

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

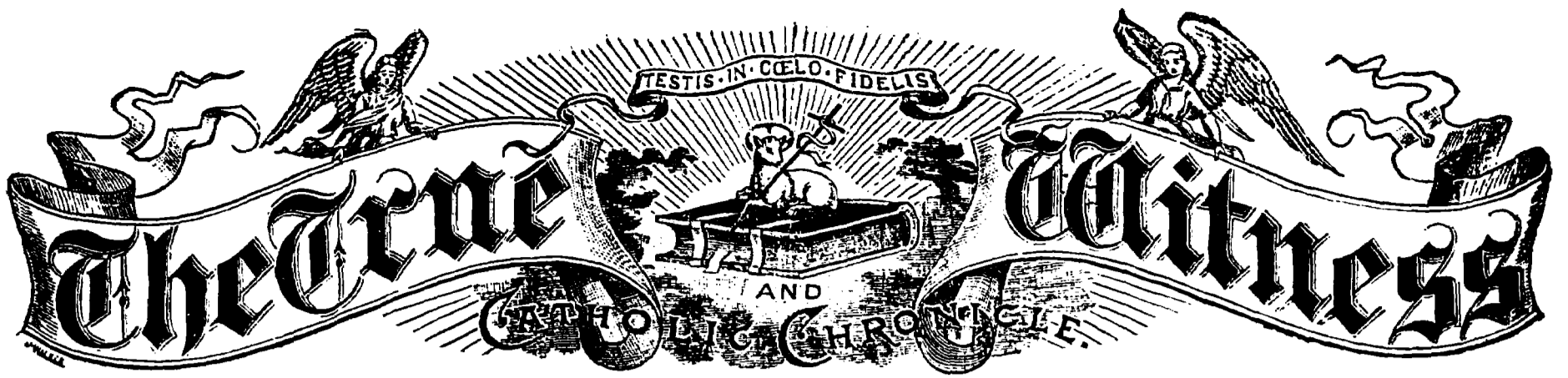
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this issue of the TRUE WITNESS we close Kickham's story, "Sally Cavanagh, or, The Untenanted Graves." Next week we purpose commencing Charles Lever's last novel, "Lord Kilgobbin." Not only is this the last contribution from Lever's pen to the literature of his day, but it is the only one of his works entirely free from anything that might tend to ridicule the Irish character. The general reader is familiar with Lever's works: but, as a rule, that familiarity is confined to his most popular and widely known stories, such as "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke of Ours," "Harry Lorrequer," and a couple of others. The one we have chosen is but little known, and yet it is one of the best that the rollicking Irish novelist ever penned. Many years ago John O'Mahony remarked that he believed there was more true Irish feeling in "Lord Kilgobbin" than in any other novel he had ever read.

.

The celebration of the silver wedding of King Humbert of Italy will be marked by the absence of Catholic enthusiasm. The Vatican has announced that the Pope will not grant audiences to any royal personages of the Roman Catholic faith who come to Rome to attend the silver wedding of King Humbert and Queen Margaret. The rule does not apply to Protestant sovereigns nor their representatives. This is a pronounced repetition of Pius IX's *non possemus*. Leo XIII is determined to let the world see that he will never abdicate his rights nor acknowledge the usurpation of St. Peter's patrimony. There will be a marked contrast between the jubilee festivities at the Vatican and the Quirinal. Italy is to day most miserably pauperized and can ill afford the expenditure of the occasion. It is, perhaps, no harm that such an event should arise during the year of Papal jubilee, for the marked contrast between the two powers must tell powerfully in favor of the Vatican.

.

Our city—or at least a portion of it—has lionized the famed pugilist, the Champion Corbett. It is wonderful how enthusiastic a crowd becomes over a big, cruel, powerful man. But prize-fighting is the rage, and, like the bull-fighting amongst the Spaniards, it will always attract the brutally inclined. There is something so debasing in it that low natures are drawn thereto as if by a magic magnet. Let them cheer, revel and triumph; it matters little to us. But we do emphatically object to being called upon to take pride in a pugilist, be he champion or ex-champion, on the score of his nationality or creed. From a national standpoint we see no glory in having a grand sample of the animal—we are not proud that he is Irish; quite the contrary; we are ashamed of the fact. The pugilist may be a fine specimen of physical form, he may be a very decent fellow in his own way; but he is

no sample of an Irishman, for the better part—that which distinguishes the man from the animal—is absent. The heart is not there; cruelty has blasted it, and a heartless Irishman is not a being to be proud of. Moreover, we remember the old song:

"Were I as tall to reach the skies
And pluck the stars out at a span,
I would be measured by my mind,
For the mind's the standard of the man."

From a religious standpoint—as Catholics—we must repudiate pugilism as in duty bound. Just listen to what took place last week in Auburn, N.Y. At Syracuse a fight occurred between Duffee and Donovan. The latter was killed by a blow from the former. When his remains were brought for burial to Auburn, he was denied the funeral rites of the Catholic Church. The priest acted under the direction of his Ordinary, and enforced the law of the Church, and properly so. No more than a suicide has a pugilist killed in the ring any right to the Church's recognition. He goes to the ring with the knowledge that he may possibly kill or possibly be killed; he is little better than guilty of deliberate homicide, or else suicide. He takes the risk; his soul counts for nothing. Manhood has given place to animal nature, and as the animal, not as the man, does the Church treat him.

.

How strangely time changes the face of the world; what extraordinary mutations in the history of the human race; what wonderful transformations to be seen even in some families. Some few weeks ago we referred to the proposed memorial statue to be erected by the solid Presbyterians of Edinburgh, in commemoration of the notorious John Knox. That fiery enthusiast left, after all, very little behind him. His work produced but indifferent fruits, considering his fearful passion, his all absorbing enthusiasm. His name is about all that remains to be invoked by his divided, and a hundred times sub-divided, followers. Yet, strange and wonderful irony of life! the only lineal descendant of the frantic reformer is a Roman Catholic and a religious. He is a member of the Congregation of the Cross. His name is Brother Philip, and he has labored for upwards of thirty years in the East, where he was engaged in educational work. He is now in Ceylon. The Edinburgh statue-builders should invite him to unveil the proposed one to his ancestor.

.

THERE is a mania, for monuments, statues, memorial tablets and such like commemorative tokens that has seized upon the infidels of the world. The extraordinary success, the stupendous triumphs of Catholicity have awakened them to the necessity of doing something, otherwise the world might forget their existence. Having no living men of sufficient importance to awaken enthusiasm, they have recourse to the dead. They stir up the ashes of departed atheists and disturb their graves for the purpose of commemorating their lives. In some

cases they succeed, in others they fail. In Rome they raised enough to buy a statue of Bruno, the immoral and debasing author of renegade pamphlets. In Paris they attempted to secure funds for the erection of a monument to Jean Jacques Rousseau. The City Council, as an excuse, gave a small donation. A few days ago the committee asked the Council for another subscription to pay the expenses so far incurred. The Council could not see its way to making a second donation and was glad of an excuse to escape. The result was that the movement fell through, the amounts collected barely paying the expenses of sending round the hat. Infidel as France may be, the French people deserve credit for refusing a seat in the Academy to Zola, and declining to erect a statue to Rousseau.

.

THE WORLD'S FAIR is the all absorbing topic of this summer; Chicago is the focus to which everything and everybody will converge. Evidently the Catholics of America, and of the world, are to play important parts in the immense drama of the Exposition. For all who may be interested in the representation of the Catholic press on that occasion, we clip the following from the Chicago Catholic Citizen, of March 11:

We are informed by Col. W. J. Onahan that accommodations will be available for a meeting of the editors and publishers of the Catholic papers of America during the Catholic Congress at Chicago, September 1st to 5th next. Many representatives of the Catholic press will be present at the congress and the occasion is too good to be missed for a series of informal conferences on matters pertaining to the progress of the Catholic press. We move that Col. Onahan be requested to arrange a date for the meeting of the Catholic press and that he be chosen an honorary member of the fraternity with power to call the meeting to order and to designate a series of papers on practical topics to form a basis of discussion at the ensuing conferences. What say our brethren of the press to this pleasing suggestion?

.

SOME time ago we published an editorial on "Capital Punishment," in which we gave as the teaching of the great majority of the theologians that it was the safety of society, and that in all ages the Church, as a rule, upheld the law of "death penalty." We also pointed out the numerous powerful arguments against that mode of punishment. We are thoroughly aware that our expressions did not harmonize with the opinions of some eminent and learned members of the clergy. But the views expressed were merely our own, and for them no one, except ourselves, is responsible. There are to-day things permitted by the Church which a few hundred years ago would be considered heretical. Imagine Leo XIII's Encyclicals being read in the fifteenth century! If we mistake not, before another half century rolls past, provided we have a few more such statesmen as is the present Pope, both Capital punishment and many other relics of barbaric times will be relegated to the archives of ages long gone.

The Catholic Church is ever in touch with the spirit of the age; she marches with the times; she conforms to the requirements of all lands and all circumstances, while preserving intact her dogma, conserving inviolate her principles of Faith. This is not even a question of discipline; and the authorities upon whom so much stress is laid, wrote in days when torture and tyrannicide prevailed. The North Western Witness, the Catholic official organ of the Bishop of Duluth, Minnesota, has the following. After speaking of the abolition of the death penalty in their legislature, the article says:

"It is tolerably clear that the death penalty is ineffective as a deterrent. A man who is ugly enough to kill somebody wouldn't stop if he knew it would cost him his life, much less when the chance of conviction and punishment seems very small to him. The murderer is so white hot nothing could stop him, or he believes he has taken certain precautions against detection. On the other hand the death penalty often results in irreparable mistakes. As often it results in a defeat of justice because juries will not find guilty from sentiment or from fear of mistake, in cases where the evidence would seem sufficient if only imprisonment was the penalty. A worse thing yet is that judicial killing is still murder. It was well enough when every one went armed and any quarrel was to mortal combat. When life was cheap, capital punishment was not by comparison brutalizing. It is now. The life sentence is more terrible than the death sentence. It allows partial reparation where a mistake is discovered. It can be enforced where the other can not. And it is not a relic of barbarism."

We merely quote the above to show how more humane the race of man is becoming, and how more precious is that Divine gift of human life being considered.

.

THE Germans are certainly great haters. It was said of a certain Hans Vanbergen when he died, that "he was a true Prussian, for he hated the French and was a good smoker." We find an example of this detestation of the French carried to a ridiculous point in the case of Abbe Lang, of Sainte Marie aux Mines, in Alsace. He has been prosecuted by the Germans for having lit a transparency, in honor of the Pope's jubilee, with the name of the Holy Father—Leon XIII, in place of Leo XIII. This same priest was once before prosecuted for giving as examples in a grammar which he edited, phrases considered friendly towards France. There is something so small in all this that we would not be surprised to find France, some fine day, giving Prussia back with compound interest what she received in 1870. Prussia must recollect that the Iron Chancellor has seen his day of power, and that Von Moltke is dead. It is not well to tantalize a gallant foe twenty years after its defeat. It is not wise most certainly.

.

The revenue returns of the Dominion for the nine months ending March 31 show a surplus of \$5,141,724.

.

Emigration from Ireland continues to decrease. During 1892 51,000 left that country; 58,486 in 1891.

IRISH PARLIAMENTS.

LEGISLATURES WHICH RULED THE COUNTRY PREVIOUS TO THE UNION.

The Early Parliaments Really of an English Complexion—The First Irish Representation—The Parliaments Under Henry VIII. and James I.—In Grattan's Time—What Gladstone's Bill Promises.

Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill will, if passed, not only establish a Legislature for Ireland, but provide that Legislature with a charter which will save it from the troubles and conflicts of its many predecessors. There have been Parliaments in Ireland almost as far back as written history can carry us. That fact, so often forgotten in modern discussions, was one of the roots of the Irish question, and a root had to be reckoned with. It could not be torn up, and it would not be ignored. No country that has enjoyed its own Parliament readily gives it up. Ireland had not only had her Parliaments, but until the union always had her rights to a Parliament concealed. On the other hand, the way of reconciling Ireland's admitted right to a Parliament of its own with the Imperial Parliament's supremacy had always vexed the souls of the politicians of both countries. That has been the longest-standing Irish problem.

Pitt came to the conclusion that this Irish problem was not soluble except by ridding Ireland of her parliament—except by the union; but the union has failed to solve it. Pitt's promises that the two countries, joined for their common benefit in one empire, would "each retain its proportional weight and importance under the security of equal laws, reciprocal affection and inseparable interests" were not redeemed; and the last state of Ireland was worse than the first till the present prime minister came to the rescue of that country with his Irish legislation. No legislation, however, short of restoring a parliament to Ireland would satisfy Irish national sentiment. The problem therefore remained—a problem disastrously evaded, rather than solved, by Pitt—to let Ireland have the parliament to which she claimed a historic right, and at the same time to find a means of preventing collision between the Irish and English Parliaments. It seems that the acceptance by the Irish representatives of Mr. Gladstone's bill

SETTLES THE CRUCIAL QUESTION

how the loyalty to crown and empire which Ireland has always professed, except in the momentary anger of rebellion, may be maintained consistently with the existence of the Irish Parliament, which they demand as their national right, says a writer in the London Daily News.

There is a historical reason for connecting loyalty to the English Sovereign with the existence of an Irish Parliament, for it was the English kings who used the Irish to government by councils held in Ireland, and afterwards expanded into parliaments. Side by side with the growth of our parliamentary institutions the parliaments of Ireland grew. Nobody wishes to leave out of sight the fact that at first the parliaments that sat in Ireland were really English parliaments; but in Henry VIII.'s time the Irish chieftains were summoned to parliament with the express purpose of giving greater authority to an act which the parliament was convened to pass; and it was this very act passed by a parliament in which the Irish were thus represented, that gave to the English sovereigns the right to call themselves Kings of Ireland. In the days of James I. (though, no doubt, that monarch's advisers took care to have the English interest strong in the Irish Parliament) the natives were accorded very full parliamentary rights. Lord Chancellor Ball's book on Irish legislative systems, published by Messrs. Longman's in 1888, gives interesting details of all these parliamentary institutions, and with reference to James' Parliament of 1613, he quotes the description of its speaker, Sir John Davis, who said: "Ulster and Connaught, as well as Leinster and Munster, had come to have voices; and the English of birth and the English of blood, the new British colony and the old Irish

natives, were all met together to make laws for the common good of themselves and their posterities."

THE PARLIAMENTS OF IRELAND

had a House of Peers and a House of Commons, just as the Parliaments of England; their numbers were similarly increased by creation of new peerages and by the admission of new boroughs, until at last the numbers in the representative House were 300, or 64 county members, 234 borough members, and two members for Dublin University.

All the Parliaments of Ireland from Henry VII.'s time till the date of Grattan's Parliament were in one sense less independent than the one now proposed by Mr. Gladstone; for it may be, and has been, contended that the Privy Council of England, as well as the Privy Council of Ireland, had complete control over their proceedings. When a bill was to be initiated in either House of the Irish Parliament, the heads of it had first to be submitted to the Irish Privy Council. When this body had examined and revised them they went to the King and council in England for approval. Then they came back perhaps with alterations suggested by the English law officers in the form of a bill to the House from which they came, and the bill, though it might either be passed or rejected, could not be altered by either House. Nor could the Irish Parliament without license and assent under the great seal of England either meet or make laws. But the right of England to make laws for Ireland, or to pass laws which would be binding on Ireland without the assent of the Irish Parliament, was always fiercely contested when any practical question arose. On one occasion the Irish House of Commons passed a resolution "that the subjects of his majesty's kingdom of Ireland are a free people and to be governed only according to the common law of England and statutes made and established by Parliament in Ireland, and according to the lawful customs of the same." The controversy became at times very acute, and no wonder when the legislation of the English Parliament had the effect of ruining the Irish wool trade, and excluding Irish shipping from the colonies. Swift's anger at the English Parliament's claim was expressed in his

FAMOUS ADVICE TO THE IRISH,

to burn everything that came from England except her coal. It was Swift also who said, with reference to the British Parliament's assumptions, that "all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery; but, in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt." The Irish Parliament of George III. is thus described by Lord Chancellor Ball:

Parliament at that time assembled only in every second year. When it met the limits of possible progress were discouragingly visible. Poyning's law and the sixth of George I. hemmed in its range of legislation. It could, and did, deal with local affairs. Many measures of utility in connection with them approved, and in most instances suggested, by the successive Irish governments, were passed. From great subjects it was barred. When it began and when it ended there was no habeas corpus act in Ireland; no mutiny act; taxes which ought to have been within the control of Parliament had been granted to the crown in perpetuity; judicial offices were held at the pleasure of the crown. Parliament made no protest against the continued suppression of the woollen manufacture and the persistent prohibition of colonial trade."

At last came Grattan's time, when both commercial and constitutional relief were demanded by the Irish Parliament, and Ireland's political champion made his eloquent protest against the condition to which Ireland had been reduced as that of "a colony without the benefit of a charter, having a provincial synod without the privileges of a Parliament." The story of Grattan's Parliament is well known—and how it was obtained mainly by the energy of the very men of Ulster who are now so hostile to what was once their national cause. Great Britain then conceded every point to Ireland, and

THE ONLY LIMIT.

to the power of its Parliament was that it could only be held by license obtained from the King under the seal of Great Britain, and its enactments could only become law when passed under the same

great seal. Thus the pendulum had swung from one extreme to the other, for here were two practically equal Parliaments with no provision for the case of disagreement in policy. The failure of Mr. Pitt's "commercial propositions" and the difference of the two Parliaments on the regency exemplified the dangers of this state of affairs and supplied the statesmen of the day with some plausible excuse for proposing the union.

It is interesting to note that before the union was through of Mr. Pitt once made use of a phrase which describes the scheme which it has fallen to the lot of the present prime minister to propose. In writing to the Duke of Rutland about his commercial proposals in 1785 he spoke of the desirability of "making England and Ireland one country in effect, though for local concerns under distinct Legislature—one for the communication of advantages and of course in the participation of burdens." This Solution of the Irish problem has now been reached in the home rule bill. The retention of the Irish members in the imperial Parliament gives them voice in all imperial legislation, and marks their position in the empire, while their Parliament will now have a charter so well defined as to leave no room for conflict between the two Parliaments, and within the limits of that charter the legislative power of Ireland will be more adequate and unquestioned than it has ever been before.—Boston Republic.

Dr. J. J. Bourke, M.A., a distinguished student of the Catholic University Medical School, of Dublin, has obtained fourth place at the examinations of probationers in the Indian Medical Service. At the examinations held last year for the Home service, first place was obtained by another Catholic University student, Dr. Thomas McDermott. In the preceding year, at the examination for probationers in the Indian Service, the Martin Memorial Gold Medal was awarded to Dr. George Prost, of the sameschool.

THE WILD GEESE.

This name was given to those Irish soldiers who after the capitulation of Limerick, went over to France and formed the celebrated Irish Brigade.

"What is the cry so wildly heard,
Oh, mother dear, across the lake?"
"My child, 'tis but the northern bird
Alighted in the reedy brake."
"Why cries the northern bird so wild?
Is a wall like one baby's voice?"
"Tis far from its own home, my child,
And would you have it, then, rejoice?"
"And why does not the wild bird fly
Straight homeward through the open air?
I see no barriers in the sky—
Why does she sit lamenting there?"
"My child, the laws of life and death
Are written in four living books;
The wild bird reads them in the breath
Of winter, freezing up the brooks—
"Reads and obeys—more wise than man—
And meekly steers for other climes,
Obey—the providential plan,
And humbly waits for happier times."
"The spring, that makes the post's sing,
Will whisper in the wild bird's ear,
And swiftly back, on willing wing,
The wild bird to the north will steer."
"Will they come back, of whom that song
Last night was sung, that made you weep?"
"Oh! God is good, and hope is strong;
My son, let's pray, and then to sleep."

LOOK AT THE SIZE of the ordinary pill. Think of all the trouble and disturbance that it causes you. Wouldn't you welcome something easier to take, and easier in its ways, if at the same time it did you more good? That is the case with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest in size, the mildest in action, but the most thorough and far-reaching in results. They follow nature's methods, and they give help that lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

"If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." That is what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Doesn't it prove, better than any words could, that this is a remedy that cures Catarrh? Costs only 50 cents

THE SUNBEAM, a monthly paper for Catholic youth; 50 cents a year, send for sample copy. 761 Craig Street Montreal, P. Q.

ANNIVERSARIES IN LITERATURE.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, b. 1825, d. 1868. One of the most interesting epochs in the history of Ireland's struggle for political rights is that which embraces what is known as the Young Ireland Movement. This came from a gathering of young men of literary tastes whose intellectual strength was shown in 1842, in the directing of the Irish mind to a sense of the power of public opinion through the press. Thomas Davis was the great central figure and the "Nation" of Dublin was the newspaper chosen as their organ. Charles Gavan Duffy its first editor, is still living. One of the very young men in that bright galaxy of literary characters was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who was destined to lead a checkered life, to show indications of great genius and to be removed from a field of usefulness by the dastardly hand of an assassin. Mr. McGee was born in Carlingford in the county Louth, Ireland, April 13, 1825, and was educated in a country school in Wexford, where his parents had located while he was yet a child. His father was a petty officer of the crown, but notwithstanding this, young McGee became an ardent Nationalist. He came to Boston in 1842, and in a few years obtained a place on the "Pilot," where his literary talent found recognition. His eloquence on several occasions attracted attention, so much so that O'Connell desired his services in his Repeal Movement and he was offered a position on the "Dublin Freeman," which he accepted, but he soon passed to the "Nation" and became identified as a Young Irelander. While here he contributed to the "Library in Ireland" which Davis established, the "Gallery of Irish writers of the Seventeenth Century." He was implicated in the outbreak of 1848, and with Richard O'Garman, escaped to America. His parting from Ireland is told in his verse:

I left two lovers on a distant strand,
One young and fond and fair and bland,
One fair and old and sadly grand—
My wedded wife and my native land.

Reaching New York, McGee entering the field of journalism, and in his paper, "The Nation," became entangled in a controversy with the great Archbishop Hughes as to the causes of the failure of the Young Ireland movement. He soon moved to Boston, established the "American Celt," and became more and more conservative, thus earning the suspicion of his former associates. In the meantime he published his "Irish Letters in America," and "A Catholic History of North America," which show great scholarship. Called to Canada, he took up his residence in Montreal and soon identified himself with this growing country and immediately rose to positions of highest trust and emolument, being President of the Executive Council and Crown Minister of Agriculture. He was largely instrumental in the formation of the Confederation of Canada. Like many who in youth had taken part in the revolutionary movements, the conservation of years made him antagonist all revolution, and he was a bitter opponent of the Fenians and became exceedingly unpopular with many of his former admirers. He was assassinated April 7, 1868, while entering his house, and a man named Whelan was executed for the crime. Thus died, in the very pride of his greatness, one of Ireland's gifted sons. His History of Ireland is a literary gem, written for the purpose of instructing the people. His poetry has the stamp of genius, filled with intense national spirit and true Christian piety. His oratory charmed all who heard it. The writer well remembers a visit which McGee made to a Canadian College in the company of Gov. Monk. As Americans, with Irish political dislike for him because of his apparent treachery to Ireland, we who greeting his opening words with hisses, were loudest in our applause at the end, for his eloquent tongue, and his beauty of diction won our hearts and we forgot our dislikes in the greatness of the man who addressed us. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was not understood by the Irish people, and it is the greatest shame that he did not live till our day when, in the light of the political agitation of the present, his opinions would be in harmony with the Irish people.—Editor Catholic School and Home Magazine.

Diarrhoea and Dysentery are perhaps the most common of our every day ills, and every person nearly has some special cure of their own Ours is PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, and having used it for many years, we can confidently recommend it. Get Big Bottle 25c.

THE FRANCISCAN FATHERS.

THE "THIRD ORDER" OF ST. FRANCIS.

Its Foundation.—The Objects for which it was Established.—A Brief Sketch of its History and Rules.—Incorporation of the Apostolic Syndicate of the Franciscan Observance.

[By the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.]

Numerous are the religious orders in the Catholic Church and each has its own especial mission. There are teaching, missionary, contemplative and different other categories into which they are divided. According to the requirements of the different ages and the different conditions of the human family these institutions sprang into existence. In all times, since the dawn of history, God has summoned into life and activity, at the proper moment, men whose missions were to lead His people or guide His Church. To snatch the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt Moses was raised up by the will of the Almighty and went forth to the accomplishment of his giant task. Since the dispensation of love and redemption began, at stated periods, the men required to fill important posts, in the army of the Church Militant, appeared on earth and, under the eye of God, fulfilled their respective missions. While yet Christianity wrestled with the giant power of Paganism, while the eagles of Rome triumphed in every land, and the blood of a bleeding Faith bedewed the arena of the Flavian Amphitheatre, while the fires of martyrdom blazed upon the battlements, and the trumpets of persecution awakened the echoes of the seven hills, the Almighty flung out the banner of the Cross before the gaze of the hesitating Constantine, and in that sign did he conquer—not only his enemies but the paganism of his youth. When the fierce spirit of Mahometanism struck terror into the Christians of the East, and the tomb of the Redeemer was a prey to Musselman sacrilege, God called upon Peter the Hermit to arise and preach a crusade against the Paynim despoilers. Throughout Europe he tramped, from town to town, and at the magic tone of his inspired voice hundreds of thousands arose; kings, princes and warriors left their homes, donned the armor of the cross, trod the wilds of Taurus, fainted under the suns of the Orient, and at last beheld, amidst the green meadows that line Orontes, the gray walls and white towers of the Syrian Antioch. When the Salvation of the race required them, when the needs of the Church demanded them, we find those great leaders, glorious founders, enthusiastic missionaries coming forth from obscurity and leading the phalanxes of Christ's preaching and teaching army into lands never before trod by the foot of civilization. Of these are such men as St. Ignatius, St. Benedict, St. Dominic, St. Vincent de Paul, and the founder of that wonderful Order, to which we desire to draw special attention—the great St. Francis of Assisi.

A little over seven hundred years ago, in the town of Assisi, in Italy, Francis was born. After a life of pleasure, during a quarter of a century, he suddenly awakened to an appreciation of God's grace, and corresponding with the call received from heaven, he dedicated his days to the establishment of three religious Orders. He astonished the world at that time by the extraordinary zeal that he manifested; but his works and their effects have surprised still more and more, as the years rolled into centuries, the children of a race that seems incapable of such wonderful sacrifices. The first and second Orders that he instituted were of men and women living in the cloister; the "Third Order"—or "The Order of Penance," is a religious life adapted to the circumstances of persons living in the world. Its members, while remaining in the world and performing the duties of their special avocations, are enabled to withdraw into the quiet of a religious life. They live in the world and yet are not of the world. It is in favor of this "Third Order" that our Most Holy Father Leo XIII., in his Encyclical Letter, *Auspicato* of the 17th September, 1882, appeals to the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world to do their best that the people may know and really esteem

the "Third Order," and see that those who have the care of souls may teach what it is.

Of this "Third Order" we will have occasion to speak more fully later on. For the present we will confine our few remarks to the First Order, that of the Observance, of which we happily have some members in our midst, men whose mission may not be thoroughly understood and whose lives are such that only those really familiar with them can form any idea of the spiritual beauty and perfection that surround them. In the first place this branch of the Franciscans is called that of the Observance, because its members observe in the most minute details, every rule laid down originally by the sainted and illustrious founder of the institution. There duty is to "go about doing good," in every acceptance of the term. Their work is that of giving missions, preaching the word of God, hearing confessions, administering all the sacraments and attending to the sick and poor. Their vow of poverty is one in the strictest sense of the word. In no way are they permitted, either as individuals or as a community, to touch, use, receive, or in any way handle money. They live upon what they receive from the charity of the world, and if they receive more than suffices for one day, they distribute the surplus to the needy whom they know. Like the birds of the air they depend entirely upon God, and He never neglects to send them sufficient for the time being. They travel on foot, and if it becomes necessary to cross the seas or undertake journeys into pagan lands, they await the Almighty's pleasure, and always, without fail, God sends the means whereby they can reach their destination—and that without the means of money. They eat meat only when they can get nothing else, and were they to receive a supply of food from one man to-day, and another were prompted to send them a donation of the same kind, their porter would decline to accept the latter gift, saying "we have ample for our present wants." Were it left at their door, then, in the shades of the evening some Father would go forth with it to the neighboring poor and distribute the food to the really needy. That life of sacrifice is something marvellous in itself, it is beyond the range of ordinary comprehension, and it certainly partakes of the celestial. Yet, during all this time, and in the midst of all these privations, the members of the Order never cease, night or day, to perform extraordinary labors in the cause of religion. They say their masses, they preach their missions, they sit in their confessionals, they seek out the afflicted, the sick, the dying, the poverty-stricken; in silence and with the perpetual idea of God's holy presence, they move about, like angels of Help, like the spirits of the just returned to earth and performing, for the pure love of God, the corporal works of Mercy. They speak only when it is absolutely necessary and when they do speak—be it from the pulpit, or in private—the listener hears as it were the tones of spiritual consolation; in a minor key of devotion their words go to the heart and play upon its most delicate strings, till they too vibrate into a divine harmony that is in itself a prayer.

How fittingly apply the lines of an Irish poet who told, in beautiful verse, the story of those days of Faith, when all over the land of St. Patrick monasteries and churches arose:

"A thousand Christians incessantly raised Hosannas, around shrines that with Jewels were blazed;
A thousand Franciscans in penance trod Barefooted the road that was followed by God."

With nothing of this world about them; apart from the ordinary man; the loneliest yet the happiest of beings, they live from day to day, feeding the poor while abstaining themselves, preaching the gospel while obeying its precepts, alleviating sufferings while undergoing every imaginable human penance, tending the sick, when often stricken themselves by the approach of Death's Angel, comforting the dying, while awaiting at any moment their own summons to the presence of the Eternal. The Franciscan, properly understood, seems like that last mountain of the deluge, its feet upon the earth, its summit reaching the heavens, immutable and grand the last remnant of earth's beauty and the last resting place of heaven's light. In presence of such a personality we pause, for the life before us challenges our admiration and wonder as well as our respect and veneration. Were we but to honestly reflect

upon what the Franciscan teaches, in the eloquence of his silent life, even more than in his words of exhortation, everything would assume another aspect for us: the seasons in their change would become more lovely, the atmosphere would breathe purer and nobler thoughts, earth would unfold fairer fruits, ocean roll in a sublimer magnificence, the heavens display, in that constellated canopy, myriads of objects speaking of harmony and God; above all, would we feel how little our lives are, and "vice, in its high career, would stand appalled," and "heedless, rambling impulse learn to think." The charms of that life are humility and piety—the union of which may be called the Franciscan's Faith. In the cloister it is his companion; abroad, his introduction; in the world, his safeguard; in solitude, his solace. But we must cease our comments or else we will have no space for the more matter-of-fact statements of our article.

We said that the Franciscans can neither touch money as individuals, nor as a community; no more can they own property. Yet in this age and in a land like ours it is necessary that they should have some species of abode. They rely upon Providence, and that Providence always raises up men in the world who look after the temporal affairs—little as they may be—of these children of sacrifice. In consequence, what is called an Apostolic Syndicate is formed, composed of members of the "Third Order" of St. Francis, men of the world, whose duty it is to take charge of the temporal affairs of the Franciscan Fathers of the Observance. Here in Montreal members of this holy community have pitched their tent, and in the midst of our people, almost unknown to the world, they have commenced their works of extraordinary charity and have undertaken a crusade against the enemies of Catholicity, a veritable battle for the salvation of souls. In order that a home might be secured for them steps have been taken to form a syndicate, whose mission it is to look after all the temporal concerns of the Order, leaving the Fathers free to pursue their missions untrammelled. In consequence, a Bill has been presented to the Legislature of Quebec, and an Act passed, entitled "A law incorporating the Apostolic Syndicate of the Franciscan Fathers of the Observance." The preamble of that Bill states that the syndicate having asked for incorporation, "considering that the said Franciscan Fathers cannot, according to their rules and constitution, acquire or possess, either individually or in common, nor make any use of money, and that for all such acts they must have recourse to third parties, friends of the Order," and considering that it is proper to accede to the request, it is enacted as follows:

"1. Messrs. M. C. Galarneau, merchant, John O'Neill, collector of canal revenue, and Jean Joseph Beauchamp, Q.C., of the city of Montreal, in their quality of members of the Apostolic Syndicate of the Franciscan Fathers of the Observance, in the Province of Quebec, as also their duly named successors and those who shall be added to them, by the present, are constituted into a corporation under the name of Apostolic Syndicate of the Franciscan Fathers of the Observance."

The act of incorporation then states that the syndicate as a body politic and corporate may sue or be sued; may acquire or dispose of moveable and immoveable goods, provided the annual value does not exceed thirty thousand dollars; this corporation will have charge of the material interests of the Franciscan Fathers of the Observance in this province; all property acquired must be administered in accordance with the rules of the Order. The principal place of business is in the City of Montreal. The members of the syndicate shall not be personally responsible for its obligations.

Such is about the sum and substance of the act incorporating this syndicate, the duty of which is to look after the temporal affairs of the Order of the Fathers of St. Francis. It is a certainty that, according as it is required, the angel of charity will visit the hearts of faithful Catholics, and they will be prompted to give some assistance—more or less, according to means and circumstances—in this cause, to help the Fathers either in gifts of daily necessities, or in funds to enable them to have a roof over their heads, a cloister into which they may retire at times, to pray,

to meditate, and to prepare for their renewed labors. It is intended to commence at once the erection of a church for the use of the Order. If any of our readers are ever touched in this way, by the spirit of benevolence, they are requested to deal with the three gentlemen above mentioned, or with any of them, as the legal representatives of the Franciscan Fathers. We have told, in a few words, the simple story of this Order, and we will add no appeal to what we have said; like the members of the Order, we leave the rest to Providence.

RELIGIOUS NEWS

Queen Victoria will receive a visit from Cardinal Bausa as the representative of the Pope.

It is announced from Rome that Cardinal Vaughan is the bearer of specific friendly messages from Leo XIII to Mr. Gladstone.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites is said to have voted in favor of the beatification of Venerable Sister Theresa Martinengo.

Tuesday, May 9, has been assigned to the Catholic Knights of America for a specific festival day at the World's Fair. This association will hold its biennial convention at that time.

The contribution of the diocese of Dublin to Peter's Pence on the occasion of the Pope's jubilee amounted to forty thousand lire. The other Irish dioceses were proportionately generous.

Rev. R. J. Mooney, a well-known member of the Oblate Congregation, recently died in San Antonio, Tex. He was for years stationed in Canada and New York State and built several important churches.

To the late General Beauregard, who was buried at New Orleans recently, Catholics owed a debt of gratitude. Thanks to his courage, energy and Catholic spirit he crushed out Know-Nothingism in New Orleans in 1857.

Friar Morbuet, of the Order of St. Francis, Paris, has constructed an intricate calendar watch. It is a tiny piece of machinery, only a quarter of an inch in diameter, but it shows seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years, and has an alarm. The case is decorated with a figure of the patron saint of the maker and two verses of the "Te Deum."

Secretary Club, of the World's Fair committee on ceremonies, has set apart September 2nd as Roman Catholic Education Day. Festival Hall has been engaged for a celebration from 9 a.m. until noon. The ceremonies will be carried on under the direction of Bishop Spalding. Archbishop Feehan will preside. Among the addresses will be one by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia.

A medal of artistic design, to be worn during the World's Fair period, has been adopted by the Catholic school children of Chicago. It is heart-shaped, with small projecting points representing a cross. The finish is gold. The central portion of the design represents a ship in full sail, suggestive of the caravel on which Columbus sailed from Palos. Around this figure is inscribed the following: "Catholic Schools, Chicago, 1893."

Leo XIII. has reiterated the *non possumus* of Pius IX. quite recently in an emphatic manner. He caused it to be publicly announced the other day on no considerations would any Catholic European sovereign who, personally or by representative, attended the celebration of King Humbert's silver wedding at the Quirinal, be received at the Vatican. This is tantamount to a new assertion that whoever recognizes any other temporal ruler than the successor of St. Peter in Rome need expect no favors from the present incumbent of the apostolic throne.

The A. P. A's out in Michigan appear to be taking their cue from the Ulster Orangemen. It seems that they have been negotiating with a Hartford (Ct.) company for a large purchase of firearms. One of these days Uncle Sam may find it necessary to take these secret conspirators in his grip and give them the same sort of treatment Chicago gave the anarchists who endeavored to destroy life and property within her limits a few years ago. If the A. P. A. fanatics imagine they can with impunity defy the law and incite men to bloodshed they are laboring under the hugest sort of a mistake.

SIR DONALD A. SMITH.

There are few public men in any country animated with a more patriotic and generous spirit than is the worthy representative of Montreal West, Sir Donald A. Smith. He is a man of enormous wealth, but unlike many other millionaires, he gives what is best and noblest in the country the benefit of his accumulated means. Scarcely is there a deserving institution in Canada that has not in some way benefited by the open-handedness of the venerable and princely friend of art, science, literature and education. His home is a veritable gallery of rare and costly gems of art; the societies of benevolence and literary advancement are ever the recipients of his gifts; the homes of education reap yearly the fruits of his generosity. We have heard it remarked that he can well afford to make such numerous and important donations; it is very true—but he could as well afford to keep his money and tie it up railways, banks, or other commercial establishments, leaving the country to shift for itself and our institutions to paddle their own canoes. In so doing he would be simply following the example of the other wealthy men of the day. But Sir Donald is not of that build. He seems to value money only in as far as it enables him to do good. The exceptional gift of one hundred thousand dollars, bestowed the other day on McGill University for the purpose of establishing and supporting an important chair in that institution, is but one sample of his countless acts of public generosity. There is a lesson that could be drawn from this man's public spirited actions, and one that cannot fail to be potent in its good effects if properly taken to heart.

Proportionately speaking—of course not to the same extent but certainly in a very great degree—we have a vast number of wealthy Irishmen in this city. It is a matter of wonder that we never have heard of any such movement being made—in regard to our national and religious institutions—by these possessors of abundant means. There are not less than fifty to whom a thousand dollars or more would be as little as the hundred thousand in Sir Donald's case. They would never miss the sum from their large fortunes. There are sufficient of these rich personages to have long since erected some real monument for the benefit of our people. With a little of Sir Donald's spirit they could easily give us a splendid hall, a magnificent library, something that would be an honor to the donors and a credit to our people. What have we? The different literary, benevolent, and national associations do their utmost; with the means at their disposal they build halls for their respective societies; but no great, central, important establishment exists—nor is there any in contemplation.

Look at that old and honorable body, the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal; it possesses nothing but the small and dismal room on McGill street. While the members of that body and other Irish societies are thus confined to such narrow space, our French Canadian friends are erecting the magnificent structure on St. Lawrence Main street, which is a credit to their enterprise and a real monument of national sentiment. It seems to us that with the model laid down by the French Canadians, on the one hand, and the example set by Sir Donald Smith, on the other, there should be a sufficient incentive to stir our wealthy citizens into activity and inspire them with the ambition of leaving something, far more lasting than marble mausoleums, to perpetuate their memories in the hearts of the people.

All are not as wealthy as Sir Donald, but all can participate—in the spirit that animates the patriotic member for Montreal West. He gives, and without ostentation; he gives, and without any hope of political or other reward; he gives, and without any desire for a return—he needs it not; he gives, simply for the pleasure of making the country prosperous; and in giving, "he learns the luxury of doing good." We hope the day is not far distant when some of our richer friends, men of Irish blood and Catholic faith, will learn a lesson from the acts of generosity performed by Sir Donald, and that some day Montreal may be the happy possessor of a monumental institution worthy of the forty thousand Irish Catholics that pride themselves in the greatness of this grand city and in that of this land of their future.

A PUBLIC NECESSITY.

There are certain subjects, which, while of vital importance, are avoided simply because they require to be most delicately touched upon, otherwise the feelings of the over-sensitive, the hyper-modiste might be shocked. It is the duty of the Press to call the attention of the authorities, in some way or other, to important matters affecting the health or well-being of the public, and to do so in language sufficiently plain to be understood. We ask the temperance people of Montreal to carefully consider the following. We give it in the language of a writer in the "Montreal Medical Journal." No more delicately, plainly and effectively could the case be explained than by the author, who is an eminent medical practitioner of Montreal, and who kindly allowed us to use the advance-sheet of portion of his article. Once more; temperance men, and health department, listen!

"A writer in the Doctor's Weekly estimates that not less than fifteen thousand dollars is spent daily in the saloons and taverns of New York by persons who, but for the privilege of using the urinals, would not enter such places. The mere fact that such an amount of money is thrown away, nay worse, spent upon something which is absolutely harmful, should make health boards think and temperance societies get up in arms. What is true of New York is true of all other large cities. For instance Montreal, with a population of about one-tenth that of New York, is paying some fifteen hundred dollars daily for the privilege of relieving nature. The only reasons ever given for not having public urinals are: firstly, the aesthetic one that such places do not look pretty, and secondly, the question of expense. In view of the pressing demand the first reason is not very weighty, and might be overcome by putting them in secluded places with a finger-post to direct applicants for relief. The second reason fades into nothingness before the figures given.

The lavatory attached to the ordinary saloon is usually in bad sanitary condition, and thus another reason why public urinals should be provided is added to the list.

In many shops we find toilet rooms for ladies, but the male population must either go into a saloon or else run the risk of arrest for committing a nuisance in a corner. Again, the mere knowledge that a harbour of refuge is at hand if required would be a comfort to many a good citizen, although he may not actually require it.

The consideration of this question we commend to our Board of Health as a measure conducive to health and morals, and to our Total Abstinence Societies as a means of preventing indulgence in intoxicating liquids. We hope that too much time will not be spent in considering the question, but that some action may also be taken."

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

Gentlemen,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case. **HEAT J. REED,** Wingham, Ont.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

THE FIGHT COMMENCES IN EARNEST.

The Second Reading: Chamberlain's Desperate Effort; Justin McCarthy's Strong Stand; Mr. Redmond's Views.

LONDON, April 8.—The hard fighting against the Home Rule bill will begin in the House on Monday. How long it will last is uncertain. Mr. Gladstone hopes to get a division next Friday, but the Unionists talks of a fortnight's debate, which will probably prove an accurate prediction, though the Ministerialists will leave all the speaking to the Opposition after Thursday next. Mr. Gladstone has returned to Brighton to recuperate from the exertions of his efforts last evening. His vigorous and eloquent speech lent interest to what otherwise was a dull opening to the second act of the Home Rule drama. Half the members are still absent on their holidays.

The Opposition front bench has been deserted, as Messrs. Balfour and Goschen, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain are still stumping the country. Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking at Liverpool yesterday, said that if the Home Rule bill, by some malice of the infernal powers, were to become a law all the loyalists of Ulster would fight against its operation. Was Mr. Gladstone aware that an Irish parliament would mean civil war in Ireland, and did his hearers believe that in the event of such a war British troops would be allowed to shoot down the Protestants of Ulster? Ulster would be within her legal rights in resisting the enactments of an Irish parliament?

LONDON, April 10.—There was but a thin attendance in the House of Commons to-day when the discussion was resumed on the motion for the second reading of the Irish Home Rule Bill. The first speaker was Herbert W. Paul, Liberal. When Joseph Chamberlain arose the members hurried in and the House assumed an aspect of interest and attention. Mr. Chamberlain said that the people of England would probably accept the bill if they believed it would enable them to get rid of the Irish question, but he feared it would do nothing of the kind. The whole of the property classes, he continued, whatever their religion, were opposed to the bill. Had the Prime Minister ever known any state to succeed when the government was opposed by a majority of the classes owning property. Even the Nationalists in accepting the measure did not think it was a finality. He challenged the Irish leaders to say whether they accepted the principles in the bill affirming the veto of the Crown on advice of the British ministry and preventing the Irish parliament from dealing with external trade. Were these taken as final or were the financial clauses rendering Ireland liable to increased taxation for war and other purposes connected with the Imperial policy accepted as final? There was absolutely nothing final about the bill. As soon as an Irish parliament should be formed they would require it to be patched up again. (Hear, hear.) Did anybody consider the so-called safeguards in the bill worth anything if the Irish majority was determined to disregard them?

CIVIL WAR WOULD DO IT.

True the British Parliament could enforce them by civil war, but not otherwise, (Conservative cheers.) The only safeguard the Government had was the good feeling and generosity of the Irish leaders and people, and if the Government had the courage of their convictions they ought to sweep away the so-called safeguards in the bill. But probably Mr. Gladstone still suspected the good intentions of the man to whom he was manoeuvring to give the Government of Ireland. These were the men about whom he formerly said that they preached the gospel of plunder, and were marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer had denounced them as preaching the doctrines of treason and murder. The present Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster had said that if the police should be

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

placed in the hands of an elective body the landlords might whistle for their rents, and be glad if they escaped with a whole skin, and the present Secretary for Scotland had once declared that he would rather remain a private citizen throughout his life than consent to confide the lives and liberties of a law abiding population to a Parliament composed of such men. These were the utterances of four ministers who now led the way in proposing to establish such a parliament. (Conservative cheers.) He would not say that Ireland, if England should be engaged in war, would take sides against England, but it was possible that the sympathy of the Irish might be with England's opponent, thereby exposing England to the risk of a simultaneous civil and foreign war. Mr. Gladstone professed abundant faith in the Irish people, but it was a faith of recent growth. They were asked to stake the honor and dignity and the life of the nation on the assurance that a miracle would be wrought, changing the hearts of man and altering the springs of human action. The danger was too great and the possible gain too small. If the bill should pass and they escaped disaster and disgrace the Government would still fail to find a plausible reason for risking so much with so little corresponding advantages.

MR. MCCARTHY SPEAKS.

Justin McCarthy, leader of the anti-Parnellites, ridiculed Mr. Chamberlain's prophecies of disaster. The Irish people, he said, hailed the bill as a pledge that their aspirations would be satisfied. They would accept it as a message of lasting peace. The predictions that they would misuse it to foment disloyalty could be made only by those mistaking the present mood of the Irish nation. He could not say that the Irish party were quite satisfied with the financial clauses of the Home Rule bill; nevertheless they accepted the bill generally as an honest settlement of the question. (Cheers.) As far as the Irish party could foresee it might prove a final settlement. If the bill were carried the Prime Minister would win the gratitude of millions. (Prolonged cheers.)

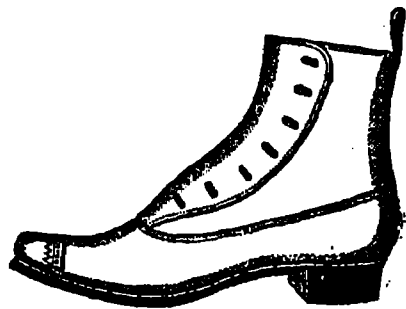
Win. Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, said that the bill had been discussed sufficiently by the House. Nothing was to be gained by prolonging the debate, and a division was now needed to give effect to the wishes expressed by the nation at the last general election. Mr. Redmond ridiculed the idea that Ulster had anything to fear from Catholic Ireland. If disturbances in Ireland should follow the passage of the bill, they would be due to the conduct of the Opposition leaders, who had not hesitated to excite the worst passions of both Catholics and Protestants.

Ashmead Bartlett (Conservative) denied that the general election was contested on the Home Rule issue. The country had been bulldozed, he said, by the Newcastle programme. In closing Mr. Bartlett prophesied that the present bill would be rejected as was its predecessor.

AN American girl was once shown some cannon at Woolwich Arsenal, the sergeant in charge remarking, "You know, we took them from you at Bunker's Hill." "Yes," she replied; "I see you've got the cannon, but I guess we've got hill."

MARRIED.

KING-McGRATH—In this city, on the 10th inst., at St. Anthony Church, by the Rev. J. E. Donnelly, P. P., Peter Francis King, son of the late Frank King, to M. E. McGrath, eldest daughter of John McGrath—all of this city. No cards.



T. C. O'BRIEN,
231 ST. LAWRENCE ST.,
(Near St. Catherine.)

Have just received my New Stock of the best lines of Shoes, including Ladies', Children's and Men's Wear. **GREAT BARGAINS. GOOD VALUE.**

HOME RULE FUND.

A Generous Contribution.

To the Editor of TRUE WITNESS:

SIR.—Sickness prevented me sooner to contribute to the Home Rule Fund. I have now the pleasure to hand in to the Treasurer, as my share, twenty dollars (\$20), and beg to express the hope that other Irishmen of this district will come forward with their contributions—large or small. It is not too late to help the National cause. Ottawa has given over \$1,000; Montreal, so far, only \$300.

Yours truly,
H. KAVANAGH.

April 4, 1893.

ST. PATRICK'S ACADEMY.

Closing of Miss Scott's Calisthenic Class.

Yesterday afternoon a most interesting and highly creditable exhibition, given by the pupils of Miss Scott's class of calisthenics, in St. Patrick's Academy, was an attraction which drew quite a large audience to the hall of that splendid institution. It was the occasion of the closing exercises of this most useful branch in the educational system of our Catholic institutions. Some five months ago Miss Scott took charge of this class and has carried it on with wonderful success.

The gymnastic exercises suitable to young ladies, and even to little children, tend to develop the physical powers, to impart health, vigor and activity to the young, and to build up their constitutions in a manner calculated to produce lasting beneficial effects throughout life. Yesterday afternoon several members of the clergy were present as well as the parents of many of the pupils, and some invited guests. The exhibition was both amusing and entertaining, the little ones performing their evolutions with a marked exactness that rivalled the perfection attained by the older pupils. Miss Scott deserves great credit, and so do the good sisters of St. Patrick's Academy, for the success of this class.

A Smoking Concert.

The Cigar-makers' Union, Nos. 226 and 58, on Monday evening, the 10th instant, gave a most enjoyable entertainment at their hall, 278 St. Lawrence street. It was styled a "smoking concert," but in reality was a splendidly carried out literary and musical soiree. The house was crowded and the audience was most enthusiastic. The chair was occupied by Mr. B. Mongean, and every item of the programme did full credit to each one who took part in it. The different features were ably carried out as follows:—Messrs. Milloy and Traynor sang "Duffy's Blunders" and "I handed it over to Reilly;" J. Brown, song and dance; Chas. Smith, "True till Death;" Prof. W. Allan and W. Tobin, musical duet; J. Murray, "Out on the Deep;" cornet solo, Mr. Robert; W. Anderson, banjo solo; Crowe and Neal, Irish jig dancing; G. L. Parks, comic song, "Since Murphy broke his Pledge;" Geo. Robley, comic song; E. Egan, Irish jig dance; F. Feeley, German dialect recitation; Smith and Butler, duet, "Larboard Watch Aho;" Thomas Drew, comic song; O. Lessard, comic song; E. Raymond, violin solo; G. Christian, clog dance; M. Lapiere, vocalist. The piano used on the occasion was a Heintzman, loaned by C. W. Lindsay.

ROMAN NEWS.

From London Universe and other sources.

It is stated that Mgr. Azarian will be promoted to the Cardinalate at the next Consistory. The venerable Patriarch at his departure from Rome was entrusted with a letter from His Holiness thanking the Sultan for the liberties accorded to the Catholics of Turkey.

General Von Loe, lately on a special embassy from Berlin to Rome, was received immediately on his return by his imperial master. He handed William II. an autograph letter from the Pope, in which His Holiness praised the Emperor for his action on the social question.

His Holiness is in the enjoyment of his usual health. Owing to the apprehended coincidence of the Italian royal wedding festivities, some of the pilgrimages—notably those from Austria and Germany—are to be hurried forward. On Tuesday the Pope presided at the Con-

gregation of Rites for the definite decision of the beatification of the Venerable Deigo of Cadiz. The other beatifications will take place in the following order: April 16, the Venerable Baldinucci, Jesuit; April 30, the Jesuit martyrs; and May 14, the Dominican martyrs.

It would not have been surprising had the Pope's health suffered somewhat from the unusual fatigue and emotions of his episcopal jubilee. Many a robust and young man would have been unable to support one-fourth of the mental and physical strain; but the venerable Pontiff seems to have been gifted with renewed vigor and youth for the time being, and all who have visited him of late are struck by this fact. His Holiness, with the return of sunny days, has recommenced his customary drive and walk in the Vatican gardens, accompanied by his Camerieri and Noble Guard.

TO KILL A CARDINAL.

A Young Man Attempts to Take the Life of Cardinal Vaszeary.

VIENNA, April 10.—Great excitement has been caused by an attempt to assassinate Cardinal Vaszeary, the primate of Hungary. The Cardinal was walking with his secretary, when a well dressed young man rushed up to the Cardinal and made desperate attempts to stab him with a knife. The Cardinal stepped to one side, evading the blows of the assassin, while the secretary received two severe stabs at the hands of the desperate assailant. The would be murderer was arrested, but refused to give any information as to his object or identity. Cardinal Vaszeary was unhurt. There seems to be no doubt that the attempt to murder the Cardinal was prompted by the intense struggle now going on in Hungary in relation to civil marriage and baptism of children of mixed marriages, in which the Cardinal is looked upon as the leader of the Ecclesiastical party. The fact is also recalled that in December last Cardinal Vaszeary, who was then Prince Primate, was attacked by a young man with a revolver. The young man claimed to be the son of a magnate and entered into conversation with the Primate on the subject of the marriage controversy pretending to support the Primate's views. Suddenly the young man produced a revolver and compelled the Primate to give up his rings, gems and diamonds. The fellow was probably nothing but a robber. In the present instance the assailant appears to be a fanatic.

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. David J. Carson has been sworn in as Town Justice for Ballybay, Mr. Patrick Kelly, of Ballyarie, Castle fin, has been sworn in a magistrate for County Donegal.

At the Bandon Petty Sessions on March 13, there was not a single police case on the books.

Mother Mary Ann Gordon, Mother Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Armagh, died on March 10.

Mr. Denis Dreana, of Conway Hall, Newtown, Kells, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace of County Kilkenny.

Sister Mary Charles Borromeo, known in the world as Miss Margaret Farrell, died on March 15, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Donnybrook.

Edward Richard Taylor, of Argillen Castle, Balbriggan, Lieutenant, of the Grenadier Guards, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for County Dublin.

Mr. Justice Johnson, in opening the Assizes for Meath, in Trim, on Feb. 27, congratulated the grand jury on the peaceful state of the county, apart from the election excitement.

The term of Father Bannon's office as Prior of St. Malachy's Church, Dundalk, having expired, he has been appointed to Silig. He is succeeded by Father Kenny, O. P., who has been transferred from Limerick.

William Phillips, of North Park, Eitham, Kent, and Derrynaligan, Leenane, Connemara, has been appointed Justice of the Peace for County Galway. Mr. Phillips is the author of the Irish Home Rule Catechism, now in its ninth hundred thousand.

Three tenants on the D. Nolan Farrell estate, Belliker, were evicted on March 10, but two were subsequently re-admitted as caretakers. The case of one, Mr. Duffy, who was refused re-admission, is a peculiarly hard one. He and his family, the youngest child of which is barely two months old, were thrown on the roadside

and refused to be re-admitted, though the tenant proffered to pay any rent demanded. A large crowd witnessed the evictions. The Rev. J. McHugh, Adm., endeavored to effect a settlement, but was unsuccessful.

The debt on the Father Mathew Memorial Church, Cork, is being gradually paid through the contributions of both Protestants and Catholics of that city. Recently the final work of completing the edifice began. The building itself has been finished and a massive, elaborate railing has been erected around it, displaying it to advantage.

Mr. Thomas M. Mathews, of Annagor, a beloved and well-known citizen, died on March 16, in Dublin. He was the youngest son of the late Alderman James Mathews, of Mount Hanover, and a nephew of the Very Rev. Dr. Mathews and Alderman P. Mathews. He came of one of the oldest Catholic families of Drogheda and Meath. The poor lose in Mr. Mathews a benefactor, and in the promoters of good works an open-handed contributor.

Mr. Jasper Tully has succeeded in inducing the Treasury to redress a case of great hardship in South Roscommon, says the London correspondent of the Freeman's Journal. A poor woman named Mrs. Daire, of Roscommon town, was deprived, by some red tape officialism, of a considerable legacy to which she was entitled for the last couple of years. At the request of some of the leading local Nationalists, Mr. Tully took up the case, and entered into correspondence with Sir J. T. Hibbert, with the result that Mrs. Daire was paid over the amount to which she was entitled.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Winnipeg is to have public parks. A revolution is believed to be imminent in servia.

Benjamin Hall, poet and litterateur, died in Troy, N.Y.

Two distinct shocks of earthquake were felt at Lincolnton, Georgia.

An international socialist congress will be held in Zurich on August 6th.

The report that martial law had been proclaimed at Santiago, Chili, was unfounded.

The union dock laborers at Hull, England, are on strike. Several small riots have occurred.

The Count of Paris has issued a manifesto to the monarchist committees throughout France.

The French Government has raised Minister Patenotre at Washington to the rank of an ambassador.

The news of the defeat of the Government troops in Rio Grande de Sul, Brazil, has been confirmed.

E. K. Bruce died in Chicago Wednesday night, aged 68. Mr. Bruce was long known as the "Corn King."

Bradstreet's report 33 business failures in Canada this week, compared with 23 in the first week of April, 1892.

The Arkansas Senate has passed a bill giving the franchise to women and making them eligible for school boards.

Ten thousand Chinese actors and actresses have started from the Celestial empire for the World's Fair in Chicago.

Friday was the sixty-fifth anniversary of the independence of Greece, and the Greeks of New York city celebrated the day.

A Chicago despatch says there is no prospect of any supply of pure lake water at the World's Fair grounds before the middle of June.

Ex-President Harrison says there is no truth in the statement that he is writing a book, and that he has no idea of writing a book on any subject.

New Brunswick legislature has unanimously passed a resolution favoring prohibition and urging the federal government to pass a prohibitory law.

The Newfoundland seal fishery is a total failure this season. The total catch is not expected to yield 90,000 seals, which is one-fourth of last year's catch.

St. Petersburg papers contain advertisements for physicians who will be sent to Central Russia as soon as the cholera becomes generally epidemic there.

The United States has confirmed the nomination of M. Shaffer, of West Virginia, as consul to Stratford, Ont., and of M. P. Penikese, of Maine, as consul to Pictou, N.S.

The sale of the Blakeley collection of paintings was concluded on Wednesday night at Chickering hall, New York. Seventy-three works were sold for \$102,150, making the total amount re-

alized at the two nights' sales \$136,630. Troyon's picture, "The Approaching Storm," brought \$29,950.

It is stated the United States has taken vigorous action in regard to the outrages on the American citizens at Murzovan, in the Turkish dominions, and the violation of the mails of the United States legation.

Free Trip to Chicago.

Separate W-O-R-L-D-F-A-I-R and use the letters to spell as many words as you can by using the letters as many times as you wish, either backwards or forwards, but not use the same letter in making any one word more times than it appears in "World's Fair."

It is said seventy five small English words can be spelled correctly from the ten letters contained in "World's Fair." Example:—Wad, wail, soar, loud, etc. If you are good at word-making you can secure a FREE trip to the World's Fair and return, as The Scott Seed Company will pay all expenses, including R.R. fare, hotel bills, admissions to the Columbian Exposition, and \$50.00 in cash for incidental expenses, to the first person able to make seventy words from the letters contained in "World's Fair," as above. They will also give a FREE TRIP to the World's Fair and return with \$25.00 for incidental expenses, to the first person sending sixty words as above. They will also give a FREE TRIP to the World's Fair and return (without cash for incidental expenses) to the first person sending fifty-five words.

To the first person sending fifty words will be given \$50.00 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair; to the first sending forty words will be given \$25.00 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair, to each of the first five persons sending thirty-five words will be given \$10.00 in cash, and to each of the first ten sending thirty words will be given \$5.00 in cash.

Only one prize will be awarded to the same person. Write your name on list of words (numbered) and enclose the same post-paid with ten three-cent stamps for a large package of our Choice English Cottage Garden Flower Seeds.

This combination includes the latest and most popular English flowers of endless varieties (same as will be contained in the elaborate exhibit of English flowers at the World's Fair).

This "World's Fair" Contest will be carefully and conscientiously conducted solely for the purpose of introducing our business. You will receive the BIGGEST value in flower seeds ever offered, and if you are able to make a good list of words and answer promptly you will have a first-class opportunity to secure a free trip from your home to Chicago and return.

We are spending a large amount of money to start our trade this season, and want your trial order. You will be more than gratified with the result. Send to-day, and address THE SCOTT SEED COMPANY, Toronto, Canada. 38-4.

MR. DEARONE: Fancy I put my hat on that wet towel. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I shall place it next. Mrs. Dearone: On your head— I suppose, love.

There will be serious trouble if you don't overcome those dyspeptic symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine you need.

Most men like to see themselves in print, but women don't, they prefer silk or satin.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Successor of the "Unabridged."

Ten years spent in revising, 100 editors employed, and more than \$300,000 expended.

Everybody should own this Dictionary. It answers all questions concerning the history, spelling, pronunciation, and meaning of words.

A Library in Itself. It also gives the often desired information concerning eminent persons; facts concerning the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of the globe; particulars concerning noted fictitious persons and places; translation of foreign quotations, words, and proverbs; etc., etc., etc.


This Work is Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, scholar, professional man, and self-educator.

Sold by All Booksellers.

G. & C. Merriam Co. Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

Do not buy cheap photographic reprints of ancient editions.

Send for free prospectus.



DAN MCCARTHY'S SONGS.

As Sung by Him in the " Rambler from Clare "

Do Not Weep, Dear Mother.
Rosie Dwyer—Molly Malone.
The Birth Place of Blarney.
Dear O'd Friends. Mr. McCarthy and Miss St. George Hussey's big hit.
The Boat that First Brought Me Over.
Everybody's Favorite Song Sweet Nellie Bawn.
Dying in a British Soldier's Grave.
Mary Jane Casey from the County Mayo.
Dreaming as She Sleeps, and fifty other popular songs, can be had in Keily's Songster No. 50. Price 10 cents. P. KEILY, Song Publisher, Box 926, Montreal, Can.

ALTAR LIGHTS.

BY L. A. THERINE TYNAN.

An altar and an altar stone
 Within my heart are set for Thee,
 Carven and pale, and thereupon
 My separate loves shall be
 Candles whose lights are bright in Thee.

Draw the flames upward high and higher,
 Ever towards Thee, ever towards Thee,
 Into clear tongues of lucent fire
 Golden and pure to see,
 Steady where many winds shall be.

No earth-born vapors come to mar
 My lights immortal: they shall rise
 One day beyond the farthest star,
 In the Lord's Paradise,
 Making a hidden altar's eyes.

AN ABLE PAPER.

GROWTH OF RELIGION IN SCOTLAND

By Very Rev. Eneas McD. Dawson,
 V. G., LL. D., F. R. S., &c., in the
 "Owl," the Ottawa Uni-
 versity Magazine.

The Scotch Catholic Directory for the current year is before the public. It contains valuable and highly encouraging information regarding the state of religion in Scotland, that once Catholic country. As the work was in preparation during the year 1892, it could not give more recent statistics than those of 1891. The archdiocese of Glasgow, on account of its greater numbers, may be allowed to take the lead. Its estimated Catholic population is 240,000, a fair proportion of the inhabitants, the whole population being 600,000. The figures contrast remarkably with the state of matters towards the close of last century, 1778. At that time all the Catholics of the great commercial city could hear Mass in the comparatively small house of a comb manufacturer, by name Donald McDonald, and in that obscure place were not safe from molestation. On occasion of the excitement caused by the passing in Parliament of a certain measure of relief in favour of Catholics, the Presbyterian synod of Glasgow issued most wicked resolutions against "Popery," and the fanatical populace took it upon itself to execute them. Mr. McDonald's house was attacked, and the priest who was celebrating Mass there had barely time on the approach of the mob to conceal the vestments and other things connected with the Mass. He then escaped into the midst of the mob, and shouted louder than any one else "where is the priest?" Mr. McDonald's wife, although a Protestant, was badly used by the demoralized rabble,—so severely bruised that she was obliged to take refuge in a friend's house.

As we proceed with the statistics supplied by the directory, the contrast appears still more striking. Instead of one priest who visited the Catholics of Glasgow at rare intervals, there are now resident in the Arch-Diocese 155 Priests, 28 of whom are members of religious Orders,—Jesuits, Vincentians, Passionists and Franciscans. There are 68 missions, and 106 churches, chapels and stations. There are 187 departments of mission schools, with a corresponding number of buildings. The number of children presented at religious examinations is 32,055. In addition to these schools, there are colleges and academies, among which may be mentioned St. Peter's College, new Kilpatrick, St. Aloysius College, St. Mungo's Academy, conducted by the Marist Brothers. There is also a Reformatory for boys at Tollcross, Glasgow. Industrial schools, that were established many years ago by the late venerable Bishop Scott, still remain, one for boys and another for girls. There are six Orders of Religious Sisters: Sisters of Mercy, Franciscan Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, with four houses, Sisters of Charity, with three houses, Little Sisters of the Poor, with two houses, and faithful Companions of Jesus. The number of charitable institutions that have sprung up in so short a time is highly creditable to the Arch-Diocese. The directory mentions ten.—Magdalen Asylum, St. Mary's, Orphanage, Catholic Hospital, Deaf and Dumb Institution, Asylum for Aged Poor, Home for Servants out of place, Day Feeding School, Children's Refuge, St. Vincent's Day Shelter, Asylum for Aged Poor (Greenock).

In all the other Dioceses, according to their extent and the number of their people, there are religious, educational and charitable institutions. In the Arch-Diocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh

there are four Communities of Jesuits, and one of the Oblate Society, so well known at Ottawa. The Communities of Religious Sisters are more numerous. The Ursulines of Jesus, who impart a superior education for young ladies, and also minister to the sick poor, have houses at Edinburgh, St. Angelas, Portobello, and Berwick on Tweed. The Sisters of Mercy have establishments at St. Catherines, Edinburgh, and one at St. Andrews', Dalkeith. The Little Sisters of the Poor have their house in Gilmore Place, Edinburgh. There is an industrial school and boys' orphanage at Tranout, an orphanage for girls at Morningside road, Edinburgh, a house of Mercy for servants, at Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh, and a home for working boys at Lauriston Place, Edinburgh. There are in the Arch-diocese 68 churches, chapels and stations, 38 missions, 39 congregational schools, 62 Priests, who minister to a population of 52,000.

In the Diocese of Aberdeen the population is less considerable, but there is no lack of pious institutions. At Fort Augustus there has been for some time an important establishment of Benedictine Fathers. There is a community of Franciscan Sisters at Aberdeen, and another at Inverness. The Poor Sisters of Nazareth have a house at Aberdeen, and there are Benedictine Sisters established at Fort Augustus.

The Diocese of Argyll and the Isles, where formerly there was the most numerous Catholic population, counts only 13,000 souls, with a due number of religious, educational and charitable institutions. Dunkeld has a population of 30,000; 36 Priests, 8 of whom are religious, 33 churches, chapels and stations, with congregational schools that have 30 departments.

Galloway, with a population of 17,000 has 25 Priests, two of whom are regulars. 41 churches, chapels and stations, 5 convents and hospitals, Premonstratensian Fathers at Whithorn, and Marist Brothers, a teaching society, at Dumfries. The children of Catholic schools qualified for examination number 2,208.

Nothing could shew better the progress of the Church in the several Dioceses of Scotland than the number of churches and other buildings connected with religion that have been erected or enlarged within the last two years, 1890-91. On December 25th, a new church was opened at Lilybank, Dundee. A Chapel school at Rufford, Archdiocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, was blessed on 28th December. On March 17th was laid the foundation stone of a new Catholic school at Loanhead. A new hall was blessed at Neilston on May 3rd, and on May 10th a new Altar was unveiled at St. Margaret's Church, Aboynne. May 25th a monastery for the Passionist Fathers was commenced at Glasgow. A Chapel School at Crosshouse, Ayrshire, opened June 7th. July 4th a new mission begun at Shieldmuir. July 5th a new Catholic church at Mandahy, Glengary. October 18th a splendid church opened in the long established mission of Paisley. On Nov. 11th was laid the foundation stone of St. Martin's church, Tranent. Nov. 18th St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, renewed, after the destructive fire, and very much enlarged, at a cost of £9,000. Boys schools established at 35 Albany St., Edinburgh, and on the same street a Catholic academy for upper class education.

1891-92.—Nov. 28th, '91, laying of the foundation stone of a new Catholic church at Kirkintilloch. February 7th, '92, Religious of the Sacred Heart established at St. John's Refuge, Ayr. February 28th, opening of a new Chapel school at Shieldmuir. March 29th, opening of the new Diocesan College of the Archdiocese of Glasgow at New Kilpatrick. May 8th, opening of a new Catholic school at Linlithgow. June 3rd, consecration of the Altar of St. Thomas' church, Keith. July 25th, establishment of a convent of the Sisters of Charity at Dumfries. July 28th, opening of St. Martin's church, Tranent. August 15th, opening of a new school at Creetown, Wigtonshire. August 22nd, opening of a new school at Fauldhouse, Linlithgowshire. September 7th, inauguration of a Cathedral Chapter for the Diocese of Aberdeen. September 8th, the erection of a new National College, calculated to receive 100 (present college accommodates only 50 students) students, together with an adequate staff of professors, commenced at Blairs, Kincairdineshire. September 25th, opening of St. Mungo's "Retreat" at Townhead, Glasgow, by His Grace the Archbishop.

October 23rd, re-opening of St. Bride's enlarged church at Cambuslang, near Glasgow. October 2nd, great improvement of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow, completed. October 10th, erection of a new convent of our Lady of Mercy begun at Lawside, Dundee. Oct. 13th, consecration of the new Altar of St. Mary's at Fochabers, Morayshire. Nov 6th, St. Andrew's pro-cathedral, Dundee, improved and solemnly re-opened.

April 30th, the degree of L.L.D. conferred on His Grace, Archbishop Eyre, not aware that this high academic honor was ever before bestowed in reformation times, by any of the British universities, on a Catholic, except in the case of Rev. Alex. Geddes, some generations back, by the University of Aberdeen, which in many respects has caused light to shine from the North. The Archbishop was introduced at the university by Professor Moodie Stewart, who spoke as follows: "The Most Rev. Archbishop Eyre, Doctor of Divinity, Knight of the Grand Cross of Isabella, the Catholic, and Chaplain of the Order of Malta, member of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, of the Surtees Society, and of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland, vice-president of the Archaeological Society of Glasgow, author of a life of St. Cuthbert, now in the third edition, and of many valuable contributions to current archaeological literature. Archbishop Eyre has recently been receiving the congratulations of his many personal friends, and of the members of the religious community of which he is the recognized head, on the occurrence of the 50th anniversary of his ordination, and the Senate have deemed it fitting to testify their regard for a public spirited citizen, a scholarly writer and an eminent archaeologist, by adding his name to the roll of the honorary Graduates of the University."

THE POPE AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

Cardinal Manning Though Dead Speaks
 —The Pope Will Speak in Chicago
 Although not to be Present.

An audience was granted on Sunday last by His Holiness to Mr. Stephen F. Moriarty, Director of the Edison Bell Phonograph Corporation, Limited. The object of the audience was to give Mr. Moriarty an opportunity of delivering a phonographic message to the Holy Father from the late Cardinal Manning, and another from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. His Holiness received Mr. Moriarty in his private study, the phonograph having been previously brought in. The Holy Father, who was sitting at his writing table, welcomed this gentleman with great affability. Mr. Moriarty having explained this perfected phonograph to His Holiness, asked him if he would hear an address which he had spoken into the phonograph. The Holy Father took the hearing tubes and put them to his ears, listening to the address delivered by the phonograph (in Italian, of course,) with keen interest and delight. The address is as follows:

"Prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, I beg to offer my sincere congratulations on the event of your Golden Jubilee, celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the episcopate of your Holiness and I feel doubly honoured on this occasion as being the bearer of two messages, sacred messages to me; one from his late Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, who will in his own voice convey to your Holiness the expressions of love and esteem which he always held for your Holiness. And also another message of love and good will, from his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons. Deeply sensible of the honour conferred upon me, and of the importance of the occasion, I ask your Holiness to receive these messages through the medicine of this great invention, which is shown for the first time in its perfected state to your Holiness. It is the invention of the two greatest scientists now living, Thomas Alva Edison and Professor Bell, and I desire to ask your Holiness to send some expression of love, if only a short benediction, by means of the phonograph, or such an address as may best appear to your Holiness, to the Catholics of America, on the occasion of the opening of the exhibition at Chicago, in celebration of the 400th centennial of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; and I beg to call the attention of your Holiness to the great his-

torical interest which any message from your Holiness would occasion. It would be the first time in the history of the world that the voice of a Sovereign Pontiff of Rome had been heard by his loving and faithful subjects in America, and I assure your Holiness that such a message would be hailed with universal delight by all the Catholics of America. The importance also of your Holiness marking this new era in the progress of science and in evolution, would greatly honor and dignify the genius of invention, by using it as a medium for sending some message to the Catholics of the United States, where your voice will be preserved for all time in the archives of the State Department as an honored and historic record. In conclusion, I ask your Holiness to accept as my humble jubilee offering, a phonograph which I have had made especially for this occasion."

After this Mr. Moriarty placed the cylinder on the phonograph containing the voice of Cardinal Manning, and during the hearing of it the Pope was deeply affected in recognizing clearly and accurately the voice of the dead Cardinal. The Pope said: "It is his voice, it is as if he were in the room. I had no idea," he continued, "that human ingenuity could bring this machine to such marvellous perfection?" The phonograph was then made to deliver the Cardinal's voice aloud in the room, and it was a picture to see the aged white figure of the Pontiff as he stooped forward, listening, and following with a movement of his thin delicate hand, loving word.

As the Cardinal's message ended the Pope turned toward Mr. Moriarty and said: "It is wonderful, and to think that after I am gone my voice will be reproduced is if I were alive." He then requested to hear the voice of Cardinal Gibbons, and, having heard it exclaimed, "To think that he is speaking to me, as it were, across the sea!" Mr. Moriarty then presented the cylinder containing the voice of Cardinal Manning to the Pope. The cylinder was enclosed in a handsome case. His Holiness asked Mr. Moriarty to explain to him every detail of the machine, and then said: "I compliment you on your address to me, and for the refined manner in which you make your request. This request to send some message for the opening of the Chicago Exhibition, I will grant you. You must come back to-morrow, and I will give it to you. His Holiness added that the phonograph might remain in his study. "I" he said "will take care of it, and no one will be allowed to touch it." Mr. Moriarty in his manner, has introduced for the first time into Europe, the phonograph is a practical and commercial instrument in its complete and perfect state, and he may feel justly proud of the great interest the Holy Father has taken in it. I hope in my next letter to give to your readers the full messages of his late Eminence Cardinal Manning, and of Cardinal Gibbons. —London Tablet, March 25th 1893.

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

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

Mrs. Cleveland showed herself a Christian woman by refusing to hold a reception on Good Friday. Friday being her weekly day for welcoming callers. It will be remembered that, in his inaugural, her husband publicly professed his Christian belief by saying: "Above all I know that there is a Supreme Being who rules the affairs of men, and whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people; and I know that he will not turn from us now, if we humbly and reverently seek His powerful aid."

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. YEOMANS, A. B., M. D. 37-2

In answer to a question in the House of Commons on Tuesday, Mr. Morley stated that the Catholics of Ireland number 3,547,807; while the Protestants are 1,167,440. The total population of the province of Ulster is 1,719,814. Of this number 744,859 are Protestants and 874,955 Catholics.

THE UPPER OTTAWA.

SCENES THROUGH WHICH
CHAMPLAIN PASSED.

An Interesting Description of Some Striking Features in Canadian Scenery by an Ottawa University Student, in "The Owl."

Strange notions concerning the merits of our scenery and its historical associations, exist among Canadians and Americans at large. Persons who claim to know a great deal, tell us with confidence that this country bears no comparison whatever with the British Isles in point of beauty. We are not to look very searchingly for the reasons of this fact. People of the New World are often inclined to regard the home of their forefathers as a land much superior in every way to their own; they think that anything made there, or having any connection with that country, must be better than anything they themselves possess. When they have this opinion firmly stamped upon their minds, about important matters we need not wonder that such a comparatively trivial thing as the scenery constantly before their eyes should be but little appreciated. The fact is, however, that a great many who visit the Old Country come back with greatly changed ideas. After doing full honor to the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of the British Isles, those of them who have seen something of their own country, frankly admit that after all it is not necessary to cross the Atlantic to admire the beauties of nature.

To give but an unworthy picture of Canadian scenery and some of its historical associations, the writer takes a part of the country not many miles from the city of Ottawa, and assuredly a part well known to many readers of the Owl. The Upper Ottawa, the portion of that noble river above the Capital city of the Dominion, offers many features of deep interest to those who take the trouble of viewing them. Its varving and ever-beautiful course; here and there expanding into majestic lakes; a few miles farther on narrowing up to a couple of hundred feet and forcing over hidden obstacles its clear water, which surge and boil in the rapids. Throughout its entire course, deep bays frequently indent the shore, sometimes hardly distinguishable from the river itself, as they stretch forth an arm to encompass a cluster of islands or receive a tributary. Along its banks extensive forests, that have escaped the woodman's axe, or have sprung up since his passage here a quarter of a century ago, add beauty to the landscape, and well cultivated farms with their neat cottages attest the industry and happiness of the inhabitants. On the Quebec side, the Laurentian Hills display their dark-purple heights which usually slope gradually towards the river, but now and then rise abruptly in a perpendicular form from the placid surface beneath. The scenery changes with every bend of the river, and the inexhaustible resources which Nature has at her command to make these changes pleasing, cannot fail to win the admiration of the beholder. It may in the opinion of some, be a defect that the Upper Ottawa has so many falls and rapids; but although these obstacles stop navigation, and give the lumberman much trouble, yet they greatly enhance the beauty of the river, and perhaps in time to come, man will be glad to utilize the grand water power which they afford. Nor is navigation entirely impeded. Steamers may, in many instances, ply for twenty and thirty miles without interruption, on as picturesque expanses of water as one could wish to see.

For seven miles above Ottawa, the river is rendered impassable by the Chaudiere Falls, the Remix and Deschenes Rapids. At Aylmer it widens into a magnificent lake, unbroken for nearly thirty miles in length and in many places four miles wide. Years ago a large traffic was carried on over this lake, but it has decreased greatly since the construction of the Pontiac Junction Railway, and now the riches which float on it, consist almost exclusively of the huge rafts of timber and the logs which pass over it almost daily during the summer months. Near the village of Fitzroy, we encounter the Chats, a fine cascade in which the river tumbling over great boulders of lime-

stone, plunges into an ever-rising cloud of spray. Passing the Falls by an old portage road, the traveller is brought to another large expanse of water, the Lake of the Chats, over which a steamer is ready to take him to the foot of the grand Calumet rapids. On we speed over the peaceful waters, admiring the green woodlands along both shores; past the thriving village of Arnprior; past where the winding and swift Madawaska, and farther on where the pretty Bonnechere contribute their clear waters to swell the noble Ottawa. Both these rivers, though but tributaries, would not suffer by a comparison with many of the so-called large streams of the British Isles. We are compelled to stop at Portage du Fort, a village on the Quebec shore, whose name well indicates the nature of the "portage" we are about to travel. Above this point the river is not navigable for nine miles, except to the "bonnes" of venturesome raftsmen in the spring-time, and even then it is very dangerous. We may take either a stage-drive or the cars to reach the next village Bryson; by the former conveyance however, we would be better able to judge of the toil and trouble necessary to follow this passage years ago when all this part of the country was a dense forest.

As we approach Bryson, the distant roar of the Calumet is heard. Near the largest of its seven falls we come to a spot of historical interest,—the grave of Cadieux. For many years the only monument to his memory was a rude wooden cross which had to be renewed often; the rivermen used to cut off chips from it and carry them on their person, as a protection against the dangers to which they are constantly exposed. A couple of years ago, a plain but substantial stone monument was placed over the venerated spot.

The story of this Frenchman's fate is a beautiful though sad one. Why a man so well educated should have left Old France to live a roving life among the savages of America, cannot be readily understood. But there is no accounting for tastes among men, and perhaps Cadieux loved to be a *coureur de bois*. In the days of the early French explorations of the Ottawa, he followed up the old course of Champlain, and like his predecessor, was kindly received by the Algonquin Ottawas. Here he made it his home. In a short time he had become a great favorite with the Indians; he used to delight them with strange stories and songs, and in fine the legend has it, that he fell in love with and married an Algonquin maiden. Once when the season's hunting was over, the redmen were preparing to go to Montreal with their furs; all was peace and happiness in their camp, when suddenly those ever-tracherous Iroquois, deadly enemies of the Algonquins attacked them. The gallant Cadieux with the help of a single Indian kept the fierce foe at a distance, that his wife's friends might bring a canoe down the rapids. But how was a canoe to live in that seething mass? Human skill could never pilot the stoutest boat here, not to speak of the feeblest of crafts. The wife of Cadieux who was a devout Catholic, fervently besought St. Anne to help them; and the Indians declared that they saw immediately afterwards, the form of a lady in mist-like robes directing their course. After thanking with all their hearts the good Saint who had saved them, the little party proceeded on their course to Montreal, hoping that their two friends would soon follow. Cadieux succeeded in escaping from his enemies; but his comrade was slain. The Iroquois destroyed the Frenchman's home and were prowling about in search of him. The unfortunate voyageur after several days of hunger and exposure, died near where his monument rests. He spent his last hours listening to the monotonous roar of the Cataract, and composing his death song, "*Le Lament de Cadieux*," which is still very popular in the shanties of the Upper Ottawa Valley. Almost every old riverman knows the words, and the pleasing but melancholy air of this song.

A little further on and the surging Calumet is in full view. The admirer of the Chats could not fail to be doubly interested here; the waters seem to work themselves into a rage, dashing recklessly against everything in their way, and drenching the rocks along the shore with spray. It was surely a miracle if ever a boat passed these rapids safely; even the stout timber is crushed and splintered to such a degree, that a slide has been constructed for its passage. From Bryson up to a point four miles below Pembroke,

where the Upper Allumette lake begins, we meet with a number of rapids, which though smaller than the one we have just left, render navigation very troublesome. On this account, Champlain, in his voyage up the Ottawa was persuaded by the Indians to leave the river, and to take a shorter and easier route. The portage road recommended to the first explorer of this part of Canada, began where Gould's Landing now is, and followed up a small chain of lakes to Muskrat lake; thence by the river of the same name to Pembroke.

Champlain's way lay through a thick forest, where a great many trees he says in his "Journal," had been blown down by a recent storm and he regarded this portage as the most trying part of the Ottawa expedition. He rested at a small lake about two miles south of Muskrat lake, on June 7th, 1613.

In the month of August, 1667, two hundred and fifty four years afterwards, a farmer cultivating a small piece of land near this lake, picked up a strange looking article, very black and rusty with age, which turned out to be an Astrolabe,—but undoubtedly by Champlain. The Astrolabe had its origin in very remote ages, and was used to determine the latitude of places up till the middle of the 17th century; The one alluded to here as belonging to Champlain bears the date 1603, and is a little more than five inches in diameter; it is marked off in degrees, and has a small piece of brass which moves round from the centre. By turning the index to the sun at noon, so that the same ray might shine through both eyelets, while the instrument hangs freely, he could determine the sun's meridian altitude, and hence the latitude of the place of observation, to within a quarter of a degree. The finding of this Astrolabe solves an obscurity in the great explorer's "Journal" concerning his voyage on the Upper Ottawa, by giving us good reasons, why after June 7th 1613, he came to make such great mistakes in computing the latitude of certain places.

After passing over this historical portage-road, and arriving at the town of Pembroke, we meet with another beautiful expanse of water. Opposite is the Allumette Island, once the principal domain of an Algonquin chief named Tessonnet. Champlain informs us that this Indian ("whom he styles "le bon vieux Tessonnet") royally entertained him at a banquet, and afterwards took him to visit his gardens and fields. He who wishes to view the Upper Ottawa in all its wildness and grandeur, should board the steamer which during the summer months plies daily between Pembroke and Desjardins. We take the steamer for a trip northward; our boat, one of no mean dimensions, pushes on rapidly, bringing for us an unbroken panorama of scenery as wild and romantic as when Champlain first beheld it. The traveller feels at once that the landscape before him is fresher from the hands of nature than any which he has seen along the Ottawa, lower down. We soon reach the Narrows, so called, not on account of the narrowness of the river, but because the channel is very confined owing to the great number of islands which stretch from shore to shore. It is pleasant to watch our steamer winding its way amongst these islets; its course changing every minute as it follows the channel marked out. Although these clusters of islands are not very widely known, yet most persons who have seen the famous "Thousand Islands," and have compared both, do not hesitate to say that the Narrows are more beautiful. At any rate, the people of Pembroke know how to appreciate them. They have built cottages and prepared camping grounds all along the shore, and on some of the Islands; here numbers spend the summer. Those who have had the good fortune of spending the hot season in this neighborhood will never go away disappointed with the merits of the Upper Ottawa. Its sparkling waters and finely pebbled beach offer tempting bathing places; the river itself and some of the inland bays are fine fishing grounds; with these pleasures, together with rowing and sailing, the campers always pleasantly while away the summer hours. At the end of the Narrows we come to Fort William, formerly a Hudson's Bay Company post.

Now perhaps in this region, and around Coulange and Black rivers, there are still a few descendants of the Algonquins, who lorded all the territory in by-gone days. These Indians live a wandering and restless life; working on

farms in summer, and in the shanties in winter, but invariably spending the fall in hunting, as if in veneration for the glorious occupation of their ancestors. A fitting contrast to the narrow channel we have just left is presented to our view as the steamer enters the Deep River. Vessels of the largest draught would find sufficient water and room here. When we behold the great boulders of granite which appear on both shores, and the dark, deep-looking waters beneath us, it would seem that the Ottawa filled up a large fissure of the Laurentians. We are prepared in some measure by these mountains of stone to view the majestic "Oiseau Rock" which looms up in the distance.

Description cannot convey a true idea of the beauty of this giant perpendicular precipice; it must be seen in reality; and if the traveller is anxious for a rare treat, let him visit it on a moonlight night, and contrast the silvery brightness all over the river with the long dark shadow cast by this huge mass of rock. Well does its name indicate the nature of its tenants; for a creature without wings would never dare to investigate its dark niches, nor the caves into which they lead. The Oiseau Rock has not been explored yet, so that we have no means of verifying the tradition that these caves were used by the Indians as places of sepulture.

The end of our voyage is now fast approaching. At the head of the Deep River we meet the Desjardins rapids which are impassable. Our steamer after a course of forty miles above Pembroke, stops at an old landing place for a short time and then prepares for the journey homeward, reaching its destination in the evening. Still far away to the north of this point, beyond the village of Mattawa where Champlain turned westward to Georgian Bay, past the great Tomisquamie Lake, and among the lonely hills which stretch to the height of land, the noble Ottawa winds its way. So long and so deviating is its course in these wild regions, that its true source was not known until a few years ago. The Ottawa takes its rise in the same great chain of lakes and swamps as the St. Maurice and Saguenay.

Canadians, who can admire good scenery, and who take an interest in their country's history, should learn to value more highly the beauties to be found at home. Let them take the splendour of their own lakes, rivers and mountains, and recall the historical events associated with them, before coming to the hasty conclusion that Canada is "too new" to be very interesting. They should ponder on what an Ottawa gentleman remarked after an extended tour in the Old Country last summer. He greatly admired the scenery of the British Isles, but thought we had just as beautiful at home, and that all we wanted was a national poet to sing its praises.—JOHN R. O'BRIEN, '96.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society.

The monthly meeting of the above society was held on Sunday afternoon. The religious meeting in St. Patrick's church was also largely attended. The rev. president, Rev. J. A. McAllen, S.S., preached a most eloquent sermon on the spiritual resurrection as applied to temperance. The Rev. Father read the names of the recently elected officers for the ensuing year, and duly installed them in office from this meeting. The rev. father afterwards administered the pledge of total abstinence to seven persons. Hon. Senator Murphy presided over the business meeting, and Mr. M. Sharkey the vice-chair. The hon. chairman made a brief address thanking his fellow members for re-electing him during his absence in Ottawa, and complimenting the society on the progress made during the past year. He also dwelt upon the faithful services rendered the society by its various officers. Several new members were admitted to the benefit branch of the society. The committee were empowered to purchase temperance literature for distribution amongst the members and friends of the society. The minutes of the previous meetings and also the annual reports were read for approval by the secretary, Mr. Costigan, and were unanimously adopted. A special vote of thanks to that officer was moved by Hon. Mr. Murphy, seconded by Mr. Connaughton, in the efficient manner in which he discharged the duties of his office. Remarks in the interest of the society were made by Messrs. John Walsh, A. Martin and others.

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT

No. 761, Craig Street Montreal, Canada.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Country.....\$1 00
City..... 1 50

If not paid in advance: \$1.50 (Country) and \$2 (City) will be charged.

Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of THE TRUE WITNESS ranks it among the best advertising mediums in Canada.

A limited number of advertisements of approved character will be inserted in "THE TRUE WITNESS" at 15c per line, first insertion, and 10c per line each subsequent insertion. Special rates for contracts on application.

All Business letters, and Communication intended for publication, should be addressed to D. M. QUINN, Proprietor of THE TRUE WITNESS, No. 761 Craig street, Montreal, P. Q.

WEDNESDAY.....APRIL 12, 1898

HON. E. J. FLYNN.

For some time past hints have been flung out, by the Quebec Daily Telegraph, and the Daily Witness' Quebec correspondent, that the Hon. Mr. Flynn was to retire from political life and succeed the Superintendent of Public Instruction. These rumors and remarks have been finally settled by the honorable gentleman giving, personally, a flat denial to them. The matter being now understood, we need not refer any further to the probabilities or possibilities of what the Commissioner of Crown Lands might or might not do in the future: suffice for our present purpose to state that Hon. Mr. Flynn is the last man, not only in this Province but in all Canada, that we would wish to see disappear from the stage of active public life. For this our reasons are many; a few of them we will give. But before so doing we desire to call special attention to the significance of such rumors and hints when coming from the Quebec Daily Telegraph, and especially from the correspondent of the Daily Witness.

These two organs are most deadly opposed to the Government of which Hon. Mr. Flynn is a member; and as it is a well-admitted fact that the Commissioner of Crown Lands is one of the most able men in the whole Province, and certainly the cleverest and most experienced administrator in the present administration, it is very natural that these newspapers would be overjoyed to learn of his retirement from the Government. It would be at once a severe blow to the party in power and a matter of congratulation for the Telegraph and Witness. By starting these rumors, from time to time, it is expected that eventually some one will catch on to the scheme, and the result may be—what is so much desired—a movement in the direction indicated. The Quebec organ pretends to be interested in the welfare of Irish Catholics, and it pretends that Mr. Hackett would be a more national representative than Hon. Mr. Flynn, especially because the latter has had a French training, and speaks that language as well, if not better, than he does the English. The Daily Witness cannot claim to have any interest in Irish Catholics, beyond a pretty marked one in their destruction, yet it—through its Quebec correspondent—is of the same opinion as the other sheet. It is evident that both row in the same boat as far as politics are concerned. With that we have nothing to do; but we have something to say when there is a question of justice to a co-religionist and a fellow-countryman.

Whatever we deem proper to say regarding Hon. Mr. Flynn, we wish it to

be thoroughly understood that in no way does it detract from the merits and claims of any other person. We understand that Mr. Hackett is a most estimable gentleman, a clever tactician, an able speaker and a sound patriot, as well as a good Catholic; nothing would please us more than to see him promoted and to know that he occupied a sphere of usefulness equal to his abilities—both for his own and for his fellow-countrymen's interests. But that recognition in no way should necessitate the loss that we, in this Province, would sustain were the Hon. Mr. Flynn to retire from public life. And if such were the condition, we would never agree to the change. In every acceptance of the term, Hon. Mr. Flynn is one of the most able, if not the most able man in this Province to-day. This is not said in the language of flattery, nor is it a mere idle statement; all who know that gentleman intimately can vouch for the truth of what we advance; all who know him merely as a public man cannot fail to recognize the same. That petty objection, that could only emanate from a narrow mind, that Hon. Mr. Flynn is more French than Irish, is easily disposed of and we proceed to settle it before looking at the more serious side of the question.

Like most of us, who were not born in Ireland, Hon. Mr. Flynn comes from an honorable and a thoroughly Celtic stock. He was born in Canada, and is an Irish-Canadian in all the meaning of the term. He received a thorough training in our best educational institutions; his associations have been more French than English, and his familiarity with that language is something exceptional in its depth and exactness. But if the language is to be the test, then we say that historically, by associations of the past, both here and in the Old Land, the French language is more closely allied to the Irish than ever could the English be. The Celtic tongue alone is that of the Irishman. He was compelled to learn the English at the point of the bayonet; the French he learned through happier relations with the people of that glorious and sunny land. The McMahons, O'Neills, and Keilys of France to-day are none the less Irish because they speak very imperfectly the language of the Saxon; the O'Donnells of Spain are certainly not less Celtic because they don't understand a word of English. France gave refuge to their ancestors when flying from the persecutions inflicted upon them by England. It was Irish and French that blended in the cheer of victory at Fontenoy; no English was spoken around the bivouac of triumph that night. In our own country, here on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the O'Briens, O'Neills, Donnellys, Fitzpatricks, Frasers, Honans, McMilians, McCarthys, and hosts of others are not a whit less Irish, nor is their Celtic blood less pure, because they speak imperfect English, because they talk in the language of the French-Canadian people who adopted them as infants when the scarlet bird of fever swooped down upon the land and left them orphans in the days of that fearful scourge. Deep down in their souls is the love of the land of their fathers, and that feeling is only intensified—not deadened—by the gratitude they entertain for their preservers in the days of peril. Even then were it true that a man, such an honor to our race as is Hon. Mr. Flynn, were able to speak the French with more fluency than the English, the fact would only add to instead of taking from his claim to be an Irish-Catholic representative. But the contention we hold to be false; we would pity some of these critics were they call-

ed upon to cross swords in English with the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Apart from this narrow way of dealing with one who is looked upon as a political opponent, we claim that the towering ability as well as the personal qualities of Hon. Mr. Flynn challenge the admiration and respect of every unprejudiced and fair-minded man in the Province of Quebec. Leaving aside the wonderful capacity for work and the extraordinary administrative success which have marked his career as member of the different governments of which he formed part, we can turn with legitimate pride to the contemplation of those qualities of mind and heart—the indices of character—which mark so conspicuously his individual personality. We know of whom and whereof we speak. During three years the writer occupied a seat beneath Mr. Flynn's chair of Roman Law in Laval, and never can memory lose the impress of the grand thoughts, noble ideas, eloquent words, lofty principles that flowed, day after day, from the exhaustless fountain of his knowledge. The legal acumen, the historical erudition, the fund of anecdote and illustration, all tended to impress upon the young mind high ideals, and to give to the heart noble pulsations. Watching his career in after life, and gazing down from the impartial eminence that rises above the mists of political strife, we marvel how faithfully and with what skill he put into practice those high principles which, as a professor, he inculcated. And throughout all the varied changes in a checkered career, we noted how truly faithful he was to the traditions of the Irish race, to the Faith of our fathers and to the principles of our people. In harmony with every movement that tended towards the amelioration of the country's condition, with every effort put forth to carry to a successful issue the cause of the old land, he, at the same time, preached patriotism by his example, and in his grand talents, his great perseverance and success, he stood forth upon the stage of our provincial affairs, an honor to his race, and one whom every Irish Catholic could be proud to claim as his national representative. This humble but sincere tribute we pay to one whose kindness we learned to appreciate, whose talents we were obliged to admire in days that are gone. The intervening years brought him public honors and triumphs which redound to the credit of our race in this Province; the future, we hope, will only afford him fuller opportunities of serving the cause of his Irish Catholic fellow-countrymen to all the extent that his heart would so ardently desire.

SHAKESPEARE.

As is generally known, Mr. Keene, the American tragedian, plays a series of Shakespeare's masterpieces during the course of this week. The fact of his presence here recalled to our mind an idea regarding Shakespeare and his works that we had often intended expressing. Here is an opportunity. There perhaps never lived a writer whose works have been more popular than Shakespeare's; and what is better still, they lose none of their attraction with the lapse of years. It may also be said that no other poet has been criticised as has the Bard of Avon. His name is upon every lip and his works have become pre-eminently classic. Yet how many speak of Shakespeare who have never read one of his plays from prologue to epilogue; how many comment upon him and yet have never studied one of his characters; how many go into enthusiasm at the mere mention of a Shakespearean tragedy, and who never

witnessed the presentation of any of his works by a real actor and upon a properly arranged stage! How many? Tens of thousands!

We claim that no person, except a Booth, a King or a Keene, men who have made a life-study of Shakespeare's characters, can possibly fully appreciate these sublime and almost miraculous tragedies. It is in vain that you take a volume of Shakespeare and sit down to study and fathom it; you arise with a confusion of phrases and happy quotations, with a general idea of the tread of some particular play: but you have failed utterly to comprehend and to appreciate the genius of the work. Why so? We have often asked ourselves this question, and as often have we found but one answer. Because the works of Shakespeare were not, like those of Milton or other poets, made to be read in the quiet of the study: they were created expressly to be represented on the stage. Shakespeare's tragedies are not to be read, they are to be heard and seen. In that appears to us the real evidence of the great author's dramatic genius. You may have studied Hamlet for years, and unless you saw it on the boards and by first class actors, you failed to perceive the million beauties in that one work: but the moment you behold it in the theatre, interpreted by a sound, studious and real tragedian, the revelation is something indescribable, something astounding. Go and hear Othello; then return to your study and take up the volume; as you peruse it every minute perfection flashes before you, conjured up by the magic wand of memory. For these reasons, and many others that we have not space to develop, we conclude that the best evidence of Shakespeare's dramatic genius is the fact that his plays must be seen and heard before they can be properly fathomed in ordinary study.

JULES FERRY.

"Jules Ferry has been unexpectedly elected President of the French Senate!" "Jules Ferry has unexpectedly died!" Scarcely had the former of these sentences been read, when the latter one was flashed across the wires. He was one of the very worst enemies of the Church in France. He secured the persecution and suppression of Religious orders in France, and he drove God from the schools of the country. So unjust and extravagant were some of his measures that even Gambetta was opposed to them. As the Philadelphia Standard says: "If to train up children to be infidels, to banish Christian teachers, close up Christian schools, suppress Religious Orders be reforms, then Jules Ferry was a reformer."

Bad as this man's political career has been, still he cut a prominent figure in the affairs of France during the past fifteen years, and his name will be recorded upon the list of her statesmen. His life, and above all, his death, should certainly deserve a passing notice. During Mr. Grevy's first term, in 1879, Mr. Ferry was Minister of Education, and in that year he introduced his abominable Education Bill. His proposal aroused the hostility of French Catholics and everything possible was done to defeat the measure. It passed the Chamber of Deputies, but was rejected by the Senate on account of the seventh Article, which was specially directed against the Jesuits and other religious bodies. In 1880, under the Premiership of Mr. de Freycinet, this clause was again inserted in Ferry's Education Bill; but once more it was rejected by the Senate. It was then that the Ministry—at Ferry's suggestion—revived some obsolete laws, and

thereon proscribed the Order of the Jesuits; the most wanton act of injustice ever performed by a government. In 1884 after the failure of troops sent to Tonkin by the Ministry of which he was chief, Jules Ferry was driven from power and fell to the unenviable position of the most hated and abhorred of French politicians. When, after a retirement of several years, he was suddenly called back into public life by his unexpected election to the Presidency of the Senate, it was rumored that he had learned to look with a more reasonable eye upon all matters of religion, and that he had regretted his unjustifiable attacks upon Church, clergy and God in the days of his former power. It was even mooted that he would attempt to repair some of the wrong he had done. A Paris correspondent to the London Times states that an eminent French politician wrote as follows to the Pope:—

"Your Holiness need not be anxious about the sudden elevation of M. Jules Ferry to the Presidency of the Senate. Painful experience has taught him to take a truer and more sagacious view of institutions—of all institutions. He now feels that men need a supreme guide; that the education of nations is not advanced enough to dispense with a morality directing and supporting them; and he is now inclined to a reciprocal toleration, which will govern all his acts, will inspire him with respect for all convictions, and will make him the watchful servant of all that is great. Your Holiness will soon see that he is the French statesman with whom you may treat most easily on the ground of a mutual respect and loyalty."

We would full fain deal kindly with the dead. We hope that it actually was Ferry's intention to atone for all the wrong he had done, to repair some of the evil perpetrated by him in the days of vigor, his power, and his early apostasy. But like many another enemy of the Church in France, it was not given him to prove his sincerity. He had been suddenly recalled to public life; the voice of the people had once more placed the sceptre of political influence in his hand; he had a grand opportunity; he had all that human power could allow him; he may have relied too much upon that human potency. It matters not; the Hand of God was raised, and in the hour of his triumph the writing appeared upon the wall, and the fate of Ferry was sealed. He died most unexpectedly. Gasping for air, he vainly appealed to his wife for help—the wife whom he had taught to ignore God. He died, and a civil funeral closed his career forever. His ashes have gone to the Pantheon; his soul has gone before God. And the Church which he so often assailed remains immutable and triumphant—still singing in her vespers the words "*deponit potentes de sede.*"

THE ex-priest (as he is called) Chiniquy, has been presented with a degree by the Presbyterian College. He has been created a "D.D." If the letters mean anything, they must stand for Doctor of Divinity; which means one learned in dogma. Since Mr. Chiniquy belongs to a faith that "acknowledges no dogma howsoever pronounced, and admits no custom howsoever ancient," he has evidently been dubbed a man learned in that which he does not believe in, a person eminently qualified to teach (Doctor) what he does not recognize. What would be thought of an "M.D."—a Doctor in Medicine—who did not believe in his own prescriptions, because he had no faith in his degree? He would be about as safe, however, for the public, from a physical point of view, as the other gentleman is from a spiritual standpoint. What a huge farce! What a determined actor! The mentally blind rejoice in a crown-of-straw and a sceptre of reed!

ANTI-IRISH IRISHMEN.

Last week we made a brief reference to that anti-Home Rule petition that was signed by so many "Irish Catholics." It must have been a very interesting sight to contemplate the varied expressions on the features of those gentlemen as they scribbled their names and titles to the bottom of that address. Some must have had the scowl of a Norbury when delivering sentence of death, others the glare of Henry VIII. when signing the warrant for a wife's execution. We would have thought that no matter what his political convictions may be, the son of the immortal Liberator would have sufficient respect for the memory of his father and sufficient heart for the cause that the illustrious O'Connell championed, to remain silent and in obscurity. By parading his signature before the world on such a document as that he merely proves that he is the possessor of a name that was honorable and great until it became his. In reading over that list of earls, barons, lords, landlords and agents one is forcibly reminded of those lines of Lord Byron in his poem "The Irish Avator":

"Will thy yard of blue ribbon, poor Fingal recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs,
Or, hast it not bound thee the fastest of all,
The slaver, who now hail their betrayer
with hymsus?"

That erratic, gifted, nobly-inspired English lover of liberty, whose last moments were cheered by the clash of Greek arms, and whose freedom-loving soul took flight from the historic soil of Missolonghi, ask if Erin ever gave birth to a being so bare that he would see her plunged back into the uncertainty, the darkness, the misery of long centuries, rather than join in the ranks of her emancipators, and he replies:

"If she did—let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring;
See the cold-blooded serpent with venom full hush'd,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a King."

"Shout, drink, feast and fatten! Oh! Erin how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny,
Till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depths of thy deep in a deeper gulf still!"

Then it is that Byron tells how, although not an Irishman he had loved Ireland and her sons, and had wept, with all the world, for the loss of her dead patriots; but soon he learned to save his tears for others, and he thus sings of the dead:

"For happy are they now rejoicing afar—
Thy Gratian, thy Conran, thy Sheridan, all
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeem'd if they have not retarded thy fall."

"Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day,
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay."

"Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;
There was something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—thy dead!"

It was of such as the signers of that memorable petition that Byron sang when his patriotic soul fired up at the thought of Irishmen—and Irish Catholics at that—being cold-blooded and calculating enough to sign away their country's freedom and to barter their birth-right for a mess of pottage. His poem applies to-day even more than in 1821, when it was written. Amongst these "Lords of human-kind," Phillips tells us that "there is a prejudice against Ireland, predominant above every other feeling, inveterate as ignorance could generate and monstrous as credulity could feed. Was there an absurdity

uttered—it was Irish; was there a crime committed—it was Irish; was there a freak at which folly would blush, a frolic which levity would disown, a cruelty at which Barbarism would shudder, none could hatch or harbor it but an Irishman! Ireland was the Ribald's jest and the Miser's profit; the painter sold her in caricature, the billad-singer chanted her in burlesque, and the pliant Senator eked out his stupid hour with the plagiarism of her slander! In the very seat of legislation it was deliberately asserted that Ireland was 'a burden' on the Empire! The judicious apothegem remains upon record, a solitary memorial to its author's eloquence and most characteristic specimens of his political sagacity." It was thus Ireland and her cause were treated by the absentee landlords and the titled creatures whose only distinction was to be ashamed of their country and their creed. To attempt to argue with them would be useless, for their ignorance is too prejudiced to be taught and their prejudice too contemptible to be combated.

As the best and truest friends of Ireland and her cause were found in the ranks of Protestants and strangers, so the very worst enemies of the nation and her future are to be discovered amongst the native Catholics of a certain class. The Geraldines became "more Irish than the Irish themselves," while, with the solitary exception of O'Connell, the great leaders of the people were Protestant. To-day the grandson of that same O'Connell is amongst the very bitterest opponents of the national cause. Strange contradictions! And yet the Orange Ulsterman cries out against Rome Rule, while the lordling Catholic protests against Home Rule. Both from opposite sides attack their down-trodden country, and she is placed between these two fiery furnaces of intolerance; the one religious bigotry, the other political prejudice. These Irish Catholics fear for their religion should Home Rule be granted, the Orangeman fears for his faction in case of the same political result taking place. No wonder that Ireland has been the victim of centuries; with two such enemies nursed at her own breasts how could she prosper or ever hope to live. The Orangeman howls against the National cause in the name of a loyalty he openly has set at defiance and in the name of a religion that he does not understand and cannot practise; the anti Irish-Catholic screeches against Home Rule in the name of a vampire body that has sucked the life-blood from the people, and in the name of a Faith that he himself has served to persecute. They both are more watchful and venomous than the vipers that slun the land; awed by no virtue, subdued by no kindness and crushed by no correction, they strengthen on the weakness of their country and they riot in the midst of her famine. They claim that the majority of Ireland is in favor of the Union, because a portion of Ulster is with them. Here are a few facts; nuts for these strange bed-fellows to crack.

"Exclusive of Belfast, the Catholics are in a majority (in Ulster) of over 80,000. In six out of the nine Ulster counties the Catholics form the majority of the population. At the general election in 1892, out of a total of 128,263 votes, 69,464, or a majority of 15,663, were recorded in Ulster for Home Rule. There are only two counties in the province for which Home Rule members are not returned wholly or in part."

Connaught sends fifteen members to the House of Commons, and they are all Home Rulers. Munster sends twenty-five members and they are all Home Rulers. Leinster, including Dublin, sends twenty-eight members and twenty-six of them are Home Rulers. We would humbly submit that Ireland, by

a sweeping majority, wants legislative autonomy; and despite the bluster of Orangemen and the cringing meanness of anti-Irish Irish Catholics, she will have what she requires. These men imagined that in the hour of anticipated success, a petition signed by them would blow up the whole scheme and cast a bomb into the Nationalist camp such as would tear to pieces the Gladstone measure. So they had planned, concocted and determined; but their effort was not productive of the result they had desired. Well might they, in teaching their children Irish literature (if ever they would be disloyal enough to so educate the young) repeat for them the words of Moore, in the "Curse of the Fire Worshipper":

"Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might.
May life's unblest cup for him,
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim;
With joys that but allure to fly,
With hopes that vanish while he sips,
Like dead sea fruit that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on his lips.
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Out-cast of virtue, peace and fame;
May he, at last with lips of flame,
On some parch'd desert thirsting die—
While I-ken that shine in mockery night,
Are fading off untouched, unblest,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!"

The rest of the curse is somewhat too oriental and too severe for our nineteenth century feelings. We just quote these lines because Moore wrote them indirectly to apply to those Irishmen false to the cause of the country, self-seeking, ambitious or greedy of gold. Perhaps the repeating of them might serve to save those children from imitating their fathers, and the fathers may repair, to some degree, their wrongs towards their country by leaving her a generation of better and more sincere Irishmen.

MR. BALFOUR drew attention to the fact that in Mayo, Clare, Limerick and Kerry, crime had increased of late. Out of thirty-two counties he found four in which the number of crimes had augmented since last year: he omitted to state that in the other twenty-eight it had most remarkably decreased. At the opening of the spring assizes throughout Ireland, we find the same marked improvement mentioned by the Judges. In Cavan, Judge Murphy said, "the county is very free from crime." In King's County, the Lord Chief Justice said, "there had been in the serious class of crimes a substantial—a very substantial—decrease." In Meath, Judge Johnston found the condition "satisfactory." In Queen's County, Judge Harrison found "no disturbance in society." In Sligo, the Lord Chief Justice found the county in a "peaceable and orderly condition." In Westmeath, Judge Murphy found nothing to indicate a state of lawlessness. In Waterford, Chief Baron Pallas had two cases as compared with twelve last year. In Antrim, at Carrickfergus, Judge Madden had but one case before him. In Kildare, a county adjoining the metropolitan county, the Lord Chief Baron found a remarkable absence of bycotting and intimidation. Mr. Balfour finds that in four counties the increase of crime is due to the "compact between the English Government and the forces of disorder." If so, on the same grounds, the improvement in the other twenty-eight counties must be due to the same compact.

The Roman aristocracy is agitated with a pleasurable excitement at the entry into religion of Prince Hugo Boncompagni, Duke of Dora. The future priest, who is in his thirty-eighth year, has been twice widowed. His first wife was the Marchioness Vittoria Patrizi, and his second the Princess Laura Altieri. He has five children, ranging in age from three to fourteen.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Life, weary life, speed on!
See how friends quit our slowly-moving band
The best are on ward gone,
They left the long-beld hand,
And started singly for the far-off land.

Remember how they went,
Departing from us when we least had thought,
Death beckoned—well content
They passed away—They sought
God's will alone; save this, they cared for naught.

Mourn not, though they were young—
She sisters, brothers of thy childhood's life:
Mourn not, through prattling tongue
Had called the mother. Wife,
Mourn not the husband saved from toll and strife.

Mourn not, ye little ones,
Her who made kind your father's care-worn face:
Nor him, ye stately sons,
Who trained for your life's race—
All soon will reach their blissful resting place.

Yes, grieve not for your loss,
Bear bravely this addition to your load:
The best another gains,
Wh-re will to climb the road;
And they—wait you in the Blest Abode.

'Tis far from earth to heaven—
But heaven to earth is very, very near,
And count's as help are given
Throughout each weary year,
Till we, in turn, the welcome summons hear
—D. B., in Irish Monthly.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

WHISTLING DICK.

He never gave up. He was always hoping. He was generally singing or whistling, so the street boys called him whistling Dick.

When his widowed mother died, he kept her peanut stand on a board on top of an old clothes basket till he was sold out, and the little money he saved for new stock was stolen. His one suit of clothes was fast falling to pieces. He kept it on with twine suspenders and strings tied round his neck and armpits. He wore his mother's shoes with their heels under the middle of his soles and his heels in the middle of their high backs.

He kept himself warm at night with shavings in the rooms of an unfinished house, till the house was built, and a door and windows shut him out. Then he found a big barrel under one of the river bridges. A couple of staves were missing from one of its sides. Dick rolled it till the opening was toward the stones of the bridge pier, and he slipped into it, wrapped in a dirty sail.

It kept the wind off. He slept well there, lying on his face now and then for a few minutes when the cold woke him up. But one night he was roused by policemen in a boat firing stones among the empty tin cans and rubbish and at his barrel.

"Too early for water-rats," one of them said.

They were only on the lookout for river thieves; but when they had passed on, Dick scampered away from his barrel house. It was early, as the police had said,—about ten o'clock. The cold wind nipped Dick's ears. He picked up an old hat and pulled it down over his cap, tucking the brim under his coat collar. The sail was still tied around him. He tried to whistle, but he was hoarse and hungry.

"We be awful hongry, tunin' folks," he said to himself, pinching his throat,—"beun't we?"

He sat down on the grating over a restaurant kitchen, opened his coat wide an instant, then folded it suddenly over his nose and mouth, as if he were taking a bite of the delicious smell he had collected. He kept the repeat up awhile, telling it over to himself,—“Onions, turkey, puddings, chickings, beef, beets, kerrots, pies, jellies.”

He tried to read the big sign near by, but he could not get any farther than “P-a-r, Central Park. No. P-a-r, parsnips. No. P-a-r paradise. Ha! ha!”

He walked away, singing hoarsely:
“Cold fowl or turkey,
All's one to me,
Salad with onion,
Or ma ow-ro-nee!”

He came against an old gentleman whose hat had blown away, and whose eyes were blinded with the ends of the scarf that still protected his head. Dick bent himself to the ground, and scurried along with the wind, rescuing the hat with a wild whoop.

He crossed his hands behind his back and whistled with all his might while he watched the owner put it on firmly and arrange the scarf.

“Nice face. Very,” said the latter to

himself, looking at Dick. “Poor, but cheerful. No driving there.”

“If it hadn't been for you, boy,” he added out loud, “my hat might of been in the river. ‘Where there's a will, there's a way.’ Don't you ever turn that to ‘where there's a wish.’ Will, will, will! Carry my bag up the steps, bub. Oh! wait a moment, sonny!”

He opened the bag, and presented Dick with a lemon.

“Bring that to my office (Sawyer & Sawyer) to-morrow, sonny,” he said “and you won't be sorry you came.”

They reached the station of the elevated road. “Sawyer & Sawyer” turned to pay Dick, found he had left his change at his office, thanked the stars he had memory enough to carry his train tickets, told Dick he would make it all right when the lemon was presented, and rushed away.

Dick was hungrier than ever. Something very like tears were in his eyes and a lump in his throat. He turned the lemon over in his hand. It had “Sawyer” cut on it in large letters, but the absent minded old gentleman had given no address.

Dick hung around that station all night in the cold, for fear his new friend would come back on a train he might miss. He stayed till near noon the next day; then, faint and weary, wandered in and out the neighboring streets. But “Sawyer and Sawyer” did not appear.

Dick's head felt as if it were growing bigger and heavier every minute. In spite of the cold, his throat burned. He longed to taste the lemon; but he repeated over and over to himself, “It ain't where there's a wish, but where there's a will.”

Putting a pebble in his mouth, he tried feebly to imitate a thirsty soldier on the march, with a stone in the mouth to make saliva and prevent thirst. At last he stepped aside from the bustling crowd, and sat on the steps of a huge warehouse. Some one straggled in and out of the great doors now and then, but the shutters were up, as if business was at a standstill.

Every time the door opened, Dick-melt the same smell as at the restaurant, and drew each time a little nearer, till he had slipped in the door. A clerk pounced on him with a roar of laughter.

“Ticket!” he cried, as he seized the lemon in Dick's hand. “Rather late for Father Sawyer's birthday spread!”

Dick was ushered into a great, lighted wareroom, which had been turned into a banquet hall. Who the crowd of guests were, which were rich and which were poor, he could not have told, nor what loaded the tables.

“Not a seat left!” some one said.

The words were hardly spoken, when the host had jumped from his chair, and the little figure in the ragged sail and two hats was placed in the seat of honor. It was before an untouched, mighty, eighty-pound round of corned beef in a sea of red and yellow stars, a carrot turkey with outspread wings surmounting it, a ring of lemon lanterns guarding it, and beet roses blooming from many points side by side with onion lilies. By it lay a card: “With compliments of the Parker House.”

“I alius knew,” said Dick, lifting up a trembling voice, “there must be lights and vittles and flowers for me somewhere, if I could only hang on long enough.”

He burst into a flood of tears, but checked himself immediately. He caught the table with his cold, dirty little hands, and bracing himself up, gave one quivering whistle, and fainted away.

But whistling Dick was able, in the years that followed, to do justice to more than one of old Mr. Sawyer's queer birthday feasts. He did not need lemon tickets for them, either. Slowly but cheerfully he worked his way in the house of “Sawyer and Sawyer,” till he was one of that firm.

It was young Richard Harris who kept the men together when times were hard and wages low. He had such faith in them; and in better days coming they could not leave him. When his old friend, the head of the house, was long dead, and he too was old, and on cold days covered his thin hair with a scarf, he loved to meet a boy that laughed and sang in spite of rags and hunger. And his change-book was never empty, though his fingers were taking something out of it most of the time.

When at last he could walk no more in the streets, softly whistling to himself and putting with his cane the chil-

dren he met, when the hand of death laid him low, and friends shrank at the sight of his suffering, a happy smile was always on his trembling lips, and his last words were, “Oh, the good, good time that's coming,—the best time of all!”

DOMESTIC READING.

Attempt great things for God; except great things of God.

Our Lord regards the prayers of St. Joseph as commands.

To obey is to go to Heaven borne on the shoulders of another.

When God desires to enrich a soul with grace, He enriches it first with confidence.

When a soul is niggardly towards God, it well deserves that God should show himself niggardly towards it.

Jesus desires that we should love His Mother so that in this, as in everything else, we should resemble him.

We have countless excuses for our own faults, yet we admit none for the shortcomings of others.—Cornelle.

If thou durst pass by thy neighbor here, he will lie in thy path when thou passeth over to the gate of heaven.

Though you have several saints as advocates, be particularly devout to St. Joseph; he is very powerful with God.

Oh! what great mysteries of hope and love for us are the Passion of Jesus and the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

The value of acts of virtue, love, hope, resignation and contrition, do not consist in the sentiment but in the will.

It would be an abuse to leave good works which must be public in order to avoid the dangers of vain glory.—St. Teresa.

Let us beware in matters of impurity of reasoning with the temptations. Let us reject it immediately without examination.

A Military Guard for the Blessed Sacrament.

A Society has been formed at the Carragh Camp, with Father Delaney as President, and soldiers of the various regiments, as officers. The object of this is to promote thrift and religion. The members of the Association provide a soldier in uniform to pay an hour's visit to the Blessed Sacrament each day. This duty will fall on the members in rotation. Should the man whose duty it is be unable to attend, the Rev. President will provide a substitute. The Society approach the Altar for the receiving of Holy Communion on the third Sunday of every month. The members are also enrolled in the Sodality of the Sacred Heart. They are also required, when able, to attend the evening devotions on Sundays.—London Tablet.

The Spring.

Of all seasons in the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome, or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin, gives to the blood the purity and quality necessary to good health and overcomes that tired feeling.

KILLING NO MURDER.—An American went to hire a horse of a livery-stable proprietor who was very particular about his stock, and always extorted a promise from his customers not to drive fast as a condition of letting, “You can have the horse” he said, “if you agree not to drive him fast.” “Well” said the man, “I want him to go to a funeral, and I am bound to keep up with the procession if it kills the horse.”

Holloway's Pills.—The chief wonder of modern times. This incomparable Medicine increases the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cleanses the liver, corrects biliousness, and prevents flatulency, purifies the system, invigorates the nerves, and reinstates sound health. The enormous demand for these Pills throughout the globe astonishes everybody, and a single trial convinces the most sceptical that no medicine equals Holloway's Pills in its ability to remove all complaints incidental to the human race. They are a blessing to the afflicted, and a boon to all who labour under internal or external disease. The purification of the blood, removal of all restraints from the secretive organs, and gentle aperient action, are the prolific sources of the extensive curative range of Holloway's Pills.

Don't Cross Bridges Before You Reach Them.

One day conscientiously lived up to will keep eyes bright and cheeks round and rosy. Don't begin to worry about things beforehand. It will be time enough when they happen. It is the dread of what may come, not what is, that makes one old before the time. If you lie awake half the night worrying about something that is going to occur the next morning you will be far less able to face bravely and work out the problem than if you had made an effort and thought of something else until sleep came. It is not half as hard as it sounds and will grow easier every time you try it. Perhaps after all, the disaster will not befall you or will be less awful than you anticipated, and just think what a lot of unnecessary wrinkles you have worried into your face. Another thing, don't worry yourself about what people are going to think about this and that action. No matter what you do or leave undone some one will criticize you severely and the very best rule for getting through life with comparative comfort is, after you have made up your mind as to the propriety and advisability of a certain course, pursue it calmly, without paying the slightest attention to the criticisms of the lookers-on from the outside. You see, just because they are on the outside they can only see the surface. It does not matter in the least what they think, so long as your heart is at peace with God.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A friend in need is secured by everyone who keeps a bottle of Hazzard's Yellow Ointment for use against accidental sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, scalds or any inflammatory pain, such as rheumatism, quinsy, sore throat, etc.

A LONDON CABMAN'S HOPE.—Old lady, to driver of growler: “Now, driver; “Certainly, mum.” Old lady: “And not to go racing with other cabs.” Driver: “No mum.” Old lady: “And not to turn the corners quicky.” Driver: “All right mum.” After a course of one mile and one thousand seven hundred and fifty yards, the old lady hands Jehu a shilling, with the remark, “You have driven me very carefully and well, driver. Have you driven a cab all your life?” “No I hain't mum. I used to drive a hearse; and bleast if I don't go back to it. It's a better game than this. I hope as how I'll drive ye again mum.”

A CURE FOR COUGHS.

There is no remedy that makes as large a percentage of perfect cures as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. In nearly every case of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, etc., its curative effects are prompt and lasting.

“HAVEN'T you written that letter yet, Annie?” “Yes, George, dear: all except the postscript. I'm trying to think of something to say in it.”

“I got my start in life through picking up a pin in the street. I had been refused employment by a merchant, and on my way out I saw a pin, and—”

“I know; I've heard of that boy so often. The merchant, was impressed by your carefulness, and called you back and made your head of the firm.” “No. I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold it for £100. It was a diamond pin.”

THE RED RIVER.

The red river of life is the blood, like other rivers it sometimes becomes impure, but unlike other rivers it only needs Burdock Blood Bitters to perfectly purify it and remove all its disorders from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

OLD Mr. Bently (reading the paper): I see that in a recent storm at sea a ship loaded with passengers went ashore. Old Mrs. Bently placidly: How fortunate! I can imagine how glad these passengers were to get on dry land.

THE DAZZLER.

One new weave of Rich Heavy Velvet Carpets at \$1.05, worth \$1.33. Montreal Carpet Warehouse.

R. G. SILK & CO.

357 St. James Street.

FARM, MILLS AND HOMES
MOLD VIGORINA, for sale
and exchange on Easy Terms.
Free Catalogue, R. B. CHAFFIN & Co., Richmond, Va.

MISSING WORD.

We don't offer a prize for the missing word, but you will miss the greatest GARDEN BAR-GAINS ever offered before if you don't take advantage of our GREAT APRIL SALE. Open every night until 9.

R. G. SILK & CO.

357 St. James Street (Fee & Martin Block.)

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

SINGERS' DIETS

I once knew an impresario, who was also a Jew. He was behind any number of lyrical theatres, from Stockholm to Sydney, cafe-concerts, music halls, and other places where singing was the attraction. He held carnivorous feeding in horror, and told me that he never lost his time seeking for fine voices in countries where a fish or meat died prevailed. The most fish-eating Italians—those of Naples and Genoa—have often among them sweet singers. The most meat-eating part of Great Britain—England—is also a voiceless country. Though the singing is so fearful in the Scotch kirks, my friend found some divine songsters south of the Grampians, and a greater number in the Highlands. He often heard common Irish women "lilt" and sing like nightingales, but never in the towns. Sweden was a country of grain. Norway was not. Too much flesh was eaten there. Vocal capacity disappeared in musical families who got rich. They ate too much meat. The vocal birds are eaters of grain, fruit and vegetables. No carnivorous one can ever sing a song. It croaks, has a bad liver, and is generally melancholy.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S ADVICE.

Johnny, a bright boy of six years while being dressed for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear and very much repaired, turned quickly to his mother and asked, "Ma, is pa rich?" "Yes—very rich, Johnny; he is worth two millions and a half." "What in, ma?" "Oh, he values you at one million, me at one million, and baby at half a million." Johnny, after thinking a moment: "Ma, tell pa to sell the baby and puy us some clothes."

SOMETHING OF A KITCHEN.

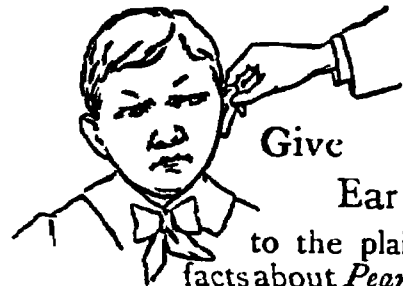
Housewives will be interested to hear that at the Columbian Exposition the kitchen which is to be erected by the company which has gained the restaurant concession at the fair will be the largest concern of its kind in the world. Every day there will be crooked in it food enough to supply from 70,000 to 100,000 people. The latest and most approved forms of culinary apparatus in every shape and design will be used, and this giant cuisine promises to be one of the most interesting sights of the exposition, though only a privileged few will ever see it in its entirety.

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

By the Editor of the Catholic School and Home Magazine.

ST. VINCENT FERRER, C., April 5, b. 1357, d. 1419. This saint is called the "Angel of the Judgment" because, called as he was to preach the word of God his constant appeal was to the judgment of God which he proclaimed as nigh to the people. His early childhood was passed in a home where his christian parents gave illustrious example of the highest virtue. He had a most intense devotion to the Passion of Christ and from his early youth he fasted rigorously every Wednesday and Friday. Imitating his pious parents, he was remarkable for his charity to the poor. With his studies completed, at 17 years of age he entered the Religion and became a Dominican and so eminent did he become as a scholar, that in 1388 he received the doctor's cap from the hands of the Papal legate, who afterwards as Pope Benedict XII. offered him the highest Church honors, all of which he declined, simply asking to be appointed as missionary apostolic, which was done in 1398. For 21 years he went from place to place, throughout Europe, in Spain, Italy, England, Ireland, Scotland, and so powerful was his word that tens of thousands were converted to God, Jews, Mahometans, heretics, schismatics, bad Catholics all came under the influence of his example, and as an Angel of God he was recognized everywhere. It is said that he had the gift of tongues for although preaching in Spanish he was understood in all tongues. In his illness he had the Passion of Christ read to him and on Wednesday in Passion Week, April 5, 1419, he died. He was one of the great saints of the Dominicans.

ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS, C., April 28, b. 1694, d. 1775. Born in Geneva in 1694, St. Paul was led in early youth, like St. Vincent Ferrer, to a great devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ. His life was



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

Beware of imitations. 237 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

filled with trials which made him feel that his only consolation was in his Saviour's love. In a desire for penance he enlisted in the Crusade, but God warned him that his life was needed for great work in the Church and that he was called to found an Order which would promote devotion to the Sacred Passion. While a layman he preached the Passion and then at the command of his bishop began the foundation of the Order which bears the name of Passionists. He met with a rebuff. All his early companions abandoned him and even the Pope refused to see him. He still kept on placing his trust in God, who called him, and his perseverance and virtue were finally rewarded and his Constitutions approved in 1741. His first house was built on the very spot which the Blessed Virgin had pointed. He loved nature because it spoke to him of the love of God, and it is said that he felt from flower and grass a constant reproach for his ingratitude.

ST. MICHELIS, V., April 10, 1300. She is one of the patron saints of the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and as such calls for our veneration. She was the sister of St. Gertrude and cousin of the Emperor Fred. 2d. She entered a convent when but seven years of age and spent her life in the practice of virtue so that she was regarded as a copy of our Blessed Virgin Mary. She was especially devout to the passion and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She was abbess of Diessen where she died in 1300.—"She appointed all the afflicted with the sweet ointment of her pity, her compassion and her sympathy."

A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and white walls,
I can guess her
By her dresser,
By the back staircase and halls,
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms,
Or by peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms:
By her kitchen's air of neatness
And its general completeness
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

The getting it down is bad enough, with the ordinary pill. But the having it down is worse. And after all the disturbance, there's only a little temporary good.

From begining to end, Dr. Pierce's Peilets are better. They're the smallest and easiest to take—they, sugar-coated granules that any child is ready for. Then they do their work so easily and so naturally that it lasts. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

The Makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy says: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter what your case is we'll pay you \$500 in cash." Now you can see what is said of other remedies, and decide which is more likely to cure you. Cost only 50 cents.

IRISH PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

The following Subscriptions are from Mt. Patrick, Ontario.

- Rev. P. T. Ryan, P. P., \$5 00; Rev. W. J. Holland, John Carter, \$2 00 each; John Duggan, P. Windle, sr., James Sullivan, N. Quilty, James Duggan, Mortimer Kenelley, Dan. Scully, sr., Dan. Scully, jr., Dan. C. Hunt, Michael Ryan, Michael McNulty, James Sammon, Patrick Fitzgerald, John Maloney, John Windle, sr., Henry Kennelley, Edward Ryan, sr., Tim Doolan, Thos. Murphy, James Murphy William Nicholson, Louis Lorrain, Peter Jas Guiney, Jno. Ryan, sr., Chas. Norton, Pat. Windle, jr., Wm. Culhane, Michael T. Mulvhill, Frank Kiely, Mich. M. Kiely, Dennis O'Hare, Thomas Lane, Patrick Kiely, Dan Culhane, M. B. Scully, Martin Kennelly, John O'Leary, Michael McGrath, Tim Harrahan, John Fitzgerald, Patrick Maloney Sen, Martin Sheedy, Thomas Quilty, Patrick Gorman \$1.00 each; A. Triena, 85c.; Charles Kinobskie, Patrick Lane, Joseph Lynch, Philip Kennelly, Con. Mulvhill, John Burns S. Fiske, Patrick T. Winale, Hugh Moran, William Hunt, Mrs. T. Hunt, P. C. Winale, Mrs. P. Maloney, Jun., Mrs. P. Norlock, James Whelan, Mrs. Dacey, Michael Calahan, D. Culhane, Mrs. Martin Mulvhill, Miss Mary Scully, Thomas Curtin, 50 cents each; Mrs. J. Dill-n, Mrs. A. Goran, Frank Knopsie, John Quilty, Mrs. John Quilty, D. Shanahan, Bridget Shanahan, Mary Shanahan, Patrick O'Connor, Mrs. L. Potevin, Russell Goran, John Perrault, Din Kennelly, Mrs. George Legree, John Scully, D n Dacey P. Lynch, Tom Hunt, sen, Mrs. Tom Patrick English, John Lynch, 25 cents each; Hannah Quilty, Mrs. Lawlor, Johannah Murphv, Lizzie Lynch, 10 cents each. Total, \$71.

Longtellow's First Poem.

When the great poet was nine years old his master wanted him to write a composition. Little Harrey, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:

"You can write words, can you not?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"Then you can put words together?"
"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you can take your slate and go out behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which changed to be near by, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time.

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew;
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.
And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.
There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.
Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
And she put it in the pot.
Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife,
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Till they ate his turnip up!

To Get at the Fact,

Regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla, ask the people who take his medicine, or read the testimonials often published in this paper. They will certainly convince you that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses unequalled merit, and that HOOD'S CURES.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

YANKEE CURIOSITY.—Mr. Depew, at the New England dinner in New York, called Yankee curiosity a social irritant and a national blessing. He said: "They have questioned me as to my birth and genealogy, religion and politics, assets and debts, and income and expenses, where I intend to die and expect to be buried, and the style of monument I have selected for my grave. When Chief Justice Coleridge of England was here, I took him up to New Haven in a private car to visit Yale. A typical Connecticut man jumped on the car in the New Haven depot, and I said, 'My friend, this car is private.' 'Oh, said he—'funeral?' 'No,' I answered. 'Wedding?' 'No.' 'Excursion?' 'No.' 'Well then, would you mind telling me what is it here for?' I explained, and pointed out the Chief Justice. 'Fine-looking man,' he said; 'got a good head. By-the-way, what might his salary be?'"

CAN YOU THINK?

Can you think of a worse disease than dyspepsia, it punges its victim in gloom and despondency, makes him a burden to himself and others, and causes constipation and bad blood. Yet Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia or indigestion, and has done so in thousands of cases.

Irate Father: Young man! I am astonished, sir, that you should seek to marry my daughter on so short an acquaintance. You are almost a stranger to her. Stubbs firmly: Well, we're both in the same boat, as far as that goes. She's almost a stranger to me, too.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tried its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 220 Power Block, Rochester, N.Y. (12-18-90)

King's Evil is another name for SCROFULA, and yields to

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphite.

Impoverished and impure blood is always effectively restored to vigorous condition by this wonderful remedy. Cures Coughs, Colds and all Wasting Diseases. Almost as palatable as Milk. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

SAFE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER RELIABLE

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA
CURES ALL Taints of the Blood.

PLEASANT CERTAIN

THE TRUTH.

You can buy Parlor, Dining Room and Chamber Carpet, including Curtains and Poles, for \$32, at the Montreal Carpet Warehouse, R. G. MILK & CO., 357 St. James street, (Fes & Martin's Block.)

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OUR story is told. Several years have gone by since Sally Cavanagh was laid in her grave, and the little house at the foot of the mountain is a roofless ruin. But before saying good-by to the reader, we shall take a parting glance at some of the characters whom we have introduced to him.

Mr. Purcell is a hale old man, a little too proud of his broad acres, perhaps, but a "good neighbor" for all that, the people say. We can notice no perceptible change in Mrs. Purcell. We find her as busy as ever in the congenial work of feeding the hungry; for hunger, alas! still hovers around the mountain foot. Kate Purcell is a Sister of Mercy, but she left one to fill her place in the home she loved. And her father and mother have four bright-eyed grandchildren—a boy and three girls—to gladden their hearts. Richard—called after Uncle Richard—Sarah, Kate and Fanny—little blue-eyed, golden haired Fanny—the loveliest little fairy even seen. Aunt Sarah lives almost entirely at Bollycorrig. On a certain day every year she and Mrs. Purcell take a long drive together. Where they went was a secret at first, but one day as Brian was returning from C—, he saw his own car at the gate of P—Cahpel. Then he knew the yearly drive was to Uncle Richard's grave. Mr. O'Gorman, who has retired from business, is a frequent visitor to the secluded valley, and seeing his daughter's happiness, maybe he doesn't bless Father Paul!

Mrs. Hazlitt and Matt—we put her name first—are happy as they deserve to be, and that is saying about as much as we could say. Tim Croak and Shawn Gow and Betty and Nancy are "well and doing well." Kitty Magrath's "fortune" pleased Josh Reddy (whose white hat is no way altered) above the necessity of earning his bread as a "musician"—a great godsend to the piper and fiddler. Josh has a full half dozen young "musicians." Tom the eldest, at three years old, astonished Father O'Gorman by performing "The Sprig of Shillelagh" on a tin whistle. And the good priest cherishes the hope that he will live to see "the choir" revived by the Reddy family.

Mr. Mooney, after causing much anxiety to his friends, found place in the arms of the "fat one," and can look at "sublime" young ladies without becoming insane. Time appears to have no power over Miss Evans. It was only the other day Tim Croak was chatting with Matt Hazlitt at the little rustic gate, while Mrs. Hazlitt was spreading clothes on the privet-hedge, when the words "good morning, Mrs. Hazlitt," in a bell-like voice, made turned around. The brown ringlets floated in the breeze as she passed, and Matt and Tim started admiringly after her.

"Begob, Matt," says Tim Croak, putting his dhudeen into his pocket. "there's not a feather out of her."

Miss Evans is still unmarried. But as Captain Dawson is unmarried too, we have some hopes that she will not die an old maid.

Has it not been said that an Irish janting-car is "unsocial?" There is certainly nothing suggestive of unsociality about this one, which we see moving slowly along the mountain road. Look at the bright little lady with her arm resting on the cushion over the "well," and if we mistake not, her shoulder leaning against the arm of the sedate looking gentleman at the other side.

"What a capital farmer's wife you are, Fanny," said he, as he lightly touched an old goat sitting upon a rock by the roadside, with his whip,—the same ill-favored old goat, we verily believe, to which Parson Stephens called Sally Cavanagh's attention as she was hurrying to Mass the first time he saw her. "I find everything has gone on during my absence just as well as if I were at home."

"Oh! but you must not be so long away any more."

"Why, I have not been one week away."

"'Twas longer than a year," said Fanny. We shall call her Fanny to the end.

"You did not see the young man who was inquiring for me?"

"No; I was over at Uncle Paul's; but Aunt Sarah did."

He pulled up the horse suddenly as they were passing the old church-yard. Some object inside seemed to excite his surprise; and when he called Fanny's attention to it, she too was surprised.

"Let us go in."

He handed her off the car, and they went into the grave yard. They were standing together reading the inscription on a new headstone, when they noticed a young man getting over a stile at the other side of the old ruin. On observing them, the young man was turning away, but when Brian turned round to look at him, he walked hastily up to them and held out his hand.

"I fear there is some mistake, sir," said Brian; "I do not recollect having seen you before."

"I remember you well," was the reply. "Perhaps if I remind you of the old Finger-post, and of the little boy—"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Brian Purcell, interrupting him, and grasping him by the hand; "Connor Shea's son!"

"Yes," said he, with a sorrowful smile.

"Oh, I understand!" said Brian, pointing to the new headstone.

"I called to you to learn where I was to erect; it but I soon found there was scarcely a child in the parish who could not show me Sally Cavanagh's grave; and besides, these who have directed me." He pointed to the five little brown slabs.

Brian felt Fanny's arm trembling in his.

He was but a boy, to be sure. But his bronzed cheek and the scar on his forehead gave him the look of a veteran. And then, his empty sleeve. It was so awful to see his lips quivering, and the big tears blinding him. Fanny trembled more and more as she looked at him. Brian, too, felt his heart swelling into his throat. In order to rouse the young man from his agony, he said "I see you have lost an arm in the service of your adopted country."

His countenance instantly changed, and he dashed the tears away.

"Yes," said he, while his eyes blazed with enthusiasm; "but I have an arm left—for Ireland!"

Brian remembered the some look in his father's face, and the remark which it drew from the parson on the day of Sally Cavanagh's funeral.

"How is your father?" he asked.

"Just the same as when you saw him sir."

"And you friend the school-master?"

"He, too, is well. He is one of the most successful lawyers in—. It is thought he will be a judge very soon. I have some papers for you for him."

"Of course you will spend some time with us?"

"I intend calling to see you this evening, having heard of your return, And—you may expect me in an hour or so."

Brian saw that he wished to be left alone.

When the car had passed the gate, Fanny looked back and saw the young soldier on his knees, with his remaining arm resting on one of the five little mounds which suggested the story of THE UNTENANTED GRAVES.

FINIS.

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

City Clerk's Office, City Hall, Montreal, March 6th 1892. Dr. Laviolette, Montreal. My Dear Doctor. Your Syrup of Turpentine is without a doubt a marvelous remedy, one whose absolute efficacy will certainly not be long in becoming generally known. I was suffering for several days from acute bronchitis which caused weakening fits of coughing day and night, to such an extent that I was entirely unable to sleep and it became almost an impossibility for me to attend to my business. After having tried various remedies without any relief, I bought a bottle of your Syrup of Turpentine and in two days there remained not the slightest trace of my bronchitis. I may add that I address you this attestation of my own accord and without havin' been asked for it by any one. Your sincerely, RENE BAUSER.

NOT A FLATTERING SMILE.—"Eh, my dearie, but that's a tender little song you've sung to me, it took me back to the days when I was a happy child, swinging on my father's farm; and while I listened to your voice, dear, I seemed to her the old fold-gate creaking as it swung."—Judy.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla.



Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes.

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

M. Emmanuel - Champigneulle

PARIS. BAR LE DUC. FRANCE.

FIGURE WINDOWS } FOR CHURCHES. STATUARY

Approved by His Holiness Pope Plus IX., Brief 1865. Gold Medals at all the Universal Expositions. Grand Prix d'Honneur, Rome, 1870.

AGENTS IN AMERICA:

CASTLE & SON,

20 UNIVERSITY ST., - MONTREAL.

Also for JOHN TAYLOR & CO., England, BELL FOUNDERS.

OUR NEW 1893 FLOWER SEED OFFER. A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 200 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-Established and Reliable Publishing House! The Ladies' World is a large 20-page, 50-column illustrated Magazine for ladies and the family circle. It is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, artistic needlework, home decoration, housekeeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' paper into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following colossal offer: Open up a copy of only 12 Cents in silver or stamps, we will send you The Ladies' World for Three Months, and to each subscriber we will also send Free and postage, a large and magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, two hundred varieties, including Fanseas, Verbena, Cypripediums, Anemones, Double Zinnia, Pink, etc., etc. Remember, twelve cents pays for the magazine three months and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and Magazine if you are not satisfied. Ours is an old and reliable publishing house, endorsed by all the leading newspapers. We have received hundreds of testimonials from pleased patrons during the past five years: "I had beautiful flowers from the seeds you sent me two years ago, and from experience know the seeds are exactly as advertised."—Mrs. R. C. Bayon, Dana, Wis. "Myself and friends have sent for various receipts of Thirty-five cents each, and have been entirely satisfied."—M. J. Davis, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher (a regular subscriber), and Grace Greenwood, each ordered our seeds last season. Do not confound this offer with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. Write to-day—don't put it off! Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for 50 cents. SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady sending us 12 cents for above offer, and naming the paper in which she saw this advertisement, we will send free, in addition to all the above, one packet of the celebrated Eckford Sweet Peas, embracing the newest varieties, including Borbonicas, La Eckford, Splendore, The Queen, Orange Perfection, Apple Blossom, etc. Sweet Peas are the most popular and fashionable bouquet flowers now cultivated, and the Eckford Varieties which we offer, are the largest, finest and most celebrated known. They grow to a height of 6 feet, and produce for three months a continuous profusion of fragrant blossoms of the most brilliant coloring. ANOTHER GREAT OFFER! Six Cents (four regular subscription price) we will send The Ladies' World for One Year, together with our magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds above described, likewise one packet of the extensively advertised and justly celebrated Eckford Sweet Peas. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

John Murphy & Co's

ADVERTISEMENT.

For One Thing

If pleased expressions of surprise and satisfaction, and number of garments sold, are any indications of success, then our Mantle management has succeeded this season in hitting the nail on the head a more decisive blow than ever. Not that we have missed it! But this year our collection seems unexampled for fit, finish, style—and Cheap Prices.

No Lady can think otherwise who pays us a visit. And no lady who wishes to see things at their best should omit this visit until too late.

COME NOW.

While our assortment is still (for purposes of selection) whole and unbroken.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

Worships the Mantle of Mohammed, and the ladies of Montreal distinguished for good taste confer the distinction of PURCHASE on the Mantles of

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

For Fit, for Finish, For Style in Spring Jackets, Uisters, and Capes, visit

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

For the greatest variety and assortment in Spring Garments—thousands to select from—visit

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

For the latest Novelties for Spring Wear from the Continent of Europe, visit

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

For all lines in Spring Jackets at less than wholesale prices, visit

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

To find the Great Mantle House of the Dominion visit

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781 and 1783 NOTRE DAME STREET

And 105, 107, 109, and 111 St. Peter st.

TERMS CASH AND ONLY ONE PRICE!

Telephone 2193.

CARPETS!

R. G. SILK & CO.,

New Spring Styles now in. Our Carpets are more desirable, because every pattern and coloring is selected on account of its special fitness for the room it is intended to adorn.

- Wilton Velvet CARPETS.
- Body Brussels CARPETS.
- Tapestry Brussels CARPETS.
- Extra Superior All Wool CARPETS.
- Extra Superior Half Wool CARPETS.
- Extra Quality Union CARPETS.
- Tapestry Velvet CARPETS.
- Balmoral Tapestry CARPETS.
- Best 9 and 10 Wire Tapestry CARPETS.
- Special line 7 Wire Tapestry CARPETS.
- Floor Cloths.
- Linoleums from 40c upwards.
- English Oils from 30c upwards.
- Jute Carpets from 10c upwards.
- Stair Oilcloths from 10c upwards.
- Curains, Curtain Poles and Shades.
- Miquelette Rugs and Mats, all sizes.
- Smyrna Rugs and Mats, all sizes.

MONTREAL CARPET WAREHOUSE

R. G. SILK & CO.,

357 St. James Street.

(Fee & Martin block)

Telephone No. 2943.

RIENDEAU HOTEL,

58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq.

MONTREAL.

The cheapest first-class house in Montreal.

European and American Plans.

JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.

JOB PRINTING—If you are thinking of having any job printing done, please call at this office before placing your order.

A WARKWORTH MIRACLE!

THE HAPPY TERMINATION OF YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Mr. B. Crouter Relates an Experience of Great Value to Others—Life was Becoming a Burden When Relief Came—A Druggist Expresses His Opinion.

Warkworth Journal.

Not long ago a representative of the Journal while in conversation with Mr. N. Empey, druggist, drifted upon a topic which appears to be of general interest not only to this locality, but throughout the country, we refer to the wonderful cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Newspaper men are not possessed of more curiosity than other people, but they have a feeling that instinctively leads them to investigation, and in the course of our conversation we asked Mr. Empey whether he thought the sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are really as large as claimed for them. The answer was that judging from his own sales he was well assured that Pink Pills are the most valuable, the most reliable and the most successful proprietary medicine extant.

In answer to the query as to whether there were any note-worthy cures in this vicinity. Mr. Empey promptly responded. "Yes; many people have been greatly benefitted by the use of Pink Pills, and I know of one case in particular worthy of being recorded. The case to which I refer," continued Mr. Empey, "is that of Mr. Crouter, brother of Rev. Darius Crouter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons. Mr. Crouter was suffering from nervous affection and the after effects of la grippe. He had not been able to do anything for two years, was unable to eat as he could not hold a knife or fork in his half paralyzed hands. He suffered greatly from cramps in his arms and legs, and had a continual feeling of coldness. One day Mr. Crouter made enquiry concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I advised him to try them, and the result is that he has entirely recovered his health."

Having heard this much the Journal determined to interview Mr. Crouter, and get from his own lips the full particulars of his illness and remarkable recovery. We found Mr. Crouter at his home in the best of health, and enjoying an evening smoke after a day's toil in the woods. When informed of the object of our visit, Mr. Crouter said he was glad to bear testimony to the wonderful value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a remedial agency. "The original cause of my trouble," said Mr. Crouter, "I date back a good many years. When I was 19 years old I drank a glass of cold water when over-heated, which proved a most injudicious act on my part. I was sick for thirteen months and unable to work, and since that time until recently, I have never had what you could call a well day. Two years ago I had an attack of la grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night. It was impossible for me to eat with a knife or fork and I was forced to eat with a spoon, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read in the Journal of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I made up my mind to give them a trial. I sent to Mr. Empey's for a supply and before the first box was entirely gone I could notice that they were helping me, so you may be sure I continued their use. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood were coursing through my veins, and I can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. I have taken just twelve boxes of Pink Pills and I consider them the cheapest doctor's bill I ever paid. When I get up in the morning, instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Although I am 71 years old I can go into the woods and do a hard day's chopping without feeling the least bad effects. I have now so much confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I intend shortly beginning their use again, this time as a spring



A tea-kettle of hot water

Gives enough hot water to do the entire wash when SURPRISE SOAP is used. There's no wash boiler required.

There's none of that hot

steam about the house on wash day.

This is a simple easy way of washing the clothes without boiling or scalding them. It gives the sweetest, cleanest clothes, and the whitest.

SURPRISE SOAP does it.

145 READ the directions on the wrapper

medicine, for I believe they have no equal for building up the blood and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease.

Mr. Crouter has lived in this vicinity for forty-five years, and is well-known as an upright, honorable gentleman, whose statements can be fully depended on in every particular.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom. These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., as a remedy for building anew the blood, enabling the system to successfully resist disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand far in advance of any other remedy known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a racy, healthy glow to pale or sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Story Of Zero.

The word "zero" is from the Spanish and means empty, hence nothing. It was first used for a thermometer in 1765 by a Prussian merchant named Fahrenheit. From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only 10 years old, in the remarkable cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produce a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year. And that day being the coldest that the oldest inhabitant could remember, Fahrenheit was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree zero and constructed a thermometer, or rude weather glass, with a scale graduating up from zero, and boiling point, which he numbered 212, and freezing point 32, be-

cause as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero and expanded the one hundred and eightieth on being heated from the freezing point.

If man excuses himself, God accuses him; if man accuses himself, God excuses him.—St. Francis.

Why you take Cold and Cough.

Generally caused by exposure to cold, wet feet, sitting in a draught, coming from hot and crowded places, in thin dress, or wearing damp clothes, stockings, or any other cause tending to check suddenly the perspiration. The result produces inflammation of the lining membrane of the lungs or throat, and this causes phlegm or matter, which nature tries to throw off by expectoration. In many cases she is unable to do so without assistance, and this is

Why you use Allen's Lung Balsam.

Three Size Bottles, 25c., 50c., \$1.00

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—
Patent Spring.....\$4.25 @ 4.35
Patent Winter.....4.10 @ 4.25
Straight Roller.....3.30 @ 3.65
Extra.....8.00 @ 8.15
Superfine.....2.70 @ 2.90
Fine.....2.85 @ 2.90
City Strong Bakers.....4.00 @ 4.00
Manitoba Bakers.....3.50 @ 4.10
Ontario bag—extra.....1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers.....1.70 @ 1.80
Superfine.....1.30 @ 1.45
Fine.....1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—In jobbing lots we quote:—Rolled and granulated \$4.15 to \$4.20, Standard \$3.85 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated and rolled \$2.00 to \$2.10, and standard \$1.90 to \$2.00.

Mill Feed.—In the West, sales have been made at the mills at \$13.50 to \$14. Shorts are quoted at \$17.50 to \$18.00 in this market, and mouille at \$19 to \$22 as to grade.

Wheat.—Prices, of course, are more or less nominal on spot at 80c to 81c, and for export 79c to 80c. No. 1 frost is quoted 83c to 89c. No. 2 red and white Upper Canada winter wheat is quoted at 70c.

Corn.—Prices continue nominal at 63c to 65c duty paid

Pean.—We quote 72c to 74c per 68 lbs. in store. Glasgow bids 21s 6 d. f., which is said to be equal to 78c per bushel there.

Oats.—Oats have been offered at 36c f.o.b. May, but they were not accepted by the parties on the other side. The market is quiet at 34c per 34 lbs.

Barley.—There has been a demand for choice No. 1 in the West for American account, but very little here. We quote milling grades 52c to 55c., and feed barley 40c to 42c.

Malt.—We quote 65c to 75c as to quality.

Rye.—We quote 60c to 62c.

Buckwheat.—We quote 53c to 54c.

Seeds.—Timothy seed is quoted at \$2 45 to \$2 60 for Western and \$2 70 to \$2 90 for Quebec. Red clover at \$9 to \$9 50 per bushel of 60 lbs., and alsike \$8 50 to \$7 00. Flax seed \$1.00 to \$1 25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—
Canada short cut pork per bbl.\$21 25 @ 22 00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.20 00 @ 21 00
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.20 00 @ 21 00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.20 50 @ 21 00
India mess beef, per tierce.....40 00 @ 40 00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.14 00 @ 15 00
Hams, city cured, per lb.12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.10 1/2 @ 12 1/2
Bacon, per lb.12 @ 13 1/2
Shoulders, per lb.11 @ 11 1/2

Dressed Hogs.—A few small lots of newly fresh killed have been sold at \$8.25 to \$8.50. In the West, prices are quoted at \$7 50 f. o. b.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:—
Creamery choice late made.....20 1/2 to 21 1/2 c.
do good to fine.....19 to 20 c.
Eastern Township dairy, choice fall.....20 to 21 c.
do do good to fine.....19 to 20 c.
Morrisburg a Brockville.....18 to 20 c.
Western.....18 to 20 c.
New Creamery.....20 to 22 c.
New Dairy.....20 to 22 c.

About 1c may be added to above prices for choice selections of single tubs.

Roll Butter.—A few lots of new Western rolls have been disposed of at 18c to 20c as to quality.

Cheese.—Here prices are nominally quoted at 10 1/2 to 11 c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales down to 13c, being 2c lower than at this time last week. As we go to press they are selling at 13c to 13 1/2 c. A few sold at 14c last week.

Hens.—The market is quiet but steady at \$1 00 to \$1 65 for Western hand picked and \$1.25 to \$1.50 for ordinary to good. Inferior sells at \$1 to \$1 10.

Honey.—Extracted quoted at 5 1/2 c to 7 as to quality, and comb at 12 1/2 c to 13c, dark buckwheat at 8c to 9c.

Hops.—We quote round lots 16c to 17c.

Maple Products.—In this there were sales at 65c to 75c, sugar has been placed at 7c to 8c per lb.

Baled Hay.—Here the market is quiet with sales at country points at \$7.50 to \$8 and 8.25 f.o.b. for No. 2. No. 1 is quoted at \$9 to \$11 in this market.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—Sales reported range from \$2 to \$2 25 for good fruit up to \$3 00 for fancy spies. Apples which were shipped to Ottawa last fall at \$2 75 per bushel have been resold in this market at \$2 per bushel.

Oranges.—Florida, \$4 to \$4.50, California \$3 to \$3.50, Mexico \$2 50 to 2 75, Valencia \$5 00 to \$5 50, Blood Oranges, half boxes, \$2.25, large \$4.00 to \$4 50 as to quality.

Lemons.—Fancy Lemons \$2.75 to \$3.00, choice \$2.25 to \$2.50, common \$1.25 to \$2.00 as to kind and quality.

Dried Fruit.—Dried apples, 5c. to 6c. peaches and apricots 10c to 21c.

Pine Apples.—From 15c to 25c as to quality, held over and common stock 10c to 20c as to quality.

Strawberries.—Selling freely at from 50c to 60c per box.

Bananas.—We quote choice bunches \$2.50 to \$3.00, fair to good \$1.25 to \$2.00 as to quality.

Cocoanuts.—Are selling in lots of 100 at from \$4.10 to \$4.50.

Onions.—Red are selling at from \$2.90 to \$3.25, and yellows \$2.75 to \$3. Spanish onions in crates are selling at 80c to \$1.00.

Potatoes.—Are worth 95c to \$1.

FISH AND OIL.

Oils.—In cod oil prices here are firm at 40c to 41c for Newfoundland and Gaspe 38c. Cod liver oil 85c to 75c.

Pickled Fish.—Herring are quoted \$3 85 to \$4.25 as to quality. Green cod \$6 50 to \$7.00 for No. 1 and \$7 50 for large. Dry cod \$4.50, and case cod at \$4.75.

Fresh Fish.—Haddock is selling at 4c to 4 1/2 c per lb. Halifax herring, weighing 60 lbs. per 100 count, are selling at \$2 25 per 100.

WEST END LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Trade during the week was dull, the demand being limited, owing to butchers having secured a large supply the previous week. The supply was light and sold at low prices. Hogs and calves were more plentiful, and a falling off in prices resulted.

We quote the following as being fair values:
Cattle—Butchers' good.....40 to 4 1/2 c
" " medium.....30 to 3 1/2 c
" " culls.....20 to 2 1/2 c
Hogs.....\$8 25 to 10 00
Calves.....2 00 to 4 00
Sheep and lambs.....4 1/2 c to 5 00

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.

There was a good demand during the week for workers and drivers, American buyers being here in good force. Prospects still remain good. We are advised of two loads to arrive during the early part of the week.

THE FARM.

ABOUT SHEEP.

No wonder sheep do well in Great Britain. When seeding a field, four to a dozen kinds of grasses are sown. Sheep delight in a variety of feed.

Feed the lamb before it is born by feeding the mother. Give her plenty of bone and muscle-making food. It will make the lamb stronger when it sees daylight.

Of course mill feed costs money; but when you can combine it with good home-grown fodder you have a first-class ration without undue expense and then there is the manure.

If cattle are neglected and allowed to roam over frost-bitten fields and stand out in chilly winds they will lose more in condition in one week than can be gained in a month or more of feeding.

Musty hay is the dearest kind of feed you can give your horses. It may cost you ten times as much as good, bright hay in the end. It will lengthen the lives and the days of usefulness of your horses to provide for them nothing but the purest and the best feed.

To breed with care, paying a good horse fee, and then to stint the colt with short rations for himself and dam is as unprofitable as foolish. Scant pasturage, poor water supply and severe annoyances during fly time combine to damage many a well bred colt, so far as his future usefulness and sale value are concerned.

HANDLING MANURE.

The most economical way of handling manure is direct from the stable. My plan, which I have followed for years, is to drive through the stable, after the cows have been turned out to water, with a team and hubs, or long sled, and load up. This was planned when I built my barn, having wide doors and bridges at each end of stable, with no window holes back of cows, except sash for light. An ordinary team can draw out the manure from 40 cows a day in one load. In this way I take manure where it is needed. I use loose side boards when I reach the ground I wish to manure. I remove one side board, and pitch off a lot at each end of the sled of about half a barrel in a place; then I start up, remove the side board on the other side, and leave the same quantity on that side, alternating my unloading from the sides in that way until I have my load unloaded. To make finished work as you go along, commence where you leave off every time until you get across the piece. Then commence a new row close enough to meet when spread, and so on until the piece is manured. This can be easily spread in spring when the frost is out of it. Then to make it finer, go over it with a bush or brush pulverizer made out of some tough brush. —Country Gentleman.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Coughs and colds are the cause, if neglected, of consumption. It is therefore much better to cure them at once by the use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the safe, sure and reliable remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs.

A CERTAIN Creole planter controlled his slaves on the following principle, "If dey no work, dey be flog—dat is de punishment. If dey work very hard indeed, dey be no flog—dat is the reward."

"I MADE five shillings this morning, pa." "That's right my son. I'm glad to see that you recognize the advisability of being independent of parental assistance. How did you make it, my boy?" "Borrowed it from ma."

(TO THE TRADE.)

Porter, Teskey & Co.,

454 & 456 St. James St.,
Montreal.

IMPORTERS OF NOTIONS

DEPARTMENTS:

CUTLERY, FISHING TACKLE, BOOKS, PURSES, BASKETS
SILVER NOVELTIES, STATIONERY, TOYS,
HARMONICAS, BEADS, BABY CARRIAGES,
PIPES, JEWELLERY, GAMES, CANES.

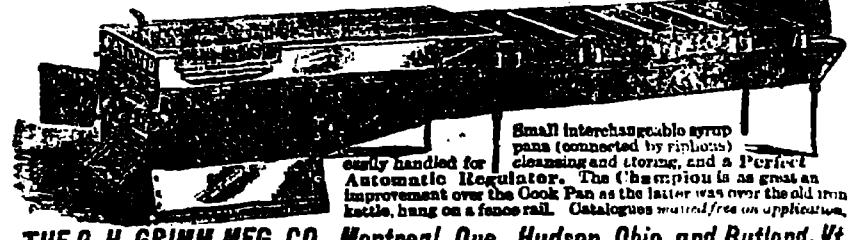
Attractive Novelties in all Lines

31G

Castor Fluid 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.

CHAMPION EVAPORATOR
For MAPLE, SORGHUM, CIDER, and FRUIT JELLIES.

Corrugated Pan over Firebox, doubling boiling capacity.



THE O. H. GRIMM MFG. CO., Montreal, Que., Hudson, Ohio, and Rutland, Vt.

(29-8-11W)

When day's done, and sunshine's glow
Is fading into night,
'Tis comforting to all to know
EDDY can give us light,

Buy only
EDDY'S MATCHES.

The Best.

MAMMOTH WORKS:
HULL, CANADA.

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

The finest quality of Bells for Churches, Chimes, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, The VAN DUZEN & TIFT CO., Cincinnati, O.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS
PUREST BELL METAL, (COPPER AND TIN) Send for Price and Catalogue. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO. CINCINNATI, O. Manufacturers of the "Blymer" Church, School and Fire Alarm Bells. Catalogue with over 1200 testimonials. NO DUTY ON CHURCH BELLS. 24-2800w Mention this paper.

BAILEY'S Compound light-spreading Silver-plated Corrugated Glass REFLECTORS. A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, Halls, Schools, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue and price list free. BAILEY REFLECTOR CO., 708 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

F. KELLY,

Ruling, Binding and Embossing

774 Craig Street,

MONTREAL.

31G

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery. Spoons and Forks, All quality, Choice Selections and Low Prices.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. **WATSON & DICKSON,** 1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter. [Late 88 St. Sulpice.]

CRUSSES, ABDOMINAL BELT-ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c.

P. McCORMACK & CO., Druggists.

608, McGill (opposite NOTRE DAME STS.)

ESTABLISHED 1865.
G. Ross Robertson & Sons

11 HOSPITAL STREET,

NORTH BRITISH CHAMBERS.

GENERAL INSURANCE BROKERS AND SPECIAL AGENTS

Of the following well-known Companies having total Cash Assets of over \$247,000,000.

North British & Mercantile.....	\$ 52,000,000
Royal.....	42,000,000
Alliance.....	18,000,000
Liverpool & London & Globe.....	42,000,000
London Assurance Corporation.....	18,000,000
Commercial Union.....	17,000,000
Western.....	1,800,000
Scottish Union and National.....	20,000,000
Insurance Co. of North America.....	9,000,000
Calendonian.....	8,000,000
Lancashire.....	10,000,000
Sun Fire.....	10,000,000
Total.....	\$247,000,000

The above shows our great facilities for placing large lines of Insurance, in addition to which we have connection with several other leading Companies in Montreal and New York.

Churches and Institutions Made a Specialty.

L. J. A. Surveyer,

Hardware, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Tools, Builders' and House Finishing Hardware, Curtain Stretchers, Refrigerators, Carpet Sweepers, Wringers and Washers, etc.,

6 St. Lawrence Street.

MONTREAL.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our Breakfast tables with a deliciously flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—'Civil Service Gazette.' Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. 10-1800W-91

COVERNTON'S NIPPLE : OIL.

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S Syrup of Wild Cherry.

For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Indigestion, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S Pile Ointment.

Will be found superior to all others for all kinds of Piles. Price 25 cents.

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 15 Henry Street, corner of Dorchester Street.

THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES
AFTER YEARS OF TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

AN INTERESTING HISTORY.



STATEMENT OF MR. WM. McNEE.

For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and keep my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot on the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg swelled to twice its natural size.

ELEVEN RUNNING SORES

developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months). Friends advised me to go to the Hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would take my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I had never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B.B.B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away the crutches, took a scythe and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth bottle my leg was entirely healed up; pieces of loose bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken out since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as anyone, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg, if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, it will cure you as it did me.

Yours truly,

WM. McNEE, St. Ives P.O., Ont.
Mr. F. C. Sanderson, the druggist of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNEE and says that several other wonderful cures have been made in his district.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

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

PERSONAL—LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Secret Service. Offices, Temple Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 218. Private Telephones: 4658 and 8049. JOHN A. GROBE, Supl. Comm. - Civil Work; SILAS H. CARPENTER, Supl. Criminal Work.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTIVENESS IN OVER ONE-THIRD OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED



Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

To Continue Until January 1, 1895. Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS are held Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

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

Attested as follows: We do hereby certify that we supervised the drawings for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person managed and controlled the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with this or any other signature attached in its advertisements.

Attest: J. J. Early, M. A. Seabell, J. J. Mann, Commissioners

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

We the Incorporated Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lottery which may be presented at our counters.

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

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$75,000

100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

Table with columns for Prize Amount and Number of Prizes. Includes categories like 1 PRIZE OF \$75,000, 1 PRIZE OF \$20,000, etc.

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

One Rates. 11 Whole Tickets or their equivalent in fractions for \$50. Special rates to agents. Agents wanted everywhere.

IMPORTANT.

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

Give full address and make signature plain.

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

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

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

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

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

DAN MCCARTHY'S SONGS.

As Sung by Him in the "Rambler from Clare" Do Not Weep, Dear Mother. Rosie Dwyer - Molly Malone. The Birth Place of Blarney. Dear Old Friends - Mr. McCarthy and Miss St. George Huss - y's big hit. The Boat that First Brought Me Over. Everybody's Favorite Song Sweet Nellie Bawn. Dying in a British Soldier's Grave. Mary Jane Casey from the County Mayo. Dreaming as She Sleeps, and fifty other popular songs, can be had in Kelly's Songster No. 50 Price 10 cents. P. KELLY, Song Publisher, Box 920, Montreal, Can.

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature, Next Drawings: - - - - April 19 and May 3 PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00.

LIST OF PRIZES table with columns for Prize Amount and Number of Prizes. Includes categories like 1 Prize worth \$3,750.00, 1 do 1,250.50, etc.

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

WHAT IS



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

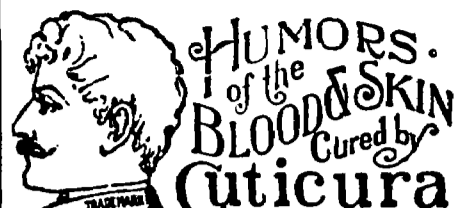
Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie. I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre.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

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

SEELEY'S HARD-RUBBER TRUSSES. Will retain the most difficult forms of HERNIA or RUPTURE with comfort and safety, thereby completing a radical cure of all curable cases. IMPERVIOUS to moisture, may be used in bathing; and fitting perfectly to the form of body, are worn without inconvenience by the youngest child, most delicate lady, or the laboring man, avoiding all sour, sweaty, padded unpleasantness, being Light, Cool, Cleanly, and always reliable.

Walter Kavanagh, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal REPRESENTING: SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND Assets, \$39,109,332.64. NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, OF NORWICH, ENGLAND. Capital, \$5,000,000. EASTERN ASSURANCE CO., OF HALIFAX N.S. Capital, \$1,000,000.

\$3 a Day Sure. Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully, remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day. Address A. W. KNOWLES, WINDSOR, Ont. 17-44-Mar15



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP. Humors of the Blood & Skin Cured by Cuticura. HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and by effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER 50c.

Montreal: : : : ROOFING Company, GENERAL ROOFERS and CONTRACTORS

ROOFING In Metal, Slate, Cement, Grave, ROOFS REPAIRED.

Before giving your orders get price from us. OFFICE and WORKS, corner Latour Street and Busby Lane. Telephones - Bell, 130; Federal 1602. Post Office Box 909

Established 1850. J. H. WALKER WOOD Engraver & Designer 181 St. James S MONTREAL. Guardian Ins. Co.'s Building.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully yet soothingly, on the TOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEY and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor in these great MAIN-PRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment. Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, it will cure SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted. Purchasers should look to the Label the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

McGALE'S FOR . . .
BUTTERNUT
PILLS
 25 cents per box.
 By Mail on Receipt of Price.
B. E. McGALE,
 CHEMIST &c.,
 2123 NOTRE DAME ST.,
 MONTREAL.

**Sick Headache,
 Foul Stomach,
 Biliousness,
 HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

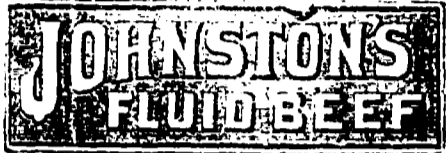
For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

That comfortable and satisfied feeling

Is produced

by

taking



It feeds and fattens, Benefits and builds up.
 Stimulates and sustains Strengthens and satisfies.
A COMPLETE FOOD.

NEW PREMIUM PUZZLE.



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

We publish **Ladies' Companion**, \$1.00 a year. Also **Ladies at Home**, 50 cents a year. Do not mistake any other—with the word "Ladies" or "Home" in the name—for either of these fine magazines. We also publish **Our Boys and Girls**, at 25 cents a year. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS has no connection with a young people's paper published on King st., west, which advertises for subscribers but gives no street number in its address.

PREMIUM LIST.

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

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

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

JACKET NOVELTIES.
 In endless variety.
CAPE NOVELTIES.
 In endless variety.
TRAVELLING CLOAKS.
 In all latest styles.
SPRING ULSTERS.
 In all latest styles.
S. CARSLY.

DRAWING-ROOM BRUSSELS, BORDERED, 97c.

LADIES' JACKETS
LEADING LINES
 Ladies' Jackets exceptional value at low prices.
 Ladies' Black Cloth Cape Coats, with three Capes and made in very latest style, \$4.75 each.
 Ladies' Colored Cloth Jackets, in all shades, and lined throughout with silk, \$5.50 each.
 Ladies' very handsome Long Ulsters, in west styles and of extra value, only \$6.00 each.
 \$8 Everything New in Ladies' Jackets to select from.
S. CARSLY.

BEDROOM BRUSSELS, BORDERED, 97c.

LADIES' CAPES
 Several lines of Ladies' Capes in all newest styles at Special Prices.
 Ladies' Colored Cloth Caps, in all leading shades \$2.50 each.
 Ladies' Colored Cloth Capes, in all shades, with fancy-colored piped seams, \$3.75 each.
 An Immense Stock of very Stylish Cape Novelties.
 Ladies' Cloth Capes, handsomely trimmed with lace.
 Capes in all fashionable lengths.
S. CARSLY.

LIBRARY BRUSSELS, BORDERED, 97c.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.
 Cravenette Waterproof Cloaks are the best, lightest and most durable garments yet introduced produced in all shades.
LADIES' RIGBY WATERPROOFS.
 In New Tweeds, In New styles.
 In All Sizes.
 Special line of Ladies' Scotch Tweed Waterproofs, latest styles, with long Capes, \$2.90.
 Ladies' Waterproofs from \$2.15.
 Waterproofs in all sizes for Misses.
 Waterproofs in all sizes for Children.
 Every New Style in Waterproofs at
S. CARSLY.

PARLOR BRUSSELS, BORDERED, 97c.

DRESS TWEEDS
 New Tweed Effects in all new patterns, 44 inches wide, 28c.
 New Costume Tweeds in all latest patterns, 44 inches wide, 39c.
 Real Scotch Costume Tweeds, 54 inches wide, only 75c a yard.
S. CARSLY.

HOP POCKETING TWEEDS
 In all Stylish Colors.
 Basket Tweed Effects
 In all Stylish Colors.
 Plain Cheviot Tweeds,
 Fancy Cheviot Tweeds,
 Tweeds in every desirable shade.
S. CARSLY.

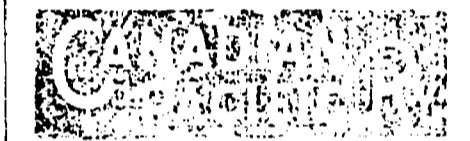
SITTING-ROOM BRUSSELS, BORDERED, 97c.

NOVELTIES IN DRESS GOODS.
 Beautiful effects in **DRESS FABRICS** of all kinds.
 Every New Shade,
 Every New Design,
 In all kinds of Dress Fabrics,
 Shot Poplins in all shades,
 Shot Cheviots in all shades,
 Figured Poplins in all shades.
DRESS PATTERNS.
 All the latest European Novelties in Dress Patterns, including the richest and most stylish colorings.
S. CARSLY.

HALL BRUSSELS, BORDERED, 97c.

SPRING DRESS GOODS.
 All-Wool Cashmeres in several colors (double width)..... 36c yard
 All-Wool Navy Serges (double) 37c yard
 New Whip Cords in all shades... 55c yard
 All-Wool Dress Plaids in newest colorings, double width..... 47c yard
 All-Wool French Poplins..... 55c yard
 Diagonal Cheviot Serges in all stylish colors..... 65c yard
 New Dress Repps in all shades... 70c yard
 New Bengalines..... 80c yard
 Best Value in City.
 All kinds of **DRESS GOODS** at lowest possible Prices.
S. CARSLY.

S. CARSLY,
 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779
 NOTRE DAME STREET,
 MONTREAL.



Special Trains
 FOR
Colonists and their Effects
 WILL LEAVE
 Carleton Junction 9.00 p.m. Tuesdays
 April 4, 11, 18 & 25, 1893.
 Provided sufficient colonists and their effects offer.

These combination trains are run for the express purpose of affording intending settlers the privilege of accompanying their stock and effects.
 For intending settlers without effects trains leave Montreal 8.40 p.m. every week day with colonist cars attached.

For further particulars read the pamphlet **FREE FACTS, FARMS & SLEEPERS**, which will be furnished free on application to nearest railroad ticket agent, or apply to
MONTREAL TICKET OFFICES:
 266 St. James Street and at Stations.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Trains Leave Bonaventure as follows:

WEST.
 9.30 a.m.—For Toronto, Chicago, &c.
 8.00 p.m.—
 10.35 p.m.—"Limited" for Toronto, (9 hours) Chicago, (23 hours), &c.
 9.00 a.m.—For Ottawa and C.A. Ry. points.
 4.45 p.m.—
 5.00 p.m.—For Cornwall.
EAST.
 7.55 a.m.—For Portland, Point Levis, (Quebec), St. John and Halifax.
 8.55 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Island Pond.
 5.35 p.m.—For St. Hyacinthe.
 10.15 p.m.—For Portland and Point Levis, (Quebec).

SOUTH.
 7.00 a.m.—For New York via St. Lawrence & Adirondack Ry.
 8.25 a.m.—For Boston, New York via Central Vermont Ry.
 8.40 a.m.—For New York via Delaware & Hudson Ry.
 3.45 p.m.—For Hemmingford, Massena Springs and Valleyfield.
 4.55 p.m.—For New York via St. Lawrence & Adirondack Ry.
 5.30 p.m.—For New York & Boston via Central Vermont Ry.
 5.40 p.m.—For New York via Delaware & Hudson Ry.
 8.40 p.m.—For New York and Boston via Central Vermont Ry.
 *Daily, all other trains daily, except Sunday.

TICKET OFFICES,
 148 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station

DRUNKENNESS.

—ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE CURE FOR—
DRUNKENNESS OR THE MORPHINE HABIT?
 Have you a Husband, Brother, Son or friend who is addicted to strong drink? If so we can cure him. For fullest information address **THOS. LINDSAY**, Secretary, Double Chloride of Gold Cure Co., 16 Hanover Street, Montreal. TELEPHONE 3043.

"Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim."
 —Cowper.
 A Few Portraits of Rev. Father Dowd,
 at 63 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
 For Sale. W. COUGHLAN. 38 2

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT
 District of Montreal. No. 2119.
 Dame Emma Fletcher Reed, of Montreal,
 authorized to sue, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas A. Bishop, of Montreal, Contractor, Defendant.
 An action for separation of property has been instituted.
 Montreal, 6th March, 1893.
HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,
 Attorneys for Plaintiff.
 34-5

JUDGE M. DOHERTY,
Consulting Counsel,
 SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS
Montreal.
DOHERTY & SICOTTE,
 (Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY,)
 Advocates and Barristers,
 180 ST. JAMES STREET,
 City and District Bank Building.