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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE MUST thank the number of our subscribers who have been prompt in renewing their subscriptions; we trust that their example will be followed by all others. The truth is, that the more renewals at this season the better. We are anxious to make rapid progress and bring THE TRUE WITNESS to the high level of real Catholic journalism; it is a praiseworthy ambition and in order to attain that end we require the assistance of all our friends—and it seems to us that every Catholic citizen of this Province should be interested in having a solid and reliable organ to give expression to his ideas, principles and faith. In sending in subscriptions please do not forget the notice, which has been repeated several times during the past few weeks, to the effect that all communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS and to no person else.

IF OUR esteemed contemporary from the Western States, that appropriates Walter Leckey's sketches on "Maurice Francis Egan" and other writers, without either mentioning this paper or their author's name, and that takes our editorials without as much as "by your leave," will agree to pay the express charges we will send on our forms every Wednesday evening, after our paper is out. It would save our friends over there considerable unnecessary work and expense; of course the title of the paper would have to be changed, but that is only a secondary consideration. We are most anxious to be accommodating; but we are not particular as far as our own compositions are concerned, yet, we claim that our special correspondent deserves credit for his work—a work that is done, as a special favor, for THE TRUE WITNESS. Moreover it is the intention of that gentleman to publish all these sketches in book-form; it is unnecessary to say any more to journalists on the importance to an author of due credit.

"Oh who may declare how the nations shall rise,
When Peace scatters light o'er the tempest of doom?
Vague forms of the future are shaped in the skies,
Where Cossack and Christian contend in the gloom."

It is now almost beyond a doubt that the massacre of Catholics, by Cossacks, which was reported some days ago, really took place. No wonder that the Czar forbids the publication of any information regarding these barbaric scenes. Russia has a certain veneering of civilization, but so slight is the coat, that we daily see evidence of Napoleon's exactness when she said "Scratch a Russian and you will always find a Tartar." It is lamentable to contemplate such a powerful nation, with all the facilities that our Western progress and invention afford, and constantly in communication with the most civilized parts of the world, still existing as it does, under a cloud of ignorance and barbarism. Not satisfied with persecuting in

a most brutal and unjustifiable manner the Hebrews, these savages turn their swords and guns upon the unoffending worshippers in a Catholic temple. It is a strange sight to behold France—one of the most civilized nations of central Europe—shedding tears of joy upon the neck of the most barbarous and inhuman of modern powers. If it suited Russia to-morrow the old Bear would be glad to put his bloody paw upon the neck of France, and to hug her in no very loving embrace. Europe will never be secure until that northern tyrant is either chained, or else flogged into reason, for the tyrant has no heart and it cannot be touched in that direction.

IN August next the Catholics of Austria will hold their fourth annual Congress. It is encouraging to notice the spirit of Catholicity that is reviving in that country of many parties and diverse interests. All over Europe, to-day, there seems to be a desire to return to the protection of the Church. There is a fevered uncertainty on every side, and it permeates the different strata of society. Italy is upon a volcano, France is playing with an "infernal machine" that may explode at any moment, Spain is threatened with a political storm, Portugal is under a cloud of unrest, Germany—ever boastful and apparently independent of all influences—is gradually drawing in its anti-Catholic horns, and Austria is certainly beginning to turn a weary and anxious eye toward Rome. It is daily more and more evident that the Sovereign Pontiff is becoming the central point of attraction for the powers; he is the leader—if any is required—to lead the people in safety through the Red Sea of a coming strife. May he live long to hold the balance of power.

AN able journalist has recently departed from this life, in the person of Father Francesco Berardinelli, S. J., the director of the Civiltà Cattolica. He died in Rome a couple of weeks ago. Father Berardinelli was a writer of great force and yet beautiful style. He generally laid the foundations of his articles in solid arguments and facts, then the superstructure being logical and exact, the whole frame-work permitted of those ornamentations and brilliant embellishments so familiar to the Italian and so characteristic of the writer. His finest compositions resembled the Gesu of Rome, immutable foundations, perfect walls, elegant spires, and within all the splendor of fresco and all the grandeur that art could lend to beautify a temple.

THERE is, perhaps, no city in America as fortunate, and at the same time unfortunate, as Chicago. Scarcely was the great World's Fair closed than the "windy city" leaped at one bound from rejoicings and plenty into misery and hunger. Not only are there thousands out of work in Chicago, but a phantom has appeared on the threshold that

menaces the lives of even the rich and comfortable. Small-pox comes to add its terrors to what might be almost called a regular "Reign of Terror." Considering all the poverty, cold, hunger, exposure and other miseries endured by hundreds and thousands in all the great cities of America, and the absence of work both there and even in Canada, anyone who is able to secure a position here, or to retain one when secured, or in fact to "keep the wolf from the door," should be very grateful and thank God.

IT IS WONDERFUL how old most of the studious men live. Gladstone is an example; Leo XIII. is another; and amongst scientists years seem to be allotted in great numbers to the hardest and most constant workers. Tyndall was a very old man when he died; Professor Michelet, a well-known writer on philosophical studies, who died in Berlin some days ago, was over ninety-two years of age. In fact experience teaches that constant work, be it with "hammer, or chisel, or pencil, with rudder, or ploughshare, or pen," is almost a certain guarantee of long life.

THE Eco d'Italia states that the Holy Father is engaged upon an Encyclical on sacred music which will put an end to all differences with regard to music in our churches. Although the Eco is a Catholic journal yet it is not either an official nor even a semi-official organ, therefore we cannot take as absolutely positive any of its assertions regarding the Pope's intentions; but it is very probable that, in the present instance, the Italian journal is well informed. The subject is one of great interest to the Catholic world at present, and it is one that would certainly be congenial to the fine mind of the present Pontiff.

ON the question of Secret Societies there seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding on the part of non-Catholics, especially regarding the oft-repeated explanations of the Church's attitude regarding them. A writer in the London Athenæum complains:

"That the Catholic Church denounced, as wicked associations to which no good Catholic could belong. Oddfellowship, Forestry, Shepherdry, and other societies, for no other reason than that the admirable societies concerned have their little secret signs and words."

A dignitary of the Church, whose name is withheld, replies to this and explains that only two classes of Secret Societies are condemned. "First, the Freemasons and similar societies which conspire against the Church and lawful authority; and secondly, societies which exact an oath of obedience and secrecy to unknown chiefs." He adds that societies which have only secret passwords and signs are in no way forbidden merely on that account. The Athenæum considers this an important statement, and it immediately puts a false construction thereon, for it claims that the Church dignitary states that Freemasons and

societies are tolerated. No society is condemned on account of its signs or passwords; the reason of the condemnation is that the society has evil aims and had methods, that its members conspire against the Church and State. But no matter how often this is explained, it is always—and generally intentionally—misunderstood.

IN consideration of the present excitement, in certain circles, on the subject of the school law proposed by Hon. Mr. Pelletier, and to be applied to the Board of School Commissioners here, we desire to state that we think it the duty of our local representatives to oppose such an enactment. Almost in spite of a powerful opposition we succeeded in securing a representative on that Board; he is there decidedly against the will of those who rule, or did rule, the entire actions of that body, and we can see clearly that the Provincial Secretary's act is expected to have the effect of getting rid of such representative. Now instead of wishing to have only one we claim that we have a right to two on that Board, (one clergyman and one layman); that is in accordance with population and taxes. It requires no prophet to foretell what the result of the contemplated law would be. We would have to rely entirely on the ecclesiastical authorities for justice, and should anything turn up that might prevent their appointments being made we would be in as bad a fix as ever. We will have more to say on this later on.

TALKING of School Boards suggests the reproduction of the following, from the Liverpool Catholic Times; it is not without its application elsewhere than in England:

"The powers and resources already possessed by the School Boards are enough to discourage many of the friends of religious education and to cause hundreds of denominational schools to be surrendered to State secular control. Their power over the public purse has been made abundantly manifest by the building of magnificent schools, the lavish expenditure on salaries, school furniture, gymnasiums, swimming baths, and so on, but now it appears that they feel themselves at liberty to take another step forward—still, of course, at the expense of the general body of the rate-payers, denominationalist and otherwise. The last meeting of the Manchester School Board affords an indication of what further developments may be expected, unless the Government steps in and informs them that they are exceeding their legitimate functions and assuming powers and responsibilities which Parliament certainly never intended they should possess. A resolution was adopted directing that a site be secured in the southern part of St. Luke's Ward not with a view of erecting a Board school immediately, but to "nurse" it, as it were, till such time as they in their wisdom think it desirable to provide further teaching accommodation in that quarter. In the opinion of the Board the district in question will in a few years be densely populated, and it is said to be good business to acquire it now before its value increases. Parliament never contemplated that School Boards would become land speculators."

Encyclical Letter
OF
OUR HOLY FATHER
BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE
POPE LEO XIII.
ON
The Study of Holy Scripture.
(CONCLUDED.)

To our Venerable Brethren, all Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World, in Grace and Communion with the Apostolic See, Pope Leo XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

Therein lies one of the duties of the priest, which St. Chrysostom establishes in magnificent terms: "Great zeal must be employed that the Word of God should dwell abundantly in us; we should not only be ready for one kind of combat, for the war is diversified and the enemies many; they do not all use the same arms, nor is it in the same manner that they propose to confront us. Therefore he who is to meet all should be acquainted with the manoeuvres and the methods of all; he should handle the arrow and the sling; he should be tribune and chief of a cohort, general and soldier, footman and trooper, apt to fight on sea and to overturn ramparts. If, in short, the defender is not provided by every means with every mode of fighting, the devil knows how to give his robbers admission by one side, if a single one be left without guard, and carry away the sheep."

We have already described the stratagems of the enemy, and the multifarious means he employs for attack. Let us now indicate the processes which should be utilized for defence.

In the first place, recourse must be had to the ancient Eastern languages, and particularly, and at the same time, to the science which is called critical. These two species of knowledge are today very much appreciated and esteemed; the clergyman who will possess them in a more or less extended fashion, according to the country he inhabits and the people with whom he is brought into relation, will be able better to sustain his dignity and fulfil his mission. The minister of God should, in fact, "make himself all things to all men, and always be prepared to satisfy him who demands the reason of the hope he entertains himself." It is therefore necessary to professors of Holy Writ, and it is fitting for theologians, to know the tongues in which the canonical books were primitively written by the sacred authors. It would be excellent that even ecclesiastical students should study those tongues, the more particularly those amongst them who are destined to academic grades in theology. Precaution should also be taken that in all academies there should be established—as, indeed, already has been done in some of them—chairs where the ancient languages, especially the Semitic languages, will be taught and their relations with science. These courses would, in the first place, be intended for those designed for the study of the Holy Writings.

For the same reason it is important that the same professors of Holy Writ should be instructed and exercised in the science of true criticism. Unfortunately, and to the great damage of religion, a system has appeared which parades under the honourable name of "high criticism" whose disciples affirm that the origin, integrity, and authority of every kind of book is traceable to their intrinsic characters alone. On the contrary, it is evident that where a historic question is concerned, or the origin and preservation of no matter what description of work, historic testimonies have more value than all others, and these are the testimonies which should be most carefully sought out and examined. As to intrinsic characters, they are, for the great part of the time, far less important,

so that they need not be invoked except to confirm a thesis. If other action is carried out, the result will be serious inconvenience. In fact, the enemies of religion will retain more confidence in attacking and battering in breach the authenticity of the Holy Books. Finally, this form of high criticism will arrive at the result that each one in interpretation will attach himself to his own tastes and prejudicial views. Thus the light sought on the subject of the Scriptures will not exhibit itself, and no advantage will result for science, but one will see conspicuously manifested that character of error which consists in diversity and contradiction of opinions. Already the behaviour of the chiefs of this new science prove it. Besides, the bulk of them are imbued with the maxims of a vain philosophy and of rationalism, nor are they afraid to expunge from the Holy Books the prophecies, miracles, and the other events which surpass the natural order. Again, the interpreter should struggle with those who, deluded by their knowledge of physical sciences, track the sacred authors inch by inch in order to expose the ignorance they had of such and such transactions, and to lower their writings on that account. As these complaints are made about sensible objects, they are thereby the more dangerous when they are spread among the crowd, especially among the youth attracted to letters. As soon as that youth has lost its respect in point for divine revelation, its faith relative to all the others will not be long before it vanishes. Hence it is only too evident that, inasmuch as the natural sciences are proper to manifest the glory of the Creator engraved on terrestrial objects, provided they are suitably taught, so much the more are they capable of wresting from the intellect the principles of a sound philosophy and corrupting manners when they are presented with perverse intentions to youthful spirits. Thus the knowledge of natural facts will be an efficacious succour to those who will teach Holy Writ, for, thanks to that information, they may more easily discover and refute the sophisms of all sorts directed at the Scriptures. No real discord can assuredly exist between theology and physics, providing both are kept strictly within their limits, taking care, according to the words of St. Augustine, "To affirm nothing at random, and not to take the unknown for the known (49)." If, nevertheless, they are in dissent on a certain point, what is the theologian to do? To follow the rule summarily indicated by the same Doctor, "As for all that our adversaries can demonstrate to us with the foundation of veritable proofs, let us show that there is in them nothing contrary to the acts related in Holy Writ. But as for that which they draw from certain of their books and invoke as, contradicting sacred literature—that is to say, the Catholic faith—let us show them that they are based on hypothesis, and that we have no manner of doubt of the falsity of these affirmations (50)."

In order the better to penetrate ourselves with the justness of this rule, let us, in the first place, consider that the sacred writers, or, more accurately, "the spirit of God which spoke by their mouths, did not wish to teach men truths concerning the intimate constitution of visible objects, because they did not in anyway serve for their salvation" (51). In this wise these authors, without applying themselves to acute observations of nature, sometimes described objects or spoke of them either in a sort of metaphor or as the language in use at the period suggested, similar to the practice at present on many points, in daily life, even amidst the most learned of men. In the vulgar language one alludes to the objects which fall under the sense in the proper terms. The sacred writer (and the Angelic Doctor reminds us of it) in the same manner attached himself to sensible characters (52) that is, to those which God Himself, after the habit of men, employed in addressing them so that He might be understood by them. But to secure the vigorous defence of the Holy Writings, it by no means follows that one must preserve the entire sense that every one of the Fathers or the interpreters who succeeded them made use of to explain the Scriptures. Given, in short, the opinions in vogue at the epoch, they may not always have been able to judge according to the truth or avoid emitting certain principles which are now anything but proven.

Extreme care must be exercised therefore in discriminating in their explana-

tions between that which is given regarding the faith or bound with it and which they affirm of a common accord. In truth, on that which is not the essence of the faith the saints, as well as ourselves, might have held different opinions. Such is the doctrine of St. Thomas. In another passage he expresses himself with great wisdom in these terms: "Touching the opinions commonly professed by philosophers, and which are not contrary to our faith, it seems to me that it is more sure not to affirm them as dogmas, although they are sometimes introduced in reasoning in the name of these philosophers, and not to note them as contrary to the faith, lest we should furnish the sages of this world occasion to despise our doctrine."

For another motive, although the interpreter should show that there is nothing contradictory in the Scriptures well explained in the truths which those who study physical science give as certain and sustained by firm arguments, he should not forget that occasionally several of these truths cited as certain have been subsequently cast in doubt or laid aside. If writers who treat physical facts go beyond the limits assigned to them in the sciences, they are discussing, and trespass on the terrain of the philosopher by propagating noxious principles, the theologian can appeal to the philosophers for their reputation. We would that the same doctrine should be applied to sciences of a similar kind, and more particularly to history. There is good need to be afflicted when many men who study to the roots the monuments of antiquity and the manners and institutions of peoples, and give themselves up to laborious treatises on these themes, have frequently for aim to find out errors in Holy Writ in order to weaken and completely shatter the authority of Scriptures. Some behave thus with dispositions genuinely hostile, and judge in a manner which is not sufficiently impartial. They have so much confidence in profane volumes and in documents of the bygone that they invoke them as if it were not possible for mistakes to exist, while they refuse to trust to the Holy Books, and reject as erroneous the faintest appearance of inexactitude, and that without even discussion. Of a truth, there may be sundry passages in the issues of different editions which may not be reproduced in a fashion absolutely correct. But this must not be readily admitted, except on those points where the fact has been suitably proved. It may also happen that the sense of some phrases may remain doubtful. To determine them the rules for interpretation will be of valuable assistance; but it would be positively fatal either to limit inspiration to some portions of Scripture or to assume that the sacred author himself was deceived.

Neither can the method be tolerated of those who escape from these difficulties without hesitating to accord that divine inspiration does not extend beyond truths concerning faith and morals—that and nothing farther. They are wrong who think that when the veracity of events is to be investigated that which God said must not be inquired into, but examination rather must be made what reason there was that He should have thus spoken. In fact, all the books without exception which the Church has received as sacred and canonical in all their parts have been written under the dictation of the Holy Ghost. So far from any error attaching itself to the divine inspiration, not only does that of itself exclude all error, but it is still more repugnant to it of necessity, because God, who is necessarily the Sovereign Truth, could not be the author of any error. Such is the ancient and constant belief of the Church, solemnly defined by the Councils of Florence and of Trent, and ultimately confirmed and more expressly set out in the Councils of the Vatican, which passed this absolute Decree: "The entire books of the Old and New Testament in all their parts, as enumerated by Decree of the same Council of Trent, and such as are contained in the ancient Vulgate edition in Latin, should be regarded as sacred and canonical. The Church holds them as sacred and canonical, not because they were edited by human science alone, and were afterwards approved by the authority of the aforesaid Church; not because they contain truth only without error; but because, written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for author."

Almost no account should be paid to

the circumstance that the Holy Ghost should have taken men as the instruments to write as some false opinion might be emitted, not certainly by the first author, but by inspired writers. In fact, the Holy Ghost has by His virtue excited them to write, assisted them whilst they conceived exactly, that they were anxious to report faithfully, and that they expressed with an infallible truth that which they had been commanded to write, and only that which they had been commanded.

Such has been always the sentiment of the holy Fathers. "Thus," said St. Augustine, "since those wrote what the Holy Ghost showed and enjoined them to write, it must not be said that the Holy Ghost did not write it. They, as the members, operated what the Head dictated." St. Gregory expressed himself in these terms: "It is more than superfluous to seek to know who wrote those books, since it is firmly believed that their author is the Holy Spirit. He in truth wrote who dictated what was to be written; He wrote who inspired the work." It is to be concluded that those who think that in authentic passages of Holy Writ some false idea may perhaps be comprehended assuredly pervert Catholic doctrine or make God Himself the author of error. All the Fathers and all the Doctors have been so fully persuaded that the Scriptures, such as delivered to us by the sacred writers, are exempt from all error that they ingeniously and conscientiously applied themselves to bring about concordance and conciliation in numerous passages which seemed to present some contradiction or divergence. (And these passages are the same which are opposed to us by the science of today.)

The Doctors have been unanimous to believe that the books in their totality and their parts are equally of divine inspiration; that God Himself has spoken through the sacred authors, and there could not be enounced anything antagonistic to truth. Here a general application of the words transmitted to St. Jerome by St. Augustine should be made: "I avow, indeed, to thy charity that I have learned to accord to those books of Scriptures alone which are at present called canonical the reverence and honor of implicitly believing that their authors could not commit an error in writing them. And if I found in these Holy Writings any passage which appeared to me contrary to the truth, I would not hesitate to affirm either that the manuscript was defective, or that the interpreter did not closely follow the text, or that I myself did not rightly understand." But to struggle fully and perfectly, by means of the most important sciences, to establish the sanctity of the Bible is certainly much juster than to expect everything from the erudition of theologians. For that cause it is desirable that Catholics, having acquired some authority in foreign sciences, should propose to themselves the same goal and try to attain it. If the glory which talents confer has never been wanting to the Church, grace to the beneficence of the Almighty, certes He will not be wanting to her at the moment. May this glory go on ever increasing for the protection of the faith. It is of the highest importance that we believe that the faith should rear up many and solid defenders; and nothing is more calculated to make the crowd accept the truth than to see distinguished men of science attach themselves to it freely. Moreover, the hate of our opponents will easily disappear, or, at least, they will not dare to affirm with so much assurance that faith is the enemy of science when they perceive the learned rendering this faith the greatest honour and entertaining for it the liveliest respect. Since those can do so much for religion to whom Providence has liberally granted a happy talent and the grace to profess the Catholic faith, it is meet that in the midst of this violent controversy, excited by the sciences which border in any way on the faith, each should choose a group of studies appropriate to his intelligence, endeavour to excel in them, and repel, not without glory, the bolts directed against Holy Writ by an impious science.

It is agreeable to us to praise here the conduct of some Catholics, who, to enable the savants to give themselves up to such studies and achieve progress, furnish them with aid of every kind, and form associations on which they bounteously bestow abundant contributions. That is an excellent employment of fortune, and one most suitable to the requirements of the epoch. The less, in

fact, Catholics are indebted to subsidies from the State for their studies the more should prompt and generous private liberality be extended, and the more imperative is it that those to whom God has given riches should consecrate it to the preservation of the treasure of revealed truth.

But, in order that these labours should be truly profitable to Biblical science, the learned should reply on the principles We have indicated already. They should loyally recall that God, the Creator and Master of all things, is at the same time the author of the Scriptures. Therefore nothing to be discovered in nature or in the memorials of history can be in disaccord with them. If there seems to be a contradiction on some point, exertions must be applied to cause its disappearance now by having recourse to the wise judgment of theologians and interpreters to ascertain what there is of the true and the likely in the passage on which there is dispute, and again by carefully weighing the arguments opposed to us. One must not yield ground when there even exists some semblance of truth in the contrary opinion. In short, as the truth can never in any fashion contradict the truth, it may be held for certain that an error has glided either into the interpretation of the sacred words or in some other portion of the discussion, and if one or other of these faults is not sufficiently clearly perceptible, there must be patience before attempting a definition of the sense of the text. Indeed, very numerous objections, borrowed from all the sciences, have been raised for a long time in a multitude against the Scriptures, and have entirely disappeared as being without value. Similarly, in the course of interpretation, numerous explanations have been proposed touching certain passages of Scripture concerning neither faith nor morals, which a profound study has since permitted to be understood in a juster and more lucid fashion. Time destroys new opinions and inventions, but truth remains for ever. Thus, as nobody can flatter himself that he understand the entire Scriptures, on which subject St. Augustine himself avowed that "he was ignorant of more than he knew," each one, should he meet a passage too difficult for him to explain, should exercise the prudence and the patience demanded by the same doctor: "It is better to be charged with unknown but useful signs than to envelop one's head by absurd interpretations in a network of errors, after having freed it from the yoke of submission."

If Our counsels and Our orders are honestly and wisely followed by the men who devote themselves to subsidiary studies—if in their writings, teachings, and labors they propose to refute the enemies of the truth, and to hinder youth from losing the faith, then, in fine, they can rejoice at having veritably served the interests of Holy Writ, and carried such aid to the Catholic religion as the Church is entitled to expect from the piety and knowledge of its children.

These, Venerable Brethren, are the warnings and precepts inspired by God, which We have resolved to impart to you on this occasion relative to the Scriptures. It is your function now to watch that they are observed with suitable respect, so that the gratitude due to God for having communicated to the human race the words of His wisdom may manifest itself more and more and in such a mode also that this study shall produce the abundant fruits We desire above all in the interest of the youth destined for the sacred ministry, who are Our eager care and the hope of the Church.

Employ with ardour your authority and multiply your exhortations, in order that these studies may rest in honour and prosperity in the seminaries and universities dependent on your jurisdiction, that they may flourish purely and in an auspicious fashion under the direction of the Church, according to the salutary teaching and examples of the holy Fathers and the usage of our ancestors: that they may attain, in process of time, such progress that they shall be truly the support and glory of Catholic truth and a divine gift for the eternal salvation of the people.

We finally admonish, with paternal love, all disciples and ministers of the Gospel to cultivate Holy Writ with respect and lively piety. Their intelligence cannot truly expand in a salutary way as befits it, if they do not sweep away the arrogance of terrestrial science

and cultivate with fervour the wisdom which comes from on high.

Once initiated in this science, enlightened and fortified by it, their intellect will have a power, ever amazing, to recognize and avoid the errors of human science, to pluck solid fruits and garner them for eternal interests.

The soul will thus be more ardently borne towards the advantages of virtue, and will be more fervently animated with the divine love. "Happy are those search witnesses who search them out with their whole heart" (62).

And now, relying on the hope of divine aid, and full of confidence in your pastoral zeal, We accord with full confidence in God, as guarantee of the heavenly favours and testimony of Our particular good-will, the Apostolic Benediction to you all, to all the clergy, and the people confided to them.

Given at Rome near St. Peter's, the eighteenth of November, 1893, and the sixteenth of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII. POPE.

THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

The Terrible Punishment of a Sacrilegious Magistrate.

We read in a correspondence of La Monde the following:

With the intention of building a new exchange, great alterations were made in the Convent of Saint Francis, in the city of Oporto, in Portugal. These alterations were under the direction of an official who enjoyed a very high reputation in the city.

It was deemed necessary to open a door of communication between the new edifice and the adjoining church, which had been previously profaned by making it a storehouse for the reception of various kinds of merchandise. To do this it was necessary to destroy the altar which still remained and on which was a remarkable and valuable picture of the Blessed Virgin.

The workmen who were influenced by family traditions and had been, from childhood, accustomed to venerate this picture of the Virgin, who had many a time seen their mothers, wives or sisters, kneel before it in their afflictions and sufferings and pour forth the sorrows of their souls and ask of God through the intercession of His Virgin Mother to relieve their distress, refused, resolutely, to injure the picture which they so much venerated. The magistrate reproached them with what he called their superstition, took an axe in his own hands from one of the workmen and, with the first blow he struck the picture in the breast, but at the same instant he let the axe fall and fell back uttering a piercing cry and covering his eyes with his hands found that he was perfectly blind and remained so until the hour of his death. The altar was not destroyed; public worship is now held in the Church, which was originally a magnificent structure, and the injury done to the picture of the Virgin is still plainly visible.

This occurrence has wonderfully increased the devotion of the people of Oporto, and, in the family circles, the event is spoken of in the usual conversations that arise, so that, gradually but imperceptibly, it has exerted a powerful influence in educating the minds of the children and in teaching them to reflect on the mysterious justice of Divine Providence.



YOUNG GIRLS

entering womanhood ought to have just the special help that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can give.

They need to be started right. The "Prescription" aids and promotes the proper functions, corrects the delicate weaknesses and derangements that might become chronic, establishes regularity and health, lessens pain.

They want a nourishing, supporting, strengthening tonic, such as an experienced physician has especially prepared for the female system, in the "Prescription."

In every "female complaint" and weakness, and in all nervous conditions, if it doesn't benefit or cure, the money will be returned.

Miss MARGIE JACKSON, of Barbreech, St. Landry Parish, La., says: "I was lying sick for some time with female complaints, and all the medicine my friends gave me did me no good. Death was approaching; all my friends had given me up to die. I heard of your wonderful medicine, and I bought two bottles of it, and before I had taken the last, I got entirely well. I am still enjoying good health, and expect to praise your medicine every where I go."

THE WORLD AROUND.

The shoe trade is brightening in Lynn, Mass.

The Viking ship has arrived at New Orleans from Chicago.

Counterfeit aluminum dimes have appeared at Cincinnati.

Germany thinks President Cleveland's message shows partiality for France.

Russia has been notified that assisted emigrants will not be allowed to land in this country.

Italy will issue a new loan, if she can, to provide for the manufacture of arms for the army.

Emperor William has turned his attention to directing the rehearsals at the Berlin theatres.

For the present all the miners on the Gogebic Range are amply provided with food and clothing.

The Sultan of Morocco has guaranteed Spain indemnity for the damage done by the ruffians at Melilla.

The Italians at Massowah defeated 10,000 Dervishes recently. Both sides lost about 100 men each.

The Matabeles have been completely subdued. King Lobengula has fled and his warriors scattered.

The headquarters of the Knights of Labor will probably be removed from Philadelphia to Washington.

Six persons have been sent to the penitentiary from Eastern Kentucky for defacing brands in saw logs.

Several Lehigh Valley telegraph operators were arrested for causing the \$170,000 wreck at White Haven, Pa.

The kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemberg are threatening to withdraw from the German imperial federation.

It is stated that an agreement has been concluded between England and Italy for mutual protection of their citizens in Brazil.

Victor Schoelcher, the well-known French statesman, author, and traveller, died Tuesday of pneumonia, aged eighty-eight years.

John D. Rockefeller's Christmas gift to the Chicago University is another contribution of \$500,000, increasing the amount of his gifts to this school to \$4,600,000.

The Duke of Edinburgh has notified the English parliament that he relinquishes £15,000 of the £25,000 grant yearly received by him.

A shock of earthquake was felt at Bedford, Pa., Monday afternoon. In certain parts of the town several parties ran out of their houses.

The Tuam Herald says: At the winter assizes for the five counties of Connaught, just closed, the province was shown to be—substantially—crimeless.

A pamphlet urging France to form an alliance with Spain and Morocco to command the Mediterranean Sea, has attracted considerable attention in Paris.

Polygamy was openly advocated in New York last week by an oriental, one of a band commissioned to spread the creed of Islam in this country.

An express train on the Southern Pacific was held up Saturday night, 12 miles north of Los Angeles. The robbers blew open the express car with dynamite and escaped with a sackful of coin.

The London Times, in an article on Norway and Sweden, says that if the approaching election in Norway should be carried by the radicals the King may be forced to use arms to compel Norway to remain in the union.

Paul Schwartz, proprietor of the American metallurgical works, died Tuesday, of pneumonia, at Phoenixville, Pa. He was the only living holder of a chemical secret for making a cheap high-grade steel, and the secret dies with him.

According to mail advices from the Congo, the tribes along the Upper Weille, under the command of Sultan of Samio, have defeated the Soudanese Mahdists, driving them toward the Upper Nile. The Mahdists threaten the Bahr-El-Ghazel district.

Reports to Bradstreet's agency from 119 points in the United States show that more than 801,000 employees in industrial and other lines are now in enforced idleness, and that 1,955,000 persons are dependent directly upon them for support.

The Supreme Court in Indiana has de-

ecided that a 'property' holder has a right to damages against a person who establishes a barroom in his vicinity and injures the value of property. The court held that the retailing of liquor was an immoral business.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

The Pope has approved the constitution of an executive committee for the erection of a church dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary at Lepanto.

Father Arsene Lefevre has died at Lille in his ninetyeth year and the sixty-ninth of his life as a Jesuit. He was most pious and charitable of men, R.I.P.

The Civiltà Cattolica has lost its director in the person of Father Berardinelli, who expired in the midst of his colleagues. The deceased was born at Campobasso in 1816, and was remarkable for his exquisite literary taste and his profound philosophical and theological knowledge.—R.I.P.

Five more missionaries are preparing to leave the Congregation of Belgian Missions for the Congo. They are impatiently awaited at Boma, Nemalo, and Moando. As these devoted men have a familiarity with joinery and gardening, they are sure to be of immense utility in the technical education of neophytes.

A solemn funeral service has been celebrated in the Church of the Stimmate at Rome for the relatives of the Holy Father by the care of the Parochial Committee of St. Eustachio. Count Pecci and all the surviving members of the family were present, as well as numerous Cardinals, representatives of the Roman nobility, and the entire diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See. Mgr. Cassetta, almoner to the Pope, presided at the function, and the signers from the Sixtine Chapel executed several admired pieces of the Maestro Mustafa, written for the occasion.

His Holiness has been highly gratified at receiving from Mgr. d'Hulst, rector, and the professors of the Catholic Institute of Paris, full and complete adhesion to the Encyclical on Scriptural Studies. The terms in which their letter is couched are those of sincere submission to the Pontifical authority. Although the Catholic Institute needed no proof of its orthodoxy, its adhesion has been received with not the less joy at the Vatican.

Some of the noblest families in Italy are faithful to the Church of their fathers, in spite of multifarious defections—that is to say, defections until the bed of death. For instance, the Countess Sambuy of Turin, daughter of the Senator, has made up her mind to take the veil among the Carmelites. A convent at Dijon has been selected for the reception of her vows.

The Pallium has been formally handed over to Mgr. Combes, the new Archbishop of Carthage and Primate of Africa. His entry into his diocese was made with impressive pomp, a procession having been formed from the railway station to the cathedral in which the clergy, religious congregations, confraternities, and schools took part. He was received by Mgr. Gazaniol, Bishop of Tuburbo, who pronounced an allocution, to which the Primate responded. The bells kept ringing constant carillons, the troops—the 4th Zouaves and the Chasseurs d'Afrique—lined the streets, and the authorities were all represented in the grandiose function.

The Encyclical on Biblical Studies has excited the liveliest interest in Turin, as we read from a correspondent of the Osservatore Romano. Piedmont counts many able theologians amongst her children, Canon Ghringrello and the learned Tezza, who no longer live, and Canon Joseph Re of the Metropolitan Mission, whose name is an epitome of virtue, erudition, and sound doctrine. He is conversant with the principal European and Oriental languages, and devoted himself to them with the object of making himself better acquainted with the meaning of Holy Writ. By continuous vigilance and patience he has amassed a library of twenty thousand volumes, of which no less than seven thousand are in Hebrew. He has been engaged for the past fourteen years bringing out his series of "Archives of Biblical and Oriental Literature, contributions to the study of Holy Writ"—an unique publication of the kind and one which is highly esteemed by the learned in Italy.

PASTORAL LETTER

FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL.

The Faithful Reminded to Look to God For the Salvation of Society—Error Has Brought About Anarchy and Socialism—An Able Document.

Mgr. Fabre, Archbishop of Montreal, has issued a pastoral letter to the faithful on the present state of society. It contains copious extracts from the Bible and from the encyclical letters of the Pope showing that God is the author and master of all things, and that society, if it wishes to continue to exist and prosper, must be in peace with Him. Happy are the nations which have the faith and are possessed of the true spirit of God. "The Christian spirit," says the letter, "which animates such peoples, becomes the inspiration of their progress in science, letters, arts and industries, the rampart and support of their domestic and social virtues, the wise and enlightened guide of their relations with foreigners. Under the beneficent breath of the same spirit, flourished beneficence, self sacrifice, good morals, respect of right; in a word, all that brings about the happiness of society and constitutes its veritable basis. By this same spirit are repressed hatred, wrath, cupidity, license, and the eagerness for emancipation; by it are maintained in a just equilibrium, authority and liberty, both elements which are necessary to the welfare, the development and even the lives of the peoples." The negation of God has brought about a depraved state of society. The most sacred things have been attacked and faith has been well nigh destroyed in the masses in many nations. The Archbishop continues: "To be ignored of God is for the Governments the ruin of all that which makes their strength, the destruction of their authority and the infallible cause of their downfall. To be ignored of God is for the nation the greatest of all misfortunes, and certain decay. This is what now occurs in the midst of modern society. Nations are devoured by the most dissolving elements. They seem to stand only by force of habit." Dynasties are shaken and power is denied. In Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, France, Spain, everywhere in Europe, socialism has risen its head and has brought trouble to the thrones of the Kings and the councils of Republics. Even in the highest regions of society factions are formed in silence, and grow in the dark. Anarchy wishes to break its restraint and dreams of an early triumph. Working classes are moving, and are being audaciously betrayed by leaders and false prophets, who are more cruel than tyrants, and claim boundless liberties, dangerous rights and inadmissible privileges. At the same time all nations continue on a formidable war footing and the manufacturers of arms supply engines of death, the perfection of which is now looked upon as the perfection of modern progress. An immense cataclysm is imminent in Europe, and in a great storm of disasters is fast approaching. Modern society has to blame itself solely if it has reached that degree of degradation, as the Roman Pontiffs have not ceased to indicate the true path to follow. There is still hope that if the world recognizes the social royalty of Jesus Christ and looks to Him as the sole basis of the social fabric, peace and true liberty will return.

Then, after having referred to the anarchy and socialism prevalent in Europe, His Grace remarks that Canada is free from the tumultuous agitations with which the Old World is filled. Here peace, union and liberty prevail, and social and domestic happiness reign supreme. "While the old and decrepit nations," says the archbishop, "seem to wonder if they will have a morrow on this spot of the earth, almost ignored a few years ago, our people, though still young, but strong and vigorous, is taking its place among the nations of the earth and fulfilling the Providential mission confided to it. In our province, God is king, Jesus Christ extends over society the sceptre of His rule, and religion penetrates profoundly our institutions and laws. The Church and the State, although separated by law through a course of events independent of the wish of the nation, are still in

fact intimately connected, and bend their energies in common to the same aim—the advance of the country

BY THE ADVANCE OF CATHOLIC LIBERTY."

His Grace continues to say that it was Faith which inspired the early settlers of this country, the explorers and the martyrs, and that idea has been strong in the land ever since. Throughout the struggles of the colony, and in the darkest hours, the forefathers remained true to the Catholic faith. "In return for this vigorous faith," says the prelate, "which nothing could shake, of that attachment to the church which nothing could destroy, God took the French-Canadian people under His protection, and became its guide. He vigilantly watched over its cradle, led its first steps, and presided over its formation and progressive development. He became the adviser of its legislators and the shield of its soldiers. He directed it in its work and sustained it in its sacrifices; He blest its country districts, its cities, trade, agriculture and industry; He fostered its work and consolidated its institutions. He caused it to find in its fidelity to its religious creed, the elements of its powerful vitality, the principle of its force, the sterling character of its greatness, and the very soul of its life. At the supreme hour of trial and tears, when the people remained alone, without support, legislation or resources, He gave it the Cross for a banner; in the Bible a code of laws; in the church steeple a rallying point, and in the clergy, its companion in misfortune, the interpreter of its just rights, and the instigator of its loyalty towards its new masters, the defender of its language, its laws, traditions, the education of its sons and the vigilant guardian of its destinies." Referring to its present situation His Grace says: "Far from groping in ignorance and being wanting in all generous aspirations, as has been said, far from remaining aloof to the modern movement of civilization, it has followed attentively and has adopted all the theories and laws compatible with its creed, resources and financial and political condition." His Grace, after referring to the profound attachment of French Canadians to the Church, says: "Lately on the occasion of a case which should never have been submitted to the civil courts, did we not see the Catholics of this diocese, of the whole province, in fact, testify publicly of their gratitude and affection for their first pastors?" Monseigneur then refers to the well-known charity of Canadian Catholics, and eulogizes the various religious orders for their work. He has a good word for the legislators who have seconded the Church in its work. He thanks the press which defended the clergy, and asks Catholics to remain submissive to the Church, to beware of secret societies and irreligious reading.

WHERE was St. Patrick born? It seems as difficult to decide where was his birthplace as it was to state exactly the spot where Homer was born. Some claim that he was a native of Armorica Gaul, others say he was born in Scotland, and a few have argued in favor of Lancashire, England; but whether French, Scotch or English, each claim has been exhaustively advocated. Now comes the Rev. Father Albert Barry, C.S.S.R., with a learned article in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, in which he maintains that St. Patrick was a native of North Wales. The Liverpool Catholic Times, analyzing the article, says:

"The saint's father, Calphurnus, held senatorial rank as a citizen of the great Brito-Roman city of Caer-Legion or Caerleon, on the Dee, the modern Chester. Like the other magistrates and civil rulers of that city, he possessed a country villa, and Father Barry concludes that this villa must have been in the Vale of Clwyd, where, according to ancient Irish writers, St. Patrick was born. The Vale of Clwyd is, it is true, many miles from Chester, but in those days, observes the reverend gentleman, "well trained steeds bore men swiftly to and fro upon the splendid Roman road." Father Barry supports his arguments with no mean skill, and his contention, whether it be accepted or rejected, must excite widespread interest."

There is no doubt that the interest may be great, but wherever he was born, one thing cannot be denied, and that is his apostleship in Ireland.

CANADA'S OUTLOOK.

Solicitor-General Curran's Speech—Mr. C. A. McDonnell's Apt Remarks.

At the second monthly meeting of the Sir John A. Macdonald Club, held at Walford Hall, on Monday, Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General, delivered an address on the "Canadian Outlook," which was both able and interesting and largely non-political:

Mr. C. A. Macdonnell, president of the club, a talented young Irish Canadian Catholic, occupied the chair, and, after welcoming those present, spoke as follows: The programme we have prepared for this evening is characteristic of the objects of our club and the sentiments cherished by its members. It will open with a discussion of what constitutes the duty of a Canadian in politics, and although many of you may have, perhaps, experienced a gentle sensation of a mental electric character, suggesting the answer in as far as our club is concerned, from a party point of view, I can assure you that if you take the trouble to attend the meetings on Monday evenings while this important question will be under consideration by our members, you will realize that it implies an examination which is calculated to awaken in your minds a higher standard of thought in regard to your political duties. You will learn that the first great lesson it is intended to teach is that of a noble Canadian citizenship, patriotic, vigorous and tolerant, an ideal nationality, worthy of the land in which we live, where noble triumphs have been achieved for civilization on this continent centuries ago, where the battle for constitutional liberty was fought, where the peaceful union of the scattered dependencies of British North America was completed by an assemblage of distinguished public men, high standard of intelligence, administrative power, Christian toleration and sturdy patriotism achieved a work of statesmanship which has never been equalled on this side of the ocean, and which will always be the powerful and striking feature of the history of our times. Ever since the organization of our club, some four years ago, when, during the life time of the grand old chieftain, Sir John A. Macdonald, a number of young Canadians assembled in the Fraser hall and decided to unite under his name, not through any whim of a hero worship character, but by the force and power of a deep appreciation of the grandeur and magnificence of the aspirations which he cherished for the future of this land, to publicly testify our admiration of the broad national spirit he evinced during his career as a leading public man, and to proclaim our conviction that we believe the government of this country, the establishment and perpetuation of a united Canadian nationality, can only be attained by the exercise of such principles of national faith as characterized his efforts and inspired him to lead the way and point out the duty of erecting and constructing those three national institutions—our confederation, our national railway and national policy.

In introducing the speaker he eulogized him as one who had rendered great services to Canada, saying that no public man had attained a position of distinction in their midst by purer and more honest methods.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL

was greeted with great applause. He opened his address with a graphic description of the state of European countries at the present time and the deplorable condition of affairs in the United States, as compared with Canada. He said the political outlook involved the study of our past and present conditions and the basis of our future prosperity. In choice language he referred to the history of other nations, modern as well as of antiquity, and showed that religion, education and material resources were the requisites for national greatness. Canada was a religious country from Cape Breton to Vancouver; every city, town, village and hamlet had its places of worship. Montreal churches had cost over six millions; Toronto followed with five millions of dollars for its sacred edifices. (Applause.) These were indexes of the general feeling throughout the country. He quoted from the census bulletin to show that in educa-

tional matters we stood high, our school systems were good, and our universities commanded respect. A religious people, who were educated, must be a free people. (Cheers.) As a result of this religious and educational training, Canadians were the most law-abiding people in the world. After a glowing description of our national resources he referred to the attitude of the political parties in the United States towards Canada. He spoke of the two parties here, who were contending for the supremacy—the Liberal-Conservative or National Policy party, who had worked link after link of the chain from Confederation to the construction of the new canal at Sault Ste. Marie—(cheers.)

After dealing with the attitude of both political parties on some of the prominent questions of the day, referring to the Manitoba school question, the speaker showed that the Government, in referring the appeals to the Supreme court, had simply carried out the mandate of an unanimous Parliament. They had not only dealt with those burning questions that attract so much attention, but had devoted their best energies to domestic legislation. Their Northwest policy had been productive of great results. They had established an admirable system of land laws, including free homesteads, for actual settlers. Their colonization railway system had been most vigorous. Their educational land endowment was working with great results. Major Powell, chief of the U. S. topographical survey, had declared that if the public land survey system of his country had been as precise as ours, it would have been worth eighty millions of dollars to his Government. (Applause.) The speaker referred to the Northwest Mounted Police and their services, and then dealt largely with the results of the policy of the party in matters appertaining to agriculture. The system of quarantine established by Hon. Mr. Angers was unrivalled, and the results of the Chicago Fair, where Canada had achieved such renown, were referred to amidst loud applause. The speaker quoted many figures as to cattle and cheese exports, and dealt briefly with the postal service and public works of Canada. After referring to the consolidation of many of our laws, those on bills and notes, banking and others, he spoke of the Criminal Code, which had been so ably commented upon by a member of the Macdonald club, Mr. Crankshaw, who had won so many deserved compliments for his work. (Loud applause.) After speaking of Mr. Bowell's mission to Australia, he said that amidst many pleasing features of the political outlook there was something ominous. They were told that an organization was working in Ontario to sow discord amongst citizens of different religious beliefs. During the holidays last summer he had attended five picnics in aid of struggling Catholic churches, in largely Protestant centres in Ontario. At all of them the attendance was largely non-Catholic. (Great applause.) The priests had told him that the best feeling existed among the people, and he hoped no reckless men would be permitted to destroy that harmony. It would be a sad day for Canada should any such organization get a permanent foothold in this country. (Applause.) The outlook for the political purposes might be summed up in a few words. The country had lost its old chief Sir John A. Macdonald and his immediate successor, the sagacious Sir John Abbott, but they had now Sir John Thompson—(cheers)—who had won a reputation at home and beyond the seas, and had been twice honored by his august sovereign for eminent services to the Dominion and the Empire. (Loud cheers.) Under such a leader Canada could face the political outlook, not in fear and trembling, but with stout hearts and high hopes that their national aspirations would be more than realized. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. A. Mosher, in eloquent terms proposed a vote of thanks to the Solicitor-General, and moved that his able and instructive address be published in pamphlet form.

Mr. John Hyde seconded the motion, which was carried with applause.

Seeing was Believing.—"Mrs. Smith's daughter is singing her new song." "I can't hear a sound, and I don't believe you can, with the house two blocks away." "I didn't say I could, but I see the company all leaving."

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL

An Interesting Sketch of the Famous Shrine and Account of the Devotions.

A few miles outside the City of Rome is situated the little village of Genazzano, which, for over four centuries, has been famous for its shrine of Our Virgin Mother of Good Counsel. The shrine is second only in miraculous wonder to the holy house of Loretto itself. The novel history of the picture and its angelic translation from Scutari, in Albania, across the Adriatic Sea to Genazzano in Latium, is a well-known historical fact, testified to by accredited eye-witnesses of the event. The following account is taken from Bennett's "History of the Ancient Sanctuary of Genazzano."

On the 25th of April, 1467, which in that year chanced to fall on a Saturday, the crowd was very dense. Whilst waiting for Vespers, about four o'clock in the afternoon, answering to the twenty-first hour of the Italian day, the assembled multitude were astonished and startled to hear, coming down as it were from heaven, strains of enchanting melody.

Whilst they were endeavoring with upturned eyes to discern whence the celestial sounds proceeded, they soon beheld to their still greater astonishment, high above the houses, the church spires and the hills, a beautiful white cloud, whence rays of light issued in every direction. Gradually the cloud descended, until the crowds who were gazing at it in silence and bated breath, saw it finally rest upon the farthest portion of the unfinished wall of the Chapel of St. Biagio. At the same moment the bells in the Campanile began, although untouched by mortal hands, to send forth rejoicing peals. Then every other church bell in the little town was heard to ring until the whole air was filled with sweet music. And still the radiant cloud reposed on the spot it had chosen for itself; and still the spell-bound, astonished crowd gazed upon it. But now another wonder disclosed itself. The dazzling rays of light ceased to pour forth their splendor and the cloud itself gradually faded and vanished away, until there stood revealed to the ravished gaze of the people in the piazza a picture of the Mother of God, with the Divine Infant in her arms holding each other in loving, close embrace. Then with one voice rose from the lips of all the loud cry which is still uttered on every recurring anniversary of the miracle: "Evviva Maria, Evviva Maria, Evviva la Madre nostra del Buon Consiglio." "Long live our Mother of Good Counsel."

The news of the wonderful event soon spread throughout the christian world, and pilgrims began to arrive in boundless numbers. The most astonishing cures were effected. The lame and the blind as well as the spiritually infirm were sent on their way rejoicing and praising God. The walls of the little church were not removed but were faced with precious marbles, a costly altar was erected before the Sacred Image, before which hang twenty lamps of solid silver. The church is in charge of the Augustinian Fathers, who still attend to the spiritual needs of the pilgrims as they did in the far-off days of the miraculous event. Our Lady seems to take a special interest in the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants of this Village; during the years the Asiatic cholera visited Italy Genazzano was alone exempt from the dread scourge. In the gloomy days of the Garibaldian iniquities no recruits for the wicked general's army came from Genazzano, as no Masonic Lodge has ever dared to raise its impious walls in this chosen home of Mary Immaculate.

The picture itself is about eighteen inches in length, a fresco painted on a thin plaster surface not thicker than ordinary pasteboard, when or where it was painted none of the many artists or competent judges have been able to determine. Many believe it to be of celestial origin. It still retains its freshness of beauty and color and rests in mid-air near the chapel wall without visible means of support. The picture is supposed to represent our Lady at the time she listened to the prophecy of Simon when she presented the child Jesus in the Temple. The Divine Babe is depicted in the act of consoling His Mother in the sorrow the terrible prophecy has brought upon her. One dimpled Baby

arm is clasped around her neck, while the left hand clings to her robe in front. The child is held close in her arms as if her holy Mother Love would shield Him from the awful suffering to come. It is believed that this is the only picture of the Madonna and Child in which our Divine Lord is seen in the act of consoling His Mother. A pale blue mantle partially covers them both. The Mother's robe of blue and green, the Child's of red. Above the heads of both is a rainbow in shadowy outline representing no doubt the promise of hope to all who have recourse to the Child Jesus and His Mother. The miraculous translation and suspension of the picture and the preservation of its colors for over four hundred years are as nothing compared with the wonders worked at the shrine in favor of all who visit this chosen sanctuary. A notable fact in connection with Genazzano is the intense regret with which the pilgrims leave it. This regret is something remarkable and led to the pious practice of visitors leaving their names at the altar when departing. This in turn led to the establishing of an association known as the Pious Union of Our Mother of Good Counsel, an association that cannot be too highly recommended to Catholics. All cannot visit the shrine itself no matter how well disposed, yet all can partake of its spiritual benefits by becoming members of the Pious Union, the conditions of the membership being very simple, a mass offered up yearly for the associates of the Union, or if a member be too poor to make the offering, one Holy Communion yearly for the same intention suffices. Surely this is in the reach of all practical Catholics. The names of associates are enrolled in a register kept for the purpose and forwarded to Genazzano to be deposited in the Holy Sanctuary. As I have said, all cannot visit Genazzano, yet many can partake of its benefits and Montreal Catholics in particular are most highly favored in this respect, having a shrine of their own affiliated with the Miraculous Shrine itself.

The following is an out-line of its history:

In the year 1879 the English-speaking Catholics of the East end laid the corner stone of the church known as St. Mary's or Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, of which the late Rev. Simon Lonergan was first pastor. It is of Gothic style and contains three beautiful white marble altars and when the interior is finished promises to be one of the finest of its size in this the city of churches. The pulpit is a work of art designed and executed by the celebrated Canadian artist Hebert. The sounding board represents the angel of Victory with out-stretched pinions, the left arm outstretched bearing a branch of palm, the other holds a golden trumpet, the mantle of the angel is held up by an exquisitely carved cherub. At the feet of the figure rests the tablets of the law, while on a banner beneath are seen the shamrock and the harp, symbols of the faith and nationality of the donors. This grand work of art is a monument to the zeal and energy of the Rev. Dr. Salmon, former pastor of St. Mary's.

In 1889 Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, at that time assistant in St. Mary's, visited the Eternal city and returning brought with him an authentic copy of the Holy picture bearing all the privileges and indulgences pertaining to the original in Genazzano. The reception of the Sacred Image was most impressive, the church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, a brilliant afternoon sun shone through the colored windows, lending to the scene a glory and a radiance of its own; While the choir sang the Ave Maria Stella, the picture was carried in procession through the church by the officers of the Ladies' Societies followed by the members of the different societies of the parish. After it was placed on the shrine prepared for it, the pastor ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent address on the glories of Mary and the spiritual benefits of membership in the Pious Union. During the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament that followed, white robed Children of Mary advanced to the altar rails and kneeling recited aloud an act of consecration to our Lady Immaculate. The amen that came from the Congregation spoke well for the love the Irish heart cherishes for the Mother of Our Lord, for the faith no exile can kill, nor persecution destroy. In the following year, Father Salmon left for Rome and the Holy Land, bring-

ing back with him many relics and objects of interest pertaining to the countries he visited and of special interest to those who cherished at heart the devotion to the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel. The magnificent painting above the main altar, a genuine work of art which would well repay a visit, a copy of a celebrated picture of the Sacred Heart and a painting of the Madonna, are among the objects of special interest that were brought from Rome by Dr. Salmon.

The present zealous pastor, Rev. Father O'Donnell, is working with characteristic energy for the spread of the devotion and to enlarge the membership of the Pious Union. Let us hope his efforts will be crowned with success. It has always been a matter of wonder that so many of our people are so eager to visit distant sanctuaries and yet scarcely lift their eyes to the shrine in the daily presence of which they live, let us hope this apathy will soon be a thing of the past, and as the Devotion of Our Mother of Good Counsel becomes more widely known, and its value better appreciated, we shall see in the near future our Church a special place of interest to pilgrims, where will be verified indeed the holy promise which is to-day the comfort of countless souls, who in this nineteenth century of scepticism feel the need of Good Counsel in all their paths, and who with prayerful hearts rejoice in having accepted the tender invitation. "I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth. In me is all hope of life and of virtue. Come over to me, all ye that desire, and be filled with my fruits." Eccli. xxiv. 24-26.

MISS S. SUTHERLAND.

CORNELIA'S JEWELS.

Address Presented to the Superioress of Pointe aux Trembles Convent on Christmas Day.

Among the haughtiest of her sex,
In noble quiet pride,
Cornelia stood, with mien that seemed
Their follies vain to chide.
No jewels sparkled on her brow,
So high, so purely fair,
No gems were mingled mid the waves
Of dark and glossy hair.
And yet she stood amidst them all,
Despite their dazzling mien,
A woman—in her gentle grace
In majesty a queen.

While some now showed their flashing
gems,
With an exultant air,
And others boasted of their toys
Their tinklers rich and rare,
And challenged her to treasures bring,
That shone with equal light,
With pride she flashed her dark eye o'er
The store of jewels bright,
"Rich as these are," she answered then,
"And dazzling as they shine,
They cannot for an hour compete
In beauty rare with mine."

"You all seem doubtful; and a smile
Of scorn your features wear,
Look on my jewels—see if yours
Are but one half as fair!
The Roman matron proudly placed
Her children in their sight,
Whose brows already bore the seal
Of intellectual might.
She pressed them to her white each trait
With radiance seemed to shine,
Then uttered "Tell me dare you say
Your jewels outshine mine."

O, Mother, would that you could look,
On us with equal pride,
As did your Roman namesake on
The jewels by her side;
We know hard work is needed ere
That honor we can claim,
But in a mother's eyes we read
Excuse for every blame.
Believe us mother when we say
In accents fond and true,
"We'll try, dear mother, to be good
We'll all begin anew."

So through the days of ninety-four
We pray you'll fondly look
With tender love and pity on
Each one's open book.
And though some little fallings may
Perchance the pages mar,
Yet with some redeeming virtue
Each fault we'll drive afar.
With these earnest resolutions
Each day we'll higher mount,
On the ladder of perfection
Each round for God to count.

Your jewels then surround you and
With loving voices say
O, Mother! may you spend this year
A happy Christmas day.
Though little thorns should cross your
path
Throughout the coming year,
May angel hands remove them, for
We've asked them to keep near,
And let us hope when God shall call
Your jewels far apart,
That near you, Mother, we'll find place
In the Infant Saviour's Heart.

Lady travelling in Italy: The brigands have stolen my husband and my pug dog. Official: We shall have to act very delicately in the matter, madam, or the brigands may put the captives to death. Lady Traveller excitedly: Tell them ransom shall be paid. Fido shall not die.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH.

At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Madison, Wisconsin, an interesting paper on this subject was read by Professor C. D. Walcott, of Washington. He places the age of the earth at about 45,000,000 years, dividing the periods of geological time as follows:

	Years.
Cenozoic (including Pleistocene), about.....	2,900,000
Mesozoic.....	7,240,000
Paleozoic.....	17,500,000
Algonkian.....	17,500,000

Total time of sedimentary rocks..... 45,140,000

While this estimate is less than that made by many authorities, it is not so low as that made by several. Winchell placed the age of the world at about 25,000,000 years; Lyell made it 240,000,000; Darwin, in a general way, placed it at 200,000,000; Geikie at 73,000,000. Other estimates range from 100,000,000 to 600,000,000 years. At the rate of the deposit in the ocean to-day, it would require, he calculates, 1,200,000 years to deposit the 6,000 feet of limestone, which cover an area of 400,000 square miles on the plains of Utah and Nevada, that were formerly a sea-bottom. The sandstones in the same region and shales are 15,000 feet thick, and for their deposit he assigns 16,000,000 years. With these figures as a unit, he reaches the conclusion given in the table cited above.—New York Ledger.

Cora: You have a fine sense of the ridiculous. Dick, rather flattered: Why do you think so? Cora: I noticed you smiling at yourself in the mirror.

Making game of him.—Customer: Have you any books about indoor games, such as table croquet or parlour golf? Bookseller: Oh yes, sir. We have Dicken's "Cricket on the Hearth."

First servant discussing lady visitor at registry office: Wot d'ye think of her? Second servant: Not much. I reckon she has about two hot joints a week, and makes up with hash.—Funny Folks.

Young Husband: Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you? Young Wife: That's what she wants to see you about. She read the dispatch.—Pick-Me-Up.

VATICAN EXPENSES.

PROVISION FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF CHURCH AND PAPACY.

Peter's Pence and the Invested Wealth of the Vatican—Attitude of French Royalists—Contribution from the United States.

It may be interesting to know just what the receipts and expenses of the Vatican are, and how the Pope provides for the administration of the Church and the Papacy. It is well known that there is a committee on Peter's Pence, composed of several prelates and cardinals, whose business it is to regulate the use of the money at the disposal of the Vatican. I sought one of the most prominent members of this committee, and he gave me the following details:

"The wealth of the Vatican," he told me, "comes from two principal sources; first, the revenues of the invested sums that the Vatican possesses, and, second, the offerings of the faithful, known under the name of Peter's Pence. The invested funds of the Vatican are of different kinds; the greater part is placed in French or English banks. The largest amount is in the Rothschild bank of Paris.

"The Peter's Pence is an annual revenue which is far from regular. In good years the total of the sums received throughout the world may reach \$8,000,000. Sometimes it is only \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 or even less. Such has been the case in the last few years. This decrease is due largely to the discontent of Catholics and French royalists on account of the Pope's republican policy. France alone sends two-thirds and often three-fourths of the Peter's Pence. And in France it is the royalists who show themselves most devoted and most generous. Since the adherence of Leo XIII to the republic many royalists—more royalist than Catholic—have closed their purses. Hence the decrease that has occurred in the Peter's Pence collections during the past two years.

"Nevertheless, in spite of everything, it is the French Bishops who bring the Pope the largest amounts. Thus, only the day before yesterday, the Bishop of Nantes sent the Pope 100,000 francs in the name of his diocese.

"Italy only contributes a very small sum—some hundreds of thousands of francs. The Romans are even less generous than the Italians. On certain festivals collections are taken in all the large churches in Rome for the Peter's Pence, and there are churches where the collectors only receive a few sous.

"On the other hand, the English-speaking countries—England, Ireland, Australia, and, above all, the United States—are beginning to send important amounts. If Catholicism continues to develop in these countries it is easy to see that the Vatican will draw from them considerable revenues, because the English or American Catholics are generous."

"There are royal courts, such as that of Austria, who send annually to the Pope very rich offerings. Likewise the old Italian princes who have been deposed, such as Francis II., the ex-king of Naples, and Maria Theresa, the former Grand Duchess of Tuscany, never fail to send to the Pope their gifts, which consist almost always of several thousand francs. The Comte de Chambord used to send every year 50,000 francs, and the Comte de Paris does the same.

The total budget of the Vatican can be estimated at about 7,000,000 francs. This is the way it is spent:

	Francs.
1. At the disposal of the Pope.....	500,000
2. For the Cardinals.....	700,000
3. For poor dioceses.....	400,000
4. Prefecture (or administration) of the Vatican.....	1,800,000
5. Secretary of State.....	1,000,000
6. Employes and officials.....	1,500,000
7. Free school in Rome and alms for the poor of the city.....	1,200,000

Total..... 7,100,000

"The 500,000 francs placed at the disposal of the Pope serve to maintain the Pope's household and other expenses not included in the other budgets, such as decorations, gifts to princes, and purchases of objects of art.

"The Cardinals who live in Rome are all kept at the Pope's expense.

"The Secretary of State corresponds to

what is called among governments the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He looks out for the maintenance of all the nunciatures. The four great nunciatures (those of Paris, Vienna, Madrid and Lisbon) have each a fixed appropriation.

"The Pope spends also 1,200,000 francs for the maintenance of the free schools of Rome. These schools are in a very flourishing condition, and the appropriation for this purpose is one of those which the Pope has most at heart.

"As you can see, in this budget there is nothing superfluous. But, although the Pope's revenues are rather small, they are sufficient to assure the carrying on of the principle functions of the Pontifical and ecclesiastical government."

To this information, which was given me by one who has the best means of knowing, I can add that the last episcopal jubilee of Leo XIII. produced 3,000,000 francs. The first jubilee—that which was celebrated five years ago—brought in 12,000,000 francs.

Leo XIII. in the past few years has brought about many economies in the service of the Vatican. Many people accuse him of avarice, but it must be remembered that economies are necessary because of the decrease of revenue. —Correspondent in Union and Times.

THE EPIPHANY.

Services in all the Catholic Churches.

The festival of the Epiphany, known also as "La fete des Rois," or the "Feast of Kings," was observed on Saturday as a legal holiday, all public offices being closed. Services attended with much solemnity were held in all the Catholic churches, which were filled by large congregations. The Archbishop officiated pontificaly at St. James Church, on St. Denis street, and pronounced the Papal Benediction.

The Church of Notre Dame was filled with a large congregation. The sacred edifice was decorated with festoons of Papal, English and French flags, and brilliantly illuminated. The choir, numbering over a hundred voices, executed a "Messe en musique" with full orchestral accompaniment. The Right Rev. Dom. Antoine, Mitred Abbot of the Trappist Monastery at Oka, officiated pontificaly at High Mass. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Abbe Pelletier, with special reference to the festival of the day.

The services at St. Patrick's and the Jesuits were well attended.

Ecclesiastical Appointments

The Archbishop of Montreal has made the following appointments: Rev. Messrs. A. Carriere, cure at Ste. Anastasie de Lachute; M. Vigneault, vicar at St. Thomas de Joliette; J. Bourassa, vicar at St. Charles, Montreal; J. A. Foucher, vicar at St. Joseph, Montreal; A. A. Dequoy, vicar at Hochelaga; A. J. Jacques, vicar at Caughnawaga; A. Cloutier, vicar at Contrecoeur; P. Deziel-Labieche, vicar at l'Assomption; N. L. Dubuc, vicar at St. Vincent de Paul.

A New Publication.

The church of "Our Lady of Good Counsel" proposes publishing a monthly calendar, the first issue to be out the beginning of February next. It will contain parish regulations and other parochial information, as well as notes on church work in general and a few selected stories. It will have 32 pages, with cover, and will be issued monthly under the editorship of the Rev. P. F. O'Donnell and Rev. M. L. Shea, of St. Mary's parish. This is a new departure and a most praiseworthy one. The Calendar will be circulated free of charge for the benefit of the parishioners. The information it will contain will be of paramount importance to the members of the congregation, and apart from the useful information it will be the ambition of the editors to make it a fine literary publication. Later on we will again refer to this new venture; meanwhile we wish the reverend editors all manner of success in their undertaking.

St. Patrick's Church Choir.

The members of the St. Patrick's Church choir held their annual dinner in the Queen's Hotel last week. The choir dinner, which is a time-honored event, was instituted by the late Father Dowd, who was always an ardent admirer of the choristers. The attendance was large. Mr. R. Warren presided. During the evening the choir rendered several choruses. A pleasing feature was a presentation to Mr. F. Green, tenor soloist

of the choir. Among those who contributed to the musical portion of the evening were: Prof. J. A. Fowler, Messrs. P. F. McCaffrey, G. A. Carpenter, Green, Neher and T. C. O'Brien.

The Catholic Summer School

We clip the following from the Gazette of the 6th:

"The next session of the Catholic Summer School will commence at Plattsburgh, N.Y., on the 14th July. Mr. J. K. Foran, editor of THE TRUE WITNESS, has been invited by the board of directors to deliver two lectures during the coming session. Mr. Foran will be the first representative of Canada to lecture before the school. His subjects will be 'The Early Educators of Canada' and 'The Tete-de-Boule Missionaries.' It is quite an honor to our journalism that the invitation should have been sent to one of the profession. The next session of the school will be held on a large scale, and will extend over eight weeks. The programme of lectures will be issued in a couple of months."

Catholic School Commissioners.

The financial report of the Roman Catholic School Commissioners of this city for the scholastic year ending 30th of June last has been issued. The receipts were \$207,440, leaving a balance on hand of \$6,292 after paying expenses. The amount paid in salaries reached \$90,143. The total number of pupils enrolled was 14,901, representing a daily attendance of 12,361. The teaching staff numbered 351. The total assets of the board are \$652,164, being \$201,618 in excess of all liabilities.

At the Church of the Gesu.

On Saturday night the choir of the Church of the Gesu sang, with full orchestral accompaniment, the following pieces: "Benedictus and Gloria," Boisdreffre; "Ave Maria" (from "Lohengrin"), Wagner; "Tantum Ergo" and "Genitori," Mendelssohn; march, orchestra, Gruenwald. The "Tantum Ergo" and "Genitori" have been arranged for male voices by Prof. Alex. Clerk, under whose direction the whole musical service was carried on. Mr. Ducharme presided at the organ. Just before the benediction Mr. Dubois gave a cello solo.

Local Religious News Items.

The Episcopal decrees on marriage and reserved cases were read in the Catholic churches on Sunday.

Archbishop Fabre held a Confirmation service at the Cathedral, on Sunday morning, at 7.30.

There will be a religious profession at the Academy of the Sacred Heart on Monday.

Next Friday Mgr. Fabre will officiate at low Mass at the congregation of Notre Dame.

Mgr. Fabre held his customary monthly reception at the Palace Sunday evening.

The Archbishop and the priests of the Palace during the past week returned the New Year's visits.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Father John Lynch, of Brockway, Mich.

We regret to chronicle the death of the Rev. Father John Lynch, who departed this life on December 25, 1893, greatly regretted by his flock. He was born in Tyrone, Ireland, in 1829, which would leave him in the 64th year of his age at the time of his death. Deceased immigrated to this country in 1854, taught school in Montreal, where he was well known, pursued his studies in Canada, and at Boston, Mass., and was ordained priest by Bishop Boygrass, in 1875. His first charge was at Grattan, where he remained three years, when, on the death of Father Tierny, in 1878, he was appointed to succeed him at Kenosha, St. Clair County, Mich., which charge he held till the time of his death. He was a subscriber of the TRUE WITNESS for many years. He was buried in the cemetery near the church. Twenty-five priests attended. [Irish and Toledo papers please copy.]

The Late John Coveney.

After several weeks illness John D. Coveney, of Ottawa, passed away last week, leaving a widow with three little children to mourn his death. Deceased

was in his 38th year and will be remembered as the courteous and obliging ticket agent at the union depot until about a year ago, in which position he won a host of friends. He was born in Quebec and went to Ottawa in 1880, marrying a daughter of Mr. David Ring of that city. His death will be greatly regretted. Mr. Coveney was one of the most popular young men in Quebec in his early days and in Ottawa during the second period of his life. THE TRUE WITNESS extends to his wife, family and relatives a heartfelt sympathy. May his soul rest in peace!

Miss Annie McDonnell.

We regret to announce that on the 16th December last, at Barnhart's Island, Miss Annie McDonnell, a young lady of great talents and fine qualities, passed away from earth to heaven. In November Miss McDonnell wrote us a letter—one of her last—and the other day her relatives sent us the few lines with a statement that she was dead. She was a daughter of Mr. John McDonnell, and had been for fourteen years a most popular and generally beloved school-teacher. She was buried at Cornwall, the Rev. Father Corbet, chanting the requiem service. Her funeral was largely attended and great sympathy was expressed for all her relatives, in which the TRUE WITNESS heartily joins. May her soul rest in peace.

The late Alonzo Wright, Ex-M. P.

The following mournful despatch came from Ottawa, dated Sunday, the 7th of January:

Mr. Alonzo Wright, ex-M. P. for Ottawa county, died somewhat suddenly at his residence, Ironsides, at 5 o'clock this morning of inflammation of the lungs. Mr. Wright had been in poor health for some time past, but was much better and was in Ottawa last Wednesday, when he caught a heavy cold which settled on his lungs and ended fatally. "The King of the Gatineau," as he was familiarly called, was one of the best known and most highly respected men in this section, and it is doubtful whether, with the single exception of Sir John Macdonald, a more personally popular man ever sat in the Parliament of Canada. He was offered by Sir John Macdonald, some years ago, the lieutenant-governorship of Quebec, but declined. His loss will be deeply felt by the older members of Parliament of both sides of Parliament, whom he was accustomed to entertain at Ironsides during each session with princely hospitality.

Mr. Alonzo Wright was the son of Lieut.-Col. Tiberius Wright, and grandson of Philemon Wright, the founder of Hull, and the first representative of the county of Ottawa in the Lower Canada assembly. He was born at Hull, on the 26th February, 1825, and educated at Potsdam academy, New York. He married Mary, daughter of the late Nicholas Sparks, another Ottawa district pioneer. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Ottawa County Reserve Militia, and at different times was president of the Ottawa County Agricultural society and a director of the city of Ottawa Agricultural society. In 1862 he was elected to the old provincial Parliament, and held the seat continually till the Union in 1867. From the Union till 1891 he represented the county in Parliament. Since the latter year he has lived on his large farm at Ironsides, near Hull.

THE TRUE WITNESS extends its sincere sympathy to Mrs. Wright and all the members of the deceased's family. The writer, from childhood, had known Mr. Wright and can recall many a kindness that years nor distance can never efface. Mr. Wright was one of the most generous-hearted men that our country has ever known. Well do we remember that grand home of his, on the banks of the Gatineau, where the wayfarer ever found a shelter, where priest and nun, minister and preacher, all found an open door and a royal welcome. Every undertaking for the benefit of the County met unstinted support from Mr. Wright. He was one of those rare characters whose names are graven on the hearts of the people. May his reward in heaven be great!

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster of Umfraville, Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

ITALY THIRTY YEARS AGO.

The Church's Wealth Excited the Revolution's Greed and lost the Peoples' Affections.

The following extract from a most able lecture on the above subject, read to the Cork Young Men's Society by the Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, O. S. F., will be found of great interest:

One can scarcely treat of life in Italy without making mention of the Church in that country. I purpose now to do so. We are fully conscious that this is a difficult subject to handle, the ground we tread upon is of a perilous nature. An ill-directed step in advance may plunge us headforemost into some treacherous pitfall, from whose depths we can with difficulty extricate ourselves, and, when we do, it is in a very unrepresentable condition. After such a fauxpas we may, indeed, continue our journey, but we do so with the unpleasant consciousness of being on bad terms with many of our fellow-travelers. I am greatly tempted in this place to utilize our old friends, Scylla and Charybdis, but then it strikes me, gentlemen, that you may have heard of these localities so frequent utilized by modern writers and orators, the only way, I believe, they were ever utilized; so, on second consideration, I determined to steer clear of them, as did the pilot of Eneas, whose seamanship is lauded by Virgil, and to reserve them for some future occasion when I am at my wit's end for a figure of speech in which they may be fittingly introduced. Conscious, then, of the danger I run in discussing such a topic, I must nevertheless, in my character of a courageous traveler, enter upon the dangerous ground and strive, by aid of a vigilant eye and steady footstep, to avoid the dangers which beset my path. At the period of which I am speaking the battering ram of legal revolution had already dealt some ominously forcible blows against the strong walls which the hands of temporal power, wielded by by-gone legislators, had built round the Church in Italy. From that day to this the world has heard the echoes of these resonant blows directed against her ancient strength, till all her strong defences, the work of ages, were leveled with the ground and she was left defenceless, despoiled, and disarmed save with such weapons as her Divine Master had furnished her, which no human power can ever wrest from her hands. We cannot, and indeed do not desire to defend her aggressors nor to applaud the acts of those who, urged by hatred and unjust cupidity, despoiled her of her possessions which were the bequests of generations of her faithful children, but at the same time regard the loss of her vast temporal possessions as a subject of lamentation. That has befallen the Church in Italy which has happened her in well nigh every land where her wealth grew so great as to attract the eye of secular cupidity. The same thing occurred in England and Germany ages ago, and in France and Spain at a later period. When her riches abound, when the treasure of gold and silver overflows her coffers, then the dreaded voice of revolution is heard raised in menacing tones, and its agents come around with the firebrand or the sword, or wielding the less rude but no less dangerous weapon of the wily statesman. The blow long dreaded is dealt, the rich treasures disappear to become the property of other masters, and there is lamentation heard among the Guardians of the Sanctuary. But the Sanctuary itself is cleared of all the "perilous stuff" which had encumbered it, and its ministers, become poor as their apostolic predecessors, regain in the long estranged love of their people that which abundantly repays them for what they have lost in worldly wealth. Two things contribute much to weaken the hold which the Church should have on the affection and veneration of her children. These are superfluity of wealth and too close alliance with the existing form of government. These were beyond all doubt the chief causes of the evils which have beset the Church during the centuries of her existence. They were the sources whence flowed the calamities which have in our days befallen her in Italy. The Church is, in a sense, eminently conservative. What she obtained of power, of privilege, or wealth, she holds with a firm grasp (using both, however, for the benefit of mankind), as her history abundantly testifies, for she has ever been the defender of the oppressed and the almoner of the poor, and, unlike other proprietors, she has no spendthrift

heirs to dissipate her revenue or bring her broad acres to the hammer. If protected by the state her wealth grows and accumulates gradually and insensibly till her riches attract the attention and awaken the cupidity of her greedy enemies. At length the tide on which she has securely floated, turns; the adverse winds of popular opinion arise to buffet her; the opposing forces gain strength with every day, till she is driven from her ancient moorings and cast on shore to become the prey of rapacious wreckers. A richly-endowed church may hold its own in a rich and conservative empire, but it can hardly subsist in safety in the midst of a bankrupt state. Besides her riches, which are viewed by the powerful few with hungry eyes, alienate from her the affections of the mass of the people, and deprived of this, the true foundation upon which alone she can securely rest, the wave of revolution finding no obstacle to arrest its progress, rushes over her and leaves her floating a forlorn wreck upon the waters. The Spiritual Church with its immutable exterior organization defies the changes of time and the malice of men, and with the Divine pilot at the helm holds her way triumphant and secure over the turbulent ocean of time till she gains the eternal haven. The Church in Italy had vast possessions and great revenues, and her altars and her ministers were many. The splendid edifices in which her rites were practiced out-numbered and over-looked all other public fabrics. Countless churches, monasteries, and charitable institutions thickly studded the land. Everywhere you went you encountered men who wore her badges and were dressed in her time-honored livery. But the truth is that the faith was gradually growing weaker and weaker every day in this country where the number of its ecclesiastics was so imposing, and the pomp of its ceremonial was so dazzling. The masses, chiefly in the towns and cities, had begun to lose reverence for the once revered clergy, and cared little to enter the stately churches. The incense was often burned before deserted altars, and the organ pealed through the vast aisles of well nigh empty churches. Weakened from within by the presence of a few unworthy sons, and assailed from without by countless, relentless enemies, the Church was in evil plight. The needy were enemies, because she was wealthy; the revolutionists, because she supported law and order, represented by established government, and the infidel because she taught dogmas on which his own condemnation was written. He would not descend to Tartarus unavenged. We can scarcely wonder that her unarmed array went down before the united shock of such a phalanx. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that if the Church was wealthy she made no ill use of her wealth, and if those who were numbered amongst the ministers of her altar, and the inhabitants of her religious houses were numerous, she compelled none to enter her service. Her charity, too, was widespread and munificent. No form of want or misery existed in the land which did not find relief or solace from her tender care. Her monasteries were the almshouses of the destitute, and her teaching orders devoted themselves to the education of the poor; all this even her bitterest enemies admit. Neither was the land in her possession rendered, by tyranny or injustice, unfruitful to the toiler.

The Church was a generous landlord and a civil ruler, perhaps too mild and indulgent towards the ruled. But her charity could not shield her wealth, nor her benign administration protect her vast estates. God, in His wisdom, permitted a brief triumph to her enemies, and the present generation has demolished the splendid fabric which their ancestors had erected and enriched. But the immortal Church survives the rude assault of revolution, and not only survives but shines with a brighter radiance, and attracts more than ever the admiration of the outer world. She continues to be what she has ever been, a sure guide and sweet consoler to her children, and a marvel and a mystery to her enemies. No storm of human passion can shake her strong walls, for the Almighty is her architect. All her enemies shall perish, but she remains God's witness to the truth, even to the truth, even to the end of all things.—*Cork Examiner.*

By the time a man's daughters get old enough to help him, they make up their mind to help some other man.

APPALLING BARBARITIES.

The Massacre of Roman Catholics at Krosche.

Several reports recently have been circulated regarding a massacre of Catholics, which was said to have taken place at Krosche, Russia, and Cossack soldiers, belonging to the Russian government, are said to have been implicated in this massacre.

The reports were officially denied by the Russian government. The Cologne Volks Zeitung, in spite of these denials, gives the details of the massacre and confirms the reports previously circulated. It says that the Catholics at Krosche took turns to guard the church for eight days previous to the massacre in order to prevent their co-religionists from being surprised by the Russian Cossacks, who were expected to make an attack upon the Catholic inhabitants of the town. Notwithstanding these precautions, the latter were surprised at 2 o'clock on the morning of November 10 by Prefect Klingenberg, who arrived from Kovno, accompanied

BY FORTY ARMED COSSACK POLICEMEN.

The prefect and the force of Cossacks entered the church, in which about seventy Catholics were gathered. The Cossacks, cursing and yelling, rushed towards the Roman Catholic worshippers, knouting them and striking them with their swords until the church echoed with the screams of the wounded. Some of the Catholics fled to the belfry, where they rang the bells in alarm, summoning the rest of the inhabitants to the spot. The result was that thousands of people soon collected around the church and the Cossacks were forced out of the building. Only the prefect and his deputy succeeded in resisting the efforts of the inhabitants, and they, it is stated, retreated to the organ-loft, from which place they opened fire upon the people in the church until the prefect escaped and his deputy was overpowered and eventually confined in a cell situated

IN A NEIGHBORING CONVENT.

Late the same day, a detachment of some 300 Cossacks were sent from Kovno to Krosche, armed with rifles, lances and knouts. Upon arrival near Krosche, they were divided into two detachments. One body surrounded the township on all sides, and the other rode, at a gallop, towards the Roman Catholic Church, and dashed, with lances down, into the crowd outside the building, spearing and shooting and lashing with their knouts all who came within their reach. Many persons were killed and wounded. The Cossacks then rode their horses into the church and the massacre of the people inside began. The unfortunate Catholics threw themselves on their knees in a corner and prayed for help; but the Cossacks shot and speared right and left until, according to the story told by the Volks-Zeitung, the floor and walls of the church were drenched with blood. The infuriated Cossack cavalymen smashed the crucifixes, candlesticks and images of saints. They rode over the people right and left and dragged the bodies of the dead and some of the wounded by their feet to a cesspool and

THREW THEM INTO THE HOLE

until it was choked.

In the midst of this carnage and desecration a Catholic priest was forced, at the point of the lance, into the church, and was made to carry out the monstrance, a sacred church utensil or frame, generally of gold, used for the purpose of presenting the consecrated host for the adoration of the people.

The people fled in all directions while the massacre was going on and were pursued and captured or badly wounded by the Cossacks of the second detachment, which was detailed to surround the town and to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. A number of the latter are said to have been so panic-stricken that they committed suicide, many of them jumping into the swollen river, where they were drowned. The rest of the unfortunate inhabitants were surrounded by the Cossacks, who drove them before them to the Market place in front of the town hall. Here every man, woman, and child of the town was ordered to be punished by being flogged with the knout. A doctor was brought and he prescribed the number of lashes which each person could bear. The victims had their clothes torn from them and were flogged until many of

them were almost dead. They were afterwards compelled to clothe themselves as best they could, and were then driven to prison. The number of persons killed is not definitely stated, but report places the number at from seventy to one hundred, with a very large number so severely injured that they have since died of their injuries or more have been maimed for life.

REFERRING to Professor Tyndall's famous declaration, at a meeting of the British Association, in Belfast, the Liverpool Catholic Times, has the following:

"He (Professor Tyndall) became, as it were, the mouthpiece of militant materialism—a strange position to be occupied by a man who has declared that in his early youth the Bible was the book he most studied. The Belfast speech gave a powerful impetus to unbelief in its various forms, fanatical or otherwise, and there was not an infidel or secular platform in the country in which his words were not quoted and lauded as if they contained the last word of science on the 'unknown and the unknowable.' His dictum has since lost much of its force. Its extravagance has been exposed even by scientists of his own school. To show how cheaply a man may become famous, or at any rate notorious, we need only quote a sentence from his Belfast address—a sentence in which he seemed to part not only from all belief in Christianity but from belief in a personal God. The poet tells us that the poor Indian with untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind; but Professor Tyndall, having examined earth and air and taken a survey of the world from China to Peru, could see everywhere only matter, with no hand, no intelligence to form and mould it. 'The confession I feel bound to make before you,' said he, 'is that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.' After that Professor Tyndall might well say he awoke one morning and found himself famous, but fame so attained did not last long. He will not be remembered as a thinker in the domain of philosophy or religion, but as a man who probably knew as much of the properties of light, heat, and sound as any of his contemporaries."

Not Crude Material.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected, and is prepared upon the principle of its digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

"Why do they call it court plaster?" "I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure; unless it is that it is more frequently seen in the police court than elsewhere."

SCRAPED WITH A RASP.

Sirs,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me. Miss A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont.

Wife: I want to talk with you about some things we need for the house. Husband: What are they? Wife: Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?

HACKING COUGH CURED.

Gentlemen,—My little boy had a severe hacking cough, and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for him and he was cured at once. MRS. J. HACKETT, Linwood, Ont.

Truth v. Fashion.—Mrs. De Swell peering from her carriage: Oh, I see Mrs. De Sticker up at her window. (To coachman): James, stop. I wish to see if Mrs. Sticker is at home.

"Well, is your visit to Brighton having the desired effect, madam?" "Oh yes, doctor. One of my daughters is already engaged."

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THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT

No. 761, Craig Street Montreal, Canada

J. K. FORAN, LL.B., EDITOR.

All correspondence, business and otherwise, to be addressed to the Editor.

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.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1894

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In order to prevent any further delay in correspondence, and to facilitate matters in general, we would respectfully request that no further communications intended for the TRUE WITNESS be addressed to the former proprietor.

THE DEVIL VS. THE CHURCH.

When last we touched upon this subject we examined the first attacks made by the Devil upon the Church of Christ. As will be remembered we pointed out how, through the persecution of the first Christians by the pagans, the enemy of God and man sought to destroy the work of the Saviour. We showed how the Church triumphed over the powers of hell, and how the standard of the Cross replaced that of the Roman eagles. We mentioned that the next instruments used by Satan, in his warfare upon the Church, were the early schismatics, the Mahometans, the Protestant Reformation, and the secret societies of our day. In this issue we will treat of the early schismatics and their impotent efforts to destroy the grand work of the infallible edifice of Catholicity. Looking back, from this end of the nineteenth century, at the early struggles of the Church and the numerous petty heresies of the first ages, we can only wonder and admire—wonder at the ease with which the barque of Peter floated triumphantly over all those shoals and quicksands, and admire the perfection of pilotage that the successors of the fisherman displayed, ever under the guidance of the Holy Ghost.

The Church had scarcely emerged from that fierce contest with paganism than the Devil—as he has always done—fulfilled the scripture by introducing heresies upon the scene—for it is written that “heresies will come.” However, the Evil One merely aided in the designs of God and simply added fresh evidence to the past of the Church’s divine origin and truth. One by one the schismatics appeared in the arena, each denying some particular dogma of faith, and as it were contending with each other in the struggle to injure the mother who nurtured them in early life; one by one they vanished into the obscurity out of which they arose, and their puny efforts had no more effect on the march of Catholicity than has the attacks of the fly upon the movements of the elephant. According as an audacious schismatic arose to challenge a dogma of the Faith, the Church summoned a council and immediately that dogma was defined and became formally incorporated in the doctrines taught by the representative of Christ and which must be accepted by His followers on earth. Consequently each time that the Devil raised up a schism against the Church he met his defeat in the infallible utterances of a council. Thus all unwittingly the Evil One was fulfilling

the designs of the Almighty and frustrating his own wicked plans. God made of Satan an instrument against the very Hell whose gates are never to prevail against the Church of Christ.

It seems to us that in this one thought there is food for untold meditation. From the very commencement, before Creation, immediately after the first *non Serviam*, the Devil plotted against heaven, and his efforts all turned to his own defeat. His attempt to destroy man was rendered futile by the miracle of the Incarnation. His attack upon Christianity—even in its cradle—was an evidence of his weakness and God’s omnipotence. Having failed on all sides and in every scheme that his fertile mind could concoct he must have been torn with rage when it became evident that each revolt against the Faith brought out an additional proof of the solidity and truth of that Faith. Consequently we say that the mere fact of each schism causing a grand Council of the Church to be called, and the Councils of the Church being the great beacon-lights that flash the beams of truth upon the expanse of the past, should suffice to show how truly Divine is the origin of that institution and how useless and vain the efforts of hell to destroy such an establishment. We have no intention of entering into the details of history regarding the early schismatics, no more would it be in our power, considering space; but we wished to point out this second defeat of Satan in his warfare on the Church. We have far more important phases of this question to treat before we have done with it.

The march of civilization has ever been from east to west; from the far Orient it came, passing over the fields of Europe until it reached the shores of the Atlantic; then, in the person of Columbus, it leaped the expanse of ocean and commenced its onward movement—ever westward—on this continent. As new regions spread out before it the old lands were allowed to sink back into the shadows of the past, and, with their rulers and people, to become mere monuments upon the highway of time—monuments many of which have crumbled, some of which are buried beneath the sands of the centuries. Troy was once potent, “but the land of Priam lives only in song;” Thebes was once glorious, but her hundred gates are ages since shattered and ground into dust; Palmyra was a queenly city, but scarcely a broken column can be found to-day to tell where she stood. So is it with the peoples of the far away past; they live, some in tradition, others in their monuments, a few in poetry; but they are none the less dead, and forever. Yet the great world still rolls on; the orb of day still flings his glorious shafts upon the earth; the human family still progresses and civilization usurps the domain of barbarism. There is nothing to frustrate the designs of God. No power could have prevented the Creation, nor could any power have arrested the Redemption; no more can human potency prevent the onward movement of all created beings toward the end that God has marked out for them. As well try to check the St. Lawrence, with a penny sieve, as to think of stopping the current of human progress along the channel dug for it by Omnipotent Hands. Just as wild and foolish the idea of changing the current of the Catholic stream that rolls down the centuries from its fountain-head—Christ! During the brief period of its existence, while yet the novelty of the departure causes a ripple of excitement in certain limited circles, each schism was of considerable importance; but the onward march of the Church, gather-

ing strength as it progressed down the valley of time, soon left the heresy and its adherents away behind: and to-day the Church still moves ahead, with giant strides, and far back in the desert of years the crumbling ruins of the Nestorian heresy are disappearing, the name of the Manichaean schism is scarcely legible on the disinterred pillar that tells of its existence, and the errors of the Arians are as mythical to us as the story of Paris and Helen. The bark of Peter has sailed along, in all the majesty of its perfection, and the petty schismatics have, one by one, disappeared beneath the great waves of time; they have sunk to arise no more; they went down, as the minstrel says, “Unwept, unhonored and unsung.” It was certainly clear to the mind of Satan that his second method of attack upon the Church of Christ was to become as great a failure as his first one. He beheld the power of the Church rising sublimely upon the ruins of pagan might; he then beheld the petty attacks of his second implements fail; he saw how useless were the arrows of schism against the invulnerable armor of a divinely protected institution. But he had vowed the destruction of God’s Church, and surely, in all the range of his powerful—though cursed—intellect he can find some enemy sufficiently active to check the advance of Catholicity! Paganism failed; and the pagan smashed his idols and bowed before the Cross: Schism failed; and the schismatics were either absorbed into the bosom of the Church, or else they perished from pure want of vitality; what power can Hell raise against this all-conquering Christ? From the burning heart of the desert will come the Devil’s next ally. Hope, the grim hope of despairing vengeance, fills the bosom of Satan.

TWO MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

In the January number of the North American Review there are two articles which appear under “Notes and Comments,” and which the editor, probably for very good reasons, has relegated to the region of small type at the back of the issue. One is entitled “Recent Romancings on Heaven and Hell,” by an apparently unromantic yet really most romantic lady—Gertrude B. Rolfe; the other is on “Professor Tyndall as a materialist,” by a materialist who wants to appear other than what he is—John Grier Hibben. We have a word to say about each of these articles; decidedly neither the one nor the other is calculated to add to the great reputation of the magazine that gives them space; in fact, the only trace of Mr. Lloyd Bryce’s usual keen judgment that we can find is in the fact that he did not print the names of the writers and the titles of their contributions in extra large type on the cover, but rather allowed them a corner in that special space on the last pages.

The writer of the first article is evidently a clever woman, but her line is not theological nor philosophical study—doubtless she would be quite at home writing fairy tales or she might make her mark as a composer of spring poetry, but the just criticism of writings on Heaven, Hell, or any other dogmatic subject, is decidedly beyond her wading powers, altogether too deep for her. Just imagine a reputable writer characterizing as “Romancings” the deep and serious, potent and sincere arguments of St. George Mivart in his articles on “Happiness in Hell,” Father Clarke’s orthodox and magnificent replies, Rome’s decision, and, above all, Mivart’s grand and truly Catholic submission. Miss (or Mrs.) Rolfe selects a number of

recent contributions to the literature of the day and places them all under the same heading, “the vagaries of un-governed fancy” and the “longings of a distempered sentimentality.” On her list we find the afore-mentioned contributions on “Happiness in Hell,” an American lady’s “drama which gives a novel idea of hell,” a paper by some unnamed writer upon “Social Life in Heaven,” Dante’s “gloomy poem,” as she calls it, Hood’s “Pharisaic spirit,” the material heaven of the Mahometan, the Tartarus of the ancients, Milton’s “Sublime poem,” Archdeacon Farrar’s article on “Conceptions of a Future Life,” Rev. Reginald Heber Howe’s paper on “An Episcopal View of Heaven,” and a quotation of Charles Young’s last words, “now I shall see you, my Julia,” referring to his wife in heaven. And all this jumble of serious and ludicrous, of sublime and ridiculous, of philosophical and irrational contributions—without the slightest distinction between them—is what this profound (?) critic styles “Recent Romancings.” This wonderful theological specialist—female theologians are generally specialists—calls the writings of Mivart “the longings of a distempered sentimentality,” and the sublime conceptions of Milton and Dante “the vagaries of un-governed fancy.” If the writer of that article did not intend to convey what we state, then her phrases mean nothing, and if this is what she intended to express, we can only say that either the North American Review has lost its cunning in choice of contributors, or else the whole article is so “awfully deep,” that the editor gave it to his readers as a sample of literary puzzle.

The second article—that of John Grier Hibben, on “Professor Tyndall as a materialist,” would be even more amusing (were it not so serious); however, in this case the writer has not the excuse of “feminine fancies,” he is a student of philosophy and he tries to persuade himself that he is not a materialist. Mr. Hibben draws a distinction (Miss Rolfe makes no distinctions) between what Carlyle characterizes as the “Philosophy of mud,” and Professor Tyndall’s materialism. He tells us that Tyndall finds in matter “the promise and potency of every form and quality of life,” and yet “he frankly acknowledges the natural limitations of the materialist’s position.” Professor Tyndall “recognizes a mystery which materialism cannot remove,” and for this reason Mr. Hibben claims that the professor was not a materialist. “At the outermost rim of his scientific investigation Professor Tyndall acknowledges ever a bourne of mystery beyond”; “towards this he looks with interest and with reverence.” Mr. Hibben concludes from these facts that Tyndall was many degrees removed from materialism. Does the man not see that he is simply trying to make his readers (and himself) believe that he is something higher than a materialist, and he thinks that if he can argue out the case in favor of Tyndall the argument will stand equally good in his own case. To prove his case Mr. Hibben quotes these words of Tyndall, “the scientists have as little fellowship with the atheist who says there is no God as with the theist who professes to know the mind of God.” Tyndall claimed to be a scientist, therefore he had nothing in common with the atheist or theist; but this does not disprove the fact that the great professor was a materialist. Tyndall can approach the idea of God and the conception of religion no nearer than “things in the texture of man, as the feeling of awe, reverence, wonder.” But there is a vast abyss between the recognition of God and a wonderment in pre-

sence of creation; there is a mighty chasm of thought between religion—faith—and a reverence for “physical and moral beauty.” It is that gulf that Tyndall never leaped and that his admirer and defender does not seem to recognize. Mr. Hibben says: “We would of course be better satisfied if Professor Tyndall did not insist that religion has only an emotional side, *we believing* that all enduring sentiment must have an intellectual basis.” So Tyndall can see nothing better than an emotional phase in religion; nothing higher, nothing diviner, mere emotion and matter; poor, old materialist! And Mr. Hibben believes that “enduring sentiment must have an intellectual basis,” nothing celestial, nothing divine, no inspiration, no God; simply the emotional, like Tyndall, an intellectual basis and material superstructure; poor! young materialist!

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The good that is being done by the Catholic Truth Society is incalculable. The Montreal branch has performed wonders in the short space of two years and the Ottawa branch has been making giant strides ever since its foundation. In England and elsewhere similar organizations have been established, and great will be the blessings that they will scatter on all sides. Amongst other methods of propagating the Truth is that of circulating pamphlets. We are just in receipt of a most important and very able paper on the subject of “Anglican Claims in the Light of History,” by Mr. Joseph Pope, of the Ottawa Catholic Truth Society. The paper was read before the association in December last, and is a reply to a lecture entitled “Roman Methods of Controversy,” delivered by Rev. W. J. Muckleston, M.A., in May, 1893. It is the fifth pamphlet of the series, and, needless to say, a rich addition to our current Catholic literature.

Perhaps many of our readers are unacquainted with Mr. Pope, and it might prove of great interest to the friends of Catholic Truth to know who this able exponent of solid principles is. During the eight or nine years prior to the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, Mr. Pope was his private secretary, and he is now, in obedience to the request of the dead statesman, actively engaged in writing a biography of his former chief. Mr. Pope is the eldest son of the late Judge Pope, of Prince Edward Island, a man who made his mark not only as a lawyer, but also as a journalist. His family are all strong Protestants, and on his mother's side he comes of Huguenot stock, she being a DeBrisay. His sister—the only other Catholic in the family—is Mrs. F. X. Berlinguet, of Three Rivers, better known as Miss A. M. Pope. She wrote extensively for Catholic publications in the days of her girlhood. Mr. Pope's father has two cousins in England, both converts, and both once associated with Cardinal Newman at the Brompton Oratory. Mr. Pope spent the whole of last winter and summer in Paris, attached to the British case before the Behring Sea arbitration. He is yet a young man, full of energy and talent, and one from whom very much may be expected. He not only possesses the ability and the advantages, but he also has the spirit and the desire to utilize them for the good of his fellow-men and for the glory of God's Church.

We understand that the non-Catholics in Ottawa are importing a lecturer from New York to reply to Mr. Pope's pamphlet. This speaks well for the Truth Society and the importance attached to the utterances of its members. In his preface to the pamphlet Mr. Pope states that it is more from an historical than a

theological standpoint that he takes up the question. He says: “I undertake to prove out of the writings of eminent English historians, and distinguished Anglican divines—all of them Protestants—some of them among what I suppose the reverend gentleman calls his ‘authorities,’ 1st. That the Church of England, as it existed from the beginning down to the days of Henry VIII., acknowledged the supremacy of the Holy See; 2nd. That the Anglican Church, as it exists to-day, sprang from compromise between two sets of Reformers who vied with one another in uprooting and endeavoring to destroy the ancient faith, and who, so far from claiming continuity with the past, openly proclaimed their disbelief in the necessity for any Episcopal ordination whatever. To this end I cordially join with our reverend critic in his invitation to the ‘uninstructed laity’ to ‘read history.’”

We can safely say that in the thirty-five pages of the small pamphlet Mr. Pope most fully and satisfactorily performs the task that he set before himself. As the whole pamphlet is a synopsis of a gigantic subject, to give a synopsis of the pamphlet would be almost impossible—it would require nearly as much space as the original paper occupies. We would like to see this work in the hands of every thoughtful Catholic; it is one of the wholesome fruits of that admirable society, and is a credit to the organization and to the author.

THE MASS.

We have now come to the sixth and last part of the Mass. This part is the thanksgiving. It comprises the anthem called Communion, the post communion, the *Te Missa est*, the benediction and the Gospel of St. John. The Communion is a prayer which the priest recites and which at high mass the choir sings, immediately after the communion. As singing is used at the festivals of the great ones of earth, the church wishes that it also should be used at the feast where man is seated at the table of God himself. The post communion is a prayer recited in thanksgiving after communion, and therefore is called the *post communion*.

Te Missa est means “Go, the congregation is dismissed.” In high masses the deacon sings it in the name of the priest. When other prayers follow the mass, the people are invited to continue the praises of God, and then instead of the *Te Missa est*, the *Benedicamus Domino*, “Let us bless the Lord,” is said. For this reason the *Benedicamus* is said during *Advent* and *Lent*.

The priest gives the blessing to obtain for the people that they may preserve the fruits of the holy sacrifice, to testify his affection for them and the desire he has for their salvation. Then comes the last Gospel, or the Gospel of St. John. The priest recites this on account of the profound respect which has ever been entertained for the holy words it contains. The pagans themselves admired them so much that they wished to have them engraved in letters of gold in their places of assembly, that every person might read them. At the end of the last Gospel, the faithful say *Deo gratias*, “thanks to God,” thanks to the most Holy Trinity, for all their benefits, of which the sacrifice of the altar is an abridgment. We should retire with great recollection, and live during the day as if we had witnessed the death of the Saviour on Mount Calvary.

The above is from the Catechism of Perseverance. In this article we desire to speak of that last portion of the Mass, the Gospel of St. John. Although at the end of the Mass, still the portion of this

Gospel used is its introduction. What a majestic exordium! St. John is about to write the history of Christ, from its very commencement unto the end. And yet at what point is he to commence. Christ, as God, being eternal; Christ, as man, having a beginning. “In the beginning was the Word.” But in the beginning of what? A way beyond the ken of created intelligences, in the dizzy, wondrous cycles of the great Eternal span—“the Word was with God.” Christ was with the Father from the very principal, the very starting point of all existence. There was no beginning to God; but our finite minds cannot conceive the infinite or eternal, consequently we must express ourselves so as to be understood. “And God was the Word.” Not only was Christ *with* God but He *was* God: “And this was in the beginning with God.”

How powerfully, yet how tersely does St. John unfold to us that wonderful mystery—the Eternal existence of Christ and the mystical union of the Trinity! Seldom do we reflect upon the depth of meaning contained in those few lines. There is subject-matter for thousands of pages of dogmatic writing. Yet, in two short sentences the inspired writer explains the real nature of Christ. How vain all the flowers of rhetoric and all the syllogisms of the schools; they add nothing to this powerful exposition of two immutable truths. They may develope the ideas but they cannot improve them.

“Everything was made by Him: and without Him there was nothing made that has been made.” He was was the Creator. As God He created all: as the Son He is about to save mankind. Of all the perfections and wonders that we behold in the universe, not one atom was made without Him. From the last planet in the realms of space, to the smallest grain of sand on the sea shore, each inanimate object came from Him. From the microscopic atoms that live in a drop of water up to the master-piece of creation—man—all living beings come from Him. He not only created the matter, but from Himself came the life that was infused into that matter. “In Him was life: and life was the light of men.” The writer passes with easy and delicate transition from the contemplation of God the Creator to Christ the Redeemer. He goes from the Trinity to one person thereof; from coeval existence of the Three Persons to the commencement of the mission of the Second Person.

“And the light shone in the darkness; and the darkness did not understand it.”

The clouds of paganism obscured the world; the shadows of barbarism hung upon the intelligence of the universe, when the “Star of Salvation twinkled at Bethlehem and the gorgeous Sun of Redemption flashed upon Calvary.” It was this *light* that St. John spoke of and that he pointed out as coming to shine in the midst of shadows and to be unrecognized by them. Having thus given the subject of his writing and placed before the readers the situation of mankind and the new help that is about to come to humanity, he retraces his steps, so to speak, and begins with the precursor to Christ. He tells of the glorious mission of St. John the Baptist and tells it in a language richly eloquent.

“There was a man sent by God, whose name was John.” He pictures this man as coming to give testimony of that *light* about to shine in the darkness. This man was not the light: he merely preceded it as the flush of dawn comes before the sun that appears in the east. But the true light was that which illumined all men that came into this world. We are then told of John's

mission and of the ray from the Sun of Divinity that was about to shed upon humanity. “He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own and His own received Him not.”

Behold here the story of Christ's birth and early life condensed into a few lines; Master and Creator of the world, He came into it and it ignored Him. Because He did not come as a hero, in triumph and surrounded by the armies of men, the world could not see in Him a King. He said He was King of the Jews. Had it been His intention to proclaim Himself an earthly king, He would have said, “I am Cæsar—I am Emperor of the Universe,” for Cæsar was then the mightiest being on earth and an Emperor was greater than a King. But His Kingdom was not of this world.

But a few did receive Him and to them He gave the power that would make of them children of God, “even to them that believed in His name. Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”

“And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.”

Seldom does St. John repeat a word: but there is power in the repetition of that word *glory*. Even more so is it in Latin. *Et vidimus gloriam ejus, gloriam quas unigeniti a Patre.*

Behold then the glowing introduction to that powerful history of Christ,—a history reaching from the very precursor until the consummation. At the close of the Mass, as a rule, this portion of the Gospel of St. John is read and when the priest has finished it, the faithful answer *Deo Gratias*, “Thanks be to God.” They thank God for the benefits conferred upon humanity by the Redemption and the great sacrifice upon Calvary: they thank Him for the perpetuation, in an unbloody manner, of that richest gift of God to man; they thank Him for the works He performed and the story of which St. John has told in his incomparable style.

We have now gone over the Mass. Of course we have not entered into all the details, nor have we given even a faint idea of the grandeur of the sacrifice. In the next issue we will strive to present some new thoughts and fresh subject-matter for contemplation. Although there are thousands of points that we have not touched upon: yet we hope that the reader, who has followed these articles upon the Mass attentively, will be able to glean some slight knowledge upon this subject. It is difficult to explain all the parts of the Mass; still if the reader can once grasp the idea, the general plan (such as we have tried to place in these columns) he can by himself study and comprehend the details which we have omitted. To know what the Mass is: what its parts are: what the ceremonies mean: what the prayers signify: what the actions denote: what the object is and how that object is gained, should be the study of every Catholic.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Please address all correspondence, business and otherwise, intended for the TRUE WITNESS, to the Editor, Mr. J. K. Foran.

Little Dick: Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economise? Papa: I did, my son. Little Dick: Well, I was thinkin' that mebbe if you'd get me a pony I wouldn't wear out so many shoes.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XXXV—Continued.

"Is not that our village yonder, where I see the smoke?"

"Yes; and there on the stile sits your little groom awaiting you. I shall get down here."

"Stay where you are, sir. It is by your blunder, not by your presence, that you might compromise me." And this time her voice caught a sharp severity that suppressed reply.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE EXCURSION.

The little village of Cruhan-bawn, into which they now drove, was, in every detail of wretchedness, dirt, ruin, and desolation, intensely Irish. A small branch of the well-known bog-stream, the "Brusna," divided one part of the village from the other; and between these two settlements so separated there raged a most rancorous hatred and jealousy, and Cruhan-beg, as the smaller collection of hovels was called, detested Cruhan-bawd with an intensity of dislike that might have sufficed for a national antipathy, where race, language, and traditions had contributed their aids to the animosity.

There was, however, one real and valid reason for this inveterate jealousy. The inhabitants of Cruhan-beg—who lived, as they said themselves, "beyond the river," strenuously refused to pay any rent for their hovels; while "the cis-Brusnaites," as they may be termed, demeaned themselves to the condition of tenants in so far as to acknowledge the obligation of rent, though the oldest inhabitant vowed he had never seen a receipt in his life, nor had the very least conception of a gale-day.

If, therefore, actually, there was not much to separate them on the score of principle, they were widely apart in theory, and the sturdy denizens of the smaller village looked down upon the others as the ignoble slaves of a Saxon tyranny. The village in its entirety—for the division was a purely local and arbitrary one—belonged to Miss Betty O'Shea, forming the extreme edge of her estate as it merged into the vast bog; and, with the habitual fate of frontier populations, it contained more people of lawless lives and reckless habits than were to be found for miles around. There was not a resource of her ingenuity she had not employed for years back to bring these refractory subjects into the pale of a respectable tenantry. Every process of the law had been "canted," and themselves—a last resource—cursed from the altar; but, with that strange tenacity that pertains to life where there is little to live for, these creatures survived all modes of persecution, and came back into their ruined hovels to defy the law and beard the Church, and went on living—in some strange, mysterious way of their own—an open challenge to all political economy, and a sore puzzle to the Times commissioner when he came to report on the condition of the cottier in Ireland.

At certain seasons of country excitement—such as an election or an unusually weighty assizes—it was not deemed perfectly safe to visit the village, and even the police would not have ventured on the step except with a responsible force. At other periods the most marked feature of the place would be that of utter vacuity and desolation. A single inhabitant here and there smoking listlessly at his door—a group of women, with their arms concealed beneath their aprons, crouching under a ruined wall, or a few ragged children, too miserable and dispirited even for play, would be all that would be seen.

At a spot where the stream was fordable for a horse, the page Larry had already stationed himself, and now walked into the river, which rose over his knees, to show the road to his mistress.

"The bailiffs is on them to-day," said he, with a gleeful look in his eye; for any excitement, no matter at what cost to others, was intensely pleasurable to him.

"What is he saying?" asked Nina. "They are executing some process of law against these people," muttered Donogan. "It's an old story in Ireland;

but I had as soon you had been spared the sight."

"Is it quite safe for yourself?" whispered she. "Is there not some danger in being seen here?"

"Oh, if I could but think that you cared—I mean ever so slightly," cried he, with fervor, "I'd call this moment of my danger the proudest of my life!"

Though declarations of this sort—more or less sincere, as chance might make them—were things Nina was well used to, she could not help marking the impassioned manner of him who now spoke, and bent her eyes steadily on him.

"It is true," said he, as if answering the interrogation in her gaze. "A poor outcast as I am—a rebel—a felon—anything you like to call me—the slightest show of your interest in me give my life a value and my hope a purpose I never knew till now."

"Such interest would be but ill-bestowed if it only served to heighten your danger. Are you known here?"

"He who has stood in the dock as I have is sure to be known by some one. Not that the people would betray me. There is poverty and misery enough in that wretched village, and yet there's not one so hungry or so ragged that he would hand me over to the law to make himself rich for life."

"Then what do you mean to do?" asked she, hurriedly.

"Walk boldly through the village at the head of your pony, as I am now—your guide to Croghan Castle."

"But we were to have stabled the beast here. I intended to have gone on foot to Croghan."

"Which you cannot now. Do you know what English law is, lady?" cried he fiercely. "This pony and this carriage, if they had shelter here, are confiscated to the landlord for his rent. It's little use to say you owe nothing to this owner of the soil; it's enough that they are found among the chattels of his debtors."

"I cannot believe this is law."

"You can prove it—at the loss of your pony; and it is mercy and generous dealing when compared with half the enactments our rulers have devised for us. Follow me. I see the police have not yet come down. I will go on in front and ask the way to Croghan."

There was that sort of peril in the adventure now that stimulated Nina and excited her; and as they stoutly wended their way through the crowd, she was far from insensible to the looks of admiration that were bent on her from every side.

"What are they saying?" asked she; "I do not know their language."

"It is Irish," said he; "they are talking of your beauty."

"I should so like to follow their words?" said she, with the smile of one to whom such homage had ever its charm.

"That wild-looking fellow, that seemed to utter an imprecation, has just pronounced a fervent blessing; what he has said was: 'May every glance of your eye be a candle to light you to glory!'"

A half-insolent laugh at this conceit was all Nina's acknowledgment of it. Short greetings and good wishes were now rapidly exchanged between Donogan and the people, as the little party made their way through the crowd—the men standing bareheaded, and the women uttering words of admiration, some even crossing themselves piously, at sight of such loveliness as, to them, recalled the ideal of all beauty.

"The police are to be here at one o'clock," said Donogan, translating a phrase of one of the bystanders.

"And is there anything for them to seize on?" asked she.

"No; but they can level the cabins," cried he, bitterly. "We have no more right to shelter than to food."

Moody and sad, he walked along at the pony's head, and did not speak another word till they had left the village far behind them.

Larry, as usual, had found something to interest him, and dropped behind in the village, and they were alone.

A passing countryman, to whom Donogan addressed a few words in Irish, told them that a short distance from Croghan they could stable the pony at a small "shebeen."

On reaching this, Nina, who seemed

to have accepted Donogan's companionship without farther question, directed him to unpack the carriage and take out her easel and her drawing materials. You'll have to carry these—fortunately, not very far, though," said she smiling, "and then you'll have to come back here and fetch this basket."

"It is a very proud slavery—command me how you will," muttered he, not without emotion.

"That," continued she, pointing to the basket, "contains my breakfast, and luncheon or dinner, and I invite you to be my guest."

"And I accept with rapture. Oh!" cried he, passionately, "what whispered to my heart this morning that this would be the happiest day of my life?"

"If so, fate has scarcely been generous to you." And her lip curled half-superciliously as she spoke.

"I'd not say that. I have lived amidst great hopes, many of them dashed, it is true, by disappointment; but who that has been cheered by glorious day-dreams, has not tasted moments at least of exquisite bliss?"

"I don't know that I have much sympathy with political ambitions," said she, pettishly.

"Have you tasted—have you tried them? Do you know what it is to feel the heart of a nation throb and beat—to know that all that love can do to purify and elevate can be exercised for the countless thousands of one's own race and lineage, and to think that long after men have forgotten your name some heritage of freedom will survive to say that there once lived one who loved his country?"

"This is very pretty enthusiasm."

"Oh, how is it that you, who can stimulate one's heart to such confessions, know nothing of the sentiment?"

"I have my ambitions," said she, coldly—almost sternly.

"Let me hear some of them."

"They are not like yours, though they are perhaps just as impossible." She spoke in a broken, unconnected manner, like one who was talking aloud the thoughts that came laggingly; then, with a sudden earnestness, she said:

"I'll tell you one of them. It's to catch the broad bold light that has just beat on the old castle there, and brought out all its rich tints of grays and yellows in such a glorious wealth of color. Place my easel here, under the trees; spread that rug for yourself to lie on. No—you won't have it? Well, fold it neatly, and place it there for my feet; very nicely done. And now, Signor Ribello, you may unpack that basket and arrange our breakfast, and when you have done all these, throw yourself down on the grass, and either tell me a pretty story, or recite some nice verse for me, or be otherwise amusing and agreeable."

"Shall I do what will best please myself? If so, it will be to lie here and look at you."

"Be it so," said she, with a sigh. "I have always thought, in looking at them, how saints are bored by being worshipped—it adds fearfully to martyrdom, but happily I am used to it. 'Oh, the vanity of that girl!' Yes, sir, say it out: tell her frankly that if she has no friend to caution her against this besetting wile, that you will be that friend. Tell her that whatever she has of attraction is spoiled and marred by this self-consciousness, and that just as you are a rebel without knowing it, so should she be charming and never suspect it. Is not that coming nicely?" said she, pointing to the drawing. "See how that tender light is carried down from those gray walls to the banks beneath, and dies away in that little pool, where the faintest breath of air is rustling. Don't look at me, sir, look at my drawing."

"True, there is no tender light there," muttered he, gazing at her eyes, where the enormous size of the pupils had given a character of steadfast brilliancy, quite independent of shape, or size, or color.

"You know very little about it," said she, saucily; then, bending over the drawing, she said: "That middle distance wants a bit of color; you shall aid me here."

"How am I to aid you?" asked he, in sheer simplicity.

"I mean that you should be that bit of color, there. Take my scarlet cloak and perch yourself yonder on that low rock. A few minutes will do. Was there ever immortality so cheaply purchased! Your biographer shall tell that you were the figure in that famous sketch—what will be called, in the cant

of art, one of Nina Kosalergi's earliest and happiest efforts. There now, dear Mr. Donogan, do as you are bid."

"Do you know the Greek ballad, where a youth remembers that the word 'dear' has been coupled with his name—a passing courtesy, even so much, but enough to light up a whole chamber in his heart?"

"I know nothing of Greek ballads. How does it go?"

"It is a simple melody, in a low key." And he sang in a deep but tremulous voice, to a very plaintive air:

"I took her hand within my own,
I drew her gently nearer,
And whispered almost on her cheek,
'Oh, would that I were dearer.'
Dearer; No, that's not my prayer:
A stranger, e'en the merest,
Might chance to have some value there
But I would be the dearest."

"What had he done to merit such a hope?" said she, haughtily.

"Loved her—only loved her!"

"What value you men must attach to this gift of your affection, when it can nourish such thoughts as these! Your very willfulness is to win us—is not that your theory? I expect from the man who offers me his heart that he means to share with me his own power and his own ambition—to make me the partner of a station that is to give me some pre-eminence I had not known before, nor could gain unaided."

"And you would call that marrying for love?"

"Why not? Who has such a claim upon my life as he who makes the life worth living for? Did you hear that about?"

"I heard it," said he, standing still to listen.

"It came from the village. What can it mean?"

"It is the old war-cry of the houseless," said he, mournfully. "It's a note we are well used to here. I must go down to learn. I'll be back presently."

"You are not going into danger?" said she, and her cheek grew paler as she spoke.

"And if I were, who is to care for it?" "Have you no mother, sister, sweetheart?"

"No, not one of the three. Good-bye."

"But if I were to say—stay?"

"I should still go. To have your love, I'd sacrifice even my honor. Without it—I'd throw up his arms despairingly and rushed away."

"These are the men whose tempers compromise us," said she, thoughtfully. "We come to accept their violence as a reason, and take mere impetuosity for an argument. I am glad that he did not shake my resolution. There, that was another shout, but it seemed in joy. There was a ring of gladness in it. Now for my sketch."

And she reseated herself before her easel. "He shall see when he comes back how diligently I have worked, and how small a share anxiety has had in my thoughts. The one thing men are not proof against is our independence of them." And thus talking in broken sentences to herself, she went on rapidly with her drawing, occasionally stopping to gaze on it, and humming some old Italian ballad to herself. "His Greek air was pretty. Not that it was Greek; these fragments of melody were left behind them by the Venetians, who, in all lust of power, made songs about contented poverty and humble joys. I feel intensely hungry, and if my dangerous guest does not return soon I shall have to breakfast alone—another way of showing him how little his fate has interested me. My foreground here does want that bit of color. Why does he not come back?"

As she rose to look at her drawing, the sound of something running attracted her attention, and turning, she saw it was her foot-page, Larry, coming at full speed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCROFULA ENTIRELY CURED.

Dear Sirs,—I have suffered very much from scrofula and bad blood for seven years past. Six months ago I commenced using B. B. B. internally and externally and can now say that I am entirely cured, and have been so for some time. To all sufferers I recommend B. B. B. as an excellent remedy for scrofula. Miss A. B. TANNIER, Pictou, N.S.

Jack: Loafus is always trying to borrow money from me. I wish I knew how to get rid of him. Fred: I'll tell you. Jack: How? Fred: Lend him some.

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

PEERS VERSUS PEOPLE.

The Scandalous Career of Prime Minister
Crispi of Italy—Smash Up of the
British Navy.

It is extremely probable that a general election will take place in Britain and Ireland during the fall of 1894. The present parliamentary deadlock cannot continue. Gladstone is making no headway with his legislation. Some months ago I ventured to predict in these pages that the Lords would pass the second reading of any English Reform bill sent up to them by the Liberal Government; but that in committee all the reforms would be excised from the measure by amendments. This is exactly what the peers have done with the employers Liability Bill, which they have shorn of all the rights and privileges it conferred on the working classes of the community. The other Gladstonian measures will be similarly emasculated with the result that the government cannot go before the constituencies with a record of work done. They have effected absolutely nothing. The Home Rule bill has been laid on the shelf till 1895. The democratic policy, so far as English legislation is concerned, of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet has been thwarted and nullified by those pumpkin-headed aristocrats who are determined to surrender none of their hereditary power to the populace. That typical museum of parliamentary freaks, the senile House of Lords, is an old-fashioned establishment whose usefulness is a thing of the past. It obstructs the march of modern progress in England. Radical reforms can never be placed on the statute book of that country as long as this set of irresponsible peers continues in political existence. Moreover the obstruction organized by Brumagem Joe Chamberlain, and the "ex-bloody Balfour" in the Lower House must be crushed, or else the parliamentary machine will break down! Altogether the situation in Westminster is unsatisfactory. It is most unsatisfactory, so far as we view it in the light of Ireland's national hopes and aspirations. The other practical solution of the difficulty seems to be a dissolution of the Lower House. It is incapacitated at present and can do no good. Mr. Gladstone will probably therefore have to appeal at an early date to the country to give him such an overwhelming majority that the House of Lords will not dare to throw out or emasculate any of his future bills. The English people cannot but be aware that the Upper House is a clog on the wheels of legislation; and a campaign against that chamber ought to become popular, if the premier could be induced to put himself at the head of such a movement.

AN ECCENTRIC M. P.

The extreme radical element in the English House of Commons is represented by a curious and eccentric oddity named Keir Hardie. When he first made his appearance on the scene garbed in the every day clothes of a working mechanic—a seedy cap sitting jauntily on one side of his head, the "first assembly of gentlemen in the world," as they so absurdly call themselves, were shocked beyond measure at the ragged apparition before them. It looked as if Democracy or Demos had risen from the slums, and had blushing entered their dainty sanctum—pointing its horny fingers in derision and contempt at the tall silken tiles, the stainless linen and the immaculate broadcloth of the honorable and right Tory squireens, as the wind swept between him and their nobility, turned the whites of their eyes to the ceiling, as ducks do towards the skies in a thunder storm, at Hardie's implicit contempt for the etiquette that should prevail in that gentlemanly chamber. Hardie's progress to the House through the streets of London, after his election, was signalized in a most bizarre and serio-comic fashion. Seated in front of a van, he handled the ribbons, and plied his whip on the horses' flanks, accompanied by a number of his most enthusiastic supporters, one of whom played the cornet, and another beat the big drum. From that day to this he has been constantly posing in public as the champion of the working classes of England. Keir Hardie imitates Marat, the little old garlick-flavored Jacobin of the Paris Reign of Terror, in the utter radicalism of his dress. He has a sublime aversion to the

orthodox gear worn by his brother members. He considers a white collar, and more particularly a white shirt, as the abomination of desolation in this democratic age, as well as a badge of capitalism, of which he is the avowed and implacable enemy. Keir's shirts and collars are of blue colored cotton. He eschews all kinds of linen, and abhors cuffs. The sight of silk arouses his choler just as much as the sight of a red rag does a bull. As a leader of the proletariat he has nothing but hate and contempt for such capitalistic trapping. He wears a tweed cap; and his entire "get up" is so shabby that in the early days of his parliamentary life he was frequently mistaken by the policemen (on duty in the corridors of the House) for a workman who had missed his bearing, and was sternly told that only members were allowed to pass that way. His patience was at last exhausted.

"Shades of Bradlaugh!" he exclaimed, buttonholing the guardian of the peace, "don't you know me? Sure I am the famous champion of the workmen of England—citizen Keir Hardie, M.P.!"

Now, however, the citizen is greeted with the profoundest salaams by the uniformed officials of the House. Mr. Gladstone himself is not treated half as respectfully as is this horny-handed democrat.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S INCONSISTENCIES.

Victor Hugo once said that a man, who never changed his opinions, is an idiot. This declaration of the French poet was a simple palliation of his own conduct. Having been brought up a Catholic and a Royalist, he became in after life an unbeliever in all revealed religions, and an extreme Republican. The inconsistency of changing one's opinions in order to harmonize oneself with the advancement of the age is sometimes a necessity; but he who commences his career as a defender of the people's rights, and poses as a fearless Republican, and is ending it as a supporter of a throne is to my mind grossly inconsistent. I know that the older a man becomes, the more conservative are his principles, but that is no excuse for one who in a green old age is ashamed of the principles of his youth. Such a man is Signor Crispi, who has been recently recalled to the premiership of Italy by Umberto. In his early days as well as in his mature manhood Crispi was the fierce and uncompromising foe of a monarchy. He justly considered that the mere accident of birth was no guarantee that a man is fit to reign over a people wisely and well. Great kings and emperors have been the fathers of imbeciles. Genius does not necessarily run in royal veins in individual cases any more than it does in aristocratic. It draws its force from all classes of society—from the lordly cavaliers of the past, who were born in palaces, down to the gallant Murat, one of Napoleon's best generals who was born in a stable. Returning to our *moutons*, however, Crispi in his salad days spoilt his Republicanism by being a most turbulent character. His hand was raised against every man, and every man's hand against him. His hot Sicilian blood played utter havoc with his temper, and made his early life one long series of broils and quarrels. He was such an extreme Republican at that time that he could find no home in Italy. State after State expelled him from its territory. He had no pillow in the entire peninsula whereon to lay his head. Even Turin, the residence of the Savoyards, whose faithful servant he is at present, vomited him from his mouth as an unclean animal. Chased ignominiously from his native land, he sought and found a refuge in France—a country of whom he became in after years an unrelenting enemy—thus proving what an ugly thing is man's ingratitude to his former benefactors. He could not agree with any of Garibaldi's projects. He could not work under Mazzini. He wanted to be a Caesar or a nobody. And yet in a subsequent period, he reaped the reward of Mazzini's statecraft, and Garibaldi's filibustering triumphs when the former was in his grave and the other was actually starving in his little island of Capri! Having publicly recanted his Republican ideas, he was allowed to return to Italy in the early seventies, where he

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

has since been one of the leading supporters of the Savoy dynasty. When he reached the goal of his ambition, the Premiership, now several years ago, his wife was snubbed by Queen Marguerite. Up to that time he did not move much in social circles. Now that he was Prime Minister, it was incumbent on him to give receptions over which Signora Crispi presided. On one occasion he and his spouse issued invitations to the King and Queen to come to an entertainment. The King answered the call, but the Queen refused to accompany her husband on the grounds that she could not recognize a woman who was a divorced adventuress before she became Crispi's wife. Crispi threatened to resign; but his threats vanished into smoke when his ambitious palate was tickled with the proposal of Umberto that his (Crispi's) wife would be permitted to attend court where she would, however, be merely allowed to bow to, but not speak with the Queen. What an unvanishing scamp he must be to continue living in open adultery with this woman whose legitimate husband is still alive! No wonder that Nemesis is on Italy's track when a man of Crispi's corrupt caliber is its Prime Minister.

A FLEET OF SINKING IRONCLADS.

The once great and invincible navy of England which was accustomed in the brave days of old to dare the battle and the breeze, is fast collapsing. Her ironclad vessels founder in mid-ocean or strike rocks or meet with accidents at the rate of one every few months. The latest catastrophe in the navy is the entanglement of the "Warsprite" in a most serious accident. An English ironclad's blunders are not to be equaled by those of any other inanimate object under the sun. She goes about it with such a deliberate air that one almost mistakes it for an unsophisticated innocence till after the event. A hawser, it seems, was run from the troop ship at the quay to a cruiser in the river Mersey, and when the little schooner "Welcome Home" was sweeping by, it tripped over the rope, fell against the side of the ironclad, and damaged her massive flanks to the extent of one million pounds sterling. This event casts further ridicule on the Jingoist agitation that is now knocking English public opinion upside down from the center to the sea in regard to the revival of "our glorious navy." Englishmen want more vessels, and shower curses on the hoary locks of Premier Gladstone because he won't let them have these costly pop-gun toys. Gladstone is perfectly right and sensible in this attitude of his in face of the fact that if the English tars were provided with new vessels they would just misman and mismanage them as they are already mismanaging the vessels they still possess.—*Eugene Davis, in the Western Watchman.*

GIVE HIM FAIR PLAY.

We are ready to put up \$500.00 for the benefit of Notre Dame Hospital that we have the largest stock of Parlor, Bedroom, and Diningroom sets in Montreal, and all exposed in our sample rooms, Nos. 1541 to 1551 St. Catherine Street.

Besides having a considerable choice of Furniture of all kinds we have a splendid choice of useful presents for Christmas and New Year's Gifts.

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Ask for our illustrated Catalogues for Furniture and Pianos.

Open every night until 10 o'clock.

F. LAPOINTE, 1541 to 1551 St. Catherine Street.

Mgr. Markovic, whose accidental death by drowning at Fiume last week was announced, was Apostolic Administrator of Banjalouch, in Bosnia, and titular Bishop of Danaba, and was the first Bosnian raised to the hierarchy by Leo XIII. The deceased was a Minor Observant, and was born at Dolao, in the diocese of Vrhboena, in 1840.—R.I.P.

A HOME TESTIMONIAL.

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

Bitter mistake—To allow the tea to steep too long.

Children

who are thin, hollow-chested, or growing too fast, are made Strong, Robust and Healthy by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. It contains material for making healthy Flesh and Bones. Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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ANECDOTES OF FATHER BADIN.

In Father Badin's remarkable character directness was a prominent trait. There were no two ways about it. Like Father Neyron, whenever he heard or saw anything he did not like, he would speak out in a way that could be heard and understood. Sometimes, to tell the truth, he was a little too direct, a little too pointed.

During one of his periodical tours he staid over in a little village in south-eastern Missouri. He had many acquaintances in the neighborhood, all of whom flocked to pay their respects to him. Among them was a lady acquaintance. It was the Easter season. "Madam," said Father Badin, "have you made your Easter Duty?" "No, Father Badin, not yet." "Well, then, go and make your Easter duty and then come, and I will speak with you."

Once in crossing a bridge he met a Protestant acquaintance. Father Badin was carrying a saddle. "Hello! Father Badin," exclaimed the acquaintance, "what's up? What's the matter?" "My horse is dead," answered Father Badin, "Dead!" said the acquaintance, "that's bad. But then as your horse was a priest's horse he was a good Catholic and died with all the rites of your church." "Ah, no," said Father Badin, "the rascal was a Protestant and died in all his sins."

In his old age Father Badin returned to France with the intention perhaps of spending there the remaining years of his life. But if he had such intention he quickly changed it and returned to this country. He found that France had not near so much attraction for him as he expected and that, after all, this country was his home.

In February, 1850, Father Badin read the last absolution of the church at the funeral of Bishop Flaget. It must have been an affecting sight to see this aged and venerable priest invoking the mercies of heaven on him with whom he had come to this country almost 60 years previously and with whom he had labored so long in the ministry.

Father Badin was 60 years a priest and nearly 86 years of age when he finished the course that divine Providence had assigned him. He died in April, 1853. *Church Progress.*

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

The poem, "Rock Me to Sleep Mother" was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen, known otherwise as "Florence Percy." It is a general favorite for it is a sweet little touch of home life. But there is another side to the picture. Many a mother rocks her child to sleep who can neither rest nor sleep herself. She is always tired, has an everlasting backache, is low spirited, weary, nervous and all that. Thanks be, he can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do the work. There is nothing on earth like it, for the "complaints" to which the sex are liable. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money returned.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are specific for biliousness, headaches, constipation, piles, and kindred ailments.

Composers are not invariably conceited, but they are persons who usually give themselves airs.

MORE MONEY FOR IRELAND.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE OPENS A NEW CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION.

Finances of Home Rule Fully Explained in a Letter by Mr. Blake by Extracts From a Confidential Report.

Hon. Edward Blake has inaugurated another Canadian subscription for the friends of home rule. The Globe published a letter from Mr. Blake fully explaining the financial situation of the cause and to-day the new subscription was inaugurated. Hon. Frank Smith and Hon. S. H. Blake are treasurers. The list has been opened with the following subscriptions: Frank Smith, \$1,000; Geo. W. Kiely, \$1,400; Edward Blake, \$1,000; Thos. Long, \$500; Hugh Ryan, \$1,000.

Mr. Blake's letter reads: With your permission I proceed to fulfill my promise of indicating the financial requirements of the Irish Parliamentary party for this year. They exceed \$240,000; and perhaps I can best show my disposition to deal frankly by quoting, in explanation of this estimate, extracts from a confidential report which I made on the 14th November last. It is substantially as follows:—

"I have personally looked into the condition of the finances of the Irish Parliamentary party, with a view to calculating the sums required to carry on the movement for next year, including the general election, which many expect to take place about the end of 1894.

"I give you my estimates, with some of the data on which they proceed:

1—PAYMENT TO MEMBERS.

"The amount disbursed by the treasurer this year reaches £8,575, which, however, included a small sum for arrears. The members of the Irish Parliamentary party do not, as a rule, grow richer as the Parliament grows older, but the reverse; and therefore we may look rather for an increase than a diminution in this item. I conjecture that for 1894 we may require £9,000, or \$45,000.

2—REGISTRATION EXPENSES.

"The elections will probably be held on the next register. The Unionist Peers and landlords have unlimited resources, and it is absolutely necessary to make a good fight against them, as well as against Redmonite opposition, in order to show a continuing and overwhelming Irish majority for the bill, and, indeed, in order to secure votes enough to pass it into law. A large part of the national expense is borne by the localities or individuals, and the effort has been always to stimulate, as far as possible, local exertions. But in poor and exceptional districts aid must be given from central funds. Part of this aid has been provided by the Irish National federation, but we have been obliged this year to supplement its funds by £1,450; and it remains, notwithstanding, in debt in this connection to a large amount, the payment of which will so far encroach on its receipts for next year that we shall require, to provide for this purpose, over £2,000, or \$10,000.

3—BYE-ELECTIONS.

"These cost little as a rule, there being few contests. But there are occasionally large expenses, beyond those which can be locally provided; and there is always the chance of a severe contest somewhere. It would not be safe to estimate on this head less than £500, or \$2,500.

4—GENERAL ELECTION FUND.

"Here, as elsewhere, the effort has been to promote, as far as possible, local or individual subscriptions. But, as you know, the expenses, which include the large charges of the returning officers, are very heavy, and it is absolutely necessary in the majority of contests to aid from a central fund. The Unionists, in order to embarrass our resources, contest even utterly hopeless seats. The last general election cost this fund £8,938 10s 7d. I cannot estimate the cost this time at less than £9,000, or \$45,000.

5—BRITISH PROPAGANDA.

"Home Rule is to be won in the British constituencies by the work to be done between now and the general election. Perhaps the most effective instrument of the great Liberal electoral suc-

cesses between 1886 and 1890 was the Irish propaganda. Pamphlets and leaflets were most extensively distributed, and Irish speakers were constantly at work on the platform. This work, which cost in some years £4,000, has been, since the split, almost abandoned for want of funds.

"Meantime the Irish and other Unionists have raised enormous sums for political effort. They have been systematically deluging the doubtful British constituencies with Irish newspapers, leaflets, pamphlets, letters, canvassers and speakers from Ulster and elsewhere. They claim to have affected more than one bye-election. We must meet them at bye-elections in Britain, and counterwork them in the preparations for the general election. For this purpose we require £4,000 or \$20,000, and I believe no expenditure would make a better return.

6—THE EVICTED TENANTS.

"The expenditure, including administration, even after omitting, for just comparison, some special disbursements in the earlier years, was for 1890-1 £40,800. The split, and consequent paralysis, stopped the supplies. The grants have been necessarily cut down almost to starvation point.

"The expenditure was for 1891-2 £21,700, and for 1892-3 £18,300. At least £17,000, or \$85,000, is required for 1894.

7—DEBT.

"But this is not all. We are in debt. The main items are as follows:—

- (1) Old debt, dating from before the split, say, with interest.....£3,680
 - (2) Balance of debt to Mr. T. Curran, M.P., on his loan, made before the general election, say.. 3,100
- Total.....£6,780
Or \$33,900."

The Irish Parliamentary party trust that Irishmen at home and abroad will recognize the reasonableness of their appeal and give to it that hearty response which the interests of the cause demand.
EDWARD BLAKE.

ALBANY'S BISHOP DEAD.

Rt. Rev. Dr. McNierny Passes Calmly Away After a Brief Illness from Pneumonia.

The Rt. Rev. Francis S. McNierny, Bishop of Albany, died at the episcopal residence in Albany, Tuesday night, Jan. 2, of typhoid pneumonia.

Francis S. McNierny was born in the city of New York on the 21st of April, 1828, and began his studies in the school of Mr. Sparrow, a Catholic teacher. In September, 1841, he was sent to Montreal, and entered the college in that city directed by the priests of the community of St. Sulpice. Here he remained till he terminated the course of philosophy. He then resolved to enter the ecclesiastical state, and pursued his theological studies in the Grand seminary from 1849 to 1854, acting as procurator of the institution for one year, and for two years directing the class of belles-lettres in the college. Returning to New York, he received the tonsure, minor orders, and sub-deaconship at the hands of Archbishop Hughes in St. Patrick's cathedral. He was ordained deacon on the feast of the Assumption, 1854, and priest two days later. The young clergyman was immediately stationed at the cathedral and made chaplain to the Archbishop. His perfect knowledge of the rites and offices of the Church caused Rev. Mr. McNierny to be selected on all solemn occasions as master of ceremonies, and he did much to give dignity to the services of the Church. In 1867 he was made chancellor of the diocese of New York, and from 1859 he was, as secretary to Archbishop Hughes or secretary of the diocese or the council, constantly and intimately connected with the management of affairs. When the health of Bishop Conroy, of Albany, required relief from duty, the Rev. Mr. McNierny was appointed; he was consecrated Bishop of Rhesina and coadjutor of Albany, April 12, 1871. On the 18th of January, 1874, the administration of the diocese was confided to him, and on the resignation of Bishop Conroy, October 16, 1877, he became third Bishop of Albany. Under his careful and prudent administration the diocese has prospered and acquired order and solidity. Although the diocese of Ogdensburg was set off in 1872, the churches and chapels have increased from 170 to 210; the priests from 120 to 197; the parochial schools number twelve thousand pupils, while the religious orders have been increased by the

accession of Brothers of the Good Works, Little Sisters of the Poor, Sisters of Christian Charity, Sisters of St. Dominic and Presentation Nuns. The Jesuit Fathers, Augustinians, and Franciscan Conventuals, have houses in the diocese of Albany, and in it is situated the Provincial seminary at Troy, a large theological institution with an able corps of professors.

A WELCOME LETTER

And An Acknowledgment of the Generous Spirit Displayed By Friends of Catholic Literature.

HELENA, P. Q., Jan. 8, 1894.

To J. K. FORAN, Esq., Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed find check, \$23, amount of donation and subscription to THE TRUE WITNESS (as per list enclosed) Our donation is not as large as we would have wished it to be, but the amount, though small, has been cheerfully given; we trust what it lacks may be in part made up by the additional new subscribers. And to Mr. John Wassam, of Kensington, by his diligent efforts belongs the credit of securing it. Hoping that some energetic persons in each locality, who have the welfare of THE TRUE WITNESS at heart, may act on our suggestion of two weeks ago, and make a strong effort to have THE TRUE WITNESS in at least every English-speaking Catholic home in our land. Should you desire to insert any part of this letter please sign a friend of THE TRUE WITNESS as heretofore. Please accept my sincere thanks for your very kind notice of my letter of two weeks ago.

"A FRIEND OF THE TRUE WITNESS."

THE LIST OF PRACTICAL FRIENDS.

In thanking the following gentlemen, we regret the writer of the above letter, whose name appears on this list, does not desire it published. We will, however, ask of the donors to permit us to give them credit for their respective amounts on our subscription list:

- John Wassam.....Kensington... 1 00
- Robert Wassam....."..... 1 00
- P. Brady.....Helena..... 1 00
- J. H. Brady....."..... 1 00

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- Mahlon Honsinger....."..... 1 00
- Mary J. Donnelly.....Kensington... 1 00

Total\$22 00

Carved Out of a Piece of Coal.

In St. Mary's General Hospital, on Dean street and Rockaway avenue, Brooklyn, is a large cross carved out of a solid piece of coal taken from one of the Wilkesbarre coal mines. The cross was presented to the Sisters of the hospital by City Clerk M. J. Cummings, who, through his friend, John J. Hines, brother of Congressman Wm. Hines, of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, had a good solid chunk of coal dug from the mines, and then engaged a sculptor of Wilkesbarre to fashion it into a cross. The sculptor had as a model a small cedar wood cross, which was made out of cigar boxes by the Sisters of the Wilkesbarre convent.

The form of the cross now in the possession of the Sisters is not unlike that of a Greek cross, but it really corresponds to the forms of the cross from the seventh to the twelfth century designs in Irish Sculpture.

This model was much admired by Mrs. Hugh McLaughlin when she visited the convent on her return trip in the early fall from the World's Fair, and when she bade the Sisters good-bye and left for home, the Sisters, to surprise her, sent the model on to Brooklyn and requested Mrs. McLaughlin to accept it as a present with

their compliments. Mrs. McLaughlin was much pleased with her present and congratulated the Sisters of St. Mary's Hospital on receiving the cross carved in coal. Mrs. McLaughlin was of the opinion that the cross should be placed out on the grounds of the hospital and near the little grotto of Lourdes, which adorns the grounds. The Sisters, however, are afraid that if exposed to the elements the coal will chip and crumble away.—*The Catholic News.*

SMILES.

Caught.—Stroller: Who is more stupid than a fisherman? Fisherman: Why, the one that's looking at him.

No Blundering.—She: I wonder if Charlie knows I have money? He: Has he proposed? She: He has. He: He knows.

Miggs: I have been told that her first husband was a man of very strong will. Biggs: Yes; he left her more than a hundred thousand.

Case of Loser and Winner.—Edith: Your nice young man, Ethel, is, I think, a regular "muff." Ethel: No, dear, he's a "comforter."

That was A'.—Old Lady: Hi, guard, guard! Does this train stop at Glesca? Guard: Weel, mem, if it dinna stop, they'll be a big smash there—that's a'.

It is not always polite to tell a man what you think of him. It is safe to tell it to somebody else, and just as effective in most instances.

Prisoner: But I would rather tell my own story. Don't you think it would be believed? Lawyer: Yes; that's the trouble. It would carry conviction with it.

A Composition.—"Some people find gold in the ground," wrote Sammy; "they're miners, and some people have to work for it, and they're everybody else."

Jack Lover, expecting an outburst of grief: And what would you say if I should take your sister from you? Little Helen quietly and politely: Thank you sir.

A servant writing home to her parents said: "I am sorry I have no money to buy a stamp for this letter; I will put two on the next."

Visitor: So your brother is taking lessons on the violin. Is he making progress? Little Girl: Yes'm; he's got so now we can tell whether he is tuning or playing.

A SHORT STORY.

COTTOLENE is the best shortening for all cooking purposes.

A TRUE STORY.

COTTOLENE is the only healthful shortening made. Physicians endorse it.

An OLD STORY.

that uncomfortable feeling of "too much richness" from food cooked in lard.

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MONTREAL.

AN OLD SETTLER'S STORY

A PERTH COUNTY PIONEER'S EXPERIENCE.

A Sufferer for Nearly Twenty Years—Had Not Done a Month's Work in Ten Years—He Regains Health and Strength—His Neighbors Discuss the Remarkable Cure.

From the Listowell Banner.

Trowbridge is a pretty little village, in the county of Perth. It is five miles from a railway, and gains in rural quietness a compensation for the loss of the bustle of larger towns. One of the best known residents of the village is Mr. Isaac Deleyea, who has lived there for upward of forty years, in fact ever since the "blazed" road to the woods led to the site of what was then laid out as the district metropolis. As far back as the writer's memory goes, Mr. Deleyea has been sick nearly all the time, and unable to work, and when it was reported last spring that he was cured and claimed to be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the Banner kept an eye on the case, letting it run on until a few days ago to see whether the improvement would last, and then set out to investigate for ourselves. We found Mr. Deleyea looking both well and active to say the least. In reply to our enquiries as to his health, he said he felt young again, and felt that he was fully cured, and was quite willing to tell his story as he had no room to doubt the efficacy of the remedy in his case. "I have been sick," said he, for twenty years and I have not done a month's work in ten years. I became all bloated out and my legs swollen very much. From this trouble I could get no relief. The medicines I got from the doctor helped me but did not cure me. Nothing would take the swelling away and I was beginning to feel that my condition was desperate. I could hardly be about and could do no work, not even of the lightest description. A year ago I read of the wonders done by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and bought a couple of boxes. The first box and a half gave me the sensation of having my flesh prodded all over with pins, but I began to feel better, and determined to keep on taking the pills. I have taken twenty-eight boxes in all, and although it seems a large number, I would willingly take twice that quantity rather than be in my old condition of almost helplessness and suffering. All the swelling has entirely disappeared and I feel a well man again, and better than I have been for a great many years." In reply to a question Mr. Deleyea said he was sixty-six years of age and had been ill for fully twenty years, and he added earnestly "nothing else in the world but Pink Pills cured me, and I believe they will cure anyone who gives them a fair chance. Ask any of my old neighbors how sick I was, and how I have been cured. Why, I not only feel like a new man but look like one. I can do all my work that I formerly had to have hired done, and I do not feel the least fatigue. With me it is no guess work, but a case of demonstration, and everybody who knows me, knows that I have been cured and by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and shallow cheeks. 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, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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.

IRISH NEWS.

Influenza is prevalent in Dublin, and many people are lying prostrate from it.

Lieut.-Col. William Lyman has been appointed a magistrate for this county.

Dr. MacCullagh has been for the third time in succession elected Mayor of Derry.

Dr. Ringwood, of Kells, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Meath.

Margaret Boyle, a child, living at 57 Andrew St., Belfast, was run over by a horse on Dec. 4 and fatally injured.

Lieutenant G. K. Sweetenham, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, has been appointed superintendent of Gymnasia at Cork.

The Rev. James Gallagher died at Letternkenny on Dec. 12, aged sixty years. He was the third son of the late Joseph Gallagher.

These gentlemen have been appointed magistrates for County Louth: Edward MacCreanor, John D. O'Neill, John Johnston, James Quinn.

John McNulty, M. D., Arthur M. O'Malley, Geoffrey J. J. Bourke and Myles O'Donnell have been appointed magistrates for County Mayo.

A. P. Dilzell has been elected a Water Commissioner from Smithfield Ward, Belfast, in succession to the late James Calligan.

The Lord Mayor-elect of Dublin has appointed the Rev. Daniel Downing, of the Cathedral, his chaplain, and Patrick Doherty, B. L., his official secretary.

Henry Loughnan, Frederick P. MacLaughlin, Edward Lowry and Captain James O'Neil have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Down.

Richard Rice O'Brien, James Dwyer, Michael Bergin, Joseph Molloy, Richard B. Feehan and Robert Mason Ashley have been appointed magistrates for County Tipperary.

These gentlemen have been appointed magistrates for County Meath: James Gibney, M. P., James O'Reilly, Patrick Kennedy, M. P., John Francis Henry Landgan and Philip Brady.

Two novices were professed on Dec. 8, at the Carmelite Church, Loughrea, namely: Father Burke (in religion Father Columba), and John Doherty, of Dublin (in religion Brother Liguori).

Miss Norrie O'Connell, daughter of Mrs. O'Connell, of Tipperary, and niece of Dean Kinane, of Cashel, received the black veil from the hands of Archbishop Croke at the Presentation Convent, Cashel.

The death is announced of K. T. Digby, who represented Queen's County as a Liberal from 1868 to 1874, and as a Home Ruler from 1874 to 1880. At the general elections of 1880 he was defeated by one of the partisan Home Rulers.

The warrant of the Lord Lieutenant has been received appointing Richard Francis McCoy, of Bridgefoot, Dublin, and Clare House, Killooleman, County Limerick, to be High Sheriff of the County of the City of Dublin for 1891.

John Glynn, for nearly twenty years a reporter on the Tuam News, and the editor of its Gaelic department, has been elected town clerk of Tuam, defeating Thos. A. Egan. Mr. Glynn had been temporary clerk since the death of Francis Corbett.

Mother Mary Paul Keatley, of St. Mary's Convent of Mercy, Drogheda, is dead. She was a niece of Cardinal Cullen, and entered religion in Tullamore in 1848. With two other Sisters she established the Convent of Mercy in Drogheda in 1854.

Arrangements are being made by the tenants on Lord Guilamore's estate at Dromtrasna, Abbeyfeale, to effect a purchase of their holdings under the Land Purchase Act, at twelve years' valuation. On two other estates in the neighborhood—Trench and Dunraven—a purchase under the Ashbourne Act has been effected.

As there is only one Catholic school in Athy, and having regard to its exclusion from the benefits of the Irish Education Act, the Athy Town Commissioners have refused to appoint a school attendance committee, or put the

compulsory provisions of the acts into force so long as the Christian Brothers are excluded from its benefits, or until some other satisfactory arrangement is made.

A number of evictions were carried out in the townlands of Bavan and Ballydulaney, near Hilltown, on the Marquis of Downshire's estate. The bailiff was accompanied by a force of police. The evicted were: Denis McConville, wife and family; Arthur McGevan and five children; Francis Flanagan, wife and one child; Patrick McKeown, wife and four children. The tenants were six years in arrears. At most of the houses the bailiff found the door barricaded, and the police had to use some force to get the tenants out. At Brannigan's house the police were obliged to enter by the window. One of the houses took fire when the police were inside and they had to leave. The women and children were left on the roadside, crying piteously and bewailing their lot. They were, however, afterwards taken in by their neighbors, and temporarily provided for. Other evictions in the same neighborhood are pending. The police were obliged to walk from Warrenpoint to the scene of the evictions, the carmen refusing to drive them.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Patent Spring.....\$3.80 @ \$3.75
Patent Winter.....3.50 @ 3.70
Straight Roller.....3.00 @ 3.20
Extra.....2.70 @ 2.90
Superfine.....2.45 @ 2.65
Fine.....2.15 @ 2.30
City Strong Bakers.....3.40 @ 3.55
Manitoba Bakers.....3.25 @ 3.55
Ontario bags—extra.....1.35 @ 1.40
Straight Rollers.....1.50 @ 1.55
Superfine.....1.15 @ 1.30
Fine.....1.00 @ 1.10

Feed.—Shorts have sold at \$17 to \$17 50, and moultie at \$21 to \$22.

Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$1.20 to \$1.30. Standard \$3.85 to \$4.10. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.05 to \$2.10, and standard, \$1.85 to \$1.95.

Wheat.—The Chicago wheat market has made very little headway since our last report, May option hung around 61c and 65c, closing better to-day at 67c, 65c. Here No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat is nominally quoted at 73c to 74c, which, however, are too high for export. No. 2 Upper Canada red winter wheat was offered at 66c on spot.

Corn.—Prices are nominal at 60c to 61c in car lots, duty paid.

Peas.—Sales of several lots of No. 2 peas are reported at 66c per 66 lbs. delivered here, while sales have also been made at the same price in store.

Oats.—Car lots of No. 2 have been sold at 38c, and car lots of No. 3 at 37c. Sales in the West continue to be made for export.

Barley.—Sales of No. 1 Ontario have been made to brewers here on p.t., but said to be in the vicinity of 50c. Feed barley is quoted at 42c to 43c. Sales have been made in the West for American account.

Malt.—Eastern account at 70c to 75c per bushel.

Buckwheat.—At 50c to 51c.

Rye.—Car lots are quoted at 53c.

Seeds.—The market is firmer for Western Timothy, which is quoted at \$2.25 to \$2.75 per bushel. In clover the market is steady at \$6 to \$7 per bushel. Alsike is quoted firm at \$7.25 to \$8.25.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote:
Canadashortcut pork per bbl.....\$17.50 @ 18.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.....18.00 @ 18.00
Chicago clear mess, per bbl.....17.00 @ 18.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....17.25 @ 17.25
Hams, per lb.....12 @ 13 1/2
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....08 @ 8 1/2
Bacon, per lb.....11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
Shoulders, per lb.....10 @ 10 1/2
Dressed Hogs.—The sale of 2 car lots was made yesterday at a point west of Toronto at \$3.30 f.o.b. and another lot at \$3.35 f.o.b.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—per lb.
Creamery, early made.....22c to 22 1/2c
Creamery late made.....23c to 23 1/2c
Eastern Townships.....21c to 22c
Western.....19c to 20c
For single tubs of selected 1c per lb may be added to the above.
Cheese.—
Finest Western colored.....11 1/2c to 11 3/4c
Finest Western white.....11 1/2c to 11 3/4c
Finest Quebec.....11c to 11 1/2c
Underpried.....10c to 10 1/2c
Liverpool cable white.....55s 0d
Liverpool cable colored.....55s 0d

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—The demand for limed stock is still slow, sales of Montreal limed having been made at 10c to 18c in limited quantities.
Dressed Poultry.—Young dry picked chickens have sold at 7c, and scalded at 6c. Geese have been placed at 8 1/2c to 7c for dry picked, and scalded at 5c to 6c. Ducks have sold at 9c to 9 1/2c, a very choice lot of dry picked unfrozen selling at 10c.
Game.—Venison saddles have sold at 9c to 10c per lb for good and 7c to 8c for common. Partridges have sold at 55c to 60c per brace.
Honey.—Dark buckwheat comb 9c to 12c as to quality. Extracted 7c to 8 1/2c for new, and 5c to 6c for old.
Baled Hay.—The sale is reported of a lot at \$8, but the freight rate is higher. The

English market is easy at 95s to 100s, London, although sales have been made for Bristol at 110s in store.

Maple Products.—Syrup 50c to 65c in cans as to quality, and 4c to 5c in wood as to quality. Dark sugar, 6c to 7c.

Hops.—Range from 17c to 29c, while fine qualities, which are scarce, have realized from 20c to 22c.

Beans.—Jobbing lots have sold at \$1 40 to \$1 80 for good to choice hand-picked, and other kinds \$1 to \$1.25.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—No. 1 selling at \$4.00 to \$5.00 and No. 2 from \$2 50 to \$3.00.

Grapes.—At \$4.00 to \$5.00 per keg.

Grape Fruit.—At \$3.00 to \$4.00 per box.

Oranges.—Floridas are selling from \$2.50 to \$3 25 per box as to counts, and Valencia 420s \$4.00 to \$4.25, and 71s \$4.50 to \$5.00 per box.

Lemons.—At \$4 to \$5 per box.

Cranberries.—Prices quoted are from \$5.50 to \$7 per bbl, and we hear of some extra fancy bringing \$8 per barrel.

Pears.—California pears are selling slowly at \$1 50 to \$2.00 per box.

Figs.—Are in fair demand from 9c to 10 1/2c per lb.

Dates.—Are selling well from 4 1/2 to 5 1/2c per lb.

Potatoes.—Prices are still firm at 60c to 62 1/2c per bag on track, and 10c per bag extra for jobbing lots.

Onions.—Are selling slowly at \$2.25 per barrel for red and yellow, while Spanish are very scarce at 90c to \$1 per crate.

FISH AND OILS.

Pickled Fish.—The market is generally steady for herring, which are quoted at \$1 to \$1.25 for shore, and \$5.00 for Labrador. Green cod is steady at \$4.50 to \$5. for No. 1, and large is quoted at \$5 50 to \$6.00. Dry cod \$4 50 to \$5.00 per 112 lbs. Labrador salmon \$20.50 to \$21 in crates for No. 1, and \$18 for No. 2. Barrels are quoted at \$12.50.

Oils.—Steam refined seal oil quiet and steady at 42c to 45c. Newfoundland cod oil is steady at 35c to 37c. God liver oil at 55c to 60c for new and 45c to 50c for old.

Fresh Fish.—Cod and haddock have sold at 3 1/2c per lb in wholesale lots. Frozen herring brought \$1.50 to \$1.60 per bbl. Tommy cods are in ample supply, with sales at \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bbl, one lot selling at \$1.05. Dore have sold at 8c and pike at 5c.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

Dear Sirs,—Your Burdock Blood Bit- ters excels all other medicines that I ever used. I took it for biliousness and it has cured me altogether. WM. WRIGHT, Wallaceburg, Ont.

When may an army be said to be totally destroyed? When the soldiers are all in quarters.

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The place to get them right, and fullest selection, is at
THOMAS LIGGETT'S.

Curtains,

Shades, Portieres and Window Mountings—new, pretty, and splendid value, at
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Oilcloths,

Cork Flooring, Linoleums and Inlaid Tile Cork, well seasoned and from celebrated makers, at
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Mats,

Matting, Rugs and Parquet Carpetings, immense quantities to select from, at
THOMAS LIGGETT'S,
1884 Notre Dame Street,
And 53 and 55 Sparks Street, Ottawa

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HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

Fashion's fancies are as fickle as the wind. The severely plain garments that set off to such advantage the feminine form last winter are to be relegated to the past, and dainty fluttering appendages will enhance this season's garments, which will be either compound or complex—never simple. It is well nigh impossible to analyze them; but we will make the effort. The first thing that you will note in capes will be the long effect of the front in contrast to the short effect of the back. It is a peculiarity of most of the new capes. A beauty in black velvet has two short, full ruffles, ruffles that do not reach even to the waist line, and that are gathered on a plain yoke. A high collar, slanting off into long points that run down the front, covers the yoke completely. Between the collar and the cape a long rever of white embroidery runs completely around, meeting in a point in front. There a white knot catches it, then the embroidered band is carried down over to the right side and fastened. Thence two widening streamers of black velvet fall almost to the feet. Streamers, capes and collar are all edged with fur.

Another is made of three cloth canes, very short, just saved from flatness by a slight undulation, each edged with a double row of plain galloon. These do not reach so far as the elbow, and are cut away entirely just in front, fastened at the shoulder to a broad velvet stole in black, astrachan edged, that fall nearly to the feet. It is very striking.

Then there's a beautiful three-quarter length wrap in heavy faille, with delicate passementerie bands running down the front, which broaden out at the bottom into large corner pieces. Fur edges the bottom of the wrap. At the neck there is, first, a velvet collar that slopes off into a plain shoulder cape, without a wrinkle; secondly, a cape beneath that falls in pretty coquilles, ending in sharp points that hang at each side of the embroidered bands.

An exquisite little garment of black plush has one cape falling to the waist at back and sides, gradually widening at the front, and falling in cascades. Over the plush cape a very short one in heavy white silk falls, embroidered beautifully at the edge. Then a great double ruche of velvet forms the collar.

The vagaries and bewilderingments of "style" is thus briefly stated: 1830 slope of the shoulders will be accentuated by every new rever and every new collar; velvet and satin will vie with each other for ascendancy in trimming; combinations of material will be not only the opportunity of the careful economist, but the necessity of the reckless spendthrift; jet hands will be greatly in vogue; the boa craze shows no symptoms of decay; you are permitted to elongate your last year's cape by a velvet ruffle to match; if you would have novel arrangement of ruffles they must start in modest width at the front, and broaden out into alarming proportions at the back; your fall gown may be a continuous ruffle, and still be fashionable; and lastly, that silk will be seen more frequently on the street than it ever was before.

SOMETHING NEW IN LUNCHEON DISHES.

Something new in luncheon dishes is plattered eggs, whose golden yolks are set in a red brown semifluid of tomato puree and shredded anchovies.

THE COLD BATH.

A lady physician, speaking of the cold bath, says: "A cold dip before breakfast is a genuine elixir for the aging woman, a prime disinfectant for the ailing woman, a balm for the woman who weeps, a sedative for the woman with nerves, a tranquilizer for the woman with a temper, the very best everyday physic for the all round woman, and a prime cosmetic for the ugly woman."

The Advertising

of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world, would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood's PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Archbishop Kain is convalescing after his recent illness.

Monsignor Satolli is suffering from rheumatism in his right leg.

The lodging house and soup kitchen opened in his parish by Father Cashman, of St. Jarlath's Church, Chicago, is doing great good to the poor and unemployed.

Very Rev. Joseph Sasia, S.J., of San Francisco, arrived in Rome recently on a special visit to Pope Leo. He will travel through the Holy Land before coming back to America, and will also visit his home in Italy.

Twenty-six Salesian missionaries left Turin on Thursday, the 30th ult., for Brazil, Uruguay, Mexico, and other distant countries.

In the little King of Spain's new summer palace at San Sebastian there are two rooms occupied by a young lady who is Irish and Catholic. She is his infant majesty's governess, so that Hibernia is not yet, nor likely soon to be, forgotten in Iberia.

The famous Jesuit College in Mons, Belgium, has been destroyed by fire. All the students escaped, but the splendid libraries and halls were burned.

Five Catholic missionaries recently left Hamburg for the Cameroons to further assist in the spread of the faith, which is now making rapid headway amongst the natives.

Mgr. O'Brien, one of the high officials of the Vatican, and for twenty-eight years at Rome, who has been on an extended tour through Canada and the United States, sailed for Europe December 21, from Portland, Me.

The arched stone roof of St. Pierre Chapel, Paris, recently erected in Courpiere, near Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dome Department, fell recently while many Sisters of Mercy were at prayers. Several sisters were killed, and others were injured severely.

The nuns of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D.C., sent a letter recently to the district commissioners containing a check for \$50, asking that it be applied, as far as it could go, in providing proper night shelter for the poor unfortunates in the city who are homeless.

Archbishop Ireland has been invited by the Jesuit Fathers in charge of the church of the Sacred Heart, Chicago, to deliver a lecture on education. He has accepted and the date will soon be announced.

With the close of this year the Society of the Most Precious Blood will have completed a half century of most successful work for God and Church in the diocese of Cleveland.

It is proposed in Rome to commemorate next year the 300th anniversary of the death of Pierluigi de Palestrina, the great Catholic musician, by restoring completely the chapel in which he was baptized.

Mgr. Eucrt, a Domestic Prelate of His Holiness Leo XIII., having been elected to the Chamber of Deputies in Holland, took the oath and his seat a few days ago. He entered the Chamber in his ecclesiastical dress, and he was taken for a bishop by the Protestant deputies.

The Indian papers announce the disappearance of one of the last vestiges of the Goanese schism. The little group of Christians at Duwa, in Ceylon, who for some years had refused to recognize their legitimate pastors, have happily made their submission and been received back into communion with the Catholic Church.

The following are the latest statistics of the Jesuit missions in India. Diocese of Bombay, 15,868 Catholics; Calcutta, 61,000; Mangaloro, 72,637; Poona, 9,829; Trichinopoly, 183,900. This gives a total of 243,234 Catholics in the five dioceses, or nearly a quarter of a million in all.

The Catholic Historical Society of Brooklyn is doing good work in collecting historical data of Long Island which had begun to sink into obscurity. The members are making a collection of curios and relics of Catholic interest.

The municipality of Rome has decreed a new impost on personal revenue, applied even to the Cardinals resident at Rome. The latter have protested that their allowance comes from the patrimony of the Pope, which, in consequence of the Vatican, does not come under Italian laws.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.

PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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E. J. DUGGAN, LL.B. G46-93

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Red Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Back both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.

We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.

As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we can not guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

Large Sales and Small Profits.

OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,
1849, 1851 and 1853
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Self-Raising Flour

Is THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitation

Do you cough? Are you troubled with Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, etc.?

Read what the

DOCTORS

SAY

And you will know what you should use to cure yourself.

"I certify that I have prescribed the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR for affections of the throat and lungs and that I am perfectly satisfied with its use. I recommend it therefore cordially to Physicians for diseases of the respiratory organs."

V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V.C.M.
Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

"I can recommend PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition of which has been made known to me, as an excellent remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis or Colds with no fever."

L. J. V. CLAIBOURN, M. D.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.
Sir,

"Having been made acquainted with the composition of PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think it my duty to recommend it as an

"excellent remedy for Lung Affections in general."

N. FAFARD, M. D.
Prof. of chemistry at Laval University.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

"I have used your ELIXIR and find it excellent for BRONCHIAL DISEASES. I intend employing it in my practice in preference to all other preparations, because it always gives perfect satisfaction."

DR. J. ETHIER.
L'Epiphanie, February 8th 1889.

"I have used with success the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR in the different cases for which it is recommended and it is with pleasure that I recommend it to the public."

Z. LAROCHE, M. D.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

Lack of space obliges us to omit several other flattering testimonials from well known physicians.

For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.

COVERNTON'S
NIPPLE : OIL.

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

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

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Pile Ointment.

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

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

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

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**VOX POPULI
VOX DEI.**

**MONTREAL CITIZENS GIVE THEIR
VERDICT.**

UNANIMOUS FROM MAISONNEUVE TO
ST. HENRY.

Madam Clermont, 3730 Notre Dame St., St. Henri, says: My son Henry, aged 19 years, suffered for the past twelve years from Chronic Bronchitis and he has been completely cured by using three 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mad. Picard, 249 Brodie St., St. Henri, says: I have been cured of a severe attack of Bronchitis by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine which I most highly recommend.

Mad. Theophile Lavigne, 68 St. Peter St., St. Henri, says: My husband and I both suffered for three years from Chronic Bronchitis and we have both been completely and permanently cured by that wonderful remedy, Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. We cannot commend this preparation too highly to any who may be suffering from Bronchitis.

Madam Lafrance, 72 St. Peter St., St. Henri, says: My husband suffered for one year from Bronchitis and he has been completely cured by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. We have also used this preparation in our family for obstinate coughs and colds, with such wonderful results that we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be the most effective remedy we have ever used.

Mad. J. L. Mailloux, 83 St. Peter St., St. Henri, says: My son, aged 22 years, suffered for twelve months from a severe attack of Bronchitis, three 25c. bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete and permanent cure. I cannot speak too highly of this preparation.

Madam Antoine Leger, 213 St. Ambroise St., St. Henri, says: I have suffered for one year from a most severe attack of Bronchitis, and although I employed several remedies without receiving the slightest benefit, I am happy to state that I have been perfectly cured by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine and it affords me great pleasure to add my name to those who certify to the marvellous efficacy of this preparation.

Mad. George Rolland, 110 St. Philippe St., St. Henri, says: I have been cured of a severe attack of Bronchitis by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I always keep this preparation in my house, and recommend it highly to all my neighbours, for I consider it to be the most effective remedy I have ever used.

Madam U. Lagassé, 122 St. Marguerite St., St. Henri, says: My baby boy, two months old, suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis; he was a very stout child when born, but faded away to almost a skeleton; he was condemned and given up by two doctors, but I am delighted to say that his life has been saved by Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. All mothers should give this preparation to their little ones.

Madam Bourcier, 111 Coursol St., St. Cunegonde, says: My son has been cured of a bad attack of Bronchitis by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. This preparation was recommended to me by my neighbour, Mad. J. H. Charette, to whom I feel very grateful, for it has cured my son, and also cured my husband and myself of severe coughs during the last winter. It is now our family remedy and I always keep it in the house.

Mad. L. Crevier, 1605 St. James St., St. Cunegonde, says: My son suffered from a most severe attack of Bronchitis and he has been completely cured by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine; it is the most effective remedy I have ever used.

(To be continued next week.)

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

J. GUSTAVE LAVIOLETTE, M.D.,
Office & Laboratory, 232 & 234 St. Paul St.,
Montreal.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE HEADS OF GREAT MEN.

It is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large and massive heads; but the theory, which Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, was the first to suggest, is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the early paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but that is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters. A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's work, receded dreadfully. Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small," as were those of Lord Bacon and Cosmo di Medici. Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or everyday forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus, among many others, are mentioned as instances. Some are lowbrowed, as Burton, the author of "Anatomy of Melancholy," Sir Thomas Brown and Albert Durer. The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in modern foreheads." The gods themselves are represented with "ordinary, if not low brows." Thus it appears that the popular notion on the matter is erroneous, and that there may be great men without big heads—in other words, a Geneva watch is capable of keeping as good time as an eight-day clock.—"Journal of Science."

A LITTLE GAME.

A few evenings ago a gentleman stepped from a train at the Union Station, St. Paul, when a young lady skipped up to him, threw her arms rapturously about his neck and kissed him many times, saying: "Oh, papa, I'm so glad you have come!" The old gentleman threw both arms around her and held her firmly to his breast. Soon she looked up into his face, and horror stood in her eye. "Oh, my, you're not my papa!" she said, trying to free herself from his embrace. "Yes, I am," insisted the old gentleman, holding her tightly; "you are my long-lost daughter, and I am going to keep you in my arms till I get a policeman." When the officer came he found the old gentleman's diamond pin in the girl's hand.

A BRAIN WORKER ON CHEERFULNESS.

"If I am hurried or wearied by care or work," said a man who works with his brains, "I can always find rest in motion. I just stop work and get out and walk. As I walk the weight is lifted, and finally it is gone altogether, and in place of that tired feeling comes tranquility succeeded by elation. It was a pleasing discovery to make, that I could walk out of depression into buoyancy. At first when the exercise was new to go but a little distance to accomplish this happy result; and so clearly defined was the change that I could locate almost exactly the spot where my burdens disappeared, and I found myself in the pleasant company of hopeful, kindly friend, Cheerfulness. I still seek Cheerfulness by the road, and I find him unfailingly, but I have to go further and further to meet him, for, like any other stimulant, the walk must be taken in constantly increasing doses in order to produce the same results. At first a brisk walk of a mile brought me to the boundary line; now I find it about

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

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Capital, \$5,000,000.

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Capital, \$1,000,000.

a mile and a quarter away. It may be that I will have to seek cheerfulness nearer home as a permanent atmosphere, for it is obvious that if I must go greater and greater distances to meet the personified Cheerfulness he might one day be practically beyond reach."

**W. J. Burke,
DISPENSING CHEMIST**

107 Colborne Street,
(Near Ottawa Street.)

Always on hand, an assortment of pure Drugs and Chemicals; also a choice assortment of Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions a Specialty

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Liverpool & London & Globe	42,000,000
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Commercial Union	17,000,000
Western	1,800,000
Scottish Union and National	20,000,000
Insurance Co. of North America	9,000,000
Caledonian	8,000,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Sun Fire	10,000,000
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\$3 a Day Sure.
Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you how to work in the evening when you have time. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully, personally. I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write today.
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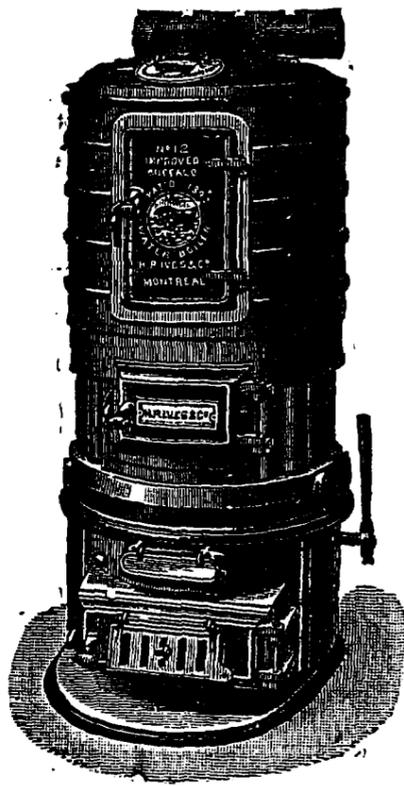
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 PLEASE EXAMINE THE

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For Economy of Fuel, For Steadiness of Heat.
 For Ease of Management.
 For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.
 Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal,
 MONTREAL 19th July, 1893.
 DEAR SIR:—With reference to "Buffalo"
 Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last
 year, we are pleased to say that we find the
 same very satisfactory in every respect.
 Yours respectfully,
 (Signed) DARLING BROTHERS,
 Engineers and Machinists,
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 Catalogue and Price List on Application.

EXTRA INDUCEMENT.

This year the stock although well
 assorted, is much too large, so that

EXTRAORDINARY

Inducements are being offered in the
 way of Special Reductions in price in
 order to reduce the stock.
 S. CARSLY.

GREAT MANTLE SALE

All this month.

All Garments to be cleared in order
 to make room for the largest stock of
 New goods that has ever entered the city.

WINTER JACKETS
 The entire stock of Ladies' Winter
 Jackets and Coats to be cleared at from
 25 to 75 percent Reduction.

WINTER ULSTERS
 All Ladies' Winter Tweed and Cloth
 Ulsters to be cleared at from 25 to 75
 percent Reduction.

WINTER CAPES
 Tweed Capes in all fashions, all lengths
 and styles to be cleared at from 25 to 75
 percent Reduction.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
 All Fur-lined Cloaks and Capes to be
 cleared at from 25 to 50 percent Reduc-
 tion.

OPERA CLOAKS
 All Ladies Opera Cloaks, comprising
 all the latest Parisian and European
 Novelties, to be cleared at from 25 to 50
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 S. CARSLY.

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 And tell all your
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 That reside within 300 miles from
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 Tell them that S. Carsley keeps the
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 In Canada. And that they can save a
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 By laying in a stock of Dry Goods
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 respectfully solicits from his friends and the public generally a share of their patronage.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Commencing January 1st, 1894.

Leave Windsor St. Station for
 Ottawa, 4.45 p.m., 9.10 p.m.
 Boston, 8.00 a.m., 8.20 p.m.
 Portland, 9.00 a.m., 18.20 p.m.
 Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, 8.25 a.m., 8.00 p.m.
 S. S. Marie, St. Paul, Minneapolis, 9.10 p.m.
 Winnipeg and Vancouver, 4.45 p.m., 9.10 p.m.
 Ste. Anne, Vaudeville, etc.—8.25 a.m., 4.15
 p.m., 6.15 p.m.
 Brockville, Vaudeville, 8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m.
 Winchester—8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m.
 St. Johns—8.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 18.40 p.m.,
 8.20 p.m.
 Sherbrooke—4.05 p.m., 18.40 p.m.
 Waterloo and St. Hyacinthe, 4.05 p.m.
 Perth—8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m., 8.00 p.m.
 Newport—8.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 8.20 p.m.
 Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., 18.40 p.m.
 Hudson, Rigaud and Pt. Fortuque, 6.15 p.m.

Leave Dalhousie Square Station for
 Quebec, 8.10 a.m.; 8.30 p.m., 10.30 p.m.
 Joliette, St. Gabriel and Three Rivers, 6.15 p.m.
 Ottawa, 8.50 a.m.
 St. Lin, St. Eustache and St. Agathe, 5.30 p.m.
 St. Jerome, 8.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m.
 St. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8.50 a.m., (α) 8 p.m.,
 5.30 p.m.; Saturday 1.30 p.m., instead of
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