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TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

# The True Witness

CATHOLIC AND CHRONICLE

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE desire to remind our friends of the already announced fact that early in June a grand Bazaar will be held, in the Windsor Hall, by the ladies of St. Patrick's parish. The first steps have been taken in the direction of organization and a great deal of enthusiasm is shown. The Bazaar will only last seven days, so that the ladies taking active interest in it and the hundreds of patrons, who will attend, may not grow weary of the attraction. The object is to secure funds for the wiping out of the remaining debt on the church and to further improve the appearance of the sacred edifice in which so many Irish-Catholics have worshipped and still kneel. St. Patrick's Church is now a vast memorial shrine; the associations, historic and personal, that cling to and cluster around it are so numerous that we could scarcely recall them all. It is only just and right that it should be beautified still more and rendered a temple worthy the August Presence, the ceremonies of our Faith and the memories of the departed who did so much in the cause of Religion in general, and for the great central Irish-Catholic congregation in particular. We fervently hope that the Bazaar will be a grand success.

THE Liverpool Catholic Times comes to us in deep mourning. The death of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Liverpool, has cast universal gloom over the Church in England. He was one of the most zealous prelates in the United Kingdom. "No more typical or true-hearted Irish priest ever breathed the breath of life than the holy and single-minded Bishop whom God has called to his reward, and whose loss the faithful of the great diocese over which he ruled will long deplore." One of our exchanges most truly says that, were Mgr. Nulty, of Liverpool, only a few years younger, no man in all England would be more able to replace the able and learned prelate whose death we lament.

SOME TIME ago we referred to Bishop Ussher's sweeping condemnation of actors and actresses in general; we showed that some of the brightest ornaments, socially, morally, intellectually and religiously, are to be found upon the stage. That little incident of editorial warfare came back to our mind, when we read the other day the announcement that Mr. Edmund Collier was on the road with a very high class drama "The Cross Roads of Life." Mr. Collier played for some years with Mary Anderson, and our readers may remember the reception he got last year when, with the Downing Company, in Montreal. Mr. Collier is a man who has risen high and rapidly in the profession of his choice; but he has also gained for himself an enviable reputation as a man in the world. A sincere and practical Catholic, his private and social life might serve as a model for thousands of the men of the day. It is, indeed, a pleasure to know that amongst

the persons who have done the most to elevate the drama, purify the stage and refine the taste of the theatre-going public are many of our Faith, and not a few are Irish-Catholics.

THE Boston Pilot has the following paragraph in its last issue. The editor of the Pilot has a faculty of "striking the nail on the head" whenever he aims his editorial hammer at a false statement, or a sensationally incorrect rumor:

"The New York Herald's story of Archbishop Corrigan's being in disfavor with the Apostolic Delegate and the Holy See is news to Archbishop Corrigan, the Apostolic Delegate, the Holy See, and the rest of the world outside of the sanctum of the New York Herald."

It is wonderful how much the secular and, above all, non-Catholic press is inclined to invent disagreements and misunderstandings between the members of the Catholic hierarchy.

DR. FORBES, Professor of Chemistry in the Rochester University, has made an analysis of the wine remaining in a communion cup after it had been used at a general communion in the Presbyterian Church. On appearing before the governing board of the Church the Doctor said:

"Gentlemen, the analysis and tests made by another gentleman and myself have confirmed my fears. We have found in the communion cup the undeveloped germs of twenty-two diseases. I now leave it in your hands to judge whether you will change your form of communion or continue it in the present way, with the knowledge that in participating in this solemn rite you lay yourselves liable to nearly two dozen more or less dangerous diseases, ranging from typhoid fever down to mumps."

Another strong evidence of the wisdom of the Catholic Church in administering the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist in the form of bread only. If the Bread contains the Body, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ it likewise contains His Precious Blood, so that reason and experience justify the mode adopted by the Catholic Church in the matter of the administration of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE New Moon for April is very bright and full. This is no paradox. The orb of night is never at its full when it is new; but the New Moon of Lowell, Mass., is always full and, if it continues to prosper as we hope—for the sake of good Catholic literature, it may—we can safely predict that it will never see its "last quarter." It is truly "a people's magazine for young and old." We would advise any of our readers, anxious to secure a reliable, entertaining, Catholic periodical, to look out for the New Moon.

"GENERAL" BOOTH of the Salvation Army is a wise and careful leader. He deserves the title of General, for truly he combines in himself several of the qualities that insure success in great military commanders. Von Molkt was as famous for his prudence as for his daring; therein was the secret of his success. General Booth has recently

stated, in an interview, that "when he met Romanists he avoided disputing with them." It would be very wise on the part of many less prominent people, whom we know, were they to refrain from attempting to argue theological and other subjects with Roman Catholics. Booth knows well that by avoiding any controversy with well-informed "Romanists" (as he calls us) he runs little risk of losing his dignity or displaying his ignorance on certain subjects. It is to his credit that he keeps aloof from polemics and confines his propaganda to a fife and drum noise.

THE Gazette, commenting upon Lord Rosebery's Latest Home Rule utterances, says:—

"His speech inviting the Unionist allies of the Conservatives back to the Liberal fold, reads as if he intended to abandon his Irish Nationalist friends and uphold the maintenance of existing conditions between the three kindoms. It is not, however, wise to jump at conclusions as to what Lord Rosebery will do as premier. His explanation of his speech may put another aspect on his stated policy, if not on his thoughts."

The last sentence is a sly slap at the Premier on account of a former explanation of some misconstrued utterances. In this case it seems to us that the Tory organs of Great Britain are trying hard to misconstrue Lord Rosebery's remarks. They would have us believe that he expressed a desire for the cementing of the Liberals and Liberal-Unionists at the expense of the Irish cause. It strikes us in a very different sense. We see in the Premier's remarks a very plain argument that might be thus reduced: you gentlemen of the Liberal-Unionist faction are in perfect harmony with the Liberal policy on all points, foreign and domestic, and are opposed to that of the Conservatives—except on the one question of Home Rule. Is it not foolish on your part to remain aloof from us simply on account of that one matter, when you are risking all the other interests of the Empire merely to gratify your antipathy towards Home Rule? For the sake of our general policy and the thousand and one vast interests of Great Britain join us; the settlement of the Irish question will only aid us in solidifying the Empire and you will not have sacrificed every principle for the sake of your passing whim.

WE WOULD desire to call the attention of our readers to two features in this week's issue: the "Home Rule" speech delivered by Mr. Weir, B.C.L., and the Prospectus and Plans of the Catholic Summer School of America. The former is deserving of particular attention; it is a strong statement of the case, and coming from one who is neither a Catholic nor an Irishman, carries the more weight with it; the latter will interest scores of our friends who have expressed a desire to attend this year's session of the Summer School.

IT APPEARS that the judicial committee of the United States House of Re-

presentatives is now busy listening to the arguments on the resolution of Representative Morse, of Massachusetts, proposing an amendment to the preamble of the constitution, "acknowledging the supreme authority and the just government of Almighty God in all the affairs of men and nations." This is not the first time that such an amendment was considered, in fact the question has been brought up numerous times. It is antagonized by the representatives of various societies of freethinkers, athelists and agnostics. The pressure that is gradually being brought to bear by the representatives of different religious beliefs is growing yearly stronger, and it is expected that very soon the authority of God will be formally acknowledged in the constitution of the great Republic. It seems an anomaly to find one of the most important and most Christian nations of the world actually ignoring—in its constitution—the very existence of the Creator. No wonder that men like Ingersoll exist; no wonder that such characters find paying audiences in the United States. The people take their lesson from the constitution itself.

WE received a copy of "Exile J. J. McBride's" album of Irish patriots, leaders, and other prominent men, which was issued a few years ago. It appears he is getting out a new edition, with the portraits and autographs of several leading personages in the United States, added to the list. His intention is to present the collection to Hon. Mr. Gladstone. "Exile" McBride purposes making the presentation in person. We trust that the portraits will be an improvement upon those in the pamphlet edition that we received. We doubt if Parnell—were he alive—would have felt very flattered by the picture supposed to represent him. Were his name not printed under it we would certainly have never supposed that it was meant to represent the dead leader. The same might be said of many others in the volume. However, the work is a most praiseworthy one, and the poems, sketches, and comments are highly interesting. If any man deserves such a presentation of the collected tributes to Irishmen of importance, it is surely Ireland's best friend, the aged and ever venerable ex-Premier. By the way, the prefix "Exile" to Mr. McBride's name strikes us somewhat oddly. He is only one of a million exiles, and unless there is something very remarkable about his special exile, the term thus used has a peculiar ring about it. There are hosts of Irish exiles in America who might make use of the same term as an addition to their names. It would appear somewhat funny to have heard the great patriot, orator and soldier calling himself "Exile Thomas Francis Meagher," or to find that poet, novelist, journalist, and patriot signing his productions "Exile John Boyle O'Reilly." However, there may be some very good reason for Mr. McBride using the word as a prefix; in any case, his album is a work of love and patriotism and he deserves high credit for it.

HOME RULE DEBATE.

AN INTERESTING AND ABLE ADDRESS

The Contending Parties Were W. A. Weir, R. C. L., and Col. O'Brien, M. P.—Mr. Weir Fires Some Hot Shots into the Unionists Ranks.

Victoria Hall, Lachine, was crowded to its utmost capacity last Friday evening, on the occasion of a debate on Home Rule between Mr. W. A. Weir, of this city, and Col. O'Brien, M. P. The debate was held under the auspices of the Young People's Society of the Baptist Church. J. A. Wilson, of Montreal, presided and announced that no vote would be taken on the subject. He then introduced Mr. Weir, whose popularity was evidenced by the hearty applause that greeted him. Mr. Weir spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I count myself happy to-night in being afforded the privilege of addressing again the free citizens of Lachine and the men and women of the noble old county of Argenteuil, and I heartily thank the committee at whose invitation I am here. It is my boast that in all my public utterances I have endeavored to be on the side of freedom and liberty. I am for freedom in commerce; freedom of exchange; a freedom of voting unchained in any way; a free constitution untrammelled by the arbitrary action of any functionary, no matter how exalted his place may be.

Such being my platform you will not be surprised to-night to find me advocating legislative freedom for Ireland.

I have been warned that my mission was a fruitless one, that there were so many Orangemen in Lachine and Argenteuil, that Protestant prejudice here was so firmly rooted, that it would be a forlorn task to advocate before them the claims of a people, the majority of whom belong to a different faith. This, gentlemen, did not daunt me in the least.

I know, however, that an attempt will be made to-night to appeal to Protestant pride and arouse your Protestant prejudices. All the misery in Ireland will be ascribed to the fact that her people are Roman Catholic. If there is a Protestant here so ignorant and bigoted as to believe this, I shall be glad to have him vote against me, but I shall blush to own him as a co-religionist. You will find as dense misery in Protestant London and Glasgow, in the Protestant rural districts of Scotland and England, as you will find in Ireland. If it is more general in Ireland than in great Britain, it is due to another reason entirely, which I will point out ere I have finished.

It will be told you that Protestants will be oppressed, but section 4 of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill provides all the required guarantees if any such are needed, which I do not believe. One fact I want to emphasize here. Nothing in their history shows that the Irish are intolerant in religious matters.

THEY HAVE SUFFERED

too much from religious bigotry to be bigoted themselves. Take even in these last days; all their parliamentary leaders have been Protestants—Isaac Butt, William Shaw and Charles Stewart Parnell. When James II. landed in Ireland, backed by an army of the most Catholic Prince of Europe, what was the first act passed by the Irish Parliament in the face of the bigotry of their new leader—it was an act proclaiming the utmost freedom of all religions. The struggle at the Boyne, at Derry and at Limerick, although the combatants differed in religion, were not battles for faith, but the contest of two races bitterly hostile to one another. The primary issue to be decided in this discussion is, in brief, Has English rule in Ireland justified its acts? and Has the Act of Union of 1800, of Ireland to England, proved itself a wise solution of the difficulty between the two nations? Now, in speaking of England and of English rule, I want it distinctly understood that I am proud of the grand old Mother land. I honor and respect her as the grandest nation the sun ever shone upon, the chosen home of freedom. I am an Anglo-Saxon, and particularly proud that my ancestors were born on the north side of the Solway Firth, in dear old Scotland. But no matter what our particular origin, I am

sure we are all proud of the history and progress of our race. But that does not mean that we deprive ourselves of the right critically to examine the history of our country; it does not mean that we must say that England was always right and her opponents always wrong. On the contrary, I think that we, situated here in our own broad share of the Empire, distant from the scene of action of the events we are to discuss, have the right as well as the duty to deliberate impartially upon the conduct of the Mother land in matters which seriously affect the happiness and prosperity of certain of our fellow subjects, and which in the eyes of the civilized world may reflect upon the honor of our Empire.

After referring to Home Rule measures in our Canadian Parliament, Mr. Weir continued:—

It has been a slow task to convince England of her wrong in her dealings with Ireland. In the days gone by, the more the world called upon her to right the wrongs she had committed in Ireland, the more dogged did she become in her error, the more did she hug her darling sin to her bosom. We cannot altogether denounce this persistency and pig-headed determination of the British character. It is the same characteristic that

IN THE FIELD OF BATTLE

makes the sons of England fight desperately on even when, as Napoleon once said of them, they should know they were beaten; it is the same resoluteness that made the immortal light brigade struggle through tiers of Russian cannon to achieve an impossible purpose and that finally floated the grand old Union Jack on the heights of Sebastopol, after innumerable repulses. It is the same stout persistency that has made our Queen Empress of the 300,000,000 of Hindostan, that has made the sails of British ships whiten every sea, that has redeemed from wilderness whole zones of fertile lands, now peopled by her hardy sons and winsome daughters. But in her stubbornness England has often been wrong. She was wrong when she attempted to force episcopalianism upon Scotland, and dragged on the covenanters for their conscientious refusal. She was wrong when she took away from the Highland Clans their patrimony in the native soil and vested the ownership in the hands of the chieftains only. She was wrong to seek to impose taxation without representation upon the descendants of those sturdy puritans whom her own folly drove to seek liberty under the free skies of America. She was wrong in making the dissenters of England pay tithes to the established Church of England, as she was wrong in making the Roman Catholics of Ireland to support the English Church there. She is wrong to-day in making the Welsh dissenters pay tithes for the support of Episcopalianism in Wales, and she is wrong now in not righting promptly the great evils she has wrought in Ireland. Every reader knows that the world of thought acknowledges that Ireland has

GREAT HISTORIC WRONGS

that demand redressing. Can you believe that Gladstone, Morley, Harcourt, Earl Spencer and Lord Aberdeen, advocate Home Rule from any unworthy motives? Earl Spencer went to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant and a strong anti-

Home Ruler. He left it convinced that Home Rule was a necessity. The illustrious Charles James Fox, the most brilliant statesman England ever produced, said, in the debate for the abolition of the Irish Parliament, in 1800:—"The whole House goes upon the false and abominable presumption that we could legislate better for the Irish than they could do for themselves—a principle founded upon the most arrogant despotism and tyranny. There is not a more clear axiom in the science of politics than that man is his own natural governor, and that he ought to legislate for himself. We ought not to presume to legislate for a nation in whose feelings and affections, wants and interests, opinions and prejudices, we have no sympathy." It may be laid down as a fundamental historic axiom that one nation cannot rule another successfully. In biblical times the Jews could not be governed by their powerful conquerors. The countries conquered by the great Roman Empire finally burst their bonds and started on independent careers. The only instances of successful union are on the federative principle. For a hundred years Austria tried to keep Hungary under her yoke and only effected peace by giving Hungary a Home Rule Parliament. There are a dozen Home Rule parliaments in the different States of the German Empire; five in Switzerland, under which Germans, Italians and native Swiss live in harmony. The British parliament itself has given Home Rule to its different colonies. Upper and Lower Canada united were at daggers drawn in 1865. Home Rule for each of the provinces has allayed all dissatisfaction. The 40 American States with vast diversified interests are kept in harmony by the Home Rule principle. Then why not try the principle in Ireland. The British Parliament is blocked with work. It has sat almost every day for the last year and yet cannot accomplish a tithe of the work before it. It has not time to pass the private legislation needed by London city alone, apart from the rest of England, of Scotland, of Ireland, of Wales, and of India. It is losing the respect of the people owing to this very state of congestion. Every little Irish Gas Co. bill, amended charter bill, drainage bill, and so forth, has to wait weeks and months for the leisure of unsympathetic legislators. Again I say, why not let Ireland attend to such matters herself, and Scotland and Wales, too, for themselves, if they wish it?

THE LAST HOME RULE PARLIAMENT

sat in Ireland in the year 1800. Prior to 1772, it was a parliament in name only. It was filled with paid officials of the English Crown. In 1772 it achieved certain legislative independence, thanks to the renowned oratory of Grattan and Henry Flood, both Irish Protestants. Catholics were soon after permitted to vote for members of this parliament, although they were not allowed to sit within its walls. This parliament was snuffed out by William Pitt, through the lavish use of gold, and promises of place and office and by grants of titles in the peerage. What has been the result? For scarcely a year since then has Ireland been governed by the common law. Coercion act after Coercion act has been promulgated. Three or four rebellions have been put down. Two or three famines have decimated the people. Hundreds of evictions have occurred each year, but land the people must have, and so the others take the vacant places. The people have produced great parliamentary leaders like O'Connell and Parnell. From time to time earnest philanthropic Englishmen have expressed their cause and struggled to secure remedies. Canada has given one of her brightest sons and greatest orators in the person of the Hon. Edward Blake to help on the great cause. The greatest Englishman of the century, the Right Hon. Wm. Ewart Gladstone, the grand old man, has devoted the last years of his life to removing the great stain from the name of England. The majority of the British House of Commons to-day is in favor of Home Rule. The whole civilized world is waiting for the accomplishment of this grand act of reparation. Is all this for the sake of an ephemeral dream, for a matter under which there lies no vital principle? Must we say that in this struggle of centuries the Irish were always wrong and still are so? Must we believe that no great underlying and fundamental principle of our common humanity inspired them in their cease-

less struggles? Has it been for error only that these poor peasantry time and again, armed only with scythes and rude blades, faced the artillery and the keen bayonets of the trained English battalions, and allowed themselves to be slaughtered in thousands? Was it for naught that thousands of poor Irish exiles fled from

THEIR LOVED EMERALD ISLE,

and wasted their valor and their lives in the armies of almost every nation in Europe? Was it for mere chimeras that millions more cut the ties that bound them to their mother land and crossed the wild ocean in every direction in search of the peace and happiness denied them in Ireland? Did these men of culture for naught abandon lives of ease and prosperity and struggle ceaselessly and agitate untiringly in press and forum until the quick death of the scaffold or the slower death of the convict's doom under the hot sun of the West Indies, or under the hopeless skies of Botany Bay, culled their usefulness? Has might always been right and have the weak always been wrong? These are some of the questions the answers to which I confidently await from the hearts of an audience of Canadian freemen to-night. To their eternal honor be it, Irish Protestants who had learnt to know, to love, and to sympathise with their Catholic fellow-countrymen led the loudest protests against England's treatment of Ireland. Lord Charlemont, Charles Lucas, Henry Flood and Henry Grattan, all Protestants, formed the patriot party in the Irish Parliament from 1760 to 1800. The United Irishmen, who raised a futile rebellion in 1798, were officered by Protestants. Hamilton Rowan was president and James Napper Tandy, a Protestant Dublin trader, was secretary. The other leaders were Wolfe Tone, an eloquent barrister, the chivalrous Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor were all Protestants, and all, save the last, died for their attempt. Another rising was planned by Robert Emmet, a too enthusiastic Irish patriot. He also was a Protestant and died on the scaffold. John Mitchell, who headed the rebellion of 1848, was also a Protestant, and received sentence of death, which was afterwards commuted to transportation for life. The great change that marks civilized thought on this question of Home Rule is notably marked in our meeting to-night to discuss Irish questions under the auspices of a Protestant church. Not many years ago to favor Home Rule would have marked a man as a traitor to his religion. He would have been despised and treated scornfully, but to-night a Protestant church invites us cordially to discuss this question on its merits, and I have no doubt that this audience, Protestant by a large majority, will decide

IN FAVOR OF HOME RULE.

The story of Ireland's wrongs and of the tears and sufferings of Ireland's sons and daughters would take many hours to relate. Let me, however, state a few of the general features. The story, in brief, is one of the deprivation of patriotic islanders of their land, i. e. of their means of subsistence. Henry II., one of the Norman Kings of England, was the first great invader. He partially conquered the Island and granted the land in great sections to feudal barons, who built castles and held regal sway. (Concluded on page 7.)

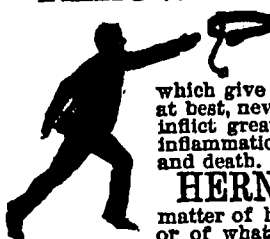
SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitenig." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitenig" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitenig for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whitenig, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whitenig" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN, Ottawa, Ont.

P. S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purposes, then it will save us the cash of P. O. stamps.

THROW IT AWAY.



There's no longer any need of wearing clumsy, chafing Trusses, which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

**HERNIA** (Breach), or Rupture, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another **Triumph in Conservative Surgery** is the cure of

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**ALCOHOLISM.**

**Entertainment and Lecture.**

An interesting literary, dramatic and musical entertainment was given at the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissial by the Cercle Ville Marie last Friday night. His Honor, the Recorder, presided. Items were contributed by Messrs. J. L. Chalifoux, Emile O'Leary, Arthur Desjardins, Camille Paquet, Gustave Eonte, Joseph Fortier, Miles Leclair, Henri de Montigny, Albert Laramée and Aime Migneault. Messrs. Arthur Bernier and Edouard Letourneau acted as accompanists.

The Rev. Father Rottot, S.J., delivered an address on the subject of alcoholism. He dealt first with the nature of the disease and then proceeded to show its principal causes and the various remedies to be used. One of the causes that contributed to the abuse of strong liquor was the idea that drink could drown trouble. This was a fatal mistake. In times of great sorrow the best consolation was to be derived from meditation assisted by the perusal of suitable, not necessarily religious works. Another mistake, which some people made, was to imagine that liquor could be safely and usefully employed to stimulate the intellectual faculties. Genius and talent did not require alcoholic stimulants; alcoholic stimulants would not supply the want of genius or talent. The rev. lecturer dwelt upon the folly of those who imagined that by the use of alcohol they could increase their physical powers. It was true that liquor imparted a temporary vigor to the frame; but its effects were evanescent, and the reaction left the body in worse condition than before the artificial stimulant had been used. In order to cope with this "human malady" of alcoholism, different methods were suggested. The rev. lecturer pointed out the efficacy of prayer in helping the victims of the liquor habit to resist temptation. He described the "treating" custom humorously, and pointed out its absurdity. One of the best ways to wean a husband or a brother from drink was to employ gentle means; to appeal to his better feeling; to act upon the will through affection. A judicious explanation of the pernicious effects of excessive drinking might also be found efficacious in many cases.

**BLESSED DE LA SALLE.**

**LITERARY AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FEAST.**

On Friday afternoon, the 4th May, at 2.30 p.m., the pupils of St. Ann's school will give a grand literary and musical concert, in honor of the founder of the Christian Brothers, the venerable De La Salle. The entertainment will take place in the St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, corner of Ottawa and Young Streets. A very fine programme is prepared and it is expected that a large audience will attend to enjoy the treat that the pupils have in store for all their friends. We hope to be able to report a grand success. The occasion should warrant it, and the encouragement due to the younger generation should make it a duty for all, who can attend, to file an appearance.

**THE MEANS OF GRACE.**

Last week, in an editorial note, we referred to a new work, just issued by Benziger Bros., of 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York, entitled "The Means of Grace." As announced on its title page, it is "a complete exposition of the seven sacraments, their institution, meaning, requirements, ceremonies and efficacy; of the Sacramentals of the Church, Holy water, oils, exorcisms, blessings, consecrations, etc.; and of prayer, with a comprehensive explanation of the Our Father and Hail Mary. Illustrated by numerous parables, examples and interesting anecdotes drawn from Holy Scripture, the Lives of the Saints, the Fathers of the Church and other sources. Adapted from the German of Rev. Herman Rolfus, D.D., and Rev. F. J. Brandle, by the late Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D., author of "The Life of Christ," "Popular life of Pius IX," etc., 8 vo., cloth, gilt \$2.50; gilt edges, \$3." Such is information regarding this volume that the publishers give to the world, but on taking up the book one finds that much more remains to be said. It is beautifully and strongly bound, printed on very good paper and in large readable characters, and illustrated most pro-

fusely. On every Catholic family table, side by side with the family bible and the prayer book, should "The Means of Grace" be found. For children it is as good as a picture book of the most interesting style; for the older members of the household it contains explanations of all the ceremonies and requirements of religion, so clear, exact and well arranged that none of those who have perused its pages can plead ignorance in matters of Catholic practice. Again, it is a regular guide-book for the father and mother; in cases of baptisms, deaths, marriages, blessing of homes, or whenever the services of God's priest may be required, the possessor of this volume has a full explanation of all that must be done in order that everything may be according to the Church's rules. We would advise our readers to consider the low price and the immense utility—we might say the indispensability—of such a book for a Catholic household.

**IRISH BALLADS.**

WILLIAM LUDWIG, THE GREAT IRISH BARITONE.

The reading of Irish ballads is a source of literary pleasure that has ever charmed the lines of true lovers of the pathetic, the spirited, the patriotic and the tender. But when Irish ballads are set to music, and a son of the "Land of Song" gives them their full meaning and powerful expression there is a something entrancing in the entertainment. We learn, with no small degree of pleasure, that on Friday, the 11th May next, the Windsor Hall will be the scene of an evening's enjoyment such as we rarely have an opportunity of experiencing. Mr. William Ludwig, the famous baritone singer, will render, in his own inimitable style, some of the choicest Irish ballads. In our next issue we will furnish our readers with the programme, and that alone will suffice to give them an idea of what may be expected. It is not often that Irish song and Irish music have a more accomplished interpreter than this gifted singer, whose reputation is world-wide.

**CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORRESTERS**

At the last regular meeting of Court Longueuil No. 182, C.O.F., at Longueuil, the following gentlemen were elected to office for the year. Chief Ranger, Arthur Boisseau; Vice-Chief Ranger, Jos. Bourdon; Recording Secretary, J. Alf. Garielphy; Financial Secretary, Sylvian Turcotte; Treasurer, Arthur David; Trustees, Alexander Jodin, Francois Benoit, and Cleophas Bourbonniere; Medical Examiner, Jean Girouard, M.D.; Delegate to the annual session, Arthur Boisseau; Alternate, Damase Brissette; First Guide, Cyrille Frechette; Second Guide, Pierre Lussier; Inside Guard, Alexis Audet; Outside Guard, Alexis Mainville.

The members of St. Lawrence Court, No. 263, C.O.F., have elected the following officers: Chief Ranger, Jno. Scanlon; Vice-Chief Ranger, A. L. Brault; Recording-Secretary, Arch. J. Grant; Financial-Secretary, Arthur E. Gauthier; Treasurer, Jas. O'Shaughnessy; Medical Examiner, Dr. Charles O'Connor; Trustees, M. M. J. Flanagan, Peter Howard, A. Pilon. Delegate, Capt. F. Loye, of No. 5 Police Station, by a large majority. Alternate delegate, Dr. Charles O'Connor. It was decided that St. Lawrence Court, C.O.F., No. 263, will hold a grand picnic and excursion to Rouses Point, May 24.

**THE FETE DIEU PROCESSION.**

Great preparations are being made this year as usual for the Fete Dieu procession, but this year there will be some changes, owing to the fact that the several religious societies will meet at the St. James Cathedral, instead of Notre Dame church, as formerly.

**MGR. LAFLECHE'S JUBILEE.**

On May 22 and 24 next Mgr. Lafleche will celebrate his episcopal jubilee. The venerable Bishop of Three Rivers and dean of the episcopacy of this province was born at Ste. Anne de la Perade, September 4th, 1818, and was ordained January 7th, 1844. After being a missionary for many years in the far Northwest he was first consecrated titular bishop of Anhedon and coadjutor of the late Mgr. Thomas Cooke on February 25th, 1866,

and finally became Bishop of Three Rivers on the death of Mgr. Cooke, in April, 1870; the duties of which office he has discharged up to the present time. It was intended to have held the celebration in January last, but it had to be postponed owing to the death of Mgr. Caron.

**A HANDSOME MONUMENT**

TO THE FOUNDERS AND FIRST COLONISTS OF MONTREAL.

The Montreal Historical Society is erecting on St. Ann's Market Square an Obelisk to commemorate the spot where the first religious service held on the Island of Montreal took place. The monument is the only one of its kind in Canada and the block of granite from which it was hewn was the largest ever quarried in the Dominion. It was brought from the Stanstead granite quarries, at Beebe Plain, Que., and is known as Stanstead granite, which is the best in the Province.

The block, when taken from the quarry, was 40 tons in weight, being 31 feet long, and four feet square. It was brought to Montreal, where it was finished in the marble yards of C. A. MacDonell, corner LaGauchetiere and Alexander streets, on two flat cars, over the Boston and Maine and Canadian Pacific Railroads. From its rough state the block was reduced to seventeen tons, the dimensions now being 3 feet square at the bottom, tapering to about 6 inches, length 31 feet. It is to be erected on a 10-foot base, which is already placed. The base is of the same material and at the ground nine feet square. The obelisk is finished in the style known as "Rustic work," which is now very popular in the United States. It is the only one of its kind in Canada. The inscriptions are on four bronze plaques made at the establishment of E. Chanteloup & Co.

The first states that the monument was erected by the Historical Society of Montreal to the memory of the generous founders of the city and of the first colonists who landed here in 1642. Then follow the words addressed to the colonists by the Rev. Father Vimont, May 18, 1642: "What you see here gentlemen is only a grain of mustard, but I do not doubt at all that this grain will produce a great plant, that it will one day make marvellous progress, multiply and extend in every direction." This inscription closes with the words of M. Olier, in "Les Veritables Motifs," etc.: "This project of Montreal must in time to come be a great glory to God, the power of the Church, and of great use to this kingdom." The next gives the names of the first colonists of Montreal, from May to Dec., 1642, starting with that of Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve. The third inscription, headed by the date of May 18, 1642, is as follows: "Near this monument, between the river and the stream which runs under Commissioners Street, at a place called Place Royale by Champlain, 18th of May, 1642, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve laid the foundation of the city of Montreal. He erected the first houses, the fort, the chapel, the cemetery, which he enclosed with a fence of stakes. The 23rd of February Montreal was consecrated to the Holy Virgin under the name of Ville Marie. On the 13th of February, 1644, Louis XIV granted to it the first civic charter. The 26th of March, 1644, Chomedey de Maisonneuve was named the first governor of it." The last inscription bears the names of the founders of Montreal. "Jerome Jacques Royer de la Dauversiere and Jean Jacques Olier, founder of St. Sulpice, had each separately the inspiration of establishing this city. They provided for the first expense and work in common. La Dauversiere appears in outside affairs. Olier is the soul of the society whose courage and generosity he excites." Then follow the names of those whom they united around them.

**TESTING HIS HONESTY.**

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

"The way to sleep," says a scientist, "is to think of nothing." But this is a mistake. The way to sleep is to think it is time to get up.

**SISTER HICKEY'S DEPARTURE.**

MUCH SORROW EXPRESSED BY THE MULTITUDE OF HER FRIENDS IN MONTREAL.

One of the great sacrifices that all who enter into a religious life have to make—and not the least of them—is that of obedience. At a moment's notice, in response to the call of duty, the religious must be prepared to leave all friends, associations and ties, and to start in the direction indicated by the hand of authority. An example of this may be found in the departure of Rev. Sister Hickey, of the Grey Nuns, so long a resident of Montreal, for her new home and scene of labors in Cambridgeport, Mass. Sister Hickey goes to superintend the construction of an institution for the care and protection of incurables. Sister Hickey was one of the most widely known members of the community to which she belongs. She will be missed in Montreal by hundreds of her friends, by the poor whom she cared for, the sick whom she tended, the afflicted whom she consoled, and the many hearts that have often beaten with pulsations of happiness due to her cheering words and kindly charitable deeds. On Monday morning a number of her acquaintances and well-wishers assembled at the railway station to bid her a fond farewell and to express the hope that when her grand work in Cambridgeport will be accomplished, Montreal may again have the happiness of her presence. THE TRUE WITNESS joins in the general chorus of regret and wishes Sister Hickey health and strength to long continue in her career of usefulness and benevolence, while always anticipating fondly that some day her field of labor will be the one in which she has so long worked amongst her friends of Montreal.

**NOTRE DAME COLLEGE, COTE DES NEIGES.**

The students of Notre Dame college passed a very successful monthly examination. The following is the result and order of merit (English Course) for April:—

FIRST CLASS—W. Feeny, G. Kelly, A. Stuart, J. Fox, R. Graham, J. Lannar, A. Carignan.

SECOND CLASS—H. Ortiz, G. Deroach, J. Levesque, A. Stuart, A. Blanchard, A. Divon, W. Higgins, J. Cartier, J. Duffy, L. Ortiz, A. Beaulieu, W. Poire, C. McKenna, A. Dufort.

THIRD CLASS—H. Payette, T. Leblanc, H. Delage, J. Gascon, J. McKeown, E. Berard, J. Coburn, P. O'Neil, E. O'Reilly, P. Rohland, F. O'Reilly, J. Hurtubise, G. Desmarchais, E. Callahan, J. Doherty, L. Palmer, F. Ryan, T. St. Armand, L. St. Armand, D. Dube J. Demontigny, O. Charrette, A. Mayer, Daniel E. S. Desmarchais, E. Maurault, E. Dechatelet, B. Payett, C. Brodeur, Raymond, A. J. Benoit.

FOURTH CLASS.—M. Kelly, R. Berard, J. Tobin, F. Stuart, L. St. Arnaud, R. Finn, Henault, Arm. Lapierre, H. Hetu, Arthur Lapierre, J. Quinn, O. Simor, A. Bonhomme, A. Buchanan, P. Carroll, L. Dion, F. Hetherston, J. Demontigny, E. Lacroix, E. Mayer, W. McNeil, J. B. Payett, W. Poire, J. St. Marie, L. Guion, E. Dube, A. Chouinard, J. St. Germain, C. Gesner.

PREPARATORY CLASS.—E. Peachy, L. Dansereau, A. Arcan, R. Labreque, Z. Lamer, Edm. Malboeuf, H. Beaudouin, A. Pattenaude, A. Rochon, E. Raymond, L. Facio, R. Leduc, R. Dube, M. Cartier, H. Gastonguay, H. Gohier, L. Chapdelaine.

ROLL OF HONOR—A. Arcand, L. Scott, A. Bonhomme, Lep. St. Arnaud, Jos. Benoit, T. St. Arnaud, E. Berard, L. St. Armand, C. Belhumeur, Art. Stuart, C. Brodeur, P. Carroll, J. Thomas, L. Chapdelaine, E. Delage, D. Dineen, C. Dupre, H. Delage, R. Delorme, J. Doherty E. Fontaine, F. Guyer, L. Guyon, E. Lacroix, E. Mayer, J. Millard, W. S. Marson, J. McKeown, L. Palmer, D. Ryan, A. Raymond, P. Rohland, Jos St. Germain.

**IMMIGRANT ORPHEANS.**

The Catholic Protective and Rescue Society, Montreal Branch, beg to inform parties interested that they will receive, in the month of May, fifty of those children. All applications may be sent to the following address and will receive prompt attention from the committee. Please address C. P. & R. Society, No. 11 St. Thomas Street, Montreal.

**PLEASING EVERYBODY.**

We have a curious collection of letters, the publication of which would create no end of amusement; if we could add thereto some of the verbal remarks that are daily made regarding the paper, the whole would form a most interesting and yet bewildering volume. As each of the letters asks for a reply, in one way or another, we have decided to answer them *en bloc* through the editorial columns. Some of these communications extend back as far as 1892, others are of more recent dates. Evidently each writer is under the impression that he (or she) alone must be considered in the preparation of the paper for publication. We are confident that nearly all our *confreeres* of the press will find that they could duplicate, from their own pigeon-holes, the letters that we have received. Doubtless each one will recognize his own letter as we refer to it. We take them according to the dates of their reception.

The writer of the first letter in our list complains that our paper does not contain enough of Irish news. Evidently he does not read the special columns of condensed information from all parts of Ireland, the telegraphic despatches, the editorials, and the whole pages that, when occasion requires, are dedicated to Irish news. The second letter, from a priest in the Alexandria district, informs us that he must return our paper "because it contains too much Irish news." He wants general items of interest. Perhaps he never read the columns of Roman, European, American and general news; nor the numberless extracts from the magazines and exchanges, from the writings of the leading correspondents of the day on matters affecting the world at large. We next come to a man who says that we have not sufficient religious news in the paper; he can get all local and ordinary items as well as articles upon social, national and political matters in the daily press; he considered it the duty of a Catholic weekly to be an extension of the pulpit. This gentleman must have never taken a copy of the TRUE WITNESS, or else he does not understand English when he reads it. In the very same mail comes a letter complaining that we have too much religious news; the writer wants to know something about the crops and about politics. He says that he gets all the religion he needs in church. We doubt, however, if he could repeat one word of any sermon he has heard—if he ever heard any—during the last ten years.

Another claims we have not as much local city news as the daily papers; yet, if we give him that material, he would call our paper a mere rehash of the others. An Ontario gentleman says we have too much purely Montreal news, and since four-fifths of our readers are from other cities and from country districts, that we should not sacrifice their interests to the one-fifth in the city—all of whom have a morning and evening press to furnish them the news of the place. Then we have a letter from New Brunswick and another from this Province, in which we are told that we publish articles too favorable to American institutions and the people of the neighboring Republic. To counterbalance all this a man from Elgin county says that he is an annexationist, and he "don't want no paper that sticks up for Canada as against a union with the States." He consequently returns the paper. We might go on for several columns giving the contents of other letters, but we will be satisfied with three: the first wants the markets in; the second don't see the use of the commercial column; and the third says we have no original jokes like the Detroit Free Press.

To cap the climax, a number insist that lengthy, or even short, patent-medicine advertisements are of no interest to them and should be left out. This we will do, and at once, if these readers will please state what class of matter they want in the place of these advertisements; and if they will guarantee us the full amount, according to our rates, for the space occupied by them. Otherwise we cannot afford the charge, even to please such reasonable people. As well ask a merchant to call in his agents or take down his sign, because the one making the request does not deal in his particular line of goods.

Let any one of these correspondents kindly place himself for an hour in our position and ask himself what course is best to pursue. In all likelihood he would fly into a rage and use expressions more graphic than elegant. Every one of these gentlemen seems to think that he could satisfy the whole world were he only editor of a newspaper; but he would soon find that he could not even satisfy himself. Nearly every person has had the experience of a severe cold. Now let a person suffering from such a trouble pick out twelve friends and go to each in turn and tell him about his illness. Each one of the twelve will give him some very sure remedy, something that never fails; yet not two of the twelve will agree upon the same prescription. Suppose that he should follow the advice of every one of the twelve, what would be the result? Very probably the cold would be intensified, and in addition he would run the risk of being poisoned or, at least, of contracting a chronic dyspepsia.

One thing we can promise our correspondents,—that no effort will be spared by us to make our paper exactly what a Catholic and literary weekly should be. Original in its editorials, exact in its expressions, select in its articles, a review of the burning questions of the day, and an organ that can be relied upon as far as its tone and spirit are concerned. We hope that all the writers of these different and contradictory letters will accept this as a general reply, and that each will remember that he is not the only subscriber to the paper.

DESPITE the uncertainty that exists still in many quarters owing to the changes and re-changes that may possibly be made in the tariff; and despite the feverish state of affairs in the American Republic, on account of recent depressions and present difficulties—not the least of them foreshadowed by the Coxe movement—we find that the solidity of our Banking system in Canada is, every now and again, more positively confirmed. Amongst the Bank dividends declared for this half year we find the following: Bank of Commerce, 3½ per cent; Bank of Montreal, 5 per cent; Merchants' Bank, 4 per cent; Union Bank, 3 per cent; Hochelaga Bank, 3 per cent and bonus of 1; Jacques Cartier Bank, 3½ per cent; and Ville Marie Bank, 3 per cent. In the case of the Merchants' Bank there has been an advance from 3½ to 4 per cent. In all the others the old rate of dividend has been maintained. Not so bad for our Canadian institutions, amidst the crash of Banks and the waves of commercial depression in other lands.

THE American Catholic Quarterly Review for April is an exceptionally fine number. The high reputation attained by all its contributors, and the importance of the subjects treated, go to constitute it one of the most valuable issues of this powerful Review that we have received for some time. The next number will contain an article from the pen

of the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli, on "The True Solution of the Italian Question." Needless to say that this contribution will be eagerly awaited.

IT IS SOMETIMES very amusing to read the speeches and appeals made by a class of non-Catholic preachers, when they attempt to gather together the shattered fragments of what once was called the Reformation. The following very well directed hit was made by the Editor of the London Universe in a recent issue:

The Rev. Mr. George wishes, above all things, that Protestants should "stand fast." He neglected to mention what it is they should "stand fast" to. Having, religiously, no common hold of any one single thing the result will be their "standing fast" to nothing. It is rather late in the day after they have, all of them, been tottering from one side to the other for 300 years to cry out, "Protestants, stand fast." But perhaps the gentleman who gave this impracticable advice a few days ago at a meeting of the Church Association merely gave it out as one of the many stock phrases which always call forth a cheer, and wake up a drowsy audience. "Stand fast, sir," was Sam Weller's advice to Mr. Winkle when the latter put on skates for the first time, but poor Winkle came to grief nevertheless.

**THE LACROSSE SEASON.**

On Saturday a large number of people were present on the Shamrock Lacrosse grounds to witness the initial game of the season. By all appearances we think that the applause and enthusiasm that followed the Senior Shamrocks during the past few years will be divided, to a certain extent, this year, between them and the Intermediate and Junior Clubs. On Saturday many of the veterans of the field were noticed moving about the grounds, and apparently animated with fresh vigor and energy after the long rest that the winter months afforded. Amongst others might be mentioned Kelly, Tucker, Neville, McVey, Wall, Ryan, White, Walsh and many who have not participated as actively as these gentlemen in the games, but who have ever had a deep interest in the success of the Lacrosse teams. Captain Polan, like the great Corsican, seems to be actively organizing and preparing to do noble battle for the championship of the world during the coming campaign. We hope that the "Napoleon of Lacrosse" will see many a "sun of Austerlitz" gild the triumphs of his splendid Club, and that his "Waterloo" is so distant that even the most vivid imagination cannot fix its remote date down the valley of the future. One of our morning dailies has this very peculiar remark: "The wearing of the green will be a popular form of amusement this summer." We don't know whether reference is made to the singing or playing of the well-known song and air, "The Wearing of the Green," or else to the amusement of dressing in colors more verdant than has been the general fashion of late years: in either case we are under the impression that the wearing of the green, or anything else, would be a very eccentric means of amusement. But if it is meant that the boys who wear the green and play Lacrosse will likely be the most popular during the coming season, we are in accord with the statement.

**THE MAPLE LACROSSE CLUB.**

THE LIST OF THOSE TO PARTICIPATE IN THE COMING CONCERT.

The following talent will contribute their services for the benefit of the Maple Lacrosse Club:—Miss May Milloy and Miss May Kitts; Messrs. Traynor, Robinson, Parks, R. B. Milloy, H. E. Codd, the instrumental trio, Butler, Smith, and Turgeon. Mr. Ed. Brennan will act as accompanist. The concert will conclude with a farce—in one act—entitled "The Hobeaux." The following is the cast of characters: Mr. A. E. Read as *Smobey Samson*; Mr. Geo. S. McLeish as *Hamlette Platte*; Mr. W. Stevenson as *Oscar Hardwork*; Mr. Jas. G. Milloy as *Dusty Rhodes*; Mr. Tom McCarthy as *Upson Downs*; Mr. Joseph Duffy as *Mr. T. Cairne*; Mr. Chas. P. O'Neill as *Chocolate Droppe*; Mr. James

J. Nicholson as *Sponge Cake*. A most amusing and entertaining performance is promised, as the list of names alone would indicate.

**OBITUARY.**

REV. FATHER NOISEAUX.

THREE RIVERS, April 30.—Rev. R. A. Noiseaux, who has been a priest of St. Genevieve de Batiscan for the past thirty-one years, died yesterday afternoon at the age of sixty-eight years and ten months. Deceased was stricken with a slight attack of paralysis two weeks ago and has not been well since. The reverend gentleman was a member of the cathedral chapter of this city and was universally esteemed.

THE LATE MR. E. E. CORCORAN.

One more of the old landmarks has disappeared. Last week Mr. R. E. Corcoran, formerly of the Hudson Bay Company, but recently of the Sheriff's office, Montreal, in his seventy-fourth year, passed peacefully away to his eternal reward. The funeral was largely attended and the interment took place at Rawdon, P.Q. The solemn requiem Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Corcoran, of Joliet, a nephew of the deceased. The musical portion of the service was under the direction of the Rev. Brother Campeau. The ceremonies were most impressive, while the attendance gave evidence of the high esteem and universal respect in which the deceased was held. The chief mourners were Messrs. J. E. Rowan, J. T. Rowan, Ambrose Rowan, James Rowan, and J. H. Daly. Mr. Corcoran was a pioneer in this country, one of those men who helped in opening out the Dominion and in preparing the way for an ever expanding civilization here. He was a most genial companion, who had a fertile memory well stored with accounts of the early days of the settlements. He was a sincere and devout Catholic, a model in every sense for the younger generation, and a man who had done his duty well and truly in the sphere of his life. We desire to express our sympathy with Mr. Corcoran's relatives and many friends, and to join in the prayer that the Church pronounced over him—may he rest in peace.

**RIGHT REV. FATHER SOULIER**

The Right Rev. Father Soulier, Superintendent of the Order of Oblat Fathers, arrived in Winnipeg on Saturday, and was met at the station by three hundred Catholic citizens in carriages, and escorted to the Archbishop's Palace at St. Boniface. To-day he was presented with an address in English and French. Father Soulier denied emphatically that his visit was in connection with the School case.

**MARRIAGE BELLS.**

Miss Hortense Murphy, second daughter of Mr. P. S. Murphy, Durocher street, was on Monday morning united in wedlock, in St. Patrick's church, to Mr. Louis Terroux, third son of the late Mr. Terroux. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Quinlivan. Subsequently the newly married couple left for New York.

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia!  
Burdock Blood Bitters cure Constipation.  
Burdock Blood Bitters cure Biliousness.  
Burdock Blood Bitters cure Headache.  
Burdock Blood Bitters unlock all the clogged secretions of the Bowels thus curing Headaches and similar complaints.

Bad Blood causes blotches, boils, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

I can highly praise Burdock Blood Bitters because it had a fair trial in my case with wonderful success. My symptoms were dropsy, backache and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing powers too highly. GEORGINA HOLMES, Wood Point, Sackville, N. B.

When is a man sure to go to the dogs?  
When he is following the hounds.



**A GRAND CELEBRATION.**

**THE FEAST OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.**

St. Mary's Parish the Scene of a Brilliant Celebration; Full Text of Rev. Father Meloche's Sermon on the Occasion.

The Feast of our Lady of Good Counsel was celebrated at St. Mary's Church on Sunday with great solemnity. The Church was prettily decorated with streamers, bunting and flags. Solemn High Mass was sung in the morning by the Rev. M. Callaghan, Father Plouf acting as deacon and Father Shea as sub-deacon. The choir had been specially augmented for the occasion and an orchestra engaged. The Mass selected was a very beautiful one composed by Professor James Wilson. Professor Wilson himself presided at the organ, and consequently full justice was done to the various numbers in the service. The following were the soloists:—First tenors:—F. Butler, J. Dillon, W. P. Clancy, A. Hamlin and Plamondon. Second tenors were:—Messrs Ransom, Phelan and Paquette. Basses:—Murray, Quinn and Smith. The solos were admirably rendered, but the most pleasant portion of the music was Professor Wilson's devotional Offertory piece, which was sung with violin and violoncello accompaniment, by Mr. A. Hamlin and Mr. Smith.

The sermon at the morning service was preached by Father Meloche, S. J. In the evening an eloquent sermon on Our Lady of Good Counsel was preached by Father Donnelly, parish priest of St. Anthony's.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a meeting of the Children of Mary was held in the Church, and at the evening service a statue of Our Blessed Lady, which had been presented to the Church by a lady who does not wish her name to be made known at present, was blessed. A procession of the various societies then walked round the church. There was a very large attendance at all the services.

Father Meloche for his sermon in the morning took for his text the words Sedes Sapientia, from the litany of Our Lady.

To-day, when they celebrated the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, they thought of the great wisdom and purity of the Blessed Virgin, wisdom and purity which was present in every act of her life. And they were prompted to ask Our Lady of Good Counsel who was in such an especial manner the favorite of Our Lord to intercede for them that they too might be brought to God. God is always ready to give us sufficient graces to perform our duties, so even when he chose Mary to be the mother of his Divine Son she became a monument of wisdom and holiness. God endowed her with every divine grace. She became God-like; an adopted child of God, she acquired a place above the angels. Thus it was that God laid the foundation of that living temple, and in addition he bestowed on Mary the gifts of Faith, Hope and Charity. These gifts and many others were bestowed on Mary in first coming into this world, but the greatest gift was the gift of the Holy Ghost, who dwelt in the heart of Mary.

The blessings bestowed on Our Lady did not come late in life or at the hour of death, but they were with her from her creation. She was the favorite child of God, the only one conceived without original sin. She was the lily of God. That weakness of the flesh which is the result of the sins of our first parents never affected Mary; she was pure from creation and forever. When she was in infancy she vowed to lead a life of holiness, and the better to do this she consecrated herself to God in the temple, so that she could always remain near to and faithful to God. This Holy Virgin whom we honor to-day is a monument of God's wisdom. She is the Mother of God. Therefore, we have a right to pray to her that she may intercede for us to her Divine Son; that we may obtain the graces we so much need. God sent an angel to Mary with the message "Hail full of Grace." Yes, she was full of grace, for had she not been endowed with all the graces to make her worthy to be God's Mother? But she was humble, and in answer to the Angel of the Lord she cried out "Behold the handmaid of the Lord"—and the Holy Ghost overshadowed her

and she became the Mother of God. Can there be closer union between man and God? Mary was the Mother of God. What wisdom then must have flowed out of Our Lord to His Blessed Mother in those years of union upon earth! In Holy Scripture we have many instances of the closeness of the bond between Mother and Son, in Genesis we have the woman and the son, in Our Lord and Our Lady we have the Virgin and the Child; it is natural; for God has said, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." We must honor our earthly mothers or suffer to fall away from divine grace. We should, therefore, honor Mary, who is the Mother of God, for in honoring her it is God whom we adore. Therefore, let us ask Mary to obtain for us grace to fulfil our duties faithfully. Let us think of Mary's humility; see her starting off after the Incarnation to pay a visit to her cousin, Saint Elizabeth. Think of her purity and marvellous humility, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, I am ready to do God's will." There is not a single virtue which did not shine in Mary which shone in any of the saints. In all her sufferings not a word of complaint escaped her lips. Oh, what a model of humility—are we afraid to suffer? let us be humble like Mary, let us be patient in poverty and sickness; let us bear our trials as she did. Think how Mary bore her trials, see when she had to fly to Egypt; see her when she loses her Divine Son in the Temple—the cry of her heart is, find the child, save the child; let this be the watchword of every mother—save the child—save the child from every thing that is bad; bad books, theatres, bad company, from saloons. See Mary working like a servant; she worked for God from day to day under His very eye, let us also work for God and we shall be rewarded, for God alone can reward true work. See Mary when parted from God, when He goes forth to preach; see her as she stands at the foot of the Cross, her soul is full of sorrow, full of love to see her Divine Son die a cruel death for the sins of the world, sins which she had not committed. She saw her Son die, she saw His resurrection and she saw His glorious ascension, how she too would then have liked to go to heaven. But she had many more years to spend on this world; but at last her spirit broke loose and flew up to heaven. If our Blessed Lady was visible to us now what should we do, would we not ask her every favor. Let us remember therefore that she can see us and hear us as well as if we saw her with our own eyes. St. Thomas says there is not a single grace Mary can not obtain for us: why therefore should we not ask her. Perhaps temptation is now dodging our footsteps, perhaps a bad habit is eating into the very vitals of our soul; ask Our Blessed Lady earnestly and she will show us how to wrest ourselves free from this wicked habit and how to make a flower grow up in its place; so let us beseech Our Blessed Mother to pray for you and assist you and ask her to pray also for your families. You need her help perhaps in some discord or some differences with neighbours, ask Our Lady for favors especially in May. Let your soul take on a new life, as nature is taking on a new life; become a child of Our Lady of Good Counsel, so that you may have her aid now and especially at the hour of your death. Ask Mary to show you the way of virtue, that you may walk through the darkness of this life to the gate of glory and Mary shall be standing there to receive you. Let us ask for this grace so that we may be happy now and at the hour of our death.

**IMPOSING CEREMONIES.**

**TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF ARCH-BISHOP FABRE'S CONSECRATION.**

Tuesday being the first of May, and at the same time the twenty-first anniversary of the episcopal consecration of His Grace Archbishop Fabre, there was a grand celebration in the new Cathedral. The immense edifice was well filled and in the sanctuary the great body of the clergy of this diocese was well represented. His Grace the Archbishop celebrated the High Mass and the ceremonies were of a class to accord most fittingly with the occasion. The music was of a most attractive and impressive nature, while the deep tones of the grand new organ lent a solemnity to the services. The rays of a May sun streamed in through the windows of the great dome and shed

a natural brilliancy upon the scene. It was a joyous occasion and all present seemed to participate in the happiness that must be felt by the good and venerable Archbishop. Many and warm were the congratulations which he received on the anniversary of that great day when first he ascended the episcopal throne. And with these congratulations was blended an expression of fervent prayers for his health and happiness, the outcome of the universal hope that he may be spared, through the mercy of God, to rule for many long years to come over this, the most important diocese of our country.

Countless are the works that His Grace has either carried on or commenced, since his advent to the See of Montreal, and we hope that he will be enabled to witness the successful completion of them all.

As we have changed our date of going to press, on account of many complaints about the lateness in the week when our papers reached their destinations, our forms were all filled and ready for press before the ceremonies of the occasion were over. But we could not allow the event to pass without at least joining the thousand of Catholics in their congratulations and expressions of gratitude towards Archbishop Fabre.

**MR. WILLIAM MCKAY.**

**A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE—THE FACTS OF THE CASE UP TO DATE.**

The following appeared in last Saturday's Gazette:

"Mr. William McKay, of 72 Fortier street, and an employee in Her Majesty's Customs, has mysteriously disappeared. On Saturday last, at 2.30 p.m., he left the Christian Brothers' school on Cote street, after stating that he was going to visit his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Fitzpatrick, on Beaver Hall Hill. Mr. McKay was then in apparently perfect condition, mentally as well as physically; he was in good spirits and seemed much pleased with some good news, concerning his prospects, that he had received. Since then he has not been seen or heard of. Perhaps no man in Montreal was known by more people than was Mr. McKay. Hundreds of citizens were pupils of his in former days, and on almost every street dozens of people may be met who know him. The detectives have vainly searched since Monday, but no clue can be found to his whereabouts. His friends say he was never known to have spent a night away from home, no matter under what circumstances. This renders the mystery greater. In height he was about 5 feet 7 1/2 inches; his walk straight and erect; his eyes blue; features regular; hair iron grey; rather more black than grey; full beard and moustache, somewhat heavy, of a brownish hue, but streaked perceptibly with grey. Age 56 years, but he looked younger by five years. He left home without any money in his pocket. No motive could be assigned for foul play and no probable cause exists for any rash act on his own part. Anyone who may be able to give information regarding Mr. McKay's whereabouts since last Saturday would confer a great favor by transmitting the same to Detective Cullen, to Mr. John McKay, 72 Fortier street, to the TRUE WITNESS office or to the Gazette."

Since the above appeared nothing has been heard of the missing gentleman; but we may state that a number of rumors have been set afloat, and several persons have said that they saw him either on Saturday night, (the 21st,) or on the following Monday. When sifted to the bottom these reports prove to be groundless. The truth is, that at three o'clock, on Saturday, the 21st, Mr. McKay was in Sadiet's book store ordering some literature. Since then there is nothing positively known about him.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also, a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester N.Y.

**JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS**

**SPECIAL UNDERWEAR SALE.**

**April Went out Cold But Beautiful May**

**Has Brought Us the Desired Warm Spell,**

When we can don our Summer Underwear

**JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS**

Are offering Extraordinary Bargains in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear and Hosiery this season.

**THE FACT IS**

We are just now offering Underwear for much less than they can be bought for at Wholesale.

Just Look at a few of Our Prices.

**Underwear Cheaper than Wholesale**

- Ladies' Cotton Vests, Ribbed, 5c, 10c, 12c, up to 30c.
- Ladies' Lisle Thread Vests with Silk Lace Yokes, from 30c upwards.
- Ladies' Silk Spun Ribbed Vests, 45c upwards. Better quality in very fine make, 65c upwards.
- Ladies' Fast Colors and Black Stockings, 20c, 22c, 28c upwards.
- Ladies' Tan and Cardinal Stockings, 45c up.
- And all sizes in Children's Tan and Cardinal Stockings.
- Black Cashmere Hose, 20 cents a pair, 3 pair for 55 cents
- Black Cashmere Hose, 25 cents a pair, 3 pair for 70 cents
- Black Cashmere Hose, 30 cents a pair, 3 pair for 85 cents

Better qualities as high as \$1 a pair. Ladies' Fancy Colored Lisle Hose, Ribbed, with Fancy Feet and Embroidered Fronts, only 70c a pair.

- Men's Cotton Socks, 10c a pair up.
- Men's Merino and Cashmere Socks, 25c up.
- Special line Black Cashmere Socks, 25c and 40c a pair.
- Men's Merino Shirts and Drawers, 55c a set.
- Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, 70c a set.

If you want to save money look through our Underwear; they are the cheapest ever offered. All orders by mail promptly attended to, and samples sent on application, at

**JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS,**

THE FAMILY DRAPER AND LINEN WAREHOUSE, 203 to 207 ST. ANTOINE ST. Telephone 144 to 150 MOUNTAIN ST. 8225.

Branch, ST. CATHERINE STREET, Cor. Buckingham Avenue. Telephone 3335.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal. No. 1018. Superior Court. Dame Mary A. Scott et al esqualite, Plaintiff, vs George H. Stevens, Defendant. On the 11th day of May instant at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile and place of business of the said Defendant in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of furniture etc. S. C. MARSON, B. S. C. Montreal 1st May 1894. 1-41..

**MEETING OF THE BOARD.**

The members of the Provisional Board of Directors of THE TRUE WITNESS held a meeting on last Monday afternoon. Amongst other subjects discussed was the one concerning the large amount of arrears due by subscribers to the paper. During the past two months there has been a standing notice to the effect that the Board would erase the name of any subscriber who is more than one year in arrears, when the first May would come. Since then several requests for further delays have been sent in; and, in consideration of this fact, it has been decided to defer action in the matter until 1st June, when it is to be hoped that all those in arrears will realize their responsibility and fulfil the duty of paying the amounts due. We trust that there will be no longer any necessity of such reminders and appeals after the first of next month!

**CONFIRMATION SERVICES.**

The Archbishop of Montreal will hold Confirmation services as follows during the remainder of the week: St. Jean Baptiste, Thursday, May 3, 4.30 p.m.; St. Charles, Friday 10 a.m.; St. Gabriel, 11 a.m.; St. Henri, Saturday, 2 p.m.; Ste. Cunegonde, 4 p.m.

**REV. MOTHER M. KATRINE.**

A correspondent has asked us several times for the address of the foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, (Miss Drexel); but we were unable to find it. To-day we received another request for the same address, and in a most accidental manner a friend turned it up for us. It is: Rev. Mother M. Katrine, St. Elizabeth's: Convent of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Maud Post Office, Buck's County, Pa., U.S.A.

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**

The Catholic Summer School Building and Improvement Company.

(From Catholic Reading Circle Review)

The Catholic Summer School Building and Improvement Company is a business corporation, formed under the laws of the State of New York; and under the auspices of and as auxiliary to the Catholic Summer School of America.

The capital stock of this Improvement Co. is \$100,000, and its objects are to improve and develop the property of the Summer School, and to conduct the business side of that great enterprise.

This statement is designed to show the value as investments of the bonds of this Improvement Co. The subscribers to these bonds are enabled to effect two objects, viz: first, to make an absolutely safe investment of their money as hereinafter shown; and, secondly, to assist in establishing the enduring work of the Summer School.

This improvement Company will issue the bonds as follows:

15 years	six per cent.	
Gold Bonds	-----	\$100,000.00
in the following denominations:		
1250 bonds at	\$20.00	\$25,000.00
1000 bonds at	\$50.00	50,000.00
50 bonds at	\$500.00	25,000.00

	\$100,000.00	\$100,000.00
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Interest payable on the first days of October and April of each year.

The security of the above bonds of this development and Improvement Company is as follows:

Four hundred and fifty (450) acres of valuable real estate, situated on the shores of Lake Champlain, near Plattsburgh, Clinton Co., N.Y. This property lies between the United States Government reservation on the north, whereon thousands of dollars are being spent, and on the south line the elaborate plant of the Hotel Champlain, which has cost over a million dollars. This valuable property is now held and owned by the Summer School, subject to an agreement to spend \$30,000 in improvements within three years. The land as a mere farm cost \$31,000, and is free and clear of any mortgage or other lien. This property was given gratuitously to the Summer School by the conservative Delaware and Hudson Canal Co., which shows how that careful corporation regards the ability of the Summer School to become a good investment, and hence a good security to these bonds.

The first money realized upon the sale of these bonds will be used at once in development of said land, whereupon such land will be relieved of said condition, and because of such developments; and also because of its being the home of the Champlain Summer School, will be worth at least \$100,000.00.

In addition to the above security, there are over 250 lots of land. Terms of 99 years are offered for sale in these lots (which comprise less than one-half of above described land), at prices aggregating over \$103,000.00.

The proceeds of such sales are to be turned over by the Summer School to Improvement Co., and deposited by the latter in a sinking fund and used to assist in retiring the bonds and paying interest thereon. These sales do not divest the title to the lands, and tend to enhance their value as security, because of the occupancy and building thereon by the purchasers, and the consequent development of the whole plant as a summer assembly.

In addition to above the Summer School has prepared life and honorary memberships. These memberships entitle their holders to special privileges, such as free entry for life to the sessions of the school, and honorable mention in connection with the school's great work. These memberships will be disposed of throughout the country, and receipts from this source alone is confidently expected to be over \$100,000.

The annual income of the school from regular tuitions, based on the receipts from first two years of the school's continuance, will be in the future at least \$5,000, or before the bonds mature \$75,000.

The above estimates are very moderate, considering the widespread interest and patronage afforded the summer school in its infancy, and its great and international reputation. A delegation of English students is being organized to attend the sessions of the school; and the Holy Father, Leo XIII., has given great praise and gracious approval to the Summer School and its objects.

The above lands, proceeds of sales of lots, memberships and tuitions, are all duly transferred and set over by the Summer School to this Development and Improvement Company, pursuant to a contract between the two corporations. In consideration, therefore, the Improvement Company undertakes to improve and develop the lands above mentioned, to erect and maintain suitable buildings, to lay out streets and avenues, and establish systems of sewerage and drainage, and to provide for said school a revenue and income sufficient to enable it to meet the expenses.

The holders of these bonds may at any time apply them in payment of purchase of lots, at par and accrued interest, and said bonds will be redeemable at the option of the Improvement Co., or the Summer School, at any time after five years at 105, and accrued interest.

Subscriptions will be received payable twenty-five per cent upon making same, and twenty-five per cent thereof upon the first days of the months of June, July and August, 1894, or as soon thereafter as time is called, at the office of the Trust Co.

The subscribers will be entitled upon each payment to a negotiable receipt for the amount paid.

Dated March, 1894.

JOHN BYRNE,  
JOHN D. CRIMMINS,  
THOMAS F. RYAN,  
DANIEL O'DAY.

Catholic Summer School of America.

Third Session beginning July 14, 1894, at Plattsburgh, N.Y., on Lake Champlain, will continue four weeks.

Write to Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio, for lecture tickets and information about railroads.

On matters relating to Board of Studies, write to Rev. Thomas McMillan, 415 West 59th street, New York City.

For Boarding Arrangements, write to Catholic Summer School, Secretary of Local Committee, Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Board, \$5 a week and upwards.

Official Announcements, Session of 1894

Since the general meeting held at the Catholic Club in New York last January of the officers and trustees of the Catholic Summer School, when the list of lectures was considered, the Board of Studies has given long and careful deliberation to the choice of subjects to be selected for the session of 1894, which will begin July 14, at Plattsburgh, N.Y., situated on Lake Champlain. The members of the board are: Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., chairman; Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.; Rev. John F. Mullany; Hon. John B. Riley, and Principal John H. Haaren, secretary. In the selection of speakers recognition has been given to the different sections of the United States, the religious and secular clergy, and to the different professions, while keeping steadily in view the tastes and needs of the students. Some of the speakers on the eligible list have been unable as yet to send a definite acceptance. In answer to many eager inquiries from many parts of the country a first report of the programme is now given for publication.

Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D.D., of Peoria, Ill., will preach the opening sermon. The Jesuit provincial, Rev. William O'B. Pardow, is also engaged for a sermon and four lectures on the Bible with special reference to the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. Richard Malcolm Johnston will give five lectures on eminent authors, including the tribute of the Summer School to the memory of the late Brother Azarias. The French Revolution will be considered in three lectures by George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D. Some legal principles of general interest will form the subject matter of two lectures from the Hon. W. C. Robinson, of Yale Law School. Against his own wish Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., has yielded to the unanimous request of the Board of Trustees, and will arrange a new course of five lectures on the basis of ethics. Two lectures on the labor question are assigned to Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and the formation of the Ausable Chasm is to be the subject of an address from the eminent geologist of New York State, Professor James Hall.

Conferences for Reading Circles are to be arranged on a new plan by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon. Rev. Bernard S. Conaty, of Springfield, Mass., has charge of the work for the teachers in Sunday schools. The director of the Fenelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn, Rev. M. G. Flannery, will outline a course of study in ecclesiastical art.

Discourses on special topics will be given by the editor of the Rosary, Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P.; Dr. Valentine Browne, president of the board of health, at Yonkers, N.Y.; Walter George Smith, president of the Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia, Pa.; Professor Edmund G. Hurley, organist of the Church of St. Paul, under the care of the Paulist Fathers, New York City; James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Pilot, Boston, Mass.; J. K. Foran, editor of the TRUE WITNESS, Montreal, Canada; Rev. F. W. Wayrich, C.S.S.R., Rochester, N.Y., and the president of the Catholic Summer School, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Worcester, Mass.

The fourth week, from August 6 to 10 inclusive, of the Champlain Summer-School will be devoted to subjects appealing especially to teachers. A normal course of twenty four lectures has been outlined as follows: Logic and Psychology, and incidentally the logic of grammar, by Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., of Boston College; Language and Literature, by Principal George E. Hardy, president of the New York State Teachers' Association; Arithmetic and Mathematics, by Brother Adjutor, of Manhattan College; History, by Dr. M. F. Valette, a fellow-worker for a long time with the late Dr. Gilmory Shea; Geography, by Principal John H. Haaren, of Brooklyn; and a course in Astronomy, by the Rev. C. M. Searle, C.S.P., giving results of his personal investigations at the Observatory of the Catholic University, at Washington, D. C.

This teachers' normal course is not intended to give technical instruction in the subjects named, nor is it to be limited to an exclusive discussion of methods. In each department the aim will be to furnish a comprehensive view that will counteract the narrowing effect of teaching under graded systems. From present indications a large number of Sisters from academies and parish schools will attend the lectures for teachers. Particulars concerning the cost for board, etc., may be obtained from the Superior of D'Youville Academy, Plattsburgh, N.Y. Suitable accommodation for members of religious communities cannot be provided at short notice. Arrangements should be made without delay.

**ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.**

The ladies of St. Patrick's parish assembled on Wednesday in St. Patrick's presbytery to the number of eighty, and it was decided to hold the bazaar in the beginning of June. The Windsor Hall will be secured. Father Quinlivan is the director, and Mrs. Edward Murphy is president. Every society in the parish will have a table, presided over by one of the ladies and directed by one of the Fathers. The music will be directed by Father James Callaghan, and Father McCallen will have charge of the entertainments to be given during the bazaar. It is also the intention of Father James to publish a bazaar journal. The bazaar is expected to last seven days.

**FEAST OF ST. MARK.**

Wednesday last being the feast of St. Mark, the Church offered up prayers, as is the custom, for the fruits of the earth. Archbishop Fabre attended at the Church of the Nativity at Hochelaga, where he also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the children. His Grace also held Confirmation on Thursday, at Mount St. Mary Convent, and on Friday presided over a religious profession at Notre Dame Congregation.

**REMOVING.**

English, American and Canadian Wall Paper of all Styles and Descriptions.

75,000 pieces directly imported from manufacturers; prices not to be compared with others; every pattern the latest, at his new "Depot de Tapisserie," on the first flat. A visit is respectfully requested by

J. G. GRATTON,  
1538 St. Catherine Street.  
(Formerly S. Lachance's drug store.) 35 17

It takes superhuman strength to carry a load of whiskey without the world knowing that it is a burden.

**IRISH NEWS.**

In the Church of the Holy Trinity, Cookstown, on April 1, the reception took place of Eily Margaret Winberry (in religion Sister Mary Malachy), third daughter of Paul Winberry, of Portlaw, into the Order of Our Lady of Mercy.

Judge Adams presided for the first time at the Limerick Quarter Sessions on April 3. There being no criminal business, a pair of white gloves was presented him. After congratulating the grand jury on the peaceable state of the county, Judge Adams referred in eulogistic terms to his predecessor, Judge Purcell, who, he said, was an able and painstaking judge.

At the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Ardee, Miss O'Malley, of Aghamore, Castlebar, and Miss O'Doherty, only surviving daughter of the late Michael O'Doherty, of Enniskillen, and sister of Revs. W. O'Doherty, of Carrickmacross; M. O'Doherty, of Clones; and Thomas O'Doherty, professor, St. Macarta's Seminary, Monaghan, received the white veil. The names taken in religion were: Miss O'Malley, Sister Mary Magdalen; Miss O'Doherty, Sister Mary Berchmans.

Two notable features of the Ballinasloe Quarter Sessions were the total absence of criminal cases and the large number of ejectment decrees and civil bill processes. The number of ejectments was abnormally large. The Marquis of Clanricarde headed the list with over forty from Woodford and Loughrea. In all of these cases the amount had to be cut down to bring it within the statute of limitations. In several cases between £200 and £300, and in a few cases over £300 were due. Only in one case was there a defence, and that on technical grounds.

A determined attempt was made to evict a poor blind man, named James McMahon, on the Ball estate, Cullyhanna, on April 2. The tenant twice offered the rent due, and asked the agents, who are attorneys, for a few weeks' time to pay the new costs, £3 9s., but in vain. Green, the sheriff's man; Fitzgibbon, a bailiff, and two police proceeded to carry out the eviction. Again and again the tenant piteously appealed to his evictors to accept the rent and not drive him from the home of his fathers. The only reply to him was, "Out; you must go." The parish priest, Father Kerley, and some neighbors now came to the scene, and as the evicting party were well watched, the house barricaded, and the sheriff not being present in person, the bailiffs and police reluctantly withdrew for the day.

**GRECIAN EARTHQUAKES.**

LATER REPORTS BUT ADD TO THE HORROR OF THE TALE.

ATHENS, April 29.—The latest reports from Atlanta say that on Friday shocks of earthquake were felt there for eight hours. For two hours the trembling of the earth was almost continual. For a radius of three and a half miles on every side of the town the fields and highways have been torn with deep fissures. The sea has encroached upon the shores about sixty feet. The people were alarmed almost constantly on Friday and Saturday by rumblings and loud reports under the mountain sides. The shore of the large island of Euboea which lies off the coast of Boeolia and Attica, has sunk six and a half feet. The Aidiopo sulphur springs are emitting torrents of boiling water. Despatches from all parts of the kingdom indicate that former reports of death and damage to property have understated the loss. The list of dead and injured grows hourly. The misery in the smaller towns of stricken districts is extreme. Nearly a hundred thousand persons are said to have been left destitute of food and shelter in the Locris district.

**STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.**

The Catholic church of St. Thomas d'Alfred, Prescott county, as well as the priest's residence were struck by lightning on Friday last, but no serious damage was caused.

I have been greatly troubled with headache and bad blood for ten or twelve years. I started to take Burdock Blood Bitters in July, 1892, and now, (January, 1893), I am perfectly cured. HUGH DRAIN, Norwood, Ont.



[Continued from second page.]

## HOME RULE DEBATE.

## AN INTERESTING AND ABLE ADDRESS

The power of life and liberty was in their hands. Whenever they were in want of anything they swept down upon the fields of the Irish and seized upon the stores they had accumulated. The killing of an Irishman or the violation of an Irishwoman by an English colonist was no crime in those rude days. Under Queen Elizabeth, Ireland was invaded by an army who were little more than plunderers. The province of Munster was so rigorously laid waste that Mr. Froude declares that "the lowing of a cow or the sound of a cow-boy's whistle was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cashel."

Munster was divided into seignories of from 4,000 to 12,000 acres and donated to English adventurers.

In the other parts of Ireland the estates of the Irish chiefs and their followers were similarly confiscated and divided. In this policy there is one fatal mistake. In taking the land of the people they should also have completely destroyed the people; for a nation of tenants outside of slavery is impossible. Under James I., to the policy of plunder was added the policy of religious persecution, which was to last for many years. James was an intolerant Protestant, and the Irish were all the more devoted to Roman Catholicism, because their oppressors were Protestant. It was in the reign of James that the Scotch first obtained a share of the confiscated lands and the Protestant settlement of Ulster began. In this reign, too, vast tracts of lands were granted to great London Companies—some of which—the mercers, salters, skippers, ironmongers and drapers—still hold the land.

## AFTER THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND,

under Cromwell, was completed, he had to turn his attention to Ireland and there he did his work thoroughly. He captured Drogheda and put all its people to the sword; he conquered Wexford and slaughtered pitilessly its inhabitants, and soon the whole island was at his feet. Thus came, as usual, the partition of Irish lands. All lands outside of Connaught, belonging to the Irish, were confiscated and divided among the disbanded soldiers of the commonwealth and political adventurers. To get rid of the Irish, word was sent through Europe that nations friendly to England would not beat their drums in vain in the Irish market places, and thus 44,000 Irishmen enlisted under foreign banners to fight the battles of strangers. Women and girls were transported by thousands to a shameful slavery in the West Indies and to the plantations of Virginia. The remaining Irish were cooped up in Connaught and were forbidden under pain of death to appear within two miles of the river or four miles of the sea. It is curious to reflect that all these precautions were not able to secure the Cromwellian settlers from the dreaded Irish influence, and that 40 years later many of the children of Cromwell's troopers could not speak a word of English. Many of the Irish, however, refusing to go into exile or into Connaught, took to the woods and mountains, the clefts of the rocks and the caves of the earth and lived a life of wild brigandage. They levied a tariff upon all travellers who were not sufficiently protected, (I do not mean a protective tariff), and from the native Irish word they used in demanding money were called Tories. I apologize to my Conservative friends for mentioning this interesting fact and beg to assure them that I honestly believe that the methods of the party have been somewhat improved and refined since those old days.

## IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II

a new form of Irish persecution began. The importation of Irish cattle to England was prohibited as a nuisance, owing to the fear by English Squires of lower prices. As cattle were one of the main products of the Island, and they had little else that they could give in exchange for English goods, this was a terrible blow to Ireland's commerce. This jealousy of the English agriculturist has had a noted effect in the electoral discussion of Irish matters in England ever since. Later on it extended to the English laborer, with whom the hordes of Irish who crossed the channel to work in harvesting came into competition, and it is only lately that this feeling has

in any way been alleviated. The embargo on the cattle trade was placed in the reign of Charles II. Afterwards similar treatment was meted out to the Irish linen and woolen industry and Irish ships were not allowed to trade with America or the west Indies. It seemed as if Ireland was not to be allowed any means of becoming prosperous. The great Wm. Pitt, who, in 1800, was the cause of depriving Ireland of her independent parliament, which in 18 short years had caused every industry to prosper, said in 1785:—"The uniform policy of England has been to deprive Ireland of the use of her own resources and make her subservient to the interest and opulence of the English people." The great writer, Junius, wrote about the same time: "Ireland has been uniformly plundered and oppressed." One of the most contemptible characters in all history is James II., of England. He was a coward, a liar, a bigot, a poltroon, devoid of honor or manly virtue. It was one of the accidents of history that the Irish, in their struggle against English oppression, should accept his leadership in their endeavor to get back their own. The ideas of leader and people were entirely different. James was an intense Roman Catholic bigot, who ardently desired the supremacy of the Roman Church in all things, even to the power of persecuting Non-conformists. His next object was to recover the throne of England. The Irish, on the other hand, solely wished for the recovery of their land and the liberty of their country. They were actuated by an undying hatred of the English, and who can blame them? What good had they ever received from England? Robbery, death and oppression had been

## THEIR CONSTANT EXPERIENCE.

I say that James II. was a leader unworthy the Irish, and I thank God that the brave Prentice Boys of Derry closed their gates on his French allies and nobly held the town against all assaults. I thank God that victory perched upon the banners of William at the Boyne, and that England, and Ireland, too, were forever rid of the stupid Stuart line. But I cannot praise the English for their subsequent conduct in Ireland. When brave Sarsfield surrendered Limerick to William's general, it was after a treaty concluded to the effect that the Roman Catholics should have freedom to worship God after their manner, and that the followers of King James should be allowed to retain their land. This solemn treaty was broken. The estates of the rebels were confiscated and divided by the English. At William's death the Irish were owners of less than one-seventh of Ireland. The English parliament determined to make Ireland Protestant by penal laws. Under these laws Catholics, and by this word were meant the Irish, could not sit in the Irish parliament or vote members to it. They were excluded from the army, the navy, the city or town corporations, the magistracy, the Bench, the Bar, the grand juries and the vestries.

They could not be sheriffs or soldiers, gamekeepers or constables. They were forbidden to own any arms, and any two justices or sheriffs might at any time issue a search warrant for arms. The discovery of any kind of weapon rendered its Catholic owner liable to fine, imprisonment, whipping, or the pillory. They could not own a horse worth more than five pounds, and any Protestant tendering that sum could compel his Catholic neighbor to sell his steed.

No education whatever was allowed to Catholics. A Catholic could not go to the University; he might not be the guardian of a child; he might not keep a school, or send his children to be educated abroad, or teach himself. No Catholic might buy land or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities or leases for more than thirty-one years, or any leases on such terms that the profits of the land exceeded one-third the value of the land. If a Catholic purchased an estate, the first Protestant who informed against him became its proprietor.

The eldest son of a Catholic on becoming Protestant, became heir-at-law to the whole estate of his father, and reduced his father to the position of a mere life tenant. A wife who became a Protestant was immediately freed from her husband's control, and assigned a certain portion of her husband's property. Any child, however young, who professed to be a Protestant, was at once taken from his father's care and a certain portion of his father's property

assigned to him. In fact, the Catholic Irish were excluded in their own country from every profession, from every government office, from the highest to the lowest, and from almost every duty or privilege of a citizen. It was laid down from the Bench by Lord Chancellor Bowes and Chief Justice Robinson that "the law does not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic."

Such were in brief

## THE FAMOUS PENAL LAWS.

These laws are enough to make every Protestant blush that such laws could be passed in the name and interest of his religion. Although most of these laws have been repealed, many of them in the memory of men now living, the evil effects of them are almost ineffaceable. Irish self-esteem can only be placated by a measure of Legislative independence. Peace and amity between the two countries would be cheaply bought by the re-establishment in Dublin of an Irish parliament with powers akin to those of the Quebec Legislature. The people of Ireland will be only too happy to forget the bitter past and re-establish friendly relations with her sister nation. Mark the progress that has been made in the friendly relations between Ireland and England by the adoption of Home Rule by the Liberal Party into their party platform. All the currents of the political atmosphere between the two islands have been cleansed and sweetened; for Ireland now knows what she never knew before, that a deep rift of division runs all through the English nation in her favor; that a vast majority in Scotland and in Wales favor her pretensions; that there is not throughout the land a district, a parish or a village, where there are not hearts beating in unison with her heart, and minds earnestly bent on the acknowledgement and permanent establishment of her claims to national existence. Remember, too, that though there are only 5,000,000 Irish in Ireland there are more than 15,000,000 of the race scattered through the world, and the interest of these is powerful, especially in the United States. In any international complication it would be unfortunate to have this influence against the Empire. Why has the settlement of this question been so long delayed? Surely national animosity does not govern the mind of England in this latter end of the nineteenth century? It is true that this race bitterness has largely disappeared. Fear of the persecution of the Protestant minority is only a pretence, for their interests were secured by innumerable guards in Mr. Gladstone's Bill. No. Under

## THE HOME RULE QUESTION

there lie material interests that may be affected by it. Home Rule once granted, the first step towards the settling of the economic problems of Ireland will have been taken. What are these economic problems and what are their relations to England? They proceed from the repeated wholesale confiscations of land into the hands of a few. The Irish are a singular example of a nation without land. They exist not by the grace of God but by the grace of landlords, many of whom never set foot in Ireland. Under such a system the people are little better than slaves. They must do what their landlords tell them. They must pay rack-rent no matter how unreasonably high it may be. For if they refuse, eviction lies before them and death by the wayside for their wives and babes. I denounce this condition of affairs as morally iniquitous and contrary to the law of nature.

Let me illustrate. Has the Irish child born to-day a right to live—to grow upon the land, to stand up on the land and breathe the air of Heaven? You answer certainly. He cannot be murdered, so that it must be God's will that he live upon the land of the country in which he is born. Then I tell you that 5,000,000 of human beings live upon the surface of Ireland and breathe the vital air not by the will of God, but by the grace of thousands of rent exacting land-owners, whose title to the soil is based on no divine right but on the historic plunderings I have recalled to your memory. Here is the great wrong that must be remedied. I want to tell you the horrible fact that during the so-called famines in Ireland food was being exported from Ireland to England, and that no famine prices prevailed. The famine proceeded simply from this, that the peasants could not touch the products of the soil, the products of their

own labor, and their own small potato crops failing they had

## NOTHING TO DO BUT STARVE.

Do you expect the Irish peasant, dying of starvation in his hut, to turn his eyes to Heaven and thank God that he had at least the privilege of dying under the most glorious constitution in the world? Can you sanction a system, which in a few years drove 3,000,000 Irishmen from their native land, and which produces a steady stream of emigration thence to freer lands and freer skies. Wide estates have ruined Italy, bewailed the Roman historian, and the same cursed blight has fallen upon British Isles. For it must be remembered that Scotland and England have suffered, though not to the same extent, from the curse of too extensive landlordism, based on the same title of historic wrong or fraud. In 1847, John Bright said:—"I am thoroughly convinced that everything the government or parliament can do for Ireland will be unavailing unless the foundation of the work be laid deep and well, by clearing away the fetters under which land is now held, so that it may become the possession of real owners, and be made instrumental to the employment and sustentation of the people. Honorable gentlemen opposite may fancy themselves interested in maintaining the present system, but there is surely no interest they can have in it which will weigh against the safety and prosperity of Ireland." The Plato of England—John Stuart Mill, writes:—"The land of Ireland, like the land of every other country, belongs to the people who inhabit it; and when the inhabitants of a country quit it in tens of thousands because the government does not leave them room to live in it, that government is already judged and condemned." In 1858, the London Times wrote:—"For generations the proprietors of the land in Ireland have been Spartans among a helot peasantry—almost planters among negro slaves."

## BY FATAL LEGISLATION

the Highlands of Scotland were cleared of their population to give place to the deer-stalking grounds of noble men. For the same cause the boasted yeomanry of England has disappeared in the stunted, squalid, poverty-stricken denizen of a manufacturing city, while thousands of acres which should be his to till are enclosed as the pleasure grounds of the wealthy.

The English landlords fear Home Rule, for they know that when once it is granted, all the energies of the Irish race will be turned towards righting the system of land laws in Ireland; and when the people obtain justice there, the democracy of England will also claim their rights. Thus the whole remnant of the outrageous feudal tenure of land in England will disappear. The laws of primogeniture and entail will be swept away; the power to deprive people of their natural right to live on the land of their birth by enormous rents or other causes will be seriously disturbed, and this is why the House of Lords in England and all the petty lordlings out of it, and all the great land monopolists in Great Britain, are madly opposed to Home Rule for Ireland. I firmly believe that the settlement of this Irish question will be the forerunner of the proper regulation of many great social problems of the world, such as the misery and degradation and ever-increasing poverty of a few, making them a danger to the state. So, in pleading the cause of Ireland to-night, I am pleading also the cause of the wretched crofters of Scotland, the claims of Scottish and English peasantry to more extended rights of freedom—the cause of the oppressed democracies of Germany, of Russia, and of India—the rights of labor the wide world over to a proper return for its toil—the rights of the great majority of mankind against the privileged few in every land who have assumed to crush and oppress the masses.

With these great questions, I claim, is the cause of Home Rule for Ireland closely linked. Home Rule is, in fact, in the van of these great social reforms. But it is inherently worthy your approval, because it has all the claims of right and justice on its side.

The flag of Ireland has long been trampled in the dust. The Harp and the Shamrock, the golden sunburst on the field of living green—emblems of a country without nationality—standard of a people downtrodden and oppressed—and yet they are the types of harmony, of ever-springing hope, of light and life! I firmly believe that that standard and its emblems will soon be raised aloft over the Emerald Isle, by the hands of the British people, and that the Harp of Erin will sound the sweetest notes in the harmonies of a united and satisfied British Empire.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1894.

**MAY.**

"Ah, I'm weary, weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May."

Yes, all during the dreary autumn, with its slush, its rain, its bleak skies, and dismantled trees; all through the long, cold winter, with its howling storms, its ice-bound streams, its snow-clad valleys and those lengthy twilights followed by dreary nights; all the while that summer's heralds coquet with the white-haired, hoary season, and March's blasts, and April's showers keep us oscillating between the chills of the past and the warm to come; all this time, the soul is "weary waiting", the heart is "weary sighing," "weary throbbing," "weary longing" for the May. And May is here; May, the youthful bride of summer; garlands of flowers are twined around her brow, and beams of light shoot from her eyes; she trips down the mountain side, she unchains the streamlets, sending them rejoicing and singing merrily upon their way; she lifts the heavy barrier from the great river's bosom, allowing it to heave and swell in grand relief from months of ice-laden coercion; she calls the birds and bids them build new nests and chant sweet anthems in aisles of nature's temple, she plies her fan and the zephyrs undulate softly on the air and touch the cold yet fevered cheek of departing winter, imparting a youthful glow, such as the famed *Elixir of Life* gave to the mystic Rosicrucians. We have been anxiously looking to the coming of the May; and now that the fair goddess is with us, what are we to do?

Ah! to the Catholic heart there is a something sweeter than the song of birds, more delicious than the zephyr's breath, more charming than the flowers of the valleys, more wonderful than the magic transformation of all nature, in the coming of May. It is the month of Mary; the month consecrated especially to the Blessed Mother of Christ; the month in which she meets and greets all the children of faith who love her and confide in her. The canticles in honor of Mary are more glorious than the birds' songs in honor of May; the soothing breath of consoling promise that Mary brings to cool the burning forehead of the erring and the throbbing temples of the weary, is far more delicious than the mild winds that May sends abroad before and around her; the lilies of purity, the roses of love, the garlands of devotion and prayer that her children place at Mary's shrine are more lasting, more precious, more beautiful than the myriad flowers strewn along the path of May; and the power with which Mary

breaks the icy clasp of sin upon the soul of the one who loves her, and the ease with which she loosens the great streams of grace from the barriers with which our worldliness and forgetfulness have frozen them, are far more extraordinary than the touch of May upon the crystal mountain-brook, or her impress upon the emancipated rivers.

There is not a season of the year in which the Church does not celebrate some great festival of the Blessed Virgin; in the spring the Annunciation, in the summer the Assumption, in the autumn or early winter the Immaculate Conception; but the Month of May is particularly her month. From time immemorial the children of our race have exhibited one grand characteristic, love for their mothers. And in the spiritual order we, the children of our Holy Faith, are likewise the children of Mary, and all true and faithful Catholics have ever recognized her as the Refuge of Sinners, the Comforter of the Afflicted, the Help of Christians, and the Queen of Angels. When Christ was suspended between earth and sky, and while yet in the throes of that most terrible of all agonies, He looked down upon His Mother and the Beloved Disciple, St. John—both standing at the foot of the Cross—and seeing in the latter the representative of all the human family for whose salvation He was dying, Christ said to him "Son, behold thy Mother," and to Mary, "Mother, behold thy Son." There and then did the Divine One constitute Mary the mother of all the human race, and with that last breath He called upon each of us—and all who have ever or will ever believe in Him—to accept the one who gave birth to our Redeemer as the spiritual Mother who should nurture us with the food of salvation and shelter us from the tempests of life.

Unhappily there are many Catholics who seem to feel ashamed of honoring the Blessed Virgin, or who do so in private, but would not like to have the world see that they considered her as their spiritual mother. In fact they think it childish, and are fearful that some might laugh at them. Poor, foolish beings! How little they must know about the history of the different devotions instituted in honor of the "Mother Most Pure!" Monarchs in the first ages, and throughout the different centuries down to our own time, have not been ashamed to place themselves under the protection of Mary and to appeal to her in the hours of peril or temptation. Some of the grandest minds that, star-like, illumine the sky of history were proud to be recognized a children of Mary. The sturdy warriors of the crusades, the knightly princes in the days of chivalry, the leaders of great armies, the conquerors of nations, were not ashamed to kneel at the shrine of Mary and ask her to bless their arms and to intercede with her Son in their behalf. Whether it be a Conde, invoking the name of Mary on the eve of battle, or an O'Connell, hearing Mass at Mary's altar, before one of his giant efforts in the cause of Liberty, in every case where you find a great soul you must meet a true humility, and in the Catholic heart that is really humble there is ever a niche for the image of the Blessed Mother of God.

During all this month, in every Catholic church or chapel, there will be held special exercises of devotion in honor of the Blessed Virgin; her altar will be decorated and resplendent with lights; litanies will be recited and rosaries will be said; and no good Catholic family should allow an evening to pass without sending, at least, one of its members to the "Month of Mary." Let the infidel

scoff, the impious sneer, the non-Catholic ridicule; Mary is away beyond the reach of the poisoned shaft of the scoffer, the venomous sting of the sneering individual, and the thoughtless folly of the ridiculing creature. The more her name is insulted the more should her children defend it; the greater the opposition to her fame the greater should be the Catholic's determination to proclaim it; for has it not been said by herself, in answer to God's angel, "Henceforth all generations shall call me Blessed?"

**DEVIL VS. CHURCH.**

We have reached the last of our long series of articles on this subject. For one reason or another they have been scattered over a space of almost a year. It is probable that many of our readers have forgotten the chain of arguments that we attempted to forge, and, in order that the whole subject may be brought back to their minds, we will recapitulate in a few lines the whole story of the struggle between the Devil and the Church.

We began by showing that ever since the fall of Lucifer there has been war between him and God, that God ever and always conquered while the Infernal Spirit has constantly been confounded. When Lucifer rebelled, in his pride, he was cast out of heaven into unending misery. Down in those gloomy caverns of his new abode he planned and sought vengeance against the Omnipotent. Yet, not being in God's councils, he was every moment more and more astonished at the wonders that were taking place. The drawing of this world out of chaos, the creation of animate nature, and finally the combining of the mortal and the immortal in the creature *man*, were more than the demon could understand. But once man was created the Evil One determined to destroy him, and thereby frustrate the plans of God and mar His great work. In this Lucifer succeeded to a certain degree; he tempted man to his fall, and then he cast defiance at God. But meanwhile greater wonders were in preparation by the Almighty, and even less than the creation did the fallen angel comprehend them.

After four thousand years the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity came on earth, and the Enemy beheld, at last, that he had under-estimated the powers of God. He found that the masterpiece was not *man made to the image of God*, but *God assuming the form of man*. If it were wonderful that the Creator combined the perishable and the imperishable—the body and the soul—in man, a million times more astounding was it to behold the finite and the infinite, the mortal and the eternal, the human and the Divine united in one individuality—Christ.

Christ redeemed man, broke the chains that Satan had twined about him, and having performed that stupendous work, He gave man His Church, in which He was to dwell unto the end of time. And to that Church He gave the Sacraments as sources of grace, whereby man might conquer the Evil One, and gain heaven for all eternity. Once more was Satan defeated. He had attempted to destroy God's creature but he failed, and his head was crushed by the Son of God. Now he has only one resource left, and that is to destroy the Church which Christ built and with which He promised to remain for all time.

We studied the first attempts made by the Devil to kill the Church in its very cradle. The power of Pagan-Rome was his instrument. We saw how the Almighty again defeated him and how

the structure of the Church's immutability was built upon the ruins of the Caesar's palace. The next instrument the Enemy brought forth from his arsenal consisted of the Schismatics; we dedicated an article to this subject and pointed out how easily the vessel that Peter guided rode majestically through the petty crafts that have long since been engulfed in the waves of time. The third attempt made by the Devil against the Church was through the medium of the Mahometans; in this also was he destined to failure. His fourth and most frantic assault was the so-called Reformation. On this point we gave ample evidence, historical and otherwise, of the failure of Protestantism. Owing to its novelty and to a craving on the part of man for freedom and license, it was very successful at the outset; but after the first half century it has only gone on dividing more, growing weaker and receding. In this, his great card, the church's enemy had staked his most sanguine hopes for vengeance; but it failed him. Finally the fifth and last powerful instrument that he made use of might be styled the secret societies. Through them he strove to undermine, since he could not overthrow, the edifice built by Christ on the Rock. We have seen how miserably he and his auxiliaries have failed to detach one stone from another in the Divinely established institution of salvation. We have examined the Liberty, Equality and Fraternity that these societies offer and have found instead that they actually bequeath to the world Bondage, Tyranny and Hatred. Even with such powerful allies the Devil has again failed to injure—much less overthrow—the Church. God has in every instance conquered; and so shall it be until the consummation of ages.

It would almost seem as if the Devil had exhausted all his resources and was unable to conjure up any more powerful enemy against the Church than those we have mentioned—all of which have failed. It seems to us, looking upon the situation through the glass of history, that the demon is almost now in despair. He has thundered with his heavy cannon at the gates of heaven; he is now reduced to small-arms, and very poor ones at that. So puny and miserable are the instruments of the evil one during the last four years that, compared with the battering-rams of the past centuries, they appear like mere pop-guns. Shakey and bad must be the cause in which no better or truer weapons are used than those raised at present against the Church. Having been defeated in his master efforts the vexed and baffled creature has recourse to small means—not in the hope of ever destroying the Church, but for the satisfaction of bothering, tormenting and injuring to some degree the faithful followers of the Great Master. It has been, of late, a kind of guerrilla warfare, and of course nothing serious can be expected to come of it.

The last instruments of the enemy are the "ex-nuns" and "ex-priests," the A. P. Aists and P. P. Aists, and a few other little archers of poison-tipped arrows. But it is no longer a bold advance on the part of the Devil; he has been frustrated so often by the Almighty, that he seems to have gone distracted, to have lost his accustomed cunning, and to be groping in a gloom more dense than any that has yet encompassed him. On through the centuries has the perpetual struggle between Error and Truth been carried on; and in every encounter Truth has come out victorious. Considering the respective positions, powers and resources of the two leaders, it stand to reason that the Devil must necessarily meet defeat at the hands of God. Time

rolls on and each year is a step nearer to the great and final day when the curtain shall drop forever upon the scene and an unending life commence. And the demon knows full well that when the last hour of time rings upon the clock of the universe, his doom will be sealed, his power gone, his despair commence, all chances of future vengeance vanish and the reign of Christ commence. Knowing this, it is no wonder that he is making so many futile efforts to destroy the Church, before it is too late for him to satisfy his hatred.

### CATHOLIC SAILORS.

The season of navigation is at hand, and with it the Catholic Sailors' Club will open its rooms, as last year, and will commence its series of weekly entertainments. As already stated in our columns the first concert will take place to-night. To-morrow being a Holy Day it was deemed more appropriate to hold the *soiree* this evening. The other concerts will be given on the Thursday evening of each week, until the end of the season. We feel that this is an opportune time to reply to numerous parties who have been asking us questions on the subject of this Sailors' Club, its aims and methods.

Although the idea of clubs or institutes for the benefit of Catholic sailors, when in strange ports, first originated in England, still the Catholic Truth Society of Montreal was the first to put it into execution. To-day there are three Catholic Sailors' Clubs in the old Country—two in London and one in Cardiff, Wales—but the one in Montreal, which commenced practical operations last spring, was the first to open its doors to the sailors. It is wonderful to tell that over a year ago the members of this club started with next to nothing, without funds or apparent prospects. Yet they secured a splendid hall and rooms on the corner of St. Jean Baptiste street, and facing out upon the harbor. There they set up their abode, placed furniture in the establishment, organized a reading room, supplied with books and newspapers, and all the conveniences for correspondence that the sailors might require. Letters from friends addressed to seafarers awaited them when they came into port, and an opportunity was afforded them of sending replies to their friends and relatives abroad. In the club room were cards that gave the list of the churches, the hours of the masses, and all the requisite information regarding their religious duties. Every Thursday evening a concert was given, and the sailors often took part in these entertainments.

The results of last year's attempt were most satisfactory and highly encouraging. The sailors found amusement and instruction, friends and good-fellowship, and the consequence was that the days spent in port were profitable to hundreds of these weather-beaten toilers of the deep. Less time was spent in the taverns and worse resorts; more wages were saved for their families and children; duties of religion were performed that, perhaps, for years had been neglected; and many a sailor left Montreal a happier, a better, a more contented man than ever he was on leaving any other port in the world.

Encouraged by the success of last year the members of the Club have made extra exertions to extend, this season, the sphere of the Club's influences. The same premises have been engaged; many additions have been made to the accommodations; and the zealous ladies and energetic gentlemen have contributed or secured contributions of books, periodicals, weekly and daily papers for the use of the reading-room. Cards containing all information regarding every

church in the city have been issued. Elaborate preparations have been made for the improvement and perfection of the concerts. In fact, no stone has been left unturned to create a most popular resort for the Catholic sailors, and to induce them away from the countless dangers and temptations that beset their hours of recreation in port. Tickets for these concerts are sold at ten cents each, or three for twenty-five cents: and thus even the poorest can take advantage of the opportunity to aid in the good work and at the same time enjoy some most agreeable and entertaining evenings. In fact for a dollar one can purchase enough tickets for almost a season. What now is required is a fair amount of encouragement. We might remark that non-Catholic sailors are also invited, and the benefits of the rooms are free to them, while they may be sure that no attempts—even indirectly—will be made to tamper with their faith. If a Protestant sailor can be saved by the Club from the sharks that await him in the form of human beings who prey upon his weakness and deprive him of his hard-earned money, so much the better. The grand object is to save the sailor from himself and from his most deadly enemies.

Most positively there could not exist a more praiseworthy institution. The high praise and strong recommendations coming from the leaders in the Church's hierarchy, should suffice to show that it is a move in the right direction. We trust sincerely that our citizens will aid, according to their means, in furthering this work and in giving practical encouragement to those who have undertaken it. One gentleman wrote to us recently in the sense that he had no object to such a club (we don't see on what grounds he could have any), but that if the Catholic Truth Society did not intend to carry it on at their own expense, he had objections to their asking assistance from the citizens of this city. With all due respect to that gentleman's private opinions, we fail to see why the members of the C. T. S. have not a perfect right—as well as any other legitimate organization—to undertake a work of benevolence and Catholic merit, and also to ask those who are willing to help in the cause. They do not try to coerce any person into assisting them; nor has anyone the right to prevent willing citizens from helping. If we feel inclined to contribute—in one way or another—to the formation of such an institution, we hold that it is our right to do so, as it is equally our right to refuse if we do not feel inclined to aid. No person is going to insist upon that gentleman's contributing; he is at liberty to do so or to refrain from doing so—just as he deems well. But to carry his argument to a logical conclusion, no body of men, no organization, no club, no institution, no matter how charitable or praiseworthy its object, would have a right to appeal for assistance or even to lay the foundation of their establishment unless prepared to carry on its operations at their own private expense. We might parody that song so well known to Sailors:

"Shall the Sailors Club die?  
Shall the Sailors Club die?  
Then thirty thousand Cornish men  
Will know the reason why?"

Not less than a thousand Catholic Sailors have an interest in the matter; and we predict that when this season is over, the Club will be one of the most firmly established and prosperous benevolent institutions in the City.

WE WOULD respectfully call the attention of our readers to an item of news on another page regarding the meeting of the Board of Provisional Directors of THE TRUE WITNESS which took place on Monday afternoon.

### MRS. SHEPHARD (?)

Some time ago Margaret L. Shephard, the so-called "ex-nun" and the lady who claims to be the editor (or editress) of the British Canadian, undertook to read the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS a lesson on the subject of pervert priests, celibacy and marriage. As a rule we don't like to give such people free advertisement by paying attention to their vaporings; but in this case—knowing that the British Canadian's editorials were merely attributed to Margaret L. Shephard, and that the day of her success as an impostor was declining rapidly—we did consent to inform the real editors of that organ what the difference is between the Sacrament of Matrimony and a civil or other marriage. We ask our readers to kindly peruse, and most carefully, the following report of a trial that went on last week in Toronto:

In a suit being tried here by Rebecca Marion against Agnes C. Youmans, for \$10,000 for slander, in which Margaret Shephard, the "converted nun," is a witness, the lawyer for the defendants succeeded in drawing from Mrs. Shephard a history of her life, which created a great sensation in court. The witness in giving her evidence frequently appealed to the judge. The main points brought out in her examination were as follows: She was born in India, her mother's name being Regan. She had lived in England and was there imprisoned for taking some money. The name by which she went when she was convicted was Louisa Egerton. She subsequently spent some time at St. James Home in London. She did not go there under the name of Louisa Westland. She admitted being detained in prison in Bodman, Cornwall, awaiting trial on another charge as Georgina Parkyn. She had lived in Ireland. She had gone from Bristol to London in July, 1885, where she entered the service of Mr. Stead, Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette. She was employed by him to interview the mother of Eliza Armstrong and also to interview women of evil life to obtain proof that young children were being sold for immoral purposes. While in Mr. Stead's employment she lived with Mrs. Booth, of the Salvation Army, under the name of Margaret Herbert. In 1886, she came to America under the auspices of the Salvation Army. She married Mr. Shepard in Charlottetown, P.E.I., on April 4, 1886, her first husband being then living, though without her knowledge. Both of her husbands are at present living. She parted from Shephard when she learned that Parkyn was alive. She had subsequently been engaged in work in connection with churches in Boston and Chicago. During Mrs. Shephard's examination the court-room was densely crowded and her replies were followed with close attention by all present."

We are prepared to do Mrs. Parkyn-Shephard full justice. We believe that she can invent all kinds of stories, tell the most wonderful lies, and write the most absurd of fictions—mere falsehoods from beginning to end—and do so without a single pang of conscience, provided she is not on oath. Her sworn statement goes to show that she has respect for solemn assertions made under oath. We are perfectly ready to acquit her of ever having broken a vow of chastity, obedience, or religion in any form; simply because she never made any such vow. So that she is not as bad as she might be painted. But the fact of her telling the truth, about her own erratic and unenviable career, on oath, and the other fact of her not having broken any vows, prove that she has been telling most infamous falsehoods when she claimed to be an "escaped nun," and that her book "My Life in a Convent" is a mere collection of immoral suggestions, the outcome of her perverted imagination; in a word, she never was a nun, never was in a religious community, never had any connection with a Catholic convent—consequently she is not a perjurer, but an almighty big fabricator of false stories. They

serve her purpose, and that is all she cares. She has learned Voltaire's principle, and has put it into practice with a vengeance, *mentez, mentez toujours, et quand vous avez fini, mentez encore!*

Let any Protestant or Catholic young lady, who has spent a few years in a convent and has had an opportunity of observing the habits and rules of the house, read Mrs. Shephard's Baron Munchausen tales about convents, and she will at once perceive that the woman is merely drawing upon her imagination, and that she was never inside a convent—unless in the parlor. She does not even know the names of places, the terms used to designate branches of the work or routine of life, nor the most ordinary and general expressions in daily use—all of which are as familiar to any convent girl as are the technicalities or language of Procedure to a lawyer of large practice.

However, we are very glad to believe Mrs. Shephard to be a respecter of an oath and to have never broken a vow; since the one disproves all her statements of the "ex-nun" nature, and the other shows that she fears the civil consequences of perjury even if she has no respect for anything else in the world.

DESPITE all the abuse heaped upon them, the Jesuits are the foremost educators of the age. In New York, recently, they startled the world by introducing a Latin play, and over three thousand dollars were spent in preparing and securing all the necessaries for a complete presentation of the drama. It was a grand success. To-day we find that other institutions are taking the novel method of classical instruction and are preparing their Latin plays. We are pleased to learn that the authorities of St. Mary's Jesuit College, Montreal, have decided to place the Latin play "Plautus" on the boards next June, at the close of the present scholastic term. We may confidently look forward to the richest literary, classical and histrionic treat that our citizens have had for many years. It speaks well for the zeal of the Fathers and the pluck and ability of the students.

SEVERAL enquiries have been made in the Liverpool Catholic Times and the London Universe concerning refutations of Chiniquy; the Rev. James Brown, of Waterlooville, Hants, England, refers the correspondents to the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS. Rev. Martin Mahoney, of St. Paul, Minn., has written us on the subject, and we have replied by letter, giving the Reverend gentleman all the information, at present available; however, we may publicly state that no regular work refuting the apostate or exposing his career has been published as yet. Before very many months a complete exposure and refutation will be given to the public, but it will take some little time yet to complete the chain of evidence from irrefutable sources. The work is in progress.

THE FRONTISPIECE, in the May number of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, is worth the price of the issue alone—even were there not another item of interest or attraction in the number. It is a reproduction of a marble bust of the late Rev. John Drumgoole, "the Father of Homeless Children." Without doubt it is one of the most beautiful cuts we have yet seen in a monthly. One would never grow tired looking at it—and the more one looks the more perfect it appears. There is something so artistic, delicate and refined in the picture, that it attracts immediate attention and admiration.



## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER LIV.

## "HOW IT BEFELL."

While Lord Kilgobbin and his son are plodding along toward Moate with a horse not long released from the harrow, and over a road which the late rains had sorely damaged, the moment is not inopportune to explain the nature of the incident, small enough in its way, that called on them for this journey at night-fall. It befell that when Miss Betty, indignant at her nephew's defection, and outraged that he should descend to call at Kilgobbin, determined to cast him off forever, she also resolved upon a project over which she had long meditated, and to which the conversation at her late dinner greatly predisposed her.

The growing infertility of the land, the sturdy rejection of the authority of the Church, manifested in so many ways by the people, had led Miss O'Shea to speculate more on the insecurity of landed property in Ireland than all the long list of outrages scheduled at assizes, or all the burning haggards that ever flared in a wintry sky. Her notion was to retire into some religious sisterhood, and away from life and its cares, to pass her remaining years in holy meditation and piety. She would have liked to have sold her estate, and endowed some house or convent with the proceeds, but there were certain legal difficulties that stood in the way, and her law agent, M'Keown, must be seen and conferred with about these.

Her moods of passion were usually so very violent that she would stop at nothing; and in the torrent of her anger she would decide on a course of action which would color a whole lifetime. On the present occasion, her first step was to write and acquaint M'Keown that she would be at Moodie's Hotel, Dominick street, the same evening, and begged he might call there at eight or nine o'clock, as her business with him was pressing. Her next care was to let the house and lands of O'Shea's Barn to Peter Gill, for the term of one year, at a rent scarcely more than nominal, the said Gill binding himself to maintain the gardens, the shrubberies, and all the ornamental plantings in their accustomed order and condition. In fact, the extreme moderation of the rent was to be recompensed by the large space allotted to unprofitable land, and the great care he was pledged to exercise in its preservation; and while nominally the tenant, so manifold were the obligations imposed on him, he was in reality very little other than the care-taker of O'Shea's Barn and its dependencies. No fences were to be altered, or boundaries changed. All the copses of young timber were to be carefully protected by palings as heretofore, and even the ornamental cattle—the short-horns, and the Alderneys, and a few favorite "Kerries"—were to be kept on the allotted paddocks; and to old Kattoo herself was allotted a loose box, with a small field attached to it, where she might saunter at will, and ruminates over the less happy quadrupeds that had to work for their subsistence.

Now though Miss Betty, in the full torrent of her anger, had that much of method in her madness to remember the various details whose interests were the business of her daily life, and so far made provision for the future of her pet cows and horses and dogs and Guinea-fowls, so that if she should ever resolve to return she should find all as she had left it—the short paper of agreement by which she accepted Gill as her tenant was drawn up by her own hand, unaided by a lawyer, and, whether from the intemperate haste of the moment or an unbounded confidence in Gill's honesty and fidelity, was not only carelessly expressed, but worded in a way that implied how her trustfulness exonerated her from anything beyond the expression of what she wished for and what she believed her tenant would strictly perform. Gill's repeated phrase of "whatever her honor's ladyship had liked" had followed every sentence as she read the document aloud to him, and the only real puzzle she had was to explain to the poor man's simple comprehension that she was not making a hard bargain with him, but treating him handsomely and in all confidence.

Shrewd and sharp as the old lady was, versed in the habits of the people, and long trained to suspect a certain air of dullness, by which, when asking the explanation of a point, they watch, with a native casuistry, to see what flaw or chink may open an equivocal meaning or intention, she was thoroughly convinced by the simple and unreasoning concurrence this humble man gave to every proviso, and the hearty assurance he always gave "that her honor knew what was best: God reward and keep her long in the way to do it!"—with all this, Miss O'Shea had not accomplished the first stage of her journey to Dublin when Peter Gill was seated in the office of Pat M'Evoy, the attorney at Moate, a smart practitioner, who had done more to foster litigation between tenant and landlord than all the "grievances" that ever were placarded by the press.

"When did you get this, Peter?" said the attorney, as he looked about, unable to find a date.

"This morning, sir, just before she started."

"You'll have to come before a magistrate and make an oath of the date; and, by my conscience, it's worth the trouble."

"Why, sir, what's in it?" cried Peter, eagerly.

"I'm no lawyer if she hasn't given you a clear possession of the place, subject to certain trusts, and even for the non-performance of these there is no penalty attached. When Counsellor Holmes comes down at the assizes I'll lay a case before him, and I'll wager you a trifle, Peter, you will turn out to be an estated gentleman."

"Blood alive!" was all Peter could utter.

Though the conversation that ensued occupied more than an hour, it is not necessary that we should repeat what occurred, nor state more than the fact that Peter went home fully assured that if O'Shea's Barn was not his own indisputably, it would be very hard to dispossess him, and that, at all events, the occupation was secure to him for the present. The importance that the law always attaches to possession Mr. M'Evoy took care to impress on Gill's mind, and he fully convinced him that a forcible seizure of the premises was far more to be apprehended than the slower process of a suit and a verdict.

It was about the third week after this opinion had been given when young O'Shea walked over from Kilgobbin Castle to the Barn, intending to see his aunt and take his farewell of her.

Though he had steeled his heart against the emotions such a leave taking was likely to evoke, he was in no wise prepared for the feelings the old place itself would call up; and as he opened a little wicket that led by a shrubbery walk to the cottage he was glad to throw himself on the first seat he could find, and wait till his heart could beat more measuredly. What a strange thing was life—at least that conventional life we make for ourselves—was his thought now. "Here am I ready to cross the globe, to be the servant, the laborer, of some rude settler in the wilds of Australia, and yet I cannot be the herdsman here, and tend the cattle in the scenes that I love, where every tree, every bush, every shady nook and every running stream is dear to me. I cannot serve my own kith and kin, but must seek my bread from the stranger! This is our glorious civilization. I should like to hear in what consists its marvelous advantage."

And then he began to think of those men of whom he had often heard, gentlemen and men of refinement, who had gone out to Australia, and who, in all the drudgery of daily labor—herding cattle on the plains, or conducting droves of horses long miles away—still managed to retain the habits of their better days, and by the instinct of the breeding, which had become a nature, to keep intact in their hearts the thoughts and the sympathies and the affections that made them gentlemen.

"If my dear aunt only knew me as I know myself, she would let me stay here and serve her as the humblest laborer on her land. I can see no indignity in being poor and faring hardly. I have known coarse food and coarse clothing, and I never found that they either dampened my courage or soured my temper."

It might not seem exactly the appropriate moment to have bethought him of the solace of companionship in such poverty, but somehow his thoughts did take that flight, and unwarrantable as

was the notion, he fancied himself returning at night-fall to his lowly cabin, and a certain girlish figure, whom our reader knows as Kate Kearney, standing watching for his coming.

There was no one to be seen about as he approached the house. The hall door, however, lay open. He entered and passed on to the little breakfast parlor on the left. The furniture was the same as before, but a coarse fustian jacket was thrown on the back of a chair, and a clay pipe and a paper of tobacco stood on the table. While he was examining these objects with some attention a very ragged urchin of some ten or eleven years entered the room with a furtive step, and stood watching him. From this fellow all that he could hear was that Miss Betty was gone away, and that Peter was at the Kilbeggan market, and though he tried various questions, no other answers than these were to be obtained. Gorman now tried to see the drawing-room and the library, but these, as well as the dining-room, were locked. He next essayed the bedrooms, but with the same unsuccess. At length he turned to his own well-known corner—the well-remembered little "green room"—which he loved to think his own. This was locked; but Gorman remembered that by pressing the door underneath with his walking-stick he could lift the bolt from the old-fashioned receptacle that held it, and open the door. Curious to have a last look at a spot dear by so many memories, he tried the old artifice, and succeeded.

He had still on his watch-chain the little key of an old marquetry cabinet, where he was wont to write; and he was determined to write a last letter to his aunt from the old spot, and send her his good-bye from the very corner where he had often come to wish her "good-night."

He opened the window and walked out on the little wooden balcony, from which the view extended over the lawn and the broad belt of wood that fenced the demesne. The Sliabh Bloom Mountain shone in the distance, and in the calm of an evening sunlight the whole picture had something in its silence and peacefulness of almost rapturous charm.

Who is there among us that has not felt in walking through the room of some uninhabited house, with every appliance of human comfort strewn about, ease and luxury within, wavy trees and sloping lawn or eddying waters without—who, in seeing all these, has not questioned himself as to why this should be deserted? and why is there none to taste and feel all the blessedness of such a lot as life here should offer? Is not the world full of these places? Is not the puzzle of this query of all lands and of all peoples? That ever-present delusion of what we should do, what be, if we were sought other than ourselves—how happy, how contented, how unrepining, and how good; ay, even our moral nature comes into the compact—this delusion, I say, besets most of us through life, and we never weary of believing how cruelly fate has treated us, and how unjust destiny has been to a variety of good gifts and graces which are doomed to die unrecognized and unrequited.

I will not go to the length of saying that Gorman O'Shea's reflexions went thus far, though they did go the extent of wondering why his aunt had left this lovely spot, and asking himself again and again where she could possibly have found anything to replace it.

"My dearest aunt," wrote he, "in my own old room, at the dear old desk, and on the spot knitted to my heart by happiest memories, I sit down to send you my last good-bye ere I leave Ireland."

"It is in no mood of passing fretfulness or impatience that I resolve to go and seek my fortune in Australia. As I feel now, believing you are displeased with me, I have no heart to go further into the question of my own selfish interests, nor say why I resolve to give up soldiering, and why I turn to a new existence. Had I been to you what I have hitherto been—had I the assurance that I possessed the old claim on your love which made me regard you as a dear mother—I should tell you of every step that has led me to this determination, and how carefully and anxiously I tried to study what might be the turning-point of my life."

When he had written thus far, and his eyes had already grown glassy with the tears which would force their way across them, a heavy foot was heard on the stairs, the door was burst rudely open, and Peter Gill stood before him.

No longer, however, the old peasant in shabby clothes, and with his look half shy, half sycophantic, but vulgarly dressed in broadcloth and bright buttons, a tall hat on his head, and a crimson cravate round his neck. His face was flushed, and his eyes flashing and insolent so that O'Shea only feebly recognized him by his voice.

"You thought you'd be too quick for me, young man," said the fellow; and the voice in its thickness showed he had been drinking, "and that you would do your bit of writing there before I'd be back, but I was up to you."

"I really do not know what you mean," cried O'Shea, rising; "and as it is too plain you have been drinking, I do not care to ask you."

"Whether I was drinking or not is my own business, there's none to call me to account now. I'm here in my own house, and I order you to leave it, and if you don't go by the way you came in, by my soul you'll go by that window!" A loud bang of his stick on the floor gave the emphasis to the last words; and whether it was the action or the absurd figure of the man himself overcame O'Shea, he burst out in a hearty laugh as he surveyed him. "I'll make it no laughing matter to you," cried Gill, wild with passion; and, stepping to the door, he cried out: "Come up, boys, every man of ye: come up and see the chap that's trying to turn me out of my holding."

The sound of voices and the tramp of feet outside now drew O'Shea out of the window, and, passing out on the balcony, he saw a considerable crowd of country people assembled beneath. They were all armed with sticks, and had that look of mischief and daring so unmistakable in a mob. As the young man stood looking at them, some one pointed him out to the rest, and a wild yell, mingled with hisses, now broke from the crowd. He was turning away from the spot in disgust when he found that Gill had stationed himself at the window, and barred the passage.

"The boys want another look at ye," said Gill, insolently; "go back and show yourself; it is not every day they see an informer."

"Stand back, you old fool, and let me pass," cried O'Shea.

"Touch me if you dare; only lay one finger on me in my own house," said the fellow; and he grinned almost in his face as he spoke.

"Stand back," said Gorman; and, suiting the action to the word, he raised his arm to make space for him to pass out. Gill, no sooner did he feel the arm graze his chest, than he struck O'Shea across the face; and though the blow was that of an old man, the insult was so maddening that O'Shea, seizing him by the arms, dragged him out upon the balcony.

"He's going to throw the old man over," cried several of those beneath, and, amidst the tumult of voices, a number soon rushed up the stairs and out on the balcony, where the old fellow was clinging to O'Shea's legs in his despairing attempt to save himself. The struggle scarcely lasted many seconds, for the rotten woodwork of the balcony creaked and trembled, and at last gave way with a crash, bringing the whole party to the ground together.

(To be continued.)

## STOP, LADY, STOP!

Lean and lank,  
He's such a crank;  
My stars! I thank  
I'm not his wife;  
H'd make my life  
A scene of strife.

Stop, lady, stop! his liver is out of order. "He's just too nice for anything," his wife says, when he is well." Every wife's husband should, if sick, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the liver and kidneys in good working order, purifies the blood, cleanses the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising, and tones up the functions generally. Guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets permanently cure constipation, sick headache, indigestion and kindred derangements.

Tommy—Pa, what makes the stars bright? Mr. Figg—Oh, these astronomers are scouring the heavens all the time.

LITERATURE AND OUR CATHOLIC POOR.

BY WALTER LECKY.

We are told, with some show of truth, that this age shall be noted in history as one given to the study of social problems. The contemporary literature of a country is a good index to what people are thinking about. Magazines are, as a rule, for their time and deal with the forces upward in men's minds. The most cursory glance at their contents will show the predominance of the Social Problem treated from some phase or other. The best minds are engaged as partisans. Social science may be said to be the order of the day. It has crushed poetry to the skirts of advertising, romance is its happy basking ground. The drama has made it its own. There are some fogies of course, so says your sapient scientist, who believe that the social science so spasmodically treated in current literature is but a passing fad, and that poetry shall be restored to her old quarters, romance amuse as of old, and the drama be winnowed of rant scenic sensation, and bestial morality. These dreams may be vain, but then even fogies have their hopes. A branch of this science—the tree is overshadowing—treats of the literature and the masses. Anything about the masses interests me.

When I read, the other day, "Literature and the Masses; a Social Study," among the contents of a fin de siècle magazine, I would have pawned my wearing apparel rather than go home without it. Its reading was painful, as all reading must be where the author knows less about his subject than the ordinary reader. Later another article fell in my way, dealing with the same subject. Its author had more material, but his use of it was clumsy. It was while reading this article, that I noted the utter stupidity with which things Catholic are treated by the ordinary literary purveyor. These ephemeral pen wielders seem to hold the most fantastic notions of the Church. What Azarias says of Emerson is true of them: "They seek truth in every religious and philosophical system outside of the teachings of the Catholic Church." They will not drink from Rome. To correct all this author's errors is not my plan. In this paper I restrict myself to a part of the same subject, Literature and Our Catholic Poor. I prefer an independent study to patch-work. It is the usual thing in such studies to present credentials. I present mine. Five years' life in the tenement districts of New York, and other great cities of the Union, in full contact, from the peculiarity of my position, with the poor. During these years I was led to make a study of their reading. This study to be intelligible must be prefaced by a few hints on their life and environment. It is useless to deny the often repeated assertion that their lot in the great cities is hard and crushing. It is a continual struggle for nominal existence. The children commence work at a premature age. Their education is meagre and broken. Marriage is entered in early life, without the slightest provision. To these marriages there is little selection. The girls have been brought up in factories; household restraint frets their soul. Of household economy so necessary to the city toiler they know nothing. If ends meet it is well. If not there is trust and sorrow. The day of their marriage means a few stuffy rooms badly ventilated, filled with the most bizarre and useless furniture put in by shylock, who will in the coming years exact ten times their value. Thus started, children are born, puny and sickly prey of physician and druggist. If these children survive, at an early age they follow the father and mother by entering foundries and factories to toil life's weary round away. When they die the family is pauperized for years. It is a common complaint of the tenements that "I would have been worth something if my boy had not died." Every death is not only a drain on the immediate family, but on their friends who are supposed to turn out and give "the corpse a decent burial." The decent burial means coaches, flowers and whiskey. The most casual observer must notice the giant part liquor plays, in the lives of the poor. Liquor and its concomitant, tobacco, in the deadly form of cigarettes, are known to the boy. He

has been brought up in that atmosphere. His father has his cheap, ill-smelling cigar and frothy pint for supper. His mother and a few gossiping friends have chased the heavy day with a few pints "because they were dry." He delights in being the Mercury of the "growler." Hanging by the balustrade he sips the beer, "just to taste it." That taste, alas, lingers through life. As he grows older it becomes more refined. His teachers are the sumptuous, dazzling bar-rooms guarding each city corner, while betraying the nation. The owners of these vice palaces are wise in their generation. For his stuffy home, broken furniture and cheerless aspects, they show him wide, airy rooms, polished furniture, bevelled glass mirrors, dazzling light, music, gaiety, companionship, and the illusive charm of revelry. The reading matter in such places is on a par with the other attractions. It is sensational. Its authors are skilled in the base development of the passions. It smacks obscenity, and early dulls the intellect to finer things. To be enmeshed in its threads is the greatest sorrow of a young life. When the bar-room does not allure, there is another siren to be taken into account. It is the promiscuous gathering at the neighbor's house who has been so unfortunate as to find a music dealer to trust him with a piano at three times its price. Here gather the Romeos and Juliets to

"Sing and dance  
And parley vous France,  
Drink beer Alanna  
And play on the grand piano."

The songs are of no literary value, sometimes comic, sometimes sentimental, more often with an ambiguity that is more suggestive than downright obscenity. Of the so-called comic, "McGinty" was a great hit, while "After the Ball" was its equal in the sentimental line. It is a strange sight to see pale, flaccid, worn out Juliet thrum the indifferent piano, while near her in a dramatic posture, learned from some melodramatic actor, stands twisted Romeo, singing some sentimental song, balancing his voice to the poor performer, and indifferent piano. To hear such stuff—I speak from auricular demonstration—is no small affliction. After songs come dances, weary night flies quickly away. Work comes with the morrow. Sleepy and tired they buckle on their armor and go out uncomplainingly to tear and wear the sickly body. Thus generation after generation passes to the tread mill and beyond. It is not to be expected that the literature of such people would be of a high grade. To say that they have no time to read were a fallacy, inasmuch as they do read. Here the question arises, what do they read? I answer that they possess a literature of their own, both in weekly journals and published volumes. They support, strange as it may seem, a school of novelists for their delectation. These journals are a medley of blood and thunder stories, far fetched jokes, sporting news, etiquette as she is above stairs, marriage hints, palmistry, dress-making, now and then a page of original topical music hemmed with fake advertising. The point to be noted in these journals, a shrewd business one, they are never beyond the reader's intelligence. Their novels must be simple and amusing. That is their author must know how to spin a story. He must amuse. Each weekly installment must have its comic as well as tragic denouement. The hero must be a villain of the most approved type, neither wanting in courage nor in cunning. The heroine must be on the side of the angelic, mesmerized by the prowess of her hero. A vast quantity of soupers are constantly on hand, in case of emergency. Murders, suicides, broken hearts and lesser afflictions are of frequent occurrence. The hero may perish at any moment, provided a more reckless devil takes his place. Half a dozen heroines may come to grief in one serial. An author must be lavish. Provided he is, style is not reckoned, and bad grammar but adds a taking flavor. Woe be to the editor who would inflict on his readers a novel of the school of Henry James or Paul Bourget. The masses hold that the primary condition of fiction is to amuse. They are right. These journals are carried in ladies' satchels, they stick out of young men's pockets. On ferry-boats, in street cars, in their stuffy rooms, in the few minutes snatched from the dinner hour they are eagerly read. They may be crumpled and thrust into the pocket at any moment. No handwashing is necessary to handle

them. Their cost is light, five cents a week. By a system of interchange a club of five may for that cost peruse five different story papers. This system is in general practice. The greatest amount strongly appeals to the poor. The novels in book form are of a much lower grade than the serials. Written by profligate men and women, in a vile style, their only object is to undermine morality. Falsity to the marriage vows, deception, theft, the catalogue of a criminal court is strongly inculcated as the right path. These novels, generally in paper covers, are showy and eye-catching. A voluptuous siren on the cover, with an ambiguous title allures the minor to his ruin. I have known not a few booksellers who passed as eminently respectable do a thriving trade in this class of books. The fact that they kept stock in drawers in the rear of their stores told of their conscious complicity in the destruction and degradation of our youth. These novels are cheap, within the reach of the poor, a point to be noted. The question arises what can be done to counteract this spread of pernicious literature among our Catholic poor? There is but one answer on the lips of those who should be heard, fight it with good literature—yet literature not beyond their understanding. Put in their hands good novels whose primary purpose is to amuse. The good-natured gentleman who would put into the hands of the poor as a Christmas gift Fabiola, Calista, Pauline Seward, etc., would make a great mistake. These books would become playthings for greasy babies or curled paper to light the "evening smoke." The bread-winners will not be bored. They have worked hard all day, and at evening want some kind of amusement. The book must be nervy, a tonic. Dictionaries are scarce in the haunts of the poor. Foot notes are an abomination. The author must whisk the reader along. A rapid canter only broken by hearty laughter or honest pity. Have we any Catholic novels that will do this? It is the plaint of the know-nothing scribes, tossing their empty skulls, to write a capital No. From experience I answer yes. The novels of that true writer of boys' stories, Father Finn, are just the thing for the poor. They want to read of boys that are not old men, none of your goody goody little melodies. A boy is no fool. In real life he would not chum with your sweet little Toms, your praying, psalm-singing Jamies, and your dying angelic Marys. Nor shall he in books, thank heaven. For Finn has drawn the boy as he is. His books would be joyfully welcomed, if published in a cheap paper form, say at twenty-five cents per copy. List to the wail of the fattening Catholic publisher, who will read that idea. It is, however, a sane one. If Protestants can make cheap books, thereby creating the market, why not Catholics? Until this is done it is useless to cry out, as authors do, nobody will buy my books. Yes, your books will be bought if they are reasonable in price, and properly placed before the public. As it is, your books are snuffed out by the immense amount of trash handled by the ordinary Catholic bookseller, and you help this by writing depreyed hypocrisy of the trash-makers. Azarias mildly expresses my idea in one of his posthumous papers: "Catholic reviewers must plead guilty to the impeachment of having been in the past too laudatory of inferior work." The stories of that sterling man, Malcolm Johnston, called Dukesborough Tales, I once gave to a wretched family. On visiting them a week after, what delight it was to hear the health-giving laughter they had found in them. To another family I gave Billy Downs. Asking how they liked them, I was told that they were as "fine as silk." A youth of fourteen, his face decidedly humorous, volunteered the criticism that "Billy had no grit." During the illness of four or five patients of mine I read the assembled family "Charming With a Savage," Joe of Lahaina. When I came to the final sentence in Joe, where Charlie Stoddard leaves him "sitting and singing in the mouth of his grave—clothed all in Death," two of the youngsters burst into tears, while the father, much agitated, said, "Doctor, I don't see how he had the heart to leave him." They were so much attached to the book that, although it had been my choice old chum in many a land, I gave it to them.

(Conclusion on page 12.)

Do not neglect coughs, colds, asthma, and bronchitis, but cure them by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. ....

HIERARCHY OF THE CHURCH.

CARDINALS, PATRIARCHS, ARCHBISHOPS, AND OTHER PRELATES IN THE WORLD.

The annual publication, "La Gerarchia Cattolica," giving a list of all the Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and prelates of the Catholic Church throughout the world, was issued on February 26th, from the Vatican Printing Press, says the Pilot. A portrait of the Pope, which must have been taken years ago, forms the frontispiece. The work is especially interesting. "Leo XIII. of Carpineto, diocese of Anagni, Pecci, gloriously reigning, created 1878," is the 263d Pontiff; "St. Peter, of Bethsaida, Prince of the Apostles, who received from Jesus Christ the Supreme Pontifical power to be transmitted to successors," being the first. It is a long and profoundly interesting succession of great high priests who all, in their way and degree, have striven loyally to do good to mankind, and have nearly in every instance been successful.

During the sixteen years that Leo XIII. has occupied the Pontifical throne, ninety-four Cardinals have passed away, or almost six each year. One of the last to die was Cardinal Luigi Serafini, one of the six Cardinal-Bishops, on February 1st, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The Sacred College at the present moment consists of sixty-one Cardinals, nine of whom were created by Pius IX. and fifty-two by Leo XIII. Besides these, Leo XIII. has reserved in petto two Cardinals in the Consistory of January 16, 1893. The vacant bas at the present time therefore are seven.

The first Cardinal on the list in the order of dignity and precedence is His Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valletta, Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, dean of the Sacred College, etc. He has been ill for sometime past, and is now being attended with success by Mgr. Kneipp, the apostle of cold water, at present in Rome. The oldest Cardinal on the list is His Eminence Teodolfo Mertel, who is in his eighty-eighth year and in the thirty-sixth year of his Cardinalate. He is paralyzed on one side, but otherwise looks to be in excellent health of body and mind; he takes a special interest in the Conferences of Christian Archæology, of which Commendatore De Rossi is president, and is punctual in his attendance at these meetings. His Eminence Julian Florian Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse, France, comes next in age, being in his eighty-seventh year and the fifth of his Cardinalate. Then follow Cardinals Canossa, 85 years; Banavidesy Navarrete, 84; Monescillo Viso, 83; Melchers, 81; and Celestia, 80. The youngest of the Cardinals is Siciliano Di Rende, formerly Nuncio at Paris, now Archbishop of Benevento. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, is in his sixtieth year and the eighth of his Cardinalate. The other transatlantic member of the Sacred College, appointed at the same time, Cardinal Tascheran, is in his seventy-fourth year. Cardinal Vaughan is in his sixty-second year and the first of his Cardinalate, in this respect resembling Cardinal Logue, who is in his fifty-fourth year. Cardinal Moras, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, is in his sixty-fourth year and the ninth of his Cardinalate.

The list of all the Bishops of the Cardinal world, which is summed up in one part, furnishes a marvellous picture of the vitality and universality of the Church. On January 1, 1894, the dignitaries constituting the Catholic Hierarchy were as follows:

Members of the Sacred College of Cardinals.....	61
Patriarchs of both Rites.....	9
Archbishops and Bishops resident, belonging to the Latin Rite.....	785
Archbishops and Bishops of Oriental Rite.....	52
Titular Archbishops and Bishops.....	324
Archbishops and Bishops no longer having titles.....	15
Prelates Nullius Dioceseos.....	8
Total.....	1,225

During the Pontificate of Leo XIII. the Catholic Hierarchy has had the following increase. There were erected:

Patriarchal Sees.....	1
Archiepiscopal Sees.....	13
Archiepiscopal of Sees already existing.....	16
Episcopal Sees.....	84
Abbaties Nullius Dioceseos.....	2
Apostolic Delegations.....	39
Vicariates Apostolic.....	10
Vicariates Apostolic of Prefectures already existing.....	18
Prefectures Apostolic.....	18
Total.....	155

Altogether these lists furnish testimony of a most luminous character to the growth and progress of the Church in these days.—Church News.



## A MIRACLE OF TO-DAY.

## THE STARTLING EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG LADY IN ST. THOMAS.

A Constant Sufferer for More Than Five Years—Her Blood Had Turned to Water—Physicians Held Out no Hope of Her Recovery—How Her Life Was Saved—A Wonderful Story.

From the St. Thomas Journal.

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Such is a verse of holy writ made familiar to very many residents of St. Thomas by the well-known evangelist, Rev. J. E. Hunter. In letters of gold on the stained glass fanlight over the door of his residence, No. 113 Wellington street, is the text "Psalm xxxiv, 7." Though we live in an age noted for its energetic, zealous Christian endeavor, this idea of Mr. Hunter's to impress the truths of the scriptures upon those who read though they run, is altogether so original and so novel that it at once excites the curiosity. Those not familiar with the text make a mental note of it, and at the first opportunity look it up. This is just what was done by a representative of the Journal, who had occasion to visit Mr. Hunter's residence the other day. But with the object of the visit and the information obtained the reader will be more concerned. The reporter was assigned to investigate a marvellous cure said to have been effected in the case of a young lady employed in Mr. Hunter's family, by that well-known and popular remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. And it was a wonderful story that the young lady had to tell, and is undoubtedly as true as it is wonderful. Last June the same reporter interviewed Mrs. John Cope, wife of the tollgate-keeper on the London and Port Stanley road, who had been cured by Pink Pills of running ulcers on the limbs after years of suffering, and after having been given up by a number of physicians. The old lady had entirely recovered, and could not say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which had given her a new lease of life. As it was with Mrs. Cope, so was it with Miss Edna Harris, the young lady in the employ of Mr. Hunter's family who has been restored to health and strength by Pink Pills. Miss Harris has just passed her twentieth year, and is a daughter of George Harris, who lives at Yarmouth Heights, and is employed by Mr. Geo. Boucher, florist and plantsman.

"I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I am quite willing that every one should know it," was the reply of Miss Harris when asked if she had been benefited by Pink Pills, and if so would she make public her story. Continuing, she said, "When I was twelve or thirteen years of age I was first taken sick. The doctors said my blood had all turned to water. For five years I suffered terribly, and was so weak that I could barely keep alive. It was only my grit and strong will, the doctors said, that kept me alive at all. If I tried to stand for a short time, or if I got the least bit warm I would fall over in a faint. My eyes were white and glassy, and I was so thin and pallid that every one believed I was dying of consumption. During the five years I was ill, I was attended by five physicians in St. Thomas, two in Detroit, one in London and one in Aylmer, and none of them could do anything for me. I was so far gone that they had no hopes of my recovery. Towards the last my feet and limbs swelled so they had to be bandaged to keep them from bursting. They were bandaged for three months, and my whole body was swollen and bloated, and the doctors said there was not a pint of blood in my body and they held out no hopes whatever. Two years ago I saw in the Journal about a man in Hamilton being cured by taking Pink Pills. I thought if they could cure him they would help me, and I decided to try them. Before I had finished three boxes I felt relieved; the swelling went down and the bandages were removed. I continued taking Pink Pills until I had taken seven boxes, then irregularly I took three more, one of which Mr. Hunter brought back from Brockville. I am perfectly cured. I have not been ill a single day since I finished the seventh box of pills. I came to Mrs. Hunter's a year ago, and she will tell you I have never been ill a day since coming here, and I always feel strong and able to do the work. I can and do strongly recom-

mend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Miss Harris in conclusion. Her appearance is certainly that of a strong, healthy young woman.

Mrs. J. E. Hunter, wife of the evangelist, told the reporter that Miss Harris was a good, reliable and truthful girl, and that perfect reliance could be placed in her statements. "She looks like a different girl from what she was when she came here a year ago," said Mrs. Hunter.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and fallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of the grippe, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud and should be avoided. The public are cautioned against other so called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Can be had from all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

## Literature and our Catholic Poor.

BY WALTER LECKY.

Lately I gave "Life Around Us," a collection of stories by Maurice F. Egan. It was a great success. Egan has the true touch for the masses when he wishes. Another little story much prized was Nugent Robinson's "Better Than Gold." To these might be added in cheap form those of Marian Brunowe, Mrs. Crowley, Helen Sweeney, a promising young writer, and Lelia Bugg. How to reach the poor with these books presents few obstacles. Cardinal Vaughan has solved the difficulty in England. Attach to every parish church in city and country a library of well selected interesting Catholic books. Let their circulation be free of charge. The great majority of Catholic poor attend some of the Sunday Masses. If the library is open, they will gladly take a book home. The reading of this book will instill a taste. They will be the subject of many a chat. If it is cheap, not a few of the neighbors will wish to purchase it. Their criticism, always racy and generally correct, will, as Birrell has pointed out in one of his essays, be its sure pass to success. After a year's friendly intercourse the library will become a necessity, and they will gladly pay a fee for their week's delight. The author that has won their hearts will be on their lips; his new books, on account of old ties, will be eagerly purchased and loudly proclaimed.

Families that are shy and backward as church-members might be visited and literature left. This I hold is priestly work. If they come not to Christ, let us, as teachers of old, bring Christ to them. It will be read. After your footsteps can be no longer heard curiosity will come to your assistance. The little maid will pick it up; the parents will read. I have again and again left those charming temperance manifestoes of Father Mahony in homes of squalor and misery, the outcome of weekly drunks. These stray leaves, I am happy to write, in many cases marked the beginning of better things.

To counteract the serials is, to use an expression, a horse of another color.

Our weeklies are as a general rule dull. The poor take a squint at some of the dailies. This squint gives them the gist of their world. They do not care, as they will tell you, "to be reading the same thing over twice." Our weeklies are too often a rehash of the dailies. Another remark that I often heard among them is, "that our weeklies have too much Irish news." They are not wanting in patriotism to the home of many of their fathers, yet what interest could they be supposed to take in the long-winded personal rivalries of Irish statesmen, or the rank rant of the one hundred orators that strut that unhappy isle. A bit of McCarthy, Sexton, Healy, will be welcomed, but they rightly draw the line at page after page of rhodomontade. If instead of this stuff living articles were written, short stories, poems, biographies of eminent Catholics, their Church and her great mission made known, then would the poor read, and a powerful weapon against the serials be placed in our hands. There are some of our weeklies that cannot be classed under this criticism. They are few.

The Ave Maria, founded and conducted by one who is thoroughly capable, could be easily made a great favorite with the poor. Its contents are varied and replete with good things. I have used it with effect. Another and later venture is the Young Catholic, by the Paulists, which will fill a want. Its editor is full of sane ideas. Boys' stories, full of adventure, spirited pictures, will win it a way to all young hearts. These papers may never reach the poor, if folding our arms we stand idly by, expecting the masses by intuition to know their value. Could not parish libraries have cheap editions for free distribution among the poorer denizens? To defray expenses, a collection might be taken up twice a year. No good Catholic will begrudge a few cents, when he knows that it will go to brighten the hard life of his less fortune-favored brother. The critic who does nothing in life but sneer may call this Utopian. It is the old cuckoo call, known to every man that tries to help his fellows. Newman, Barry, Lilly, Brownson, Hecker, Ireland, all the glittering names on our rosary have heard it, and went their way, knowing full well that if the finger of God traces their path, human obstacles are of little weight. The plan however, is eminently practical. In one of the poorest parishes in the diocese of Ogdensburg it has been tried and with abundant success. I remember well last summer with what pleasure I heard a mountain urchin ask his pastor, "Father can I have the Pilot?" This urchin had made the acquaintance of James Jeffrey Roche and Katherine E. Conway. He was in good company. Infidelity is going to our poor. Her weapon is the printing press. The pulpit is well, but its arm is too short.

Shall we stand idly by and lose our own or shall we buckle on the armor of intelligent methods as mirrored in this paper, thereby not only delivering our own from its coarseness and petrefaction, but carrying the kindly light to those who know us not? Let us remember in these days, when socialism claims the poor, that our Church is not alone for the cultured, it is pre-eminently her duty to lead and guide the masses. This, to a great extent, must be done by the newspaper and bookstall.

Our Church must man the printing press with the same zeal which animated the Jesuit scholars, explorers and civilizers of three hundred years ago, "then will our enemies be as much surprised as disheartened."—Catholic Reading Circle Review.

## Blood

should be rich to insure health. Poor blood means Anæmia; diseased blood means Scrofula.

## Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood; cures Anæmia, Scrofula, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, and Wasting Diseases. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, All Druggists, 50c. & 31.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Phillipsburg Work" will be received at this office until Friday, the 4th day of May next, inclusively, for the construction of a Pier at Phillipsburg, Missisquoi County, Quebec, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Post Office, Phillipsburg, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted this cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
E. F. E. ROY,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 4th April, 1894. 40 2

## BANQUE VILLE MARIE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three percent. for the current half year, being at the rate of six per cent. per annum, upon the paid-up Capital of this Institution, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Banking House in this city, on and after FRIDAY, the First Day of June Next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

The ANNUAL MEETING of Shareholders will be held at the Head Office, in this city, on TUESDAY, the Nineteenth Day of June Next.

At Twelve O'Clock Noon.

By order of the Board,  
W. WEIR,  
President.

Montreal, 24th April, 1894.

## LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER

DIVIDEND NO. 57.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Three and a Half (3½) Per Cent., for the current half year upon the paid up capital stock of this institution, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at its Banking house, in this city, on and after FRIDAY, the first day of JUNE next.

The Transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking house of the institution, in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 20th day of June next. The chair to be taken at One o'clock p.m.

By order of the Board,  
A. DE MARTIGNY, Managing Director.

WANTED—A general servant for a small family; must be a good cook and well recommended. Apply at 275 Mountain street.

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

REPRESENTING:

SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND  
Assets, \$39,109,332.64.

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, of NORWICH, ENGLAND  
Capital, \$5,000,000.

EASTERN ASSURANCE CO., of Halifax, N.S., Capital, \$1,000,000.

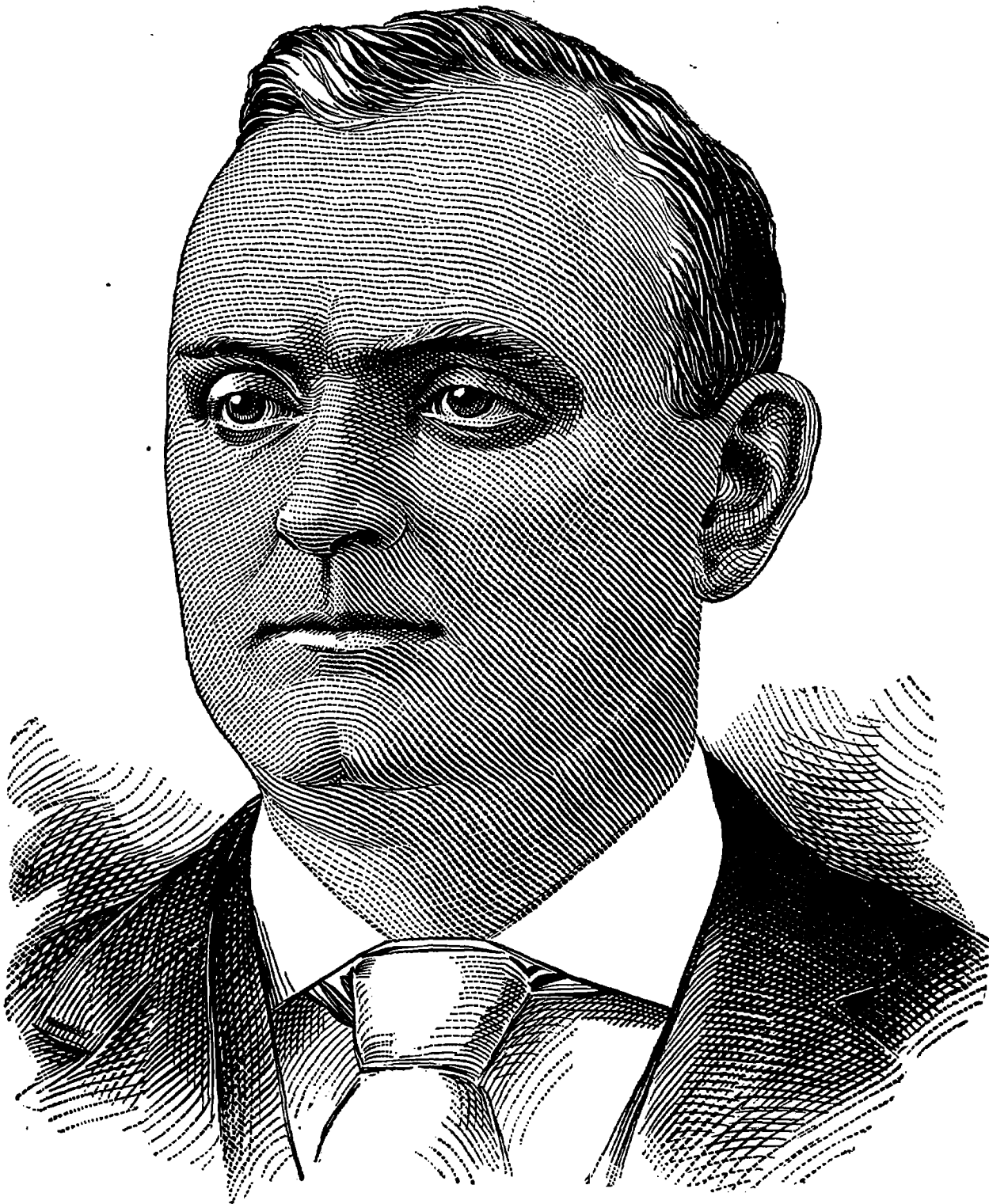
JOHN MARKUM,  
PLUMBER, GAS & STEAMFITTER,  
TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKER.  
35 St. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL.  
Telephone No. 9224.

SUPERIOR COURT, Montreal, No. 105.  
Dame Genevieve Deseve, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Albert Barre, clerk, of the same place, has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband. Montreal, April 27, 1894.

LAMOTHE & TRUDEL,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

# PUBLISHER OF DONOHUE'S.

What the Great American Catholic Publisher Owes to Paine's Celery Compound.



The name of Donohue's Magazine, founded by Mr. Donohue, of Boston, in 1879, is known and respected throughout the English-speaking world.

Within the past year it has achieved almost marvellous success, and stands to-day peerless in its field, doing splendid work for greater religious tolerance and better economic conditions. This success has been won under the direction of its new publisher, Hon. Daniel P. Toomey, who in addition, is at the head of one of Boston's book publishing companies and is a representative from that city in the legislature of Massachusetts.

Mr. Toomey writes as follows in a candid and interesting letter:

"I believe in Paine's Celery Compound. If I tell you why, you may, perhaps, wish to publish my words. But even that does not deter me from writing you the truth. I have on sympathy with the man who helps tear down 'the bridge that carried him over.' Neither

do I sympathize with the man who hides facts just because their publication may promote the success of others. Paine's Celery Compound helped me. That's the fact of the case.

"Finding myself run down and getting into a state of nervousness, recently, I took the advice of a medical friend, and bought Paine's Celery Compound. Its use gave me strength, energy and buoyancy. Business cares were made lighter than before.

"I believe in the efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound!"

Mr. Toomey's experience is like that of thousands of others.

Brain workers, those who suffer from debility, exhaustion, mental depression, sleeplessness, find Paine's Celery Compound a certain rejuvenator of the vital portions. Hard study among students is a direct cause of debility. Energetic action cannot be kept up in the brain

and stomach at the same time. If the mind be intently occupied with profound thought the nervous power will be concentrated in the brain, and the stomach being deprived of it, indigestion and disease ensue. Hence the weak digestion and sallow complexion of literary men and their constant complaint of ill health.

It is also true that a hopeful man or woman can do more work and get well faster than one in despair. From the first taking of Paine's Celery Compound a feeling of confidence in recovery comes over the invalid. New blood and fresh nerves energy give a hopeful outlook. Paine's Celery Compound hastens convalescence wonderfully.

In the spring and early summer, if ever, there is need of food for the nerves and brain. Paine's Celery Compound makes the weak strong; makes people well. Try it.

COMING BACK.

About a hundred and fifty French-Canadian men, women and children arrived from Massachusetts and neighboring states last week. They intend to work in the bush till the factories in New England fully resume operations, but have left all their effects behind.

SIR. CHARLES RUSSELL.

A London cable despatch has the following comment:

Sir Charles Russell's acceptance as the post of Lord of Appeal with only a life peerage and a salary of \$25,000, which is a quarter of what he can earn at the Bar, would create surprise if it were not understood that it is the stepping stone to the Lord Chief Justiceship, with a real peerage if he wants it, and an added

10,000. Coleridge has till fifteen months to serve before he can retire on a full pension, and with the thrifty views of his family he will not do so then unless his son Bernard is made a judge. This will be done, and Russell will get promotion if the Liberals are then in power.

The malleability of gold is so great that a sheet of foil, it is said, can be beaten as thin as a slice of ham in a railway sandwich.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

**Flour.**  
 Patent Spring.....\$3.65 @ 3.75  
 Ontario Patent..... 3.25 @ 3.60  
 Straight Roller..... 2.90 @ 3.15  
 Extra..... 2.65 @ 2.85  
 Superfine..... 2.40 @ 2.60  
 Fine..... 2.15 @ 2.35  
 City Strong Bakers..... 3.40 @ 3.50  
 Manitoba Bakers..... 3.25 @ 3.40  
 Ontario bags—extra..... 1.35 @ 1.40  
 Straight Rollers..... 1.50 @ 1.55  
 Superfine..... 1.25 @ 1.35  
 Fine..... 1.05 @ 1.15

**Oatmeal.**—Rolled and granulated \$1.20 to \$4.35, Standard \$3.95 to \$4.16. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.10 to \$2.15, and standard at \$1.95 to \$2.

**Bran.**—We quote \$18.50, to \$19.50. Shorts are firm at \$19 to \$20 and Moullie is quiet at \$22 to \$24 as to grade.

**Wheat.**—No. 1 hard Manitoba is quoted at 78c to 80c for No. 2; but of course these prices are altogether too high for export. The last sale of No. 2 Upper Canada red winter wheat in this market was at 60c, but the sale was forced.

**Corn.**—American corn duty paid 59c to 61c and in bond 52c to 53c.

**Peas.**—A good deal of buying has been going on in the West, chiefly for speculative account, part of which has been worked for export.

**Oats.**—Sales of seven car lots being reported at 40c to 40½c per 34 lbs. for No. 2.

**Barley.**—Prices here are higher at 45c to 47c, showing that prices are approaching the malting grades, which are quoted at 50c to 52c.

**Rye.**—The market is quiet at 52c to 53c.

**Buckwheat.**—The demand is slow at 50c to 52c.

**Malt.**—The market is quiet at 72½c to 77½c.

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

PROVISIONS.

**Pork, Lard, &c.**—We quote as follows:  
 Canada short cut pork per bbl.... \$17.00 @ 18.00  
 Canada clear mess, per bbl..... 16.50 @ 17.00  
 Chicago clear mess, per bbl..... 00.00 @ 00.00  
 Mess pork, American, new, per bb. 00.00 @ 00.00  
 Extra mess beef, per bbl..... 12.25 @ 12.50  
 Plate beef, per bbl..... 16.25 @ 16.50  
 Hams, per lb..... 10 @ 11c  
 Lard, pure in pails, per lb..... 9½ @ 10c  
 Lard, com. in pails, per lb..... 07½ @ 7½c  
 Bacon, per lb..... 11 @ 12c  
 Shoulders, per lb..... 8½ @ 9c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

**Butter.**  
 We quote prices as follows:— per lb.  
 Creamery, early made..... 18c to 20c  
 Creamery, fresh..... 23c to 24c  
 Eastern Townships, dairy..... 20c to 22c  
 Western..... 18c to 19c  
 Add 1c to above for single packages of selected.

**Roll Butter.**—A few Western rolls are selling at 19c to 20c, and choice Morrisburg at 21c to 22c.

**Cheese.**—The April make in the Ingersoll section has been contracted at 10c to 10½c, which is a very unusual feature at the commencement of the season.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

**Eggs.**—Sales have been made at 10½c to 11c, and one or two lots of choice stock brought 11c. Storekeepers in the West are paying 10c.

**Maple Products.**—Sales in wood reported at 4c to 5c as to quantity. In cans 5c to 5½c are at the quoted rates, or 50c to 60c per can. Maple sugar is quoted at 8c to 7c.

**Honey.**—Extracted 7c to 8½c per lb. for choice 1893, and old honey at from 4c to 5c per lb. Comb 7c to 12c as to quality and quantity.

**Beans.**—We quote \$1.10 to \$1.25 as to quality and quantity.

**Hops.**—The market is unchanged at 16c to 17c for medium, and really choice samples 19c to 20c. Old olds to yearlings are quoted at 5c to 10c.

**Baled Hay.**—The sales are reported of No. 2 shipping hay at \$10.00 per ton alongside steamer, May delivery. In the interior business transpires on the basis of \$7.50 to \$8.00 for No. 2.

FRUITS, Etc.

**Apples.**—The abundant supply of other fruits in the market has put a damper on the sale of apples, which is very limited at \$5 to \$8 per bbl. for No. 1 and \$4 to \$4.50 for No. 2.

**Oranges.**—We quote the following prices: Floridas, 90s to 128s, \$3.75 to \$4, 150s to 250s, \$4.25 to \$4.50. Valencias, there is none in the market. Californias, 90s, 112s, 128s, \$2.50 to \$3; 178s, to 218s, \$3.25 per box. Messina Bloods, \$5 per box.

**Lemons.**—Sales at \$2.50 to \$3 per box of 300s and \$1.50 to \$2.50 per box of 300s.

**Cranberries.**—There is a limited demand at \$2.75 to \$3 per box.

**Pineapples.**—The demand for pine apples is moderate at 8c to 20c each.

**Figs.**—Are quiet at 6c to 8c per lb.

**Dates.**—Are finding slow sale at 4½c per lb.

**Prunes.**—Are selling well at 4½c to 5½c per lb.

**Onions.**—There is good demand for onions at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per barrel.

**Potatoes.**—We quote 55c to 60c per bag on track, and 10c extra for jobbing lots.

**New Cabbage.**—The demand for new cabbage is fair at \$2.50 per crate.

**Tomatoes.**—Are being sold at \$3.50 \$4 per carrier.

FISH OILS.

**Oils.**—New steam refined seal oil has been offered in round lots to arrive at 36½c, net cash with sales reported at about 36c. Cod oil has sold at 35c for Halifax, a lot of 25 bbls selling at that figure, and Newfoundland is quoted at 36c to 37½c.



## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## RAPES.

It was a sultry day in July. I had placed Bennie in a wicker rocking chair by the open window, and sat fanning him, while I read aloud an interesting story, hoping to make him forget that he was still an invalid.

My three children had been ill with scarlet fever, but while the girls only had a slight attack of the dreaded disease, and recovered rapidly, Bennie had hovered for days between life and death, and rose up only a shadow of our sturdy boy.

Through the failure of a firm that owed my husband several thousand dollars, his business had been crippled, so that it became necessary to practice the strictest economy in our home.

Early in the season we let our cottage at Nahant, determined to content ourselves with short trips to the country in open cars, with an occasional day spent at Castle Island.

The sacrifice seemed easy, till Bennie's slow convalescence proved how much he needed change of air. So while I read, my heart was rebellious, having forgotten that God is a loving Father, who never tries us beyond our strength.

"A letter, ma'am," and handing it to me, my kind-hearted maid-of-all-work turned to say a pleasant word to Bennie, while I tore open the envelope and read:—

BEVERLY FARMS,  
July 10th, 189-

DEAR FRIEND:—Having learned from our mutual friend, Dr. Foote, of the children's illness, and how your strength has been overtaxed in nursing them, we determined to hasten home, that we might have you with us for a month at least.

We have been here for a week; everything is in perfect order, and your coming will give us a veritable house-warming.

Pack up as soon as you receive this; give Ellen a vacation, and be with us on Saturday.

Mr. Henshaw can get to business every morning by nine o'clock, and he and my husband may smoke and talk politics till midnight on the piazza, if they choose.

I long to hear the children's merry voices, and feel sure that Bennie will improve rapidly.

I have much to tell you of our delightful trip, and feel happy in the thought that at last I can return, in some measure, the kindness you have lavished for years on

Your devoted friend,

EDNA JENNINGS.

"What is the matter, Mamma?" Bennie questioned, as covering my face with my hands, I allowed my tears to flow unrestrained.

"I am shedding tears of joy, my child; this letter contains an invitation to spend a month at Beverly Farms. Help me to thank God that we can enjoy this delightful outing."

Bennie was wild with joy, and begged to be the first to tell Effie and Kitty the good news.

Mrs. Jennings had come to us some years previously in the capacity of nurse; her first husband having left her with small means, she had been advised by Dr. Foote to enter the City Hospital and prepare herself for this work. She won our hearts at once, and we persuaded her to make her home with us during her short periods of rest.

She had met, at our house, my husband's bachelor uncle, who for years had lived in Chicago, and to my great joy and that of my husband, they were married. They had returned once or twice to visit us, and had at last determined to settle at Beverly Farms.

Who, that has ever visited the place, can forget the delightful variety of sea and woods, or the strength and refreshment that the strong, bracing air imparts!

For the first few days Bennie lay in the hammock, inhaling the odorous pine air, but strength returned rapidly, and before the second week had passed he was able to walk long distances with Mr. Jennings. The month was prolonged to six weeks, and even then we found it difficult to leave the charming spot.

The day before we left, a neighbor called who was much interested in spiritualism; a friend whose husband had died, assured her that she held daily converse with him through a celebrated medium. We questioned closely, and found that the medium was well paid for the consolation imparted.

"I had one spiritual manifestation," Mrs. Jennings said, "that may interest you. I was nursing for the first time out of the hospital, and my nerves were not in a very good condition. The house was surrounded by trees and approached by a long avenue, which made it a lonely spot at night. In-doors the sound of cheerful voices made everything joyous, for my patient was the eldest of a large

and happy family. I was always invited to join them in the evening, when my patient slept, and I became much attached to them.

One stormy evening in September we had all assembled in the cosy sitting-room, where a fire in the grate sent out warmth that was most acceptable, as we listened to the sighing of the wind. Some one remarked that it sounded as if all the lost spirits were abroad, and then the subject turned to spiritualism. Each in turn recounted some wonderful story that they had heard or read, and when we separated for the night it was with a feeling of nervous dread, that did not promise sleep.

My patient's chamber was the only one on the first floor, and I had praised her thoughtfulness in having chosen this room to save my steps. Now I longed to go up-stairs with the rest, and as I entered the chamber, where only a night taper was burning, the shadow frightened me. How heartily I wished that the baby would cry lustily, to break the stillness, but he slumbered peacefully, so there was nothing for me to do but to seek repose.

Suddenly I heard three distinct raps on the door. Startled, I crossed the room, turned the key in the lock, and asked: "Who is there?" but received no answer. I tried to believe that it might have been the branches of trees, striking the window, but again came the three raps on the door near which I stood, and again I asked: "Who is there?"

My patient, disturbed by my loud voice, moved restlessly, and afraid of alarming her, I stood perfectly still. The cold sweat covered my face, my hands and feet became like ice, and I found it difficult to keep my teeth from chattering. I had said during the evening that I would be glad to have the loved and lost come back to me, if only for one brief moment; now the thought of entertaining the ghost of even the dearest dead one filled me with terror. You see, I had not learned the value of the sign of the cross and a generous sprinkling of holy-water.

For the third time the raps were repeated, and summoning all my courage I lit the gas, unlocked the door, opened it, and saw,—our pet kitten, with the cream pitcher hanging from her head. It had been carefully left on the kitchen table, and in trying to lap the cream her head was caught, and she had come to me for help."

We laughed merrily as Mrs. Jennings finished the story, and our visitor said that we might be right after all, and that all the manifestations might be as easily explained.

The children, too, laughed merrily when Mrs. Jennings added that kitty, nameless till then, ever after answered to the name of Raps.—*The Rosary.*

## HINTS TO FARMERS.

A rough hide is a sign that something is wrong.

There is less talk of overproduction in the dairy line than in any business of which we know.

Punctuality should be the motto of the dairyman. Regularity in feeding and milking is a prime factor in getting the highest results.

Plan to farm so as to turn off crops that take little from the fertility of the farm and give good money returns for the bulk taken away.

The money expended for pure-bred male animals is one of the best investments that can be made, and gains compound interest in a short time.

If you have the right kind of cows, and the cows have the right kind of owner, not less than three hundred pounds of butter per year should be the average yield.

Next year's crop on many a farm will be improved if the owner of the farm will do some reading and studying while sitting about the stove these long evenings.

Whether planting seeds or resetting plants or trees, take pains always to firm the soil about them. Many seeds fail to germinate and many roots to take a fresh start because this simple precaution is not observed.

There is not one operation that is of so much importance as that of getting the soil in thoroughly good tilth before the sowing of the seed. Neglect of this cannot be compensated by any other work.

**OUT OF THE FRYING PAN**

Has come not a little knowledge as to cookery—what to do, as well as what *not* to do. Thus we have learned to use

**COTTOLENE,**

the most pure and perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes.

**PROGRESSIVE COOKING**

is the natural outcome of the age, and it teaches us *not* to use lard, but rather the new shortening,

**COTTOLENE,**

which is far cleaner, and more digestible than any lard can be.

The success of Cottolene has called out worthless imitations under similar names. Look out for these! Ask your Grocer for COTTOLENE, and be sure that you get it.

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## BAD BLOOD

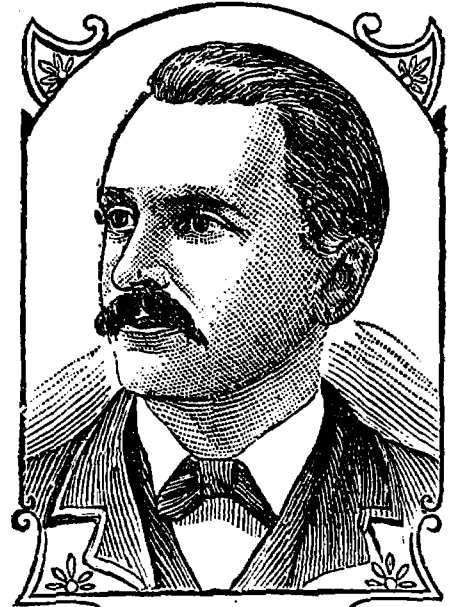
CAUSES

Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Ulcers, Sores, Scrofula and Skin Diseases.

**B. B. B.**

CURES

**BAD BLOOD**



MR. FRED CARTER.

DEAR SIRS.—I was covered with pimples and small boils and after obtaining no relief from a doctor tried different remedies without success until one Sunday I was given 3 of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time. I made up my mind never to be without B. B. B. in the house, and I can highly recommend it to all.

FRED CARTER, Haney, B. C.

I can answer for the truth of the above.

T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B. C.

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IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

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And all kinds of Cemetery and Architectural Works.

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Do You Suffer from Weakness?

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**WYETH'S BEEF, IRON AND WINE,**

IT IS WELL ADAPTED FOR THE RELIEF & CURE OF

Pallor, Palpitation of the Heart, Sudden Exhaustion, Impaired Nutrition.

IT COMBINES NUTRIMENT WITH STIMULUS.

Is a Valuable Restorative for Convalescents.

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**NIPPLE : OIL.**

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples, commence using this one month before confinement. Price 25 cents.

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**Syrup of Wild Cherry.**

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 kinds of Piles. Price 75 cents.

Prepared by C. J. COVERTNOFF & CO., 124, Leury street, corner of St. Joseph or St. Rest.

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

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

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

I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days. Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application.

ADDRESS:

**P. BRADY,**

Helena P. O., Que.

47-L

Several of our readers have asked us to re-produce the following poem, which the Pilot republished recently in answer to similar requests. If we are not greatly mistaken, the last five stanzas are from the pen of the late Mr. Sutton, of Quebec, brother of Mr. J. P. Sutton, of Nebraska.

Dennis O'Sullivan, of New York, wrote the first three stanzas of this piece of humor and pathos. The name of the writer of the others, so different in character, is not given.

**THE EXILE OF ERIN.**

*Her Inquiry of the Priest, "Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland?"*

"O Soggarth Aroon! sure I know life is fleeting;  
Soon, soon, in the strange earth my poor bones will lie;  
I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing,  
And if the Lord's willing I'm ready to die.  
But Soggarth Aroon, can I never again see  
The valleys and hills of my dear native land?  
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow  
Will it pass through Old Ireland to join the blest band?"

"O Soggarth Aroon! sure I know that in heaven  
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me,  
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them  
In those realms of joy, 'mid souls pure and free;  
Yet, Soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever,  
Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,  
Whose hope next to God, is to know that when leaving  
'Twill pass through Old Ireland on the way to its goal.

"O Soggarth Aroon! I have kept through all changes  
The thrice-blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay!  
And oh! it has minded me often and often  
Of that bright smiling valley so far, far away.  
Then tell me, I pray you, will I ever again see  
The place where it grew on my own native sod?  
When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger  
Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to our God?"

"Arrah! bless you, my child! sure I thought it was heaven  
You wanted to go to the moment you died;  
And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving,  
But a coupon for Ireland I'll stick to its side.  
Your soul shall be free as the wind o'er the prairies  
And I'll land you at Cork, on the banks of the Lee;  
And two little angels I'll give you, like fairies,  
To guide you all right over mountains and seas."

"Arrah Soggarth Aroon! can't you do any better?  
I know that my feelings may peril your grace;  
But if you allow me a voice in the matter,  
I won't make a landing at any such place.  
The spot that I long for is sweet County Derry;  
Among its fair people I was born and bred;  
The Corkies I never much fancied while living,  
And I don't want to visit them after I'm dead.

"Let me fly to the hills where my soul can make merry,  
In the North, where the shamrock more plentiful grows—  
In the counties of Cavan, Fermanagh and Derry  
I'll linger till called to a better repose;  
And the angels you give me will find it inviting  
To visit the shrines in the Island of Saints;  
If they bring from St. Patrick a small bit of writing,  
They'll never have reason for any complaints."

"A soul, my dear child, that has pinions upon it,  
Need not be confined to a province so small,  
Through Ulster, and Munster and Leinster, and Connaught,  
In less than a jiffy you're over it all.  
Then visit sweet Cork, where your Soggarth was born,  
No doubt many new things have come into vogue—  
But one thing you'll find—that both night, noon and morn,  
As for centuries back, there's no change in the brogue."

"Good mother, assist me in this my last hour;  
And, Soggarth Aroon! lay your hand on my head;  
Sure, you're Soggarth for all, and for all you have power,  
And I'll take it in penance for what I have said.  
And now, since you tell me through Ireland I'm passing,  
And finding the place so remarkably small,  
I'll never let on to the angels, in crossing,  
That we know a distinction in counties at all."

**BURMA.**

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

A contrast between Catholic and Protestant Missions is pointed out in the following letter sent to the Allahabad Morning Post, and dated from Pobyah, in the Karen County, East Burma:—"The Roman Catholics have established a mission here and are working with a zeal and energy coupled with a self-sacrificing self-denial found nowhere outside the Church of Rome. They are Italians, from the Milan Seminary, and are under the orders of the Right Rev. Lord Bishop Rocco, Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Burma. Their work and self-denial is in strong contrast to the pretence of another foreign mission who were first in the field, and whose members (some of them) live continuously in Tonugoo, varied by trips to a sanitarium on the sea-shore during the hot weather, and who once in a blue

moon pay a flying visit up here, from sheer necessity, which never lasts for more than a few days, in order that they may not be compelled to submit an account *a la* Gullion to their Home Board. Many of the members of this pretentious set have gone in for filthy lucre, beyond their handsome salaries, and make no secret of foisting upon the Karens patent medicines put up by their impetuous relations in the home land. To this they add scent soap, cheap calico, and even betel nuts. There are, however, some true souls among them who mourn over these iniquities, but seem powerless to prevent them—*Catholic Illustrated Missions.*

New Boarder—"What is the row up stairs?" Landlady—"It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening."

Agnes—I want a husband who is easily pleased. Maud—Don't worry, dear, that is the kind you'll get.

**C. A. McDONNELL.**

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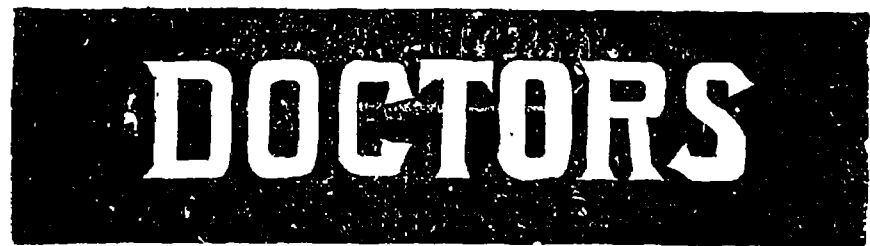


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Doctors highly recommend it to those  
Who are run down;  
Who have lost appetite;  
Who have difficulty after eating;  
Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;  
And to Nursing Mothers,  
as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.  
PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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

Read what the



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. CLAIRoux, 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.



**\$3 a Day Sure.**

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

Address A. W. KNOWLES,  
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**CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES**  
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WEST-TROY, N. Y. GENUINE  
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT,  
District of Montreal. } No. 312.

Dame Albertine Lefebvre, of the parish of Notre Dame de Graces, said District, has instituted an action in separation as to property against Godfrey Charlebois, her husband, of the same place.  
Montreal, 2nd April, 1894.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER,  
85-5 Advocates for Plaintiff.

AGENTS who work for us make MONEY fast. Send your address on postal card for particulars. THE ROYAL SILVERWARE CO. Windsor, Ont. 11-G-'93

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**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**

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

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

**Holloway's Ointment.**

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

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

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulae,

**GOUT, RHEUMATISM,**

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

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