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THE NEGLECTED GRAVE.

An Appeal to Irishmen to Guard the Plot Where the Victims of the Ship Fever Rest.

A PUBLIC CONFERENCE OF THE IRISH NATIONAL SOCIETIES SUGGESTED.

The Spirited Letter of Mr. B. Feeney, of the A. U. H., on the Subject.

A little forsaken plot of ground, near the entrance to the Victoria Bridge, enclosed by a wire fence, and surrounded by the tracks of the Grand Trunk Railway that cut it off from the rest of the world; such is the burial ground wherein repose the bodies of six thousand Irish immigrants who perished in a strange land from the terrible ship-fever of 1847 and '48.

So lonely and desolate, unbedded and uncaressed, for isolated and unvisited, one could imagine that the awful shadow of the plague still hovered over the resting-place of its victims ready to claim the first intruders. Once the blue St. Lawrence murmured a plaintive melody as it flowed peacefully by this lone city of the dead, but now its requiem is lost in the shrill shriek of the locomotive; and the little ripples that used to lave the shore in caressing sympathy for its burden of woe, are shut out by the dyke that rises up to forbid their passage.

Fifty years have passed since the bodies of these unknown thousands were deposited in the capacious grave of this strange cemetery, and save for the enduring monument erected by the workmen engaged in the construction of the great bridge that spans the river at this point, no mark or token of human sympathy has ever been bestowed upon the melancholy spot. Out from the bosom of the great river that carried them to their doom, a huge boulder was torn and mounted upon a broad foundation of rugged stone, it serves to perpetuate the memory of fellow-beings reared on Irish soil, who came to find, not fortune, but a grave, in Canada, the land of their hopes and expectations.

All honor to the workmen of Messrs. Feto, Brassey & Betts, who added to their toil this noble deed of charity and reverence in order to preserve from desecration the little bit of ground that shelters the remains of the plague-stricken strangers.

Year by year the tall, tangled grass and the sturdy weed riot luxuriantly over the neglected plot where human feet seldom stray, unless the curiosity and interest of some stranger impels a visit to the great stone that bears on its face the following inscription:

To Preserve from desecration The Remains of Six Thousand Immigrants who died of Ship-fever, A. D. 1847. This stone erected by the Workmen of Messrs. Feto, Brassey and Betts, Employed in the Construction of the Victoria Bridge, A. D. 1870.

Not long ago an incident occurred in France that aroused the sympathy and gratitude of the civilized world, and has already been the theme of the poet's pen. An English ship was wrecked off the French coast, and the bodies were gradually given up by the sea. Going down to the shore the inhabitants of the little village watched for the ghastly burden of the waves, and guided by the curé of the parish, they reverently buried the unknown dead with solemn chant and ceremony within the little God's acre where their own ancestors rested.

Is it not time, after all those years of apathy, that our citizens should dispel their listlessness in a similar matter that touches them more nearly and arouse within themselves an interest in the great grave of human misery that was placed in their keeping by the inscrutable decrees of Providence? Beyond the crest of Mount Royal, sheltered on sunny slopes and in the valleys, we find the cemeteries of our people, dotted with tall columns of granite and marble, and strewn with the richest blossoms. Every evidence of constant, scrupulous care and tender affection is everywhere visible about the last earthly homes of the city's dead, and when strangers visit us we display to them with pride our well-kept burial ground, their artificial lakes, and long avenues and parks walled in with evergreen. But whoever thinks of that lone, pathetic little graveyard, filled with the remains of our countrymen, away by the river, shut in by the iron bands of commerce, where no knee presses the sod in petition for the souls of the buried host, and no hand lays an offering of love on the rude tomb of the stranger dead?

A proposition has been brought forward that this year of Jubilees and stirring events should be marked by Irishmen at least by an act that would reflect credit on their race and prove them possessed of a brotherly love and sympathy. It is that immediate steps be taken and suggestions offered for the beautifying and embellishing of the spot sacred to the memory of these unfortunate exiles from the shores of Erin. It is high time that something in this direction should be done by the present

generation. The nuns and priests of the tragic period of the scourge heroically offered their lives at the rough couch of these fevered immigrants. Eleven years later the workmen at the bridge bestowed their staunch testimony of respect and fellow-feeling, and later still the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's, on taking possession of the parish, instituted the pious custom of offering each year, at least once, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the victims of the ship fever.

Surely the Irishmen of this day and generation will not be content, after these noble examples, to leave longer in neglect and obscurity the hallowed grave of six thousand of their brethren.

The following letter has been received from Mr. B. Feeney, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, in which he appeals to citizens generally to assist in making the sacred spot less desolate:—

Mr Feeney's Letter.

MONTREAL, April 1, 1897.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

SIR—As this is a year that will no doubt occupy a prominent place in the future history of our country, marked as it will be, and already has been, by events of special interest and importance, I think it should be considered a fitting time for the Irishmen of this city to take steps to beautify and decorate the neglected spot that is the last resting place of six thousand of our race, the victims of the terrible ship fever of '47 and '48. This would be an event worthy of the year that has witnessed the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's, the Mother Church of our race in Montreal, and the year that shall soon see the festivities connected with Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

Irishmen never neglect their dead. They lavish their wealth on monuments to perpetuate the memory of their beloved ones, and a tender care and devotion is expended on the little cemetery plot wherein they rest, and shall it be said that Irishmen of Montreal permitted the great grave that contains the thousands of bodies of their countrymen to remain a desolate and forsaken waste, marked alone by the great boulder placed above it by the kindhearted workmen engaged in building the Victoria Bridge?

The deeds of this piece of ground were deposited with the Protestant Bishop of Montreal, and every precaution has since been taken to preserve from desecration the sacred mound. In my humble opinion, I believe that the survivors of these buried martyrs have done much to advance the growth and prosperity of this city within the past half century, and I think they should receive the encouragement of all citizens in the furthering of this worthy object.

Would it not be advisable for the representatives of the Irish National Societies—Protestant and Catholic, and our worthy Mayor, to confer with Bishop Bond and formulate some plan for the adornment of the little burial ground in Victoria Park. Our chief magistrate is an Irish Protestant and a worthy successor of another Irish Protestant who filled the civic chair, and who died a victim of the terrible plague that scourged the emigrants of '47 and '48.

I hope this matter will not be permitted to rest, but that it will be taken up by eager and willing hands, and brought to a successful and speedy termination, with the approval of the whole Irish people and citizens in general.

BERNARD FEENEY.

40 Grand Trunk Street, Point St. Charles, Montreal.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Confers the Royal Red Cross upon a Sister of Charity.

The London Universe in a recent issue says:—

A contemporary publishes by request the following letters. Mother Aloysius Doyle of the Convent of Mercy, Gort, the writer on the one part, has attained the venerable age of seventy-six. She was one of the heroic Irish sisters who volunteered to nurse the sick and dying in the Crimean hospitals during the war, and gave proof of that fortitude and self-sacrificing charity which the Church can infuse into the souls of her most sensitive children.

PALL MALL, London, S.W., February 15, 1897.

MADAM—The Queen having been pleased to bestow upon you the decoration of the Royal Red Cross, I have to inform you that in the case of such honors as this it is the custom of Her Majesty to personally bestow the decoration upon the recipient when such a course is convenient to all concerned, and I have therefore to request that you will be so good as to inform me whether it would be convenient to you to attend at Windsor some time within the next few weeks. Should any circumstances prevent your receiving the Royal Red Cross from the hands of Her Majesty, it could be transmitted by post to your present address. I am, madam, your obedient servant,

GEORGE M. FARQUHARSON.

Sister Mary Aloysius.

ST. PATRICK'S, GORT, COUNTY GALWAY. SIR—I received your letter of the 15th, intimating to me that Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen is pleased to bestow on me the Order of the Royal Cross in recognition of the services of my sisters in religion and my own in caring for the wounded soldiers at the Crimea during the war. My words cannot express my gratitude for the great honor which Her Majesty is pleased to confer on me. The favour is, if possible, enhanced by the permission to receive this public mark of favour at Her Majesty's own hands. The weight of seventy-six years and the infirmities of age, will, I trust, dispense me from the journey to the palace. I will, therefore, with sentiments of deepest gratitude, ask to be permitted to receive this mark of my Sovereign's favour in the less public and formal manner you have kindly indicated.—I am, sir, faithfully yours in Jesus Christ,

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS.

February 17th, 1897.

LADY ABERDEEN

Delivers an Address at the Convocation of the University of Chicago.

Her Theme was the University and Its Effects.

The Revival of the Home Must be the New Watchword.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHICAGO, April 3.

The place attained by woman in the circles of higher education in the United States was very fully demonstrated at the recent convocation of the University of Chicago, which took place on Thursday last at the Auditorium in this city.

The signal honor of delivering the convocation address was conferred upon the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Governor General of Canada, known because of her work in the interest of Irish industries and the Irish people at the World's Fair.

Lady Aberdeen stood perfectly self-possessed in the critical presence of thousands of men and women, and delivered an address on "The University and Its Effect on the Home."

The Countess was received with applause as she entered accompanied by President Harper.

The immense audience stood while the officers of the University, members of the faculty, the graduates on whom degrees and other honors were to be conferred, Mayor Swift and other dignitaries took their places on the stage.

President Harper read a telegram of congratulation which he had received from the Earl of Aberdeen. Lady Aberdeen was then invited to address the audience. She referred to the irreparable loss which the world had suffered in the death of Prof. Henry Drummond, who had been one of her predecessors at the Convocation exercises. He was the one who had first lilted her with an earnest desire to study and visit him, and she knew it would be a pleasure to the Chicago people to learn that when she saw him on his sick bed in England he had not forgotten them. What was going on here in the University of Chicago she said, was going on elsewhere throughout the country, a great work conducted by noble and wise men and women. It would be idle, or her to discount on all that the university life and work had done for the world in the past. Continuing she said:

"The home has not reaped that harvest from the benefits of a university education which might have been expected, which it might have claimed for its share. The average home is not yet able to get all the possible good from a university education. I am told that one reason for the non-success of the university student is that they come unprepared for such training as they get in our universities. They come and gather knowledge rather than culture. They do not gain true culture nor scholarship. He learns at home, on his return from college, that persons and not things are talked about, that newspapers and not books are the staple things, and that the material hard things and not ideals are the chief objects to be pursued. The lessons of history and the philosophy of wise men are capable of being applied."

"It should be understood that divine laws are all about us, and that they can be properly applied in their relations to our everyday life. Can we look for true growth and life? We can. We have seen such growth and development. Men and women must be educated on an equal plane and taught to work together and understand each other and grow in mutual confidence and helpfulness during the full development of their intellectual faculties."

"The whole face of social life and philanthropy has been transformed by the rightful position accorded in recent times to women in the sphere of education, and it has brought a weight of new responsibilities. Women's colleges are full of usefulness. They have developed the heart and mind of women. They have taught them to value the difference between despotic and democratic government; to trust in and support one another. The women's movement in this country has had ample scope to develop and mature itself. Man was not born to live alone; and still less was woman. It may be well enough to have a council of mothers, but do the fathers count for so little in the home that their counsel is not needed? Self-assertion and aggressive tact are often the result of college education. New occasions teach new duties. Young men and women, you must leave your college life and education behind you when you enter upon your new life."

"I remember seeing in one of our women's colleges a photograph gallery of the babies belonging to those who had graduated. They were exhibited to show that those babies were better and comelier than the babies of women who had not a college education. Men to be successful in college must be the sons of women who have had a broad training. Men and women must work together to make the world better than they found it, rather than labor in separate phalanxes on different lines. Then the reign of the home on its true basis will be firmly enthroned. Modern ideas have tended to separate husband and wife, father and children, mother and daughter, from the natural influences which should surround them and keep them together. The revival of the home must be the new watchword, not the narrow, cold, selfish home, but one in which the family must be the loving centre of mutual help and from which all healthy influences must flow. A university which does not omit this from its ideal will indeed deserve well of its country and of the world."

The Mayorality contest in Chicago this year is likely to be as complicated, and perhaps as uncertain, as that of April, 1891, when there were five candidates in the field, and Washburne, the Republican candidate, was elected. This

year, from present appearances, there will be a Republican candidate, a Democratic candidate, an independent Republican, an independent Democrat, a Socialist, a Middle-of-the-Road Populist, and a Prohibition candidate besides. The Prohibitionists in Chicago are not a formidable body numerically, and at the last year's election the total Levering vote was 2,149. But the lax administration of Excise law by the present city administration has led many Chicago temperance men to believe that they would be justified in supporting a ticket of their own as a protest against existing conditions, and perhaps, such action may have the effect of securing for such a ticket a vote large enough to alter the local situation.

OUR REVIEWER.

The Easter number of the Catholic World comes to us in a pretty cover ornamented in green, with a panel representing the Resurrection and a cluster of Easter lilies, and with its usual series of excellent articles.

Katherine Hughes contributes a choice Easter story, entitled "More to be desired than Gold," and an excellent article recounting the Catholic Charities of England is supplied by the pen of Alice Worthington Winthrop. It embraces brief outlines of the objects and aims of the numerous charitable organizations supported by the Catholics of England, and a few of these societies are entirely unknown on this side of the water, as for instance the Catholic School Committee, of which the Duke of Norfolk is chairman. The writer tells us that "this Association acts for, and represents, in matters which concern elementary education, the Catholic dioceses of Great Britain, having one clerical and two lay members for each diocese. The Government, since the year 1847, has admitted the claim of this Association to speak in behalf of all Catholic schools, and has arranged with it the terms on which assistance is given to them. The Association also increases the efficiency of these schools by educating and supplying teachers; and in order to accomplish this it has founded three training colleges, and assists the pupils to pay the expense of ecclesiastical inspection in addition to the Government examination."

Another worthy organization described in the article and new to us is the Catholic Social Union, with Cardinal Vaughan as president, and the object it seeks is "to bridge our social chasms and to unite Catholics, rich and poor, on a basis of friendly interest and mutual good will, and thus to save a great multitude of Catholics from becoming lost to their religion and to Christianity." An illustrated sketch, "The Happy Valley," is a descriptive reminiscence of a tramp in the Tyrol, written by Mary Elizabeth Blake, and in "A Forgotten Literature," Leopold Katscher refers to the treasures of Hebrew love hidden away in the great libraries of Europe that must necessarily contain valuable facts interwoven with the history of the origin and progress of Christianity, and knowledge that would strengthen the chain of thought that binds the Past and Present.

"La Sallie's Connection with the Jesuits" is ably unfolded by Joseph Walter Wiltach, and the illustrations that accompany the article are well chosen and appropriate.

In "A Protestant Defence of Manning," the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., briefly reviews M. de Pressens's reputation of Purcell's "Manning," commending the work of the Protestant divine, and also pointing out its few faults.

The Easter number is rich in poetry, sketches and stories, which space forbids us to further enumerate, although each has a special interest and excellence of its own.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston, have long held a high reputation for the excellence of their artistic holiday publications. The Christmas, New Year and Easter cards and booklets issued by this well known firm have always been distinguished by a refined and delicate taste, which has won for them a ready sale. This year's Easter publications are of unusual beauty, and as souvenirs and greetings for the holy time few prettier or more appropriate could well be chosen. The following descriptions of two of these exquisite booklets will give an idea of the fashion of the rest:—

"Golden Daffodils" has a unique cover plate. One end of the silk ribbon, which fastens together its five large plates, is passed in and out through the cardboard on the cover in such a way as apparently to hold in place stalks of graceful daffodils, and the effect is very pleasing. On the following sheets are daffodils in profusion, which, combined with bits of delicious verse, make a fascinating book, and "Blossom Time," with its cover picturing a peach spray shedding its delicate blossoms, with the title in lilac outlined with gold, is particularly inviting. Besides the cover design there are six others, tied together

I stood in the store of a merchant the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation. "Can you write a good hand?" he was asked. "Yaas." "Good at figures?" "Yaas." "That will do; I do not want you," said the merchant. "But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that had to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?" "Because he has not learned to say 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir.'"

"If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer my customers after he has been in my employ a month?"

That tired feeling is due to impoverished blood. Enrich the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be strong and vigorous.

To-day the world is wide and fair, With sunny fields and lucid air, And waters dancing everywhere; The snow is almost gone; The moon is builded high with light, And over heaven's liquid height, In steady fleets serene and white "The happy clouds go up."

—Archibald Lamppan: In April.

Away Down—"Do you believe his interest in the State is as deep as he pretends it to be?" "It is several thousand feet deep, at any rate. He has a lot of gas and oil wells."—Indianapolis Journal.

Very Ambitious—"Did you say that boy of yours was ambitious?" "Ambitions! Well, I should say! Why, that boy does nothing but sit around all day and think of the great things he's going to do!"—Philadelphia North American.

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

USE ONLY . . .

Finlayson's Linen Thread

... IT IS THE BEST.

with silk and satin ribbons. A variety of landscapes having violets, crocuses, apple blossoms, wild roses, arbutus, and eschscholtrias in the foreground, with quotations from Scott, Wordsworth, Bryant and others, go to make up this attractive book.

"Laughter and Tears," published by B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., is a collection of short stories for young folks, written by a young Catholic writer, already well-known in the literary field under the nom de plume of Marion J. Brunow. They are bright, breezy stories of child-life told in a natural, unaffected style, and although a moral points them all there is no overdose of gooey-good sentiment administered in any of them. Neither are they the records of little child-angels, but just every-day characters with every-day tempers and faults which the writer does not varnish over or condemn, but manages to quietly subdue or eliminate before the story is closed by an environment of good influences or by some very practical, common sense substitute.

The laughter is more contagious than the tears in this little book, and it will be a popular addition to the children's library, for it is of equal interest to boys and girls. The price is 50 cents.

The Pall Mall Magazine for April contains an interesting article by Alice Dryden, on "Honiton Lace," which embodies a description of the little town made famous by the wonderful needlework of its women. Views of the towns of Honiton and Beer, and samples of ancient and modern patterns of this exquisite lace, are given in the illustrations. "Leven's Hall and its Gardens," are the subject of an article by Doria Bagot, "Wild Flowers in the London streets," by A. Every, tells us something about the spring's floral treasures as well as their vendors. The spring number of the Pall Mall Magazine is full of interesting matter.

The Ladies' Home Journal April issue wears a gay spring dress in vivid tints of green and brown, and contains among other choice things a sketch of the daughter of Jenny Lind, the famous singer, written by Ethel Mackenzie McKenna. Ex-President Harrison's paper on "The Social Life of the President," contains much information on that interesting subject, and furnishes many little details about State dinners, receptions and the President's outlay and savings. Droch's "Literary Talks" deal with American life reflected in American literature, and Eben E. Rexford gives some new ideas for the arranging of "Some Effective Foliage Beds." The usual departments are up to their usual standard of excellence.

The season's changes in the fashions of man's attire are not so marked as that of women, but they are always of sufficient importance to require more than the ordinary consideration given to the every day subject. Messrs. D. McEntyre & Son, the well-known clothiers, of Beaver Hall Hill, have just issued a neat little volume which contains many important suggestions in the direction of how to select wearing apparel. It is appropriately illustrated, and altogether reflects credit upon the enterprise of its publishers.

The enterprising publishing firm of Benziger Brothers, New York, Chicago and Cincinnati have just issued a valuable little volume, "The New Testament," translated from the Latin Vulgate, with annotations, references and historical and chronological index that add very much to its usefulness. It is beautifully illustrated. The price, 60 cents, places it within the reach of all.

HE LOST THE SITUATION.

I stood in the store of a merchant the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation. "Can you write a good hand?" he was asked. "Yaas."

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MISSIONS.

We have now ready for Missions a full and complete assortment of Mission Goods, consisting of Prayer Books, Devotional Books, Controversial Works, Religious Articles.

If, at any time, you have a Mission in your Parish, we will be happy to supply you with an assortment of the above goods, and at the close of the Mission, you can return what ever remains unsold.

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PROVINCIAL CAMPAIGN.

Premier Flynn and Colleagues Address English-Speaking Electors

At the Windsor Hall on Wednesday Last.

One of the principal features of the week was the meeting held under the auspices of the two English Conservative Clubs of this city...

The Premier was the first speaker and he was in splendid form, as, despite the fact that the stage is at the extreme western end of the hall, he was plainly heard at the entrance, located in the other end.

I introduced a general mining act in the year 1872. There are men in this audience who will remember the species of legislation that was introduced in 1870 referring to mines.

The Hon. M. F. Hackett, the big man from the Eastern Townships, delivered a vigorous speech. He could not forbear, he said, stating that it was somewhat of a pleasure and a pride to be present with his colleagues to give an account of their five years' stewardship.

He then entered into a review of the political events since Confederation, and closed an excellent speech by an appeal to the young men to stand by the Government, whose aim it was to maintain an administration of provincial affairs on strictly business lines.

Hon. A. W. Atwater, the Treasurer, and Hon. L. P. Feltner, also delivered addresses.

pective of party lines. I desire to see the spirit of harmony and good will pervade the different ranks and classes of our people...

The Premier then dwelt at considerable length on each of the subjects enumerated in the programme above referred to, and concluded his remarkable effort in the following manner:—

"I believe the main issue to-day is not so much a question of Liberal or Conservative administration as a question of good administration against bad administration. (Hear, hear.) And I do not put the question before the people of this Province as an issue between a Liberal party and a Conservative party. I put it in this way—between all Liberal Conservatives and right-minded Liberals against mal-administration of Provincial affairs.

"Another plank in our platform is the protection of the rights of minorities, the protection of all minorities in the Province of Quebec. (Cheers.) We will teach our people their duties also as well as their rights.

"Such, as I have just said, has been our record. Such are the hopes we offer to you. Such are our pledges, and we intend to have all those realized by the means of the great Liberal-Conservative party, united as it has never been in the political history of this province.

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OUR OBSERVER

Has Something to Say About the Power of the Press.

The Way to Make Prices for Pork and Wheat—How Speculators Have Their Fingers Scorch'd.

The power of the Press is mighty, and yet but few people are aware that fortunes may be made, or lost, by the stock carefully selected items in the Stock Exchange; but I will explain.

The Premier then turned his attention to the events which have occurred since his accession to the responsible office which he now holds.

Referring to the change of Government of the 11th of May, 1896, he spoke as follows:—Of course, as it was my duty, I availed myself of the first opportunity after the Dominion elections of June last to put before the people my views or rather the views of the administration of which I was the head.

Poor—"But we cannot live on papa," protested the savage's bride to be. "He is dreadfully poor." "We can wait until he is fatter!" exclaimed the youth, "for love is brave."—Detroit Journal.

TIED MOTHERS find help in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives them pure blood, a good appetite and new and needed STRENGTH.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

A Magnificent Demonstration in His Honor at Which Ten Thousand People Assist

IMPOSING CEREMONIES AT THE ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

Public Reception to the Clergy and Laity—His Excellency Visits Several Public Establishments—His Departure for Ottawa.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The scene at Dalhousie Square Station on Thursday evening, on the occasion of the return of Mgr. Merry del Val, the Papal Alegate, from Quebec, was most inspiring. Thousands of Catholic citizens crowded the depot and platforms in the vicinity, and as His Excellency stepped on the platform, it was estimated that there were fully ten thousand people present.

Shortly before seven, His Worship Mayor Wilson-Smith, accompanied by his Secretary, Mr. Rene Beausset, arrived on the platform, and they were followed by Very Rev. Canon Bourgeault, Capitular Vicar and Administrator of the Archdiocese of Montreal; Very Rev. Canons Meriin and Vaillant, Rev. Fr. Lagaricre, O.M.I.; Rev. Messrs. Leonardo, Troie, Brophy, O'Donnell, Dequoy, Auclair, Casey, Belanger, Guay, and a great many other members of the clergy.

Mgr. Merry del Val was accompanied by the Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Quebec, Rev. Mr. Garneau; Canon Racicot and Rev. Mr. Dauth, of Montreal, who had met His Excellency at Lanoraie.

Mgr. Bourgeault was the first to be presented to Mgr. del Val, and he in his turn presented those present, beginning by His Worship the Mayor.

Mgr. del Val then entered a carriage. The Capitular Vicar sitting on his right. They were followed by a great number of carriages and preceded by the detachment of police and the band. All the bells of the Roman Catholic churches of the city began to ring a few minutes before seven and they did not stop till after the procession arrived at St. James' Cathedral.

The sacred edifice was filled to overflowing, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the distinguished visitor and attendant clergymen could pass to the sanctuary, where a seat of honor was placed for him near the main altar. After a preparatory prayer his Excellency was presented with the following address, which was read by Rev. Canon Bourgeault.

To His Excellency Mgr. Raphael Merry del Val, Apostolic Delegate.

MONSEIGNEUR.—In the midst of the mourning which still hovers, not only over this metropolitan Church, but over all the dioceses and the province of Montreal, the arrival of Your Excellency in our midst is greeted as a happy event. Yes, Monseigneur, in putting us in more direct and more intimate relations with the venerated Pontiff who loved Mgr. Fabre so much, and who was loved by him with such spontaneous and so submitted a filial affection, your presence will certainly alleviate our regrets.

Nothing, in these days of sorrow and expectation, could be more agreeable to us than the coming of an official representative of the head of this Roman Church, mother and mistress of all the churches of this Church, one and holy, with which the bishops, the chapter, the clergy and the faithful of this Church, of Montreal, never ceased for a moment to live in perfect community of belief and doctrine, of tendencies and aspirations. We know it already, and to-day we feel it more keenly, the Apostolic Delegates make the presence of the Pope felt in a special manner in the countries where they are sent.

MONSEIGNEUR AT THE CITY HALL.

His Excellency paid an official visit to the City Hall in the afternoon, and was received by His Worship the Mayor in his private parlor. As the coming of the distinguished prelate was somewhat unexpected, but very few people were present. Among those who were introduced to the Alegate were Ald. Savignac, Oulmet, Connaughton, Mr. L. O. David, City Clerk; Mr. L. J. Eshier, City Attorney; and Mr. P. J. Coyle. Monseigneur Merry del Val was accompanied by Abbé Dauch and his private secretary, Rev. Father Tampieri, and, after chatting pleasantly with His Worship and Ald. Rainville, took his departure. From the City Hall they drove around the city, calling at the residence of Sir Donald Smith, who was absent. The distinguished visitor then stopped at Mr. Shaughnessy's residence and was received by Mrs. Shaughnessy. From there he was driven to the general offices of the C.P.R. on Windsor street, where he met Sir Donald Smith and Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy.

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No other oil and no other medicine has ever been discovered which can take the place of Cod-liver Oil in all conditions of wasting. New remedies come, live their little day and die, but Cod-liver Oil remains the rock on which all hope for recovery must rest.

Under different circumstances Leo XIII. has consolidated the faith in the bosom of our profoundly Catholic people, rendered stronger and firmer among them the ecclesiastical discipline and brought closer the union with the chair of Peter. And to-day, Monseigneur, it is our unshakable conviction that the arrival of Your Excellency on Canadian soil is a new manifestation of that solic-

tude of our Holy Father the Pope for one of the humblest portions of his immense domains. In you, therefore, extraordinary delegate of the sovereign Pontiff, in you, son of Catholic Spain, classic land of faith, greatness and genius, noble country from which have sprung so many saints and martyrs, theologians and doctors, Christian kings, bold navigators and illustrious generals, in your person, venerable by piety, virtue and learning as well as by the marked predilection with which you were early honored by Leo X. II., we salute at once the authorize defender of the sacred and imprescriptible rights of our holy religion, and the bearer of peace and brotherly charity to men of good will. That is to say, Monseigneur, that in the important and delicate mission which is confided to you, and which your qualities make you so well adapted to fulfill, Your Excellency can rely on our spirit of faith and most willing submission.

Mgr. Merry del Val made a brief reply in French, asking for the prayers of all present in order that he might successfully perform the mission entrusted to him by the Holy Father.

A Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed, at which the Alegate officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. Father Colin, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, as deacon, and Very Rev. Canon Savaria as sub-deacon. The choir, under the leadership of M. Labelle rendered a beautiful programme.

Among the prominent laymen who called to pay their respects to His Excellency were, Premier Flynn, Hon. L. Beaubien and Hon. J. D. Rolland.

The interest taken in the visit of Mgr. Merry del Val on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities was even more pronounced the following morning, judging by the immense gathering that filled the parlors and corridors of the commodious Palace building.

The choir, under the leadership of M. Labelle rendered a beautiful programme. At the close of the ceremonies in the Cathedral, an adjournment was made to the palace, where a reception was held and the priests of the various parishes were introduced to His Excellency.

Among the more distinguished arrivals were Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield, who was accompanied by his vicar general, the Very Rev. M. Sautoire, and Mgr. Deacelles, coadjutor bishop of St. Hyacinthe. Their Lordships were introduced to Mgr. Merry del Val by Vicar General Bourgeault, and enjoyed a lengthy conversation with His Excellency.

The Alegate rose at 5 o'clock, and after spending a considerable time at his private devotions proceeded at 8 o'clock to the Cathedral, where he celebrated Mass, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Dauch and Perron. The sacred edifice was crowded to the doors with an immense congregation made up in a great measure by the members of the religious communities of the city.

At the conclusion of the Mass, His Excellency, together with his private secretary, Father Tampieri—who, by the way, is also the private secretary of His Eminence Cardinal Oreglia, of Rome—and the honorary and titular canons of the Cathedral, partook of a light breakfast in the Palace.

His Excellency spent the rest of the morning in attending to his correspondence and in receiving the more distinguished visitors. At noon the Alegate was entertained at dinner, there being present, in addition to the distinguished guest, the honorary and titular canons of the Metropolitan Church, the members of the Cathedral Chapter, the superior-generals of the various religious orders, and the rural deans of the archdiocese. A public dinner will be tendered His Excellency on his return to Montreal.

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connected with the large European universities. He has published nearly thirty special treatises on subjects connected with his specialty, and all are remarkable for originality. His publications in book form are four, the last of which, "Principles and Practice of Gynecology," was first issued in 1874 at Philadelphia. It has gone through many editions. There were at least three editions of this work in England beside the American editions, and it has been translated into German and French. Dr. Emmet was received into the Catholic Church in 1867, and has since been a devoted member of that communion. He is well known in New York society, although he is an unpretentious, retiring man—a characteristic of all really great physicians. For the past ten years he has been a trustee of St. Stephen's Church, in New York city. His wife, who was Katharine Duncan, of Montgomery, Alabama, and his family were always Catholics. Dr. Emmet had three sons and two daughters—Dr. J. Duncan Emmet, Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr., Dr. Robert G. Emmet, Mrs. Charles N. Harris and Miss Kathleen Emmet. It is an added honor that the first man to propose Mr. Emmet's name as a candidate for the Lestare medal was the historian, John Gilmary Shea. The formal presentation of the medal will take place in New York on some Sunday after Easter. Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan has kindly consented to present it to Dr. Emmet in the name of the university.

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DR. EMMET. To receive the Lecture Medal from Notre Dame University. Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. says the Standard and Times, is to receive the Lecture medal of 1897 from the University of Notre Dame.

Education. THE MONTREAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. 938 DORCHESTER ST., near Mountain. Montreal, P.Q. Development in all branches of music. Pupils may enter at any time. For prospectus, apply to 11-G MR. C. E. SEIFERT, DIRECTOR.

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WEDNESDAY.....APRIL 7, 1897.

MR. MERRY DEL VAL.

The reception of Mr. Merry del Val in Montreal, Quebec, Three Rivers and Ottawa—wherever he has appeared, in fact, has been in keeping with his rank, his mission and the supreme authority that he represents. This was only to be expected of a people so loyal to the Holy See as the Catholics of Canada. The addresses of Mr. Merry del Val have been at once frank and courteous. He has declared his mission to be one of peace and has expressed a hope that the discussion caused by the educational question in Manitoba will soon be succeeded by unanimity and contentment. Such a hope, of course, implies an assurance that the divergences of opinion will be removed to an extent sufficient to satisfy the suitors and their friends. But as to the procedure by which that desirable end is to be reached, we have as yet no information. We must remember, however, that Mr. Merry del Val has only been a week in the country, and that until he has at least surveyed all the ground, and especially Manitoba, the original scene of the trouble, he will not himself be in a position to look at all the facts from that impartial height of strict justice—constitutional and Catholic—which he must first attain before making a decision. Delay will necessarily be some delay afterwards, as the tribunals of the Holy See are not hasty in their judgments. Doubtless in determining what may be the minimum of concession with which it will be satisfied, the Holy See will have regard to actual circumstances. But beyond that—or even so far as that—conjecture is vain. All that we know is that, so far as Catholics are concerned, the settlement of the question has been submitted to a court to whose judgment no Catholic will think of objecting.

THE HON. JOHN COSTIGAN.

The speech of the Hon. John Costigan in the debate on the Address, last week, was of more than ordinary pertinence and force. All that he said of the school settlement was admirable. He could not accept it as a Catholic, because it was unjust to his fellow-Catholics. But he put his objection on other grounds also, and one of these was that it was a violation of the Constitution, and if he were a Protestant, instead of a Catholic, he would be equally opposed to it for that reason. Nor was his objection based merely on party allegiance. He condemned the course of the present Government, not as a Conservative, but as a representative of a constituency of Canadians of various origins and creeds who lived under a regime that was intended to give equal rights and fair play to all. It was the duty of every citizen of the Dominion, who took an interest in public affairs, to examine carefully the details of the so-called settlement and to compare them with the decision of the Privy Council, and to ask whether the grievances of the Manitoba minority were really redressed by it. They had not been redressed, in his judgment, and therefore the question was still open, and it was only casting contempt on the Constitution for the Federal Government to ignore its obligations. The settlement was neither satisfactory nor final, and those who had been hoping to see the question buried would attend a mock funeral.

Mr. Costigan was quite justified in his comments on the members of both parties who had spoken of the visit of Mr. Merry del Val. He condemned some of the remarks which the Ablegate's presence had drawn forth from honorable members as uncalled for and unbecoming. Catholics could surely find

nothing extraordinary in such a visit, and Protestants who had some knowledge of the procedure of the Sacred Congregation in the settlement of vexed questions would find no cause for surprise in the advent of the Papal envoy. The surmises as to his intentions, and the results of the enquiry which he has undertaken, were in some instances by no means creditable to the good sense of their authors. Reticence is sometimes golden, not only on the score of wisdom but also on that of good taste.

Mr. Costigan made a few pointed and timely remarks in reply to those who thought the Clergy should refrain entirely from exercising their rights as citizens. Why should this interdict be imposed on the Catholic priest, while it was customary for Protestant pastors, both singly and in their corporate strength, to express their views freely and try by all legal means to give their effect. Not long since, said Mr. Costigan, a Methodist deputation had waited on the Ontario Government to demand, in forcible language the enactment of a satisfactory License bill. He did not object to Protestant ministers and denominations interesting themselves in this way in temperance reform or other questions in which the welfare of their flocks was concerned. But he insisted on having the same right for the priests of the Catholic Church, whose people looked to them for guidance for many things.

The closing words of the Hon. Mr. Costigan's speech caused us sincere regret. He said that he would not be a candidate for election after this parliament, but would retire from active politics. Whatever reasons may have prompted Mr. Costigan to make and announce this decision, the Irish people of Canada will regret it, and will hope that circumstances may enable him to alter his mind and to continue devoting his talents and energies to the service of his country. His last speech will increase the esteem with which he is regarded by the Irish Catholics of the Dominion.

SCOPE FOR IRISH GENEROSITY.

Among the Irish Catholics who have, by their industry, integrity and public spirit, won honorable positions on this Continent and are held in respect by all classes of society, not the least distinguished is Mr. William R. Grace, ex-Mayor of New York. Mr. Grace's career has a certain element of romance which adds to the fascination of his personality. Born in Cork, of Queen's County parents, he early showed a disposition for adventure, especially in the line of seafaring. To gratify this taste he ran away from school, and some fifty years ago he landed in the city over whose administration he was, after eventful years, invited to preside. Though only fourteen years old, he had a good head for business, and his abilities were quickly recognized by those who were engaged in shipping. In three or four years he was well enough known, and sufficiently trusted, to obtain a loan of \$5,000, with which he set out on a voyage to Peru, where he invested it. It was there that he made the foundation of his immense fortune. He settled at Callao, and his first employment was as a clerk in the important firm of Bryce & Co. of that seaport. In two years he became a junior partner, the firm becoming Bryce, Grace & Co., and when, after fifteen years absence, he returned to New York—mainly for his health—he was a rich man. After a season of rest, he was sufficiently recovered to engage in business again, and he founded the house of W. R. Grace & Co., which soon became known everywhere among the shippers and commission merchants. If Mr. Grace was rich before, he was now on the way to become a millionaire. In 1880 he was elected mayor of New York, in spite of determined opposition. In 1884 he was again elected in the face of a junction of the forces of the Tammany and the Republican candidates.

But Mr. Grace is one of those rich men who look upon wealth as a trust, and his wife and son are of the same opinion. All three are as one in their determination to spend some of their superfluous means in the service of mankind. "It is the desire of my wife, my son, and myself," said Mr. Grace recently in explaining his scheme of beneficence, "to erect a building for the education of young women and girls in the various technical occupations suitable for women." He goes on to mention in detail the objects that he wishes it to serve—cooking, dressmaking, house-keeping, stenography, book-keeping and other branches of industry or business suitable to the female sex being enumerated. The institution is to be most liberally endowed and, it is said, be put in charge of the Sisters of Charity. There will be no restriction on religious grounds in the admission of applicants, but it is primarily for the benefit of Catholics, and largely of Irish Catholics.

We do not give these particulars solely as a piece of news—interesting though they are. Nor do we altogether forget that we have munificent givers in our

own city. But they are not all Irish Catholics, like Mr. Grace. We hope the day is coming when Irish munificence will be as noteworthy in Montreal as in New York, so that we shall no longer take an inferior place for generous giving and various helpfulness to our English, Scotch and Welsh fellow-citizens. When Mr. Hogan, M.P., paid us a visit, he called Montreal a Catholic city. The Irish element represents the bulk of the English-speaking Catholic population. A great responsibility therefore rests upon our wealthy Irish fellow-citizens. They have a duty to perform as well as those who help McGill College and other Protestant institutions, and there is plenty of scope for their liberality. Who is to be the "W. R. Grace" of Montreal.

DISCRIMINATING AGAINST CATHOLICS.

We have heard so much of the eviction of public officials from their positions on the pretext of partisanship that if only the quarter of it is true, the number of the unemployed has undergone no slight augmentation since the elections of June last. Some were sent adrift on the plea of economy and that there was not enough for them to do. We would like to see a statement showing how many of the vacancies thus created have remained unfilled or are destined to remain so. There are too many applicants in the ranks of the Government's supporters to permit of much economy of that kind. For some of them it was a happy turn of events that placed their friends in a position to help them and we cannot blame them for taking advantage of it. But few persons realize the plight of the unfortunate who are turned off without warning on the basis of some story of more or less int rested parties.

We may be sure that the person who supplies the evidence which is meant to convict the incriminated official is not actuated altogether by regard for the integrity of the members of the Civil Service. Save where a man has made himself conspicuously offensive to some of his superiors and has persisted in this action after one warning, or has committed some other manifest impropriety, it is difficult to see how evidence of partisanship can be obtained by worthy means. The fact that the Government retained men who had made themselves peculiarly obnoxious to an eminent member of the Conservative Government goes to show that the ministers have no objection to partisanship, however outrageous. It is only when the partisan is not a grit or a rascal that he becomes a *persona ingrata* to the headmen.

But our attention has been called to a complaint which, if well founded, indicates the existence in localities of a more serious injustice than even the eviction of so-called partisans. The Charlotte, town (P.E.I.) Watchman of March 25 contains a communication charging the representatives of the Government in that Island Province with discriminating not only against "Tories" but against Catholics. The letter begins by a statement that in two named sections of the Island line there were under the late Government eight men employed as station agents and section men, of whom four were Catholics and four Protestants. Now, it is added, there are nine men employed, and of these eight are Protestants, leaving one Catholic. Some of the new men are entirely green hands, while among those dismissed there were some of the best men of the road. The writer gives full particulars in each case, and concludes with the bitter reflection that "the Grits are always ready to sacrifice a Catholic," and that "Catholics are not wanted—only on the day of election."

For our own part, though we find a good deal in the policy of the Government, in its theories and its practice, that we would wish otherwise, we would be sorry to believe that a government so largely Catholic and containing some exemplary Protestant gentlemen could deal thus unfairly with Catholics. Nevertheless, some dismissals that took place recently in this city render it impossible to avoid the conclusion that preferences have been shown in which Catholics—Irish Catholics—have not been the gainers.

THE ANCIENT GLORY OF IRELAND.

The ancient schools of Ireland were of peculiar interest for two reasons. Their period of most fruitful activity was for a great part of Christendom an age of exceptional darkness. The old culture which the great Fathers of the Church in Italy, Africa, Greece and the East had inherited and turned so nobly to the purposes of religion, had undergone a temporary eclipse through the fall of Rome and the inroad of the Barbarians. The great scholastic revival of which Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard were the leaders was still in the unknown future. The Irish renaissance was a beacon or rather a system of beacons illuminating the darkness. The other reason was that Irish scholars were not stationary. They were missionaries, evangelists, explorers. We do not half realize their service to the Church and to mankind.

A report of a lecture delivered by Most Rev. Dr. Healy of San Francisco, and recently published in the *Monitor* of that city, deals comprehensively with those seats of learning. The Bishop begins with the testimony of Venerable Bede to Ireland's generous hospitality to English students who resorted thither "for the sake of divine studies or of a mere continent life." These seekers of knowledge and virtue were of every class from the nobility to the poorest peasants, but the Irish willingly received them all and took care to supply them not only with books but with food free of charge. Like testimony is given by other contemporary writers of the continent.

But more remarkable even than the multitudes that flocked to the monasteries for instruction were the crowds that left the island, when their course was finished, to carry the seeds of divine and human learning to every part of the old world, and, some say also, to the new world. It is certain that some of them made Iceland the scene of their missionary labors. Geography was one of the sciences taught in the schools and Dicuil wrote a work, still read with interest, on the Measurement of the Globe. He is said to have had his training at Clonmacnoise. Erigena (the Erin-born) was master of Greece when Greece was hardly known in the west. Virgilius, abbot of Aghaboe, and afterwards Bishop of Salzburg, was an astronomer as well as a theologian. Dungal of Pavia, who wrote of eclipses and was highly esteemed by Charlemagne, had learned in Ireland the logic which he used so skillfully in controversy. Cummin Fada, Bishop of Clonfert, was a man of varied learning and wrote with distinction on the once much vexed paschal question. Sedulius (a member of the ancient Sheil family) was a poet not unworthy of the classic age. St. Columba, St. Columbanus, Adamnan—these and many another belong to Ireland's golden age of learning and inspiration.

But it is to St. Patrick and the Divine Word he carried to the people whom he loved that we trace this rich and fertilizing stream and all its branches. He is the source of Ireland's Christian civilization. Clonmacnoise and Bangor, Lisnmore and Armagh, and all the other centres of learning and religion, were the harvest of his planting and sowing, and in thinking of Ireland's age of peaceful glory we must always give the great apostle of our native land the most exalted place.

We congratulate our valiant contemporary, La Minerve, on its appearance in its new form. As an eight-page sheet it will come up more than ever to the publishers' desire to make it in every way a superior paper, worthy of its long and honorable past and at the same time in keeping with the progress of modern journalism.

Mr. Bob Wall, well known in the business community and a very enthusiastic and clever member of the S.A.A.A., has embarked in a new business. He has secured an interest in the local agency of the famous Spalding bicycle, and is now soliciting orders. Mr. Wall is deserving of every encouragement in his undertaking, and we wish him every success.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

MR. MERRY DEL VAL TO MEET THE ARCHBISHOPS AND ADMINISTRATORS OF QUEBEC AND MONTREAL TO-MORROW.

An important conference between the Archbishops of the different provinces in Canada and Mr. Merry del Val, the Papal ablegate, will be held in the Archbishop's Palace, in this city, to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

Invitations have been addressed to Mgr. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax; Mgr. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa; Mgr. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston; Mgr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, and Mgr. Langevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface. Mr. Merry del Val will preside over the meeting. It is believed that all of the above-mentioned prelates with the exception, perhaps, of Mgr. Cleary, will be present. His Grace of Kingston being too ill to travel. Mgr. Marois, Vicar-General of Quebec, and Mgr. Bourgeault, Administrator of the Arch-diocese of Montreal, will also be present.

Prior to the conference proper, a religious service will be held in St. James Cathedral, at which the Ablegate will officiate.

OUR SOUVENIR.

The *Union* and *Times*, in referring to our Golden Jubilee issue, says:

"A progressive journal is the *Montreal True Witness*. Its St. Patrick's day souvenir number was devoted entirely to the golden jubilee of the historic St. Patrick's Church of that city. The result is an achievement to be proud of, and bespeaks the enterprise of our progressive Canadian confere. One of the notable articles in this jubilee number is on "Irish Catholic Progress in Ontario," by Mr. Wm. Ellison, a favorite contributor to the *Union* and *Times*.

(SACRED HEART REVIEW.)

The *Montreal "True Witness"* well deserves the praises that are being so widely bestowed upon it for the magnificent golden jubilee number which it published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of St. Patrick's Church of this city. Typographically this jubilee number was very beautiful; the illustrations were many and excellent and the reading matter was appropriate

and of great historical value. We congratulate our esteemed Canadian contemporary upon the enterprise which prompted, and the ability which so successfully carried out, the publication of this golden jubilee number.

Reflections upon the School Question.

Politicians would have us believe that the School Question is dead and buried. Were it so, what strange shades might attend its funeral, a motley collection, from which it would seem the loyal Catholic should be conspicuous by his absence. But the School Question is not dead. It lives. Deep in the consciousness of all who have not entirely lost the faith is the conviction that such a matter should be far above the control of office-seekers or office-holders. It has to do with the future welfare of the country;

IT HAS TO DO WITH ETERNITY.

It seems to a dispassionate observer, indifferent as to politics or those who make them, that upon his bed of death no sincere Catholic would like to feel that he had deprived children from generation to generation of Christian education. Nay, more, that he had not lifted hand and voice to demand those benefits for them, or had by any action of his hindered the mere possibility of that sacred right being granted them. He would wish, no doubt, that he had stood up in face of party or of country and boldly made that righteous cause,—be it popular or unpopular—his own; that he had used time, talent, energy, in its behalf, regardless of consequences. Imagine a generation of Catholics brought up without any idea of the after life, save in a dreary half-hour of enforced instruction, which would forever make odious the very idea of religion. But it is argued, that is as much as is given in the Catholic schools. Let any one who has been educated at a Catholic school turn backwards an instant. The morning prayer, the striking of each hour emphasized by some such ejaculation as "Let us remember we are in the holy presence of God," the noonday examination of conscience, with example told from the Lives of Saints or from the Scriptures, the pious reading, the word in season of a religious teacher, the recital of the beads, the spiritual reading, the Crucifix, the statue of Our Lady, the pictures of Angels or Saints. The child who turns out badly after such training is as one who loses a race, with all the odds in his favor. And all this without interfering with the regular curriculum of study. Why, in the United States,

IT IS PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BOYS

who have come out first in several public contests. What is here said of day school is applicable in a greater degree, of course, to boarding schools. The month of May is forever associated in the mind of the Catholic pupil with the brightly lighted chapel or shrine, with the singing of hymns to the Mother Immaculate, and the perfume of flowers. The beauty within made to harmonize with the beauty without. How vulgar and sordid appears the best ordered non-sectarian school, in comparison with these haunts of spirituality.

The writer, in visiting the Kindergarten ten attached to Felix Adler's school of ethical culture, in New York, was surprised to see there certain sacred pictures. The principal teacher, a charming and accomplished woman, to whom the dreary task had been confided of educating

ALL THOSE LITTLE SOULS,

without sectarian influences, took from the wall the well known picture of St. Anthony of Padua holding the Divine Infant, and made it an object lesson. Unlike the advocates of non-sectarian schools, she recognized the ethical value of elevating pictures and noble lives and turned backwards to the Church and its saints to find them. Says a non-Catholic writer in the *Atlantic* monthly for April, 1868: "It is not for the sake of the direct, religious instruction that the pastors are desirous of having parochial schools. There are several orders in the church devoted to the work of instruction. . . . It is from these orders that the parochial schools are drawn; and it is the *Catholicizing* effect upon the minds of the children of these still, self-contained, cheerful personages that the pastors chiefly value. There is a marvellous economy, too, in the system; for these pious brothers and devoted sisters only requite the necessities of life."

The writer proceeds to draw a parallel between them and the teachers of Protestant schools, whom, he says, "have seldom any vantage ground of rank, of such nature as to aid them in securing respect and obedience."

"The subordinate teachers," he continues, "are often poor and overworked, and in the commercial cities, where NOTHING IS SINCERELY HONORED BUT THE BANK ACCOUNT,

come from humble homes to teach boys and girls who live in mock palaces." Religious schools are free from many of these objections and difficulties, the teachers being sufficiently independent of the pupils, without being too much so. "And," adds he, "the garb of the nun, of the Christian Brothers, of the Sisters of Charity, as well as the serenity and dignity of their demeanor, hold impudence in check and teach the young victims of successful speculation that there are distinctions other than those indicated by marble fronts and rose-wood stairs. There is a certain civilizing influence, too, which comes of compelling minute observance of the etiquette of each apartment and each situation." If these remarks apply to the children of the rich and in especial to private schools, how much more forcibly to the children of the poor and gratuitous schools, where civilizing influences are so much a necessity. The danger, the pernicious

EFFECTS OF NON-SECTARIAN EDUCATION have been reiterated so constantly that they have become a truism. Recently in Albany, U.S., where some species of educational compromise was in action, it was legally decided that the cross was not a fitting emblem for the school house. Yet Christian and Catholic children were being taught daily within its walls.

But were non-sectarian education desirable, it rarely exists. The perversion

of the Catholic child is frequently sought, at least, indirectly. Lately, a book was issued and circulated amongst the children of public schools in the United States, wherein it was stated that the Jesuits made murder justifiable under certain circumstances, and that the Pope could give permission to commit sin. An agitation ensued on the part of the Catholic authorities and the book was withdrawn. A man, editor of a paper and a prominent A. P. A. of the West, has just been condemned to penitentiary for circulating immoral literature amongst the public school children. It is argued sometimes that Catholic schools are inferior to others. If this were true—and can it be proved?—in mere material matters, what is the obvious remedy? To improve them! Let intelligent Catholics consider ways and means. Were a church edifice in bad repair, it would scarcely be argued that it should be replaced by a Protestant meeting house or tree-thought hall.

It is urged that Catholic education mars a man's future career. It is curious, in this connection, how the French Canadians have heard themselves styled inferior, and, in many instances, have joined in the cry. Yet

FRENCH CANADIANS TRAINED IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

have given Canada some of her foremost statesmen, political leaders and professional men, and has supplied a literature. If they have not always taken the lead in commerce, it is because their turn of mind seems to turn towards the professions, though who will deny that there are eminently successful commercial men amongst the same class. But it is desirable in a growing country to obviate religious differences, say the undenominationalists. As well say that the churches must be pulled down or made unsectarian. While they exist, religious differences will exist. Is it any advantage to the State that a Catholic should not be that poorest of God's creatures, a had Catholic, fit for "treasons, spoils and stratagems," or that an Anglican should tend towards infidelity. A child must learn at school the principles which guide his life, and he will walk with an uncertain, wobbling step, if he be taught to put expediency before religion and the desire to stand well with his fellows in place of a resolution to serve God at all hazards.

A. T. S.

PERE OLLIVIER.

THE LENTEN PREACHER AT NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

PERE OLLIVIER, who has succeeded the late Mgr. d'Haut as Lenten preacher at Notre Dame, Paris, is an illustration of the common belief that men of exceptionally strong intellect are of exigent stature. It would appear that length of body is somehow opposed to breadth of mind. Pere Ollivier is so short that in order that he may be able to see his congregation properly and gesticulate freely while preaching, he is obliged to stand upon a stool in the pulpit. This eloquent Dominican possesses all the boldness with which short men are credited. There is no preacher of the day who hesitates less to say right out what he thinks. This partly explains the great attraction that he undoubtedly exercises upon the public. On a recent occasion wishing to characterize the spirit of so many Catholics of the day, he said: "Gentle men, we are afraid!" But after a moment's pause he added: "Pardon, gentlemen, it is you who are afraid, for, thank God, I am not one of that sort."

The distinction that he drew might have given offense, but it did not. Such sorries on the part of Pere Ollivier are quite understood. The subjects that he prefers to deal with are those that particularly interest a society of the present day, and it is said that, monk though he is, nobody understands the world better than he.—*Catholic Times*, Liverpool.

DEATH OF MISS ETHEL BARRY.

THE SAD EVENT TOOK PLACE AT CLARENCEVILLE, N.B., ON MARCH 30.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

HENRYVILLE, QUEB., April 3.—The death of a most estimable and highly respected young woman has just been announced, Miss Ethel Barry, of Clarenceville, Que., youngest daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Barry. The sad event occurred on March 30th. Miss Barry possessed all the Christian and social qualities that render a young woman charming and agreeable. She was a most devoted daughter and sister, an affectionate friend and companion, whose pure life will be long remembered by her wide circle of acquaintances. Her bereaved mother and sisters have the heartfelt sympathy of this community.

MRS. MARY LARKIN.

It is with deep regret that we are called upon to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Larkin, mother of Mr. Thomas Larkin, superintendent of the *Montreal Herald*, and of Robert and Michael Larkin, which sad event occurred at her residence yesterday. Deceased was well known and highly esteemed by a large circle of the community in this city, where she has resided for a long period. The funeral will take place from her late residence, 712 St. Dominique street, to-morrow morning, at 8 o'clock.

The following extract from London Truth needs no comment:—

The banquet given last week by Lord Cardigan to courtiers and officials was a remarkable evidence of the bad taste, from an Irish point of view, which is often displayed by Irish viceroys, and accounts for many phases of the Irish question. Why emphasize in Irish minds the fact of the neglect of sixty years especially at a time when the Sovereign, who could only give Ireland twelve days out of all the years, is spending over six weeks on the Riviera? The Irish do not grudge the Queen a holiday, nor any of the honor she receives in the other portions of her dominions. They do resent, however, an attempt to make them appear a nation of abject flatterers, grateful even for royal neglect, and eager to kiss the hand that has christened them.

Note and Comment.

The latest move in modern educational methods is the plan just advanced in New York of embellishing the walls of the class-rooms with pictures and casts that are supposed to awaken a new interest and thirst for knowledge, and to familiarize the minds of the pupils with forms that otherwise might remain distorted and vague images of the imaginations.

The cultivation of a love for the beautiful is a laudable aim, but it has its own place and should not be permitted to wander from it. Knowledge is nothing if it does not tend to strengthen and ennoble the character, and fit it to bear the rough shocks that are encountered on life's way, and a few withered tokens torn from Nature's broad bosom will not form the truest and the most useful.

An old resident of Charlesbourg, Quebec, Mr. Johnston, has just passed away at the advanced age of 82 years. He was a native of Ferrisburgh, Ireland, and came to Quebec in 1845. Mr. Johnston leaves a family of six sons and four daughters.

Mrs. McKinley has decided that no wine shall be served at the White House entertainments. At a dinner recently tendered by the McKintys to their kinsfolk, wine was conspicuous only by its absence, and this rule will be strictly adhered to throughout the McKinley regime.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet will be this year's honored recipient of the Lestare Medal, annually conferred on distinguished Catholics by the University of Notre Dame. Dr. Emmet is a convert to the Catholic faith since 1867, and he has earned his recent signal honor by his devotion to Catholic principles and the eminence to which he has risen among the ranks of America's physicians.

It would have been a remarkably good investment if the City Fathers had used the money which was granted for the new East End Station in improving the city roads. Our roads on some of the principal streets are unworthy of a country village and if the amount referred to had been used for new and permanent roads the Council would have earned the gratitude of the community.

Down at Frankfort, where the Kentucky Legislature sits, the wise sons who run the State business passed a bill the other day making egg-throwing and other interruptions at public meetings a misdemeanor and provided punishment for such offenses. It is said that the egg industry in Kentucky is on the verge of ruin.

A contemporary portrait of Sir Thomas More, Blessed Thomas More, as he is now by the Pope's decree, was discovered, black with age, in a corner of the official residence of the House of Commons Speaker. Sir Thomas was Speaker of the Commons in 1523, before he was made Lord Chancellor and Speaker of the Lords. The portrait has been restored and hung in the gallery of portraits of former Speakers.

Miss Lillian Kertland, of Philadelphia, a clever little girl of fourteen years, and a pupil of Mount St. Mary's Academy, Newburgh, N.Y., an educational establishment conducted by the Dominican Sisters, has won renown for herself and her teachers by being the victor in a prize essay contest open to hundreds of public and private schools. Some time ago the Quessack Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution offered a gold medal as a prize for the best essay on the subject of "The Distinctive Characteristics of the Constitution of the United States" and against all other competitors Miss Kertland won the prize, her work being adjudged the most concise, clear and comprehensive.

The Irish World says: On the Isle of Ebnagh, western coast of Ireland, is a cairn where may be seen a slab marked with a single cross. This, according to tradition, is the grave of Eithne, mother of St. Columba, of Colmkillie; aunt of St. Conan and sister of St. Feargus, who led a hermit's life for twelve years on this island, where his cell is still. It was Eithne who gave the bent to St. Columba's mind. Before his birth she made him the subject of constant prayer. One night she dreamt an angel brought her a garment of beautiful texture and varied hue. This the angel afterward took away, and as he flew through the air, the garment kept unfolding and extending over mount and plain, till her eye could not see the extent. She grieved at her loss, but the angel comforted her by telling her the garment was a symbol of the influence her child would wield over Ireland and Scotland, bringing a multitude of souls into the fold of Christ—an assurance she lived to see verified.

MR. THOMAS DOHERTY.

A Well-Known Merchant Passes Away Suddenly—A Prominent Figure in the Circles of Irishmen of Montreal.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Thomas Doherty, the well known wholesale merchant, which occurred on Friday morning, came as a great shock to the business community, where he was well known. Mr. Doherty was only confined to his home for the brief period of three days, and his illness was not regarded as very serious by the members of his family and his intimate friends.

Deceased was born at Omagh, County of Tyrone, Ireland, about 53 years ago, and came to this country in 1862, and finally settled in Montreal. He became identified in the importing business, and established a firm under the style of Downey, Doherty & Company. He was afterward associated with the late Thomas Doherty & Company. Mr. Doherty has carried on business alone under the same firm name for some time past. He was widely known in the circles of Irish Catholics of this city and district, as he always took an active interest in the work of national and athletic organizations, and was admired for the many and enthusiastic spirit he evinced in matters concerning the Old Land.

He was a man of kindly disposition and unassuming manner, and was a welcome guest at many a social gathering. A practical Catholic, he was a member of St. Patrick's parish for a period of nearly a generation, and ever manifested a deep interest in all projects having for their object the embellishment or improving of the grand Old Church.

The funeral, which took place on Monday morning from his late residence, 56 Osborne Street, was attended by hundreds of citizens of every class and creed.

A solemn Requiem Mass was sung at St. Patrick's at which Rev. Father E. McCallaghan officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Driscoll and Lussier as canon and sub-deacon respectively. At the conclusion of the Mass, the funeral cortege reformed and proceeded to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where the interment took place. The chief mourners were Messrs. Frank and Thomas Doherty, sons of the deceased; Patrick Doherty, brother; Messrs. J. A. and Patrick Mullin, uncles; Mr. Wm. Kearney, brother-in-law; Messrs. Wm. and Thomas Kearney, and John P. Doherty, nephews; Messrs. P. James, John, and Joseph McCree, P. and J. E. Mullin, Joseph Smith, and Mr. P. McGoldrick.

Amongst those present at the funeral were the Hon. Judge Curran, the Hon. James McShane, Aid. Kinsella, ex-Aid. Cunningham, F. B. McNamee, Robert Davis, R. W. Fester, R. J. Anderson, B. Tansy, Frank Langan, John P. Wer, John Kane, Joseph Quinn, John Stacey, E. Elliott, M. Elliott, C. A. McDonnell, James Cechrane, T. J. Quinlan, R. Wall, John Moore, Wm. Stafford, Peter Kearney, P. McGovern, James McFingon, J. White, John Kearney, M. Fitzgibbon, W. J. McKenna, Wm. Kearney, W. E. Doran, Richard McShane, G. Gormley, C. A. Carpenter, P. Kearney, Rosalind, B. C. L. Love, P. J. Gordon, P. J. Ronayne, John Hatchette, J. J. Millay, P. Wall, B. Wall, T. Styles, Thomas McShane, W. J. Ruffery, W. J. Stafford, F. O'Connor, P. S. Doyle, M. P. McGoldrick, James Scullion, W. J. Scullion, and others.

OUR REVIEWER.

(Continued from page 2.)

Donahoe's for April contains such a varied collection of excellent reading that the mental faculties are refreshed as well as entertained by its perusal. Donahoe's has attained a high place among the publications of America, and instead of resting on its laurels, its every issue strengthens and advances its enviable position. Among the articles of the April number "Jeanne d'Arc, in History, Painting and Song," by Beatrice Sturges, is timely and interesting, and amply illustrated; "James Clarence Mangan" is considered by a namesake, J. J. Mangan, D.D., and selections from the poet enhance its interest. "Rome's Monument to Leo XIII.," by M. R. Taylor, presents us with a brief but interesting record of St. Anselm's, the great International College—founded through the generosity of the present illustrious Pontiff, which is situated on the Aventine, Rome. Portraits of eminent ecclesiastics, connected with the great institution and its work, accompany the sketch. James Clarkson tells us something of Cardinal Fresch, and will continue the information in succeeding numbers. St. Patrick's Life, Legends and Miracles are narrated in a pleasing fashion by P. J. Lynch, and James E. Wright contributes a commercial study entitled "Investigating the Trusts." The biographical sketch of that eminent Irish prelate, the Right Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, D.D., Bishop of Raphoe, written by William Ellison, will be a welcome bit of reading for many subscribers. A portrait of Dr. O'Donnell accompanies this article. There are many other bright pages in the April Donahoe's to be investigated by its readers.

The first instalment of the "Recollections of Aubrey de Vere," appears in the current number of the Ave Maria. In presenting its readers with these highly interesting and witty recollections of a gifted mind, the Ave Maria displays a commendable spirit of enterprise and its

purpose of aiming high in its choice of literary material. Considerable expense has been incurred in securing this new work, which now appears for the first time, and lovers of good literature should encourage the venture of this progressive Catholic weekly, and in doing so will find a reward of pleasure and profit in the perusal of its pages.

ST. ANN'S DRAMATIC SECTION

To Reproduce the "Siege of Limerick," in Aid of the Poor.

Under the Auspices of the Parish Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Mr. Martin to Write a New Drama Typical of the Scenes of '95.

It will be good news for many of our readers to learn that the dramatic section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society have decided to reproduce the "Siege of Limerick," which proved such a complete success on March 17. Two performances were given on that occasion, but the attendance at both was so large that a great number of people turned away disappointed, unable to gain admission to the hall.

"The Siege of Limerick" was written expressly for St. Ann's Young Men's Society, by Mr. James Martin. The performance of Easter Monday night will be for the benefit of St. Vincent de Paul Society, and this praiseworthy and generous act on the part of St. Ann's Young Men should receive an equally generous measure of encouragement and support.

The merit of the drama and the worthiness of the society's objects should be two strong motives for attendance, and we have no doubt that the capacity of St. Ann's Hall will on Easter Monday evening again prove inadequate as on the occasion of St. Patrick's festival.

An industrious worker, Mr. Martin is not content to rest on his laurels, but is already preparing a new manuscript that will portray the stirring events of '95—a fruitful theme which shall be turned to good account by his brilliant pen.

This new drama will also be dedicated to St. Ann's Young Men's Society, and will be of peculiar interest in this year when the memories of that period are everywhere revived by the centenary celebrations in honor of its heroes.

The True Witness suggested this subject in referring to the recent performances of the "Siege of Limerick," and is glad to know that Mr. Martin has found it a suitable theme for the exercise of his special talents. We need no gift of prophecy to foretell the success awaiting his new labor, for the striking evidence of ability displayed in his earlier and latest productions is but a forerunner of the merit that will be found in his coming triumph.

St. Ann's Young Men have reason to be proud of a member so clever and capable, and at the same time so entirely devoted to the interests of the society.

SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON'S MASTERLY BELIEVERANGE.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.)

I would ask hon. gentlemen, in this room what branches of science he would wish his child to learn and in what his father? That question would puzzle the parent as much as it would puzzle the child. I am tired of these sciences which are as changeable as the figures in a kaleidoscope—nothing, stable, nothing permanent, but held and held assertion. I have found that what was laid down as fundamental principles years ago is put aside as nothing today. I find in certain departments of science that there have been complete changes three or four times in the course of a few decades. Take the very structure of the earth we inhabit, and take our selves who inhabit it. These of us who have put aside revealed religion and authority, have taken to evolution, it is anything positive, but that is not sufficient now.

EVOLUTION IS NOT THE LAST VAGARY

of the German mind. Here is something newer: that the whole universe is one ethereal elastic mass, and in that there are countless particles of precise mathematical form which are impenetrable, and which have in addition the property of inertia and these are supposed to conglomerate together and arrange themselves in such wise as to form man, with all his courage and manliness; woman with all her gentleness and beauty; the tiger with all its ferocity; the mollusc with all its slowness, etc., and all from this combination or selection of spherical particles of precise size inhabiting and suspended in the elastic fluid. And such is creation—and in such wise are we created! A creation so independent of an Almighty is at the will and wickedness of all—and the relative and material increase of a people or its opposite gives evidence of where these views receive the more general acceptance. Certainly not in French Canada.

Hon. Mr. Macdonald (BC)—Is that what they make governments of? Sir William Hingston—I do not know much of the making of governments—but that is the way the scientists make the men that make the governments. Wide on my visit to one of the northern states to which I have alluded, and speaking to my good college friend, the Episcopalian minister, I saw some French books for the use of the students. This was a school from which religion was excluded, and where no religion prevailed in a school something more markedly negative of good is sure to enter. The first book was Diderot in French, another was Voltaire and a third Jacques Rousseau. Then there was another book, Balzac. None of the others were sly enough, and Balzac

was introduced. Were you, Hon. gentlemen, to send your sons to an academy of learning like that, and were they to learn French, they would be sent to a French master and he would put such soul-destroying books into their hands, and when they came back to your firesides would they honor you as they should honor their parents? If you send your son there

WOULD HE BE A BETTER BOY

when he returned than he was when he left his mother's care, and where he had learned at her knee the only true consoling and imperishable truth he had ever learned? It is surely far better to deprive children of the ability to acquire that kind of knowledge than to deprive them of the ability to acquire religious instruction. In the Province of Quebec what have we? We have a Protestant board of education and a Catholic board of education, and yet another board over-riding all. This supervising board interferes only when called upon by the Catholic board on the one side, or the Protestant one on the other. How often do you suppose they meet? I do not know that they meet once in twenty years. Things have gone on so smoothly; the Catholics attending to their affairs, and the Protestants to theirs, that the general board is not called upon. And such men as Sir William Dawson, the Rev. Dr. Shaw, Professor Robins, and hosts of other distinguished men whom I could name, have again and again borne testimony to the liberal Christian spirit with which the minority is treated, and such is the condition of things I hope we will have some day in Manitoba and throughout this country of ours when the proposed "settlement" will have been numbered with the things which were not to be, and the statute book will contain no record of broken faith.

The hon. gentleman resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged applause.

Religious News Items.

The Italian Church of St. Anthony of Padua, in Baldo, recently received from Italy a fine statue of the Madonna of the Rosary, the work of a Palermo artist, the work of blessing the statue was of unusual interest. All the Italian societies of Baldo marched in procession, sang, and with bands playing Italian airs. The statue was reverently borne by eight of their number and deposited within the church, where it was solemnly blessed by Rev. Father Martindale.

Rev. Joseph M. Sturtevant, S.J., of Providence, R.I., assisted by Rev. Jos. H. Rose, of the J. of New York, recently celebrated a week's mission at St. Francis Xavier College, New York, which was held for the extensive benefit of deaf-mutes. The services each evening were held in a hall, and an average of 400 persons attended, and it must have been a most successful mission to see the divine graces manifested in the signs and language of the zealous and pious missionaries.

Right Rev. P. V. Dwyer, who has lately been named to the Bishop of Montreal and Australia, is a son of the soil, and has the distinction of being the only native Australian raised to the dignity of a bishop. He was born in Albany, New South Wales, in 1858. His father was Mr. William Dwyer, of the Education Department of the colony.

Sister Mary of St. Philip, the second daughter of Sir James Mathew, died recently at the Carmelite Convent, Notting Hill, London. The deceased lady was 25 years of age and had been a member of the Carmelite community for eight years. Justice Mathew's eldest daughter is the wife of Mr. John Dillon.

St. Anthony's Messenger gives the interesting information that the present Empress of Russia is a direct descendant of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, a daughter of St. Elizabeth, married Henry of Brant, to whom she brought as a wedding portion the Duchy of Hesse, and the Czarina is a daughter of the late Duke of Hesse.

Colonel D. Lancy Astor Kane, a prominent society and club man of New York, has become a convert to the Catholic Faith, and Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Farley were present at the ceremony of his baptism. Colonel Kane's wife, who was the daughter of Adrian de Lin, has always been a fervent Catholic and the fact has been reported in the faith of his mother. In 1896 Colonel Kane, accompanied by Mrs. Kane and her mother, Mrs. Iselin, visited the Holy Land, and it is believed that this journey strongly influenced him to join the Catholic Church. He had been an active member of Trinity Episcopal church for many years, and the rector, Dr. Canedy, while regretting the loss of a valued member and vestryman, says, "I have no doubt whatsoever that he is entirely sincere in his conversion. Deeply as I regret that he should have seen fit to take this step, it will not sever our personal friendship. I have now, as always, the warmest esteem and liking for the man himself, no matter what his religion may be."

A writer in the Month tells of a remarkable institution in Paris, the Convent of the Blind Sisters of St. Paul, where in a community of sixty-six, one half the number are without the gift of sight. The object of the Order is to enable those who are blind, and yet possess a religious vocation, to follow their desire and give themselves entirely to God.

In this strange convent the work is admirably divided between *sœurs voyantes* and the blind sisters. The latter are capable of accomplishing a great deal of labor and devote themselves to the printing of journals and books for the blind, and teaching reading, writing and music, while the *sœurs voyantes* accept the manual tasks of the household.

This is the only convent in the world where the blind are accepted as *religieuses* and this influence on the little blind children entrusted to their care is considered marvellous. They teach them to endure with patience their sad affliction and many examples of the fortitude of these children are related.

It is a pathetic but at the same time a beautiful and touching sight to see the devotion of the nuns gifted with vision

towards their blind sisters. In approaching the communion rail a *sœur voyante* gently leads a blind companion, and it is said in Paris that in return the blind guide the other nuns to Heaven, for it has been remarked in the Convent of St. Paul that when a blind sister dies a *sœur voyante* soon follows.

All the way from China, the Reverend John MacVeigh, C.M., Apostolic Missionary to China, has journeyed to Dublin to make an appeal in the Irish Capital for funds to enable him to build a church on heathen soil for the poor struggling Christians who are his special care. Father MacVeigh has labored in China for eighteen years, and it is said that he is the only English-speaking missionary in that broad land.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Rev. Father Donnelly, of St. Anthony's Parish, won the watch, collected on by Mrs. Thos. C. Collins, for the benefit of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The Reverend Mother Superior returns sincere thanks to all those who so kindly contributed.

In little less than a month Tennessee will begin celebrating her 100th anniversary as a state with an exposition at Nashville. It commences May 1. Most, if not all, the southern states have made generous appropriations and have caused to be erected there handsome and costly buildings for the display of exhibits. Some of the northern states have also liberally contributed toward the exhibits. Likewise has Congress recognized the importance of the centennial, and there has been constructed an immense building for a government exhibit.

The Postmaster-General proposes, as far as his department is concerned, to commemorate Her Majesty's diamond jubilee by the issue of a new 3-cent postage stamp appropriate to the occasion. It will have a limited circulation only, probably for a period of three months covering the jubilee celebrations during the coming summer. When the sale is stopped the present 3-cent stamp will be put in circulation.

The following report comes from St. Paul, Minn.: The Mississippi has reached 16 feet—two feet above the danger line. Between Minneapolis and St. Paul, 1,000 families have been made homeless by the flood. They lived on the flats along the river side and in the lowlands of West St. Paul. The families that lived to the left of the interurban bridge at Minneapolis have been driven out and a vast body of water rushed over the spot where their homes used to be. It has swept away many houses. In West St. Paul the water is encroaching on the Robert Street bridge. Only two streets in the flats are free from water, and that only for three squares. The water is coming up and is gradually submerging all the lowlands.

The earnings of the four State prisons of New York prior to the enforcement of the constitutional prohibition against productive labor, were \$200,000 and the expenses about \$300,000. The number of convicts in the State prisons has declined since 1892. In that year the total was 3,255; last year it was 3,129.

A SAD FATALITY.

Three Men Lose Their Lives at Dow's Brewery in Montreal.

A very sad fatality occurred at Dow's brewery on Cuddeville Square on Monday morning by which three men lost their lives, two of whom are Irish Catholics. The names of the victims are, Joseph Webb, John Murphy, and Matthew Hannigan.

The fatality occurred in the following manner: By the fermentation of beer, carbonic acid gas is formed and remains on the top of the brew in the tuns. As the beer is drawn off the gas follows it, and finally, when the tun is empty, remains in the bottom of the tun.

These tuns are always cleaned out after the brew has been drawn off. Before entering into the tun the men always lower a light to see if there is any gas at the bottom. If the light is extinguished it is a sign that there is gas in the tun and it is expelled by switching water throughout it.

A small tun was empty and Webb was to have washed it out. He went into the tun without having fully examined it. When Webb was lowering himself the gas immediately affected him, and he fell to the bottom. John Murphy, who was close at hand, saw this, and at once got into the tun to rescue Webb.

The gas was too much for him, and he also fell suffocated by the fumes. Hannigan witnessed the fate of his two fellow workmen, and proceeded to try and save them. He went into the tun, and had scarcely reached the bottom, when he, too, succumbed to the deadly gas.

One more man, McCabby, descended into the tun, and fell a victim to the fumes of the gas.

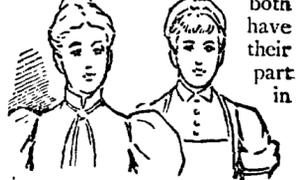
By this time every employe in the vicinity of the tuns became aware of the danger in which the four men were. Efforts were immediately made to rescue the unfortunate quartette. All the vents of the tun were opened and water was sent through the tun until all the gas was driven out. Ladders and ropes were lowered, and one by one the unfortunate men were taken out.

In the meantime Dr. Munro had been sent for, and he was on hand promptly. Every known means were used to resuscitate the men; Webb, Murphy and Hannigan had been exposed to the deadly gas too long and they were dead by the time that the physician had arrived. McCabby had been in the tun for a shorter period than any of the others, and the doctor succeeded in restoring him to consciousness.

Webb is not married, but Murphy and Hannigan are. Murphy leaves two children and Hannigan one child.

Philip Sheridan, B.G.L. ADVOCATE, BARRISTER & SOLICITOR MONTREAL, P.Q. OFFICE: New York Life Building Room 706 Bell Telephone 1233

Mistress-Maid



both have their part in the great savings that come from Pearline. Suppose you're the mistress. There's the economy of it—the saving of time, etc., and the actual money that's saved by doing away with that steady wear and tear on everything washed. Suppose you're the maid. There's the saving of labor; the absence of rubbing; the hardest part of the housework made easier and pleasanter. But suppose you are mistress and maid, both in one, doing your own work. Then there is certainly twice as much reason why you should do every bit of your washing and cleaning with Pearline.

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We have 52 different patterns equally as good which we will close out at \$1.95 each. Special values in all lines of Furniture for the balance of this month. We will store your purchases free till wanted.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 652 Craig Street.

AMERICAN EVICTIONS.

Locomotives Used in Demolishing Buildings Occupied by squatters.

JERSEY CITY, N.J., April 2.—More than a hundred families of squatters, who lived on the South Cove, grant in this city, were evicted from their homes at noon yesterday by about 100 police and deputy sheriffs and with the aid of several locomotives.

The eviction was made amid much excitement, and for a time it looked as if blood would be shed. The squatters had been ordered by the courts to vacate the property at noon, but they declared that they would not leave without a fight.

When the sheriff, with the deputies and police, gathered at the cave and surrounded it yesterday morning, several hundred men, women and children gathered about the shanties, and defied the officers of the law.

They lay hands on them or their property. Directly outside the lines of police were 100 railroad hands, in the employ of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and behind them were several engines, to which long ropes were tied.

The railroad men had orders to pull down the frail shanties and huts, and to demolish them at any cost. It was 9:30 o'clock when six wagon loads of police dashed up Jersey Avenue and surrounded the cave.

The police were in charge of Inspector Lange, Capt. Cox of the First Precinct, who in charge of 25 men, who guarded the cave from Warren Street Bridge over to Morris Canal.

This is the principal eastern outlet from the cave. The engines were hitched to the houses and the buildings were pulled down. South Cove is known as one of the toughest places in Jersey City.

Some of the old habitations are old huts turned bottom upward and boarded in. Many of the huts have roofs of rotten straw and tin, and all are in such bad repair that they cannot be called houses. The city

MADE CLAIM TO THE PROPERTY, which the Lehigh Valley road professed to own, and after a fight, which was carried on from one court to another, it was finally decided that the land belonged to the municipality. It had been filled in by the railroad company and had become very valuable.

After the city won the suit it leased part of the ground back to the Lehigh Valley. When the railroad started to lay tracks on the property the trouble began. For a railroad employe to venture near a squatter's house was dangerous. After repeated attempts the track laying was abandoned and the courts were applied to. The police were then called upon to take a hand.

The squatters have not been idle in the past few days. They knew that force would be resorted to and they prepared ready to resist. Clubs were prepared and many of the men were armed. As soon as it became known that the squatters were to be ejected crowds began gathering from every direction. The presence of the crowds, too, aroused the bravado of the squatters and they mocked at the police.

A collection of the value of \$2000.00 has been won by Mr. J. A. Godcharles, 128 Atwater Avenue, St. Henri, at the distribution of the 81st March of The Society of Arts of Canada, 1666 Notre Dame street.

AUNT NORA'S CORNER.

There are a great many earnest young people with the best possible intentions who are stumbling blocks to themselves and others, because of their habit of grumbling and looking on the gloomy side of things; nothing is ever just right for them. If the day is bright they see a cloud in the sky which promises rainy weather. In fact they borrow trouble. "Oh dear me!" Aunt Nora heard one of her young friends exclaim, "I'll never have my lessons for to-morrow; there's history, geography, grammar—I am just afraid to begin—and that one sentence 'just afraid to begin' was the keynote of all her trouble. She forgot that she had but one lesson at a time; she saw only the hard work before her, and ignored the fact that if the time she spent in grumbling had been applied to one lesson she would have made a start towards conquering the tasks she so much dreaded.

A well-known writer says: "Do to-day's duties; fight to-day's temptations; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them."

It would make life broader and grander for each of us, if we could rise above the anxious thought about what we will do to-morrow, or next week. We would double our usefulness if we were to give up the useless attempt to carry to-morrow's burdens, and be content to "lend a hand" to what lies nearest to-day, leaving to-morrow and its possibilities with a wise, merciful and all loving Creator.

In this life of ours we often fail to take the time necessary to become acquainted with ourselves. Some day an unexpected trial or temptation coming upon us, makes a revelation, and we stand aghast. We have been harboring motives we could not have guessed. We have weaknesses of which we never dreamed. Our self-respect reels under the blow. And all the sorrow and shame might have been averted if earlier we had taken the time necessary to understand our own natures, and so have guarded against coming dangers.

Of course all Aunt Nora's young friends meant to make each succeeding week better than the last; the best way to accomplish this is to review the work of the past few days. Notice just where you made your mistakes, that you may avoid a repetition of the same. Encourage yourself by seeing where you really succeeded. That is one of the ways by which God means you to grow.

AUNT NORA.

DISCONTENT.

Sometimes we find little girls and boys—and big ones, too, very often—who are discontented with their home surroundings.

Their parlors "isn't a bit nice, it's just a poky, old-fashioned room," after they have visited somebody else's drawing-room. Their table has not half the appointments of somebody else's board. Their little sisters are not half so pretty, or so nicely dressed, as other little girls they know; and their brothers—well, they are just big, rough, good-natured lads without a bit of the polish or manners that other youths display.

Even father and mother receive their share of adverse criticism from these young censors who have just opened their eyes to the little refinements of life, but never enquired how they came to have even so much as already surrounds them.

Many lives, perhaps, were worn out in daily toil through generations of ancestors in the task of building, piece by piece, even the humblest of little homes. Life's trials and vicissitudes may have overtaken the builders, and scattered their work to the winds even before it reached completion, and then the labor and struggle had to be begun bravely again, perhaps from its very foundations, and in time your father and mother joined hearts and hands and took up the shattered and crumbling remnants of fortune they found, and, binding them strong together with their own love and trust, built a warm little nest for you to grumble at when you first stepped from your mother's knee into the great big world, so full of sham and parade, that dazzles your unaccustomed eyes.

Other homes may, indeed, be prettier and better fashioned, but other parents may have found materials in plenty in the spot where God appointed them to labor, and other hands may have undertaken the toil for them that spoiled the beauty of your father and mother's fingers.

It is your duty now to turn your energies to the task of embellishing the home and make it more inviting. You may think that the best way to do this is to expend money that you cannot obtain in wonderful tidies and dainties that occupy many precious moments in construction, and turn out very often to be very untidy and troublesome affairs. I am talking now to the girls. A boy will consider himself an injured being if he cannot be supplied with a bicycle, a sweater, an outing cap, running shoes, perhaps a big dog to go prowling over the house his mother and sisters endeavor to keep clean and neat—and these are a boy's minor deficiencies—he generally wants a great deal more.

The best way to add to the beauty of home is not by filling it with a lot of ornate goods and hardware, but with the brightness of your heart's sunshine and the willing help of your young hands.

Never mind the flaws you see; they are trifles after all, and you should re-

member that it is time for father and mother to give up a little of the burden of home-building and keeping, and it is for you to step in with your tribute of gratitude and pick up a few of the little tasks they may leave undone and quietly accomplish them. If you do this, children, you will have no time for fault-finding, and no room in your hearts for the ugly spirit of discontent that mars so many lives.

SUSIE.

DEAR AUNT NORA.—Seeing in the last issue of THE TRUE WITNESS your earnest appeal to the boys and girls of good 'old St. Ann's,' I immediately resolved to do my best to keep up the good old name of this dear old parish, and this is my apology for penning you those few lines. Well, dear Aunt Nora, wasn't the annual procession in honor of Ireland's great Apostle one to be long remembered, the national festival commemorating at the same time the glorious jubilee of dear old St. Patrick's Church? How proudly I wore "the chosen leaf of bard and chief, old Erin's native Shamrock!" Yes, the day was celebrated here in a most enthusiastic and withal in a very becoming manner. My dear mother purchased two copies of the Golden Jubilee Souvenir Number of THE TRUE WITNESS, one of which we are keeping at home and the other we have sent to my dear aunt and cousins in Quebec. In the letter which they sent us, gratefully acknowledging receipt of the Souvenir Number, they proclaim it most beautiful, and think it deserves unstinted praise, and is well worth keeping. Sol emni High Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, on the morning of the glorious festival so dear to the hearts of Erin's sons and daughters. The Mass was rendered by a choir of sixty voices, and the church, which was most artistically decorated, was thronged to the doors. My cousin, Miss Johanna Sullivan, sang the solo at the "Sanctus," and was highly complimented on the way she so admirably acquitted herself. Well, dear Aunt Nora, I am a pupil of St. Ann's Academy, on McCord street, and I am progressing favorably in my studies, thanks to my kind, devoted and self-sacrificing teacher. The Academy is under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, who are everywhere looked upon as very competent and efficient teachers. Well, as this is my first appearance and as I have now broken the ice, I hope those able to wield a mightier and more elegant pen than mine will now muster up courage and favor us with some interesting news.

ROSE BAILEY.

[Your letter is very neatly written and carefully punctuated, Rosie, and Aunt Nora is of opinion that her new niece is painstaking, who is always anxious to do her best with everything she undertakes. There should be no ice between Aunt Nora and her young friends; the atmosphere of the Corner is too genial and sympathetic to permit it. Write another letter soon again, Rosie, and tell us something about the parish of St. Ann's. That should be a fruitful subject for you.]

THE ANNUNCIATION.

"Hail! full of grace." Oh, words sublime!
Falling from Gabriel's tongue that precious day,
Wherein the message was revealed to sway
Poor human hearts until the end of Time.
Outpealing now from tower and belfry chime
Are joyful calls to hold us on our way;
Sweet contemplation that, in mercy, may
Awaken dormant minds in every clime.
"Blessed among women" is thy title fair,
Sweet mother who, to-day, enthroned above,
Still feels the promptings of maternal love
For each sad wanderer who to grief is heir.
Oh, may we see thee in those realms of light,
When each goes forth, alone, in Death's dark night!
B. F. D. D.
25th March, 1897.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth;
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,
Will each fulfill his destiny,
A hundred years to come?
We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And other then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

A PASSION FLOWER.

An Angel bearing a lily white,
A Maid with a lily-soul,
The gentle hush of a prayerful night,
While star-words onward roll;
The earthward flight of a snowy dove,
And, lo! in the midnight hour
From the lily-heart of the Lily-Maid
There rose a Passion Flower.

VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Curfew laws for preventing children from spending their time on the streets after certain hours are being sanctioned and censured alternately by social reformers. Opinions have frequently been

advanced for and against the curfew. It has been adopted in several small towns, but, after a short trial, proved a useless and impracticable measure. Evil propensities are doubtless fostered by the late hours and unsuitable associates of the streets, but there are other sources of contamination equally fruitful and less guarded from the young which are passed over and ignored. It is not well to curtail the liberty of children who know no other playground but the footpath, and whose lives are spent within the narrow limits of homes that provide little in the way of comfort or recreation. The voice of the parent is the only true curfew, and all others will be unpopular as the curfew of the Conqueror, for they savor too much of the tyranny of power and the strong arm of the law, and though the motive may be wise, the old repugnance still attaches to a law framed by the suspicions of a Norman ruler.

THE Dreaming Stone.

(By EDWARD O'MEARA, IN HIBERNIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

This idea seemed gradually to take possession of his imagination, overwhelming all other thoughts; it was rather a curiosity to discover what he feared would not be revealed, than any desire to profit by the red bars or jewelled plate, which everyone said had long been concealed "somewhere" about his ancestral castle; it was a species of ambition to learn to unravel mystery, to seek and find that which had been lost, to say—"I have been chosen from among many to do this thing." The idea of its being superstitious never occurred to him, nor did he for a moment think how the mist folded itself in such graceful ever-moving drapery around his couch as if invisible hands arranged and re-arranged it for his enjoyment. By degrees the forms so busied became apparent, outlined in the most delicate tracery, as they floated from beneath the waving fern, or rounded into perfect beauty from out of the full-blossomed roses that clustered beside the "dreaming stone," transparent, fragile, delicate things they were, as they mingled together in fantastic movements, tinted by the hue or tone of the flowers that gave them shelter; some smaller than the rest—indications of life, rather than life itself—seemed born of the purple heath; others of the elastic harebell; others, severe-looking eyes with a certain air of self-gratulation, showing a trifling degree of pretty scorn for their companions, were the denizens of a Scottish thistle, while those more particularly of his own land, green and gay as grasshoppers, sporting in emblematic trios—

"To one thing constant never,"

enlivened his imagination and quickened his fancy by their rapid and elastic movements; many of a sedate dignity came and went with diadems on their brows; others with wands, which they seemed to have the power of elongating at pleasure; there were few, if any, of the ordinary mischiefs supposed to belong to fairyland, the diminutive gnomes and little mocking sprites; few, distorted or robbed of their fair proportions; no matter how minute they were their tiny forms were well defined and full of grace and motion; and the last troop that gathered round him seemed more intent on pleasing the "child of earth" who had come among them than on sporting with each other; and yet there were some, and those, too, came nearest to the young man, bending above his brow and raising the curls that clustered round his head, who looked at him with earnest eyes in which there was an expression of the deepest interest—an interest devoid of jest, a solemn, deep expression as though they knew the past and would direct him as to the future; and, soft as the whispering of the south wind, questions were breathed into his ears which he had not power to reply to.

At last, after the moon had sunk and the stars disappeared, or become fainter and still more fainter in the expanse around them, it seemed that those benevolent spirits comprehended his desire, for he heard strange, unearthly whispers, repeating "hidden treasure, hidden treasure." And while all retreated and continued wreathing themselves above and around the rock or swinging to and fro upon their favorite flowers, or bathing in the stream that murmured on its way or caught the dew-drops and by some wonderful alchemy converted them into solid gems one of tall and majestic stature (for a fairy) advanced to the young man's side and bent the wand she carried in her hand over his eyes. It looked at a distance like a silver rod, but he found it was only a line of light and it gave him the power of seeing all things contained in the secret vaults of his family. The rumor went that much treasure had been hidden in the sullen chambers, where the great shut in their bodies to moulder in proud and ghastly solitude; and he looked there, but there was nothing except bones, heaps on heaps of bones, round which the cements of the grave mouldered, with here and there a jewel, a chain of gold, or a stray white pearl, but no treasure beyond that; and if there had been, he would not have despoiled the crackling relics of humanity of what they most foolishly held so dear. It was refreshing to escape these gloomy charnel-houses; his wandering spirit shudderingly returned to its dwelling, and was grateful to be again with the fields and flowers. "None there!" murmured the fair lady; "no fit place to seek treasure from amid our buried ancestors—none there again!" And again the wand of light passed over his eyes, and the

foundations of the rude fortress, its prisons, its secret passages, its labyrinthine, were traversed encountering nothing save headless arrows, a notched battle-axe, and then in a square cell one end of a huge rusty chain was fastened to the wall and at the other end, within a ring like fetter, was a long white bone, dangling above a heap of mouldering humanity; a skull, round which some fair hair twisted, and fragments of cloth, still bright; a broken pitcher, and an iron lamp, whose oil was burnt out, the fragments of a deed of sin and death! On and on, carefully too, for his hope of gain had roused him to exertion; but no treasure—not enough of gold or silver coin to fill an infant's hand. Fatigued and worn by disappointment, his spirit came back, as it were, to his abiding home, and then the fairy smiled and said: "Beneath the waters seek!" And the wand again did its behest; but fruitless was the search beneath the lake—no hidden treasure there—nothing below the waters but the long entwining roots of the aquatic plants and small shooting fish, flying like arrows to escape the jaws of the devouring giants of the lake. Once, indeed, he thought something that lay coiled round with rope was worth investigating; but it was only a heap of iron headed pikes that, as sweet May would, had never tasted blood.

George O'Brien had never admitted that he believed in the story of the "hidden treasure," and yet he felt disappointed when its falsehood was so completely established. He clung to the tale as—according to the old saying—men cling to straws; but now it proved naught, he was disappointed, chilled, distressed. He thought, "Out upon all prophecy! none but fools would listen to such old wives' tales. And I to be such an idiot—and these misty phantoms to deceive me so, making much sport of my credulity!"

"You have hidden treasures still to seek," said the lady of the wand, "but, unfortunately, you would not seek it where it lies, until your mind was disabused by its false hopes—you would not seek it where it is to be found until all other chance was gone. Why is it that creatures such as you, endowed with rare gifts, will stir amongst old bones, exist amid rubbish of the universe, ponder over mildewed chronicles, watch and wait for dead men's shoes, with life, and health, and energy, and intellect, in the very flower of their strength, beating through their veins?"

As the fairy spoke her form dilated, and she became a creature of such infinite light and life, that the youth felt as though he could have worshipped whilst listening to the music of her voice and words.

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle. R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

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had found his senses with the hidden treasure; and a few years of hard labor proved to him and his faithful C. ruey that truth may be found on a "dreaming-stone."

HOPED TO IMPROVE. "This bicycle-riding is all a non-sensical fad?" exclaimed the man who is wrapped up in political enthusiasm. "Perhaps it is," replied his wife. "You don't see me working like a day laborer pushing a wheel around the country?" "No. But give me time. Perhaps after awhile I'll get sufficiently sensible to abandon the bicycle and walk eighteen or nineteen miles with a torch over my shoulder, regardless of the weather, every time there's an election or a ratification meeting."—Washington Star.

THE FOOD THAT MAN NEEDS.

A WISE COMBINATION NECESSARY TO KEEP THE BODY IN ORDER.

"As in the daily wear and tear of life a great deal of the substance of a man's body is used up, it is absolutely necessary that the repair to the body be carefully and systematically looked after," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "Then, too, man must create heat and force, according to the climate in which he lives and the occupation he follows. A wise combination of food is, therefore, necessary to keep the body in working order. In cold weather we need a larger amount of carbonaceous foods—fats, sugars and starches—than we do in summer. In the hot climates and during the hot months fruit and green vegetables, containing the salts necessary to keep the blood in good condition, should be used freely. According to our method of living in this country we should take about two parts of repair food, such as meat, eggs, milk, cheese, or, in the vegetable kingdom, the old peas, beans and lentils, t three parts of carbonaceous food, such as white bread, potatoes, rice, butter, cream and fats of all kinds. They must have a certain amount of bulky or watery vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, onions, and also the fruits. In making up a daily ration we should have at the beginning of the meal some light dish that may be taken slowly, to prepare the stomach for the food that is to follow, then a meat or its equivalent. With beef we should serve potatoes; with mutton, rice. With chickens, either rice or potatoes."

SAVE YOUR TEMPER.

Probably no small article among the indispensables of modern life causes more annoyance than a poor pen, when writing. Some say they have never yet found a pen to suit them. Our ideal of a pen is one that seems to glide over the paper without effort, and by its own qualities makes the writing neater and more legible. Experts in writing say that the Spencer in Co's Pens are the best. Whether this is so, it is not for us to say, but we are informed that those who send return postage to the New York Office, 450 Broome St., will receive samples of several of their different numbers, among which may yet be found that greatly to be desired thing, a pen that does not spoil one's writing and one's temper.

COLORING EASTER EGGS.

Easter eggs can be colored with aniline dye. It should be diluted to the proper shade and the eggs boiled in it. Green, the color of hope and resurrection, is particularly appropriate, but a variety is pleasing—red, pink, blue, pale yellow and purple. Eggs can be boiled hard, and painted in water-colors with a single spring flower, as a primrose, or a butterfly, also a symbol of the resurrection. They should be arranged in nests of moss. German children believe that the Easter eggs are laid by hares, so representations of this little animal are often placed on them, or near them. Painted butterflies, mounted on wire, can be made to over over the nest.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

Who is that young woman near the other end of the table who has been talking about correct taste in art?

"Which young woman? There are several."
"The one with the wooden toothpick in her mouth."
A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says:
"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."—H. P. YEOMANS, A. B., M. D.
An Indication—"Has your son taken up the higher mathematics?" inquired the friend. "I don't know for sure," replied the father, who was looking over a number of bills; "anyhow, he's getting a great deal more familiar with figures than he used to be."—Washington Star.

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY. FOR THE HAIR. IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF. ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS.

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Who is that young woman near the other end of the table who has been talking about correct taste in art?

"Which young woman? There are several."
"The one with the wooden toothpick in her mouth."
A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says:
"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."—H. P. YEOMANS, A. B., M. D.
An Indication—"Has your son taken up the higher mathematics?" inquired the friend.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

April Fashions.

MARCH was in a quiet, contemplative mood this year, altogether unlike its usual bluster and blow, and it slid away very meekly, without giving us its accustomed rough but hearty caresses...

April is fickle, but always welcome, for it is the harbinger of birds, and grass and flowers, and its warmer suns permit us to lay aside our burden of heavy wraps...

Woolen brocades are popular materials for spring gowns, as also plain and fancy tulle, moiré, French mohair, silk in all its varieties, Scotch tweeds and many mixed silk and wool weaves.

THE FASHIONABLE SKIRT.

Draped and trimmed skirts are being developed in every possible style, though very many fashionable women still elect for the plain gored skirt, which is still in high favor...

SPRING CAPES.

The richest and most expensive capes are in a combination of black chiffon and costly black lace, with garnitures of the finest cut jet and satin ribbon.

DAINTY DECORATIONS.

The New York Evening Post gives the following information regarding the ornamentation of fashionable costumes: Bow and buckle trimmings will prevail very largely on spring and summer gowns...

White evening gowns will have long graceful loops and ends of creamy satin ribbon on the shoulders—the loops alone, or mingled with airy fairy frills of silk tulle or chiffon...

Very charming sashes, girdles deep and narrow, chatelaines and mouchoir muffs, boleros, vest fronts, brooches, panel trimmings, puffs for slashed sleeves, large Empire bows for pelerines and flous, are made of ribbons of every description, black, white and tinted, plain, plaided, flowered, striped, watered and dotted...

BOUQUE EFFETS.

Loose silk and chiffon waist fronts are trimmed with rows of gathered or pleated ruffles to simulate a bolero or jacket bodice effect. The same garniture is used on the neck, sleeve-tops, and at the wrists of the close coat-sleeves.

ribbon under the crossing bands, leaving the white blouse itself with no background of color.

THE NEW MILLINERY.

Milliners promise that throughout the summer ostrich plumes, and shaded ones at that, will be much in evidence; that only a very few saffron and true alpine shades are on their shelves; that the wide-brimmed hats maintain but a small place in their patrons' affections...

Carnations, geraniums, gladioli, tulips, lobelia blooms, roses, canna and wild quince blossoms are among the brilliant red flowers that are used upon spring hats and bonnets.

Scores of lovely little travelling hats are shown in brown, brightened with nothing but scarlet straw rosettes, bows, and cockades of fancy rice plait and Hungarian weaves.

Tulle and shot taffeta silk arranged in loose folds crushed side pullings, or the peculiar new bows, will be used largely in place of ribbon for hat trimmings.

PRETTY SUNSHADES.

The newest and most attractive shape, according to the Toronto Empire, is the sunburst, which has much the air of a Chinese parasol at a little distance, but on closer acquaintance shows very straight ribs covered with a prettily tinted taffeta, while over this falls a cover of figured silk, lawn, batiste, foulard, or even gingham, closely accordion plaited, with the plaits all radiating from the centre.

Jade handles, as green as the sea waters, and carved by the gifted Chinese artists, are screwed in the place of china ones. Spheres of the green stone, set in crown prisms of gold, are among the valued forms, but a woman's head in Chinese court coiffure, a cluster of lotus blossoms and little Japanese jade owls, with jewelled eyes, are among the most approved patterns.

From Paris come parasol butt ends in the form of crystal balls, encased in the gold and jewelled frame of a sovereign's crown, long, wedge-shaped handles encrusted with imitation pearls and diamonds and long discs of jet, handles of rarely lovely cloisonné enamel, and then rough wood sticks with the brown bark adhering, and sprouts of green leaves along the surface. There is really nothing more daintily modish than a stick of birch, willow, peach or plum, that looks as if a strong hand and keen knife had but just hacked it from the blossoming tree.

FASHION'S FRILLS.

Tulle will be a favorite hat trimming, and will be lavishly used. The sailor hat will not be as much in evidence as in former seasons.

The newest parasol is the "Sunburst," and "Sunburst" skirts are part of the fashionable woman's attire.

The new three-piece skirt has a very wide front breadth. Red blossoms of every form, and little blue violets, continue to be the early favorites in Spring millinery, but the marisette or dahlia has won, by its deference to art, a high place in the popular fancy.

Jewellery is again in vogue, and fine gold necklaces, bracelets and earrings are again prominent features of feminine decoration.

Neck bands are furnished with tall, upstanding frills.

For evening wear Medici collars retain their popularity.

THE RAINBOW PARTY.

The latest fad is the rainbow party which derives its name from the fact that the girls wear pretty aprons of every shade and hue which their good or bad taste may suggest, all of which are left unhemmed. Every girl has a number, and two of them take charge of a box containing duplicates, which is placed near the cloakroom and from which the men, having previously bought tickets, draw a number, armed with which they set forth on a voyage of discovery to find the young lady wearing the corresponding one on her apron.

When all have found their partners, the master of the ceremonies proclaims the conditions—namely, that the young men are to set about hemming the aprons, the one acquiring the most the best gaining the prize. The girls supply the cavaliers with needles and thread, and at the call of "Time!" the fun begins with the efforts of the poor fellows to thread their needles. At the second call of "Time!" the work is handed in to the committee, which passes judgment upon it and awards the prizes, which sometimes are of great value, to the victors, after which the aprons are raffled for, and the party winds up with a dainty little supper.

LONDON STYLES.

Follies repeat themselves. It was Edward IV. who decreed that a shoe maker making peaked toes more than two inches long should be fined 20 shillings, says the St. James Gazette. Now, untrammelled by such laws, one of our most fashionable bootmakers has introduced long pointed toes, which have to

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

be filled with cork at the tips and are mostly carried out in the finest patent leather with small buckles on the instep, illustrating the utmost perfection of workmanship. Being so, it would be wiser to relegate them to our cabinets of curiosities. In the Tudor and Stuart time women desirous of rising in the world borrowed inordinately high heels from Italy and these went by the name of "choppines"—Evelyn in his "Diary" calls them "scaffolds"—and the ladies who wore them to walk abroad had to have a servant on either side for support. This impractical fashion is not likely to have any great following, but some beautifully made shoes, with heels varying from three to seven inches in height, are to be seen at a modern shoemaker's rendered in the most costly stuffs, such as floral brocade velvet or cream satin and gold and silver brocades introduced on the high heel as well as on the upper part of the shoes. It seems almost impossible that the wearers could walk in them, but they do. The preposterous heel gives height and considerably reduces the apparent size of the foot; but the wearer must be treading on the very points of the toes.

A FARMER'S WIFE

TELLS A STORY OF YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

DOCTORS UTTERLY FAILED TO HELP HER AND MORPHINE WAS CONTINUALLY RESORTED TO—BECAME SO WEAK SHE COULD SCARCELY PERFORM HER HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

From the Beaver, Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Stone have been residents of the township of Ernestown, about ten miles east of Napanee, for a period of about three years, and in that time have gained the esteem of all their neighbors. For six years previous to this time they had lived in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and it was during their residence there that Mrs. Stone was attacked with an illness that made her life miserable for years. To a reporter who recently interviewed her she told the following story: "During the early part of our residence in Colorado, my illness first came on. At the outset every two or three weeks I would be attacked with a pain in my stomach. Later on it greatly increased in severity, and at times was so bad that I would scream aloud with the pain. A doctor was called in, but the only benefit I ever received from his treatment was



through the injection of morphine into my arm, as a result of which the pain would gradually pass away. The medicine which was given me, however, had not the slightest effect, and the doctor appeared to be greatly perplexed, and thereafter continually resorted to injections of morphine whenever the attacks came on. These attacks continued at intervals until our return to Canada, when they increased in frequency and intensity. The result was that I grew very weak, and my whole system appeared to be giving out. My complexion turned a yellowish hue, and I had little or no appetite. Latterly I would be attacked with fainting spells, preceded by attacks of dizziness. I became utterly unable to stand fatigue, and could with the greatest difficulty perform my household duties. A doctor was called in who treated me for some time without benefiting me any. Then he gave me what I now know to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had used two boxes I felt somewhat better. I then purchased the pills myself and continued the treatment. I found that the pain was gradually decreasing. I could get rest and sleep at night, which had hitherto been almost impossible. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months, and the result is that they have effected a complete cure, and I am now enjoying the best of health. I can assure you it is a great relief to be free from the trouble that made my life miserable for so many years, and I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for succeeding when doctors had failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all druggists or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Writing baskets are now chosen in preference to boxes as receptacles for stationery.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO. OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. Assets Exceed... Investments in Canada: Forty Million Dollars. \$1,783,487.83. MONTREAL OFFICE, 117 St. Francois Xavier St. WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent.

Recipes. COFFEE SAUCE. Pour half a pint of cream, which must be boiling hot, over two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee. Cover closely and let stand for perhaps fifteen minutes, then strain into a saucepan, sweeten, and stir in the yolk of an egg and a scant teaspoonful of cornstarch, and let come to a boil over a medium fire. When cold add the beaten whites of two eggs and set on ice till ready to serve.

SPICED APPLES. Spiced apples are appetizing and excellent to have with meats at this season, when the supply of homemade pickles and relishes have disappeared. Make a syrup of equal parts of vinegar, water and sugar, add a little cayenne pepper, a few whole cloves, and some pieces of stick cinnamon. Peel the apples and cut them into quarters or eighths, put them in the liquid syrup, and cook until tender. Remove the apples with a skimmer and boil the syrup until thick and turn over the cooked fruit.

HONEY CAKES. They will keep indefinitely, and are particularly relished by the children. Cream together a quarter of a pound each of butter and sugar, add three-quarters of a pound of strained honey, one teaspoonful of ginger, a quarter of a nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of soda, an egg, and three-quarters pound of flour. Roll thin, cut in small rounds, and bake quickly.

Home. A prize which was offered by a London paper for the best definition of a home brought about five thousand answers. Some of the best were the following: A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in. Home is the blossom of which Heaven is the fruit. The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity. The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world. Where you are treated best and grumbled most. A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

Household Hints. According to Miss Parloa, soaking prunes over night destroys their flavor. They should be washed twice in tepid water, and then put in a saucepan with cold water—one and one-half cups of water to one cup of prunes—and allowed to simmer slowly for at least two hours. Prunes when properly cooked require no sugar, their own sweetness being sufficient.

Roasts of beef, rib and sirloin, for carving, should have the backbone at the right of the platter. Cooking teachers advise the removal of the cores of eggs, the tough milk-white bit that becomes hard and indigestible when cooked.

MY NEIGHBOR TOLD ME About Hood's Sarsaparilla and advised me to try it—This is the kind of advertising which gives Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world. Friend tells friend that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures; that it gives strength, health, vitality and vigor, and whole neighborhoods use it as a family medicine. HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster. Back-Ache, Free-Ache, Sciatic Pains, Neuralgic Pains, Pain in the Side, etc. Promptly Relieved and Cured by The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster. Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster for several years in the back and limbs, I can confidently recommend same as a safe, and rapid remedy in fact, they are like magic.—A. La Touche, Elmwood, Ont. Price 25c. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Proprietors, MONTREAL.

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DR. BROUSSEAU, L. D. S., SURGICAL DENTIST, No. 7 St. Lawrence Street MONTREAL Telephone, 6201. Your impression in the morning. Teeth in the afternoon. Elegant full gum sets. Rose Pearl (flesh colored). Weighted lower sets for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wanted faces: gold, crown plate and bridge work, painless extracting without charge. If sets are inserted, Teeth that require in 15 minutes; sets in three hours if required.

FALSE TEETH WITHOUT PLATE GOLD and PORCELAIN Crowns fitted on old roots Aluminum and Rubber Plates made by the latest process. Teeth extracted without pain, by electricity and local anaesthesia. Dr. J. G. A. GENDREAU, Surgeon-Dentist, 30 St. Lawrence Street, Hours of consultation:—9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Telephone, 7-6.

THE Promotive of Arts Association, LIMITED Incorporated by Letters Patent, 7th October, 1895. 1687 Notre Dame Street MONTREAL. Over \$5,000 in value. Distributed every Friday. PRICE OF SCRIPS 10 CTS AGENTS WANTED

INFORMATION WANTED of the whereabouts of Mrs. John Noonan, my sister, whom I have not heard from in 22 years. When last heard from her address was Miss John Noonan, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Come to this country with her brother, John Sanders, about the year 1874-1875. Her maiden name was Sarah Sanders, born in the town of Loughrea, Ireland. Any information of her whereabouts will be gladly received by Mrs. Patrick McMahon, Alden Station, Larchmont, N.Y.

WE SELL Rutland Stove Lining IT FITS ANY STOVE. GEO. W. REED, AGENT, 783 & 785 CRAIG STREET.

The Finest Creamery Butter IN 1-LB. BLOCKS AND SMALL TUBS. NEW LAID EGG. Stewart's English Breakfast Tea at 35c OUR SPECIAL BLEND OF COFFEE IN THE FINEST.

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C. O'BRIEN, Signs and Decorative Painter PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGING. Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence 645 Dorchester St. East of St. Hubert. Telephone 697. MONTREAL.

Legal Notices. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 279. Dame Albina, alias Malvine Demers, of the City and District of Montreal, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Ferdinand Houehard dit Lavallée, of the same place. Montreal, 5th March, 1897. SAINT-PIERRE, PELISSIER & WILSON, 31-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 280. Dame Flavie Raymond dit Lajeunesse, of the parish of St. Vincent de Paul, in the district of Montreal, wife, common as to property, of Louis Prevost, of the same place, and duly authorized by a Judge, has taken, this day, an action before this court, in separation as to property from her said husband. Montreal, 12th February, 1897. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, 85-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 285. Dame Charlotte Campbell, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Michael McGrail, of the same place, Gentleman, duly authorized by a Justice, Plaintiff, vs. Michael McGrail aforesaid, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been this day instituted in this cause. Montreal, 18th March, 1897. D. R. MURPHY, Attorney for Plaintiff. 37-5

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER:

RECEPTION TO VERY REV. EDWARD J. PURBRICK, PROVINCIAL OF THE JESUIT ORDER.

The Ways of the City Council in regard to Old Landmarks. A Harvest of Wedding Feasts—Preparations for the Jubilee Festivities of the Archbishop—Easter Literature. In the World of Books.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, April 5, 1897.—We have had a visit from the Very Rev. Edward J. Purbrick, S. J., the new provincial. Although he is an English Jesuit there are numbers of Americans who have met him on his "native heath" and they all like him exceedingly, remembering his courtesy to them in a strange land. Some of these are Philadelphia. The two Jesuit churches, St. Joseph's and the Gesu, made quite a little jubilee in his honor, which did not at all interfere with Lenten regulations, and the early church-goers at the Gesu had an opportunity to see him at the early Mass which he celebrated. The interest of those who are under the law, of the Jesuit Fathers, as members of their parish, is supplemented by that of others who have removed to other parishes, but retain a loving hold on the old home church. St. Joseph's is one of our oldest churches, and has sent forth its sons and daughters to the four quarters of the great city of rapid growth. Within fifteen years, Philadelphia has nearly doubled its length in 1880, and has covered square after square—they are "blocks" in other cities, but "squares" here—with beautiful little homes having "all the modern improvements." The young people, at least, make their nests in these bright spots, but they still cling to "down town" most tenderly. Just at this time, those wonderful "new brooms," the City Councils, have undertaken to sweep things marvelously clean, and have tampered with an old time

LANDMARK OF INTEREST TO CATHOLICS. It is well-known to every Catholic historian and every Philadelphia Catholic, whether here or abroad, that St. Joseph's quaint and simply beautiful old church is modestly hidden on Willing's Alley, where it is only seen by those who seek it. Willing's Alley is a very old, very narrow, very straight and rather shadowed thoroughfare, between Third and Fourth streets and Walnut and Spruce streets. It was named after one of the old and distinguished families of Philadelphia, and marked the vicinity of their now vanished homestead. No history of Philadelphia can be told without Willing's Alley coming into it somewhere, and the generations of the nineteenth century have all connected it with memories they "would not willingly let die." The City Councils have seen it to change the name. They have changed it, moreover, to one so insignificant, so without associations of any kind, that no one recalls it from hour to hour. The change is without rhyme or reason, and is but another proof of the vandalism which makes it so difficult, so almost impossible, to gather up the threads of historical events when they become the past.

NOTHING CLINGS LIKE A NAME heard in childhood, or connected with the interests and new emotions of early youth. To change the name of a place is to confuse boundaries and remove into the region of the mythical facts that may need proof in the future. There is general discontent as to this whisking into oblivion. Other old streets, dear to the people who are passing, and, for their sake, to every thoughtful and reliable citizen of the future near at hand, have also been tricked out in new, foolish and meaningless names. The nomenclature of the United States has always been and must always be since much of it cannot be changed—a subject for mirth and railery. It is too bad that we "grow no better fat," and take from our cities the softening drapery of age and association to replace it with bald and glaring finery. If there should be a

HARVEST OF WEDDING FEASTS after Lent, the outgrowth of seed sown in sermons on Christian marriage, in Mission teachings, and in many columns and paragraphs from various sources, it certainly would be a good thing. A great many wise, kind and truthful sayings have been devoted to the subject of late, and our people have seldom, if ever, been better instructed, or more clearly and sensibly advised. Even the redoubtable W. H. Thorne, of the Globe, has had his "say" in the last number of that periodical. "Marriage Vows and Others" is sharp (of course!) but it is decidedly to the point, and, for a wonder, needed. Mr. Thorne deals too harshly with the majority of the offences he scores, and with "the other side" of the cause he embraces. But every clarion call to rally around the old and heaven-taught doctrine of the sanctity, the importance, and the unchangeableness of marriage vows, between Catholics, at least, is a distinct gain now. Better than the scorching and the dagger-thrusts of the trenchant pen, however, are the calmer, gentler, but no less decided utterances of the faithful priest and missionary. The Lenten season this year has been particularly rich in these last.

The near approach of the JUBILEE OF HIS ARCHBISHOP is kindling leisurely Philadelphia into action. Thought and care have been

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. They follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

Insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

lavishly expended, and will bring their return of value. The part the children of the parochial schools are to take will be worth seeing and hearing, for there are numbers of them, and the time is spring—the children's season. The homage of children seems particularly appropriate to His Grace, for he is the kindest of fathers to them as well as to the "Children of a larger growth." Each and all of them can turn to him, sure of that kindly patience and interest which is only to be linked with the name "Father." By-the-way, what a weight the name of a bishop, an archbishop or a cardinal carries with the fold! In time of war, of revolt, of general defiance of law and order, temporal or eternal, there is sometimes danger even for a priest, but in the easy-going drift of quiet times, there is a sensation of awe comes over every man, woman or child, non-Catholic or Protestant, when called upon to face these dignitaries. It is far more marked with them than with Catholics. No doubt, it arises from the difficulty they have in separating the office from the man, and, also, from that unconscious acknowledgment of the claims of the ages on the present. There have been bishops, archbishops and cardinals for centuries, and men whom all men honor have honored them. Hence the feeling exists (except when deliberately set at defiance) that these are worthy of honor always. And, then there is the deeper truth: "Those whom the Lord delighteth to honor." All these considerations—though so seldom considered—have their silent, yet mighty power.

With the beginning of the month comes in THE ARM-LOAD OF MONTHLIES, and the Easter numbers too. The whole civilized world makes beautiful for Easter. Those lilies, those angels, that pure and gracious blending of white and silver, green and crystal everywhere, means much. What if a great deal of it is "mere form," and much of the remaining portion mere ignorant and thoughtless acquiescence in the truth suggested? While we have eyes to see, form shall speak to us, and with silent, measureless force. The beginning of instruction and thought must be acquiescence. Therefore we may build high hopes on the Easter keeping of the world around us. The Easter literature has a sameness, of course, but "there is nothing new under the sun," and since it belongs to Easter, and comes at no other time, it is welcome and a rest mentally. No one can be gloomy, cruel, tragical, sneaking, or "low," all the way through an Easter story. It is quite possible to be one, or the other, or even all of them, in the ordinary magazine fiction.

"All things come round," sang the poet, with a perfect understanding of his meaning. They assuredly do IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS. A few years ago, we searched old garrets and dusty closets for the novels and romances of our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' day, so that we might laugh over their mysteries, and jeer at the machinery of their ghost stories, their apparitions, and their sleep-haunting terrors. Now, at the end of this most enlightened century, when art, and science, and common-sense, and athletic sports, and the bicycle, and ethics, and—everything, has done its very best to confuse and to set us free from every belief, from all decency, from all human kindness, we are coming into a new heritage of ghost stories, no better than the old, and not a whit more sensible, though different. Of late, we have been treated to some very curious developments as strictly Catholic publications. They have "doubles" in them, who take the place of the heroines, greatly to their undoing. They have hypnotists in them, who force their "subjects" to such revelations—in point of dignity, veracity, or interest—as the ignorant clairvoyant and "fortune-teller" makes (for fifty cents) to the housemaid or cook who frequents her dingy apartments. What can possess our writers to take up such a line? It is "harking back" on a blind path that leads to nowhere. It does not make a good story, it does not interest one intelligent reader, it is no outcome of fancy and has not the charm of originality. Georges Sand could bring her wonderful gifts to any plot, and work it out so as to excite amazement that was almost awe at times. The reader cared nothing for the story, believed nothing of it as a story, but it was worth reading for its display of genius, and for its eloquent, exquisite, marvellous "side lights" from other mental out-looks. But we do not expect—nor do we exactly desire—to repeat Georges Sand, far less to reproduce her. Nothing less than her genius can make such mysteries and improbabilities and impossibilities palatable.

A Wife Equal to a Gold Mine.

Will some of your readers give me a good recipe for making a cold starch? I am selling self-heating flatirons and iron a little at every house and have to use some starch every place and want to know how to make a good cold starch. My husband was in debt and I being anxious to help him thought I would sell self-heating flatirons and I am doing splendidly. A cent's worth of fuel will heat the iron for three hours, so you have a perfectly even heat. You can iron in half the time and no danger of scorching the clothes, as with the old iron, and you can get the most beautiful gloss. I make \$1.50 on each iron and have not sold less than ten any day I worked. My brother is doing well and I think anyone can make lots of money anywhere selling irons. J. F. CASEY & CO., St. Louis, Mo., will start anyone in the business, as they did me, if you will address them.

Mrs. A. RUSSELL.

This is the fast age when men live twenty years in ten and are old at forty. Mark the number of "grey young" business men you meet every day. Nature however is always at hand to remedy the defects of a false civilization, and offers Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer to bring hair to its original color. Sold by all chemists.

A Man of Mark—"There goes a man who is one in a thousand." "What gives him such distinction?" "He is a clerk in a department store."—Chicago Record.

John Murphy & Co's
ADVERTISEMENT.

Ladies' Bicycle Suits
IN THREE PIECES.

Stylish, .. Perfect-Fitting, Tailor Made. Prices from \$13 50. Colored Dress Goods! High Class Novelties!

Dress Robe Lengths. 50 Beautiful Dress Lengths, in the Finest Silk and Wool Textures, exquisite colorings. Prices from \$10 per pattern. No two alike.

Stylish Silk and Wool Dress Goods. Choice Broche Patterns, all new colorings. Price only 60c per yard.

Fancy Mixtures in Satin Cloth, choice colors, pretty designs. A special fine. Price only 55c per yard.

New Striped Costume Cloth, one of the latest novelties can be had in all the leading colors. Price only 65c per yard.

All-Wool Canvas Cloths, a leading novelty—can be had in Black and all New Colors. 44 inches wide. Prices from 65c per yard.

COUNTRY ORDERS FILLED WITH CARE. SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.
2343 St. Catherine St.
CORNER OF METCALFE STREET.
TELEPHONE No. 3833.

TERMS, CASH

IRELAND'S TAXATION.

Some Starling Figures Regarding the Subject.

The Saturday Review, the leading Tory organ, is evidently bent on keeping the Irish financial question well before the British public.

At the time the Act was passed, Mr. Foster, the last Speaker of the Irish Parliament, declared that Lord Castlereagh wanted the Union "in order to tax you and take your money." Again, the Irish Peers who protested against the financial arrangements contained in the Act of Union gave it as their opinion that—"It must end in the draining from Ireland of her last guinea; in totally annihilating her trade for want of capital; in rendering the taxes unproductive; and, finally, putting her in a state of bankruptcy."

Time has served to prove the truth of the above assertions. In fact, it is now generally admitted that for ninety years Ireland has been overtaxed to the tune of £3,000,000 per annum. We can grasp all the more readily what this means when we reflect that, taking £2,000,000 a year at three per cent. compound interest for ninety years we get a total of over £1,000,000,000.

At the present moment the people of Ireland are paying per capita for their magnificent police service—over 6s. The joint cost per capita for police and military amounts to 16s. This seems all the more striking when we reflect that in the year 1794 the entire taxation per capita in Ireland was less than 9s.

The condition of Ireland at the time of the Union and her condition to-day may best be gauged from the evidence given by Sir Robert Giffen before the Royal Commission. He said: "To put the matter shortly, Ireland in population has sunk from one-third to less than one-seventh; in gross income from two-sevenths to less than one-seventeenth; in capital from a proportion that was material to about one-twenty-fourth; in taxable resources from a proportion that was also material, being perhaps about one-tenth, to a proportion that is almost inappreciable—the proportion of only one to fifty. Nearly the whole taxable income of the Irish people is in fact absorbed by the State. The taxable income being about £15,000,000 only, the Imperial Government, as we have seen, takes nearly £7,000,000, and the local taxes are over £3,000,000. So large a proportion of taxation to taxable income would be a serious fact for

ONE GRAND IDEA PERMEATES

this Store these days, the showing of New Spring Things. In a hundred forms the awakening spring is central HERE—here by design—to repay your visits, to hint of the coming styles—in short, to make every section on every floor Yield You a Pleasure, and the thousands who daily now take a "first view" are amazed alike at the vast display as well as at prices unknown heretofore.

NEW SPRING MILLINERY.

We are showing an excellent assortment of Java Hats in several styles, including French Sailors, with the new raised edge; Walking and Dress Hats, etc.; prices very reasonable.

Flowers and Foliage—Our superb display of the choicest French Flowers and Foliage includes every kind that will be wanted this spring for ladies', misses' and children's Hats, all at our usually low prices. See our window display.

EASTER GLOVES.

Our regular lines of Ladies' Kid Gloves, in all the newest colorings, embroideries, fasteners, etc. is now complete; also our lines of Novelties, many of which are confined exclusively to us and cannot be found elsewhere. We earnestly invite you to call and inspect our stock.

HAMILTON'S

St. Catherine and Peel Streets and Dominion Square.

Order by Mail if you live at a distance or if inconvenient to visit the store. We guarantee satisfaction.

any country, and there can be little accumulation in Ireland under such conditions.

That Ireland has been taxed beyond all endurance will appear from the following table, drawn up by Sir E Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury:

Year	Population	Taxes	Per capita	Capital
1794	4,413,728	£1,975,216	8s. 9d.	£563,600,000
1894	4,600,000	£11,267,508	48s.	£1,700,000,000

It is evident from all this that the new Royal Commission is bound to be one of the most important of the century. The case of Ireland cannot be buried, and it must secure for her some measure of justice. If only a moiety of the plunder is restored to her, Ireland will enter on a new era of prosperity.—The London Universe.

IRISH NEWS.

SIX LIVES LOST.

The inhabitants of the little fishing village of Annagassen, near Dundalk, have been cast into deep gloom and mourning by the news of a terrible disaster in which the lives of six fishermen were lost, leaving their families in almost destitute circumstances. The facts of the sad occurrence are as follows: The fleet of Annagassen left for the fishing grounds near Carlingford Lough about one o'clock on the morning of March 22nd. Their lines had been set for the expected catch when a sudden squall came up and the men determined to start for home. One of the boats belonging to Patrick Mathews was the first to turn on the homeward course, but very soon it was noticed that the sails were not in order and the boat, which was manned by six men, two of whom were the sons of Mathews, was soon driven out of view by the mad fury of the storm. It was utterly impossible, on account of their own imminent danger, for the other craft to render any assistance to the disabled vessel, and until Wednesday morning, when news came of the wreckage of a vessel that was cast upon the shore at Carlingford Point, near the entrance to the Lough, where the boat was last seen, nothing was heard of it. No doubt is now entertained of the sad fate of the unfortunate men, who were James Coogan, James Byrne, Michael Mathews—all married and with large families—and Patrick Connolly, a relative of the two Mathews boys, who went down to death in their father's boat. None of the bodies have yet been recovered.

OBITUARY.

Death has been busy among the clergy and religious. At Cootehill, Father Brady, the pastor, who had been forty years a priest, and was well known as a clever writer, was called from his labors to his well-earned reward. His remains were interred under the high altar of Cootehill chapel.

The people of Killavullen, in the County Cork, also lament the death of their parish priest, the Rev. Father Ahern, who died on the 15th of March, at the age of 65. While following his course of studies at Maynooth he displayed remarkable talents which earned for him a high reputation for learning. He was a most active and zealous clergyman and was prompt in promoting the prosperity and welfare of his parish and people.

Death also visited the Christian Brothers of Limerick and robbed them of a member, Rev. Brother Joseph Kelly, of the Sexton street community, who had been ill for some time. He was a native of Ballyhale, Kilkenny County.

A MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISE.

Before long a new industry is to be established somewhere in our little island. The site has not yet been chosen, but current report fixes it in Dublin, and the prospects for its success are thought to be bright, as there are signs of a revival in business circles where for some time past there has been a general depression and stagnation. It is proposed to establish within a short period a large manufacturing factory for the construction of motor cars and cycles, and the company undertaking this welcome venture will be known as "The Irish Motor and Cycle Company, Ltd."

How I Made \$250 a Month.

I have been selling Dishwashers and Household Specialties for the past two years, but until I began selling the Mound City Dishwasher I only made a fair salary, and in the past three months I have made more money selling this washer which has all the latest improvements than I did in six months before selling the other dishwashers. If you only take two orders a day you make \$100 a month, but it is easy to average five or more daily. The business is exceedingly pleasant, and the work is light. Ladies can do as well as men. No experience is needed. Anybody can do it. Write to the Mound City Dishwasher Co., St. Louis, Mo., for particulars. C. A. L.

MONTREAL'S GREATEST STORE.

The S. CARSLY Co., LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Mail Orders promptly and carefully filled.

New Black Dress Goods

Special attention invited to ten cases of New Black Dress Materials, of rare excellence and extremely low rates.

New Dress Goods

Never showed such great stocks of Dress Goods. Never gathered so much of beauty, style and goodness in the medium price lines. The Novelties in Silk and Wool Colored Dress Goods received from Paris and Berlin excite the admiration of all the Ladies.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

Lustrous Mohairs

In Changeable Colors Mohair Costume Cloth in pretty shades of Electric Gray, Green, Brown and Blue, 50c.

Escorial Tweeds

New Costume Tweed, the latest Paris triumph. Raised Escorial Patterns on Shaded Wool Grounds, 65c.

Shaded Applique Cloth

Silk and Wool Material in exquisite Tints of Heliotrope, Fawn, Brown, Gray and Green, 90c.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

High Class Novelties

A collection of High Class Novelties in Silk and Wool Fabrics, of which a word picture is impossible. Ladies should see them, they are simply irresistible, \$1 00.

New Fabrics

Very Choice Silk and Wool Dress Goods, every style a masterpiece, every shade a study, \$1 65.

Very Stylish Silk and Wool Material for Costumes in uniquely beautiful effects and rich combinations.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

Jacket & Cape Novelties

Most extraordinary selling in Spring Jackets and Capes last week. The values are unmatched, and ladies are eager to have what they know to be the latest and best styles. This week we expect still greater selling. The best styles to first. Come and see them before they're all sold.

Spring Capes

Ladies' Colored Cloth Capes, in all the new colorings, perforated and pinked with neck ruffling, 90c.

Ladies' Box Cloth Capes in fawns, drabs and reseau, embroidered with narrow braids and slashed collar, \$4 25.

Ladies' London and Paris Pattern Capes, in Velvet, Applique, Box Cloth, on silk foundations and Escorial Lace, lined with shot taffeta and trimmed with mouslin de soie ruchings, up to \$50.00.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

Spring Jackets

Ladies' Colored Cloth Jackets, in fawns, drabs, biscuits and reseau, lined with Fancy Colored Silks, \$500.

Ladies' Box Cloth Jackets, in all the newest colorings, with lily collar inlaid with velvet and lined with silk, \$8 55.

Ladies' Single Breasted Box Cloth Jackets, seams piped with satin, slashed collar, inlaid with velvet, ornamented with pearl buttons, \$10 30.

Ladies' London and Paris Novelties in fawns, drabs and biscuits, lined with shot taffeta or fancy silks, up to \$35.00.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

New Washing Fabrics

Great activity prevails in this section of the Big Store. Salesmen's resources taxed to the utmost; enthusiastic and delighted customers make large purchases. Our Wash Fabrics are the hand-somest collection ever seen in this or any other Canadian city.

New Crepons

New Fancy Crepons, wide and narrow bright colored stripes, on white and colored grounds, with black floral designs, 12c.

French Novelty Crepons

The latest French Novelty in Crepons, brilliant colored grounds, with Dresden and Pompadour patterns, very beautiful effects, 14c.

Linetette Crepons

Natural Linen Colored Crepons, wide and narrow stripes, in the choicest of right colors, very stylish material for Bonnets, etc.

The S. Carsley Co., Ltd.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

SOME FAMOUS SMOKERS.

A book has recently been published in London by an anonymous writer, and its contents are "an amusing miscellany of fact and anecdotes relating to the great plant in all its forms and uses" it has been appropriately named "Tobacco Talk."

It gives the names of many great celebrities who found solace in the weed and mentions James I. as one of its earliest opponents.

Shakespeare abstained from its use because of his antipathy of his royal patron.

Swainburne is quoted as saying: "James I. was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar and a coward, but I love him because he removed Raleigh, who invented filthy smoking."

Ben Jonson loved his pipe. John Milton smoked each night before retiring.

Napoleon considered tobacco smoking a fit habit for sluggards, but Napoleon the conqueror was prostrated by his first cigar.

Guizot, the French historian, believed that smoking had prolonged his life ten years.

Charles Lamb smoked the strongest and coarsest tobacco and called it his "evening comfort" and "morning cure."

Mazzini always kept a cigar burning as he wrote, for inspiration.

Talleyrand used snuff and his apology was that it afforded a diplomat a pretext for delaying a reply.

Other famous smokers mentioned are Bismarck, Lord Brougham, Spurgeon, Emerson, Carlyle, Tennyson, Gibbon, Charles Kingsley, Dickens and Thackeray. Another writer believes that tobacco has made more good husbands, good men, kind masters and indulgent fathers than any other blessed thing on earth.

A curious habit sometimes noticed is that of carrying a cigar in the mouth but never lighting it. This plan is sometimes resorted to by men who desire to give up smoking, but others have been known to indulge in the practice.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 tons of tobacco are consumed each year by the smokers of the world.

Spain's bill for tobacco last year was \$31,000,000, an average of \$1.80 for each inhabitant.

The United States burns 25,000 tons and France 40,000 tons annually.

The long pipes of the Germans probably away 75,000 tons, for Germany is proverbially the land of pipes as the United States is the land of the cigar.

Holland, in proportion to its population, uses more tobacco than any other country in the world, 100 ounces being the average allowance of each inhabitant yearly.

MONTREAL CITY & DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at its office, St. James Street, on

Tuesday, 4th May next, at One O'Clock P. M.

for the reception of the Annual Reports and Statements, and the election of Directors. By order of the Board.

HY. BARBEAU, Manager.

25 Cents a Day FOR THREE YEARS

C. W. Lindsay's,

2366 St. Catherine Street, Near Peel Street.

New Upright Piano

7-13 Octaves, Ivory Keys, Double Venereed Walnut Case, every modern improvement. Warranted for five years.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE.) The Ideal and Popular Tonic for

BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

Highly endorsed by the Medical Profession, the Clergy and the Stage.

DOSE.—Wine glass full three times a day. Children half the quantity.



"I find nothing as helpful as a glass of Vin Mariani for brain workers, and when expending nervous force, Vin Mariani is unexcelled."

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. At Druggists & Fancy Grocers. Avoid substitutes.

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