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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is great talk of pilgrimages to European shrines during the course of the coming summer. In some cases the cost will be very small. But of all the enjoyable, sight-seeing journeys, none will surpass the one that commences and ends on the evening of the 9th May instant. Place of departure, Windsor Hall, Montreal; guide, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S.; mode of transportation, a lecture with seventy-five lime-light, stereopticon views; scenes, New York, London, Paris during the siege and the commune, and Rome during the Vatican Council; cost of trip, 75, 50 and 25 cents; plan of vessel, at Shepard's, 2274 St. Catherine street; duration of voyage, between one and two hours; magnificent scenery, interesting monuments, most eloquent *cicerone*, and no trouble about baggage or other customary cares. A rare treat for all who wish to see Europe and enjoy a most instructive evening.

THE Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, has entered upon its twenty-fourth year. In another twelve months it will have done a quarter of a century's yeoman service in the cause of the Church and in the interest of Catholic journalism. May it go on prospering is our sincere wish. Few men deserve more credit than Rev. Father Cronin for the ability and labor consecrated to the glory of God and good of mankind. His paper is one of the best weeklies on the continent and we hope that the sphere of its usefulness may constantly grow larger.

THE April or Spring number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review has just reached us. It is certainly a quarterly feast of good, solid, serious, high-class literature that the publisher (Charles A. Hardy) presents to the reading world, in each issue of that standard magazine. The table of contents for April speaks volumes. The Oxford scholar, A. F. Marshall, contributes a paper on "The Correlation of Order and Jurisdiction;" Richard R. Elliott presents his third article of the interesting and able series on "Indian Bibliographies;" Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J., treats the all-important question of "Indifferentism." The text and translation of the Encyclical "Longiqua," as well as Rt. Rev. Monsignor Schroeder's comments upon that splendid document fill a number of pages. In fact this issue of the "Quarterly" is equal to any of the past, and that is about as high a commendation as we could give the publication.

We learn that Hupsmans, the French free-thinker and novelist, has come back to the Church, and has abandoned the false and pernicious theories upon which he based so many of the works that won him his great but unenviable reputation. His new work, "En Route," is pronounced by the Catholic Times of Liverpool, "as the history of a repentant soul,"

revealed to the public gaze with relentless candor, and dissected with marvellous skill, * * * a book that will deserve to rank with the greatest autobiographies of literature. It is evident that this writer's conversion to the faith of his childhood is sincere.

LORD JUSTICE FITZGIBBON, speaking recently, at a meeting held under the presidency of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, paid a most glowing tribute to the work done by the Christian Brothers. Perhaps a certain fierce critic of that splendid order of teachers might benefit by the perusal of the Judge's remarks. After speaking of the intermediate commercial school that the Protestants were going to start, his Lordship said:

"This was the system that the Christian Brothers had brought to such extreme perfection, because in all their schools every class was weeded out at the end of term, promotion by merit took place, and at the head of every large Christian Brothers' school there was what was called an intermediate school. The result was that last year the Brothers carried off very nearly fifty per cent. of the entire intermediate endowment, by means of boys selected for the most part from the lower classes, and promoted from school to school. These boys were turned out to compete with Protestant boys at an enormous advantage, and were, as he could say from a knowledge of government competitive examinations, beating them all along the line by nothing but good teaching."

Mrs. Regina Armstrong Hilliard, editor and publisher of the Social Graphic, of Memphis, Tenn., a staunch Protestant, speaking of "ex-priest" Slattery's female companion, pays a tribute to the Catholic nuns. Mrs. Hilliard says that she received her own education in a convent, and enjoyed the privilege of seeing the inner life of many such institutions; she knows that self-sacrifice, charity and compassion are domiciled there, and to quote her own words:

"She knows that purity and the beauty of holiness belong to this noble army of women, who, like Christ's apostles of old, go forth bringing balm and mercy and blessing into the lives which need their gentle ministrations, never shirking carnage nor epidemics, but bravely wearing His cross though crucifixion go with it, and ever wearing 'the white flower of a blameless life.'"

WE are in for it this time! A contributor informs us that had he the authority requisite he would excommunicate us for some of our ideas. We are exceedingly glad that he has not the authority requisite to do any such thing; we are also pleased to know that those who possess the authority think diametrically different from our rabid friend. If he don't look out he may find himself excommunicated some fine day, should he ever have the hardihood to express his theories to the public.

THE cost of a modern Church—even that of the greatest of them—is often commented upon as extraordinary. But, what is the outlay for the most expensive

temple of the world compared to the sums spent in building and fitting up Solomon's Temple. The gold, silver and brass used was valued, according to Villapautus, at \$6,879,822,000. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, cost, in English money, £575,296,203; the vessels of silver cost £649,344,000. The priest's vestments and robes of singers £2,010,000; the trumpets £200,000. Then the labor, materials, etc., of building. Ten thousand men hewing cedar; 60,000 hod carriers; 80,000 stone cutters; 3,300 overseers, during seven years. The materials in the rough were worth £2,555,337,000. Thus in our money the whole cost was \$77,521,665,036. Probably more than the cost of all the churches of the present day put together.

JUDGE GIEGERICH, of New York, having learned that one of a couple, who appeared in court to get married, was a Roman Catholic, urged that a priest should perform the ceremony. The judge is to be highly applauded for his very wise action, and he certainly deserves the thanks of all Christian members of the community. It would be a great blessing to the United States if there were a few more such men on the bench. This curse of civil marriage is growing so rapidly and extending its roots in so many directions, that soon it will undermine the whole social structure. Not until the great crash comes will the world awaken to the fact that the only protection the human race really enjoys is in the sacramental bulwarks of the Church.

GREAT men, famous men, successful men have not always been happy men. Napoleon was very much annoyed on account of his inclination to corpulancy and unwieldiness; Byron was a martyr on account of his reel foot; Nero was near-sighted and had ugly eyes; Mirabeau was a monster of ugliness; Spencer, the poet, suffered from poverty and neglect; Cowper lived in the shadow of insanity; Julius Cæsar was subject to epileptic fits, so was Mohammed; Cervantes was poor and a prey to his creditors; Milton was blind in his old age; Beethoven suffered during the last two years of his life from loss of hearing, the greatest of all afflictions for him; Peter the Great was crazy from drink; Le Sage was very poor all his life; Gibbon was a martyr to the gout; Bacon became such a miser that his passion led him to disgrace; Tasso was so poor that he died mad, a consequence of his miseries; Paterina lived and died in want; Charlemagne suffered from ulcer; Johnson was near-sighted and his face was disfigured by scars from a scrofula; De Foe was repeatedly in prison and in the pillory. Each one these would have gladly bartered his fame for the relief so badly needed—except, perhaps, Napoleon.

THE crown of religious schools of the Netherlands is to be the new Catholic University of Amsterdam, under the

direction of the Jesuits. In the name of liberty, what is Dalton McCarthy about? Here is a field for him. He is only squandering his time, energies, talent and reputation in Canada; why does he not go to Amsterdam and prevent the fearful crime about to be perpetrated by the Jesuits? Actually they intend to educate the people of the Netherlands. They will stop at nothing.

CRISPI would rejoice were the Pope to revoke the *non expedit*, and permit the Catholics of Italy to take part in the political movement; he expects that they would be with his party. But Leo XIII. has no intention of doing any such thing, even to accommodate Signor Crispi. The Roman question must first be settled before any Italian power can be officially recognized by the Vicar of Christ. The political opportunists must act according as circumstances arise; but the Church is in no hurry. Time is a matter of moment to the former; time is of no consequence to the latter. The governments and parties are but of yesterday; the Church has the whole span of ages, from the dawn of Christianity to the sunset of time, at her disposal. The power that can wait and suffer must eventually triumph over the one that is a creature of the hour.

QUITE a checkered career is that of Bishop Brennan, formerly of Texas. In his first years of sacerdotal life he was a missionary in the Erie diocese. He was appointed first Bishop of Dallas, Texas. Thence he was called to Rome and appointed coadjutor of the late Dr. Power, of Newfoundland. On Bishop Howley being appointed to succeed Bishop Power, Bishop Brennan returned to Rome. Now he is assigned a chair in the college which Leo XIII. has established in Constantinople. He is proficient in several modern tongues and is a master of the dead languages; thus he will be in his element in the new college. All these changes have taken place within the past four or five years. Bishop Brennan will bring with him, to his professor's seat a varied and extensive experience of the world.

JUDGE GROSSCUP of Chicago recently condemned two men to prison—one for five and the other for three years—on their being guilty of circulating immoral books and sending them through the mail. In passing sentence, the judge used these words:

"You are vipers, and your crime is second only to murder. I would rather that a rattlesnake came into my house and crawled into my child's couch, than to have your vile literature carried to him."

Well done, Judge Grosscup! You deserve the thanks of the community at large. The press to-day is alive with the lesson taught in England on the question of immoral literature. It is a curse, a poison, a demon.

A ROMAN LETTER.

MR. JOSEPH W. HECKMAN TELLS OF THE ETERNAL CITY.

Continued from True Witness of April 24.

The baths of Caracalla begun in A.D. 212, one of Rome's ruined sights, claimed one of my mornings, under a truly beautiful sky, so famous for Italy. These baths could accommodate 1,600 bathers at once. To judge them from their ruins they must have been beautiful, as "spark" their pavements, roads and statues. The various divisions go to show the ancient Romans bathed most elaborately. The huge size of the bath rooms and other ones for gymnastic exercises, etc., I particularly noticed. Many are the galleries in Rome, where the works of art by the great masters can be seen. One of the first seen by me was the Capitoline Museum, founded by Pope Innocent X., containing some most costly collections of paintings and statuary in marble and bronze. "The Dying Gladiator," that masterpiece of Michael Angelo, captivated my attention for quite a while, so often heard of, and to see it in reality brought vividly to my mind the lines of Lord Byron in Childe Harold "I see before me the gladiator lie." Close by is the church of "Ara Coeli," where I went the afternoon of Epiphany. The crib in the manger seen here at this time was very fine, one noted feature being the very young children standing on a table, addressing their petitions to the *Santa Bambino* (Holy Child), with very natural gesture and manner. Near the high altar of this church is the Capella Santa, under a canopy, borne by light columns of alabaster, beneath whose altar lie the remains of St. Helena in an ancient sarcophagus of porphyry. Oftentimes I had to pass Trajan's Forum, and, after assisting at a low Mass in one of the two churches at one end of the Forum one morning, I directed my camera to these ruins. In the part excavated, about four hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, are seen the four rows of broken columns with a pavement of rare marble. The monument showing the place of Trajan's interment has been replaced by one of St. Peter.

The Pincio, a general rendezvous of the fashionable people in Rome, is always found quite lively between four and six o'clock, when one of the military bands discourses some very fine music and where the fine equipages of the Italian nobility are seen driving round this park, while crowds are wandering through its beautiful gardens. Being on quite an elevation the view from here of parts of Rome is very fine. The Piazza del Popolo at its base and the towering domes of many of the basilicas with the noble one of St. Peter's and many other points of interest as seen from here, are very grand. On the way to here from the Piazza di Spagna, the English-speaking quarter of Rome, around which are seen some fine stores, mostly in the jewellery line, we passed the Convent Trinita di Marti (Sisters of the Sacred Heart), where one Sunday afternoon I attended the Benediction service, where the music was very grand, being mostly of Mendelssohn's composition and rendered by the convent choir most beautifully. The fine picture "Descent from the Cross," the masterpiece of Volterra, besides many others, attracts a great deal of attention. The great number of wide steps to the Piazza di Spagna are very conspicuous from its base and which is a very common photographic view.

In my ramblings one fine afternoon, I got without the gate at the piazza del Popolo and found myself in the grounds of the Villa Borghese with its elaborate palace, whose grounds contain very beautiful avenues for walking and driving. The many fine halls of the palace contain some beautiful statuary and paintings of many different schools, discovered on the Borghese estates, the marble statue of Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon I., being superb. Farther on from here I went to see a bridge across the Tiber named Sante Mole, which highly interested me as an engineer. This bridge was built B.C. 109, the four central arches being antique, which I photographed.

The Vatican Palace, the longest I was told in the world, was visited several times so as to study its various fine collections separately. The entrance is at the right of the Piazza of St. Peter's, where the Swiss guard is posted. The

steps to the right lead to the wing occupied by the Pope, which were traversed by me pretty quickly after my arrival in Rome in order to give to the Secretary of the Camera my introductory letters, kindly given me by several Canadian prelates, to ensure, when an opportunity presented itself, a sight of His Holiness Leo XIII. Straight ahead of the entrance up a magnificent flight of steps I found myself one morning in the Sistine chapel. This chapel measures 133 by 45 ft. and is lighted by six windows on each side. The beautifully decorated marble screen, near the entrance of the chapel proper, I particularly noticed. The fresco paintings in this holy place are both gorgeous and sublime by the most celebrated Florentine and Umbrian masters. The right and left walls represent incidents, narrated in the New and Old Testaments, of Christ and Moses. Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," at the altar, impressed me beyond conception. The ceiling paintings are also by this master. After spending no little while in this memorable chapel, I ascended many steps and got into a suite of rooms where are seen some of Raphael's wonderful frescoes, and then to the picture-gallery rooms, where Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome" and Raphael's last great work "Transfiguration" gave me no little pleasure, as also Raphael's Tapestries, some of the Vatican's treasures. This palace's collection of antiquities, with its many halls, occupied me another whole day. The "Museo Chiaramenti" (a corridor 1000 ft. x 22 ft.) containing some hundreds of marble statues. The Etruscan Museum with its grand collection of vases particularly interested me. The immense and valuable library was, at this time closed, yet, in the long rooms, divided into sections, whose walls and ceilings are covered with frescoes are very imposing. Other large halls contain many of the papal jubilee-presents of beautiful workmanship. The Christian antiquities from the various catacombs, also highly interested me. The most memorable visit I paid to the Vatican palace was in the morning of the 2nd Sunday after Epiphany (Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus) when I had the very great pleasure, one of twenty-five, to assist at a Mass celebrated by His Holiness the Pope. The morning was a beautiful one, and, after getting to the Vatican proceeded immediately to the Pope's private chapel, where at sharp eight o'clock His Holiness appeared at the altar. Kneeling, as I was, only some twenty feet from him, every one of his movements and words hardly ever escaped my notice, and when He, the Vicar of Christ, blessed us, nobody can realize my feelings at that instant, and the well-known words "Tu es, Petrus, etc." flashed through my mind.

Years ago, when a boy, I used to read concerning the catacombs or early Christian burial-places, and little did I think, then, I should ever have the privilege of going through some of them, which I did, namely, those of St. Agnes and of St. Calixtus. The former are under the Church of St. Agnes outside of the Porta Pia, where (church) the usual ceremony of blessing the lambs' wool for the Pallium vestment takes place on the feast of St. Agnes, which occurred while I was in Rome. These queer burial places are some twenty odd feet below the natural surface of the ground and average some three feet in width and seven in height. In the hewn crevices in the walls are still seen skulls and bones. Those of St. Calixtus contain more preserved relics and are more vast in extent, besides have larger openings between the walls, like the one which once contained the remains of St. Cecilia, which now lie in her Church in Trastevere, also those of other martyrs, including P. Sixtus II. While I was in these catacombs a Mass was being said at the altar under which was St. Cecilia's tomb.

The festival of the Chair of St. Peter, (Jan. 19) drew me to the great Basilica, where a Pontifical High Mass with elaborate music and procession took place.

The grand Basilica of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* took my attention one afternoon, after receiving from the Secretary of relics, permission to venerate the precious relics deposited here, including three pieces of the true Cross, one of the nails used in the Crucifixion, some thorns of our Saviour's crown, the title of the cross, and a finger of St. Thomas, are here preserved most religiously. A reliquary belonging to Gregory the Great,

a Dominican father also showed me in the crypt. Below the high altar are contained the relics of SS. Anastasius and Cassarius. This church was erected by Ste. Helena in honor of her discovery of the Cross, and subsequently added to by several Popes.

A visit to the Church of *S. Pietro in Vincoli* gave me great pleasure another time, where I was shown "the chains of S. Peter" under the high altar presented by Eudoxia, wife of Valentin II. to Pope Leo I. who founded this church about the year 442. Also here was seen the monuments of Pope Julius II. by Michael Angelo, with the statue of Moses, one of his most famous and characteristic works.

The Colonna palace was inspected one afternoon, where the rooms and galleries with oil and water colour paintings are seen to perfection, besides their gorgeous decorations with handsome old carpets and beautiful tapestries, as are found in the Throne room, &c. This palace is only one of seventy beautiful ones, which the tourist, by using the proper means, can see in the Eternal City.

The Church of *Ste. Cecilia in Trastevere*, originally the dwelling house of the saint, was also thoroughly studied. Its spacious court is very attractive. A few of its chief interesting points are the tomb of Cardinal Adam, an English prelate, the beautiful high altar, beneath which the recumbent figure of the martyred Ste. Cecilia by Maderna, whose marble statue is a reproduction of the body as found when the sarcophagus was reopened in 1599. In 821 the saint's remains were brought here from the Catacombs of S. Calixtus before referred to. Many other most interesting points the sacristan showed me, which time forbids me to narrate.

The Church of *S. Pietro in Monterio* claimed my attention one beautifully fine morning, from the piazza in front of which I used my camera to take a magnificent panoramic view of the city and its environs. The church was built for Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain on the spot where St. Peter is said to have suffered martyrdom. In the courtyard rises a small circular building on the spot where the Cross of St. Peter is said to have once stood.

The church of St. Andrea della Valle was visited several times in the octave of the Epiphany, where a fine representation of the Magi was seen, and where Masses, according to the various Oriental rites, were said and where sermons were preached in mostly all the chief modern languages. People of all nations were daily to be seen here.

I must not forget to mention the church of St. Sylvestro in Capite, the one for the English Catholics, where I oftentimes repaired to assist at a Mass or to hear English sermons. A relic of St. John the Baptist is preserved in this church.

A day or two before leaving Rome for Naples I went to Tivoli. This ancient town existed long before Rome. Its situation is indeed charming. Upon landing from the train I immediately repaired to the celebrated water falls down to the two tunnels, which were built in the early part of this century to protect the town from inundations. They are about 1,100 feet long, one of which I walked through. Then by winding paths to the bottom of the valley. The ancient temples of Neptune and the Sibyl, the latter standing in the courtyard of a hotel and on which a fine view is had of the falls. Returned to Rome by a steam tramway, passing the villa of Hadrian with its magnificent grounds of large area.

Before closing I will speak with much pleasure of the Canadian College, which I had the pleasure of visiting several times. The building itself is of fine and costly finish, and whose interior as a college could not be excelled as to beauty and comfort. I, indeed, owe much to Father Leclerc, its vice rector, for his very great kindness during my sojourn in Rome, which is proverbial, as all Canadians going to the Eternal City can testify in glowing terms.

Hoping your readers will please excuse the haste of this letter, written, as it was, on the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm, while on the Atlantic between Gibraltar and New York. Hoping at some near future time to write something more of some ten or twelve other Italian cities I also visited while abroad,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH W. HECKMAN.

AN OLD NEW WOMAN

WHAT CATHARINE OF SIENA DID FOR THE CHURCH.

The crowning achievement of St. Catharine of Siena was the restoration of the Papacy to Rome. While at Avignon she had spoken to the Holy Father with the greatest openness and courage on the abuses of many kinds which she saw around her, both among pastors and people. More than this she had vehemently exhorted him to proclaim a new crusade against the infidels and had seconded the efforts which he made at her entreaty, with all her power. She wrote many princes of Europe, and strove by words of burning eloquence to stir up in their hearts an ardor akin to her own and there was every appearance of her succeeding, when the premature, and, to human eyes, disastrous death of Gregory, put a stop to her efforts in this direction. The crusade did not take place, and the reforms she had worked for were delayed, but it was granted her to see the fulfilment of the third of the great designs with which the love of Holy Church had inspired her. It was permitted to her after long and painful labors to be the means of restoring the Popes to Rome from their exile at Avignon. In 1377, after an absence of the Papal Court for 72 years, Gregory XI. made his solemn entry into his capital, and Rome, so long widowed, seemed delirious with joy at once more welcoming its Pontiff. But she who, by her prayers and exhortations to Gregory had been the instrument of this great work was not on that day of public rejoicing to be seen amid the exulting throng. From Genoa, where she had repaired to meet and encourage the Pope on his way to Rome, she hastened back to her native place, there in the silence of her poor cell to pour out her ardent prayers for the welfare of Christ's Church and for the guidance of His representative on earth. Fain would she have ended her days thus, but it was not long before, in the terrible calamities which again overtook the Church, she was summoned by the Sovereign Pontiff to be his counsellor, and to prove herself the stay and pillar of Christendom in these moments of peril.

Urban VI. who had succeeded Gregory XI. on the throne was of harsh and unbending character; and the French cardinals, alienated by his severity, found a pretext for leaving Rome, and proceeding to Fondi, in the kingdom of Naples, there elected an anti-pope, whom they proclaimed under the name of Clement VII.

This was the beginning of the great schism which for seventy years tore the robe of the mystic Bride of the Son of God, and at one time no less than three popes, two, of course, and anti-popes, presented their claims to the eyes of the bewildered world. During the thick of these troubles Urban sent for Catharine to come to Rome, and yielding obedience the saint took up her abode in the Holy City. It were vain in this column to try and enumerate all the labors she undertook to bring back the erring to their allegiance to the one lawful successor of St. Peter. Firm in her adherence to Urban, her voice was ever raised in his defence. Once even, during a consistory the Pope sent for her, and ordered her to address the assembled cardinals. She spoke of the appalling evils caused by schism with such inspired truth and courage, that the Pontiff at the end summed up her discourse, and declared that all present, including himself, had been brought to shame by the words of the intrepid virgin. "Our timidity is confounded by her courage," he exclaimed.

St. Catharine had not the happiness of living to see the conclusion of the troubles of the Church, but she foretold their end before she died, and bade her disciples rejoice in the coming triumph of the cause of God. She continued to live in Rome, where a spiritual family had gathered round her, and the details of her life there with its records of her states of supernatural prayer, of her miracles and of the divine favors showered upon her, are not among the least remarkable of her marvelous career.

Though the events which filled St. Catharine's life were so many and so wonderful, yet they were all crowded into a very short space of time, for she had just completed her thirty-third year when she was called to her heavenly reward.—*The San Francisco Monitor.*

He: How well Miss Elderberry carries her age? She: But then she has become so accustomed to it, you know.

A MUSICAL TREAT.

THE PUPILS OF ST. URBAIN'S ACADEMY DELIGHT THEIR TEACHERS AND FRIENDS.

On last Thursday afternoon a musical competition took place at the St. Urbain's Academy. The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame have recently converted this young institution into one of the most flourishing academies of Montreal. Situated in a comparatively new locality, surrounded by the finest residences of the city, within view of the mountain and amidst the most healthy atmosphere that Montreal affords, the good Sisters saw the importance of the place, and understood the requirements that the near future would demand. Consequently last summer a magnificent brick addition was made to the already too limited house, and this year over two hundred and fifty pupils—children of the very best families in our city—congregate under that sacred roof to receive the instruction and education for which the members of that glorious sisterhood are so justly renowned.

It was in the large, airy, clean, beautiful recreation hall of this new academy, that the Rev. Mother St. Eugenie, superioress of the institution, beheld gathered around her, on last Thursday afternoon, members of the Community from the different branches in the city, headed by the Rev. Mother Provincial, to listen to the execution of the pupils upon the various instruments taught in the Academy. The Rev. Father James Callaghan, the Chaplain of the convent occupied the chair, and the young girls, dressed in the modest but elegant costume of the school, were ranged on either side down the long hall. It certainly was a proud moment for many of them, for the success which had accompanied their musical instruction was far away above the average. It also must have been an hour of happiness of Rev. Sister St. Aloysius of the Sacred Heart, and her two gifted assistants, when their pupils displayed such tangible evidence of their talent and of the benefits they derived from the instructions received. But the Sisters of the Congregation do all their work in the silence of seclusion, and leave to the young pupils the glory of every triumph. Moreover, we do not feel justified in allowing our pen to disturb that humility which is so characteristic of those who devote their lives to the glory of God and the education of youth.

During nearly three hours the "Concours Musical" went on. It will be seen by the programme that a scale of gradation was followed, commencing with the younger ones and continuing upward until the most accomplished and oldest students of the divine art gave samples of their proficiency. There was harmony in the air; harmony in every movement, in every action, in every attitude, as well as in the manipulation of the instruments and the rendering of the simplest as well as most difficult pieces. Not a word was spoken; words might grate upon the ear and mar the delight of those hours of musical rapture. According as one piece was terminated, the young ladies, whose names were set down for the next item, arose, bowed, walked—with ease and a deportment as charming as the pieces they played—to the instruments and gave their renditions in a style that seemed wholly in accord with the melody-haunted scene.

They say that "music hath powers to sooth the savage breast;" barbaric would be the one who could listen without delight and a soul-stirring, heart-elevating sensation to those strains. It would be difficult to individualize, and perhaps unfair; but the novelty of the Bandola and the attractiveness of the Mandolines, as well as the well-known difficulties of the Harp, might be mentioned as special features worthy of note. The one who could sit for a couple of hours in undisturbed enjoyment of a ceaseless flow of harmony may count himself privileged beyond all ordinary mortals. The soul is wafted aloft on the wings of sound and seems to rise with ease into the spheres beyond the reach of man.

We have only words of congratulation for the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame in general, for the superioresses and teachers of music in St. Urbain's Academy, in particular, for the young and promising pupils, who did such credit to themselves on that occasion, and for the parents who have the

happiness of possessing such children, and above all, of having such teachers to mould their young lives and prepare them for the future. These young girls will go forth from that institution with the priceless treasure—the unpurchasable fortune—of a thorough education, a model training, and an allowance of accomplishments that will serve to raise them high in the ranks of the next generation.

At the close a neat address of thanks was presented to the kind and enthusiastic spiritual adviser; and Rev. Father James—as is his custom—replied, in French and English, with words of eloquent meaning and encouraging purport. Thus closed one of the most enjoyable, delightful, and promising entertainments that could possibly be given to the lovers of harmony and of all that is good and beautiful.

The following is the programme:

PROGRAMME.

ENTREE - GRAND MARCHÉ

PLEASANT WALK.

Misses—K. Cochrane, J. Honan, A. St. Louis, M. J. Grothe-IDA.

Misses—M. McGillis, A. McGillis, B. Hood, M. Crossan.

J'Y PENSE.

Misses—A. Lauzon, A. Walsh, C. Grothe.

SOIS DISCRETE.

Misses—H. Laurin, M. L. Dupuis, B. Fautoux.

MANDOLINE. MARITANA.

Misses—M. L. Dupuis, H. Laurin, M. Crossan.

PICCOLINA.

Misses—Y. Honan, L. Lawrence, H. Turner, M. Sears.

PERLE DU DANUBE.

Misses—W. Bury, G. Elliott, A. Bire, B. Sabourin.

SLUMBER SWEETLY.

Misses—A. Dwane, E. Brigent, N. Walsh.

BANDOLA.

Miss—A. Sears.

LES MYRTES.

Misses—A. Dwane, G. Roy, M. Mercier, N. Johnston.

HARP.—BELIEVE ME.

Misses—J. Desjardins, I. Lauzon.

VIOLIN SOLO.

Miss E. Pears.

SOUS LE BALCON.

Misses—A. Dupuis, M. Fautoux, M. Meloney, Y. Laurier.

SLAVE MARCH.

Misses—B. Rolland, F. O'Brien, A. Lorrigan, B. Hunter.

ETUDE.

Miss B. Cadieux.

TITANIA.

Miss B. Meloney.

MANDOLINE.—REVERIE.

Misses—F. O'Brien, Y. Honan, A. Dwane, A. Ouimette, W. Bury.

VIOLIN—Miss E. Pears.

NOCIURNE.

Miss I. Lauzon.

VALSE BRILLANTE.

Miss J. Desjardins.

CHORUS.

"L'Echo de la Montagne de la Foret et de la Chapelle."

FINALE.

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD" MAGAZINE.

The May number of the "Catholic World" will contain some most interesting articles. Amongst others we might mention one characteristic episode of Napoleon's career, an almost forgotten passage exhaustively dealt with in an article by Mr. B. Morgan. A story from the pen of Mary Boyle O'Reilly; a bright paper on Cuban religious life, by Henry Austin Adams; the "Centenary of Maynooth College," by Rev. J. McDermott; "The Genius of Leonardo da Vinci," by John J. Shea; a story of Canadian travel, by Dr. J. K. Foran; and a number of other attractive contributions. The "Catholic World" is rapidly becoming one of America's leading magazines.

WEDDING BELLS.

Miss Elizabeth Doherty, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice M. Doherty, St. Famille street, was married on Thursday morning last, at eight o'clock at St. Patrick's Church, to Mr. Henry Walter Mulvena, advocate, of Sherbrooke, P. Q. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Quiniivan. The wedding was a very quiet one, only members of the two families being present. Mr. and Mrs. Mulvena drove to the station from the church, and left for Washington. On their return they will take up their residence at Sherbrooke, where they will occupy a house, the gift of the bride's father.

THE TRUE WITNESS desires to express its sincere congratulations to the happy young couple and to wish them a prosperous and blessed journey through life. Our sentiments could not be better expressed than in the language of Ireland's Bard:

"May they join the hands of each other—
To move through the stillness and noise;
Dividing the cares of existence,
But doubling its hopes and its joys."

FOR THE BLIND.

A very successful concert was given in the Monument National last Wednesday evening by the pupils of the Nazareth Blind Asylum, St. Catherine Street. A large audience evidently enjoyed the treat of vocal and instrumental music, the programme containing many excellent numbers, which were rendered in a very efficient and pleasing manner. The band of the institution met with an enthusiastic reception, their exceedingly skilful rendering of "The Heavens are Telling" (Hadyn) making a marked impression. Among those who took part were, Misses J. Perry, E. Prefontaine, Victoria Carrier Messrs. E. Jehin-Prume, J. B. Dubois, H. Baker, C. Clarke, A. Pruneau, F. O'Brien and W. Brazeau, as well as about thirty pupils of the Institute.

She: What strange weather we are having this winter. He: Yes; but, if you remember, the winter of '50 was just such another. She: Sir!



Grateful Women Write Us Letters.

From every corner of the country come thankful letters written by those who have been lifted into cheerful, vigorous, healthy strength by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Thousands on thousands of women have been relieved of the nerve-ragging drag of weakness and pain.

They have been made better wives and better mothers by having perfect health restored, and without the humiliating exposure of examinations so generally insisted on by physicians.

The stereotyped treatment by "local applications" is seldom necessary, and there is no reason why modest, sensitive women need submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is of purely vegetable composition and is perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. It exerts a wonderful soothing, healing and strengthening power over woman's delicate organism. It is an invigorating tonic for the whole system, and is almost an infallible specific for the peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and painful derangements of woman.

To these causes may be traced the trouble of tired, nervous, irritable, worn-out women. Careless, easy-going doctors frequently treat their women patients for biliousness, nervousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney troubles, when the real sickness is in the organs distinctly feminine, and no help can come till they are made perfectly strong and healthy in both structure and function which is brought about in due time, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Prescribed for 30 years by Dr. Pierce.

Ant. W. M. Kelly. W. M. F. Kelly.
KELLY BROS.
67½ Bleury St BUILDERS.
Jobbing promptly attended to.

DEATH OF A NOTED PAULIST.

THE REV. EDWARD B. BRADY EXPIRED ON GOOD FRIDAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Paulist community in West Fifty-ninth street was saddened on Saturday morning by the announcement of the death, in San Francisco, of one of their most prominent confreres, the Rev. Edward Bernard Brady, Superior of the lately established Paulist house in that city. The news of his death will cause a note of sorrow to mingle with the joyous antiphons and glad alleluias of the Easter season.

Father Brady was born in the County of Leitrim, Ireland, in 1847. He was the son of Captain Brady, a British officer who distinguished himself in the East Indian service. Father Brady was one of a large family, one of whom, a parish priest in Ireland, died only last year. A sister of the priest is a Carmelite nun in Ireland, and one of his brothers resides in Brooklyn. Being destined for the civil service in India, Father Brady was sent to the Government preparatory school at Sandhurst, England. He did not complete his education there, but came to this country at the age of eighteen years, and entered the establishment of his brother, then a dry goods merchant in Brooklyn. While engaged there young Brady discovered his vocation, and entered Seton Hall College, N. J., to pursue his classical studies. Leaving there he finished his divinity studies with the Paulist Fathers, and was ordained a priest of that order in 1873.

After his ordination Father Brady was assigned to mission work, and during the twenty-two years of his ministry this was his chief occupation. His name is familiar to Catholics not only in Eastern, but in the far Western States. He conducted missions unassisted in Arizona, Nebraska, and California—the scene of his labors at the time of his death. At intervals during these years Father Brady was engaged in parish work in St. Paul's Church, New York, indeed, he was in charge of the parish and contributed greatly to its spiritual and temporal building up.

Father Brady was noted for his direct, sincere, and withal, thoroughly priestly bearing. In truth, it is not too much to say he was a model priest in his tastes, his studies, and in the impression he invariably made upon the people. He was a man of most acute and well-informed mind, particularly interested in those subjects which form the neutral ground between science and religion. As a writer his style was ornate and pointed. Many of his contributions have appeared from time to time in the Catholic World Magazine, and in Catholic newspapers.

After the Paulist Fathers had decided to accept Archbishop Riordan's invitation to establish a new house in San Francisco, Father Brady was appointed to the new foundation. He left New York in September, and shortly after was stricken with a recurrence of the disease which has terminated with his death. He bore his sufferings uncomplainingly and seemed to realize that his life was destined to be the first sacrifice which God demanded of the new work. After various operations he sank slowly and peacefully to rest on Good Friday night. His body will be embalmed, and, in all possibility, will be brought East for burial. We trust those who knew Father Brady and have profited by his instructions and teachings, as well as by his singular piety, will not forget to pray for the repose of his soul.—The Catholic News.

HERE is an interesting paragraph telling of a recent invention:

"At the yachting exhibition in London is shown a 'combined ship's buoy.' It is carried on deck, and when the ship sinks it floats and records at once the hour and minute of the disaster. It then automatically fires rockets, burns blue lights, shows a lamp and rings a bell."

This must be very ingenious, but we wonder why the inventor did not so arrange his distress signal machine so as to go off a couple of hours before the ship sinks. It would then be of some use in preventing a catastrophe, which would be far more beneficial to humanity than the keeping of a record and raising a fuss when all the harm is done and every person is drowned.

THE LATE JUDGE BARRY.

Most unexpected was the sad news that spread over Montreal on Monday, when it was announced that His Honor Mr. Justice Dennis Barry had somewhat suddenly died in the early hours of the morning. On account of the rush, incident to our moving, with which we are obliged to close this week's forms, we have only time to pay a hurried tribute to the memory of the good and universally respected Irish-Catholic citizen, now gone to his reward. On Friday last Judge Barry occupied his seat, as usual, on the Circuit Court Bench, but feeling somewhat unwell adjourned the court earlier than usual. It was then little anticipated that his voice would never again be heard within those precincts, that his familiar form had gone out for a last time from that edifice, that his kindly smile, his generous grasp of the hand, his friendly words would be henceforth but memories of the man who had so successfully won his way to the hearts of all who came within the inside circle of his acquaintance.

It is not many weeks ago that the late Judge told us some interesting stories of his early career, of the numerous obstacles with which, in younger days, he had to contend, and of the ultimate success he attained in reaching the goal of his ambition. Not only in Montreal but in many sections of Canada will he be remembered. By the banks of the Bonchere, and Madawaska, up in the forests of Brudanel and Douglas, his face was familiar, in the days gone past, when young Dennis Barry was the hero of many a romantic adventure that the older inhabitants of Renfrew and Mount St. Patrick can recall. Eventually he determined upon the profession of the law, and fixed his abode in Montreal. While paving the way to the position which he reached—only to enjoy for a short time—Mr. Barry wielded a powerful and patriotic pen as a journalist. In the times, not yet forgotten, when religious bigotry was rampant in this city, and when it was uncertain, from hour to hour, how long peace might be maintained, he was amongst the foremost to take a stand where danger was the greatest, and he displayed a courage and steadfastness that bespoke his truly Celtic nature and self-sacrificing disposition.

As an Irish-Catholic he was always to be found at his post, with his talents, his energies, and his means at the disposal of the two-fold cause so dear to his heart. He was ever foremost amongst the first in the hour of need; and yet, when occasion did not demand, he was chary of notoriety and preferred to do good in a quiet, unostentatious manner. He was a whole-souled patriot, and a thorough and devoted Catholic in every sense of the term. By precept and by example he taught lessons that might be learned with profit by every one of his fellow-country men and co-religionists. His impartial, high-aiming, truthful disposition he carried with him unto the Bench, and there he was a model of the *Judex justus*, of the noble-minded and justice-inspired administrative officer.

In the death of Judge Barry the Bench loses a real ornament, the Bar an honorable member, the community a good citizen and his family a fond father, a devoted husband, while the Church Militant sends to the Church Triumphant a soldier who has:

"With fearless resistance
Fought the good fight" on the field of
existence."

THE TRUE WITNESS desires to convey to the members of the bereaved family the heart-felt expression of a sincere

sympathy, and to join the Church in the solemn and consoling prayer that she offers for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed. His remains will rest beneath the sod of the land he has served so well, his name shall survive in the memories of the thousands who knew him and appreciated his worth, and the Recording Angel will have few more golden pages than the one upon which the life and deeds of Dennis Barry are inscribed. We will close with the familiar lines of the poet:

"Green be the turf above the—
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Dennis Barry, B.C.L., judge of the Circuit Court for the District of Montreal, was born in the county of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1835. Early in life he emigrated to America with his father, James Barry, the latter dying about four years ago, at the age of 91 years. Judge Barry began his education at the common school and continued his studies at Rockwood Academy. Subsequently he went through a classical course at Regiopolis College, Kingston, Ont., studied theology for some time at the Grand Seminary and at Laval University, and law at McGill University, where he graduated B. C. L. Judge Barry entered the volunteer service of Canada as lieutenant in the St. Jean Baptiste Company in Montreal in 1877, and was



THE LATE JUDGE BARRY.

promoted to the captaincy later, remaining in command until the company was merged into the 85th Battalion, when he retired. He was joint Fire Commissioner for the City of Montreal and president of St. Patrick's Society of Montreal for four consecutive years. He was also a past president of the Young Men's Reform Club of Montreal. Judge Barry had experience of the backwoods as a settler on a free farm on the Hastings road in 1856, at that time one of the wildest parts of Upper Canada, but now a beautiful and prosperous region. He also engaged in the lumbering business for some time on the York branch of the Madawaska river, in Ontario. Subsequently he was engaged in the Crown Lands office, on the Opeongo road, with the late Mr. T. P. French, afterwards post-office inspector for the Ottawa district. Since his adoption of the profession of the law Judge Barry resided in Montreal, where he attained a very high position. He was particularly noted as a "nisi prius" for four consecutive years. He was also a past practitioner, and conducted a number of famous cases successfully. Personally, Judge Barry was one of the most genial and kind-hearted men.

Judge Barry was sixty years of age and leaves a widow and two sons.

COUNT GANDOLFI HORNYOLD, by Brief of the Pope, dated 16th March last, was created a marquis. His grandfather, the eleventh Marquis Gandolfi, married in 1808 the eventual heiress of the ancient Catholic family of Hornyold, of Blackmore Park and Hanley Castle. Manfred Gandolfi was one of the ten founders of the Genoese Republic, in the year 936; the Castel Gandolfi, that looks out on Lake Albano and the Roman Campagna, was purchased by Pope Honorius III, from the Gandolfi family in 1217.

The rumor recently set afloat, that a plot was started to assassinate President Faure, may or may not have had a real foundation; but whether or not the idea of killing Carnot's successor was ever seriously formed, one thing is positive, that it is as unsafe to be elected President of Republican France as ever it was to be the King or Emperor in that country. In fact America is just as bad. Already have two Presidents met violent death at the assassin's hand. It was a fate that seemed to pursue the Cæsars of Rome; but they were considered tyrants and oppressors of the people. The lesson to be drawn from all these events is simple; it is unsafe for an individual to hold the reins of power, even though he receives them from the people. No tyranny is greater or more heartless than that of the mob. Society is now at such a pitch that wise and good men keep away from public offices and houses, and the consequence is that the state suffers.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN visited St. Anne de Beaupre, last week, in company with Cardinal Taschereau. He returned to Montreal on Saturday and will spend the week here. He is a guest of the Oblate Fathers on Visitation street. On Sunday he celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the beautiful convent chapel of the Good Shepherds, on Sherbrooke street. In the afternoon he attended the ceremonies in Notre Dame. During the week he will visit the County of Laprairie, where his aged parents reside. The celebration of Tuesday evening at Mount St. Louis Institute, in honor of the new Prelate, we cannot report, as our paper has to go to press on Tuesday this week. The change in our premises necessitates the issuing of the paper a day earlier. Mgr. Langevin looks strong and in good spirits; evidently his are the shoulders best fitted to carry the heavy load laid down, by the great and lamented Archbishop Tache, at the foot of Death's Angel. May his life be long, prosperous and blessed!

THE Catholic Church is making rapid progress in the East. In India, including Ceylon, and Goa, there are, according to the Madras Catholic Directory, 1,865,245 Roman Catholics. According to the letters written by eminent Protestant travellers, in these regions we find that the Catholic missionaries are doing wonderful work in the cause of Christ. This is not surprising. As far as we are concerned we knew, all along, that our priests were performing heroic work; but it may be an item of news for our non-Catholic friends who glean their ideas of Missionary life in India from reports of Bible Societies.

M. LOYSON—once known as Pere Hyacinthe—is certainly consistent with his first move in leaving the priesthood and the Church. He is now advocating, in Algeria, a "religious alliance of the Gospel and the Koran." He says: "I am a Christian priest (that is true—he can never be an ex-priest—once ordained he is a *sacerdos in æternum*), but as a sincere disciple of Jesus I do not believe that I offend Him in recognizing Mohammed as the prophet of the Arabs. It was not without the Divine inspiration that he founded the grand religion of Islam. By the political alliance of France and Islam we shall create a military power with which the world will have to count, and by the religious alliance of the Gospel and the Koran we shall make a light shine upon souls such as they have not yet seen." The Cross in one hand and the Crescent in the other; a pretty picture indeed, with a renegade priest as its central figure!

The next step will be to put the Gospel in as an appendix to the Koran; then to declare M. Loyson the direct successor of Mohammed. He would make a good prophet—at least as good a one as Mohammed. He, too, could "go to the mountains," and be buried in a suspended coffin.

"DAVID B." asks in what poem the line "The same old tongue to curse a stranger" is to be found. The quotation is not exact. The line to which our correspondent refers is to be found in one of the sweetest and most patriotic ballads of the Nation, the "Song of the Penal Days," by Edward Walsh. The verse runs thus:

"Around my *clairseach's* speaking measures,
Men, like their fathers tall, arise;
Their heart the same deep hatred treasures—
I read it in their kindling eyes!
The same proud brow to frown at danger—
The same long *coulin's* graceful flow—
The same dear tongue to curse the stranger—
Ma chraevin eivn alga, O!"

"Clairseach" means a harp; "coulin" is the Irish for "love-locks;" and the last line of the stanza means "my fair noble maid." It is also written "mo chraobhin aibhinn alga, O." Edward Walsh was a schoolmaster. He was born at Londonderry, in 1805, and died in Cork, August 6, 1850. He was a translator of Irish, and wrote many poems of original merit. He spent a life of struggle against adversity. In nearly all his poems he introduces the Celtic expressions, as in "O'Donovan's Daughter," and "Margaret Kelly."

WEDDING BELLS.

A pretty wedding took place on the 23rd inst., at St. Patrick's Church, Rawdon, P. Q., where the Rev. Father Bailanger, P. P., united in the holy bonds of wedlock Mr. John Finn, eldest son of James Finn, Esq., of St. Anicet, and Miss Mary A. Lane, second daughter of John Lane, J. P., of Rawdon. Owing to the bride being one of the most popular young ladies in the district the church was crowded on the occasion of the marriage ceremony. The bride's maid was Miss Mary Finn, sister of the groom, and Mr. Thos. Lane, brother of the bride, acted as best man. After the Mass, the bridal party adjourned to the residence of the bride's father, where a splendid dinner was partaken off. The following day the happy couple left for their future home, St. Louis, P. Q. We join in the hearty congratulations of all their friends in wishing them a long life of happiness and prosperity.

A NEW GREY NUNS' CONVENT.

Another convent is about to be built on Atwater Avenue by the Grey Nuns of this city. The building will be 200 feet in length and will comprise no less than five stories. The exterior will be built of Canadian stone, while the partition walls will be made of brick, thus avoiding wood in its construction. Contracts to the extent of \$60,000 were signed last week between the Grey Nuns and the following firms: Messrs. J. B. St. Louis, stone; Victor Decarie, brick; Loignon Bros., steel. Messrs. Perrault, Messard & Venne are the architects, and they claim that nothing will be spared so as to make it one of the finest institutions of its kind. Fireproof doors will be erected at short intervals on every flat, while the entire building will be erected with all modern improvements. The whole building will cost when completed \$150,000.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

The election of officers of the St. Lawrence Court, No. 263, resulted as follows: Chief Ranger, M. M. J. Flanagan; Vice-Chief Ranger, P. Howard; Recording Secretary, T. W. Maguire; Financial Secretary, A. Pilon; Treasurer, Jas. O'Shaughnessy; Trustees, F. Loye, A. L. Brault, and E. E. Kavanagh; Medical Examiner, Dr. Chas. O'Connor; Representative, Jno. Scanlan; Alternate, A. L. Brault; Marshal, M. Larocque; Past Chief Ranger, Jno. Scanlan.

An express wagon was robbed of \$16,000 at Cripple Creek, Cal.

POEMS AND LYRICS.

SOME COMMENTS OF EMINENT CRITICS ON THE VOLUME.

As a number of our readers, during the past two or three years, have asked about the publication of Dr. J. K. Foran's collection of poems, they will be pleased to know that the volume is now upon the market, and may be ordered from the publishers' establishment, by letter or otherwise. The address is D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1669 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

EUGENE DAVIS' OPINION.

Mr. Eugene Davis, the eminent American critic and *litterateur*, writing in the Western Watchman, of St. Louis, Mo., thus refers to this new work:

"Quite recently a volume entitled, 'Poems and Canadian Lyrics,' by Dr. J. K. Foran, LL.B., was published by the well-known firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. A dedication to Mrs. Foran is as follows: 'To his fond wife, the participator of his many joys and sorrows, and to the memory of their dead children, Alonzo and Irene, is this little volume affectionately dedicated by the author.' Dr. Foran's poems and lyrics are much superior to the average poetry of the age. There is none of the Rossetian obscurity in his effusions, which are transparently clear as crystal; neither has his muse been soiled by the pernicious so-called doctrines of the Decadent school. Some of his lyrics have the odor of the pinewood, and the melody of the summer breezes rippling through the forest trees. Others prove that the author is loyal to the land of his birth; and while devoted to Canada, he, too, can love the land of his parents, and is proud of his Celtic blood. Dr. Foran is at his best in his ballads. There is more of the spirit of inspiration in the thought and diction of 'The Siege of Quebec,' 'The Battle of Stone River,' and the 'Ode to St. Catherine,' which is of a high dramatic character, and scores of others than in his poems; yet there is beauty of thought in his 'Moonlight,' and the 'Song of the Brook.' I shall now introduce Dr. Foran to your readers by quoting extracts from one or two of his excellent poems."

Mr. Davis then reproduces a few extracts and thus concludes: "Dr. Foran has included in his volume several poems on Irish subjects, such as 'An Irish Peasant's Home,' 'Ireland as She Is,' 'The Answer,' 'The Manchester Martyrs,' 'The Moore Centenary Ode,' and other lyrics on 'Mesager of the Sword,' 'Lament for Thomas Davis,' 'Pamela,' etc. His domestic Poems are most pathetic naturally, owing to the death of the two children of Dr. and Mrs. Foran. The volume is bound in a handsome cloth covering."

WALTER LECKY'S CRITICISM.

Writing in the New York Catholic News, the author of "Green Graves," and Adirondack Sketches," says:

"Dr. Foran, editor of the Montreal True Witness a journalist who has done yeoman service in the cause of his Church, sends me his new volume, 'Poems and Lyrics.' The book is elegantly bound, and costs the moderate sum of a dollar. The mechanical execution is all that can be desired. The Doctor, in his preface, tells us that his 'rude verses upon different subjects were written at hap-hazard and in all manner of places, from the forests of the Back River to the Halls of Laval; from the Indian wigwam to the House of Commons.' Despite his modest disclaimer, these poems are creditable to the head and heart of the author. They are full of strength and sweetness, especially those that sing of his lost ones. Perhaps the earnestness and strong belief of the author is the quality that will attract most readers. The volume should find a place in every Iris-Canadian home."

ST. MARY'S FAIR.

The Easter fair was for the benefit of St. Mary's orphans was duly opened in the basement of that church last week. The fair was under the patronage of the Good Counsel Sewing circle, who have been actively engaged during the winter months in preparing articles for sale. The spacious hall was very tastefully de-

corated and the various booths were most elaborately gotten up. The booth presided over by the president, Mrs. Jones, and ladies of the Sewing circle was a most attractive place. The salon in connection with this booth was handsomely furnished with rich draperies, elegant chairs, etc., and its attractiveness was greatly increased by a choice assortment of ladies' wear, bric-a-brac and other valuable articles. The candy booth presided over by Misses Jones, Brown, Reilly and Logan, was most artistically arranged. The attendants were nicely gowned in Martha Washington costume and appeared charming. The "literary booth" presided over by Misses Street, Jones, Brown and Shannon was nicely ornamented in blue and white, and contained an array of ornamental writing pens, desk ornaments and fancy work. The attendants wore the badge of the "Bas Bleus." The refreshment booth in charge of Mrs. Morley and Freely did a good business. The cafe, under the presidency of the ladies of the Sewing circle, was fairly well patronized, and was found to be one of the most inviting quarters of the fair. A most enjoyable farce by the pupils of the academy brought a very pleasant evening to a close. The fair was a grand success. Now for the Tombola!

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF CANON MOREAU.

HE HAD BEEN CHAPLAIN OF THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.

The ex-Pontifical Zouaves learned with regret Monday morning of the death of their ex-Chaplain, Rev. Canon Louis Edmond Moreau, parish priest of St. Barthelemy, which occurred at that place Sunday evening. The rev. gentleman had been ill for some months and his end was not unexpected. Born at Reptigny, Aug. 18, 1834, he was 61 years of age and was the son of Benjamin Moreau and his wife Angelique Lareau.

After his studies he was ordained to the priesthood in Montreal, on March 19, 1859. For some years he served as chaplain of the Cathedral here, and on the 18th of February, 1868, he left for Rome with the first detachment of Pontifical zouaves numbering 126 as chaplain. Capt. Taillifer commanded the detachment which comprised among others Supt. Hughes as standard bearer, Messrs. Prendergast, Hurtubise, Vallee and others. Mr. Moreau showed himself at all times most untiring in his efforts to look after the spiritual and natural welfare of the young Canadians confided to his care, and by his affability, courtesy and judgment gained very general respect with the Papal authorities.

On his return to Montreal he was appointed Chaplain of the Cathedral, and since 1879 has been Cure of St. Barthelemy. Mr. Moreau continued to occupy the honorary position of Chaplain of L'Union Allet of ex-Pontifical Zouaves, and in 1882 the members of the Regiment met at St. Barthelemy, where the people gave them a great reception. A deputation of the ex-Zouaves is to attend the funeral. R. I. P.

DEATH OF REV. MR. LECLERC.

Rev. F. X. Hyacinthe Leclerc, for fifteen years chaplain of the St. Jean de Dieu Asylum, died Sunday morning at the residence, St. Janvier, at Sault au Recollet, after a prolonged illness. Born in 1838, he was 57 years of age. He had been ordained at Terrebonne, on October 11, 1863, and was for some years connected with the Maeson College at Terrebonne until 1878, when he became chaplain of the Asylum. The deceased was greatly esteemed and respected by all at Longue Pointe, and was instrumental in saving many lives at the time of the great fire. R. I. P.

THE LATE MR. PETER MURRAY.

One of Montreal's oldest citizens, in the person of the late Peter Murray, passed away on Sunday morning, the 21st inst., after a long illness. He leaves a widow and seven sorrowful children to mourn his loss. The funeral left his late residence, 1109 Mignonne street, on Tuesday morning, the 23rd, at 8.30 o'clock, to St. Mary's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Father Heffernan, nephew of the deceased, assisted by Rev. Father Casey as deacon and the Rev. Father Brophy as sub-deacon. The Rev. Fathers O'Donnell, Donnelly and Shea were in the

sanctuary. After the funeral service the cortege proceeded Cote des Neiges cemetery.

The chief mourners were his five sons, James, John, Andrew Fred and William, his brother P. Murray, his brother-in-law, Thomas Heffernan, and his nephews, John, Joseph and Peter Heffernan, John, Peter, Frank and John Murray.—R.I.P.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

So the self-constituted Grand Sabbath reformer Charlton is out again with his chronic craze. His rejected bill of the last two sessions, the offspring of his heated imagination, the lost child of his Puritanical zeal, in one word "Charlton's Baby."

If Brother Charlton confined himself to legislate for his Protestant co-religionists, we Catholics would not interfere in the least possible manner, for this Canada of ours is a free country, whose liberty of conscience is the law of the land.

The Sunday was established by the Catholic Church, and for the past nineteen centuries she has never ceased using all moral and legitimate means to enforce the proper observance of the Lord's Day; she did not wait fifteen centuries for the coming of the self-called Protestant reformers to regulate what should be or not be done on that day; she does not require the assistance of the Reformer Charlton at this latter end of the nineteenth century to be told in what consist the observance of Sunday.

The Protestants are quite free to turn the Christian Catholic Sunday into a Protestant Sabbath by modeling it on the Jewish Sabbath, but we Catholics firmly and strongly object and resist to having that Sabbath imposed upon us.

Besides, all the Charltons in the world and all the parsons of the ministerial associations cannot add or subtract one iota as to the obligations binding on the conscience of all Christians in observing the Lord's Day, and their laws and decisions will not in the least make them more or less sinful in the sight of God: the Catholic Church, and she alone, has the mission and authority to establish what is sinful.

In conclusion, Catholics are not the only ones to reject this Jewish observance of the Lord's Day, but a great many broad-minded Protestants object to it.

Let Brother Charlton leave policemen to do their duty on that day, and give full liberty to Christians of all shades to follow the dictates of their conscience, and then—*tout ira pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes.* J. A. J.

FOR SUNDAY CLOSING.

NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE ATTITUDE OF THE PAULISTS TOWARD THE SALOON.

There was a meeting in the Paulist Fathers' Church, on Columbia avenue, New York, Sunday night week, to advocate the preservation of the American Sabbath, and the audience numbered more than 2,000 persons. The Rev. Father Doyle opened the proceedings by stating that there was a conspiracy abroad to break down the Sabbath in this country.

"In spite of the fact that the Americans are the busiest and the greatest money-making race on the globe," he continued, "they are sensible enough to set one day apart for rest. Sunday is the consecrated time. It is the Lord's day, and it belongs to God. It cannot be taken from Him. Sunday is the great American institution, and we should guard it above all things. Every time there is an attempt to break it down there is danger for our religion and a conspiracy against our institutions."

The Rev. Father Eliot said that when the advocates of the continental Sunday wished to cast a stigma on the American Sabbath, they spoke of the Sunday law. "Well, it is a Sunday law," he said, "and there is no law in the world touching morals and religion if it be not the Sunday law. The law given on Sinai is a law, and please God there will be a

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After paying his respects to the saloon keepers, who, he said, were characterized by the Bishops of America as the worst enemies of the Sabbath, he spoke of their course as a suspicious one.—*Catholic Standard.*

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AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS.

"THE IRISH RIGHT TO FUTURE GREATNESS."

DELIVERED BY MR. MILES D. KILEY, OF ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, BEFORE THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY OF THAT INSTITUTION, ON THE 17TH APRIL LAST.

In accordance with a time honored custom of our society, we are assembled here this evening to celebrate the memory of our Patron Saint. Year after year, and from this very platform, have our predecessors, in language at the same time beautiful and instructive, shown forth the virtues of one to whom the world is indebted for much that it now enjoys. And so successfully have they portrayed the glories of St. Patrick and of Ireland that I shrink from the task of imitating them, lest my inability, to do justice to the cause, might detract from the Emerald Isle the tributes which are duly her's. There is, however, another question which I am sure must concern, either directly or indirectly, almost every one present, and this shall form the subject of my discourse this evening, "The Irish right to Future Greatness."

Those of you who are Irish or of Irish descent will, no doubt, claim for yourselves a brighter future than any my faint words can picture; while our French brethren must ever feel that the virtues and advancement of the Irish race, reflect no little glory upon France's children, especially when they remember that St. Patrick, Hibernia's first and greatest liberator, was, doubtless, by birth, a Frenchman.

Mr. Kiley opened with a most attractive and learnedly historic account of Ireland in the pre-historic and pre-Christian period. Coming down to the dawn of Christianity in the land, he thus continued:

When in the year 432 of the Christian era, St. Patrick ascended the hill of Tara to proclaim from its heights the glorious truths of Christianity, he found in the Druid chieftains of Ireland resolute, determined and logical adversaries who neither deemed the intruder worthy of death, nor yet yielded to the force of his doctrines, until by sound reasoning, and even by miracles, he proved the importance of his mission and the veracity of his assertions. Even in their pagan state, therefore, they were a fair-minded and considerate people. No bigotry lurked in their breasts nor malice in their hearts. They weighed well every word that fell from the lips of the Apostle, and, with minds long steeped in the waters of civilization, they perceived the instability of their idolatrous worship, and regardless of the cost of the renunciation, they sacrificed their paganism on the altar of humility; then led on by truths and the chiefs of the nation, they bowed in submission to the God of creation.

The seeds of Christianity once sown in the Irish heart immediately took root in that fertile soil, and then, like some delightful flower, whose beauty attracts and fragrance purifies, burst forth into all its loveliness, and soon, as by the zephyrs of heaven, wafted o'er the lofty hills and through the green valleys of Ireland, until Catholicity became the ruling passion of the Irish. It is needless to relate how for centuries after the adoption of Christianity, Catholic Ireland made progress in science and virtue; how her fame spread into every land, and the Irish schools and Irish scholars became the all-absorbing topic of the age.

THE RECORDS OF THESE THREE HUNDRED YEARS,

when Ireland, unmolested, basked in the sunshine of Christian peace, marked the most glorious epoch in the annals of the nation. For from that very hour when the dark cloud of discontent first dimmed the lustre of Ireland's purity and Ireland's peace, her sun of independence has been gradually sinking towards the western horizon, never again, I fear, to shed the rays of his glory on the Isle of saints and scholars. This period of peace and prosperity was first broken in the eighth century by the arrival of the Danish troops on the shores of Ireland. The sword that was drawn to defend the country against these invaders was returned to the scabbard only after three hundred years of constant

warfare, on that memorable Good Friday, 1014, when Brian Boru drove the formidable Dane forever from these hallowed shores, and fell a victim to a treacherous assassin. Then, peace once more cast its light upon the land, and we realize, for the first time, what a curse war has been to Ireland.

Look at her now as she emerges from that dreadful conflict, drenched in the blood of her bravest heroes. Her brow is no longer adorned with the crown of unstained purity; the smile of innocence and peace has faded from her cheeks; frugality supplies the place of virtue; poverty has led to degradation; degradation to sin, and sin to crime of every description. The leaders of three generations have been swept away by one awful blow on the plains of Clontarf; the people without a leader vie with one another for distinction; civil feuds ensue, and the powers of hell goad them on to vengeance: through the instrumentality of a woman, the agents of the infernal are invited over the channel, and from that day, even until ours, a tyrant hand has pressed heavily upon the Irish.

If we pass quietly from this scene of misery over

ANOTHER SHAMEFUL PERIOD OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS,

during which Ireland, disunited, defended her national rights against the powers of England, we will be in the midst of events which have a more direct bearing upon the subject in question. In the many conflicts which took place during these four hundred years, the Irish, though sometimes victorious, were often defeated, and at length became subject to the laws of England. The Supreme authority of this land is now in the hands of Henry the Eighth, under whose gentle administration several changes take place which make this particular epoch a remarkable feature on the pages of history. Within the sacred bounds of Catholic liberty, this amiable monarch finds too little scope for the excessive gratification of his carnal appetites; then raging, like some caged inhabitant of the sylvan confines, he bursts the sacred bands of matrimony, and, through the medium of the divorce-case, rends the veil of connubial felicity, and blights forever the comforts of domesticity. But pride yet swelling in his breast permits him not to tarry here; he defies in his madness the powers of Rome; proclaims himself head of another church, and calls upon Ireland to give up her faith. Did she do so? I need not answer.

The Irish had often been deluded by the false promises of ambitious princes, they were, in fact, never united on political principles, after Henry the Second, King of England, at the suggestion of Dermot MacMurchad, invaded Wexford. But when they were called upon to give up their religion,

THAT SACRED TREASURE WHICH THEY RECEIVED FROM ST. PATRICK,

they sternly refused to accede to the demand, and were once more united on the basis of religion. Their power was now too far exhausted by the eruptions of the seven hundred preceding years to enable them to defend themselves against the force of the invaders, and they were, consequently, made to suffer every imaginable species of the cruellest persecution. Their homes were ransacked by a rapacious soldiery; their libraries and other institutions of learning were razed to the ground. To learn, in fine, became for them, treason, and it was a crime to be ignorant. By the devastation of the fields, and the confiscation of the Irish soil, the physical strength of Ireland was undoubtedly weakened; but by the destruction of her schools, and the plundering of her monasteries, the moral and the intellectual faculties of the nation were blighted, and the hopes of the people laid prostrate in the dust. For a time, indeed, the Catholics of Ireland were reduced to a condition compared with which the most abject form of slavery would be blissful. They had no voice in the affairs of their government; they were forced to pay tithes to an apostate clergy, and, by supporting an opposing power in the land, give fuel to the fire that consumed them. They were forbidden to practise the sacred rights of the holy code, for which they had given up all that was once and ever should be theirs. Yet, in defiance of all these calamities and persecutions, they never ceased to trust in God, but strained every energy, and embraced every opportunity to be faithful children of their holy church, and their confidence was not misplaced. For God

raised up among them at this critical moment the immortal O'Connell, into whose noble soul seems to have been centred the whole reviving strength of his dejected people, with which he shook the very basis of a crime-stained Parliament, and wrung from the hands of a prejudiced hierarchy emancipation for the Catholic world. In a word, he guided his shipwrecked nation through the narrow straits of British bigotry; instilled new hope and courage into the hearts of his injured countrymen. During his lifetime, Ireland, slowly emerging from her lowly state, seemed destined to regain, with liberty of conscience, the freedom she for centuries had striven to attain. For a time, indeed, hope rallied around her flag and the day of her deliverance seemed near at hand. But in the autumn of '46, there came a famine in the land, and O'Connell was doomed to see the people he had emancipated dying by thousands for want of bread; to see his last appeal for mercy in behalf of his starving countrymen scornfully rejected by the English Parliament. The sight was more than his noble soul could bear, his heart broke within him. In May, 1847, he breathed his pure soul into the hands of his Creator, and then, to paraphrase the words of the poet Campbell:

"Hope in Old Ireland spoke its last farewell,
And freedom shrieked when Dan O'Connell fell."

We must now leave this land, made sacred by the blood of martyrs, and follow its exiles into foreign climes, that in doing so we may more easily see how the blood of Irish martyrs became the seed of Christians in every quarter of the universe.

By observing the rise of Christianity, anywhere and everywhere, from that day,

WHEN IRELAND BECAME CATHOLIC,

to the present day, we find her sons among the foremost promoting its sacred cause, and with it, I feel assured, they are destined to rise from the lowliest to the loftiest positions mankind has ever occupied. To those, however, who would speak more at length on this question I resign all the rest, and will look only to America for matter sufficient to prove my proposition.

Were it possible to note the progress of the Irish in this country without speaking, too, of their religion and their persecutors, the task would be, for me, a less difficult one, and the narrative, to my hearers, a little more interesting. So much, however, have the joint struggles of fourteen hundred years given in common to Hibernicism and Catholicism that it is now utterly impossible to speak of the one, without having also some references to the other. That the Irish should be persecuted in America is a fact which almost defies credulity. Jealousy, nevertheless, and the superstition were prominent features in the character of the Puritans of New England, and while bigotry narrowed the scope of their intellects. Ignorance, the offspring of such a union led its dupes into a state of unrelieved depravity, which gave rise to that deep rooted prejudice and leaves an indelible blot on the character of the English colonist.

After speaking of all that America owes to Catholicity, the speaker continued: Among the many things of which every worthy citizen of the great republic is justly proud, are the freedom of its institutions, the liberty of his conscience and that broad-mindedness which lends an air of superiority to the characteristic American. From this the questions naturally arise: Who are the Americans? And to whom are we indebted for the above legacy? Leaving the Indian out of the question, all others who live, or have lived in the country, are either foreigners or of foreign extraction, because they or their ancestors came here within the last four hundred years, and as such, when they become citizens of the country, have equal claims to its rights and titles.

There has, notwithstanding, been a continual war waged by non-Catholics against the Catholics, the former declaring themselves to be the authors of all that is good and noble in the country, which they picture the Catholics as a superstitious people from whom no good could arise. It becomes necessary for us now, in consequence, to reflect a little on the policy pursued by the Catholic settlers of this country, and also on the policy of the others, that we may be able to judge for ourselves, which is more likely to be a source from which

that stream of liberality takes its rise. At Plymouth, on the fourteenth of October, 1657, a law was passed, the following extract from which will clearly display a liberal

POLICY OF THE PURITANS

of New England: "And it is further enacted," says this law, "that every Quaker who shall come within this jurisdiction shall, for the first offence, have his ear cut off; and for the second offence shall have the other ear cut off, etc. And for every Quaker, he or she, that shall a third time herein again offend, shall have their tongues bored through with a hot iron." "It is hard to say," says an eminent writer of recent date, "whether the Puritan was more ferociously in earnest in his persecution of Quakers and Catholics, or in his extermination of witches."

Let us now compare these evidences of enlightenment with what Bancroft, the historian, says of the Catholic colony of Maryland: "Yet the happiness of the colony," he says, "was enviable. The persecuted and the unhappy thronged to the domains of the benevolent Lord Baltimore, etc. Emigrants arrived from every clime; and the colonial legislation extended its sympathies to many nations as well as many sects. From France came Huguenots; from Germany, from Holland, from Sweden, from Finland, and, I believe, from Piedmont, the children of misfortune sought protection under the tolerant spectre of the Roman Catholic. Bohemia itself, the country of Jerome and of Huss sent forth their sons who were at once made citizens of Maryland with equal franchises." He further remarks that, "the disfranchised friends of prelacy from Massachusetts, and the Puritan from Virginia, were welcomed with equal liberty of conscience and political rights in the Roman Catholic Province of Maryland." The Protestants, however, soon became masters here, then the Catholics were persecuted for their tolerance and generosity.

Having traced the story of persecution against Catholics from 1796, in the days of President Adams, on down to the famous—or rather infamous—Know-nothing movement of the nineteenth century, the lecturer said that, to day we find the same band of insatiable ingrates, in the persons of those public disturbers of religious tranquility who prowl through the country infesting society by their nefarious impositions, under the initial title of A. P. A.'s, which evidently means American Peace Antagonists. Their conduct is already too well known to all to need any repetition from me, while their vain clamorings against Pope and Popery clearly show whose disciples they are. Suffice it to say, therefore, that they have not the sympathy of the honorable and enlightened classes, even among Protestants. Their aims, too, are so low and their accusations so groundless that they are unworthy of refutation, and are sure to be the authors of their own destruction.

Great, however, as America is to-day, she is destined yet to be greater, but she shall arrive at the summit of potency on that day only, when she shall be Catholic. That day, too, may surely come, the following figures and facts will prove. In 1784 when Pope Pius VI. appointed Rev. John Carroll, Prefect Apostolic to the American Church, there only twenty-four thousand five hundred Catholics in the whole country. Then less than one hundred and twentieth of the entire population. To day the Catholics in the United States number from ten millions upwards, more than one-seventh of the population, which is equal to one-third of the church-going people; far outnumbering therefore, any one of the sects, and showing in defiance of all the bigotry of her opponents a wonderful increase in the Catholic population, while the others are proportionally decreasing. Bryant, Boston's renowned, but bigoted poet, must have foreseen this when he said:

"Truth, crushed to the earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes with pain,
And dies among its worshippers."

Yes, in the dreams of poetic fancy, Bryant must have visited the Roman catacombs, where, nineteen hundred years ago, the Catholic Church, the mother of truth, took refuge.

FROM THE TRAWLS OF PAGANISM.

He must have seen her, too, as she emerged from her subterranean confines, surmounting every obstacle, rising sup-

rior to every opposition, advancing higher and higher, in dignity and power, until, to day, despite all the intrigues of heresy, schism and Mohamedanism, she spreads out her maternal wings and fans the universe with the breath of Christian peace. And could he have directed his prophetic gaze towards the future, he would see, too, that she is destined to go on increasing ad infinitum, and be dissolved but in the mists of eternity.

I shall now endeavor to prove that the Irish have contributed more largely than any others towards making the United States Catholic, and that they have, consequently, a claim to the greatest reward. We must not, of course, forget that many other peoples also did much for the Church in America. Nor must it be understood that "we love others less, if we love the Irish more." To the genius of the Italian we are indebted for the land itself, on whose virgin shores the seeds of Christianity were first sown by the hand of the enterprising Spaniard. The Frenchman, too, with his undying zeal for religion, has irrigated with his life's blood the tender offspring of this Christian fervor, and is entitled to an honored place; while the German, playing no small part on the stage of American Catholicity, must be numbered among its most genial benefactors. In the first place, their language, although a grand mark of patriotic zeal, has a tendency to keep them clustered together in towns and villages and acts as a barrier, which prevents them from associating with the generality of people, thereby, confining to the limits of their own social and political circles all those lofty and sagacious qualities, by which they have been distinguished always and everywhere. But to the zeal of the Spaniard, and the constancy of the German, the enlightenment and the liberality of the Frenchman, the Irishman has added a more penetrative genius, a more ardent faith, a more liberal ability, and a more extended experience. He speaks, too, the language of the people, finds his way immediately into every department of American industry,

BUILDS HER CHURCHES AND HER SCHOOLS, her railroads and her cities, enters the very council chambers of the Republic itself, and there, by his superior ability and the integrity of his character, proves himself a worthy representative of his Creed or Country.

The number of his people also far exceeds that of any other foreign element. To no less authority than the Boston Pilot I am indebted for the following statement: "The total non-English population of the United States at present is, roughly speaking, 50,000,000; of which Irish by birth or descent, at a moderate estimate, are 20,000,000; Germans pretty nearly 10,000,000; French probably 2,000,000." From the same reliable source, we learn also that, "Irishmen either by birth or descent, hold positions in every department of importance in either church or state."

I now deem it safe to say, in conclusion, that when modern culture and a little more time will have removed the veil of bigotry from the fair face of America, when religious prejudice shall cease to exist, and virtue will receive its reward, to Irishmen will be assigned a place among the foremost men of the nation. Then, when the Irish harp, lulling to sleep every wave of discontent that disturbs the tranquil bosom of Columbia shall ravive the spirit of olden times, the world will acknowledge that the anticipations of Ireland's prophetic bard have been realized.

"The lion then shall lose his strength,
And the speckled thistle its power;
But the harp shall sound sweetly,
Between the eight and ninth hour."

Finally, when the Niobe of nations shall call around her all those who have aided her in developing her independence, liberty, and power, to allot to them their places in accordance with their merit, you shall see that monument of perpetual fame adorned with the emblems of many nations. High up towards its summit, and floating to the breeze of heaven, you shall behold the flags of the Frenchman and the German, the Italian and the Pole, but higher yet, above them all, right near the bright folds of the flag of liberty, shall wave the green banner of Ireland.

A contemporary contains an advertisement of a dog for sale. Among the good points of the animal are these: "He will eat anything, and is very fond of children."

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

BELL'S PLACE.

BY ROBERT B. MAY, AUTHOR OF "THE RPE CASTLE," ETC.

I.

Brothers; William and Harry Bell. The first an ironwork moulder, the other a turner in an earthenware factory. The town near which they worked was called Seggarton, forming a part of that district celebrated throughout England, in fact the world over, and known as the Staffordshire Potteries. William was a married man; Harry, the younger by some years and single, lived with him. About three miles from town, on the Trentham road, stood their cottage, pushed away in one corner by a lane, which, after burrowing across country from the nearest village, suddenly burst into the highway at this spot. The little dwelling was quite hidden by thick hedges and ancient trees which, in summer time, spread their leaves and built an arch, making natural sun-dials as the shadowy boughs drooped above the modest roof. Garden ground in front, evidently well looked after; and, in the rear, a large number of home made contrivances for the keeping of pigs and hens, and other domestic live stock, gave a good idea of the tastes and habits of the owner. Almost at the gate stood a finger-post giving the distance, thus: Normacott, three miles (up the lane); Trentham, five miles, (down the road); Seggarton, three miles, (up the road.) Bell's place, as folks called it, was known far and near, and for many just and unjust reasons. "The Potteries," at the time I refer to, bore no very great reputation for the thrift or enlightenment of its working population. On the contrary, many sad reports of their deep debasement and total lack of anything like self-help, either mental or physical, were on record. Good wages were earned and spent in the most degrading form of sport and cruelty. The home was but a stopping place for loutish fellows between the beer-house and their work, and men were "masters" of their wives in a far more brutal sense than local application of the term meant ever to convey. Bordering on the "Black Country," it almost seemed as though the lurid glare of blast furnaces, reflected on the dark horizon of the night, had struck into their hearts and withered up the source of human kindness and good will. And yet the country all around so fair. Thus, then, the Bell family were marked characters. Many chose to wonder how the men could live so far away from work, tramping morn and night that distance. And others thought that Madam was a bit too proud. Some said the children were stuck up little brats; and as for flowers and such like they gave to teacher at the school—"my gracious, anybody could do that, anyway—if they had 'em." But still no finger could they place upon a fault, but then, you know, one could be made to fit as easily as a glove upon the hand. A word dropped here and there in jealous spite, though but the outcome of untutored brain, must surely leave a train of mischief in its wake. Not all, however, quite so dense. A few there were who proudly hailed them brethren. These two were often called the Black and White Bells, a stupid word-play on the gentle flower, and the truly comical contrast presented when they walked together on their way from work. William, tall and brawny, a perfect Hercules in build, but so grimed with iron dust and sweat, his face so cut and slashed with molten metal, that even when he spoke or smiled his features seemed to crack the joints of a black and shining mask. And Harry, small and pale, in overalls without a waist and buttoned close around his neck, whitened from head to foot with potter's clay and looking something like a circus clown who had broken bounds and left behind his rouge pot and his grin. But brotherly affection is a pleasant sight; and as they spanked along the high street, bound for their country home, many a woman turned to look and, very likely, leclured on the subject to her 'man' that night.

II.

It was the first of May; a wonderfully bright and pleasant morning and a holiday as well. A double celebration in regard to the town, and a triple one for the Bell people. As thus, it was May Day. It was the opening of the new Town Hall at Seggarton and it was 'mother's'

birthday. Consequently, although it was early, and the sun had but just made up its mind to stay out for the day, the cottage door was wide open and much confusion and excitement going on inside. It is as well to mention this before the whole family, both old and young, appear. Some people cannot bear a noise. Nailed upon the finger-post was a placard giving the numerous attractions. Speeches and Dinner at the new Town Hall. Trip to Trentham Park, by kind permission of the Duke of Sutherland. Old English Maypole dance and games on Normacott Green. Fireworks, and many other minor affairs. About seven o'clock Harry drove up with an empty hay-cart and turned the horse's head direct towards Normacott, thus pointing out the direction of our party. "Here's Uncle," with a curdling yell, and down the garden came a fine procession of garlands, ribbons, bows and hawthorn branches, glistening with the morning dew, and tinkling bells and spangles threaded here and there. And paper flowers and flags and children mixed up somewhere in the moving mass, compared to which, it appears to me, Macbeth's Birnam Wood must have been a very poor show indeed. All this intended for the decoration of the horse and cart.

"Now, mother, come along, bring baby. Gerty, tell Charley to lift Bobby off his chair, he's got his feet stuck into the rungs—no, bring him, chair and all. Where's William Rufus; bless me, I do believe the lad's gone back to shave again. Now, Mary, papa's pet, jump; there we are, next the driver. Smack, (kiss) kiss, (smack.) Hold fast, here they come. Mother, baby, Gerty, Charley, Bobby, Tommy. Rufus! drop that, you scamp, and help your uncle. Two hampers, three baskets, ten bottles, one kettle and chairs for the lot. Hand 'em out, Harry."

At length the mother of this happy crew appeared, fair and plump and laughing and a goodly sight to see. And Gerty, the eldest girl, pretty and demure seventeen; and the others, pell mell, following.

Meantime, vehicles of every description had been crowding down the road; many drove straight past towards Trentham, but the majority pulled up and turned sharp around, bound for Normacott. And every inch of room was taken up in the angle of the road, and the finger post was well night cut in twain by butting wheels. And Mrs. Bell cried out in fear for the garden hedge, and doubled up her fist and smote at equine noses snivelling at the top. And the laughter and the chaffing. And the way the young men found that Gerty Bell had got too much to do, and cast the reins aside and ran for help.

"Now, Bell, your waggon stops the way," cried Mr. Dover, a Seggarton druggist, who drove a double seated buggy, "you know we've got to make the most of this," and he glanced at his party of three ladies. "That's what we all have to do," shouted back Mrs. Bell, "but look at you, a man with only three grown sisters and nothing else to care for." "You're wrong, sir; I've looked up my responsibility in the shop; but the key is in my pocket all the same." "Dover's afraid to miss a customer." "Not while you're here, my boy. My prune jar is safe at any rate, Mr. Gaston." "Mrs. Bell! Mrs. Bell! is that little Mary in the cart? Is she better? So glad. Oh, and, do please let Gerty ride with us." This came from a pony carriage wedged right in the middle of the throng. Mrs. Bell had, by this time, got things pretty well settled. She stood upon a chair at the foot of the cart, with her skirts discreetly tucked in, ready to ascend, and gazed serenely across. "Speech, speech." "Good morning, my dears; boys, you keep quiet. Yes, she's very much better. Wait until some of us get away, and you can take her up. She's in the house, waiting for Rufus to close the door." "Bother Rufus, drive on without him," came from every side.

Then, one by one, with merry jingling of bells and waving flags they filed away. Last of all, the little carriage stopping at the gate for Gerty. Very soon the scene was lonely once again. In the far, far distance the fast receding party looked like a gaudy ribbon, edged with green, pinned against the sky. A few moments afterwards, the young man, Rufus, the eldest son, came out of the house and locked the door. The key he placed upon a little ledge underneath the top step. Passing through the garden, he turned into the road, and shading his eyes, looked expectantly towards

town. Not seeing anything in sight, he walked slowly away. Almost directly, however, in a whirling cloud of dust, a large and noisy party drove up. They were about to draw rein, when seeing his figure in the distance, off they dashed again and speedily overtook him.

"Keep a chap waiting all day, why don't yer. Blest if I aint all cramped up. Yer do it mighty fine all of yer. Mr. Bell and his waggon stops the way, does it. I'll stop yer way. And you red-headed son, doing the grand so independent like. And where's the differ' 'twixt thee and mine. There aint no better moulder in the town than me. And look at us. A musty, fusty room or two, and the Missis—and the kid a lying sick. Where's the Normacott Green for thee, my laas."

From beneath a heap of straw and an overturned cart near at hand, crept the speaker, a tall and in many respects a fine looking man, evidently primed with liquor. "Yes, Will, you and I can cry quits now. Easier job than I thought, thanks to red head. Where's the paper. Here it is; looks like a cheque of some kind. And what's this? Molly's physic, I do declare. Lor that's too bad; forgot all about it. Too late now, must get on to fair ground after the little business here. Jim, my son, take a drink. Accepting his own invitation from a flask he took from his pocket, the man who had called himself Jim peered cautiously around. He then boldly entered the garden, took the door key from where he had seen it put, and let himself into the house. Not a sound to be heard. Not a solitary footstep upon the road.

III.

It would be a most grateful task to describe in detail the really unique sight upon Normacott Green, but matters of incident claim attention rather than a more lengthy introduction of them. A gigantic Maypole erected in the exact centre of the field was the chief point of attraction, from whence radiated the various games and competitions. Many a hero proudly walked the sward that day, victors in the strife of speed and strength. Even in this mimic war there were clans and followers, and shouts and cheers and counter cheers marked the progress of each well contested sport. Towards the north end, and where there was a long stretch of perfectly level ground, a great crowd had gathered. This was the racing track. About four o'clock a bell rang for the first event. This was a two mile race open to moulders of any foundry. Excitement ran high. Not only was the track fringed on either side with spectators, but carriages crowded with the chief residents of Seggarton formed an animated background. Two open broughams were drawn up close to the starting place, in which were seated the judges; in the other the ladies of the Gartside family accompanied by Mr. James, the junior member of the firm. Miss Emily Gartside had consented to present the various prizes. After the usual routine of solemn preparation the runners gathered for the start, our friend William Bell included, and apparently first favorite. Many were in regular racing costume and seemed to attach a vast importance to a certain lacing and unlacing of boots, drawing in the belts, scraping of feet, as if they were on a door mat, and other contortions—all due, no doubt, to the disturbing eyes of beauty looking down upon them. Bell, however, simply doffed his coat and threw it to a person near the ropes. "Here, Jim, hold that," said he, and then stood ready with the rest.

Off with the pistol-shot and away they go. Once round the track, again and again, one lap more; and the dash for home. The finest race this many a day, my lads, and Bell the winner by a yard. With a mighty rush they reach the goal, a dozen arms to catch them as they cross the line. Yes, that's true; Bell is the first. He staggers on, a distance past, and then falls plump into someone's grasp. This happens to be the Seggarton Police Inspector. But what is strange, he doesn't seem to let him go again.

(To be continued)

The English Language.—Caller, inquiring of hotel clerk at 9 a.m.: Is Mr. Jones up? Clerk: Yes sir. Caller: Is he down? Clerk: Yes, sir. Caller: Ah, thanks. I'll step into the breakfast room and see him.

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WEDNESDAY.....MAY 1, 1895

OUR NEW ABODE.

As announced in our last issue THE TRUE WITNESS will henceforth be published at No. 253 St. James street, and we invite all our friends to call upon us at that address. After over fifteen years at the old stand, 761 Craig street, we are about to say adieu to its memory-haunted precincts and our next issue will come forth from a new establishment. Even in this age of change and rush there is a certain feeling of sadness connected with every permanent separation. One grows attached to a locality, not so much on account of its attractions as the associations that cling to it. It may no longer suit the business of life, but it saw many of the struggles of the past. The home of our childhood is even so; the land of his birth has the same influence upon the exile. He would not care to live there again, but he would like to revisit its well-remembered scenes—perhaps only to find there a great disillusion, but no matter. It is thus that we feel regarding the familiar offices that we leave. We expect that, for some time to come, as we saunter down in the morning, with a head full of plans and ideas for the day's contributions, we will turn along Craig street and only awake from the day-dream in presence of the door that no longer bears THE TRUE WITNESS sign.

But be that as it may, we look upon this move as the marking of another in the history of the good, old Catholic organ. By dint of intercourse, and especially of weekly communion of spirit, the editor comes to feel that he is personally acquainted with every reader and that each one is a particular friend. Therefore it is painful—not from the mere standpoint of a subscription—whenever one of those, with whom weekly con-

verse has been long held, disappear from the list. When death claims anyone of the number it is our mournful duty to record the sad event, and to keep the soul in memory in all humble petitions thereafter; when for other reasons a subscriber drops out of the number we feel a pang of regret, and hope to again renew the acquaintance; and when, for obvious reasons, we are obliged to discontinue the paper to any address, the feeling is far from pleasant. No one in this world ever cares to curtail the number of his friends; in the short span of life everyone considers that friends are always less numerous than desirable.

But, on the other hand, when we find, as happily, during the past few months, new names are constantly being added to the number of those readers, we rejoice proportionately, for we feel that each line we write, each thought we express, each effort we make, serves to please, instruct, amuse, or interest one more in the world. The grand aim of a Catholic paper is to do the greatest possible amount of good, to spread the greatest possible number of blessings on all sides, and it is encouraging to know that the public co-operates with the journal and reciprocates the good will and interest of its constituted mouth-piece.

Looking back over the few years that we have had the honor and pleasure of editing THE TRUE WITNESS, we will ever recall the many memorable days spent in the old offices. It was there that we first made the acquaintance of hundreds of cherished friends; it was there that thousands of obstacles, far greater than the world will ever know, were steadily overcome; it was there that the organ received the impetus that started it upon the successful path which it now follows; it was there that many a discouraging cloud was dispelled and that beams of hope and perseverance were constantly rekindled; it was there that many a kind one was welcomed whose footsteps are heard no longer in the aisles of time; it was there that associations of kindred spirits were formed that shall live as long as memory lasts.

On all these we look with grateful remembrance, and as we close these doors, for a last time, we extend a hearty shake of the hand to the Past, and turn our gaze to the promising Future. In our new abode we will be in a more central place, and a locality more in accord with the rapid progress which THE TRUE WITNESS is now making. At this hour, when it seems to us that a new era is beginning for the Catholic journalism of our Province, we can well recall the words of Denis Florence McCarthy:

"The Past shines clear and pleasant,
There is prospect in the Present,
And the Future, like a crescent,
Lights the deepening sky of Time,
And that sky will yet grow brighter.
If the Worker and the Writer
And Sceptre and the Mitre
Join in sacred bonds sublime."

Let our Catholic public unite heartily with us in this glorious work and the day is not distant when the voice of our press will be a mighty factor in moulding the destinies of our people.

THE TRUE WITNESS will henceforth be published at No. 253 St. James street. In a few days our new offices will be completely fixed up and a hearty welcome will await all our friends. Not only will our abode be a new one, but the paper will appear very soon in an entirely new dress—as the ladies say—according to the latest styles. The only thing that will not be new about the whole business is the spirit of the paper; that, like the Church, must remain unchanged. Please, do not forget the address.

GLADSTONE.

Three great men—born about the same time—still live to be in turn admired, criticized, respected, misunderstood, praised, condemned, by a generation that was unborn when they had spent over half a century of life. Different in many respects, still they are the three great monumental figures of the nineteenth century; its declining sun flashes rays of glory upon their white and venerable heads, even as the setting sun lights up the snow-clad summits of the giant Alps. They are Bismarck, Gladstone and Leo XIII. The last is in every sense the greatest. It is with the second of this trinity of octogenarians that we have to do in our present article.

So much has been written about Gladstone, as a statesman, a *litterateur*, and an orator, that it would be superfluous to go over the numerous claims that he has to the admiration, veneration and applause of the world. Brilliant as the sun is, still astronomers discover specks upon its disc: in the checkered and wonderful career of this Grand Old Man there are many of his efforts that cannot receive the universal approbation of the world, in his literary works there are to be found theories and ideas with which the impartial cannot agree. But no one has ever claimed infallibility for the venerable statesman, much less has any one ever pretended that he was perfect. Otherwise he would not be human. With all the errors of judgment, harshness of action, or peculiarity of expressions on certain subjects, in one scale, and his gigantic services to mankind in the other, the latter outweighs the former in a most pronounced manner. The last fifteen years of Gladstone's public life should suffice to repair any mistakes that the forty or fifty years previous might contain. Though actually retired from the Premiership of Great Britain, it is evident that he is still the most important personage in the realm. Virtually he is still the First Minister, and the mutations of the times might, at any moment, cause him to place anew his hand upon the helm of state.

Thus contemplating that extraordinary figure—old but apparently filled with the vitality of a perpetual youth—it may be of interest to all who admire his talents and are grateful for the blessings he has bestowed upon the world, to know something about his active life. His upward course has been rapid, yet steady; unlike most men he appears to have been on the threshold of some new period of life, after closing an epoch sufficiently long and sufficiently studded with important events and achievements to suffice for an ordinary man's whole career. We have taken a few of the leading distance-marks along that dusty, yet flower-strewn, difficult, yet triumphant highway. We will not comment very much upon them, for to all who know the history of the last three quarters of a century, comment would be unnecessary.

On the 29th December, 1809, W. E. Gladstone was born in the city of Liverpool. Thus the greatest sea-port of England—or in fact of the world—bathed the birth of a child destined to do more for the augmentation of England's commercial influence than any other individual of the nineteenth century. At the age of twenty-two (1831) he graduated at Oxford, young in years, but old in the wisdom and lore of both ancient and modern times. The following year (1832) he entered Parliament. It was evident from the very beginning that his vocation was the political arena; and even at that period he had done

sufficient to attract the attention of the great critic and essayist Macaulay. In two years from his first entry into public life (1834) he was made Junior Lord of the Treasury; and one year later (1835) he became Under Colonial Secretary. This office he resigned the same year. Apparently political preferment came more rapidly than he desired. Already he felt his own power and had confidence in the future—hence his independent spirit.

In 1838 Mr. Gladstone married. He was twenty-nine years of age, full of ambition, but apparently more anxious for literary than for political success. In 1839 he blazed forth as a pamphleteer—a phase of work which he seems, till this day, to glory in. "The State in Relation to the Church," appeared in the autumn of that year, and in 1840 came his "Church Principles Considered." In 1841 he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade. This position he resigned in 1845 to become Colonial Secretary. In 1846 he resigned office. It is remarkable how often in his early career Gladstone resigned positions that the usual man of aspirations and political ambition would covet and seek to retain. An evidence that neither office nor emolument had great attraction for him.

In the troubled year of 1847 he advocated Freedom for Jews, and placed himself on record as a man of specially large views and high ideals. The next important turn in the kaleidoscope of his career took place in 1852, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Three years later—1855—he again resigned office. In 1858 he was appointed Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Isles. In the midst of the countless duties of that period he gave the world his "Studies of the Homeric Age." Greek had always a fascination for him, and he is reputed one of the best Hellenic scholars of the age. In 1859 he again became Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1865—in his fifty-sixth year—we find him leader of the House of Commons. It would seem, to the ordinary observer, and considering the general shortness of human life, that he certainly was "on the wrong side of fifty," and that his years of usefulness could not be many. Far from it however!

In 1866 he was leader of the Opposition, and two years later—1868—he became Prime Minister of England. During all this time his literary works were constantly pouring out upon the world—just as if he had nothing to do but study and write. In 1869 he performed the first great act that might be called a forecast of his future course. It was that year that he carried the Irish Disestablishment. The following year came the Irish Land Bill. And in 1871 he brought about the abolishing of purchase of army commissions, and of confiscation under the penal laws. That same year his native city was adorned with a statue of her gifted and now famous son.

In 1873 the Irish University reforms were proposed. That year he resigned and again resumed power. But he resumed the Premiership only to dissolve Parliament in 1874. Then came a period of transition in which his views on certain subjects—especially those connected with Irish affairs—seemed to be undergoing considerable change. It was dawned upon him that other methods than Coercion Acts and Arms Bills were necessary in order to render justice to a long-suffering people. In 1879 came his great Midlothian triumph. Amidst all these events his "Homer Synchronism," "Gleanings of Past Years," and other

important contributions to the literary wealth of the age came forth from his treasure-house of knowledge.

In 1880 he is again Prime Minister; during five years he held power—still gradually and perceptibly becoming more and more inclined to the grand cause which he took up, with all his power, eloquence and statesmanship, toward the close of his life. In 1885 he resigned, only to again become Prime Minister in 1886. It was during this period, and prior to the Salisbury success, that he brought in the Home Rule measure, and forever allied himself with the cause of Ireland. In 1892 he again became Prime Minister—for a fourth time in his life—and in 1893 he had the triumph of carrying Home Rule through the Commons. The measure was defeated by the Lords; but Gladstone had succeeded in the Lower and Popular House. The story of his resignation on account of failing eye-sight and ill-health is too fresh to need recalling. To-day he is as ready for work as he was fifty years ago. No wonder they call him the Grand Old Man!

THE MONTH OF MAY.

At this season, when May in all her beauty, sunlight and balmy breezes, approaches, we recall those memorable lines of that sweet singer, Denis Florence McCarthy:

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May!"

All through the long nights and cold winter are we watching for the glorious spring. The lengthening days, the flushing dawns, the golden sunsets, the budding trees, the opening flowers, the bubbling streams, the sweeping rivers, the singing breezes, the returning birds, and all the rejuvenating signs that accompany the revival of nature, have charms for man that painter can never trace nor poet describe. May comes like the message of freedom to the prisoners of winter, like a promise of new life to the dejected and despairing, like a beam of glory shooting through clouds of mourning. It is the month of exultation, because it is the forerunner of the beautiful season when earth rejoices in the all the attractiveness that the Almighty bestows upon nature.

But even with the advent of beautiful May there is a gloomy thought in the experience that the month of verdure must pass and that we yet must return to the autumn's bleakness and the winter's dreariness, and again find ourselves "longing," and "sighing" for the May. This second thought brings back the last stanza of the poem just quoted:

"Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!"

But while sweet May is with us let us enjoy all the gifts that she brings. Let us drink in fresh vigor from the pure air; revel in the fragrance that the flowers shed, rise with the morning bird to salute the sun, and put on a smiling countenance in imitation of nature. When the days grow longer, and more lightsome, when the sky is purest and bluest, when the choristers in the aisles of the forest temple sing their liveliest hymns, let us thank God—the Bountiful Giver—for all these blessings, and kneel in gratitude for the glories of the May.

If May is a month of rejoicing for all the children of men, particularly for the Roman Catholics, for the true child of the Church, is there reason for exultation and happiness, holy thought and

sweet reflections. It is the month, consecrated, in a special manner, to the honor of Mary, the Blessed Mother of God. It is her month and most appropriately is it so. The most loveable creature that ever came from the Hand of the Creator should be remembered by her children during the most lovely season of the year. From time immemorial both young and old have taken delight in decorating the altars of Mary. No wonder that the flowers should spring up and bloom in all their variegated attractiveness, for even nature must pay tribute to the Queen of Heaven.

The chill winter of centuries had come upon the world; the snows of misfortune had fallen upon humanity, grim death, fruit of man's sad disobedience, had gone forth amidst the human race; but there was a promise of a future summer-time of happiness and redemption. Throughout that long, dreary, miserable periods of expectancy,

"Man was ever ready waiting,
Waiting for the May"

waiting for the fulfilment of the prophetic messages, the accomplishment of the Eternal sublime promise of the sunlight of moral emancipation, the golden season of salvation.

At last the time came, the streams of spiritual life that had been frozen during the four thousand years, burst their icy barriers and leaped forth exultantly; the flowers and fruits of merit and reward, that had been covered by the snows, ever since the gems were sown, sprouted into life, bloom and beauty; the cold winds of misery that careered across that desolate expanse gave place to the sweet zephyrs of hope—breezes that were the precursors of the Messiah. But before the fulness of time, before the June of Redemption, came the vision of May. Between the departing winter of suffering and the approaching summer of emancipation was the May season of consolation, promise, brilliancy and delight, Mary—the Mother of the Christ—was the creature appointed to herald in the lengthening days of the warmest love. May should, therefore, be her own month—the month of her predilection.

Let the heartless infidel or the cold souled bigot rave against the Blessed Virgin and her claims upon our gratitude and affection; her altars will be strewn with flowers, her shrines will be adorned with lights, her name will be honored and "called blessed" the world over, and millions of her faithful children will chant her praises and go to her with their petitions during the sweet month of May.

There are men and women who purposely refuse to pay homage to Mary. They have so been taught and they cling to the cold, hollow, heartless, unlovely, and unloveable faith that can pretend to be Christian and yet ignore the one who brought the Divine Founder of Christianity into the world. They claim to love, to obey, to follow and to please Jesus. Yet they despise the Mother that bore Him, the being He most loved, obeyed, and cherished. They imagine that they please the Son by insulting the Mother. Let them carry that principle into private life and take the same attitude towards their neighbors, refuse his mother the honor she deserves, ridicule, laugh at and belittle her, and then claim friendship with that neighbor. That men should be so unmanly does not always surprise us; but that women—who are mothers, wives and daughters—could blindly follow their male teachers in a life-crusade against the most perfect model of motherhood, of conjugal perfection and filial devotion. Ah! "they know not what they do."

But let the world go on in its irrever-

ence and negligence of the most consoling of all practices; the Catholic has not only his own poor, feeble, sinful self to rely upon, he has an avenue to the Heart of Jesus through the medium of the Blessed Virgin that nursed the Divine Child. And we are told that it never was known that any one appealed in vain to Mary. During this glorious month of May let us hasten to her shrine and there make reparation for all the insults that so grieve the most tender of mothers, the most exalted of Queens. Nature furnishes the flowers, and the Church opens the doors of her temples. Every evening the devotions of the month of Mary take place, and around her altars, brilliant with the feeble lights that poor human hands can place there, rich with the perfumes of earth's off-spring of May, richer still with the odors of piety and heavenly love, the faithful will meet and celebrate her glories while fulfilling the prophetic words of the Gospel that "all generations shall call her Blessed."

Behold the sunrise of May; like Mary appearing on the hill-tops of the East after the night of sin's bondage to the race! Behold the pure sky, the unmeasured dome of glory that canopies the earth in May; beyond its uttermost confines, in the unending splendors of her reign, Mary sits upon a throne prepared for her by the One she called Son, and from out the throng of pure spirits that wait upon her, smiles down her recompense upon earth's children. The smiles of May are the sweetest of the year; the smiles of Mary are the purest and most beautiful, the sweetest and most lovely of all created beings. Hail Mary, Queen of May!

TWO MARVELS.

We copy the following from the London Tablet of April 13th, last:

"Mr. Alfred Webb, M. P., who went over to India to preside at the 'National Congress' is publishing his 'Impressions regarding India' in the papers. Though he was able to spend but three months in our great dependency he came back with one very distinct impression. "I more fully realize than ever," he tells us, "that the British Empire and the Catholic Church are the greatest marvels in history." Mr. A. Webb is an Irish Nationalist member and a Protestant, so that his testimony is the more emphatic. He further says; "The missionaries are doing a great work, mainly among children and outcasts. It does not appear to me that they are making much impression upon the educated intelligence of the country. The Catholics are having most influence. This is doubtless partly owing to the absolute singleness of purpose—the undivided interest—with which their celibate clergy and men and women of the religious orders are able to work."

That Mr. Webb should consider the British Empire and the Catholic Church to be the greatest marvels of the age is in no way surprising. As far as the great Empire is concerned every British subject of Mr. Webb's standing is of the same opinion—whether rightly or wrongly. In the same sense as an American believes that the United States is the most wonderful land on earth, the Britisher has the idea that not only the sun never sets upon England's Dominions, but even that there are no other dominions in the world worth being illumined by the heavenly orb. This is natural and it is creditable, for it is an evidence of patriotism.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never, to himself, has said—"

this is my native land, the greatest, most glorious country on earth, the marvel of

the century? But whether or not the British Empire is one of the greatest marvels of the age, it is certain that the Catholic Church is the greatest wonder, not only of this age, but of all the centuries since the day of creative miracles.

Its history alone is the history of nineteen centuries; its triumphant career amidst obstacles, the slight of which would suffice to overthrow any other institution that ever existed; its vitality and perpetual youth; its very sameness amidst all the mutations of time—all go to stamp it as a marvel of construction, solidity, perfection. There is no explanation for the existence of the Catholic Church as she is to day, except in the fact of the Divinity of her Founder and that other fact of His perpetual presence with her.

But what we deem the most important statement of Mr. Webb is that in which he attributes the influence of the Catholic missionaries to "the absolute singleness of purpose—the undivided interest—with which their celibate clergy, and men and women of the religious orders are able to work." Here is an evidence of the wisdom of the Church and of the greatness of the institution. The celibacy of the clergy—so much belittled by those who are interested in its abolition—is the most perfect index of a missionary vocation and the most auxiliary in the fulfilment of the sacred duties of that exceptional calling.

Leaving aside all controversial arguments—from the Sacred Scriptures or elsewhere—it is obvious to even the least reflecting that the person who divests himself of all earthly attachments, is unburdened with the cares that are necessarily incident to domestic life, must be the better equipped and prepared for the service of Christ in the ministry. We have evidence of this truth in the multitude of cases that, in times of plague, of war, of epidemic, and in crusades of missionary work into barbaric lands, present themselves. The Catholic priest has no ties binding him to the family hearth, no obligations to fulfil toward wife or children, no fears of depriving others of their bread-winner or of carrying disease into the home he has to build up. He goes forth free and unshackled. When he takes the vow of celibacy he leaves all behind, like the ancient conqueror he burns the ships that might carry him back to a refuge from the stern duty ahead. It is thus that he can devote his life, his energies, his talents and all the gifts that God gave him to the holy cause in which he has embarked.

And as it is with the priest, so is it, in another sphere, with the nun. "She barter for Heaven the glory of earth." Her's is a life of joy, happiness, hope, even though the world may think it one of great privation any misery. She has had one great battle in life to fight, one great sacrifice to make, and if her religious vocation be her true one, she comes out not only victorious, but for all time to come a contented person. That battle takes place before making her final vows; it is there she has to weigh all the pros and cons, to study the future, to fathom the depths of her course, to decide between the world and all its attractions and the life of retirement with all its labors and only eternal rewards. Then is it that she makes the one great sacrifice of her being to God.

Once that step taken the battle is over, the victory is here; the past life, with its glitter, becomes a dim memory, and the consolations of the future are all hidden beneath the thorns of duty.

No wonder that Mr. Webb detected the secret of the Catholic Church's missionary success. The fireside missionary cannot understand it,—it is too divine a life for the comprehension of

"The lazy philosophers, self-seeking men,
The fire-side philanthropists, great with the pen."

A TALK WITH MRS. SADLIER.

A CHAT WITH THE AGED AU THORESS.

HOW SHE CAME TO WRITE HER STORIES THAT HAVE DONE SO MUCH TO PRESERVE THE FAITH—HER RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, THAT "NOBLE, WARM HEARTED MAN."

A friend of mine was wont to say "that one of the most vivid memories of a busy life was as a boy, lying on the green sward that fringed a little Irish river, reading the 'Fate of Father Sheehy.'" His story runs that he could hardly see the print for tears; and so great was his emotion that he thought his little heart would break. Since those days he has wandered far, and read much, but the effect of the heroic life of a priest in the penal times, sealing faith with his life, still continues the most vivid of book impressions. In hearing such a tale, if the listener is as the writer, given to the curious, he will naturally ask, Who wrote the book? To this my friend would reply, with an ominous head-shake, and the sad intelligence that the author had long since joined the majority; to use his own phrase, "had donned the white robe."

This was convincing. Imagine my surprise, a few months ago at a dinner-party in Montreal, to be told that my friend was deceived, and consequently deceiving others; that the author, hale and hearty, still lived, as full of love for Erin, as in the old days when, in burning words and hearty patriotism she told the "Fate of Father Sheehy." "Would I like to see her?" said one of the company, who evidently had a notion that my smile of surprise was one of scepticism. Here I confess to a weakness. A recent critic has noticed it, and, of course, has demanded that I say mea culpa, etc. I say it here. That weakness is to see those who have made life less hard to bear. There are many ways of doing this; very many. Writing books—good books,—is one of them. "Would I like to see her?" I turned the phrase up and down in my mind, and without any parley I answered "Yes, I would like to see her, if your kindness will allow you to make an arrangement to that effect." The arrangement was made. A few days later I rang the door-bell of Mrs. Sadlier's modest home. No sooner was the door opened than a genuine Irish welcome fell on my ears, and a warm hand-clasp made me at home.

My host was more than seventy, yet her skin was fresh, the tinge of the rose still lingered in her cheeks, while her gray Irish eyes lit up the face with a sweetness that rarely accompanies old age. Despite her years she is still active, activity rounded with a grace that makes you forget her age. It is only when she commences to speak of the long ago, that you realize her years. As we sat in the little dining room, what a flood of memories she evoked. She had known the most prominent Irishmen of her day. She was the dearest friend of the ill-fated D'Arcy McGee, whose poems, as a labor of love, she edited. Brownson was a "dear friend" who had kept herself and husband to the dawn, listening "to his delightful talk." Her house was Brownson's home in his flying lecturing trips to Montreal. The memory of one of the most original thinkers of America, one whose thoughts were ever high and noble, is enshrined in Mrs. Sadlier's heart.

Listening to her converse, the Brownson of the Review, strong, self-willed, indefatigable, sledge-hammering the pigmies, strewing the ground with their armament, is forgotten for the calm, scholarly kind-hearted gentleman in an easy chair, talking de omni scibile. In the course of our desultory chat I asked Mrs. Sadlier how she became a writer.

"Well, it was in this way, Doctor. I premise that you know I was born in Ireland," and the eyes flashed merrily. "My maiden name was Mary Anne Madden; my birthplace Cooteville, County Cavan, and the year, oh! its so long ago, 1820. Before leaving Ireland, in 1844, I had written a few sketches for

a London ladies' magazine. On my arrival in America I became conscious of my work. Every ship was freighted with emigrants, the best and noblest of Ireland's children. Amid the snares and temptations of their new land, would they hold fast to the faith and love of country? Distance not only lends enchantment to the view; in many cases it wipes it out. Of this I had sad knowledge. These exiles, so full of faith, piety and love for the land that first greeted their eyes, would (alas! that there was such a probability) become careless, callous, and anchor weighed, drift away from the old moorings. You must remember, those were the days of poverty for our race—Banished from Ireland, they landed penniless on these shores. The safeguards of today were then unknown. Credit to these exiles for their building. Pricats were few, churches far apart, convents a luxury, while a bitter pre-judice was rampant against all things Irish and Catholic. Our own people, owing to the penal laws, and little education. They felt its lack, and the giant efforts they made to build schools and colleges for their children, show how they appreciated what was, through no fault of theirs, wanting to their life. Could I not help? In 1846 I married the New York publisher, Mr. James Saddler, who was asking himself a similar question. He urged me to write.

"What was I to write? What! I had long solved that question. I was to help the priests in their work of saving souls. I would write for, as my friend McGee called them, the 'poor exiles of Erin.' In a simple, easy style, I would paint the land of their love, the gray Irish sky, with, as you have written somewhere, Doctor, 'that spirit bird, the Irish lark, dropping the songs the angels have told him, the green fields, the heath clad hills, rivers, lakes, peat-bogs, everything that responded to a touch on memory's key. Amid these scenes, I would paint that glowing Irish Faith, which like Erin's shamrocks, as sung by McCarthy,

"The more they're trod, rebound the more,
"In weaving the past, sad and lonely.

That lesson, my life work, was the preservation of the old faith, and a bit of their heart for green Erin. You cannot understand, Doctor, how the exiled Irish cling to Cusma ma-cree. How my friend Douglas Hyde would have loved to hear that sentence from the old exile's heart. "One of most popular books, I believe, was 'Willy Burke.' That was a prize story. In those days the 'Pilot,'—will the Irish ever forget that name? what has it not done for their race?—was edited by Father Rodden. Dr. Brownson suggested to the editor, and since then my dear friend, the proprietor, Patrick Dunahoe, to offer a prize for the best Irish story. I won it with it 'Willy Burke,' and received fifty dollars. Many a book has come from my pen since 'Willy Burke,' but they have had the same idea ever in mind, faith and fatherland."

Mrs. Sadlier forgot to add that she had inculcated in the exile, love to the land of his adoption. In one of her few poems, "The Irish Soldier of our Civil War on a Battle Eve," blends Erin and Columbia:

"For fighting in Columbian's cause,
I fight for home and stre-land,
For the welcome kind, the equal laws
She gave our kin from Ireland.
Her flag is ours, her glory, too,
For does not all remind us—
That she hath been both loyal and true,
To the land we left behind us."

Mrs. Sadlier was full of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, that "noble, warm-hearted man." One of her stories is worth telling. Between the forties and sixties, it was the usual way at festive gatherings to caricature the Irishman, and put in his mouth in the shape of a song, some brutal fling at his native land. The majority of the prominent Irishmen in Montreal took this as a meaningless joke. Not so the poet. He determined to show his disapproval. It was not long until he had a chance. Asked to a meeting, the usual caricature came along. The audience laughed. Their pleasure was short. At its finish Mr. McGee jumped to his feet, and burning with indignation, lashed the committee for permitting such a vile outrage on an ancient and honorable race. He left the hall, and with him many a shame-faced countryman aroused by his manly attitude. That was the end from both ends towards the centre, then of caricature in the Dominion. I wish his example was followed in the States. The snatches she

quoted in vindication of the poet's love for "his Erin afar o'er the sea," are as applicable to herself:

"Where'er I turned, some emblem still
Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill,
Some wild-bird's whistle call'd me back."

And again:

"O Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off
lands a sign,
Let it be some token still of the Green Old
Land once mine;
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be
dearer far to me
Than all the wines of the Rhineland, or the
art of Italia."

Dinner was done. I rose and with many a cheery word of good-by to the gracious-hearted and noble-souled Irish-woman, who was one of our first pioneers in Catholic American literature, and whose faith was at the bottom of her every written word.

My last sight of her was from a Montreal platform, while reading one of my Adirondack sketches. The sweet, motherly face was nodding approval. A few hours after I was hurrying to my hermitage, in the bleak but loving Adirondacks.

WALTER LECKY,
In the Catholic News.

A NEW CONVENT

AT OUTREMONT—A HANDSOME STRUCTURE TO BE ERECTED.

The Ladies of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary (Hochelaga Convent) have decided to shortly abandon their present quarters at Hochelaga, and to build handsome quarters on their new property at Outremont, where they have acquired a very large farm for the purpose. The building, it is said, will do honor to the locality and will be six stories in height and fitted with all the latest improvements. The building will cost about \$150,000, and will be built of Canadian stone with fire proof divisions.

DEATH OF AN URSULINE.

Died at the Ursuline Academy, Cleveland, April 16, Sr. M. Benedict (Elizabeth Bowan.) The immediate cause of death was paralysis. Deceased was born in Ireland, came to Cleveland with her parents when young and entered the convent at the age of nineteen. She spent thirty years of her life in serving the Lord in the religious life.

The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel on Thursday, 8 o'clock. After Mass the remains were taken to Villa Angela, Nottingham, O., and entombed in the Ursuline burial vault.

"AMERICA."

"Walter Lecky, a sparkling, comparatively new Catholic literary luminary says:

A letter from Rome informs me of the arrival of that "amorphous, commonplace, grammarless, idealess twaddle," "America," written by the Rev. Samuel F. Smith. The colossal egotism of this divine is seen in this sentence. He (the Rev. Smith) "trusts" that his unspeakably bad production, "America," "might inspire in the oppressed people of Europe a saving patriotism and a love of liberty." It is safe to say that "America" will remain untranslated, and hence its liberty-inspiring ideas be pigeon-holed in the Vatican."—Exchange.

SARFIELD OFFICERS.

Sarfield Court, No. 133, C.O.F., at a recent meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Chas. Burns, chief ranger; R. J. Brogan, vice-chief ranger; A. E. O'Neale, recording secretary; P. T. Brennan, financial secretary, pro tem; M. Kasman, treasurer; T. Cougher, B. Feeney, and F. M. Feron, trustees; J. A. McDonald, medical examiner; B. Feeney, alternate; J. Callen, marshal; J. Guertin, delegate.

BLESSED THE SEEDS.

On Thursday morning at the Cathedral, His Grace Archbishop Fabre officiated at the blessing of the seeds, which always is a feature of St. Mark's Day. The ceremonies were interesting and concluded with the celebration of Mass.

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—MONTREAL—

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The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of this Bank will be held at its office, St. James street, on

TUESDAY, the 7th MAY NEXT, at ONE o'clock p.m.

for the reception of the annual report and statements and the election of directors.

By order of the Board,
HY. BARBEAU, Manager.
Montreal, 27th March, 1895. 88-4

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RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Rev. C. B. Tarr, S.J., of Baltimore, died recently in Florida.

The report of the Cincinnati seminary collections, for 1894, shows total receipts of \$3,510.09.

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati will occur on March 29th of next year.

Much regret has been caused in Castle-comer, County Kilkenny, Ireland, by the death of Sister Nano. Sister Nano's name in the world was Miss Phelan.

There are at the present time eighty students for the priesthood at the Damien Institute in Aershot, Belgium, who intend to devote their lives to the evangelization of the lepers in Oceania.

Father DeGroot, who has been installed in the chair of Catholic philosophy, recently founded in the University of Amsterman, is not a Jesuit, as has been erroneously stated. He is a Dominican.

Miss A. M. Gale has recently been received into the Catholic Church by the Very Rev. Canon Barry, V.G., at St. James' Standish Place, London. She is a niece of Lord Belpher and a grand-niece of Sir Frederick Milbank, Bart.

European papers announce the death at Swansea of Mother Mary Joseph, one of the Community of the Ursulines of Jesus at St. Mary's Convent. The deceased lady, who was an octogenarian, had been thirty-four years attached to the Catholic mission at St. Joseph's.

Mother De Pazzi Hogan died recently at the Presentation Convent, Kilkenny. Mother De Pazzi was born seventy-three years ago, in Gaulstown, parish of Muckalee. She entered the convent in March, 1846, and was thus forty-nine years a nun.

The Catholic Bishop of Tarsus says that since 1850, 200,000 people have returned to the Catholic Church in Armenia, and the sixteen dioceses have been erected there within the last forty years. This increase is fully as wonderful as the Church has enjoyed in many other countries.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan has accepted the invitation of the Bishop of Orleans to preside with the Archbishop of Tours at the celebrations to be held in Paris on May 7th and 8th, in honor of the anniversary of the siege of Orleans by Jean of Arc in 1429.

At Venice recently thieves broke into the Church of the Frari, stole the golden chalice with the communion wafers and threw the wafers into the street. No one dared to touch them till the priests came out in procession and picked them up. The Patriarch has ordered expiatory services in all the churches of Venice.

Bishop Brennan, formerly of Dallas, Texas, and more recently of St. John's, New Foundland, has been chosen to fill one of the chairs in the new ecclesiastical college which the congregation of the Propaganda is about to establish in Constantinople.

The decree of beatification of the Venerable Bernardo Realini, of the Company of Jesus, and that on the heroic virtues of the Venerable Vincenzo Romano were solemnly read on the 25th of March at the Vatican, in presence of the Holy Father, who delivered an address, in which he spoke of the pleasure it afforded him to give a fresh proof of his affection for the Jesuits through the coming beatification of the Venerable Realini. The general of the Jesuits was present.

An Alsatian Cure, Pere Burz, of Molkirch, has, in conjunction with an M. Zimmer, invented a new type setting machine which is said to mark a great advance on all previous inventions of a similar kind. Several leading German journals have already adopted the Burz Zimmer machine, and all the descriptions of it which have so far been published describe it as being a marvellously ingenious piece of mechanism.

The coat-of-arms adopted by Mgr. Langevin, the new Archbishop of St. Boniface, consists of the Episcopal hat, from which are suspended tassels; beneath it a shield divided into four parts. The top dexter shows the Blessed Virgin standing on a quarter moon, emblematical of the Immaculate Conception; bot-

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tom dexter contains the crossier, typical of Episcopal authority. The sinister carries the oblate cross, showing that his Grace belongs to that order; bottom sinister has the open Bible, with the sun rising over it, and below the maple leaf. Attached to the shield and under it is the motto, "Depositum Custodi"—guard the deposit—specially chosen by the archbishop.

INCONTROVERTIBLE EVIDENCE. A YOUNG LADY RAISED FROM A SICK BED.

HOPE FOR THOSE SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS PROSTRATION, WEAKNESS AND LOW SPIRITS—HOW RELIEF CAN BE FOUND.

From the St. Mary's Argus.

The accumulation of evidence is what convinces. A man bringing a case before a jury without evidence to convince them of the justice of his plea has a poor chance, but when witness after witness is produced to back up his plea, then the jury easily find a verdict in his favor. This is the case with one of the greatest life-preservers known to the world at present. The evidence of hundreds and thousands of witnesses has been published testifying to its priceless value, and the jury—the public—are being convinced. St. Mary's has many witnesses who could bear golden testimonials. The Argus gave recently a remarkable case in the cure of Mr. Gideon Elliott. Again we present another. Miss Mary Scott daughter of Mr. John Scott, had become completely prostrated; was pale, nervous, low-spirited and in such a condition as to alarm her parents and friends. She had not been able to leave her bed for over six weeks. Doctor's medicines were not helping her. Mrs. Scott had been reading of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and some acquaintances recommended them. She purchased three boxes and before the first box was finished an improvement was noticed and continuing the use of the pills Miss Scott was able to perform work about the house and is now enjoying better health than for years. Mrs. Scott also testified as to the great benefit she herself had derived from the use of three boxes of Pink Pills and declares that they would not be without them in the house.

An impoverished condition of the blood, or a disordered condition of the nerves are the fruitful sources of most ills that afflict mankind, and to any thus afflicted, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer speedy and certain cure. No other remedy has ever met with such great and continued success, which is one of the strongest proofs that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplish all that is claimed for them. They are an unfailing cure for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, diseases depending upon vitiated blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles

peculiar to females, curing all forms of weakness. In men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of any nature.

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

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House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES

EGGS A LA BENEDECTINE.

Out three English muffins in halves and toast very delicately. Cut six pieces of boiled ham very thin and of a size to fill the muffins; keep hot in a moderate oven while six eggs are poached. Put a poached egg on each piece of toasted muffins and serve hot, with sauce Hollandaise.

SPANISH EGGS.

Rub the inside of the frying pan with a slice of onion. Pare one tomato and cut it into bits. Put into the frying pan with a tablespoonful of butter and cook for five minutes. Beat six eggs well, and at the end of five minutes put them in the pan with a level teaspoonful of salt and one fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Stir constantly until the eggs begin to thicken. Then pour into a hot dish and serve at once.

BROILED STEAK A LA SHREWSBURY.

Broil a thick porter house steak. Select fine, large mushrooms. Peel the tops, scrape the stalks and cut them off about half an inch from the top. Lay these upper side down on a hot broiler until tender; they will not require more than five minutes. Turn, but broil longest on the upper side. Have some butter softened; baste the mushrooms with this. Dish them around the beefsteak. Pour more butter over them, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and serve.

STUFFED EGGS.

Hard boil as many eggs as there are persons, peel and divide each egg exactly in two, across, clip a little off the end of each half, and after removing the yolks stand the halves in a dish, hollows up. Drain from its oil one sardine for every half yolk. Free from skin and bone, bland with the yolks by means of a silver fork, and pepper and salt to taste. File the mixture in the hollows, rounding it to the shape and size of the full yolk. These may be heated in the oven and dressed with melted butter if served cold.

HAM AND EGG CHOWDER.

One teacupful of boiled ham, chopped fine, five eggs well beaten, one half cupful of cream. Mix all well together and cook in a skillet with butter. Season, if needed. Stir as for scrambled eggs. Serve on platter. Garnish with parsley.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Parsley is entirely effectual in removing the odor of onions after a meal. The green sprigs should be eaten as celery is, with the onions.

Sweet oil will improve patent leather. Rub over the surface with a bit of cotton wool dipped in the oil, and then polish with a soft duster.

Brush dark dresses thoroughly with a clean, hard brush dipped in blue water, and then hang them up to dry. This revives dark blue and black materials, and makes them look like new.

An old housewife says that the toughest beef or chicken can be made tender and palatable by putting a good spoonful of cider vinegar in the pot in which it is boiling or in the juice with which the same is basted when roasting. It does not injure the flavor in the least.

Near the sink and stove should always hang a kitchen scissors, a can-opener, a corkscrew, a small, sharp knife, a cloth holder for lifting hot pots, a dredging box for flour, a smaller one for pepper, and a box of salt; a pot chain for cleaning sticky pots and pans, and a soap shake for holding the small bits of soap that might otherwise be wasted, should not be forgotten. Also a small dish-mop for cleaning pitchers and jugs too small to admit the hand—this latter is useful, too, for saving the hands when washing fine china or glass in very hot water.

A SAINT'S REMAINS.

THE INTERESTING RELIC TO BE PLACED IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANSELM, NEW YORK.

St. Peregrinus was a pious Benedictine monk who lived in the ninth century and died at Rome. His remains were removed to Neustadt-on-the-Main, Bavaria, and reposed there in a Benedic-

tine monastery until recently, when they were taken from their resting place and given to the Rev. Gerard Spielman, O.S.B. of New York, who returned home lately with the body. Count Carl von Loewenstein gave the body, which recently came into his possession, to the Rev. Abbot Alexius Edelbrock, O.S.B., of New York, who commissioned the Rev. Gerard Spielman to bring it to New York. The Bishop of Wurzburg consented to and approved this transfer and issued documents authenticating the identity of the body. In the near future the body of St. Peregrinus will be placed in the sanctuary of the Church of St. Anselm and remain exposed for the veneration of the faithful. Before this exposition there will be solemn pontifical ceremonies, in which Archbishop Corrigan and a large number of the clergy will take part.

The Benedictine Fathers of this church are highly honored in receiving this gift, as it makes their church the second in New York to contain the body of a saint. The first one to be thus honored is the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, which has the remains of St. Januarius Martyr.

MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

A PROMISING CATHOLIC WRITER—CONTRIBUTES TO SOME OF THE LEADING PERIODICALS.

"The premier Catholic layman of America," William J. Onahan, has been sadly tried in the early death of all his children, except Mary Josephine. Thus she has grown up the light and life of her model Christian home, and has had prepared out on her upbringing and education the most unsparing pains and outlay. Private tuitions, and attendance at special courses of lectures have been added to the training and accomplishments got in her brilliant course through the elite academy of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. But the largest and most valuable part of her education she has found at home. Her father's house is at once a most select and recherche library and a museum of history and the fine arts. "From away back" when, such as John Mitchell and Michael Corcoran, and a host of others, such as this world is hardly honored with in many generations, have been familiar spirits there.

Mr. Onahan's elevated character, his energetic forwardness in every case appealing to benevolence, public spiritedness of religious zeal, his generous sympathy with every honest movement on behalf of his race in the old land or in this, and his prominent part in the Catholic colonization measures, have made him, to an extent that could not be easily paralleled, the friend and confident of numbers of the most active spirits in affairs civic and ecclesiastical. How much of the true, unwritten history of the last half century has been made, or told, how superiorly has all its history been discussed, in that little 'den' or in that cosy sitting-room! Raised amid such

"Heart affluence of discursive talk
From household fountains never dry."

for the bright, eager girl, her father's right hand, factotum and pride, and the instant favorite of every guest from near and far, only to sit in her rocking chair has been to travel all over, and to look and listen, to get knowledge enormous and well-nigh encyclopaedic. Meantime, her reading has been prodigious, and, in modern literature, quite outside the beaten paths, as one may see in her contributions to the press. Of these, only comparatively few appear in the Catholic papers, the greater part right along in one or other of the Chicago dailies. For Miss Onahan does not stop at amusing herself, but aims to make bread and gowns out of her pen.

Hereby she only does better justice to the paramount devotedness to Christian principles and world-betterment, which she has inherited and been trained in. She sets her light shining in a dark place. Her work, intensely Catholic and improving, in spirit and effect, is all the more so by its freedom from any obtrusive religiosity, any air of controversial championship any dogmatizing. None of hers are the thin compressed lips, and know-it-all airs, and bossing temper, of the female dominie. She couldn't be, though unmarried till the Judgment day, an old maid. She is constitutionally and everlastingly a bright, vivacious, hearty, jolly girl. By the way, that is the kind of girl that finds it hardest to remain a maid. Thus, Miss

Isabella Bird, in her delightful sketches, unconsciously sketched herself so delightfully that she had to take a new name; and Miss Muriel Dowe had hardly published herself, all unsexed as to habiliments, in "A Girl in the Carpathians," when she, too, had to decide to be a wife. But this is only a passing accident of trifling import; what is much otherwise is the brave, generous, ever-young heart. And that is "Mollie" Onahan. She would take more pleasure in the approving whoop of a lot of "newsies" than in prim congratulations from all the prelates of a general council.

The Catholic lady litterateur of this generation she reminds one of is Miss Agnes Repplier, who, instead of adding to the twaddle of conventions and congresses, and swapping compliments with their habitues, and the religious people, sets herself to tell the world something it needed to know, as about the old hero Scandebeg, and, whilst making, thank Heaven, a pretty picture, gets eager welcome and high pay for all she can write. In which direction more power to her parallel!—F. F., in *Catholic Chronicle*.

The British Museum has withdrawn from public use in the library the books written by Oscar Wilde.

President Cleveland has declined the invitation of the business men of Chicago to participate in a meeting to be held in that city at which declarations in favor of a sound financial policy are to be made. At the same time he writes a vigorous letter, in which he expresses himself in favor of a sound financial policy.

Col. Kelly, commander of the British force, attempting to reach Chitral, in India, has crossed the Shandar Pass. The Pass, 12,000 feet high, is impassable to beasts of burden. Men had to carry the field and mountain guns, marching the last seven miles through deep snow, the weather being intensely cold.

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LADIES' BLACK CASHMERE HOSE, worth 45c. a pair, to clear at 30c. a pair or 3 pairs for 85c.

LADIES' UNDERVESTS, worth 60c. each, to clear at 25c. each.

We have other "snaps" similar to the above. Call and see us.

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2343 St. Catherine St.,

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From the Use of Cigarettes. 7

Wilmington, N. C., March 7, 1892.
I hereby certify that my son became epileptic from the use of cigarettes, etc., and would have falling fits as often as 4 times a day. After using all medicines given by doctors in this city without any benefit I commenced the use of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and after only a few doses the fits left him and he improved otherwise in health.

There are many here who can testify to my son's condition and I am willing to prove to all who wish to know what Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done for my son, and I cannot say too much in praise of it.

Edward Murkin.

Dayton, O., September 8, 91.
I have tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic on a great number of sufferers, and found that in each instance it afforded relief.

REV. C. S. KEMPER,
Chaplain, Ohio National Military Home.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
40 S. Franklin Street

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence street, and by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame street.

THE WORLD AROUND.

Village councils in Michigan can suppress saloons at will.

The 8,000 coat-makers who struck last week in Cincinnati have unconditionally surrendered.

The negroes who emigrated to Mexico from the United States are already beginning to return.

Russia may allow contracts to be made payable in gold—such contracts having hitherto been prohibited.

Large sections of the country around Berlin are under water, as the result of an overflow of the rivers Spree and Havel.

Charles Dickens' paper, All the Year Round, after existing thirty-six years, has been incorporated with Household Words.

The Michigan Senate has passed a bill to repeal the law under which Roman Catholic bishops can hold church property in trust.

There were 207 business failures in the United States during the past week against 218 during the corresponding week of last year.

The 700th anniversary of the birth of St. Anthony of Padua will be celebrated with more than usual eclat next June at Lisbon, Spain. He was born there in 1195.

The Grosvenordale Company, at Grosvenordale, Conn., has given notice that the wages of all its 1,200 employes are to be increased. The action is a surprise.

Severe earthquake shocks have been felt in Italy and Austria, and, though the people have in some places been panic-stricken, no serious damage has been done.

Darwinism never received a greater shock than when Prof. Serrurier, the learned scientist and director of the Ethnological and Zoological Museum of Leyden, became a Catholic.

The killing of General Crombat and the capture of General Maceo, the Cuban leaders, is said to have disorganized the ranks of the insurgents, and their cause is admitted to be lost.

Lieuts. Fowler and Edwards, British officers of the Chitral garrison, reported missing, were invited to a polo match at Reshun, it appears, and seized. As usual, the man with an Irish name has the arduous work, and England rakes in the glory.

Prince von Lowenstein has addressed a circular to the Catholics of Germany requesting them to take a worthy part in celebrating the centenary of the Holy House of Loretto. In May there will be a national German pilgrimage to the shrine.

Mention is made by the Paris correspondent of the Liverpool Times of the return to the Church of the French novelist, M. Huysmans, and of the interest which this fact has occasioned in religious and literary circles.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

A TALE OF THE ICELAND DWARFS.

Hans Sugert was a carman. He traveled from town to town, bringing grain and goods or anything he could earn money at in his business. He was an honest fellow and the people often gave him money when he was going to the town in order that he might bring them articles from the stores. Two horses and a wagon were his sole property, for he rented the little cabin in which he lived from a neighboring farmer. As may be supposed, he worked early and late and earned but a very meagre living at that. One evening he had just returned from the town and had placed his horses in their stable for the night, when a stranger came to his door and asked to see him.

"Are you engaged for this evening?" asked the man.

"No, sir," answered Hans.

The stranger gave an exclamation of satisfaction and then asked if he would like to earn some money.

Hans replied that he would be delighted to have the chance and was told to be ready with both horses at nine o'clock. The stranger gave him a piece of silver and then walked away. Hans soon ate his supper of porridge and promptly at nine o'clock was all ready for the stranger. When the bells of the church clock had finished striking, he saw the stranger standing at the gate.

"I am all ready, sir," called out Hans.

"That is good!" answered the stranger. "I will get in the wagon and you can drive me up to the mountain." He pointed to a mountain that was a couple of miles away and Hans touched the horses with the whip and they were very soon at a large opening in its side.

"You remain in the seat and wait here for me till I come out again," said the stranger. He disappeared into the cavern leaving Hans in a doubtful frame of mind as to whether he was doing right in remaining there to do the bidding of the fairies.

In a short time the stranger appeared and Hans could feel the body of the wagon shaking as if some heavy weights were being placed in it. After a while the wagon seemed to be filled with the invisible freight and the stranger taking a seat besides Hans, ordered him to drive over a bridge near by and off to a mountain about three miles away.

Hans obeyed without a word and when they reached the mountain he stopped at the place which the stranger pointed out to him and he could feel the load lightening upon the wagon. Five trips he made in the same way and then the stranger told him that his task was completed. He thought it was about time, for the loads seemed to be very heavy and the horses were tired out and jaded.

"Now," said the stranger, "it would only be fair to let you see what you have been carrying." He touched Hans' eyes with his fingers and the carman beheld a small army of tiny dwarfs sitting down on the side of the mountain. At a suggestion from the stranger all the little men gave the carman a cheer and then vanished into the mountain. The stranger alone was visible.

"When you get home," he said, "you will find your wages in your wagon. Never forget the hill dwarfs and remember that they may be of service to you some day when you need them."

He was gone while Hans was looking at him and the carman drove home slowly and reached his house just as day was breaking. He remembered the fairy's injunction to look in his cart and in one corner he found a large bag filled with gold coins of ancient date with which he bought a fine farm and was comfortable for the rest of his days.—*M. J. Murphy.*

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Repairing Neatly and Cheaply Done

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N.B.—Special Rates for Families having Quantities of Laundry.

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Magee and Good News Ranges

STOVE REPAIRS of all kinds. PLUMBING, TINSMITHING, GAS FITTING.

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READY IN A FEW DAYS.

POEMS AND LYRICS.

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Editor of "The True Witness."

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With Picture of the Author.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

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Agents Wanted.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF Montreal, No. 2425. Superior Court. Dame Angelina Beuchamp, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Louis Achille, alias Achese Lavallee, contractor, of the same place, has this day taken an action in separation from property against her said husband. Montreal, April 23, 1895.

BERARD & BRODEUR, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF Montreal, Superior Court. Dame Oydolne Lefebvre, of the parish of St. Constant, district of Montreal, wife commune en biens of Julien Mallou, trader, of the same place, duly authorized a ester en justice, Plaintiff, vs. the said Julien Mallou, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted this day against the Defendant.

Montreal, April 18th, 1895. AUGÉ, GLOBENSKY & LAMARRE, Attorneys of the Plaintiff.

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Practical Upholsterer,
2503 ST. CATHERINE STREET,
(2 doors west of Crescent Street.)
Furniture Repaired and Recovered. Carpet Laid. Mattresses Made Over.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S CASE

On May 2nd arguments will be heard to the Court of Review in the case of the Canada Review Publishing Co., versus Monseigneur Fabre. This is an appeal taken by the Company from Judge Doherty's judgment of last September, dismissing the action.

The church taxation bill recently passed by the Ontario Assembly has probably been permanently snubbed by the vote of the State Senate in refusing to concur in the Assembly's action. The bill provided for the exaction of all church property valued at \$2,000 and under.

The excavations of the American School of Archeology, in Greece, have resulted in the discovery of many objects of historic and artistic interest.

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SILKS, SATINS, AND FANCY TRIMMINGS

to match them all.

New Worsted Suitings in Navy, Black and Brown.

New Mohair and Silk Crepones in Black and Fancy Colors.

New Figured Alpaccas in Black, Greys, Fawns, Pinks and Blues.

New Figured French Challies.

New Stripes, Checks and Brocade Silk Mixtures.

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in Prints, Cambrics, Satens, Piques, Beautiful Ducks, Drills and Galateas in White and Fancy Colors.

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LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER
DIVIDEND No. 59.

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 Saturday, 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 meeting of the shareholders will be held at the banking house of the institution, in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 18th day of June next. The chair to be taken at one o'clock p.m. By order of the Board. 41-5 TANOREDE BIENVENUE, Asst. Mgr.

BANQUE VILLE-MARIE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent for the current half year, on the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the head office, or at its branches, on and after Saturday, the first day of June next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May next, both days inclusive. The annual general meeting of shareholders will take place at the head office of the Bank, on Tuesday, the 18th June next, at noon. By order of the Board of Directors. W. WEIR, President. Montreal, 29th April, 1895. 415

He Was Raised From The Fearful Pit and Miry Clay of Disease.

Paine's Celery Compound Set Him on the Rock of Health.

Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Headache, Sleeplessness and Anxiety.

The Great Spring Medicine Sweeps Away These Troubles.

In almost every Canadian home, one or more members suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, nervousness or sleeplessness.

How different the results with those who have used Paine's Celery Compound! They have in every case been raised to a condition of perfect health, robustness and mental vigor.

Mr. Hugh J. Riley, 42 Agnes Street, St. Henry, Montreal, is one of the many who have given public testimony for the benefit of sufferers in Canada.

"I wish to publicly acknowledge the fact that I am indebted to your Paine's Celery Compound for health, strength and life. For over three years I was a terrible sufferer from indigestion, severe pains in the stomach and headache.

HOME RULE FOR ALL.

SCOTLAND, WALES, AND ENGLAND, TOO, MOVING FOR LOCAL GOVERNMENTS.

Whatever be the result of the motion, on March 29, in favor of Home Rule for all parts of the united Kingdom, it is a step in the right direction.

has been the fact that it was presented to the people as an exceptional and merely Irish measure. It is true that the case of Ireland is exceptional, since she, of all the parts of the Kingdom, is denied any semblance of self-government.

The tendency of late legislation promoted by the Liberal party is in the direction of Home Rule. The English county councils and parish councils and school boards are all measures of decentralization, and therefore of local autonomy.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—We quote: Patent Spring \$3.80 @ 4.00 Winter Patent 3.85 @ 4.00 Manitoba Patents 0.00 @ 0.00

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:— NEW BUTTER, per lb. Creamery 18c to 20c Township 18c to 18c

DON'T BLAME YOUR WIFE. Find fault with the cook if the pastry does not exactly suit you. Nor with your wife either—perhaps she is not to blame. Cakes, pies, rolls, and bread palatable and perfectly digestible, order the new shortening, "COTTOLENE," for your wife.

folded cheese in the Brockville section at 8 1/2c, and it is reported that one lot was placed at 8c.

PROVISIONS. Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote as follows:— Canadian short cut pork, per bbl. \$17.00 @ 18.00

COUNTRY PRODUCE. Eggs.—Sales of round lots have transpired at 11c, and since then we hear of 10 1/2c being accepted.

FRUITS, Etc. Apples.—Ordinary \$3.00 to \$3.50 per barrel; fancy \$4 per barrel; dried 6c to 6 1/2c per lb.

FISH AND OILS. Fresh Fish.—Cod and haddock 4c to 6c per lb. Salt Fish.—Market quiet. Dry cod \$4 to

\$4.50 and green cod No. 1, \$4 to \$4.50. Labrador herring \$3.75 to \$4, and shore \$3.00 to \$3.50.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Valuable Prizes Distributed by the SOCIETY OF ARTS OF CANADA, 1666 & 1668 NOTRE DAME ST., Montreal, From January 16th to April 10th, 1895.

The Society of Arts has, moreover, distributed a very large number of prizes of less value. Its clients, as may be seen, will find it to their advantage to encourage it.

West-End DRY GOODS EMPORIUM. Dry Goods and Millinery. Ladies' and Children's Mantles Dress Goods, all colors. Underwear in great variety. Carpets and Oil-cloths. J. FOLEY. 3240, 3242, 3244, Notre Dame St., A few doors west of Napoleon Road St. Cunegonde.

\$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write today. IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 64 Windsor, Ont.

St. Leon. Perfects the organism and preserves life. "It is invaluable," says Dr. Walsh, Toronto. A car load just received direct from Springs in P.Q. Get supplied at once. A trial will convince the most sceptical. St. Leon Mineral Water Depot, 54 Victoria Sq. JOB PRINTING of every description done at The True Witness office.

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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, Fistulas,

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L'Epiphanie, February 8th 1889.

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LACHINE CANAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Lachine Canal will be emptied on Monday, the 15th April inst., or as soon after as the state of the ice will permit, and that the water will not be admitted back into it before the opening of navigation.

By order, ERNEST MARCEAU, Supt'g Engineer.

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COLORED SATIN, 20c per yard
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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Montreal Island Belt Line Railway Company will make application to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof for an act to amend Act 57-58 Victoria, Chapter 83, to define and enlarge its bonding powers, to ratify and confirm or modify all contracts and agreements made with the divers Municipalities of the Island of Montreal and other places, respecting its line of railway, under and in virtue of said act, and of Act 58 Victoria, Chap. 70 of the Statutes of the Province of Quebec; to change the number of its Directors, and for other purposes.

Montreal, 2nd April, 1895.

AUGE, GLOBENSKY & LAMARRE,
889 Attorneys for Appellant.

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