  
Echoing strains of our country's sad muse;  
Rich in their sweetness, with pathos profuse.  
Long may your voice be heard o'er the land!  
Eagerly pleading a cause that is grand:  
Calling up visions of scenes far away,  
Kindling the embers that long dormant lay,  
Exiles from home, we pray heaven to-night  
Your efforts to guide with God's holy light.  
ERINA.

Windsor Hall, March 17th, 1894.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

CLOSE OF THE RETREAT.

Never before in the history of St. Mary's church did such large congregations assemble therein as during the past fortnight when the missions for the parishioners took place. The attendance increased nightly, a fact which testifies to the zeal of the parishioners to promote good, and which also, in a great measure, may be attributed to the powerful and eloquent exhortations of the Rev. Fathers Doherty and O'Bryan—two able Jesuit missionaries who conducted the mission. The rev. fathers preached four sermons daily, and treated their various subjects in an original, vigorous and lucid manner, and with a persuasiveness which could not fail to reach the heart of the erring ones. An impressive scene was witnessed at the 7.30 o'clock Mass Sunday morning, when the societies of the C.M.B.A., C.O.F., C.Y.M. and other members of the parish received Holy Communion. It is estimated that the number of communicants were thirteen hundred, besides the hundreds that approached the Holy table at the other Masses. At the High Mass, which was chanted by the Rev. Father Shea, assisted by the Rev. Fathers O'Sullivan and Cotter as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, the choir, under the able direction of Mr. James Wilson, performed "Mercadante's Mass" in a very creditable manner. The orchestra was under the leadership of Prof. Sullivan. The Rev. Father O'Bryan preached an effective and instructive sermon on "the resurrection of Our Lord." In the afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, S.J., late of Woodstock, Md., spoke to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart on "the importance of the work in which they were engaged." Sunday evening the church was packed from the altar rails to the very doors. The rosary was recited at 7.30 by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, after which the Rev. Father Doherty preached the closing sermon of the mission, choosing as his theme the words of St. Paul, "without faith it is impossible to please God," and for over an hour held the immense congregation spellbound. The brilliancy of the main altar, where over two hundred tapers and lamps were lit, the fervor and earnestness of the people, augurs well for a good future. The Papal blessing was then imparted by the Rev. Father Doherty, and the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the solemnities to a close, the Rev. Father Allard, of St. Antoine abbey, officiating. At benediction Mr. Hamlin's fine tenor voice was heard to advantage in Wilson's "Ave Verum," Pleyel's "Tantum Ergo," and Wilson's "Laudate."

Jack: What did that horse cost you?  
Tom: It cost me all the respect I ever entertained for the man I bought it from.

A MAGNIFICENT SCENE.

BLESSING OF ST. ANTHONY'S NEW ORGAN.

A Large Concourse—His Grace the Archbishop Presides—An Eloquent Sermon by Father O'Bryne, S.J.—The Music and Imposing Ceremonies.

On Sunday evening, at half-past seven, St. Anthony's beautiful church was filled to the very doors with an eager and happy congregation, gathered to witness the imposing ceremony of the blessing and inauguration of the magnificent new organ. There is something most wonderfully attractive about the ceremonials of our Holy Church, and in her music there is a spirit that elevates beyond expression. To gaze upon that brilliant and impressive picture recalled forcibly to mind the lines that Denis Florence McCarthy so aptly applied on a similar occasion in his grand poem, "The Bellfounder":

"Now they enter and now more divinely  
The Saints' painted effigies smile;  
Now the acolytes bearing lit tapers  
Move solemnly down through the aisle;  
Now the thurifer swings the rich censur,  
And the white-curling vapor upfloats,  
And hangs 'round the deep pealing organ,  
And blends with the tremulous notes."

And as those first strains of that splendid instrument rolled forth and filled the vaulted roof of the temple, the musical talent of the organist, Miss M. Donovan, was made manifest. When we consider that the workmen only completed the placing of the instrument on Saturday evening, Miss Donovan had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the complications of the powerful organ, yet her execution was as perfect as had she spent months in practice. Volumes, as extensive as the sound that flows harmonically from the organ loft, does this fact speak in praise of Miss Donovan's skill. The complications will be better understood by the following description:—

The splendid instrument which now stands in St. Anthony's Church, and from which the swells of sacred music will pour forth to the glory of God and for the edification of the congregation, is the work of Casavant Brothers, of St. Hyacinthe. To give an idea of the strength and exactness of the organ we take the following details from the articles of agreement between the builders and purchasers. There are four "automatic adjustable combination pedals" (double action) below the great organ keyboard and three below the swell. One "full organ pedal" to bring on the whole organ without disturbing the knobs. Tubular pneumatic action to all the stops and couplers. Electro-pneumatic action to both manual and pedal keys, doing away with trackers, elbows, etc. Manuals to be placed in a console distant from the instrument. Electro motor and feeders to be placed in the basement of the church, wind to be conveyed to the organ by wind trunks. A third manual to be placed in view of a chancel organ, if such be required. The following are the dimensions of the different parts of the instrument:

Extent of couplers, C.C. to A. 58 notes.  
" pedals, C.C.C to F. 30 "

Great Organ.		
	Feet.	Notes.
1. Double open diapason (seven stopped).....	16	58
2. Open diapason.....	8	58
3. Melodia.....	8	58
4. Keraulophon.....	8	58
5. Dulciana.....	8	58
6. Octave.....	4	58
7. Harmonic flute.....	4	58
8. Twelfth.....	2 1/2	58
9. Fifteenth.....	2	58
10. Mixture.....	3 rks	174
11. Trumpet (harmonic).....	8	58
Swell Organ.		
12. Open Diapason.....	8	58
13. Stopped Diapason.....	8	58
14. Gamba.....	8	58
15. Voix Celeste.....	8	48
16. Principal.....	4	58
17. Harmonic.....	4	58
18. Trumpet.....	8	58
19. Oboe and bassoon.....	8	58
Pedal Organ.		
20. Double open Diapason.....	16	30
21. Bourdon.....	16	30
22. Flute.....	8	30
23. Violoncello.....	8	30
Mechanical Requisites.		
24. Swell to great.		
25. " " super octave.		
26. " " sub octave.		
27. Swell to pedal.		
28. Great.		
29. Tremulant.		
30. Bellows signal.		
31. Eolipse wind indicator.		

In the morning, before the High Mass, Gounod's "March Romaine" and Wagner's "Bridal March" served most splendidly to convey an idea of the

capabilities of the instrument. The Mass rendered was the famous "Messe de Noel," of Fauconier, and at the offertory Melvil's "Regina Coeli" was most charmingly sung. Rev. Father Guibault preached an eloquent Easter sermon, and Rev. Father Donnelly sang the High Mass.

The choir, both in the morning and the evening, was under the direction of Mr. E. F. Casey. For over a decade Mr. Casey held the important place of bass-soloist in St. Patrick's choir, where he won the admiration and deep friendship of all the congregation. Recently he assumed the directorship of the St. Anthony's choir. He is decidedly a musical amateur of first rank, and this was evidenced most strikingly by the manner in which he so successfully conducted the singing on Easter Sunday. The charming effect of the harmonic treat redounds most emphatically to Mr. Casey's credit. The soloists at High Mass were Messrs. J. M. Henault and O. Plamondon, tenors; E. Bissonette, bass, and L. Charlebois, baritone. It is almost superfluous for us to comment on the voices and training of these gentlemen. What lover of grand music and exact singing in Montreal that does not know the voices of these four amateurs? Let it suffice to say that their rendering of the solos on Sunday was equal to their best efforts in the past.

Before giving an account of the evening ceremonies we do not deem it out of

proportion to mention that the late Rev. Father Donnelly was a most valuably and sciently advanced in years to be ordained. Consequently the Archbishop of Montreal took him to act as his private secretary. In March, 1884, however, he was raised to the priesthood, and at once entered upon the grand but responsible duties of his ministry. During five years he was assistant under Rev. Father Leclaire, in St. Anthony's parish; and during those years he gave evidence of good administrative qualities, of an untiring energy, a deep-rooted devotion to the spiritual—and also temporal—needs of the parish-ioners under his care. In 1891—two years ago—Father Donnelly was appointed pastor of St. Anthony's, and to-day he holds that important position, to the great satisfaction of every one—the hierarchy, the clergy and the large congregation over which he presides.

Although young in years, the pastor of St. Anthony's seems to have a Solomon-like gift of wisdom and experience far beyond the average in one of his age. He is frankness itself, and to a generous heart he adds sterling sense of justice. In all human probability he has many long years of usefulness ahead of him, and we are assured that it is the prayer and hope of St. Anthony's parish that he may spend them in laboring for the good of its congregation.

THE BLESSING OF THE NEW ORGAN.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre presided at the ceremony and performed the blessing of the grand instrument. The



REV. FATHER DONNELLY, P.P., ST. ANTHONY'S.

place to say a special word about the worthy, popular and zealous pastor of St. Anthony's. A few weeks ago, on the occasion of Father Donnelly's birthday, we furnished our readers with a short sketch of his career; we now incorporate a portion of that article, in this report, as it forms part of the important event in question.

To say that Father Donnelly is one of the most popular and dearly beloved priests of the archdiocese is but simple justice. He was born in St. Ann's parish on the 22nd February, 1861—the anniversary of the birth of the immortal father of American Independence, George Washington. The name of the latter has been trumpeted down the years as the advocate of freedom; but the former has stepped aside from the paths of worldly emolument to devote his life to the emancipation of souls from the servitude of sin and the guidance of men in the great battle for eternal freedom. Father Donnelly, like a host of other leading citizens, commenced his education in his native parish—in the St. Ann's Christian Brothers' school. Thence he went to Ste. Therese, where, in 1872, he entered upon the classical course. In 1880 he graduated, after most brilliant examinations and with well-deserved honors. He immediately began his theological studies in Ste. Therese, which he completed at the Grand Seminary of Montreal. On terminating his theological course the clever young ecclesiastic, who had bounded through all the difficulties of a severe curriculum—was not suffi-

ciently advanced in years to be ordained. Consequently the Archbishop of Montreal took him to act as his private secretary. In March, 1884, however, he was raised to the priesthood, and at once entered upon the grand but responsible duties of his ministry. During five years he was assistant under Rev. Father Leclaire, in St. Anthony's parish; and during those years he gave evidence of good administrative qualities, of an untiring energy, a deep-rooted devotion to the spiritual—and also temporal—needs of the parish-ioners under his care. In 1891—two years ago—Father Donnelly was appointed pastor of St. Anthony's, and to-day he holds that important position, to the great satisfaction of every one—the hierarchy, the clergy and the large congregation over which he presides.

THE SERMON.

Father O'Bryne possesses the most necessary qualities of an effective pulpit orator. Apart from the logical form of his arguments, the richness of ideas and exactness of expressions, he has a powerful and well modulated voice, a fine and commanding appearance, and an ease that indicates the master of his subject.

The sermon might be divided into two parts, the one referring to the glorious feast of Easter, the other to the special ceremony of the day. In the exordium he spoke of the generosity of the parish-ioners of St. Anthony, which enabled them to build such a splendid instrument, and to add such an ornament and attraction to their church. The reverend preacher spoke of the solemnity added to the occasion by the pres-

ence of His Grace, who presided at the blessing. Amidst his numberless occupations and after the great fatigue of the day, the Archbishop joyfully came to participate in the festive happiness of St. Anthony's and to raise his episcopal hand in blessings upon the parish, the church, the organ and the congregation.

After the darkness and sorrow of the past few days there is a fitness in the light and joy of Easter. It is, indeed, an appropriate ceremony, the inauguration of the organ that will pour forth the strains of harmony in honor of the glorious resurrection.

After unfolding in striking language the story of Easter joy, the arising of Christ from the tomb, the resurrection of the members of the Catholic Church from out the darkness of sin and the grave of God's enmity, Father O'Bryne turned to the immediate subject of the evening—the organ, the blessing, music, and its effects. Throughout the ages the effects of music have ever been the same; it is an influence that plays upon the spirit and imparts thereto a harmony that is at once soothing and elevating. Music softens the heart, casts a glow of peace over the soul, and when united with worship it reaches the depths of our being, assuages our sorrow, tempers our joy, lifts us up from the poor cold material surroundings, and brings us nearer to God. The music of the Church is like a far off echo of those harmonies that reign eternally in the home of angels and the mansions of Divine perfection above. The church is most careful in her choice of music. Nothing profane ever blends with her notes to clash upon the ear or shock the nerves. The music accords with the different occasions; it is solemn, grand, mournful and joyous, each in turn, according as the celebration is one that speaks the sorrowful, the joyful, or the glorious mysteries of our faith. The voice of music is understood by all; it knows no tongue, no race; it is like the prayers and liturgy of the church—universal, varied, always grand, ever sublime, in perfect harmony and preaching the glories of God and His chosen ones to humanity. The organ has been blessed, and it is consecrated to God's service; it will be used to add new zest to the faith of the congregation, and shed a charm around the devotions of the people of St. Anthony's. Concluding with a brilliant and touching peroration, the Reverend Father asked the blessing of His Grace on the congregation.

Easter Sunday, 1898, will ever be a red-letter day in the annals of St. Anthony's parish.

FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

A number of Montreal ladies have been organizing for Easter a bazaar in aid of the completion of the new church under the care of the Reverend Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.

This church, which is situated on Mount Royal avenue, a few doors east of St. Denis street, was erected last year, and since then services have been held in the basement. From the date of its inauguration, this little chapel has been thronged with pious souls, lovers of the Divine Victim of the Tabernacle, who come from far and near to worship Him in this Sanctuary.

It is hoped this good work will meet with the encouragement it deserves. A throne for Our Lord, a church large enough to accommodate the increasing number of His adorers,—are these not objects worthy of the zeal and devotion of every Catholic heart.

The bazaar was opened on Monday, the 26th inst., and is being held in the upper part of the church which has been prettily decorated for the occasion. Several well known artists have promised to contribute to the musical entertainments which will be given every evening of the continuance of the bazaar.

A HIGH VALUATION.

"If there was only one bottle of Haggard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant, of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

A Crucial Test.—"Well, Henri, how does the watch go that grandpapa gave you?" "O papa, it ought to go very well. I took it to school, and all my playmates have been winding it up."



**EASTER MUSIC.**

**Grand Services in the Different City Churches.**

We furnish our readers with a short account of the musical services in the Catholic Churches of Montreal, on the grand occasion of Easter.

**NOTRE DAME CHURCH.**

The choir sang the Kyrie and Gloria of Beethoven's Mass in G, the Credo of the *messe in re* of Basin. The Sanctus and Agnus from Haydn's 1st Mass. At the Offertory, Riga's "Haec Dies" was sung, and Mr. Beique played the "Alleluia" of Handel.

At Vespers the music was the magnificent, taken from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Cherubini's Regina Coeli, and variations on the "O Filii" of Batiste. At the Benediction, Menegali's "Parce Domini," Gounod's "O Salutaris," Franz Liszt's "Ave Maria," Gluck's "Tantum Ergo," and the "Laudate" of the 4th choir of Haydn's "Creation." The soloists were Messrs. J. Desmarais, A. Baril, J. Tremblay, J. P. Dupuis, L. Chalifoux, J. Payette, J. Goyer, J. Plamondon and Dr. Machildon.

**CHURCH OF THE GESU.**

Mass, in b minor, Neidermeyer; Offertory, Regina Coeli, Schubert Liszt; Sortie, Marche Romaine, Gounod.

Benediction at 8 p.m., Sanctus and Agnus of Mass, Neidermeyer; Regina Coeli, Schubert Liszt; Tantum Ergo, Rossini.

The soloists were: Tenors, Mon. E. Le Bel, A. McQuirk, A. Gosselin, H. P. Montserrat; baritones, J. A. Fortier, T. Pagnuelo; bass, H. C. St. Pierre, E. St. Amour, F. A. Langlois. The choir was accompanied by full orchestra, the whole under the leadership of Prof. A. Clerk.

At Vespers the pupils, under the direction of Father Lefebvre, S.J., rendered music for the occasion.

**ST. JAMES CHURCH.**

At this church the orchestra played a march before Mass. A. Contant's Kyrie and Gloria, Sanctus and Agnus were sung; at the epistle there was a musical selection. The Credos of Nicou-Choron. The Regina Coeli of Cherubini, at the Offertory. Meyerbeer's "Marche Sacre" rendered after Mass. Dubois' "Magnificat" at Vespers. At the Benediction, Dubois' "O Salutaris," Dethry's "Ave Maria," Massuet's "Ecce Fidelis" and Rossini's "Tantum."

**AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.**

Rossi's Mass was given by the choir at St. Patrick's Church with organ accompaniment. Mr. J. J. Rowan and Mr. E. F. Hewitt sang the tenor solos, Mr. J. P. Hammill the baritone solos, and Mr. F. Feron the bass solos. Mr. Feron rendered "Regina Coeli" at the Offertory and also at the evening service. At half past seven p.m., musical Vespers were sung, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Mr. G. A. Carpenter singing the "O Salutaris," with chorus accompaniment. The choir gave Rossini's "Tantum Ergo." Mr. P. F. McCaffrey led and Prof. J. A. Fowler presided at the organ.

**ST. ANN'S CHURCH.**

The following fine programme of music was rendered by a choir of thirty voices, assisted by the choral section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society and an efficient orchestra under the able direction of Prof. Cathcart Wallace, Montreal's gifted musician: Van Bree's popular Easter Mass at 10 a.m., soloists, Messrs. Murphy, Mullarkey, George Holland, Ed. Quinn and Ed. Finn; Offertory, "Regina Coeli," Novello's, quartet; Communion, "Alleluia," O San-Saens; soloists, Messrs. Morgan, Murphy, Mullarkey and Ed. Quinn and choir; finale, "Coronation March," Meyerbeer, organ and orchestra; choir conductor, Mr. J. Morgan; musical director and organist, Mr. P. Shea.

Evening at 7 p.m.—Rossi's Vespers; soloists, Messrs. Morgan, J. Jones and Ed. Quinn; Benediction; Sanctus, Farmer's Mass in B; "Alleluia," C San-Saens; Ave Maria (violin obligato), Cherubini; soloist, Mr. Wm. Murphy; Tantum Ergo, Rossini; trio, Messrs. Morgan, Mullarkey, Quinn and choir; Laudate, Lambillotte; finale, "Coronation March" by Meyerbeer.

**ST. MARY'S CHURCH.**

The festival of Easter was celebrated with the usual appropriate ceremonial at St. Mary's Church on Sunday. Solemn High Mass was chanted by Rev. Father O'Donnell, assisted by deacon and sub-

deacon. The sermon of the occasion was preached by Rev. Father O'Bryan, S.J. The choir, assisted by a full orchestra, performed Mercadante's Mass. Soloists: Messrs. C. Hamlin, F. Butler, Fred. Butler, J. B. Paquette, J. Ransom, C. Smith and J. Murray. At the Offertory Mine's "Regina Coeli," solo, duet and chorus; soloists, Messrs. Tapp and Phelan. After Mass a grand "March Sacre" by the orchestra. At Benediction, Parce Domine, by Wilson; "Ave Verum," Wilson; soloist, C. Hamlin; Mine's "Regina," Pleyel's Tantum Ergo and Wilson's Laudate. Leader of the orchestra, Prof. Wm. Sullivan; conductor, J. B. Paquette; organist and director, Prof. Jas. Wilson. In the evening, at 7.30, the closing sermon of the Men's Mission was preached by Rev. Father Doherty, S.J.

**AT ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.**

The festival of Easter was very appropriately celebrated at St. Anthony's Church. Outside of the celebration itself the new electric organ, built by Messrs. Casavant & Co., St. Hyacinthe, who built those in Notre Dame and St. James Cathedral, was inaugurated and blessed by His Grace Archbishop Fabre. In the morning solemn High Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Donnelly, assisted by a deacon and sub-deacon, while

Kyrie and Gloria of Mozart's First Mass; the Credo, Sanctus and Agnus of Haydn's Second Mass; at the Offertory Werner's Haec Dies; at the Benediction, Lambillotte's Alleluia Cherubini's Regina Coeli and Renaud's Tantum Ergo. The soloists were Messrs. A. C. Bissonette, Gervais, Nantel, St. Pierre and Dufort. Mr. E. Duquette, basso, sang the solos in Tantum Ergo and Alleluia. Master Barolet presided at the organ; the whole with orchestral accompaniment, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Renaud.

**ST. JOSEPH'S, RICHMOND STREET.**

At this church on Easter Sunday the choir sang La Hache's Mass of St. Theresa and the Resurrexit of Gueit at the Offertory. There were also selections on the organ, with variations on "O Foli," of Batiste, the "Andante" of Leb. Wely, and the sortie the "Alleluia" of Handel.

The Psalms *en Faux Bourdon* were sung at Vespers. At the Benediction, the "Regina Coeli" of Battman, the "Resurrexit of Gueit" and the "Tantum" of Bordese.

**CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.**

Before Mass: High School Cadets, Sonsa, by orchestra; Kyrie, Gloria, Credo and Agnus of Fauconnier's Messe-de Paques; Mr. Ed. Laberge played a

Ste. Therese; at the Offertory, Chembrin's Regina Coeli.

Benediction—A. Pepin's Parce Domine; Sanctus, Gounod's Mass of Orpheonistes; Chembrin's Regina Coeli; Riga's Ave Maria and Tantum Ergo.

The soloists were Messrs. Arthur Vinet, Louis Courtois, Alphonse Fournier, Edmond Langlois, Ovide Mathieu and Charles Berard; M. A. Pepin, leader of choir; Madame Beliveau, organist.

**ST. LOUIS DE FRANCE.**

Fauconnier's Easter Mass, soloists, Messrs. H. A. Cholette, J. Laflamme, A. Labelle, W. Wayland, tenors; J. G. Martin, Eng. Giguere, L. Trudeau, basses. At the Offertory Riga's Haec Dies was sung. At Vespers, Est's Magnificat, Riga's Haec Dies, Monti's Ave Maria and Wagner's Tantum Ergo. The whole with orchestral accompaniment under the direction of Mr. Chas. Labelle; Mdle. V. Cartier, organist.

**HOCHELAGA CHURCH.**

The choir of St. Cecile, under the direction of Mr. V. Ruffier, rendered the following Easter music: The Kyrie and Gloria, Schmidt's, W. C. Peters; Credo, J. L. Battmann; Sanctus and Agnus of St. Louis, Elie Lahache; at the Offertory, Haec Dies, L. Lambillotte; Vespers, Magnificat, Gelly; Benediction, Haec Dies, L. Lambillotte; Regina Coeli, A. Werner; Tantum Ergo, J. Wiegand. The following were the soloists:—V. Ruffier, A. Gibeau, A. Radakir, Ed. Theriault, J. Lussier, H. Lapointe, J. Radakir, C. Moineau, F. Perron, J. Derome, Ar. Boivin. The Rev. F. Alphonse, C.S.C., presided at the organ.

**CONCERT AND LECTURE**

GIVEN BY THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

On Monday night the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians gave their first annual concert, in St. Charles Hall, Island street. It was a grand success; the hall was crowded, and amongst those present were Hon. James McShane, Rev. Father O'Meara, Mr. T. Monahan, Chief Ranger of St. Gabriel's Court, and numerous representatives of other societies. Great credit is due to the committee for the excellent programme presented, and Messrs. C. McAlear, John Walsh and L. Breen deserve thanks for their energetic efforts. Mrs. P. Gallery, the accomplished pianist, was the mainstay of the entertainment, her fine execution evidencing a remarkable musical talent. The opening remarks by the president, Mr. A. Dunn, were most appropriate and encouraging. The physical drill of St. Ann's Cadets, under the instruction of Major Atkinson, was a very attractive feature and told well for the progress made by those young boys, while it redounds greatly to the major's credit. The principal event of the evening was an able lecture by the Rev. Father J. A. McCallen, S.S. As usual the splendid oratorical and elocutionary powers of Father McCallen were brought out, to the delight, edification and instruction of an enthusiastic audience. After the lecture a vote of thanks was proposed by Ald. M. F. Nolan, and seconded by Mr. Geo. Clark. Needless to say that it was carried amidst cheers. The following was the programme of the evening, each participator therein deserving a special praise for the part taken. Not one hitch in all the entertainment; it was, indeed, a grand commencement for the Order and foretells bright and successful concerts in future years.

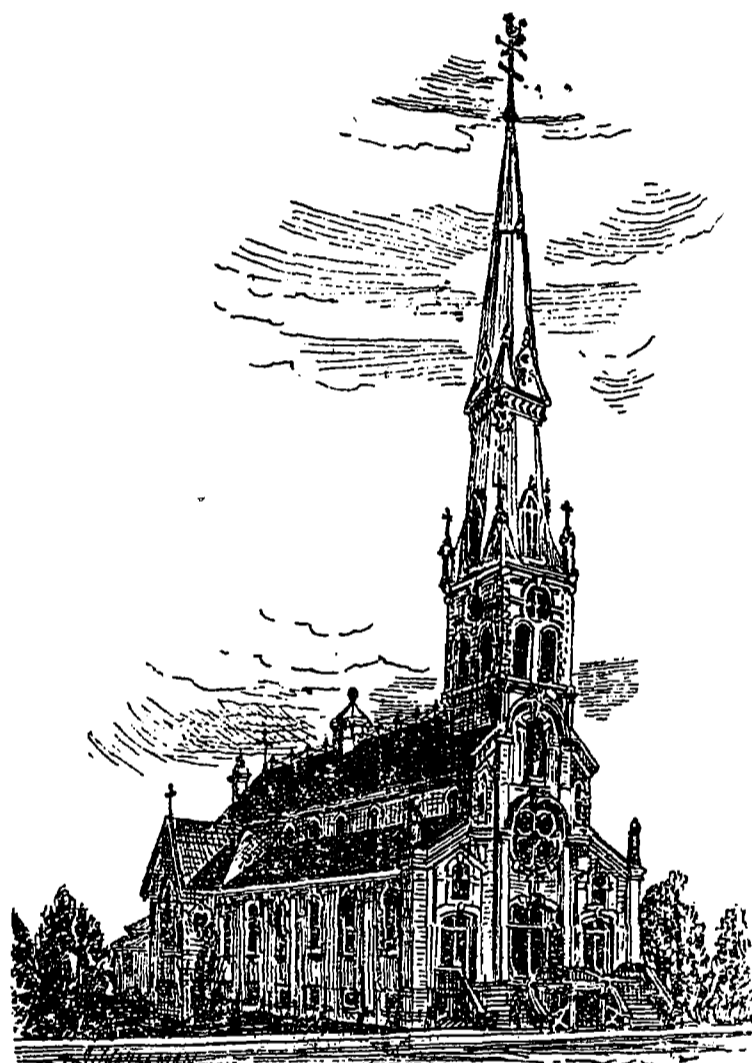
**PART I.**

- Opening remarks by the President..... Bro. A. Dunn.
- Physical Drill..... St. Ann's Cadets. Major Atkinson, Instructor.
- Piano Duet..... The Misses O'Byrne.
- Song..... Mr. J. Millington.
- Song..... Miss A. Perkins.
- Concertina Solo..... Mr. W. Firth.
- Song..... Miss L. O'Byrne.
- Song..... "Round Towers of Ireland" Bro. Thos. Flood.
- Sailor's Hornpipe..... In Costume Bro. E. Watt.

**PART II.**

- Lecture by Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. S.
- Song..... Miss L. McVey.
- Irish Jig..... Miss Brady, Belleville, Ont.
- Song..... Mr. J. Millington.
- Cornet Solo..... Mr. J. Wermslinger.
- Irish Jig..... Mr. T. Sullivan.
- Song..... Miss B. Leahy.
- Song..... Mr. W. J. Brise.
- Song..... Bro. Thos. Flood.
- Fancy Marching to Music..... St. Ann's Cadets.

At the close Mr. John Walsh, the secretary, sang the "National Anthem," which was taken up by the audience and swelled into a magnificent chorus;



ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH

the choir sang Fauconnier's "Mass de Noel," conducted by Mr. E. Casey, the organist being Miss M. Donovan. At the evening services, which commence at 7.30, the blessing of the organ took place, after which Rev. Father O'Bryan, S.J., preached the sermon, followed by a solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, an account of which we give more fully in another column.

**MILE END CHURCH.**

Nicou-Choron's Mass was sung at this church on Easter Sunday, with the Regina Coeli, of Riga, at the Offertory.

At the Benediction Gounod's "Sancta Maria" and Berge's "Tantum Ergo" was rendered.

The leader was Mr. J. B. Morahce and the organist Mr. Jos. Saucier.

**ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.**

"Entree triomphale," of B. Jerome, by the orchestra; the Kyrie, Gloria and Credo of Jerome's Messe solennelle. The Sanctus and Agnus from Gounod. At the Offertory, Lambillotte's Regina Coeli.

At the Benediction: "Quid retribuam" of Boulher; Lambillotte's "Regina Coeli" and Millard's "Tantum." The leader of the choir was Mr. B. Jerome and the organist Mr. A. Contant.

**ST. HENRI CHURCH.**

A choir of two hundred voices sang the

violin solo at the Epistle; at the Offertory Lambillotte's Regina Coeli—duo and chorus. At the end of Mass, American Cadets, Sonsa, by the orchestra. At Vespers, harmonized Psalms. Mine and Lambillotte's music at the Benediction. Rev. Bro. Norbert led the choir; Mr. E. N. Hebert, organist. The soloists were Messrs. N. Jobin, W. Dufault, Jos. Savard, Thisdele, E. Tanguay, A. L'Archeveque, Jos. Collette, C. Tanguay and P. Paradis.

**CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.**

The choir, under the direction of Dr. J. A. Lapierre, executed F. Lambillotte's "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Credo;" B. C. Fauconnier's "Sanctus" and "Agnus;" at the Offertory, "Regina Coeli," dedicated to the Rev. Father Adam, parish priest, composed by Mr. Nap. Hebert, chief of the orchestra. At Vespers, Mozart's "Magnificat," Lambillotte's "Haec Dies," Hebert's "Regina Coeli," Riga's "Tantum." The soloists were Messrs. Jos. Levesque, Gagnon, C. Verdon, Bastien, Lachapelle, Mallette, Dufresne, M. Monette, Martel and Paquette. Professor N. Braun presided at the organ.

**ST. PETER'S CHURCH, VISITATION STREET.**

At the opening, Clarke's Marche aux Flambeaux, organ and orchestral accompaniment; de T. de la Hache's Mass of

## THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

Lecture by Mr. Justin McCarthy.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., recently delivered a most instructive address on "The Irish Peasantry," under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society. The attendance was large and the lecturer unfolded a most interesting story in his own inimitable style.

Mr. McCarthy said that his recollections—for his remarks were only recollection of years ago—would be mainly confined to the Irish peasantry of the South and West of Ireland. The Irish peasant always impressed him as being the distinct descendant of some race which had lived in a southern climate and under a southern sun. The Irish peasantry seemed to be a race transferred from some genial and sunny clime, and dropped down by some strange chance on an island in the North Atlantic Ocean, on which they had settled and to which they had clung and cleaved, and the Irish of his (the lecturer's) time delighted in open air amusements, loved music and the joy of the dance as did the people who lived in sunny climes, where there was no adverse weather to interfere with these amusements, and he therefore believed that the Irish peasant was descended from a sunny race whose every pore was alive to the influence of mild weather, the delight of music and the joy of the dance. He did not know whether the dance was as general in Ireland now as it was in his early days; but certainly no Neapolitan could have been more fond of the fascination of the dance than was the Irish peasant, under all his troubles and grinding poverty. He hoped it was so still to-day, and that the Irish peasants would keep up that love of music and delight in the dance which they displayed years ago.

One characteristic of the Irish peasant which was unlike that possessed by any southern race was his extreme amount of patience, and the quiet, ungrudging, uncomplaining patience with which he took every trouble in life. Over and over again he (the lecturer) had met in Ireland an old woman who seemed to him to have led a life of utter poverty and misery; but yet, if spoken to, she had nothing to say but—"The Lord has been very good to us always!" Again, if an Irish peasant was met on a day when the wind was screaming and the rain was falling in drenching showers, he would simply remark, "A fine, soft day, your honor!" If the day were bitterly cold it was sure to be good for some plant or animal, and if a day were so extremely bad that nothing good could be said of it, the Irish peasant would say, "Sure it is the will of God, and that is enough for us."

An English lady once told him that all the peasants that she met in Ireland on a visit there appeared to be "born gentlemen," they were so courteous, polite and considerate. There was another peculiarity of the Irish peasant, that he hoped remained still, despite railways, telegraphs, telephones, evening papers and other delights of civilization. The Irish peasant half lived in the supernatural. It was said of Joan of Arc that the kingdom of ghosts was easily opened for her—that is, she could with ease see something that was not of our earth. The Irish peasants (in his time at all events) were in very much that mood of mind and frame of temperament. They then believed as fully in the supernatural as the peasants of other countries believed in the cows and the horses and the pigs. The "fairies" and the "ghosts" lived for them; and the angels were alive for them, and they heard the wail of the "Banshee." These things lifted them above the mere materialistic conditions of life, and made them into unconscious poets. He did not know whether the Irish peasants believed in the evil of having thirteen at dinner, but they certainly believed in what he might call the more poetic superstitions, and of these they had the keenest sense. The belief in the "Banshee" existed in his day in Ireland. He did not know whether it existed now. He rather hoped it did. He had an affection for the "Banshee." The McCarthy family had retained theirs when they did not retain anything else. In her they had a property which could not be appraised in any court of law. Years ago a member of the McCarthy clan died in a Liverpool hospital, from the effects of an accident, and the nurses declared that his death was accompanied

by a wailing sound which disturbed the dying man. That he knew to be a fact, and at least it was a very remarkable coincidence.

Some of the superstitions of the Irish peasantry were ridiculous, such as the idea that there was no good making a journey or an expedition if one met a red-headed woman at the outset; but the mass of them were elevating and refined. They formed a vein of poetry in the nature of the peasantry just as similar ideas did in the nature of the ancient Greeks. He did not know whether such noble feelings could endure against the rough feelings of the present world; but he did declare that if civilization was going to banish the "fairies" from the paths and valleys, to get rid of the "Banshee," and to suppress all the other forms that belonged to what was called superstition, he for himself would rather that the Irish peasantry did not get wise all at once.

Another characteristic of the Irish peasant was that he clung to his home with passionate devotion. When, however, he was compelled to emigrate, he could be traced all over the world. In every nook and corner of the United States and Canada there were to be found men who, springing from the Irish peasant class, who had risen to positions of independence, comfort and honor. Of South America the same could be said, notwithstanding that there Irishmen had to contend against the obstruction of a language of which they knew absolutely nothing when they landed. It was a curious paradox that, up to a certain point, it appeared almost impossible to remove an Irishman from his own soil. When, however, conditions forced him, he became enterprising and pushing, and moved from place to place seeking where he had best to settle; and, when he did settle, his thoughts ever turned back to the land he had left. Often in New York and Boston he (the lecturer) had noticed little groups of Irish people sitting outside their doors, on a summer's evening, and invariably their talk was on the Old Country. On board a steamer in the Bay of New York he heard an Irishman, after listening to anecdotes of Ireland, exclaim, "God be with those dear old days in Ireland!" He, too, would say—God be with those dear old days when the Irish peasant was still young and among the best; when there was impassioned love for Ireland, that love for music and the dance, and he would even say that love for the fairies and the ghosts and the "Banshees," and all the other strange, mysterious beings who then peopled the hills and valleys, and made, if there was nothing else to make it, the poetry of the peasantry of Ireland (prolonged applause).

A vote of thanks to Mr. McCarthy, proposed by Mr. Martin McDermott, seconded by Mr. Flannery and supported by Rev. W. Pepper of New York, Mr. White and Mr. W. P. Ryan, was carried with acclamation.

In replying, Mr. McCarthy referred to the necessity of preserving and extending the knowledge of the Irish language. —*The Monitor.*

### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

New Jersey Catholics are going to erect a monument to Father Corrigan's memory.

Four nuns at the Convent of St. Joseph, Port of Spain, Trinidad, died in January of fever.

The Congregation of Rites has expressly prohibited the liturgical celebration of the birthday of any saint except of the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist.

Over 7,000 men and women made the mission recently concluded at the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Roxbury, by the Redemptorist Fathers McInerney, Crosby and Grimes.

Fifteen thousand Spaniards have already enrolled themselves for the pilgrimage which is being organized by the Archbishop of Valencia and which will visit Rome early in April.

The Pope has accorded an extraordinary jubilee to France, extending from Easter to Christmas. The occasion of the jubilee is the fifteenth century of the baptism of Clovis, King of the Franks.

The great Lenten mission in London has been very successful. It is the largest general mission of the Catholic Church ever held in the English Metro-

polis. No less than 140 clergymen are engaged in conducting it, and they are daily preaching in sixty-eight churches. Cardinal Vaughan made special reference to the mission in his Lenten pastoral, and he is taking a deep personal interest in the work.

The Christian Brothers in Paris have opened a restaurant for their former pupils and for workmen, where good, wholesome food may be bought at moderate prices, and where young people will find themselves in none but honest and respectable company.

Twenty-three converts to the Catholic faith were received into the Church recently as a result of a mission of one week given to the men in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth avenue, New York. A more remarkable result followed a recent mission in the Church of St. Francis Xavier in West Sixteenth street, where the number of converts was over seventy.

### ROSEBERY AT EDINBURGH.

EXPLAINS HIS PREVIOUS REMARKS.

LONDON, March 19.—Speaking at Edinburgh on Saturday to 20,000 enthusiastic Liberals, Lord Rosebery ventured the following explanation of his Home Rule utterances in the Lords on March 13 at the opening of Parliament: "When I spoke in the House of Lords, I declared with frankness and perspicuity, my attitude on Home Rule. Unfortunately, the interpretation my opponents put upon my words was not what I meant when I uttered them in the House of Lords. If rightly interpreted my words must have carried the conviction to the heart of England that what I said was a truism, although not at all in the sense in which the Unionists interpreted the words. The advocates of Home Rule know that if they were to wait for the predominant vote of England, they might never carry anything. The present Government have carried the Parish Councils bill for England with the Irish vote. It is not necessary to demand an English majority to carry a Home Rule bill, or to beat the English vote in order to convince the English people of the justice of Irish Home Rule." The situation to which he had referred, he continued, was a familiar one. The House of Lords, for instance, might be said to have England at its back, yet in the ordinary circles of the country just now the people had risen, ten to one, against the Upper Chamber. He said his remarks had been misinterpreted to make a rupture between the Irish and the Liberals. The Times, he said, was the leader in the movement. Lord Rosebery concluded by promising adherence to the Gladstonian Home Rule idea; disestablishment in Wales and Scotland; a day to be granted to discussing the eight hour bill and its passage, if possible, and reforms to maintain the supremacy of the navy. He also pointed out the dangers of an hereditary chamber.

In addressing meetings held on Saturday in honor of St. Patrick, John Dillon, Edward Blake and Michael Davitt expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with Lord Rosebery's declaration in Edinburgh, concerning his attitude to Home Rule. Timothy Healy said he was glad that Lord Rosebery had withdrawn his parliamentary statement. "If the Parnellites would only join us," he added, "it would be better than any number of any English declarations."

A man may be lantern-jawed, and yet his face may never light up.



**A PALE FACE**  
comes from poor blood. Your blood needs to be enriched and vitalized. For this there's nothing in the world so thoroughly effective as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Children who are weak, thin, pale, and puny are made strong, plump, rosy, and robust by the "Discovery." It's especially adapted to them, too, from its pleasant taste. It's an appetizing, restorative tonic which builds up needed flesh and strength. In every blood-taint or disorder, if it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—I will say that I used the "Medical Discovery" for my little girl, and she is entirely well. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. You may rest assured that you will always have my support.

*Henry Reelatter*  
Postmaster of Aldon, Perry Co., Tenn.

### APPEAL FOR FAIR PLAY.

MR. GLADSTONE WRITES A LETTER TO SCOTCH LIBERALS.

LONDON, March 21.—Mr. Gladstone, in writing to Mr. John Cowan, Chairman of the Midlothian Liberals, from Brighton, last Saturday, in reply to an address of the Edinburgh Liberals, after thanking them says:

"I consider my career as beginning with the Reform Act of 1832, which for England meant improvement and extension and for Scotland political birth. Three score years later they offered us pictures which the historian will recognize. The great legislative and administrative period—perhaps the greatest in our annals—would be the story of emancipation, political, social, moral and intellectual. Almost numberless have been the causes which have been brought to issue in that period and in every instance I rejoice to think that Scotland has done battle royal for the right. Another period opens; a period which has possibly yet greater moral dangers and certainly a great ordeal for those classes which are now becoming largely conscious of their power but have never hitherto been subjected to its deteriorating influence. This influence has been kept to the classes above them because they were the sole possessors of this power. Now is the time of every true friend of this country to remind the masses that they owe their present political elevation to no principles less broad and noble than these: Love of liberty for all without distinction of classes, creed or country, and resolute preference for the interests of the whole people of narrow scope.

"I am sanguine that the Scotch will show the Irish a sense of duty no less lofty than in the past; I do not doubt the sufficiency of her influence and power to obtain without serious difficulty everything needful to satisfy her special wants.

"For myself I need say little more than that I carry with me out of office the political opinions I professed in it. It is indeed a source of satisfaction to me that after 60 years of a highly contentious life, I can be honorably relieved of some of that active participation in the political conflict of which I have had so full a share. But I recognize the great and growing demand of these countries for satisfying their legislative wants. I lament that the discrepancy of sentiment between the two houses of Parliament has been revived to such an extent as to raise a question between the chamber responsible and the chamber totally irresponsible to the nation, and raise it in such a form as will demand at no distant day a conclusive judgment from the constituencies.

"I feel deeply convinced that until the first demands of Ireland are satisfied as the House of Commons tried to satisfy them, neither will the legislative wants of any portion of the United Kingdom be adequately met, nor will the Empire attain the maximum of its union and power, nor British honor be effectually cleared of the deepest historic stain ever attached to it."

Dr. Nethercliffe's examination confirmed the reports which have been in circulation of late that Mr. Gladstone had a cataract on each eye. The oculist informed the ex-Premier that while the cataracts might have the effect to deprive him of his sight entirely before they were in condition to be operated upon, it would not increase the danger attending their removal nor impair the chances of the full restoration of his sight. The operation will be performed in about three months.

### REMOVING.

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## IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

Some Short Stories That Illustrate the Vein of Humor Possessed by Erin's Sons.

One sad defect in Irish literature is the absence of a good collection of the sparkling and humorous sayings for which Irish men and women of all ages have been remarkable. Even down to the present time they prevail in my lord's castle and his servant's hall. A story is told, that shortly before the termination of Mr. Balfour's Chief Secretaryship he entertained, among others, Father Healy, the wit of Bray. Mr. Balfour asked Father Healy if he thought that the people of Ireland disliked him as much as they pretended; to which the vicar of Little Bray replied: "If they only hated the devil half as much the priests of Ireland might take a long holiday." Another story is told of His Grace the present Archbishop of Cashel, examining a little peasant boy on the catechism, and asking him "What was matrimony?" The little fellow couldn't recall the exact words of the answer, but determined not to be beaten, replied: "Two people getting married, your Grace." "Could two little boys get married?" pursued the Archbishop. "Yis, your Grace." "How is that?" "To two little girls, your Grace."

Irish wit and humor has an air of simplicity, and yet simplicity is not its character. It belongs more to the mind than to the tongue, and more to the heart than either. It cannot be called a pun, a quiz, or a joke. It is unstudied, and it comes unsearched and uncalled for. It is to be found in the writings of the novelists, the dramatists, the poets, and, indeed, in all departments of Irish literature. Yet a great amount has been lost from the fact that no good record has been kept. What a delightful collection might be made if even the sayings of the monks of the Screw were preserved? In looking up materials for a series of lectures I had to deliver on illustrious Irishmen, I kept continually coming across the most witty and humorous passages, strewn here and there with the most eloquent and pathetic word-painting. An instance of it may be found in a speech delivered by O'Connell in his native Kerry, where, after delivering an eloquent burst, a drunken opponent shouted out some objectionable remark. O'Connell appealed to some of the audience to take and show him the lakes of Killarney. "The bottom iv 'em, Counsellor?" as he was familiarly called, said a witty listener. "Oh, no," said O'Connell: "I don't want to frighten the fish." His anecdotes, with those of Curran and the host of other wits who from time to time adorned the Irish Bar, would fill a goodsized volume. After exhausting these I took up the works of Dean Swift. He was a perfect master of satirical wit and humor. He told the Irish people "to burn everything English but her coals," and in reply to an English lady, who praised the air of Ireland he said: "For goodness sake do not tell them of that when you go back to England or they will tax it on us."

There is an expression prevalent among many people with a taste for reading that standard works are the repositories of all that is good in literature and it is frequently urged that life is too short to be spent in exploring literary byways. Now, this is as absurd as to imagine that the wild flower of the valley has none of the charm which nature has bestowed with such prodigality on its more favored relation the rose, "that proud in beauty glows" in Arcadian bowers. And so it is with Irish literature. Lever, Carleton, and Lover are generally believed to have a monopoly of the humorous in fiction.

The two former present to my mind little short of a grotesque caricature. Lover, however, although sometimes straying from the true paths of character-sketching, makes one laugh rather with, than at his creations. For instance, his old lady who goes into a shop in Dublin for a halfpenny candle and is informed that in consequence of the Russian war they are raised in price to a penny, exclaims, "Wisha, glory be to God, do they fight by candle-light in Russia?" is very happy. The true representative of the Irishman in fiction is to be found in that literary wild-flower, The Homes of Tipperary, by poor, kindly C. J. Kickham. Yet he is unknown almost to English readers, and what is still more unfortunate, even

were they to read him it is very doubtful if they would understand or appreciate him. Their Irish character of fiction—aye, indeed, and very often of reality—are monstrosities dressed up in swallow-tail coats, battered tall hats, with a clay pipe stuck in the front; something like an exaggeration of a policeman's *baton* being twirled around their fingers while with a shout they exclaim, "Shure and bedad, who'll thread on the tail of my coat now, you spalpeen." This is simply painful to an Irish person acquainted with his country and people at home. It is sad in other respects, too: for it is this want of knowledge by the English people of their Irish neighbors that has been the cause of much of the trouble which has existed so long between them. I have an abiding faith in the ultimate recollection of the two peoples. When the Irishman is divested of the absurd habiliments with which the fifth-rate music hall artiste has decked him for parade before unenlightened English audiences, and when the cause of his country is likewise stripped of the trappings with which unscrupulous politicians have surrounded it, sometimes for selfish and always for ignoble purposes, both will recommend themselves to the English mind.

The Homes of Tipperary has brought tears and laughter alternately from many a reader. It would be difficult to find in Irish fiction a more humorous scene than that enacted on the day of Maurice Kearney's station—in parts of Ireland churches were so far apart that the priests had, and in some places they do so up to the present time, to assemble the people at convenient places for Easter Duty—Barney Broderick's violent encounter with the priest's boy; the reproving speech of one of the lookers on reminding Barney that he had been to his duty (meaning to Confession and Holy Communion) and that it was a shame for him.

"Well he knows that I'm in the state of grace, but, plaze God, I won't be always so, and then I'll break every bone in his body, the Kerry blackguard from the County Limerick."

This class of humor, known as Irish bulls, is not the genuine article. It is a peculiarity of the Celtic mind that it is capable of receiving more than one impression at once; but oftentimes in the endeavor to give expression to one idea another comes rushing forward and the two not unfrequently get jumbled together, producing the Irish bull. On another occasion Barney Broderick was asked by an intending traveller by rail if he thought he would catch a train. "Oh, you've lots uv time, but if you don't hurry you'll be late," was the reply. This looks at first somewhat of the nature of an Irish bull, but on close observance it is only a slight exaggeration. Barney undoubtedly wanted to convey to the mind of the traveller that he hadn't lost the train, but that he'd require to put on speed to catch it. I must leave a more lengthy reference to humorous fiction for a future article.—Edward Brown in *Lamp*.

## THE "TREATY STONE."

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS LIMERICK RELIC.

One of the objects of unfeeling interest to the Irish tourist in the ancient city of Limerick, is the famous "Treaty Stone," which, on the memorable occasion of the capitulation of the city, after enduring two sieges (October 3, 1691), served as a writing-desk, whereon Sarsfield and De Ginkle and the English Commissioners appended their signatures to the articles of the treaty, which, though subsequently ratified by William III., was never kept by the English, and, indeed, as Davis has tersely written, was

"Broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry."

The "Treaty Stone" is a large oblong block of unhewn limestone, one end of it being several inches lower than the other. It stood originally on the side of the road, near the foot of old Thomond Bridge, on the Clare side of the Shannon, and was an unfeeling object of attraction to all that passed that way, the tradition of its use on the occasion referred to being clearly handed down from one generation to another. When the old bridge was removed, to make way for the present structure, the grade of the roadway was raised several feet, and the old stone was for some years half buried in a pit which the workmen had walled up around it. Through the efforts of a few patriotic citizens, it was at length

raised to the level of the footpath, on the side of the bridge opposite to where it now stands; and there it remained for many years, until public attention was drawn to the fact that it was in danger of being carried away piecemeal by tourists and relic hunters, who, whenever a chance offered, did not scruple to break off fragments of it as souvenirs. Steps were at once taken for the preservation of this venerable "relic of the past;" the pedestal on which the stone now stands was erected; and, on its completion, the stone itself was elevated to its position in presence of the Mayor and Common Council and the assembled citizens of Limerick.

A movement has been on foot for some years to erect a statue of Sarsfield in the city which he so gallantly defended against overwhelming odds, and in the face of treachery and discouragement from those who should have aided his efforts. It is to be hoped the project will be brought to a speedy and successful consummation, and that ere long the old stone beside the Shannon will have a companion monument to the memory of the gallant soldier whose heroism and fidelity to a falling cause made of the rude stone an altar of patriotic devotion—a thing of glorious and unfading memory for every true Irishman.—*Catholic Standard*.

## "THE NEW IRELAND REVIEW."

We have received a prospectus which we cannot but greet with a hearty welcome, and to which we trust the country at large will accord a greeting as cordial as our own. The prospectus announces the issue on March 1st of the opening number of a new Irish Review, a periodical which—so far as a prospectus can afford a guarantee—which, we observe, is announced as still incomplete—contains the names of a very large section of the writers best known to fame in Ireland. We have them, too, of all shades of opinion. Mr. T. Arnold, M.A., F.R.U.I.; Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, Bart.; Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P.; Count Plunkett, B.L., and Mr. Michael Davitt all find themselves harmoniously associated in this undertaking to promote an Irish periodical worthy the mind of the country. The representatives of the various sciences, too, are united in the list of contributors. Theology is represented by such names as Dr. Tynan and Rev. J. Clancy, of Maynooth College; antiquarian research by Rev. Denis Murphy; economic science by Rev. T. A. Finlay; the literature and language of ancient Ireland by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Mr. John McNeill, B.A.; modern English literature by Rev. Dr. Barry, the author of "The New Antigone"; Mr. Wm. Magennis, M.A., F.R.U.I.; Rev. Jeremiah Murphy and Mr. Wm. P. Coyne, M.A.; classical literature by Mr. P. J. Hogan, M.A.; Mr. J. Healy, B.A., and others; the medical and allied sciences by Dr. Sigerson, Dr. M'Sweeney, Cox, and Dr. Coffey. And so forward. "We append," says the prospectus, "a list, not wholly complete, of the names of our contributors, offering it as a guarantee that in variety and power of thought our periodical will not behind the best of the day." If there is any virtue in Irish intellect the new Review certainly should be well to the front. It assuredly will not fail of success for want of ability on the part of the writers.

Of one feature of the new periodical we desire to express our special approval—the principal articles will be signed with the names of the writers. This we regard as a most commendable rule. It makes the writer personally responsible for his opinions, and it accordingly allows anyone who differs from him to use the pages of the review in which he writes to refute his views or his arguments. In this way we have a theatre provided for free discussion—an arena in which the best minds of the country can meet in friendly contest, and by their controversies help the general public to think out the problems that most concern it. The promoters of the Review rightly claim this liberty of discussion as a virtue in their project. But, with equal justice, as it seems to us, they lay down the rule—"Only one restriction will be placed on liberty of discussion: there shall not appear in our pages any attack upon the religious convictions or the national character of our people." We cannot conceive a really Irish periodical absolving itself from restraint in these respects. We trust that

liberty of this kind will never grow with the growth of Irish literature.

The name of the Review—the New Ireland Review—has its fitness and its suggestiveness. Doubtless a new Ireland is growing out of the events of the last thirty years; and it is well that its higher tendencies and aspirations should find fitting literary expression. The promoters of this new periodical have the ambition to furnish an organ to the new thoughts that are rising in the national mind with the change in the national fortunes, and every man who strives for the regeneration of Ireland must heartily wish them success. On the public, however, it chiefly depends to determine whether they shall ultimately succeed or not. If they meet with the practical support which they deserve, their success is assured. There can be no complaint that they are making an exorbitant demand on the public. They have fixed at sixpence the price of their Review, and it is within the power of most educated Irishmen to contribute sixpence monthly to maintain the most promising literary undertaking that our generation has witnessed. We welcome the New Ireland Review as an undertaking which unites for the common good the best energies of all classes of Irishmen, and we bespeak for it from all our readers a generous and sustained support.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

## AN IRISH DEVOTIONAL RELIC.

Twelve miles from the west coast of Ireland there rises from the Atlantic a ledge of rocks—the Skelligs—and crowning a fragment of its highest peak, an Irish cross is lifted high into the storms and sunshine of the open heavens. It has stood for centuries, rugged, yet beautiful, lonely and awful, yet comforting and strengthening, a witness to the early faith and skill of the nation whose misfortune it has witnessed, whose standard it has been, whose triumphs it shall yet crown. It is known as St. Michael's Cross, and marks the site of a monastery believed to have been founded by St. Finan. Ruins of a church, of two oratories, several cells and crosses and a burial ground still indicate the marvelous industry of the builders. The spot is nearly inaccessible. It is loneliness inexpressible, exposed to the fury of every storm, and the rigors of cold, the tortures of the noonday heat. Only for the purposes of contemplation and ascetic toil could men have planned and executed such a work, bestowing on it patience, devotion and cunning skill at the very risk of their lives. It is fitting indeed that their monument should be the cross, and that their purpose should daily and hourly look heaven in the face, testifying to the glory of God by this memorial of His Son. Parts of the stern cliffs are named for the Stations, leading up to the great cross on the summit. There can be no other Way of the Cross to equal this in grandeur and solemnity. The echo of the sea bird's cry, the shrill roar of the winds from off the wild Atlantic, the deep thunder of the ever restless waves, do not disturb the contemplative soul; they but add to the majestic awe of time and place. The Catholic spirit of to-day recognizes the inspiration of Catholic Ireland so long ago, and acknowledges with deep gratitude that its faith was founded upon a rock, indeed, "hewn out of a rock, and built upon a rock, and proof against centuries of persecution."

Travel and study add continually to the glory of Ireland's past. From the Cross of St. Michael, held out to us of the New World in welcome and warning, we may make our way inland to North and South, and to the east coast of the Green Island, finding the cross set in worn but imperishable stone upon its face. We find ruins, to be sure, but they are also remains of beauty and of duty fulfilled. Churches, chapels, oratories, belfries, and the rude, yet massive sheltering homes of pious men and women, of learning and of charity, have been year by year discovered and exposed to curious, admiring, and reverent eyes. New beauties come to them with each year's advance as their deeper meaning opens up to us through the search lights of learning and investigation. "Ireland was civilized when England was barbarous," said Montelambert, and his saying is fast becoming the utterance of the many. Irish monuments—the tombstones, the crosses, the very stones of their ruins, have each a voice which deserves to be heard throughout the whole world. For it testifies of Christ and His Church.—*Catholic Standard*.



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**NOTICE.**

All subscribers who are in arrears for more than one year are hereby notified that if the arrears are not paid up on or before the first of May next, their paper will be stopped, because the prompt payment of subscriptions is of vital importance to the financial standing of THE TRUE WITNESS, and even the stopping of the paper by no means relieves a subscriber of the legal or moral obligation of paying such a just debt.

Montreal, 28th March, 1894.

**EASTER.**

"*Consummatum est*;" "it is consummated," was the cry that startled Good Friday's echoes, and at which the earth trembled, the sun grew dark, the veil of the temple was rent and the dead came forth to haunt the bye-ways. Deep and sombre the cloud that descended upon the world; the Hope of centuries had come and had vanished; the promised Saviour was born, lived, preached, taught, established His laws, suffered the most terrible tortures ever inflicted upon man, died and in dying declared that all was over, that the end had come. Dark as were the clouds that hung over Calvary, darker were the forebodings in the minds of many a follower of Christ, when he cried out *consummatum est*. Dim as was the sun over the vale of giants, dimmer still were the hopes of the Apostles and Disciples, when they heard that all the expectation as well as labors were finished, and finished in death. Great as was the tearing of the tabernacle veil, greater by far was the tearing of the Mother's heart when the Son of God declared that all was ended. Fierce as were the Roman soldiers during all that tragic series of events, fiercer still was the exultation of the Priests, the Scribes and the Pharisees, when they beheld Jesus suspended from the cross, and declaring to the world that it was all over with His mission. Thrilling as was the sensation of the Jews when they beheld the dead coming forth from their graves, more thrilling was their feeling of joy when they saw the Nazarene carried to the tomb. How proud they were when the seal of the city was set upon the stone that closed that burial vault! How careful in their choice of soldiers to guard the spot! They did not fear His return, but they did think that His followers might steal the body and pro-

claim Him arisen. What had they to dread since the dying Christ, Himself, cried out *consummatum est*?

As the sun of the third morning appeared above the hills of Judaea, the portals of heaven were flung open, an angel—followed by a choir such as sang over Bethlehem thirty-three years before—descended to earth; the guards were dazzled and their spears fell from their palsied hands; the celestial being broke the seal, rolled away the stone, and the Saviour—glorious in His transfigured splendor—came forth, while the millions of pure spirits made the heights of Zion and Moriah, the Mount of Olives and the Valley of Jehosaphat, ring with the song of victory, "*Resurrexit sicut dixit!*" Yes, it was all over with suffering, the consummation of sacrifice had taken place; the reign of triumph had commenced and Christ was arisen. We are told that the sun danced with joy on Easter morning; such would not be surprising even were it true, for all creation must have heaved a sigh of relief and burst into a cry of exultation. The world seems somehow happier on Easter than at any other time of the long year. Nature revives at that period; from the wintry tomb and the cold white shroud of a dreary season the earth comes forth and dons garments of verdure indicative of new life, the streams burst through their icy barriers, the skies fold up their grey cloaks of cloud and display their deepest and purest of blue, the birds return to the woods and make the long silent forest harmonious with songs of jubilation, the morns and eves grow farther apart, and the balmy, caressing breezes fan the brow of night and caress the cheek of day. In all that rejuvenation man alone seemed not to always participate; yet for him were the seasons made, the sky and earth created, the birds bid to sing, the zephyrs told to rise; for him was the *consummatum est* of Friday spoken; for him was the Resurrection of Sunday accomplished. Wonderful though it may seem, man—made to the image of God and the object of all the tragic and then glorious events of the Redeemer's life—is alone, amongst all created beings, to ignore the grandeur of Easter and to refuse to arise from the tomb of iniquity with the Saviour of the human race.

Christ is arisen according to His promise. Of that fact there can be no room for doubt. Every testimony that could possibly be brought to bear is at hand to establish the truth of the Resurrection. As a matter of Faith we cannot for a moment hesitate upon it; as a matter of Hope, it is the greatest consolation and assurance that humanity can possess; as a matter of Charity or Love, it is the fulfilment of every promise and the real consummation of the most supreme act of supernatural law that could possibly be recorded. During forty days have the members of Christ's Church been preparing for the glory of Easter. It has come at last; Easter, with its cornucopia of blessings; Easter, with its floods of unnumbered graces; Easter, with its bright days, smiling faces, purified hearts, and beautified arisen souls. Not only does the Church invite her children to participate in the benefits of this holy time, she commands them—and under the severest penalties—to come forth from the dark recesses of sinfulness and to join the Saviour in a glorious resurrection into a life of grace. Even as Christ shouted and commanded at the tomb of Lazarus, so does His spouse thunder her warnings into the sepulchres of moral death, ordering the buried one to arise and accept a new lease of spiritual life.

The period of Easter duty will soon

expire. If any of our readers have failed—through neglect, indifference, or design—to fulfil that one great obligation, let them not allow the season to pass without obeying the voice of the Church. The Easter duty is of paramount importance; otherwise the Church would not have surrounded it with so much emphasis and proclaimed it under such exceptional penalties. Moreover, we cannot see how any rational being, knowing the value of Easter Confession and Communion, could possibly neglect the invitation; hard indeed must have been the hearts of men when the Church is obliged to force them to accept the choicest of blessings. But those laws are for the few—the great body of Catholicity is to be found at the altar-rail on Easter Sunday. If you seek an evidence of the Saviour's Resurrection, go to the Catholic churches of any city, at sunrise on Easter day. There you will behold hundreds upon hundreds, men and women, aged and tottering creatures, young and buoyant people, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, all going in the same direction, all kneeling before the same altar, all receiving the same God, all arising with the same Christ, all bearing testimony—nineteen centuries after the event—to the truth of the world-thrilling, awe-inspiring, joy-compelling words, *Resurrexit sicut dixit*.

May this be a happy Easter for all our readers; may each one arise from the gloom of life's greatest misery into the light of life's truest peace; may the children in every household watch, with innocent hearts, for the sun dancing on the rim of the sky; may the aged recall their long bead-roll of happy Easters and reckon this amongst the best of them; may the strong and active continue to enjoy the blessings of this season; may the tear of Lenten sadness be removed by the smile of Easter joy; may the clouds of misery vanish before the sun of spiritual and temporal prosperity; may the afflictions of the Church be changed into triumphs, and may the guardian angel of each Catholic soul be able to say of his protegee—*Resurrexit sicut Christus*—"he had arisen like Christ."

**THE CATHEDRAL.**

On another page we give an account of the splendid and imposing ceremonies with which the great Cathedral of Montreal was dedicated on Sunday last. We also furnish a cut of that imposing edifice, and the details of its construction and all the dimensions. This structure is the grandest temple upon our continent and is an exact facsimile of Saint Peter's in Rome. It would not be right to allow the occasion to pass without saying a word on the subject of cathedrals.

In one of his dreamy, poetic and beautiful essays, Lamartine goes into ecstasies over the great churches of Europe. "I love," he says, "to ramble through the grand cathedrals of Italy; everything therein seems to speak, to preach, to exhort. The immense distances, wonderful proportions, dim twilights, shifting shadows, peculiar silences, all appeal to the soul and touch the heart; a temple thoroughly understood is the *resume* of humanity." Lamartine is right. The dedication of a stupendous temple—the result of labor and art combined—to the great Creator of all things, seems to us the most powerful tribute that man can pay to the Author of his being, the Omnipotent owner of the universe. Long ages before the advent of Christ, while yet the chosen people were wandering in all the desert bleakness of an incomplete system of adoration, the God of

Israel inspired the royalty of Judea with the conception of that wonderful temple of Solomon which crowned the summit of Zion and was the greatest miracle of architecture known to antiquity. The pagans even felt that worship demanded structures in accordance with the majesty and glory of the beings adored. On the Acropolis of Athens, the fallen columns and broken pillars of the Parthenon tell all too eloquently of the once gorgeous edifice that looked down upon the "City of the Violet Crown." The Roman Pantheon is a relic of the past that impresses upon the mind the assurance that in days of idolatry the conception of a fitting temple was uppermost in the minds of the people. But it was reserved for Christianity to erect the most magnificent structures that have ever been built by human hands and to dedicate them to the service of the one only true God. In hundreds of cases has the mandate gone forth to raise a temple that would be calculated to attract the children of earth to the ceremonies of our immortal Faith. In countless instances might the lines of Simmons be applied:

"He spoke—it was done—and with pomp such as glows  
Round a sunrise in summer, a temple arose,  
There sculpture her miracles lavish'd around,  
Until stone spoke a worship diviner than sound."

Look at the cathedrals of Europe! Who is not inspired with lofty ideas, noble thoughts, grand sentiments, pure aspirations, gratitude, wonder, love and adoration, when contemplating these different, yet all majestic, pyramids that speak man's acknowledgment of God's Omnipotence! Descending the slopes of the vine-clad hills from Albano, the broad Campagna spreads out its level and uninviting fields before the eye, the mammoth skeletons of the old Roman Aqueducts straggle across the plain, and the yellow Tiber winds its noiseless way along; Rome is but a mass of gray walls and level buildings; everywhere uniformity; nothing, save memories of dead ages, to awaken an interest. Not so! High over all rises the great dome, with its golden ball, its surmounting cross, and the masterpiece of Angelo's genius challenges the admiration, rivets the attention, excites the wonder of even the dullest. No man, possessing a soul susceptible of fine emotions, could ascend the steps of St. Peter's, enter the portico, stand beneath that wonderful dome, gaze upon the realization in stone of the most extraordinary dream that ever haunted the brain of architect or artist, without feeling that he is drawn nearer to God, has become more in touch with the sublimity of creative power, has been raised a degree nearer to the unseen mansions of ineffable glory. And it is a miniature—and yet a giant one—of this, the grandest temple of earth, that we in Montreal possess. As the great cross of St. Peter's rises high over the city of the Seven Hills, the cross on our cathedral dome appears above the Rome of "America." Yonder flows the Tiber, here rolls the St. Lawrence; there rises Mount Aventine, here towers Mount Royal; there glitters the cross above the debris of centuries, here flashes that symbol over prospects of the future; there is the Vicar of Christ in his prison palace, here is his representative fulfilling his mandates; there is the birth-place of Catholicity for Europe, here is its cradle for America; there is the faith of Christ, here is the same belief; there is the Church, here she is likewise—the same, one Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Universal, Roman Church. Thank God for our Temples! Thank God for our Cathedral!

They speak of art and science combined, and the Church of Rome attempt-

ing to destroy them both. Can men be sincere, and at the same time sane, who make such an accusation against the mother who nursed the literature of centuries, protected the arts and sciences from the sacrilegious torch and sword of barbarians, and rescued the world from darkness and ignorance during the middle ages? We need not point to the libraries of the old world, to the art galleries of the continent, or to the museums of every land; go into the Catholic Cathedrals, that rear their wealth of spires, domes, towers or pinnacles into the skies of Europe, and there read the silent but eloquent refutation of the vile slanders that jealousy and fanaticism fling at the Church of Rome. Behold that miracle of architecture that has rendered Milan renowned the world over! The wilderness of spires, the confusion of images, the army of statues, the perfection of detail, the magnificence of the ensemble, the beauty of design, the stupendousness of the conception and the exactness of its realization—all rush upon the mind, seize the soul, snatch it from earth and lift it irresistibly to a dizzy height in which it breathes the atmosphere of another world, and treads in the company of angels the regions of God's presence. Even like Melrose, so with the Cathedral of Milan,—

"If you would view fair Melrose aright,  
Gaze it by the pale moonlight,  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

But no ruins are there; and centuries will go down into the past before the majesty of that temple is level with the dust. Move where you will over the face of Europe, and every now and again do you find yourself confronted by some imposing cathedral. At Cologne the historic temple is second only to that of Milan, and in many respects might be styled more wonderful than the Italian *chef d'oeuvre*. Over Strasburg towers that lofty spire, world-famed for its beauty of design, its slender delicacy and its adamantine solidity; over Strasburg town looks out the famous clock, the most extraordinary piece of mechanism that for many long years the world had known. By the Seine rise the twin towers of Notre Dame, a cathedral that is at once the most perfect model of its kind and the richest *repositoir* of historical memories that exists in France. At Toledo, Granada, Chartres, Rheims, all over the continent—go where you will—some weird conservatory of the Faith, some magnificent testimony of Catholic glory, some hoary relic of ages of valor and devotion, in the form of a time-honored cathedral, looms up before us. Turn to the British Isles; Protestantism has only erected one great cathedral—St. Paul's of London—and it is cold, hal- low, meaningless; a great heap of stones, surmounted by a beautifully de- signed dome, and containing nothing that speaks of adoration, of sacrifice, or of God. Yet England has imposing and majestic cathedrals; but all of them were built by Catholic hands. West- minster, that huge mausoleum of de- parted heroes, statesmen, poets and sages, possesses in the ashes of the dead, and busts and slabs above them, all that Protestantism has given the temple; everything of sublime, elevating, and glorious, that the great Abbey unfolds, belonged to it when Catholic monks chanted matins in its aisles and Catholic monarchs heard Mass at the altar. So is it with the cathedrals of York, Salis- bury and Durham; they are legacies of the Catholic days when England was yet true to the Faith that St. Augustin planted on the shores of Kent. And that famed Cathedral of Canterbury; was it not at its altar that the minions of Henry II. cut down the martyred bishop, Thomas a Becket?

Yes; look over the British Isles, and

every noble structure of religion, every grand temple of the past, every real cathedral, was the handiwork of Catho- licity—the only church that ever raised edifices and sanctuaries worthy the God who descends upon her altars.

And we in Canada, we in the city of Montreal, on the threshold of our grand career, at the dawn of our national day, are in possession of a cathedral, fash- ioned after the noblest temple on earth, and containing all that the richest edi- fices of the world have of sacred and real. There it stands, solid in its found- ation, magnificent in its proportions, grand in its elevation, rich in the relics it contains, an evidence of the Faith that we hold to-day in Canada, a monu- ment to the zeal and devotion of its founders and promoters, and a heritage to the children of future generations—a heritage by which they can prove that they too had ancestors worthy of a people's recognition and a country's gratitude.

#### LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and voluntary exile, died on March 29th, in Turin. He was in his ninety-second year; his last hours were very painful; the Hungarian Deputy Karoly held the old man's hand at the supreme moment; he was laid to rest beside his daughter, in Genoa; and Edmond de Amicis, an Italian writer, pronounced the funeral oration; Buda Pesth was in mourning, flags floating at half-mast and the city decorated in black; the students raised a riot and the police were called out; and thus dropped the curtain upon the last scene in a life drama that has taken almost the whole of the nineteenth cen- tury. The world rolls on, the seasons change, great vessels plough the oceans, millions of people rush across continents after pleasure or business, the govern- ments of the different nations continue their routine, humanity moves steadily onward down the avenues of time not a hitch in the great mechanism of the universe, not a change in a doctrine of Truth, not a royal head less easy, not a democratic power more secure; a drop of water has fallen into the vast ocean of eternity, a grain of sand has been re- moved from the shores of time, Louis Kossuth is dead;—his name once ran throughout Europe and America; he died at Turin, he is to be buried in Genoa; he was ninety-two; but the ocean seems none the vaster for that additional drop, the seashore seems none the smaller for the grain that has disappeared. *Sic transit gloria hominis*.

Who was Kossuth? What was he? What did he do? Questions that may well be asked by thousands of this gen- eration. Long ago has he passed into history; as far as the life of a man can influence the world, his days were num- bered twenty odd years ago; the last quarter of a century almost has known Kossuth, as modern ages know the mum- mies of Egypt—they are still there in flesh and bone before the eyes of men, but their deeds are of the far away past, their names are unheard on the lips of the living, and they exist more as sub- jects of wonder and curiosity than active influences on the present. Kossuth was a Hungarian, of noble descent, born, on 21st April, 1802, at Monok. He was known as a patriot; he had a number of other professions, but that of patriotism was the one of his choice. He was admitted to the profession of advocate in 1826; in 1830 he became agent for the Countess of Szapary; he sat in the Comital assemb- ly. He represented a magnate in the National Diet of Presburg. He was prosecuted for high treason in 1839,

and spent a couple of years in prison. This gave him a taste for popular ap- plause and he launched into the patriotic career. He started a news- paper called the *Hirlap*. As editor he took more serious views of life, and by means of his advocacy of certain na- tional privileges and popular claims, he gained an immense ascendancy over his fellow-countrymen. The tidal wave of revolution that struck Europe, broadside, in 1848, and shook the conti- nental craft from stem to stern, rocked Kossuth out of his hammock, and we find him on deck and in the midst of the con- fusion, commanding, directing, inciting, and checking. He was created governor of Hungary during the civil war of 1848-49; but his career was short. Russia crushed the revolt, and the lawyer, editor, agent, representative and govern- or became a refugee in Turkey. In Asia Minor, Kossuth was detained prisoner until 1851. After his discharge from his last place of confinement he found his way to England, and finally to America. It was then, when in the full vigor of his manhood, with all his bright gifts unimpaired, having gained fame through the career he had run in Europe, that his name was heard all over this conti- nent. He travelled from city to city of the United States preaching revolution, in one sense, that is to say under the form of an advocacy of Hungary's rights. Back to England in 1852. There he spent his time delivering lectures, writ- ing pamphlets, filling newspapers with columns of arguments and often columns of unbridled abuse against the house of Hapsburg. In 1861 we find him striving to get the Italians in conflict with Aus- tria. He failed to get the much desired war. It was at that time that the famous song on the Austrian standard was composed:

"Thou double-headed, double-crown'd dumb  
bird;  
Thy days in Italia are numbered;  
Cross the Po from the land of the Lombard,  
Or else we will give you a crown."

A London wag once remarked to Kos- uth that he must have enjoyed life in the land of the Sultan; the patriot asked the Englishman why he thought so; "because," replied the wit, "when you had lived so long on the Hungary Diet, it must have been a relief to find your- self sent to Turkey." Kossuth did not enjoy any jokes of the kind; in fact he had an idea that the destinies of Europe hung upon his plans and humanity's fu- ture depended upon their execution.

He was in London with Mazzini; but it must be said to the credit of Kossuth that, beyond being an exile and an advo- cate of liberty, he had nothing in com- mon with the "Knight of the Dagger." Mazzini was a coward. Kossuth was a brave man. Mazzini advocated poison, the stiletto and treachery—all of which he was prepared to practise. Kossuth believed in and advocated open warfare, honest agitation, violent but fair means to attain his ends. Mazzini allowed his dupes of the Carbonari, the Illuminati, the Free Masonry, to run all the risk, to strike the blows, to expose their bodies to the weapons of the enemies. Kossuth asked no man to go where he did not lead, and he never sought the aid of scoun- drels, murderers, robbers, and God-hating blasphemers. About thirty years ago Kossuth retired into private life; the Hungarian Assembly declared that he had forfeited his rights of citizenship on account of ten years absence from the country. He never revisited his native land; he lived and died in exile; he attempted much, accomplished very little, but succeeded in making a noise in the world for a considerable period.

Such was Louis Kossuth; we have

told about all that he had ever done to gain fame, and to attain the realization of his life dreams. He was not a states- man—the world will rank him amongst the agitators of the century; had he succeeded, however, in his schemes he would probably be styled a liberator, a genius, the father of his country. But his was the ill-luck to have missed suc- cess—consequently his life, long and eventful as it was, may be called a fail- ure. Above all, when he made the fear- ful mistake of placing country before God. Unlike Mazzini he believed in God, but he had greater faith in Hun- gary. Above all and before all he was a patriot, and he was willing to be any- thing or everything else as long as the plaudits of the people rang in his ears and the wild cries of liberty—even though it meant license—made the echoes of the future awaken to cheer the name of Kossuth.

But the days of 1848 are over; the wave of insurrection has long since sub- sided; other men and other ideas have come into the world; the inventions of the age have brought about changes that half a century ago were never dreamed of; thousands of prominent figures in those days have disappeared and have sunk into the great gulf of oblivion that close over the majority of men. Louis Kossuth was one of those figures; he is to-day one of that majority; his name will have a place in the catalogue of men who walked across the stage of this cen- tury, but his acting is already forgotten, and his career will be unknown to the next generation. Kossuth is dead, and the world feels it not.

#### ANOTHER GRAND SUCCESS.

Last night another successful present- ation of Mr. Martin's grand Irish drama, "O'Rourke's Triumph," took place in St. Ann's Hall. In our St. Patrick's Day number we gave a full account and an appreciation of this splendid play. We can but repeat what we then said of it, and add thereto that the audience was a large and enthusiastic one, as on the first occasion. It will be remembered that this reproduction was for the benefit of THE TRUE WITNESS, and each ticket had a coupon attached, securing to every ticket-holder three months right to THE TRUE WITNESS, as a subscriber. Need- less to say that the Catholic organ of the Province has received a grand impetus, and that the funds have been consider- ably augmented, thanks to the thought- ful action on the part of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, and the liberality of the parishioners of that section of the city. To the pastor of St. Ann's, Rev. Father Bancart, C.S.S.R., who has taken such a lively interest in THE TRUE WIT- NESS since it passed into the hands of the present management, a great deal of the success of the entertainment is, no doubt, due, he having made an urgent appeal to his parishioners on Sunday last to patronize it, the cause being one that deserved all the support and en- couragement that could be accorded to it. In the course of his remarks he stated that the present conductors of the paper are determined to improve it and make it a welcome visitor to every Irish Catholic family—they have several in- teresting features in contemplation, which they hope to see realized very soon, and an assurance is given that if they receive the cordial co-operation of the parishioners of the various English- speaking churches of the city, that is, if every one will do what they can to in- crease the circulation of the paper, by taking it themselves and inducing others to do so, the Catholics of this city in par- ticular, and of the Dominion generally, will be furnished with a paper of which they can be justly proud, and it is be- lieved that all who take it for 3 months will be so well pleased with it that they would not be without it afterwards on any account. We cannot express in words our appreciation of this kindly movement, but we trust that as time rolls on we will have ample occasion of proving our gratitude. We hope that the fine example set by the members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society will serve to stimulate other of our friends in a similar direction.



## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER XLVIII—Continued.

"Do I understand you aright?" said he, earnestly. "Is it just possible, even possible, that you have that to confide to me which would show that you regard me as a dear friend?"

"Oh, Mr. Walpole!" burst she out, passionately, "do not by the great power of your intellect seek the mastery over mine. Let the loneliness and isolation of my life here rather appeal to you to pity, than suggest the thought of influencing and dominating me."

"Would that I might. What would I not give or do to have that power that you speak of?"

"Is this true?"

"It is."

"Will you swear it?"

"Most solemnly."

She paused for a moment, and a slight tremor shook her mouth; but whether the motion expressed a sentiment of acute pain or a movement of repressed sarcasm, it was very difficult to determine.

"What is it, then, that you would swear?" asked she, calmly and even coldly.

"Swear that I have no hope so high, no ambition so great, as to win your heart."

"Indeed! And that other heart that you have won, what is to become of it?"

"Its owner has recalled it. In fact, it was never in my keeping but as a loan."

"How strange! At least, how strange to me this sounds. I, in my ignorance, thought that people pledged their very lives in these bargains."

"So it ought to be, and so it would be if this world were not a web of petty interests and mean ambitions; and these, I grieve to say, will find their way into hearts that should be the home of very different sentiments. It was of this order was that compact with my cousin—for I will speak openly to you, knowing it is her to whom you allude. We were to have been married. It was an old engagement. Our friends—that is, I believe, the way to call them—liked it. They thought it a good thing for each of us. Indeed, making the dependents of a good family intermarry is an economy of patronage—the same plank rescues two from drowning. I believe—that is, I fear—we accepted all this in the same spirit. We were to love each other as much as we could, and our relations were to do their best for us."

"And now it is all over?"

"All—and forever."

"How came this about?"

"At first by a jealousy about you."

"A jealousy about me?" You surely never dared—and here her voice trembled with real passion, while her eyes flashed angrily.

"No, no—I am guiltless in the matter. It was that cur Atlee made the mischief. In a moment of weak trustfulness, I sent him over to Wales to assist my uncle in his correspondence. He, of course, got to know Lady Maude Bickerstaffe. By what arts he ingratiated himself into her confidence I cannot say. Indeed, I had trusted that the fellow's vulgarity would form an impassable barrier between them, and prevent all intimacy; but, apparently, I was wrong. He seems to have been the companion of her rides and drives, and, under the pretext of doing some commissions for her in the bazars of Constantinople, he got to correspond with her. So artful a fellow would well know what to make of such a privilege."

"And is he your successor now?" asked she, with a look of almost undisguised insolence.

"Scarcely that," said he with a supercilious smile. "I think, if you had ever seen my cousin, you would scarcely have asked the question."

"But I have seen her. I saw her at the Odeaschi Palace at Rome. I remember the stare she was pleased to bestow on me as she swept past me. I remember more—her words as she asked: 'Is this your Titian girl I have heard so much of?'"

"And may hear more of," muttered he, almost unconsciously.

"Yes, even that, too; but not, perhaps in the sense you mean." Then, as if correcting herself, she went on: "It was a

bold ambition of Mr. Atlee's. I must say I like the very daring of it."

"He never dared it, take my word for it."

An insolent laugh was her first reply. "How little you men know of each other, and how less than little you know of us! You sneer at the people who are moved by sudden impulse, but you forget it is the squall upsets the boat."

"I believe I can follow what you mean. You would imply that my cousin's breach with me might have impelled her to listen to Atlee?"

"Not so much that as, by establishing himself as her confidant, he got the key of her heart, and let himself in as he pleased."

"I suspect he found little to interest him there."

"The insufferable insolence of that speech! Can you men never be brought to see that we are not all alike to each of you; that our natures have their separate watch words; and that the soul which would vibrate with tenderness to this, is to that a dead and senseless thing, with no trace or touch of feeling about it?"

"I only believe this in part."

"Believe it wholly, then, or own that you know nothing of love—no more than do those countless thousands who who go through life and never taste its real ecstasy nor its real sorrow; who accept convenience, or caprice, or flattered vanity as its counterfeit, and live out the delusion in lives of discontent. You have done wrong to break with your cousin. It is clear to me you suited each other."

"This is sarcasm."

"If it is, I am sorry for it. I meant it for sincerity. In your career ambition is everything. The woman that could aid you on your road would be the real helpmate. She who would simply cross your path by her sympathies or her affections would be a mere embarrassment. Take the very case before us. Would not Lady Maude point out to you how, by the capture of this rebel, you might so aid your friends as to establish a claim for recompense? Would she not impress you with the necessity of showing how your activity redounded to the credit of your party? She would neither interpose with ill-timed appeals to your pity or a misplaced sympathy. She would help the politician, while another might hamper the man."

"All that might be true, if the game of political life were played as it seems to be on the surface, and my cousin was exactly the sort of woman to use ordinary faculties with ability and acuteness; but there are scores of things in which her interference would have been hurtful, and her secrecy dubious. I will give you an instance, and it will serve to show my implicit confidence in yourself. Now with respect to this man, Donagan, there is nothing we wish less than to take him. To capture means to try—to try means to hang him—and how much better, or safer, or stronger are we when it is done? These fellows, right or wrong, represent opinions that are never controverted by the scaffold, and every man who dies for his convictions leaves a thousand disciples who never believed in him before. It is only because he braves us that we pursue him, and in the face of our opponents in Parliament we cannot do less. So that while we are offering large rewards for his apprehension, we would willingly give double the sum to know he had escaped. Talk of the supremacy of the law—the more you assert that here, the more ungovernable is this country by a party. An active attorney-general is another word for three more regiments in Ireland."

"I follow you with some difficulty; but I see that you would like this man to get away, and how is that to be done?"

"Easily enough, when once he knows that it will be safe for him to go north. He actually fears the Orangemen of the northern counties. They will, however do nothing without the police, and the police have got their orders throughout Antrim and Derry. Here—on this strip of paper—here are the secret instructions. To George Dargan, Chief Constable, Letterkenny district. Private and confidential: It is, for many reasons, expedient that the convict Donagan, on a proper understanding that he will not return to Ireland, should be suffered to escape. If you are, therefore, in a position to extort a pledge from him to this extent—and it should be explicit and beyond all cavil—you will, taking due

care not to compromise your authority in your office, aid him to leave the country even to the extent of moneyed assistance." To this are appended directions how he is to proceed to carry out these instructions; what he may and what he may not do; with whom he may seek for co-operation, and where he is to maintain a guarded and careful secrecy. Now, in telling you all this, Mademoiselle Kostalergi, I have given you the strongest assurance in my power of the unlimited trust I have in you. I see how the questions that agitate this country interest you. I read the eagerness with which you watch them; but I want you to see more. I want you to see that the men who purpose to themselves the great task of extricating Ireland from her difficulties must be politicians in the highest sense of the world, and that you should see in us statesmen of an order that can weigh human passions and human emotions, and see that hope and fear and terror and gratitude sway the hearts of men who, to less observant eyes, seem to have no place in their natures but for rebellion. That this mode of governing Ireland is the one charm to the Celtic heart, all the Tory rule of the last fifty years, with its hangings and banishments and other terrible blunders, will soon convince you. The priest alone has felt the pulse of this people, and we are the only ministers of England who have taken the priest into our confidence. I own to you I claim some credit for myself in this discovery. It was in long reflecting over the ills of Ireland that I came to see that where the malady has so much in its nature that is sensational and emotional, so must the remedy be sensational too. The Tories were ever bent on extirpating—we devote ourselves to healing measures. Do you follow me?"

"I do," said she, thoughtfully.

"Do I interest you?" asked he, more tenderly.

"Intensely," was the reply.

"Oh, if I could but think that! If I could but bring myself to believe that the day would come not only to secure your interest, but your aid and your assistance in this great task! I have long sought the opportunity to tell you that we, who hold the destinies of the people in our keeping, are not inferior to our great trust, that we are not mere creatures of a state department, small deities of the Olympus of office, but actual statesmen and rulers. Fortune has given me the wished-for moment; let it complete my happiness; let it tell me that you can see in this noble work one worthy of your genius and your generosity, and that you would accept me as a fellow-laborer in the cause."

The fervor which he threw into the utterance of these words contrasted strongly and strangely with the words themselves; so unlike the declaration of a lover's passion.

"I do—not—know," said she, falteringly.

"What is that you do not know?" asked he, with tender eagerness.

"I do not know if I understand you aright, and I do not know what answer I should give you."

"Will not your heart tell you?"

She shook her head.

"You will not crush me with the thought that there is no pleading for me there."

"If you had desired in honesty my regard you should not have prejudiced me; you began here by enlisting my sympathies in your Task; you told me of your ambitions. I like these ambitions."

"Why not share them?" cried he, passionately.

"You seem to forget what you ask. A woman does not give her heart as a party or an administration. It is no question of an advantage based upon a compromise. There is no sentiment of gratitude, or recompense, or reward in the gift. She simply gives that which is no longer hers to retain! She trusts to what her mind will not stop to question—she goes where she cannot help but follow."

"How immeasurably greater your every word makes the prize of your love."

"It is no vanity that I say, I know it," said calmly. "Let us speak no more on this now."

"But you will not refuse to listen to me, Nina?"

"I will read if you write to me," and with a wave of good-bye she slowly left the room.

"She is my master, even at my own

game," said Walpole, as he sat down, and rested his head between his hands.

"Still, she is mistaken; I can write just as vaguely as I can speak; and if I could not, it would have cost me my freedom this many a day. With such a woman one might venture high, but Heaven help him when he ceased to climb the mountain!"

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## A CUP OF TEA.

It was so rare an event of late for Nina to seek her cousin in her own room, that Kate was somewhat surprised to see Nina enter with all her old ease of manner, and, flinging away her hat carelessly, say: "Let me have a cup of tea, dearest, for I want to have a clear head and a calm mind for at least the next half hour."

"It is almost time to dress for dinner, especially for you, Nina, who make a careful toilet."

"Perhaps I shall make less to-day, perhaps not go down to dinner at all. Do you know, child, I have every reason for agitation, and maiden bushfulness besides? Do you know I have had a proposal—a proposal in all form—from—but you shall guess whom."

"Mr. O'Shea, of course."

"No, not Mr. O'Shea, though I am almost prepared for such a step on his part—nor from your brother Dick, who has been falling in and out of love with me for the last three months or more. My present conquest is the supremely arrogant, but now condescending, Mr. Walpole, who, for reasons of state and exigencies of party, has been led to believe that a pretty wife, with a certain amount of natural astuteness, might advance his interests, and tend to his promotion in public life; and with his old instincts as a gambler, he is actually ready to risk his fortunes on a single card; and I, the portionless Greek girl, with about the same advantages of family as of fortune—I am to be that queen of trumps on which he stands to win. And now, darling, the cup of tea, the cup of tea, if you want to hear more."

While Kate was busy arranging the cups of a little tea service that did duty in her dressing-room, Nina walked impatiently to and fro, talking with rapidity all the time.

"The man is a greater fool than I thought him, and mistakes his native weakness of mind for originality. If you had heard the imbecile nonsense he talked to me for political shrewdness, and when he had shown me what a very poor creature he was, he made me the offer of himself! This was so far honest and above board. It was saying so many words: 'You see, I am a bankrupt.' Now, I don't like bankrupts, either of mind or money. Could he not have seen that he who seeks my favor must sue in another fashion?"

"And as you refused him?" said Kate, as she poured out her tea.

"Far from it—I rather listened to his suit. I was so far curious to hear what he could plead in his behalf that I bade him write it. Yes, dearest; it was a maxim of that very acute man, my papa, that when a person makes you any dubious proposition in words, you oblige him to commit it to writing. Not necessarily to be used against him afterward, but for this reason—and I can almost quote my papa's phrase on the occasion—in the homage of his self-love, a man will rarely write himself such a knave as he will dare to own when he is talking, and in that act of weakness is the gain of the other party to the compact."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I'm sure you do not; and you have put no sugar in my tea, which is worse. Do you mean to say that your clock is right, and that it is already nigh seven? Oh, dear! and I, who have not told you one-half of my news, I must go and dress. I have a certain green silk with white roses which I mean to wear, and with my hair in that crimson Neapolitan net, it is toilet a la minute."

"You know how it becomes you," said Kate, half slyly.

(To be continued.)

## A HOME TESTIMONY.

GENTLEMEN.—Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease. MRS. JOHN HUBB, 13 Cross St. Toronto.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## THE OLD MAN'S BLESSING.

Summer after summer the writer has noticed an old man sitting on the stoop of a tumble-down cottage in the suburbs of one of our sea-shore watering-places. He sat day in and day out alone, and in the same position, smoking his pipe. It was evident that he was poor, and that he was tied to the house by some disease. Yet he always seemed cheerful and interested in things about him. This summer we missed him from his stone step, and thought no more of it.

Within a few days an incident in which this old man had a part has come to our knowledge. It is worth repeating. To more than one mind and heart the knowledge of it has been a stimulant and a benefit.

One of the families summering in the seaside town has for several seasons driven almost daily past the old man's house. Several children were in the family, among them an observant girl of thirteen.

No one else in the carriage had given the stranger more than a moment's notice; but she began to watch for him whenever the horses turned the corner that brought his little one-story cottage in sight. He looked so ill and patient and helpless that she pitied him. Toward the close of the season her sympathy led her to bow timidly as she passed. The old man returned her salutation, and for the few days that were left a smile passed between the gray invalid and the little summer girl.

But the child did not forget her new friend all that winter, and when the family went to the sea-shore the next spring she bought a package of fruit,—the best she could get,—and was very silent about it. On the way from the station when the carriage came opposite the familiar cottage, she called to the coachman:

"Stop here, Joe! Tell him to stop, mamma!" and springing from the carriage, she ran up to the steps and laid the fruit on the old man's knee.

"I'm glad to see you sitting in your old place," she said. "I have thought about you all winter."

"Thank you for the fruit, miss," said the old man. "Thank you heartily. I'm mighty glad you're round once more. I missed you when the cold weather came."

"May I call and see you again?" she asked, timidly.

"Maybe it'd be too much trouble, miss, but it would do me a world of good," replied the invalid. He watched her to the top of the hill until the carriage sank out of sight.

From this time Freda began to call at the cottage once or twice a week, and took the sick man presents and read to him as well as she knew how. He fell to calling her his "little angel," and his wife said that he became restless to see her on the days she was expected to call. She, too, grew fond of him. He must have been a rough man once, but he had become gentle and tender as a woman. His helplessness and his eager joy to see her were a constant stimulant and delight to the child.

Last fall, before the family went to the city, Freda noticed that he was growing feebler. So, with her mother's permission, she began to write to him after her return home, and he wrote a few letters in reply. By the time cold weather came he was confined to his bed.

On the approach of Christmas Freda went to a fashionable grocery store, and with her mother made up a box of dainties, such as are nourishing, and that tempt the appetite of people who are sick; and such, too, as only a rich or a self-denying person would select. When the expressman took this box of canned soups and fruits and jellies, and wonderful modern delicacies into the sick man's house it was received with astonishment and delight.

Such a package had never before entered there. It was hardly known that there were such dainties. The invalid was so much excited that he had the empty box put beside his bed, where he could constantly see it.

One evening he called wildly for his "little angel." His wife brought a picture of the child which had been sent to him, and with his eyes fastened on the portrait of perhaps the only person but his wife who had gone out of the way to do him a kindness, he passed gently away.

The old man lived on the only road

that leads to a settlement of about a thousand summer visitors, who each year pass his house, and amuse themselves only a mile away. Out of the thousand, this child was the only one to notice the invalid, and do this Christ-like deed. We should be sorry to think that the usual proportion of practical Christianity to summer boarders is no larger.

This experience, which became more than an incident in the lives of a happy family, may afford a hint and an inspiration to most of us who can do as much, or more.

"I was sick, and ye visited me," is made a test of character in the text-book of heaven. Opportunity for doing good is like the air; wherever men are found, it is there.

## HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

## NEW FASHIONS.

Yellow will be one of the most worn colors this spring both in stuffs and trimmings, and a whole scale of shades have been introduced, starting from beige and the admired sand-color and finishing in tints of red. New is also light hazel-nut, a coffee-brown called "Cafeine," and brownish yellow, "Sumatra." Green and dark red enjoy, too, special success, for instance, as "Reseau," a soft, light yellow-green, and "Palmier," medium grass-green, the latter being seen principally in ribbons and ornamental tissues. Two novel colors, "Walkure" and "Ambussan," are slight repetitions of the charming antique reds of former days.

## THAT EASTER BONNET.

Spring bonnets of straw and horsehair have already appeared, and the plaits would seem as if meant to imitate moss and frost, to excuse, as it were, the rapid alteration from felt to straw; the trimmings have also their share in the frost-like appearance, and feathers and flowers are dusted over with white crystallized powder to give the same effect.

## PASSING OF THE WIDE SKIRT.

Really well dressed ladies are rejecting dresses of enormous width and fullness at the bottom, and at all events for visiting and street wear, returning to the usual plain gored skirt.

## HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.

The first step is to shake out the dust and lint. Use soft, clean, cold water. Let the hard soap lie in the water, but do not apply it to the clothes.

Wash the white pieces first; throw articles as fast as washed into blued cold water; let them stand twenty or thirty minutes; wash them through this water after dissolving a little soap in it; wring hard, shake and hang up.

Wash colored flannels in the same way (but not in water used for white or they will gather the lint). Rinse in several waters if inclined to "run."

When the flannels are very much soiled they should soak longer, and a little borax, well dissolved, might be added to the water.

## A WORD OF TIMELY ADVICE.

In these deceptive days of approaching spring, which tempt one to put on lighter clothing, it is a good rule for the avoidance of colds to remember the old adage:—"Stick to your flannels till they stick to you."

## USEFUL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

## BREAD SIPPETS.

Bread sippets, which are used to garnish many dishes, should be invariably fried in butter. Cut them out of stale bread with a paste cutter, being careful to have them of uniform shape and of the same thickness.

## APPLE SHORTCAKE.

If you have never tried apple shortcake, try it now. Prepare it exactly as you would strawberry shortcake, using apple sauce in place of the berries; and by the time apples grow again you may consider an apple shortcake as great a treat as strawberry shortcake.

## TO COOK FISH.

In boiling fish be careful to put plenty of salt in the water. A large handful to a gallon of water is not too much, and a tablespoonful of vinegar should be added as well. A white fish is greatly improved by being thoroughly rubbed with a cut lemon before cooking.

## EGG CROQUETTES.

Boil eighteen eggs, separate the yolks and whites and cut them in slices; pour

over them sauce a la creme; add a little grated bread, mix altogether, and let it get cold. Put in some salt and pepper, make them into cakes, cover them well on both sides with grated bread, let them stand an hour, and fry them a nice brown. Dry before the fire, and dish quite hot.

## FRESH FISH BAKED.

Clean the fish well and wipe it dry (not to cut off the head); prepare a forcemeat of bread and oysters chopped fine and moistened with their own liquor, salt it and season with parsley and pepper; fill the fish with this, sew it together and lay it in a dripping pan; pour around it some warm water, and sprinkle with pepper and salt, and baste often. If a good sized fish, bake one hour.

## TROPICAL SUNS.

Four sweet oranges, half a grated coconut, three bananas, strained juice of two lemons, and powdered sugar to taste; peel the oranges and remove seeds and white membrane; put a layer of oranges in the bottom of a greased dish sprinkle with sugar, add coconut, and then bananas; cut into thin slices, pour over some lemon juice and repeat the process, using orange, sugar, coconut, etc., as before; the top layer is to be heaped high in the center, and sprinkled thickly with coconut and sugar, and garnished round the base with slices of banana; other combinations of fruit may be arranged to suit the taste.

## INDIA AND CEYLON.

## THE OPIUM QUESTION IN INDIA.

The following is the memorandum addressed by the Most Rev. Dr. P. Goethals, the Archbishop of Calcutta, to the Government of India on the opium question: "I have followed with a certain amount of interest the work of the Opium Commission which is now coming to a close. One statement has particularly attracted my attention. It has been urged by some that the use of opium is a serious obstacle to the success of missionary work. Looking back with the experience of more than fifteen years of Indian Missionary life, and having consulted several priests of longer standing in the country, I have been forced to the conclusion, as far as Catholic Missions are concerned, that the facts do not tally with this assertion. As representing the Church that has lasted longer than any other in India, where it has made more converts and employs more missionaries than all the other Christian sects put together, I can conscientiously affirm that to the best of my knowledge not a case has fallen under my observation in which the use of opium has stood in the way of conversion to Christianity. Further, I do not remember having ever heard complaints on that subject, either from my colleagues in the Indian Episcopate or from any of the numerous missionaries whom I have met since my arrival in India."—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

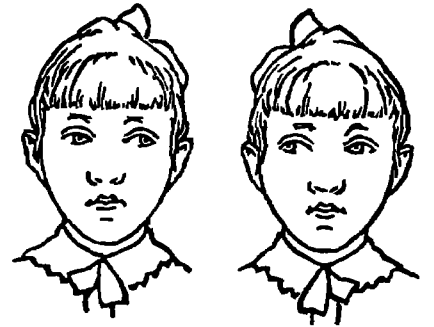
## HOW TO MAKE OTHERS HAPPY.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for twenty-four hours. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. You send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and, supposing you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."—*Sydney Smith.*

## A PUNY AND FRETFUL BABY.

This is now quite unnecessary! Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

A mendicant approached a benevolent-looking old gentleman the other day, and said: "Dear sir, I have lost my leg;" to which the benevolent-looking gentleman replied, as he hurried away, "My dear friend, I am very sorry, but I have not seen anything of it."



Beside herself

with work and worry—a woman without *Pearline*. She has twice as much work, and gets half as much done. With *Pearline*, she can keep her house clean without keeping it upset. She can wash the clothes easily, and know that it is done safely. *Pearline* washes everything. If you try to have comfort, you will have to try it.

Beware of imitations. 240 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

## SURGEON VELPEAU AND THE MARQUIS.

The famous surgeon Velpeau was visited one day at his house during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his stinginess. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent, and that the fee would amount to four thousand francs. At this the marquis made a wry face and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the charity hospital, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry, it was stated that the patient was the footman of a nobleman in the Faubourg St. Germain. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the somewhat unusual one for which the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments. Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged, Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed, "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your discharge; that is, you will have to sign a check for ten thousand francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid. "You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor, "but if you refuse all Paris will know to-morrow that the Marquis de D—adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

When Ponce-de-Leon sought to find  
The fountain giving back lost youth,  
It may be that he had in mind  
That draught which seems to make a truth  
Out of the fable ages old.  
For drinking it the old grow young;  
It is, indeed, a draught of gold,  
Surpassing all by poets sung.

The draught meant is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of course. It is a most potent rejuvenator of the weakened and debilitated system. It drives out all poison, all impurity, enriches the blood, and makes the old and worn out feel young and vigorous. Ponce-de-Leon didn't discover it, but Dr. Pierce did, and he rightly named it when he called it a "Golden Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, indigestion and headaches. All dealers.

"My dear," said the husband to the wife before the glass, "I'm ashamed to see you put all that red stuff on your cheeks." "Oh, don't worry about that," she replied sweetly, "it matches the colour on your nose admirably, and harmony is what makes the marriage relation ideal."

## HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat and diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25 and 50c.



## G. O. F. CONCERT.

FIFTH ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT BY ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, NO. 126.

The Victoria Rifles Armory Hall was well filled on Easter Monday evening on the occasion of the fifth annual concert and social, given by the members of St. Anthony's Court, No. 126, Catholic Order of Foresters. The entertainment was a grand success. Mr. P. Shea, the popular pianist, presided at his favorite instrument during the concert, and Blasi's Italian orchestra furnished music for the social. Amongst the talent secured for the occasion may be mentioned Mr. J. H. Parker, banjo expert; Messrs. C. Hamlin and C. Smith, Mr. Will Fogarty, comedian; Messrs. S. Brewer, T. F. Bartlett, J. Murray, George Holland, Hayes and Pierson. In his opening remarks the chairman, Mr. D. Lynch, C. R., referred to the phenomenal progress made by the Order in general and by St. Anthony's Court, No. 126, in particular. His address, which was brief, to the point and eloquent, was loudly applauded. The entertainment was a grand success. The following is the programme of the evening, each item of which was duly appreciated, and the number of *encores* proclaimed the delight of the audience.

## PART I.

Opening remarks by the Chairman, Bro. D. Lynch, C.R.  
 Concertina Solo..... Selections  
 Mr. R. S. Brewer.  
 Song..... "The Skipper"  
 Mr. C. Smith.  
 Bandola Solo..... Selections  
 Mr. J. H. Parker.  
 Song..... Comic  
 Mr. Geo. Holland.  
 Duett..... "The Pilot Brave"  
 Messrs. Hamelin and Murray.  
 Irish Comedian and Character Mimic.....  
 Mr. Will. Fogarty.  
 The Irish Gents..... Messrs. Hayes and Pierson

## PART II.

Trilo..... "Ye Shepherds"  
 Messrs. Hamelin, Smith and Murray.  
 Banjo Solo..... Selections  
 Mr. J. R. Parker.  
 Song..... Selected  
 Mr. C. Hamelin.  
 Mr. Will. Fogarty, in his Original Sayings,  
 Songs and Jokes.  
 Concertina and Double Clog.....  
 Messrs. Brewer and Bartlett.  
 Song..... Comic  
 Mr. George Holland.  
 Song..... "Deep in a Mine"  
 Mr. J. Murray.

## THE SHAMROCK GROUNDS.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

The proprietors of the Shamrock lacrosse grounds were fortunate in their choice of an architect to design and elaborate a plan and structure for the accommodation of spectators of the popular game of lacrosse. To those who know Mr. Hutchinson's ability, it is no surprise that he has succeeded admirably. His plan of the ground—with its accompanying sections and specifications, as shown in your issue of the 21st inst., reveal a result which must be traced to considerable care and study.

A striking feature of the scheme is the mode of ingress and egress, which embraces economy and accommodation, and which must prove a boon to the proprietors—for assuredly, the public, especially the lovers of the popular game, must be attracted by an accommodation, unique in itself, and excelling any other in the Dominion.

Montreal, Mar. 26, 1894. J. H.

## ECHOES FROM STE. THERESE.

Those who had the privilege of being present in the College Hall on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst., enjoyed one of the pleasantest and one of the most instructive entertainments ever held by the pupils. The programme was prepared by the students of Philosophy and was in honor of their patron saint, St. Thomas Aquinas. As would naturally be expected the programme consisted of theses on the great questions, and although those who prepared the papers have not seen the ways of the world nor tasted of its iniquities as yet, nevertheless they exhibited a knowledge of worldly wisdom which was almost marvellous. Mr. Nantel, '94, opened the entertainment with a paper which treated of no subject in particular and of all subjects of interest to philosophers in general. He was followed by M. Geoffrion, '94, who spoke on socialism. From the way Mr. Geoffrion handled the subject one would imagine that some man renowned in the domain of oratory was speaking, but one glance at the youthful orator would remind you of your mis-

take. There is no doubt that in the future Mr. Geoffrion's voice will be heard and we trust that he will always espouse the same brotherly and Christian sentiments towards his fellow man and the same aspect towards socialism as he gave to the audience on Wednesday night. Mr. A. Savignac, '94, in a neat speech, showed the utility of Philosophy. He dwelt on the utility of that study, especially to Catholics. When our holy religion is assailed on all sides by the enemies of true religion, when they derive their arguments from their false philosophy, then it is necessary for us as Catholics to be able to refute their arguments by true philosophy. Mr. Fauteux, '95, read an original poem entitled "The Temple of Philosophy." It was, indeed, a worthy poem, and besides illustrating that subject in true poetical style exhibited a marked degree of poetical talent in the author. The intervals between the speeches were filled by the band and orchestra.

## THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

On Monday next, April 2nd, in the Young Irishmen's Hall, the members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club will hold their annual general meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. A change has been made in the mode of procedure, and the nomination, election and installation of the officers all take place on the same night. This tends to expedite matters greatly, and is considered far more satisfactory than to have a week or so intervening between each step. There is considerable interest awakened on the question of the election. It is now an acknowledged honor to be nominated to an office by members of this splendid association. We trust that in our next issue we will be able to give a complete and exact report of the result of the elections.

## ANNUAL CONCERT.

THE BLIND CHILDREN AT THE MONUMENT NATIONALE.

On Wednesday, April 4th, a grand concert will be given at the Monument Nationale, on St. Lawrence street, for the benefit of the blind. It is an occasion of twofold importance, one of enjoyment and of high Christian charity. Amongst those to take part on the programme are:—Miss E. Tessier, M. R. Bourdon, M. Dubois, violoncello solo; J. J. Goulet, violin solo; piccolo solo, M. Baker; piano soloists, Misses Carter, Wilscam, and Mr. E. Clarke, with chorus of school children. Tickets on sale at Mr. E. Hardy's, 1637 Notre Dame street; M. M. Cadieux & Derome, 1608 Notre Dame street; and at the Institution, 2009 St. Catherine street.

## ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

Another triumph for the Papacy! It is stated from Lima that the pending differences between Peru and Ecuador, which might have led to war, have been settled through the mediation of the Papal Nuncio. The President of the latter republic has telegraphed to Leo XIII., thanking him for his happy interference in the dispute.

The Holy Father celebrated Mass on Saturday last in the Sixtine Chapel in remembrance of the sixteenth anniversary of his coronation. A number of visitors were present, including the entire Papal household and the Ambassadors and others accredited to the Holy See. The Pope, who was in excellent health, was loudly acclaimed as he was borne through the salons.

It is notable that at the coronation of the Popes a voice is heard uttering the warning as the flames of some lighted tow escape, "Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world." The glory of Leo XIII. will not pass here below, it does not resemble the quick brilliance of a fire without consistency, it is the luminousness of an imperishable radiance—that of good work accomplished.

There was a service of thanksgiving in the French Church at Rome on Sunday for the proclamation of Joan of Arc as Venerable. The most distinguished of the French colony were present. The *Te Deum* of Teuziari and the *Lauda Sion* of Mandels were sung. In the evening Father Captier, Superior of St. Sul-

pice, gave a dinner, at which many Cardinals, prelates and great personages assisted.

There can be no doubt that the Papal policy is rapidly gaining ground in France, and that the efforts of Leo XIII. to reconcile the Republic with the Vatican are likely to be attended with success. In our excitement over Ministerial changes at home we must not lose sight of this important fact. True, the horrid laws condemning divinity students to serve in the army are still in existence, but two ministers have declared that the country wishes for religious peace and that the Government is inclined to concede its wishes. M. Spuller spoke against the suppression of religious emblems as tyrannical and oppressive and no longer to be allowed. He was in favor of the widest toleration. M. Casimir-Perier was against stirring up religious disputes among citizens. Thus far the prospects are propitious for the Church.

## ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ATHENS IN WHICH SEVERAL BROOKVILLIANS TOOK PART.

The entertainment given in the High School Hall at Athens, on St. Patrick's eve, was a most decided success in every respect. The audience was large and appreciative, the programme was choice and varied, while the actors, each and every one, displayed their talents to the best of their powers. The object of the concert was a most laudable one, viz.: to supplement the building fund of the new Catholic Church in Athens, and at the same time to afford the good people of Athens an opportunity of passing a pleasant St. Patrick's eve. Four years ago, when Rev. Father Kelly was appointed to the Mission of Athens, there was but one small church in the parish, the consequence being that many of the parishioners were compelled to travel eighteen or twenty miles to hear Mass, or to have the sacraments administered, but now thanks to the indefatigable zeal of Father Kelly, there are two beautiful churches in the parish, one at Calntown and the other at Rockport, while the walls of a third beautiful chapel are rising into view on a most charming situation, in the very centre of Athens; hence the earnest and enthusiastic manner in which the good people of Athens, both Catholic and Protestant, testified by their presence at the concert their willingness to assist Father Kelly in his work.

The chair was ably filled by M. A. Everetts, barrister, of Athens, who, in a few well-chosen remarks, stated the object of the concert, and also the good will which ever existed in Athens between all classes of the community.

Following are the names of those who contributed to the programme, together with the selection rendered by each:

Song, "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," sung in beautiful harmony by Rev. Father Kelly and his sister, Miss M. J. Kelly, of Montreal, and which was rapturously received by the audience; song, "O Restless Sea," sung with charming effect by Miss Kelly; piano duet, by Miss Annie Bradley and Miss M. J. Kelly, which for sweetness and concord was of a very high order of merit; piano solo, "National Airs of Ireland," by Miss Annie Bradley, which was rendered in such a manner as to delight the audience; three beautiful songs by Misses Eva and Dodie Clouthier, of Prescott, in which these highly gifted young ladies won golden laurels of applause from the audience, and were repeatedly encored; instrumental solo, by Miss Dodie Clouthier, which was rendered in most excellent form, exhibition of club swinging by Mr. James E. McGlade, of Brockville, which for artistic skill and gracefulness of execution was admirable, the musical accompaniment being rendered in a highly creditable manner by his sister Miss Alice McGlade, one of Brockville's foremost pianists; dialogues and recitations by Masters Willie Kehoe, Leonard Shields and Tancred Barsaow, of the Brockville separate school, which caused much merriment, and elicited well-merited applause; club swinging duet, beautifully executed by Masters Leonard Shields and Willie Kehoe, to piano accompaniment by Miss Clouthier, who again showed her skill as a pianist; and finally, a series of comic readings and songs in the Irish, Scotch, French and Dutch dialects rendered with inimitable effect by Mr. J. T. Noonan, principal of the Brockville separate school, provoked the audience to frequent and repeated laughter.

At the close of the entertainment the Rev. Father Kelly made an eloquent and stirring address on the duties of citizens to each other, in which he pointed out forcibly the necessity of mutual forbearance on the part of each religious denomination with one another; and it was very evident by the repeated applause which greeted his remarks, that the audience fully sympathized with their reverend friend.

## OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. WM. F. CASEY.

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,  
 She died as becometh the faithful and just,  
 Placing in God her reliance and trust."

A grand and noble soul left earth on Monday night last, when the Messenger of Death summoned Bridget Fitzpatrick, beloved wife of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Wm. F. Casey, of H. M. Customs. Despite the sufferings which preceded her death there was a double consolation in the true Catholic closing of that most exemplary life. For her bereaved relatives it was a source of happiness that blended, like sunset beams, with the night-clouds of sorrow, to know that her spirit winged its flight, accompanied by hundreds of good works and the consolations of the religion she loved so well; for her it was a joy to know that her life-labor had been nobly performed and that she left behind her a husband and children whose feet have trod the path of duty and the way of Faith which she so earnestly followed. We desire to express our sympathy for the bereaved relatives and host of friends who weep the loss of a true wife, a proud mother and a

devout Catholic. Mr. W. F. Casey is one of our most highly respected Irish-Catholic citizens, and his daughter, Miss Mary, and sons, Mr. E. F. and T. F. Casey, are known amongst their wide circle of acquaintances as real types of Celtic devotedness and Catholic fidelity. Both the young men are members of St. Anthony's choir, of which Mr. E. F. Casey is the talented leader. "May her soul rest in peace," sings the Church—and we re-echo that prayer from our inmost soul.

## THE CATHOLIC BAZAAR, WOODSTOCK.

Below is given the result of the Grand Prize Drawing in connection with the Catholic Bazaar, held in Woodstock on March 10th. Persons holding winning numbers will please send their tickets to Rev. Father Brady, stating how they wish their prizes disposed of, and their wishes shall be promptly complied with.

M. J. BRADY, P.P.,  
 Woodstock.

1855 E., draws 40, a St. Bernard puppy, donated by Mr. James Hanlon, Ingersoll, won by John Quinn, St. Andrews, N.B.

3893 K., draws 18, a valuable work in fancy drapery donated by Miss Rosie Duffie, Mt. Elgin, Ont., won by Miss Maria S. Kyffin, 701 Main St., St. John, N.B.

2549 J., draws 5, \$10 in gold, donated by Fr. Corcoran, P. P., won by Jas. Toner, Portage Du Fort, Que.

1224 E., draws 85, \$10 in gold, donated by Mr. Fred. Duke, Princeton, won by Annie O'Keefe, Kane, N.Y.

2003 draws 38, a beautiful gold medal, donated by Tip. O'Neill, won by Miss Carrie Mahler, Brantford, Ont.

2748 K., draws 87, \$50 in gold, donated by Mr. J. F. Brady, of Cornelia street, Chicago, won by James Scanlan, St. Andrews, N.B.

2841 N., draws 38, \$25 in gold, donated by J. Brady, of Chicago, won by Miss Mary A. Greer, Hartford, Conn.

1535 G., draws 4, \$10 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Molphy, of Ingersoll, won by Miss Kate McDonald, 52 McGill College Ave., Montreal, or 25 in 3 of Kenyon, Loch Garry, P.O.

8788 T., draws 84, a pair of valuable curtains, donated by Messrs. J. White & Co., won by J. J. Brady, 1715 Cornelia street, Chicago.

282 J., draws 33, a bedroom set, donated by R. M. Griffin, Woodstock, won by Miss Annie Gilford, Bath, Ont.

1163 F., draws 23, a handsome dinner and tea set, donated by Messrs. Fury & Thompson, Woodstock, won by Mrs. T. Burns, Niagara, Ont.

2100 K., draws 31, \$10 in gold, by Egan Bros., St. Thomas, Ont., won by R. Wakely, 42 Starr St., Halifax, N.S.

1834 M., draws 30, \$10 in gold, donated by S. B. Poccock, St. Thomas, won by Miss Mary Gidders, Oil City, Pa.

3781 F., draws 19, \$10 in gold, donated by Judge Carpenter of Detroit, won by James Bond, 173 Yonge St., Toronto.

1340 D., draws 23, \$10 in gold, donated by Dr. John Brady, 1st St., Detroit, won by James O'Brien, Eramore, Ont.

4821 L., draws 25, an antique oak table, presented by Sheriff Brady, Woodstock, won by Rev. Father Molphy, Ingersoll, Ont.

789 R., draws 21, \$10 in gold, donated by Dr. E. Kelly, Lafayette Av., Detroit, won by Miss Sadie Dunn, Salamanca, N.Y.

3815 O., draws 27, Fabiola, beautifully illustrated, donated by Mr. T. Coffey, London, Ont., won by Miss Alice Hafey, Woodstock.

3690 S., draws 22, \$10 in gold, donated by Dr. M. Brady, Detroit, won by J. U. Robinson, 154 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

2855 G., draws 10, a gold watch, donated by Mrs. Dr. J. M. F. Egan, New York City, won by Miss Ellen Whelan, 56 Percy St., Ottawa.

2748 Q., draws 23, The New York Sun for one year, donated by Mr. Fitzgerald, of the editorial staff, won by J. Coughlin, Alms House, Washington, D.C.

2029 I., draws 24, \$10 in gold, donated by D. J. Donoghue, St. Thomas, won by Mrs. W. U. Stewart, Woodstock.

8438 S., draws 41, a parrot, donated by Mr. J. E. Dickert, Woodstock, won by R. McAvoy, 6 Magee Row, Corning, N.Y.

3178 K., draws 23, the Columbian Jubilee, donated by Mr. T. Kelly of Grand Rapids, Mich., won by Miss Agnes Farrell, Fredericton, N.B.

1251 I., draws 3, \$10 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Lennon, Brantford, Ont., won by Wm. Mahon, Searforth, Ont.

3851 O., draws 14, painting in pastel by Mrs. Dr. Palmer of Chicago, Ill., won by H. Coulson, Orilliam, Ont.

1571 G., draws 18, a pastel by Mrs. J. Butler, Chicago, Ill., won by F. Gilmore, 69 Sherbourne St., Toronto, Ont.

2473 J., draws 15, a water color by Miss Mollie Ederer, Chicago, Ill., won by G. W. Brohman, Brantford, Ont.

1898 F., draws 12, a water color by Miss Flora White of London, Eng., won by Miss Rosa E. Ferguson, Vesta, Ont.

2028 F., draws 9, \$10, by Rev. Father Traher, Mount Carmel, Ont., won by Miss K. Hanley, 194 Herkimer St., Hamilton.

883 J., draws 3, \$10 in gold, donated by Rev. Father M. J. Tieran, London, won by John Flynn, Hespeler, Ont.

3976 K., draws 30, \$10 in gold, donated by Mr. F. L. Brooks, Detroit, won by Alex. Manoux, Windsor, Ont.

2833 P., draws 11, "Madonna" painted by Miss Flora White, London, England, won by Thomas O'Brien, Paris, Ont.

3552 O., draws 1, a portrait of Very Rev. Dr. Flannery, St. Thomas, Ont., won by Mr. John Dolan, Stratford, Ont.

3831 R., draws 29, \$10 in gold, donated by J. E. Cook, London, won by Mrs. Rose Penn, 3067 Canal St., Washington, D.C.

889 G., draws 6, \$10 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Keon, Strathroy, won by T. Trudelle, 389 Adelaide St., Toronto.

886 G., draws 8, beautiful rattan chair, donated by Rev. Father McCross, Parkhill, Ont., won by L. L. Durocher, 11 Dorset St., Toronto, Ont.

1833 D., draws 17, a handsome pillow, hand-painted, donated by Miss Maggie Dale, of Norwich, won by Douglas Cameron, Alexandria, Ont.

1875 D., draws 7, \$10 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Gnam, Wyoming, Ont., won by James Carroll, Trenton, Ont.

2852 H., draws 89, a 8-year colt by Dandie Dismont, donated by George O'Neill, of Montreal, won by Miss Nellie Hogan, Stratford, Ont.

3814 D., draws 16, marine scenes by Miss Wm. McNally, Newark, won by John E. Murphy, Arnprior, Ont.

Net profits, \$1500.

**A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.**

**EIGHT LONG YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.**

**A Well-Known Goderich Lady Restored to Health and Strength After Physicians Had Failed—Gives Her Experience for the Public Good.**

From the Goderich Signal.

The marvellous change which has taken place in the physical condition of Mrs. Culloden Fraser, Britannia street, during the past twelve months has been the chief topic of conversation among her many friends and acquaintances of late, and to all who know of the terrible manner in which she has been afflicted, her lifting up appears to have been little short of miraculous. Mrs. Fraser has a wide circle of acquaintances in Goderich and vicinity, having resided in this town for over thirty years—ever since her husband, who was a merchant in Bayfield, retired from business and located here. Having heard of the wonderful change that had been brought about in her physical condition, a representative of The Signal called upon Mrs. Fraser at her pleasant home to congratulate her on the improved state of her health, and to find out in what manner the happy change had been effected. He was graciously received and the following statement was voluntarily given by Mrs. Fraser:

"It is now over eight years since one morning as I was performing ablutions, and when passing my hand over my face, I experienced a pain on the cheek similar to that which is felt when a thorn which has penetrated the flesh is touched. The pain continued after that and appeared to move all over my face and head. From the cheek it went to the upper lip, then to the lower lip, then to the forehead and head and then to the eyes. So intense was the agony which I suffered that I was unable to touch my hair and eyebrows, and my eyes felt like veritable balls of fire. My gums were so affected that I was unable to masticate my food, and as a result I suffered greatly from lack of nourishment. My face became so contracted from the effects of the pain that my best friends could hardly recognize me, and the only relief I could get was from chloral and the use of opiates. Finally my local physician, who had been tireless in his efforts to help me, said he could do nothing further for me, and my case seemed utterly hopeless. I then went to Clinton and consulted one of the most skilled practitioners in that town, who diagnosed my case and said he could recommend no treatment that would benefit me. I came home utterly broken down and not knowing what to do. I had read in the newspapers of the marvellous results accomplished by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as I had never placed much confidence in proprietary medicines so widely advertised, and had relied more on the methods of skilled practitioners, I had not given the matter of using them much thought. As a last resort, however, I determined to give Pink Pills a trial, and had two boxes purchased at the drug store of James Wilson. From the first box I cannot say that I experienced any noticeable benefit, but by the time I was half through with the second box I knew I was mending rapidly, as the terrible pains had ceased, to a great extent, and I had begun to feel more like my former self. That was last fall, and when my friends heard that I was recovering they began to drop in rapidly and congratulate me. As a result of the excitement consequent upon the fact that sometimes as many as ten or a dozen would come in to see me during the course of a day, I had a relapse—a return of the old pains—but I continued to take Pink Pills, and am pleased to say that I gradually got back to my normal condition, in which I am to-day. This summer, since August, I have been entirely free from the malady, which has never been the case during the previous seven summers, but I occasionally take the Pink Pills, as my doctor advises me that it is well, so as to ward off the disease. I attribute the marked improvement in my health solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and have not failed to recommend their use to many of my friends who have made enquiry as to the benefit derived by me from them."

In conversation with Jas. Wilson, druggist, it was learned that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a very large sale in Goderich, and that many can testify

to their great value as a blood builder and nerve tonic. Mr. Geo. A. Fear, druggist, also speaks highly of the results attained by the use of Pink Pills among his customers, and says he finds them the best selling remedy in his store.

Such remarkable cures as that of Mrs. Fraser have been but too few in the past. Thanks to the better knowledge that the people are obtaining of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they are now becoming more numerous.

This medicine contains in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in a similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either address, at 50 cents or six boxes for \$2.50.

**IRISH NEWS.**

Henry J. V. Stuart, of Castletown, has been appointed Deputy Lieutenant for County Kilkenny.

Thomas Elliott, of Strabane, was sworn in a solicitor on the 19th ult. Mr. Elliott, who secured second place at the final examination, and was awarded a silver medal, is the son of William Elliott, of Strabane, and served his apprenticeship with John Elliott, solicitor. He intends practising in Strabane.

Donegal is rallying generously to the help of the evicted tenants. Stranolar parish, through its pastor, Father Charles McGlynn, gives £21 as its first instalment, while Innismacshaint (parish), Bundoran and Knock division, through the Very Rev. F. Canon McKenna, pastor, sends £15 10s.

The priests and people of Castlebar have given a liberal sum to the Evicted Tenants' Fund. Among the subscribers are: the Rev. P. Lyons, the pastor, who subscribed £2; the Revs. John O'Mally, P. O'Flaherty and Joseph H. Heavy, curates, £1 each; Dr. Jordan, Thomas McCormack, T. C., Mrs. Kate McCormack, Michael Hevern, James Faulkner, T. C., Martin Sheridan, of the Mayo Examiner, and William Sheridan, £1 each.

The unusual spectacle of an eviction was witnessed in the townland of Knockbarragh, near Rostrevor, on Feb. 20, when James Shiels was evicted from his holding. The decree had been obtained at Newry Quarter Sessions last year at the suit of the landlord, Robert Small, of Markethill. The tenant owed two and a half years' rent to November, 1892, amounting to £36 10s., exclusive of costs.

At Monaghan, on March 2, Justice Murphy entered the Crown Court of the County Court House, and opened the Commission for the county. The grand jury having been re-sworn, the judge said there were only five bills to go before them, and the offences to which these bills of indictment related were not serious.

The Commission for County Leitrim opened at Carrick-on-Shannon on Feb. 28, before Justice Madden. He said he was happy to inform the grand jury that the number of cases to go before them was small, and that none of them were of a serious nature. He was glad to ascertain, not only from the returns presented to him, but also from the County

Inspector, that the general condition of the county was eminently satisfactory.

Sergeant Bell and three of the Money-more police, under the command of District Inspector Reilly, of Magherfelt, on Feb. 24, went to the townland of Derryganard to protect the sheriff's bailiffs while carrying out the eviction of John and James McElton. The eviction was carried out very quietly.

**EASE AND COMFORT.**

Sufferers from constipation, dyspepsia, bad blood, headache, nervous and general debility, liver troubles, kidney complaint, etc., obtain ease, comfort and cure by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

**DIED.**

O'KEEFE.—At Statington, Que., on March 9, 1894, of pneumonia and pleurisy, Mr. Michael O'Keefe, a native of Kerry, Ireland, aged 63 years. May his soul rest in peace. 34-1

**COMMERCIAL.**

**FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.**

**Flour.**—Patent Spring, \$3.60 @ 3.65; Ontario Patent, \$3.20 @ 3.50; Straight Roller, 2.90 @ 3.15; Extra, 2.70 @ 2.90; Superfine, 2.45 @ 2.65; Fine, 2.15 @ 2.30; City Strong Bakers, 3.40 @ 3.55; Manitoba Bakers, 3.25 @ 3.55; Ontario bags—extra, 1.35 @ 1.40; Straight Rollers, 1.50 @ 1.55; Superfine, 1.15 @ 1.30; Fine, 1.00 @ 1.10.

**Oatmeal.**—Rolled and granulated \$4.20 to \$4.35. Standard \$3.95 to \$4.15. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.10 to \$2.15, and standard at \$1.95 to \$2.

**Bran, etc.**—At \$17 75 and \$18, with resales at \$18 and \$18 25. Western millers offer at \$17.75 and \$18 delivered on track here. Shorts are also scarce and firm at \$18 to \$19. Moultie is quoted firm at \$22 to \$22 50.

**Wheat.**—For a large quantity of No. 1 hard Manitoba, a bid was made of 70c in the West, equal to 77c here. In Upper Canada wheat No. 2 red winter is quoted at 65c to 67c. Sales have been made in the West to millers at 67c to 68c.

**Corn.**—Car lots of Ontario corn at 53c to 55c on track. American duty paid 58c to 60c.

**Peas.**—West and North of Toronto peas have sold at 55c to 56c per 60 lbs., which is an advance of 3c per bus. over prices ruling a short time ago.

**Oats.**—At 40c to 41c for car lots in store per \$4 lbs.

**Barley.**—For No. 1 Ontario we quote 50c to 52c as to quality. Feed barley is unchanged at 42c to 43c.

**Buckwheat.**—Prices are nominal at 47c to 48c. Sales of 8,000 bushels sold in the West at 40c for export.

**Rye.**—Prices nominal at 49c to 50c.

**Malt.**—Prices are quoted at 72c to 80c as to quantity and quality.

**Seeds.**—We quote: Quebec timothy \$2.25 to \$2.50, and Western timothy \$1.90 to \$2.10. Alsike \$7.00 to \$7.50 for good to fancy. Red clover quiet at \$6 to \$7 as to quality.

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

**Eggs.**—We quote 14c to 15c as to quantity. The few Montreal limes that have been left over are selling at 10c to 11c, and Western at 7c to 8c.

**Maple Products.**—From 65c to 75c for new in tin, and 40c to 50c for olds. Sales in wood have been made at 8c to 7c as to size of package. Sugar is in fair supply, and sales have taken place at 7c to 8c per lb.

**Honey.**—Extracted honey 7c to 8c per lb. for choice 1893, and old honey at from 4c to 5c per lb. Comb 7c to 13c as to quality and quantity.

**Beans.**—Medium to fair \$1.10 to \$1.20, and good to choice \$1.25 per bushel.

**Hops.**—We quote 16c to 17c for medium, and really choice samples 20c to 21c. Old olds to yearlings are quoted at 5c to 10c.

**Baled Hay.**—The market is quiet at \$7.00 to \$8.00 f.o.b. for No 2 as to position. No. 1 pressed in this market at \$9.50 to \$10.00 and No. 2 at \$8.00 to \$9.50.

**FISH AND OILS.**

**Pickled Fish.**—The season is over, and prices are nominal. No. 1 green cod \$2 to \$3.50. Dry cod \$2 to \$2 50. Salt herrings \$4.50 to \$5 for Labrador.

**Fresh Fish.**—Fresh cod and haddock 3c to 4c per lb.

**Oil.**—Newfoundland cod oil 35c to 38c. Steam refined seal oil 45c to 47c. Cod liver oil 55c to 65c as to quality.

**PROVISIONS.**

**Pork, Lard, &c.**—We quote as follows:

Canadashort cut pork per bbl. \$15 25 @ 16 00  
Canada clear mess, per bbl. 15 00 @ 15 25  
Chicago clear mess, per bbl. 00 00 @ 00 00  
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl. 00 00 @ 00 00  
Extra mess beef, per bbl. 12 25 @ 12 50  
Plate beef, per bbl. 16 25 @ 16 50  
Hams, per lb. 9 1/2 @ 11c  
Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 10 @ 11c  
Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 07 1/2 @ 77c  
Bacon, per lb. 11 @ 12c  
Shoulders, per lb. 9 @ 10c

**Dressed Hogs.**—The season is now virtually over and prices here are nominally \$6 20 to \$6 30 for car lots.

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**

**Butter.**—We quote prices as follows:

per lb.  
Creamery, early made, 20c to 22c  
Creamery, late made, 25c to 26c  
Eastern Townships, dairy, 21c to 23c  
Western, fresh made, 23c to 24c  
18c to 20c

Add 1c to above for single packages of selected.  
**Roll Butter.**—We quote prices from 19c to 21c; a lot sold at 18c.

**Cheese.**—Finest Western colored, 11c to 11 1/2c  
Finest Western white, 11c to 11 1/2c  
Finest Quebec, 10 1/2c to 11c  
Liverpool cable, 58s 6d

**FRUITS, Etc.**

**Apples.**—Apples are selling very freely this week, and we quote No. 1, \$5 to \$7; No. 2, \$4 to \$4 50; No. 3, \$3 50 to \$4. A couple of cars were sold at the Montreal Fruit Auction Co.'s warehouse this week, full particulars of which will be found in another column.

**Grapes.**—Almeria grapes are having a pretty fair sale at \$5.50 to \$6 for No. 1, and \$4 to \$5 for No. 2 quality.

**Oranges.**—Florida oranges are having pretty fair sales, good counts of 150s to 250s selling from \$3 25 to \$3.50 per box, and 96s to 126s from \$2.50 to \$3 per box. Valencia still remain very firm and under moderate supplies, good sales are reported \$4 to \$4.25 for 420s, and \$5.50 to \$6 per box of 71s. California oranges are much inferior in quality to Floridas, and buyers much prefer to pay the higher prices for Floridas. We quote California as follows: 150s to 200s, \$2 75 per box; 96s, 112s, 126s, \$2 25 to \$2.50 per box. Bitter Seville oranges are selling slowly at \$2.50 to \$3 per box, and Fancy Messina Bloods in half boxes at \$2 25 to \$2.50.

**Lemons.**—Are commanding fair sales at \$2.25 to \$3 per box.

**Cranberries.**—There is a limited supply and a fair demand for cranberries at \$3 to \$9 per barrel, and \$2 to \$2.50 per box.

**Bananas.**—Sold from 75c to \$1.25 per bunch. No. 1 bananas, by express, are quoted at \$2.50 to \$3 per bunch.

**Figs.**—At 8c to 9c per lb.

**Dates.**—Are selling very slow at 4 1/2c to 5c per lb.

**Prunes.**—At 5c per lb.  
**Pineapples.**—Are selling fairly well at 15c to 30c each.

**Onions.**—Good sales are reported at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per barrel.

**Potatoes.**—50c to 55c per bag on track, and 10c per bag extra for jobbing lots.

**VALUABLE TO KNOW.**

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all pulmonary troubles.

**"MONTREAL STEAM LAUNDRY CO."**

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We have the **LARGEST** and best equipped "STEAM LAUNDRY" in the DOMINION, turning out **BETTER WORK** and **MORE** of it than any others calling themselves by that name.

**"SPECIAL FAMILY WASHING RATE."**

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## HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

WONDERFUL! EXTRAORDINARY!  
MIRACULOUS? MAGICAL!WORDS EXPRESSING THE SENTIMENTS OF  
HUNDREDS OF MONTREAL HOUSEHOLDS.

Mad. Cleophas Girard, 163 Plessis St., says: I suffered from a most severe attack of "La Grippe," and I was completely cured by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I have also used this remedy for general family coughs and colds always with the most satisfactory results, and I cannot commend it too highly as the most palatable and effective remedy that I have ever used in my family.

Ernest Ethier, 122 Wolfe St., says: I suffered for one month from a severe attack of "La Grippe" and Bronchitis and tried several remedies without getting any relief whatever; three 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete cure; the first dose gave me immediate relief, and before I had completed the third bottle was perfectly well.

M. Louis Caty, 55 Plessis St., says: I suffered from an attack of "La Grippe," and I was completely cured by using two 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mad. Charles Dube, 378 1/2 Plessis St., says: Our whole family of four suffered from a back attack of that terrible malady "La Grippe" and we were all completely cured by using three 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mad. Jos. Steben, 400 Panet St., says: Myself and my two children suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe" and we were all completely cured by using four 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Widow Pierre Picotte, 331 Beaudry St., says: I suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe" and I was completely cured by using two 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine which is the most effective remedy I have ever used.

Mad. U. Leriche, 127 Beaudry St., says: Four members of my family suffered from "La Grippe" and they were all completely cured by using three 50c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mad. Bruno St. Pierre, 224 Montcalm St., says: I suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe" which settled on my lungs and gave me great anxiety of mind, one 50c. bottle of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine gave me a prompt relief and a complete and speedy cure. Of all the remedies I have ever used, it is indeed the most effective.

Mad. Charles Hemond, 293 Wolfe St., says: Myself and my two children suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe" and we were all completely cured by using two 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mad. J. Lemieux, 448 Wolfe St., says: I suffered from a bad attack of "La Grippe" which left with a terrible cough and weak lungs, I tried several remedies without avail, but I have been perfectly cured by using two 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Julien Lefebvre, 42 Amherst St., says: I suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe" which left after it a most aggravating cough, I coughed night and day for two months without relief and tried several remedies without avail, two 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete and permanent cure.

Mad. Julien Hardy, 321 Jacques-Cartier St., says: My son 18 years old suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe" and he was completely cured by using two 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I think it is the best remedy in the world.

(To be continued next week.)

The publication of the hundreds of testimonials I am daily receiving will occupy many columns of the TRUE WITNESS. It will be continued every week during the winter. Persons desirous of verifying their correctness can cut out and preserve this column and apply at the addresses given.

J. GUSTAVE LAVIOLETTE, M.D.,  
Office & Laboratory, 282 & 284 St. Paul St.,  
Montreal.

## A POEM.

Copied for THE TRUE WITNESS.

There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold;  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety-and-nine;  
Are they not enough for Thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine  
Has wandered away from Me;  
And although the road be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransom'd ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
Passed through,  
'Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone astray  
'Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

STAT NOMINISUMBRA.

## IRISH INDUSTRIES.

LETTER FROM MICHAEL DAVITT.

To the Editor of the Dublin Freeman:

SIR,—You are rendering a valuable service to Irish workers, generally, in throwing open your columns to a most timely and useful discussion upon Irish Industries. In the matter of woollen manufacture, I largely agree with what is said, by Mr. William Smith. A want of appreciation of Irish-made clothing material is to be found, I regret, chiefly in Ireland. It is most certainly not the case abroad. During my late connection with the "Irish Woollen and Export Company," I had abundant evidence of the fact that the all-round merit of Irish "cheviot tweed" is recognised at once in any market, outside of Ireland, into which it is introduced. In Great Britain it has competed successfully with the same character of goods turned out by much older and far more experienced millers than our Irish manufacturers.

In this respect much progress has been made by Irish manufacturers in recent years. Not yet a dozen years ago, one or more makers of Irish "cheviots" had to send some of their goods to Scotland, to be re-shipped to Belfast and other parts of Ireland as "Scotch make," in order to obtain a sale for them in this country. For the Scotch market, at any rate, it is no longer necessary to disguise the name or source of this class of Irish woollen manufacture. Famed as Scotland has deservedly been for the excellence of its "tweeds" Irish "cheviots" are now forging their way even into the markets of Scotland.

The perversity of Irish distaste for its own manufactures (except in Irish-made drinks) is not confined, I am sorry to say, to those of us who still people Ireland. I had occasion, a few years ago, to enter a large clothing establishment in Boston, and was agreeably surprised to find there a large and prominent display of Irish woollens. I expressed my gratification to the merchant, and complimented the Irish portion of Boston's population upon their patronage of the looms of the Old Country. "I am very sorry to have to say," replied the proprietor, "that your countrymen are not my customers for this class of goods. They come in to look at them, but they do not buy. Americans are those who purchase Irish 'tweeds.' They find them both equal in price and in other respects to similar foreign goods, while more durable in material, and they prefer them. Your countrymen, as a rule, buy the showy, English-made manufacture."

I suppose a man daring to make reference to ladies' dresses would be committing high treason against the mysterious law of "Fashion." I wonder how many of our countrywomen know—or care—that "tweeds" of admirable lightness and design, suitable for ladies' dresses, can be made in Ireland, and which can likewise challenge the taste of the fair sex in other lands. Talking, a few years back, with a Customs officer in San Francisco about Irish manufacture (he had been at one time a foreman in a drapery store in Dublin), he called my attention to the enormous quantity of French and German-made woollens imported direct into that port, for dress material, for Californian ladies, and asked why nothing of that kind was being manufactured in Ireland. I surprised him by producing some samples which the late Mr. Peter White had given me before leaving home, and which had been supplied by Morrigh Brothers, of Cork, to the Irish Woollen Co. We (the Customs officer and myself) showed these samples to some of the foremost houses in San Francisco, and I heard buyers, who are among the most competent judges in the world, declare that these samples were equal in every way to the goods of the same character which came from Germany and France. Far be it from me to make suggestions to your lady readers on a matter which only comes before the serious notices of the other sex—when married—in milliners and drapers' bills; but if what is said by some authorities be true—that ladies dress and decorate themselves in order to please the eye of man—I would venture to say that no fashion ought to give more pleasure and satisfaction to Irishmen than one which would see Irish women include some Irish-made dress material in the clothing of mother, sister, wife or sweetheart.

It is hard, however, to determine to which sex belongs the greatest reproach for the preference of foreign over Irish manufacture. The poorer section of our population—unhappily the greater section—have at least the plea of poverty as a mitigation of their share of this reproach. It will be well-nigh impossible to look for a change favorable to Irish industries in this direction until the material condition of our poorer classes improves, or until articles of clothing, furniture, &c., as cheap as those which flood the country from abroad can be produced at home. Why this latter condi-

tion cannot be made to obtain is a subject which would occupy too much of your space to discuss. But it cannot, I think, be alleged with truth that the Irish labor is the explanation. The tailors, shoemakers, furniture-makers, and kindred trades are paid, at least, as highly in Great Britain as in Ireland, while capital is surely not so philanthropic across the water as to forego all claim to a return for its investment. It ought, therefore, to follow from these facts that, unless Irish labor was better paid in Ireland than in England, and Irish capital required more profit, the loss which now falls upon the industrial and manufacturing interests of the country, through our enormous consumption of foreign-made articles for the wear and tear of our daily lives, is referable for cause to some fault or disposition in ourselves.

Irish-made woollens and home-made shoes may some day become more popular in Ireland when they are re-shipped back to us as "English and Scotch," as in the case of the Cheviot tweeds, a few years ago; but the comparative success which has attended Irish woollen manufacture should not shut out from view the vital importance of maintaining a standard of excellence and finish for the outside market, which they have won for themselves abroad. There is some truth in what one of your correspondents said about some of our woollen mills. A period of prosperity begets some carelessness as to design and finish, whereas it ought to produce just the opposite effect. Novelty, more even than intrinsic merit, helps the sale of clothing material; and unless Irish "tweeds" can keep the pace in this vital respect with their British and German competitors the solid qualities of the Irish article will not make up for the want of what appeals to the eye and taste of the buyer.

The Irish maker is handicapped in the race with the foreign producer by the effects of the technical instruction which is widespread now in most Continental countries, and which educates the eye and hand of every artisan, and adds some measure of artistic excellence to the workmanship which is produced. It is much to the credit of our millers who are successfully competing with the work of such countries that they can hold their own under such disadvantages as our system of education and other conditions imply; but it will not do to rely upon even present success as a guarantee of security in the markets, when we know that the facilities for the study of design and opportunities for the production of novelty are far and away superior in Great Britain and on the Continent than they are at home. We may, some day, catch up with the foreigner in these respects; but, in the meantime, the one thing necessary to secure the right place in the race of competition is to "beat the record."

MICHAEL DAVITT.

It is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet it presents an open countenance when it is in the very act of taking you in.

## Coughing

leads to Consumption. Stop the Cough, heal the Lungs and strengthen the System with

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites. It is palatable and easy on the stomach. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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Registered. A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily, keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist 123 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT  
District of Montreal. } No. 313.

Dame Apolline Hebert, of the parish of St. Philippe, District of Montreal, wife of Moise Lefebvre, farmer, of the same place, has instituted, on the nineteenth day of February instant, an action in separation as to property against her said husband.

ROBIDOUX & GEOFFRION,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.  
Montreal, 23rd February, 1894.

# Walter Kavanagh, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

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CURED BY

# B.B.B.



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Worst Kind of Scrofula.

DEAR SIRS.—I had an abscess on my breast and scrofula of the very worst kind, the doctors said. I got so weak that I could not walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I asked if I might take B.B.B. and they said it would do me no harm, so I began to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find Burdock Blood Bitters a grand blood purifier and very good for children as a spring medicine.

MRS. JAMES CHASE, Frankford, Ont.

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and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

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

#### Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

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

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.

Lavaltrie, December 26th. 1895.

#### Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois.

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

G. DESROSIERS, M. D.

St-Felix de Valois, January, 18th 1890.

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Montreal, 16th February, 1894.  
BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

(True copy.)  
[Signed] BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 5-21



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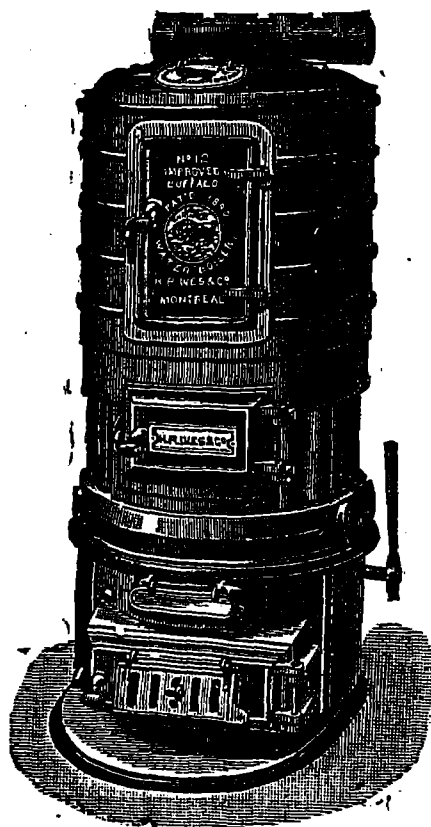
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