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neighbor and ask him to be-
come a subscriber.



Our Paper
Should be in the hands
of every Catholic
Family.

IMPRUDENT AND PROMISCUOUS READING.

Mr. Vaughan's Eloquent Sermon on Easter Sunday.

At Holy Trinity Church, Ham-
mersmith, London--Pernicious Books
and Journals Dwelt Upon in a
Spirited Manner--Some Striking
Instances of Their Effects Re-
lated.

Although crowds of the faithful at-
tended the early Masses at Holy Trinity
Church, Brook Green, Hammersmith,
London, on Easter Sunday morning--
the bulk of this numerous congregation
performing their Easter duties--the
sacred edifice was filled to overflowing
during the High Mass, which was com-
menced punctually at 11, the celebrant
being Rev. Father Roderick Grant,
deacon, Rev. Father Floissac (a French
priest), and sub-deacon, Rev. Father
Richardson. The master of ceremonies
was Mr. S. Virtue Kelly. Mozart's No.
2 Mass was beautifully rendered by the
orchestra, which was under the conduc-
tion of Mr. John Mann, Mr. Walter
Madden officiating at the organ. The
altar and sanctuary were beautifully
adorned with choicest season's flowers,
and the scene within the pretty church
was, in a word, purely and strikingly
devotional. After the first Gospel the
Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan
ascended the pulpit and preached the
first of a course of sermons as announced
in the Catholic Times, and as has been
the case wherever the right rev. preacher
is known to deliver an address, our
separated brethren are well represented,
and pay most edifying attention to the
weighty words which come from the
lips of one deservedly acknowledged as
filling a high place in the ranks of our
pulpit orators. Mgr. Vaughan took for
his text words from Ecclesiastes xii, 12:
"Of many books there is no end," and
said: Upon every side we are sur-
rounded by the countless gifts of an all-
wise and all-loving God. It is God's in-
tention that they should all help us in
various ways in the attainment of the
supreme end for which we have been
created. And, dear brethren in Jesus
Christ, they would in very truth assist
us did we always use them according to
God's will. On the other hand, there is
scarcely any gift which we may not in
our blindness and folly abuse and con-
vert into an occasion, if not a direct in-
strument, of sin. Take as a pertinent
example, wine. Wine is most undoubt-
edly a gift from God. The Scripture
itself informs us that it is given to

"Cheer the Heart of Man"

(Psal. ciii, 15), and that it was created
from the beginning to make men joyful
(Eccl. xxxi, 35). In fact we have it re-
corded in the Bible that Christ the Son
of God even went so far as to work a
great miracle in order to provide for the
guests at the wedding feast at Cana. In
response to Our Lady's representations
He changed water into wine. Wine is
therefore a genuine gift from God, and
something perfectly innocent and good
in itself. See how they have turned this
gift! See how they have abused it into
a curse and a snare! How they have
diverted it from its original purpose, and
by their excesses made it an occasion of
drunkenness, debauchery, and sin. Who
indeed will count upon the many thousands
that have lost their souls through an
improper use of this creature of God,
which is so innocent enough. Even
the best and highest gifts may be di-
verted from their rightful end and pro-
stituted in the service of the devil. Take
a somewhat different example, namely,
the Holy Bible. In its sacred pages we
possess the inspired Word of God. The
Scriptures contain a veritable treasury
of Heavenly Wisdom, and are a source
of perennial holiness and virtue to all
who use them aright. One might indeed
have thought, "Well, here at least is a
gift which cannot become an occasion of
sin." But, alas! Poor human nature!
this gift has also been sadly abused, and
its abuse has led to countless mis-
eries and to the eternal damnation of
many souls. Among the

Hundreds of Heretical Sects

there is scarcely one that does not seek
to justify its rebellion and separation
from the only true and Apostolic Church
by an appeal to the Bible. It is not the
fault of the Bible. It is not because the
Bible is devoid of holiness and truth.
No! It is because man is weak, ignor-
ant, foolish, and perverse. This is no
new discovery. St. Peter himself foresaw
it well nigh two thousand years ago, and
warned us that "the unlearned and
the unstable would wrest the Scrip-
tures to their own destruction" (2
Peter iii, 16). These are but a
few instances out of thousands that
might be quoted. And I call attention
to them in order to convince you of the
extreme care we ought to exercise in the
use we make of the opportunities that
come before us. These examples serve
to help into a hindrance, and what
should be a source of life into a source
of death. That a thing is good and in-
nocent in itself is no sort of guarantee
against its being converted into an

engine of sin and spiritual destruction.
What is more innocent for instance
than the printing press? True. Yet the
practice of

Imprudent and Promiscuous Reading

of which it is often the unconscious oc-
casion is one of the chief sources of
peril at the present day. Observe, I am
not denying the immense usefulness of
the art of printing, still less the advan-
tages of a widespread and universal edu-
cation. I wish merely to point out that
they introduced a new set of dangers
into the world. Experience proves that
disastrous consequences inevitably fol-
low when people allow themselves to
read everything that comes in their way
without any discrimination or self-
restraint. The printing press is ever in
labour. Day by day, and almost hour by
hour, it keeps bringing forth fresh books
and pamphlets, reviews and magazines
in countless thousands. Vast streams
of literature are ever flowing onward
over the length and breadth of the world
and penetrating into every quarter. We
have good books, indifferent books, bad
and the baneful all mingled together.
And the reason is obvious, for

The Public Press Resembles a Great Trumpet

through which one is enabled to speak
not to a dozen or to a few score of per-
sons, but to tens and hundreds of thou-
sands. Hence every man who has any-
thing to say, any message to deliver,
any theory to ventilate, any heresy to
propound, seeks to put this trumpet to
his lips and spread far and wide his
views and opinions, however true or
however false they may be. Unhappily,
what is a vehicle for the good and true
is also a vehicle for the bad and the
false, so that in the presence of so many
different teachers the greatest dis-
crimination is needed on the part of the
listener if he is to escape contamination.
Or let us represent the danger under a
somewhat different figure. A sort of
literary banquet lies spread out before
us at the present day. The mental
pabulum is of the most varied and mis-
cellaneous kind. Every taste and every
palate, however corrupt and vitiated, is
catered for, so that the book stores and
stalls groan under the weight of every
imaginable publication, from the Bible
and the Lives of the Saints on the one
hand, down to the "Shilling Snickers"
and the "Penny Dreadfuls" on the other.
We are invited to sit down at this mental
feast, and greedily enough some of us
devour. Unfortunately, however, we do
not always realize the poison lurking
beneath some of the

Most Tempting and Savoury Dishes.

and will devour that which can do us no
good and will probably do us much
harm. The utmost care and self-re-
straint are needed on the part of those
who partake of this banquet, or they
will do themselves permanent injury by
blindly yielding to natural indications
and depraved appetites. But let us drop
metaphor, and specify some of the more
important dangers to which we are ex-
posed by the habit of indiscriminate
reading. In order to do this we will
divide all books into two classes, viz.,
the good and the harmful. Of good
books we need say nothing to-day, but
merely set them on one side. The harm-
ful books we divide into three categories.
The first are the frivolous, the second
are the immoral, and the third are the
infidel and anti-religious. To the first
category belong the thousands of silly
tales and idle, empty stories and nar-
ratives which are not even intended to
convey any instruction, or to teach any
lesson, but serve merely to while away
an idle hour or two, and to kill time.
Books of imagination and unreality, and
composed of incidents spun from the in-
ner consciousness of some love sick poet-
aster, or maudlin and sentimental
aesthetic. There is no harm of course in
using books of this class in moderation
and for purposes of recreation and relaxa-
tion of mind, for they are, I am suppos-
ing, not bad in themselves. The danger is
in dealing with these to excess. We
know of many more, especially young
ladies, both married and unmarried,
who devote far too much time to this
kind of trashy literature. They are con-
tinually pouring over some empty, in-
ane and silly romance or novel. Valua-
ble hours are wasted; real duties are
neglected or only imperfectly discharg-
ed; and a thirst for

Light, Frothy Reading

is created, which unfit them for what is
solid and serious. The palate that has
accustomed itself to nothing but froth,
soufflés and whipped cream turns away
from the ordinary strong diet of a robust
man. What we have to reproach our-
selves for in these cases is that of fritting
away and wasting precious hours in a
manner unworthy of one who realizes
the immense responsibilities of life; that
time once lost never returns, and that
for every idle moment a strict ac-
count will have to be rendered one day
to the Sovereign Judge. To the second
category of bad books belong all those
which are either immoral in themselves
or at least immoral in their general
tones and tendency. We refer to novels
and romances, whose chief attraction
consists in long and minute descriptions
of the tender passion. They present to
us the love-sick maiden, who is of course
always beautiful, young, and interesting,
and her faithful, or faithless wooer, as
the case may be. Then there are most
barrowing scenes, and impossible dia-
logues, to be contemplated, while we
are hurried along from chapter to chap-
ter and invited to gaze on the most ap-
palling and sometimes indelicate situa-
tions. And then there are graphic de-
scriptions of courtship and coquetting and
doubtful conversations, in which the

morbid curiocity and evil passions of
the reader are pandered to in the most
absorbing way. An enormous number
of such books are written, and a still
more enormous number of persons are
found greedily anxious to devour them.
They may try and flatter themselves
that they are doing themselves no harm,
but in this they are practising pure self-
deceit. Such writings are to many a
source of real temptation; they excite
the passions, they set the imagination
on fire, they conjure up a thousand im-
pure and dangerous images before the
mind--those seductive spectres which
are so much more easy to raise than to
lay. The heart is defiled, and the senses
are

Stirred Up and Inflamed

It is undeniable that an impure form,
or an indelicate situation, especially
when it is cleverly described and vividly
portrayed in glowing words, will some-
times leave an impression on the mind
for quite a long period, and assert itself
at the most inopportune moments, dis-
tracting us in prayer, and challenging
our attention even when assisting at
Mass or receiving the sacraments. If,
as St. Paul warned us, such things
should not be so much as named
amongst us as becoming assistants (Eph.
v, 3) how reluctant we should be to
read upon them deliberately and re-
peatedly, which is unavoidable if we
read books such as I have described.
Besides, such reading, by familiarizing
us with sin and sensuality, and by
accustoming us to gaze upon all
kinds of excesses and horrors, diminishes
our sense of the enormity of such crimes,
and dulls the keen edge of conscience
and binds us to the stern necessity of
doing all in our power to avoid them.
But probably the greatest peril arises
from infidel books, and by infidel books
we mean all those publications in
which the truths of revelation are
either directly or indirectly at-
tacked. There is not the slightest doubt
but that an incredible amount of
harm is done by this class of literature,
and especially because good and even
pious persons fail to see the danger they
run in reading such books, and often go
so far as to deny that there is any risk
at all. Again and again we have heard
Catholics themselves asserting their
right to read such

Pernicious Works.

and on what plea? "Oh," they exclaim,
"if our Faith be true, we have no cause
to fear what men say against it," or,
"it must be a very weak and nit-
and-water sort of creed that cannot face
the arguments of infidels however ad-
verse, or that crumbles to pieces at the
breath of hostile criticism," and so on.
But, dear brethren, such shallow ex-
cuses for lying into the face of danger
are in sober truth but clear indications
of a subtle pride and vanity, and a wo-
ful ignorance of one's own weakness
and limitation. Nothing is easier than
to raise difficulties against the super-
natural. Almost anyone can do that
even without being a genius. It is com-
monly said that

"A Fool Can Ask More Questions than a Wise Man Can Answer."

And if this be true in the case of a fool,
how much more true it must be in the
case of a questioner who is not a fool at
all, but a shrewd and clever reasoner?
To suppose that the general run of Catho-
lics, who are for the most part without
any profound knowledge of theology or
philosophy, and without any regular
training in dialectics, should be capable
of meeting the wily sophistries of the
keenest and best-practised intelligences
Among those who write are to be found
agnostics, materialists, positivists, and
other infidels of undoubted learning and
ability. Men who have a command
over language, and a facility and even
an elegance of expression that capti-
vates and charms the casual reader.
Often they are such masters of intellec-
tual fence, can put things in such a
plausible way, and so dress up and dis-
guise error, that with nine persons out
of ten it will pass for truth. In spite of
this the self-confiding and inexperienced
Catholic will calmly persuade himself
that he may safely read and study such
writings and yet

It is no Risk.

I have heard quite uneducated youths,
and even girls fresh from their convent
schools, rushing in where angels fear to
tread. To this we must in a large mea-
sure ascribe the extraordinary lax and
unorthodox opinions held by not a few
Catholics at the present day. Pride,
and pride alone, is at the bottom of it.
For what do such venturesome young
persons really say? They say: "I am
more than a match for all these infidels.
Clever men may dress up error as though
it were truth, but I shall see through
them all. They may represent evil as if
it were good, but no matter whatever
may be the case with others I at least
shall not be deceived. Oh, dear, no!
Their subtleties and sophistries, their
wiles and their cunning, are all unavail-
ing before my keen and penetrating
gaze. I, oh! I can see through every
CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

The work inaugurated by the United
Irish Societies in organizing '98 Clubs is
being successfully prosecuted. On Sun-
day, 20th inst., a largely attended meet-
ing was held in St. Anthony's Parish,
resulting in the formation of a '93 Club
with a good membership. Officers were
appointed, and every effort will be made
to make the club a success.
Messrs. E. J. Devlin, B.C.L., H. J.
Cloran, B.C.L., and F. J. Curran, B.C.L.,
addressed the meeting.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

Great Distress in Different Districts.

Archbishop Walsh's Letter in Re-
gard to Bazaars for Church Pur-
poses--The Comments of a Local
Journalist.

DUBLIN, April 19.

When the horrors of famine are made
known in India there is no lack of sym-
pathy and, comparatively speaking, no
lack of funds coming forward for the
relief of the stricken districts. A
paternal Government and a victorious
Victory look after these things before
hand. Being Irish we will let the bull
go. But then India is a long way off
and is occasionally dangerous in the
matter of frontier troubles, with a huge
Muscovite bear's long reaching fore-paws
always overshadowing the precipitous
lane in the hills known as the Khyber
Pass. Then Brahminism and Mahome-
anism are religions to be studied by a
learned cult. Any little interference,
supposed or otherwise, must be
carefully guarded against, for fear
there should be a repetition of the
mutiny, for fear that a perpetually
oppressed people might rise in all
the might of oriental savagery and en-
danger the thing and dearest to British
hearts. The control of the commerce of
the seas, the gradual accretion of power
by the conquering of some small tribes
and the annexation of other "protector-
ates" of them to build up an empire, is
the real reason. There is no sentimental
patriotism or process of civilization
where the flag of St. George flies. It is
a commercial instinct very much akin
to that of the usurious Jew, and for com-
mercial purposes only is assistance
given to India when the blighting hand
of famine is laid heavily on the land.

On the other hand Ireland is not a
particularly picturesque point, at
least not bearing the same important
political relations to England's greed of
empire as does the country to the south
of the Himalayan Hills. Then again in
Ireland they know nothing about the
uses of the Khoran; the population is
simply Catholic, and that of itself should
be sufficient reason to put it without the
pale of any humiliated "Asian" feeling
whatever. No account need be taken of
the reason why Irish industries were
suppressed in every province except
Protestant Ulster, where renegade Irish-
men and apostate Scotchmen could meet
on congenial ground. The children of
Mammon being wiser than the children
of Light was never better illustrated.

In the West the suffering was so in-
tense that eventually the Government
was forced to recognize the fact, and a
large quantity of seed potatoes has been
distributed to the Unions of Galway,
Clifden, B. Inghel, Killybeg, Oughterard,
Westport and Swinford. A very perti-
nent paragraph in a Cork paper says:--
"It may not be too late to urge on the
Government, now that they have recog-
nized the prevalence of serious distress,
the desirability of dealing with it in
such a way as will give permanent
relief to the people who need assistance,
and put an end to the necessity for
making periodical appeals for public
support, because in the present circum-
stances of the country it is extremely
unfair to cast upon the public the duty
that should be discharged by the State.

In connection with this free distribu-
tion of seed, we will see why it should
be confined to these Western Unions.
The distress is just as acute in parts of
Cork and Kerry, and there are many
families living on the seaboard of both
counties who have no potatoes to plant
and no means whatever of obtaining
them. We think the Local Government
Board might do for them what it has done
for the districts in the West. They are
depending at present for the bare neces-
sary of life on the grants allowed by the
Mansion House Committee, and we need
hardly point out that these grants will
not avert the inevitable approach of
famine in the winter months. As the
Government have admitted the exist-
ence of distress, their policy should be
to grapple with the problem in a really
practical manner, and do everything in
their power to prevent its recurrence.
The distribution of seed potatoes is a
mere temporary remedy, and when the
distribution is confined to a few dis-
tricts, and when it comes so late in the
season, the results are bound to be un-
satisfactory.

It was not altogether surprising that
Archbishop Walsh should have felt him-
self called upon to sound a warning note
in connection with some of the abuses
which have of late years been creeping
into the management of bazaars, the
only excuse for which was that the ulti-
mate object was good. In writing to the
president of the St. Vincent de Paul
Society in connection with the "Old
Paris Bazaar," His Grace said:--

DEAR MR. CARTON--I trust that the
coming bazaar in aid of the funds of the
St. Vincent de Paul Society, in Dublin,
may be in every respect a successful
one.
People nowadays are so easily attract-
ed by new forms of charitable or bene-
volent work that I am sometimes apprehen-
sive of a serious falling off in the
support given to our old and tried chari-
table organizations.
The poor of Dublin could ill afford
any curtailment of the relief which the

generosity of the public as well as of its
own members has now for so many
years enabled your society to give.
Apart from the substantial aid in money
which it may be relied on to bring to
your funds, the Bazaar will have the
further advantage of keeping the society
and its work from being forgotten or
overlooked by the public.

You will kindly excuse my delay in
writing this letter. The fact is that I
have been obliged during the last few
weeks to give a good deal of considera-
tion to the question whether bazaars can
any longer continue to be sanctioned as
means of raising funds for Catholic pur-
poses in this diocese. Undoubtedly
abuses, some of them of a very serious
kind, have been allowed to creep in
within the last few years. If there is
not a speedy and effective reform, it will
become my duty to do what has already
had to be done elsewhere by refusing
altogether my sanction to bazaars, or to
works, however good, in aid of which
they are held.

I am very confident, however, that in
connection with the projected Bazaar in
aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society
there will be nothing that could tend to
hasten the taking of such a step. But,
I am bound to add, I am not without
fear that the taking of it may be looked
upon as inevitable in the near future.

In commenting on the above, United Ireland says:--

The Archbishop of Dublin has given
some reasonable advice and warning on
the subject of bazaars. His letter to the
President of the Society of St. Vincent
de Paul gives expression to a feeling
which we lately got a strong hold
on the public mind. The abuses should
arise in connection with bazaars we may
be prepared to expect. But it is cer-
tainly a peril that these abuses should
seem to get any colour or sanction
from the mere fact that the bazaars
are held in support of some deserving
cause. To condemn the holding of
bazaars would, of course, be a very ex-
treme manner of preventing certain
abuses that may arise in connection
with them. But when bazaars are held
in furtherance of some religious or
charitable undertaking, it is especially
the duty of the promoters to guard
against anything which may endanger
the best interests of religion.

THE ST. ANN'S Y. M. SOCIETY

Banquet Their Dramatic and Choral Sections.

The complimentary banquet tendered
by St. Ann's Young Men's Society to
the Dramatic and Choral Sections of
that popular organization was a grand
success. About seventy five persons sat
down to a sumptuous repast prepared by
Messrs. Welch & Rough, the well-known
caterers, at their dining rooms, Notre
Dame street.

Mr. R. J. Byrne presided. Rev. Father
Strubbe, spiritual adviser of the society,
occupied the place of honor, and to his
right sat Mr. P. J. Shea, musical director
of the choral section, and on his left, Mr.
E. J. Quinn, chairman of the dramatic
section. Letters of regret were received
from Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, M.P., and
Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.P.P.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

A Very Interesting Public School Entertainment.

The large Academic Hall on Bleury
street was, on Friday evening, the scene
of a most interesting class specimen
given by the little lads of the Latin
Rudiments class of St. Mary's College.
The parents of the pupils and the other
friends of the institution, who had re-
sponded by their presence to the invita-
tions kindly sent to them by the Faculty
of the College, showed by their enthu-
siastic applause that whatever others
might think of the system of education
followed by the Jesuit Fathers, they
were persuaded that no other system
could produce results such as were dis-
played in this entertainment.

The lads went through the Latin verbs
and rules of syntax with an accuracy
that would be astonishing in their
elders, while the declamations, Latin
translations and songs were given with
a finish that was surprising. Reverend
Father Turgeon, the Rector of the Col-
lege, congratulated them, at the end of
the entertainment, on the success they
had scored, and thanked them for the
pleasure they had afforded to all present.
His Grace Archbishop Bruchet was re-
presented by Vicar General Racicot.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The Friends of the Boys in Blue

Hold a Most Successful Entertain-
ment. Hon. Mr. Justice Curran
Delivers an Address.

The first entertainment of the season
in behalf of the Catholic Sailors' Club
was held at the Victoria Armoury Hall
last week. It was under the auspices of
the Ladies of St. Patrick's parish and
was a great success.

During the evening Mr. Justice Curran,
in the course of an interesting address,
said that a most mistaken idea was
prevalent with reference to the in-
fluence of men in affairs generally.
Man was spoken of as the head of
creation and many men believed
they could lord it as they pleased. The
fact is that the ladies control the situa-
tion. He was a living instance of the
truth of his assertion. He had come to
the conclusion that his speech-making
days were over and that he was to be
permitted to enjoy his otium cum dig-
nitate, but Lady Hingston had decreed it
otherwise and he found himself bound to
make his bow before the inevit-
able. It was a pleasure nevertheless as
well as an honor to be permitted to have
a small share in the good work of which
that distinguished lady is the president.
He did not wish to be understood that
he was forgetting the excellent work
done by others. The movement for es-
tablishing a club for the Catholic sailors
had originated with Mr. Walsh and a few
of his not wealthy but most enthusiastic
and self-sacrificing friends. Just as
the great temperance movement
owed its origin to the philanthropic
quaker whose urgent appeals had
indeed Father Mathew to throw himself
into the cause, so many of the greatest
benefits conferred upon our kind had an
obscure origin, even the fruits of our
most noble but humble workers, whose names
might be forgotten, but whose zeal had
inspired others to take up the good work
they had inaugurated. So it is with the
Catholic Sailors' Club; its future success
depends upon Lady Hingston and those
now associated with her, but she and
they are happy to acknowledge that the
first steps were taken by Mr. Walsh and
his zealous friends. The doors of this
institution are open to men of all creeds,
but any one with practical experience
of life will acknowledge that this club
will reach many and confer inestimable
benefits upon them, who without it
would not seek them elsewhere. The
club is not antagonistic to any other in-
stitution; on the contrary, to any sister
organization the promoters say God
speed; there is room enough for all to
do good and unfortunately room to spare.
He would not rehearse what each one
could read in the annual report of the
club. It was gratifying to find, however,
that the last year had been the most
prosperous and prolific in good results
of any since its inauguration. There is
an appeal in that report for assistance.
Unfortunately, since its appearance
events have taken a turn which all
lovers of peace must deeply regret.
Should hostilities break out, as now ap-
pears inevitable, between the United
States and Spain, our port would be
visited by a much larger number of sea-
men engaged in the mercantile service
than in any former year. The calls upon
the resources of the club would be great-
ly increased and every friend of the
sailor should be ready to make a little
pecuniary sacrifice so as to enable the
good ladies and their friends to do the
work efficiently and secure for their
protégés those safeguards against the
allurements and temptations that a club
of this kind affords in so high a degree.
The movement set upon foot here in the
establishment of this institution had
attracted the attention of friends abroad,
and the hope is entertained that before
many years the globe may be encircled
with a strong chain of prosperous Catho-
lic Sailors' Clubs. In the name of the
ladies and gentlemen present he begged
to extend the heartiest best wishes for
the continued success of their under-
taking, and to thank all concerned in
this good work for the labors and
sacrifices that they had imposed upon
themselves in the past.

PROGRAMME:

- Chorus--"The Meeting of the Waters"
- Tenor Solo--"Faust".....
Mr. J. J. Rowan.
- Soprano Solo--"A City by the Sea".....
Miss Nellie McAndrew.
- Solo and Chorus--"Jack's the Boy".....
Mr. F. Cahill and Choir.
- Reading--"The Catholic Psalm".....
Rev. J. A. McCallen.
- Address--"The Catholic Sailors' Club"
Hon. Judge Curran.
- Chorus--"La Traviata".....
Bass Solo--"Trusting in You".....
Mr. Cowan.
- Quartet--"The Geisha".....
Miss McAndrew, Miss Nellie McAndrew,
Mr. Rowan and Mr. Carpenter.
- Chorus--"God Save Our Native Land."

The Blessed Virgin is invoked by us
as the Mother of Christ. What is the
force of thus addressing her? It is to
bring before us that she it is who from
the first was propitiated of, and associ-
ated with the hopes and prayers of all
men, of all true worshippers of God; of
all who 'looked for the redemption of
Israel' in every age before the redemption
came.--Newman.

Note and Comment

With their usual promptness in finding their way to scenes of suffering, Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy are far on the road to the Klondyke, and will be among the first spring arrivals among the miners."

This tribute to the zeal and heroism of those best and most devoted of nurses, those ministering angels, as Sir Walter Scott called them, is, it is with pleasure we note, from The Daily Witness. It is not surprising to find such a tribute in an anti-Catholic and anti-Irish newspaper; for similar expressions of admiration and praise have been uttered by bigots of greater eminence and importance.

The necessity of having trained nurses has of recent years been recognized by Protestants, and now there are so many institutions for "trained nurses," and so many applicants for admission to the guild of "trained nurses," that the profession has come to be a sort of fad. Few of the applicants realize the requirements and aptitudes for the profession of nursing, and the oft-times loathsome duties which are attached to it. The Catholic girl who desires to become a nurse rightly regards such a desire as a religious vocation, and enters a sisterhood having a nursing branch attached to it. With her the ministering to the sick is a sacred duty, which can have no relation to mercenary considerations. With the average Protestant "trained nurse" the contrary is the case. They become trained nurses in order to make money, for they regard it as a more lucrative occupation than the others which are usually adopted by females. Here is an extract from a book published in New York, by Jane Hodson, on trained nurses and nursing:—

"The question of nurses' fees has been much discussed. One so frequently hears of exorbitant charges having been made that it would seem that the mercenary spirit was on the increase. Undoubtedly there are instances where unusual charges have been made, but these are not general, and in the majority of cases a nurse may be considered to justly earn and rightfully demand from \$21 to \$25 per week, which, in a city like New York, is the usual remuneration asked for and received."

These charges do not seem to be moderate. They place it beyond the power of the bulk of the population of New York to employ trained nurses, who are evidently intended for the rich alone.

There is much in Jane Hodson's book regarding the training of nurses and the principles and practice of nursing that is of general interest. Thus we are told "at the close of her hospital course she takes upon herself the responsibility for her success in her profession. When she enters on the work of a private nurse she finds herself the reigning power in the house. She may become a perfect goddess to the family or she may upset the whole household, inconvenience every member, create discord among the servants, and even uproot the faith heretofore placed in the family physician. Loyalty to the doctor is an important factor in the work of a nurse. She should endorse and carry out his orders faithfully, no matter how much his methods may differ from the doctor under whom she has last worked. This requires adaptability."

The reference to "creating discord among the servants" is another proof that it is for the exclusive benefit of the rich that the "trained nurse" has been brought into existence.

The book contains valuable hints as to how the nurse should comport herself in the hospital. In her hospital work, the author says, the nurse should be held to strict account for all hospital property, its condition and care, and should keep an accurate list of all articles in use and stock. At least quarterly she should make an inventory or carefully compare the last one with the stock on hand. She should practice and preach economy, and the value of property as such, and should be as thoughtful of the way all articles are used as if they were her own. Many pupil nurses are careless, because they have not been taught carefulness, an essential part of their training, which the head nurse must not forget. The study of the individual patient, his or her idiosyncrasies, is not only interesting, but makes the care of all patients far more satisfactory. The better the nurse understands and sympathizes with her patients the better she will be able to use the means employed for their recovery. Of one thing the nurse cannot be too careful, and that is to remember her instructions while in training that absolutely no gossip shall creep into her conversation with her patients either regarding the management of the house, if she is in a private hospital or sanitarium, or what is going on therein. Each patient should be considered as the only one in the house, and the name, condition, and reason of the admittance

of each should be held absolutely sacred. It will readily be seen by this that not only are well-trained nurses, but well-bred, refined, thoughtful women needed. Even with the best early advantages a newly graduated nurse is rarely well qualified to enter upon the work of a private hospital acceptably. The inevitable narrowness and routine of ordinary hospital life almost always produce a certain stereotyped manner, a certain rigidity of adherence to the particular system of rules under which she was trained, which is felt unpleasantly by the private hospital patients. This manner, acquired unconsciously and perhaps unavoidably in the rush of work in a large city hospital, has to be modified by contact with the individual patient in private duty. In winning the confidence of relatives and friends, naturally anxious about their dear sick ones and ignorant of the necessity for discipline in the sickroom, the young nurse gains experience, not only in nursing, but in knowing when she may yield and when she must be firm.

NEW VIEWS ON IRISH ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

A somewhat peculiar article appears in the current number of the Contemporary Review. It is entitled "Irish Elementary Education," and is signed by E. H. F. Hogg and Arthur D. Jones. We should say that the greater portion of the article was written by the lady, as only a lady—and an English lady at that—would commit herself to such statements as are embodied in it. These two English persons paid a brief visit to somewhere in the County of Wicklow, and from what they saw there they judge the whole of the country, forgetful of or unacquainted with the maxim that it is illogical to draw general conclusions from particular premises.

A few extracts will suffice to give an idea of the value and correctness of the observations made by these two English tourists during their short stay in Wicklow. "To expect that a people so hopelessly illiterate and uneducated as is the mass of the Irish peasantry can or will develop the intelligent working capacity of the skilled artisan, is to demand of them bricks without straw or even stubble," they tell us; and again, "the present system of primary education is eminently calculated to foster that indolent recklessness which is the curse of the Irish people: the children grow up without ever grasping the notion that continuous concentrated effort can possibly be worth while;" here (in Ireland) the giddiest height of aspiration is a place in the constabulary; it is very rarely that a lad can rise even to the heights of the three known ambitions, and become a member of the constabulary, get into Guinness's brewery, or start a co-operative dairy—they cannot pass the standards for the two first, and the third is merely a rainbow vision; "the door to success is barred by the hopeless illiteracy which acts as a canker, eating away the root of healthy national life."

These are certainly new views of the condition of the Irish people at home. It would be deplorable if they had even an approximation of truth. But, as everybody besides the collaborators who wrote the article knows, they are absurdly untrue. That they are sincerely held, however, by the writers of the article is evident, for they candidly state that "the Ireland of to-day is the legacy of a system which deliberately aimed at the prevention of education, at least amongst Roman Catholics, the destruction of every incentive of energy, and the strangling of every industry the competition with which threatened inconvenience to English merchants and manufacturers." Where they err is in supposing that this nefarious system succeeded in its aim.

The niggardliness of the amounts granted for the payment of teachers and the maintenance of schools is denounced by these critics in no measured terms. The schools, they say, insufficient in accommodation and equipment for the existing demand, are "miserably inadequate to what the demand ought to be." They are systematically denied the simplest educational requisites. "Applications for books,—and these half a century out of date—slates, etc., are only half granted, and that after an interval calculated to call Patience herself down from her monument." As to the children who attend these National Schools, they are dull, inattentive, and utterly devoid of the eager desire to learn which rejoices the heart of a Scottish teacher. To those accustomed to the quick responsiveness of Scottish scholars, the tongue-tied stolidity of these quick-witted Irish children is simply amazing. They make no pretence of answering the questions put to them. As a matter of course, the answer as well as the question comes from the master, and teachers and inspectors have alike given up in despair the task of overcoming this "vacant stolidity." It never seems to strike these English Tourists that any increased grant which the National Board of Education would make would be so much money thrown

away if the people are, as they maintain, "hopelessly illiterate," and their children are afflicted with "tongue-tied" and "vacant" stolidity.

The convent schools, however, are, we are assured, the exceptions to the general rule. "In every case that came under our notice the convent schools leave little to be desired. The buildings are in marked contrast to the makabits provided by the Board. The Girls' National school of Rathdrum is in the convent buildings, and is entirely under the management of the Nuns of the Order of Mercy. Here there is an excellent classification of the children, who are taught by seven nuns and four monitors. The three class rooms are lofty and well lighted; the behavior of the children is natural and courteous, and order and discipline are maintained without apparent effort. In addition to the girls' school there is attached to the convent an industrial home for boys between six and nine years of age, where fifty-nine little waifs and strays from the towns are mothered and taught by these gentlewomen until they are old enough to be passed along to the larger industrial schools under the Brothers of Mercy. The Government grant of five shillings a week is only given for boys over six years of age, but children of five are often taken pity on by the nuns, and kept by them for a year at their own expense. The Girls' National School attached to the convent at Bray is equally deserving of special mention. Here, in addition to the ordinary routine, the nuns have established a little school of housewifery. A complete artisan's dwelling has been constructed for this purpose, and here the girls are taught every branch of house work, including cooking and laundry work, house papering, painting and decoration. These classes, it is stated, are very popular with the children."

The article is interesting as showing how little some English people know about Ireland, and how ready they are to form judgments on that slight knowledge.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVENT, BALLAGADERIN, CO. MAYO, IRELAND.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—With most sincere gratitude we write to thank you for having published our appeal in behalf of the starving poor of this district, in the columns of your influential paper. We beg of you either to insert the appeal a second time, or else by some effort of your own to draw public attention to the sad distress now prevalent in the West of Ireland, owing to the failure of last year's potato crop. We feel certain that if the benevolent people of America, who are recognized through the whole world by their open-handed generosity to every deserving cause, once take up this most urgent matter, a flood of help will come to our unhappy country, and the thousands who are now suffering direct want will receive at least sufficient to keep them alive until the new crops come in.

Thousands of your readers have Irish blood in their veins: let them not be unmindful of the land of their fathers, where, perhaps, their own young days were spent, and where, perhaps, their own nearest and dearest friends are now suffering the slow agony of starvation. It is indeed a sad and anxious task for us to discriminate among the hundreds of hungry faces round our door, to find out who can bear their suffering longest, so as to pass them over and give food to the weakest—to those who can bear the least. We are sometimes told that alms are demoralizing. That may be true in the case of grown people, if they can work and will not. But where there are large families of little helpless children, wasting away from want of food, we pray God to bless a thousand times over those warm-hearted friends who do not pause to speculate on the demoralization but come to the rescue at once, by giving us the means to save them from starvation.

We thank you once again, dear Sir, for opening your columns to our appeal, and we beg to remain,

Yours most gratefully,
THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,
Ballagaderin, Co. Mayo,
Ireland.

16th April, 1898.

FIRST CAPITAL PRIZE.

Mr. William Withers, musical director of the 'Geisha Company,' has drawn the first capital prize at the distribution of the 13th instalment of the 'Society of Arts of Canada,' 1666 Notre Dame street. This is the second time that the first capital prize has been drawn by Mr. Withers within eleven months.

A contributor to a Canadian journal in referring to the advantages of advertising, which, by the way, Catholic merchants are very slow to realize, says:—"Advertising gains momentum as it goes along." He then proceeds to give a practical illustration of the necessity of continuing in advertising by relating the following incident: "A firm that manufactures a commodity of world-wide fame had been in the habit of advertising to the extent of £5,000 a year through one of the most eminent advertising agencies in London, England. They thought they could dispense with advertising, seeing that their special was on every table. Accordingly all orders and contracts were stopped. Sales began to fall off, and the decrease continued until the firm sent back to their agents and announced that they expected to advertise again. But the decline had become so serious that to recover lost ground they have now to spend £10,000 a year where formerly they spent £5,000.

CHATS TO YOUNG MEN.

On the last evening of his mission to non-Catholics, at Cleveland, O., Father Elliott, says the Index, of Scranton, Pa., told a story of a student's suicide. The young man had gone to Paris to study; one morning his body was fished out of the Seine, and in his pocket was a paper which read: "A little advice might have saved me." We meet young men every day who are craving a bit of advice. They range all the way from the ambitious young men, whom a little advice might assist in reaching the goal which they long for in vain, to the weak young men whose constant failures tell how much they stand in need of a big brother's helping hand.

In this game of life, which we are all bound to play, most people learn only by their own experience, that is by their bitter blunders; and as soon as they begin to understand the moves, the game is over and they have lost. In this game the chess board is the world, the pieces are the happenings of life around us, the rules of the game are the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us—call him Chance or Fate if you will. We know that his play is fair, just and patient. But alas, we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the least allowance for ignorance. To the one who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. The one who plays ill is check-mated—without hate but without remorse.

In our getting on in the world, ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Life's discipline is not even a blow and a word and the blow first, but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

When a boy has left school for some years he knows by experience what he would do if he had those years of study to live over again. And here are our young men entering the misty maze of life, with its numberless lanes and turns and thoroughfares; some leading to the precipice of despair or the pest house of poverty and ruin; others bringing the traveller back to his starting point or ending in blind alley; but only one leading to the hill of success and the castle of happiness. All would like to walk on this highway, but most people find as their journey proceeds that they have taken the wrong crossroad. But then it is too late to turn back and they must plod on through the slough of misery to the bitter end.

Need we any apology then, if we place in the hands of the young man a map of this mysterious labyrinth? If we point out to him the path, and warn him of its ditches and stumbling blocks? If we tell him how to have shod his feet and anointed his limbs for the race, when once he has found the course? For he will find the avenue to success crowded with men of muscle, brain and energy, all striving with fearful force and resolution to win the highest heights; and as Carlyle says: "in this awful race of life God help the man that looks back or stoops to tie his shoe."

Everybody who is anybody in our days belongs to at least one or two clubs. If we ask "where did the gentlemanly cashier whom we meet pick up his polished manners and his obliging disposition, which find such favor in the eyes of his employer?" You tell us at the club. Now may we not put our white vests and making our bow to the Roundhead Club, suggest to them what good their influence might yield, if exerted now and again in the interests of their less fortunate brothers? Our Emerson club wonders why it is that, the more enlightened we become, and the more easy our machinery and inventions render farming and all sorts of manufacturing, the more desperate is our struggle for existence? We heartily join in the many athletics of the Spencere club, saying with Hebert Spencer—that the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. The best brain is found of little service, if there is not enough vital energy to work it; and hence to obtain at the sacrifice of the other is a folly. We have other club friends whose "rooms" are the corners of the streets; and perhaps we shall help these fathers of future men to answer the question:—why in many of our districts are boys dumped out of school and left during the most perilous period—between their settling the parental yoke and their settling down for life—almost absolutely without a friend or guide who seems to sympathize with them or to take an interest in the forming of their character. Who was it called the saloon the "poor man's club"? Perhaps it was the same man who called the sideboard of the wealthy club the "unlicensed saloon."

And occasionally we shall invite ourselves into one of those delightful little 12 x 15 club rooms, where the studious young man spends his profitable evenings in the charming company of such club fellows as Irving, Hawthorne, Newman, Pope and Shakespeare. For after all it is the club of solitary study in the society of the world's greatest thinkers that will best fit a man to make his mark in the world; and that will furnish the leaders for the mutual fellowship club with its gay wit and brilliant appearance, which is the best place for our many young men to spend their evenings.

We listened recently to a lecturing labor theorist howl wisdom about the perplexing social question. He said in substance, that our young men and women are turning up their noses at work. Trades and the farm are no longer good enough for our boys; but they must wear "boiled shirts" and work behind the counters or at the desk. And if they have some brains and a little money off

they go to educate themselves and become lawyers, doctors or teachers. And the reason of this tendency is, he says, because they are ambitious and too lazy to work. Now we have heard such talk so much of late, that there must be a grain of truth in it. It is a fact that the bread of the world is earned in the sweat of somebody's brow. Trades, farming and the most unskilled labor are the muscle and marrow of the world. But are the trades neglected? are they not rather filled to overflowing? How many tradesmen and laborers looking for work this winter find every trowel, every machine, every pick and shovel fought for by a dozen men!

But if labor is the bone and sinew of the world there is something else that gives this bone and sinew life and strength; and that something we call soul. Brains are the soul of the world. And the world and the people need brains in the form of leaders to direct labor, to alleviate disease and suffering, to fight for just laws and personal rights, to expose unbug and treachery, to teach children in schools and men and women in books, and now and then, like Benjamin Franklin, to tear the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from the tyrant's hand. The world needs and welcomes nothing so much as a man of real brains; for while conspicuous talent or genius confers invaluable benefits on others, it creates a place for itself.

No one envies a man of genius his place, because no one else could fill it. It is only when our mediocre fogies poking along in their peaceful ruts, feel younger men pushing past them up the hill of success, that they wilyly try to bowl them down into the crowd. America has all too few great men. Think you she would begrudge a dozen more Longfellow's their livelihood? Is not every city going for want of an humble Father Drummgoole? And when we see the gray hairs of Thomas Edison, do we not tremble for fear there will not be another wizard of the west to succeed him?

Do not suppose from our optimistic principle that we imagine all those young men who begin to study will ever reach their goal; or that there are not many hungry bellied, hungry brained, lawyers, ministers and physicians who had far better stick to the plough or the last. We are far from encouraging every young man to drag himself into a profession which he will never master, but which will master and ruin him. But we are farther still from discouraging any youth who has a spark of noble ambition from making the most of it. We were to dampen the enthusiastic hopes of any individual on account of an economic theory, we might be crushing just the spark that God had intended should blaze into another Washington.

Let no one think that a public life is an easy one. For a lay man it is far less troublesome to drop into the first job that presents itself, and, without a thought beyond his own hand to mouth necessities, to remain there all his life like a stagnant pool. Stagnant pools are of little use to any one. And if a great river is known all over the country, and sweeps on to the sea, bearing on its brilliant back a whole navy of merchantmen, is it because the country is honoring the river? No, it is because the river is benefiting the community. And so the honor and respect that attend a successful public man are but the reflection of his own usefulness to the people.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

THE LARGEST FARMER IN ENGLAND.

The largest farmer in England, curiously enough, bears the name of Farmer. He is, according to the Manchester Evening News, the neighbor of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His residence is at Little Bedwyn, near Hungerford, in Wiltshire, and he occupies the land for miles and miles, the entire amount of his holdings exceeding 15,000 acres. He milks at least a thousand cows, and has a stock of upwards of 5,000 sheep. Paying his men good



The men who do daring deeds in battle, are men whose arteries pulsate with the rich, red, vital blood of health. The same is true of the men who win success in the battles of work and business. When a man's liver is sluggish, his digestion impaired, and his stomach soot gets thin and impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it is impure every vital organ in the body is improperly nourished and becomes weak and diseased and fails to perform its proper functions in the economy of life. The victim suffers from loss of appetite and sleep, wind, pain, fullness and swelling of the stomach after meals, bad taste in the mouth, foul breath, imaginary lump of food in the throat, headaches, giddiness, drowsiness, heavy head and costiveness.

All of these conditions and their causes are promptly cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It brings back the keen edge of appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich, red, pure blood, filled with the life-giving elements of the food that build healthy tissues, firm flesh, strong muscles and vibrant nerve fibers. It invigorates and vitalizes the whole body, and imparts mental power and elasticity. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate lingering coughs and kindred ailments.

Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely, speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the jaded organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell work, and have no other pills that "are just as good."

wages, he commands the most useful class of labor. He also obtains the best possible terms. There was recently a farm of 1,800 acres to let which had previously fetched £1,800 a year. Mr. Farmer offered £650 and got it.

NEW INVENTIONS.

- Below will be found the list of patents granted this week to Canadian inventors through Messrs. Marion & Marion, Montreal.
- 59,285—Harrison, Marion and Seitz, Washington and Montreal, luggage carrier.
- 59,376—William Dunn, London, England, gate.
- 59,483—F. Laforest, Edmonton, track fastening device.
- 59,450—Ella Benoit, St. Cesaire, P.Q., key fastener.
- 59,476—J. H. Pellerin, Montreal, machine for giving form to material.
- 59,482—John Muir, Brantford, Ont., flag pole.
- 59,534—J. H. Richards, Sydney, Australia, sash-fastening device.
- 59,562—Benjamin Heon, St. Gregoire, P.Q., lifting jack.
- 59,579—J. B. Lavigne, Montreal, door stop and catch combined.
- 59,580—M. Gutman, Victoria, B.C., provision bag.
- 59,582—J. A. Dion, Montreal, cooking utensil.
- 59,604—Gulbault and Henkle, Montreal, folding canopy.
- 59,629—J. Turcotte, Quebec, P.Q., necktie fastener.
- 59,647—William J. Curry, Nausaimo B.C., grater.

SPRING HATS.

Grand assortment of New Spring Hats! All shapes and colors. Furs taken in storage for the summer season.
ARMAND DOIN,
1584 NOTRE DAME STREET,
Opposite the Court House.

AN ORANGEMAN'S EXPLANATION.

I am told, writes the London Correspondent of the 'Freeman's Journal,' that a complete and satisfactory explanation has been found by the Orange politicians of the dire humiliation of England in the Far East. It is because the British Ambassador, at St. Petersburg, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, is an Irishman and a Catholic. I have heard that view quite seriously expressed, and I have no doubt it has found vent in some of the enlightened organs of Orange opinion in Lancashire.

FATHER McCALLEN'S TRIBUTE

TO THE VALUE OF
"THE 'DIXON CURE'"
FOR THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience, in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew Anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., of St. Patrick's Church, without any solicitation or even knowledge on our part, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's medicine for the cure of the alcohol and drug habits:—

Referring to the PHYSICAL CRAVE endorsed by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he said: "When such a crave manifests itself, there is no escape, unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's, about which the papers have spoken so much lately. As I was, in a measure, responsible for that gentleman remaining in Montreal, I have taken on myself, without his knowledge or consent, to call attention to the new aid which he brings to our temperance cause. A PHYSICAL CRAVE REMOVED, the work of total abstinence becomes easy. I am to judge of the value of "The Dixon Remedy" by the cures which I have effected under my own eyes. I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman, namely, a medicine which can be taken privately, without the knowledge of even one's own intimate friends, without the loss of a day's work or absence from business, and without danger to the patient, and by means of which the PHYSICAL CRAVE for intoxicants is completely removed. The greatest obstacle I have always found to success in my temperance work has been, not the want of good will on the part of those to whom I administered the PHYSICAL CRAVE, which seemed able to tear down in a few days what I had taken months, and even years, to build up. Therefore, on this Father Mathew anniversary, do I pay willing and hearty tribute to "The Dixon Remedy" for the cure of alcohol and morphine habits. I do so through a sense of duty towards those poor victims who cry out for relief from the terrible slavery under which they suffer. It is the first time in my life that I have departed from that reserve for which our clergy are noted in such circumstances. If I do so now it is because I feel that I am thus advancing the cause of temperance.—(Montreal Gazette, October 23.)

NOTE—Father McCallen is President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of Montreal, and the cure to which he refers above, is that of the Dixon Cure Co., 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, who will send full particulars of application. TELEPHONE 3085.

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MIXED.....".....	1.75
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MR. BEGIN ENTHRONED.

An imposing Ceremonial at the Basilica.

His Grace Receives the Congratulations of the Clergy and the Laity—The Address of the Irish Catholics of the Ancient Capital.

QUEBEC, April 26.

Never, since the time the tiara was conferred upon His Eminence the late Cardinal Taschereau, has the venerable Basilica of Quebec witnessed so grand a religious function as that which occurred on last Wednesday evening, when Mgr. Begin was enthroned and clothed with full Metropolitan jurisdiction in succession to the lamented Cardinal whose body was placed in the tomb the day before. The solemn majesty of the Catholic Church was brought out with striking emphasis. Most of the Church dignitaries who had gathered for the Cardinal's funeral remained over and were present in the Sanctuary, which barely afforded standing room for the throng of learned divines, reverend professors and prominent ecclesiastics who were present. At 7 p.m. the ceremonial began. Mgr. Begin was attended by the reverend curés of the three chief parishes of Quebec, Rev. Father Faguy, of the Cathedral; Rev. Father Gauthier, of St. Roch, and Rev. Father Demers, of St. Jean Baptiste Church; all of whom as well as His Grace, wore the superb gold-brocaded vestments presented to the Church by Louis XV. of France. On entering the church from the choir, the Rev. Father Arsenault, as Secretary, read the Papal brief, dated March 22nd, appointing His Grace to be the successor of His Eminence as Archbishop of Quebec, whenever the See should become vacant either by reason of death or from other cause. His Grace having formally accepted the sacred office, the Rev. Curé Faguy handed him the crozier, which he kissed. Then, preceded by hundreds of acolytes, priests, professors and students, and followed by the whole body of archbishops, bishops and Monsignors who attended the Cardinal's funeral, Mgr. Begin walked in procession around the church to the altar, and then a grand Te Deum was sung. This over the Graces Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, and Archbishop Bruchesi, escorted the Most Rev. Archbishop Begin to the Archbishop's throne, and, being now clothed with the full plenary and canonical power of Metropolitan, he was pleased to receive the

FORMAL SUBMISSIONS AND CONGRATULATIONS of his suffragan Bishops, Vicar-General, Monsignors and the priests of his archdiocese, several hundreds of whom had gathered for the occasion. He then bestowed his episcopal blessing and this was followed by the presentation of addresses. The first came from the Mayor and City Council, as representing the citizens at large. It was a scholarly and eloquent production and spoke the warmest feelings of regard and attachment to the sacred office and person of the newly enthroned Archbishop.

"Our eyes, Monseigneur, have been permitted to witness in Quebec a reflection of the royal obsequies so often held at St. Denis. We have seen all that was mortal of a Holy Pontiff borne to his last home amid the tears of his entire people. We have seen every head bowed down with respect as passed before them all that was left of one who had truly filled the place of a king among us, especially since the memorable day when the Supreme Head of the Church put the crown on his noble career by investing him with the Roman purple, the true insignia of royalty. Was he not truly endowed with a kingly heart, and worthy of being raised on the shield of honor, amid the unanimous applause of his people: the valiant knight, the self-sacrificing young priest who at the age of twenty-seven, of his own free will, went to face almost certain death in bearing the consolations of his sacred ministry to the unfortunate sons and daughters of Ireland who were dying by thousands on the ill-fated shores of 'Grosse Ile.' And now that he who was the most illustrious and most Reverend Cardinal Taschereau has left us to go to his eternal reward, we, the Mayor and City Council of Quebec, as the mouthpiece of all the races and creeds established in our city, have come to salute, in your Grace's person, the representative of an authority recognized and respected by all, him whom his heart had chosen to continue his work of peace and mercy, etc."

Next in order came the address of the Irish Catholics of St. Patrick's, representing the English-speaking Catholics of the city, signed by Rev. Philip Rossbach, C. S. S. A., Rector of St. Patrick's, and by Messrs. Felix Carbray, John Sharples (Hon.), D. O'Meara, Edward Foley, and L. J. Gilmartin, trustees of St. Patrick's Church. The address was presented by Felix Carbray, Esq., M.P.P., and Senior Trustee of St. Patrick's Church, and it was a well-conceived and eloquent utterance, breathing the deepest loyalty and submission to the office and episcopal rule of the newly invested Metropolitan, together with warmest regards for his amiable personality. Among other noteworthy sentences referring to Mgr. Begin's noble and saintly predecessors, it said: "Not the least illustrious occupant of that seat was the saintly and devoted Cardinal Taschereau, whose recent loss we so deeply deplore. Never can we, Irish Catholics, forget his noble ministrations to the plague-stricken Irish emigrants of '47, in which he nearly paid the penalty of his life. He has gone to the better land, to there receive the great reward due his saintly labors at the hands of that God whose cause he so faithfully served on earth." Again: "To his loving forethought for the future care of his flock we owe it that we have today in the person of your Grace a most worthy and fitting successor, and a Prelate who has already given the most

brilliant guarantees of his ability and fitness to continue the proud, the illustrious traditions of his predecessors in the Episcopal See of Quebec." After this came a most feeling and cordial address from the diocese of Chicoutimi, of which Mgr. Begin had been for three years Reverend Bishop. The filial message was spoken by Grand Vicar Leclerc, curé of Murray Bay, following which Mgr. Marois, V.G., read the loving and moving address of the clergy of Quebec to their new Archbishop, expressive of their devotion and loyalty, and asking his acceptance of a splendid portrait of himself, just painted by Mr. Wickenden, who is here from Paris. The picture is realistic and vivid in the reproduction of the Archbishop's features, "and due," in the language of the address, "to the able brush of a truly distinguished artist."

HIS GRACE'S ADDRESS.

When all this was over, the Archbishop rose to make his reply. In returning thanks for the heart-felt outpourings of his devoted people, both French-Canadian and Irish, His Grace was deeply moved in his emotional feelings, and he spoke with an affection and gratitude truly admirable. He dwelt upon the virtues of his predecessors in the long line that began with the saintly and famous Bishop de Laval, and of his immediate predecessor, who was buried yesterday, he spoke in tones and in language that touched the heart of all who heard him. He referred in profound language and sentiment to the responsibilities of his own position and the enormous episcopal burden it entailed, to govern, protect, sustain and to feed the sheep as well as the lambs of his flock, so as to answer for them and to give an account of their souls. His discourse was brilliant and affecting, and having delivered himself in French he addressed his English-speaking hearers in their own tongue.

To his faithful Irish Catholics he said: "Their address was very dear to him, and their expressions of faith and loyalty did not surprise him for they were known throughout the Christian world. They were the more gratifying that they testify to a gratitude to the Canadian clergy for what they had done in the past for their afflicted fellow-countrymen, of which testimony had been rendered by one of their own historians—in his book, 'The Irish in America.' This writer—John Francis Maguire—had paid a noble tribute to the devotion of the Canadian clergy to their plague-stricken countrymen, and in many a homestead their orphan children had been adopted and trained often for prominent positions in Church and State. He rejoiced at the remembrance of what his lamented predecessor had done for the Irish sufferers. Truly, 'greater love had no man shown than to give his life for others.' He hoped that the necessity would not arise to require similar labor at his hand, but should the contrary prove the case he would remember the duty of spending and being spent for others. He appreciated what the Irish of Quebec had done for the embellishment of their Church which was the House of God, as also their devotion to their clergy the good sons of St. Alphonsus, and reminded them that in obeying their clergy they obeyed their Bishop and thus stood firmly united to the great Head of the Church.

Later on Mgr. Begin said: "The Bishops had made France, says the historian Gibbons, as the bee makes the hive. The Bishops of Quebec had done their part in the early days of the country, his lamented predecessor had certainly done his part, and, and if he (Mgr. Begin) must be as adamant as the stone, he might at the same time be a magnet to attract them by the love of Jesus Christ." He then paid a warm tribute to the authorities of the Anglican Cathedral for the many proofs of their consideration and good will, instancing their delicate courtesy and sympathy in ringing the bells to salute the remains of the late great and good Cardinal. The benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the imparting of the Episcopal blessing brought the sacred and imposing ceremonial to a close in the Basilica; and then the great audience hurried to the

GREAT SALON OF THE PALACE, where his Grace held a reception, which was attended by all the Bishops, hosts of priests and most of the leading citizens of Quebec.

In naming those at the reception we speak also of those who were present at the function in the Basilica, namely: His Honor the Lieut. Governor, Madame and Miss Jettie; Major Sheppard, A.D.C.; Premier Marchand; Hons. Messrs. Sheehy, Duffy, Dechenes, Speaker Tessier, T. C. Chapais, V. W. La Rue, P. Garneau, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Napoleon Caumont, Hon. Judge and Madame Rouhier, his Worship Mayor Parent, Felix Carbray, Esq., M.P.P., Hon. E. J. Flynn, Q.C., LL.D., ex Prime Minister, accompanied by his eldest son, whom the Archbishop familiarly patted on the cheek, the foreign Consuls, the officers of the Civil and Military forces, etc., etc. The Very Rev. Rector Rossbach and Rev. Fathers of St. Patrick's were, of course, included in the body of the clergy as above. To those who had seen the deep gloom and emblems of mourning for the dead Cardinal just the previous day, the transformation into a scene of gorgeous splendour was surprising; one silent reminder of departed worth and dignity, honor, remained—the late Cardinal's red hat hangs from the ceiling just over the entrance to the sanctuary, and will remain there for all time to come in accord with the prescribed form on the death of a Prince of the

Church. Nor was there aught unbecomingly in the rapid change from death mourning gloom to tokens of rejoicing within 24 hours, for it is the natural law of progress in the Church as well as in the State or things earthly. The great living and teaching Church does not halt in her divine administration because on her pallars and princes dies by the way. In the plenitude of her wisdom and authority she appoints a worthy successor who carries on the works of religion, charity, education and morality, taking heart and inspiration from the example of saintly predecessors, and toiling in the vineyard until he too transmits the sacred inheritance to another. Besides, nothing more could be done for the great departed except to offer Requiem Masses and prayers for his eternal repose.

In his invalid years the tenderest filial hands provided for his every want, and in death his mortal remains were laid away with equal tenderness and affection.

WILLIAM ELLISON

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, April 25, 1898.

How many Americans—true-born Americans with as long a line of American-born ancestors as is compatible with the existence of the New World—have had the delightful experience of planting the seed of an Irish shamrock and watching it grow? I, at least, have been one of them. Last year a friend gave me at Easter a pot of shamrocks, and for several months they flourished vigorously under the tender shelter of the moss they had brought from Ireland. But, as everyone foretold, they at last began to wither, drooping hour by hour, until they vanished in September. But before their decay they had done about everything possible to shamrocks. They had borne a heavy crop of gay yellow blossoms, had seeded, and the seed had ripened, while four-leaved sprays were quite an ordinary thing with the dear little exiled plants. I had studied them carefully, and found many things that accounted for the loving veneration in which they are held. Nothing, however, was more beautiful than the nightly folding of the three leaves—just the other way from our clover and the oasis-making an emerald cup for the drop of water that fell on each. I was sorry to see it dying, and gathered the ripe seed as a memento of my summer's darling.

The little thinkable of shining black particles were carefully tucked away in a small box in my desk, and, in the course of a regular housewife's house-cleaning, I found them just before St. Patrick's Day. I soon found a flower-pot, had the soil carefully prepared, and watered the planted seed with an atomizer, lest the fall of water applied in any other manner prove too much for the dainty strangers. Every morning I went first to look at my nurslings—it they would appear. Presently, two small oval leaves peeped out in seven places. "They are the right color," said our flower fairy. "But there are only two leaves," I said disconsolately. "I don't believe they are shamrocks at all. They must be from seeds left in the pot." "There were no seeds in the pot. And don't you know everything starts with leaves? Besides, there is one with the little nightcap of the seed still on its head." But I was fearful, and watched more and more closely. There was certainly no look of shamrock about it. Then, a small green point appeared between each pair of oval leaves. It was a clover shaped leaf—or rather, a leaf the shape of one lobe of a clover leaf. That looked more promising, and I "took heart of grace." Lo! when these second appearances had fully developed and lifted themselves heavenward on quite long green, thread-like stems, I found one morning where they had not been the night before, shamrocks indeed—the three parted leaves delicately folded together, and slowly opening to the day. Since then they have come thickly over the pot, and are doing finely. I suppose I must see them fade and die—for everyone says they will not grow in America, although I read of them at John Boyle O'Reilly's grave and on Grindstone Point—but I cannot forget their birth and growth so far, the doubt and hope of my watching, and the changes in their modest forms. From the very first, however, one thing was noticeable—the dew-drop in the emerald heart. When the two small oval leaves were barely visible, the spray from the atomizer gathered between them and lay sparkling and glimmering to the faintest ray of sunshine. And the green of a shamrock is certainly unlike all other green—it is "living green."

We have begun the war. How quickly the intervening years slip away, and the long unused terms, the half-forgotten words, of the time when it seemed as if it had been always war-time are with us again. And how strongly is emphasized the fact that the active spirit of "today" are altogether ignorant of the real "yesterday." A great deal is said about the changes since the last war, the wonders that may be accomplished now, the difference our progress will make in everything, etc., but there can be no doubt that men and women are the same. The very expression, the tones of the young voices and the things they say, are a repetition of the past. It would be impossible to convince these gallant young bloods that the same current exactly ran in their fathers' veins, and the same shrinking—spite of bombastic protestations—was visible in their fathers' faces. And "the girl I left behind me" is just as fashionable now as it was so long ago. Solomon was right every time, but in nothing more wise than in the clear sight which foresaw that, so long as time lasts, there will be "nothing new under the sun" where men and women are concerned. The war of Mexico and the war of 1812 were both too far off—in different ways—to lend either glamor or shadow to the war between South and North. But the interval since the peace of 1865 has not been long enough for even the middle-

aged to forget. Those who remember dimly, yet certainly remember, take up the burden of day with an overwhelming fear they knew not then. War is so dreadful! The city is gay with flags, and the people are brave and strong-hearted—for it is not the man who shrinks who is a coward—but there is a sense of being nerved to it, coolly and deliberately, not in glad and contemptuous ignorance of the possible horrors before us. The feeling in Philadelphia is more earnest and more like that of sensible, modest, determined human beings than it has been for years. The way in which this country—in staid old Philadelphia, at least—has shown itself off for the last twenty years is enough to prove that a war is needed. We are a new nation, and we have had 'a bee in our bonnet' and an overpowering draught of the 'wine of foolishness' gone to our brain ever since we could stand alone. We need a little—just a little—taming, and it is far better it should come now than later. It will not do to forget the past, not alone of our own successes but of the failures of the lost nation. This war, be it short or long, will remind us of our real weakness, as well as of our real power, and there will be such an adjustment of the scales of justice and mercy, such a reckoning up of what we possess and what we dream of possessing, as shall lift us to a far higher place than we have ever held. Horrible as it is, a war is a blessing to the many. We lack stern truth and patient forbearance and steadfast holding to the right, with humble acceptance of our right place in the story of the ages, and war will teach us all these. Not that I think our right place beneath any other, but I do think that it is not half so high as we have so boast-

ingly and so blatantly proclaimed it to the four winds of heaven. Of one thing I am sure—that it is under the rule and law of God, and must yield to Him when He so wills. Many, very many among us, have forgotten this, or set the truth of it at defiance.

Having, then, the firm determination to do our best for our country in a whole-hearted, modest, earnest way, let the world lie in the hands of its Creator and go forward. There is no more reason for scolding and fretting at a bad neighbor in the wholesale than across the back fence. Great evils ought to tranquilize and strengthen, while the 'infinitely little' that eats up half our days may be allowed to rattle us at times. The change of air at such explosions sweeps away the midgets, and leaves us better off in the way of temper. But we are to have now a season we dare not lightly regard, and we must look at it in that way from the start.

There is all around us now that sad coming home of the wives who are to be husbandless and the children who are to be fatherless—perhaps forever. The men are going bravely when they do go, and that higher value of those who held cheaply is beginning to lift up to better things those who hold life carelessly. God bless the soldiers!

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

† PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....APRIL 30, 1898.

AN ANGLICAN INNOVATION IN MONTREAL.

The fondness of Protestants who belong to the Anglican sect for imitating Catholic religious practices is well-known—although we do not see much of it in Montreal. In some of the ritualistic or "High" churches in England many Catholic ceremonies are copied in their entirety. One of the Anglican ministers of this city has decided to imitate the Catholic custom of keeping the church open on week days "in order," as a daily contemporary explains, "to enable members of its congregation and others to engage in meditation or silent worship." With true utilitarianism, however, the authorized announcement of the event states that before it was finally resolved to keep the church open on week days the question of the possibility of thefts of Bibles, prayer books and hymnbooks—the only objects of value lying around in Protestant churches—was carefully considered.

"Supposing," the report says, "that the results of opening a special church during the year were that twenty people had entered it for a short time when no service was going on, that five prayer books had disappeared, and that a custodian had been paid to look after the church during perhaps two hundred and fifty days in the year in which no one had passed within its doors? In such a case the utilitarian would assuredly say that this was paying pretty high." It was concluded that the risk would be worth taking if for no other object than "to foster the feeling that the public has a right to enter when it wills, and is not to be excluded by any trivial reason from access to a place of meditation and prayer."

This "open church" movement amongst our separated brethren is deserving of sympathy. The object, whatever may be thought of its attainability, is good. But what incentives to prayer and pious meditation are to be found in a Protestant church? Nothing but bare, cold, repellent walls—fading emblems, as it were, of a frigid and soulless creed. How different it is in a Catholic church! There is to be found the Real Presence, and all around are aids and incentives to devotion and pious meditation and repentance. The sense of hallowed mystery is there. The spirit of true religion is there.

MORE DISCRIMINATION.

Discrimination against Irish Catholics continues to be the rule at the City Hall. On the Finance Committee—the most important of all civic committees—there are three English-speaking Protestant Aldermen and not one Irish Catholic Alderman. This committee has recently effected the insurance of the Corporation property through four agents, two of whom are French-Canadians and the other two English Protestants. Several prominent Irish Catholics hold leading positions in the insurance business in Montreal; and there is no reason why they should have been passed over by the Finance Committee in favor of English Protestants. The most elementary principle of fair play would have suggested that one of the English-speaking agents selected should be an Irish Catholic.

How long are the Irish Catholics of Montreal going to submit tamely to this insulting and intolerable discrimination? In the last Council—that which ceased to exist on February 1st—the Irish Catholics had a representative on the Finance Committee; but no steps

were taken when the present council elected the committee to continue to the Irish Catholics this share of representation upon that committee. The exclusion of Irish Catholics from a share in the insurance of the city is, of course, one of the consequences of this unfair arrangement.

CATHOLICS AND CREMATION.

Some of New York's secular journals have expressed surprise that Archbishop Corrigan should have declined to allow any religious services to be held at the obsequies of the late Anton Seidl, the famous musical director, who was well known in Philharmonic circles in Montreal, and whose sudden death was recently announced. Anton Seidl had given instructions that his body be cremated after his death; and the fact is that the Church forbids, as has been its rule since the question was submitted to and decided by the Holy See in 1886, the customary funeral rites in the case of a person about to be incinerated in accordance with his own autemortem directions.

Amongst the principal reasons which induced the Holy See to lay down this rule were the facts that cremation had been adopted by the atheist Freemasons of Continental Europe as a feature of their pagan funeral rites, for the purpose of giving public expression to their disbelief in the doctrine of the resurrection of the life to come; that cremation tends to diminish the tokens of that respect for the dead which has ever been a feature of the Christian religion; that the present mode of burial has been consecrated by usage since the Divine foundation of the Church, and that it has ever been one of the most solemn rites of the Church. In a decree issued on May 19th, 1886, the Holy Father forbids Catholics to give directions for the cremation of their bodies after death, and ordains that those who render themselves guilty of disobedience in this respect shall be deprived not only of the sacraments previous to their death, but likewise of religious services at their obsequies. This is the reason why the request to have a religious service over the remains of the late Anton Seidl was refused by the Church authorities in New York.

But, like most rules, this one has its exceptions. In cases where, owing to infectious disease, the destruction of the body is rendered desirable in the interests of public health, this ordinance of the Church does not apply. The same exception is made in the case of those who have perished in a conflagration. With regard to those whose bodies are cremated without their autemortem consent the exception also holds good. It may be of interest to add that Hebrews and Mahomedans are also opposed to cremation, and that the Lutheran state churches of Denmark and of Sweden have forbidden the disposal of the dead by cremation.

DEATH OF A BRILLIANT PRIEST.

Those parishioners of St. Patrick's, Montreal, who attended that Church twenty years ago will regret to hear of the death of a priest who at that time was temporarily attached to it, and who, though but twenty five years of age at the time, preached a sermon on St. Patrick's Day which caused considerable comment on account of its rare force and eloquence. Father J. H. Mitchell, ex-chancellor of the diocese of Brooklyn, and pastor of St. Stephen's Church in that city, passed away a few days ago after a brief but fatal attack of pneumonia. Father Mitchell was born on Oct. 10, 1853, in the village of Astoria, Queen's County, L. I. His parents sent him to the village school and afterward to Public School No. 40 of New York. Upon graduating from the latter he entered the College of the City of New York, where he received a good classical education. Then he took a course in philosophy in Manhattan College, preparatory to beginning theological studies. His graduation took place in 1874, and in September of the same year he came to Montreal, and entered the Grand Seminary, where he remained until his ordination as priest, on Dec. 22, 1877. At that time the diocese of Brooklyn, which then, as now, included the whole of Long Island, was well supplied with clergy, and Bishop Loughlin granted the young priest permission to attach himself to the Church of St. Patrick in Montreal, and in that parish Father Mitchell labored with zeal for nearly a year and a half.

The young priest was then recalled to Brooklyn, where he was made assistant at the Cathedral and was placed in charge of St. James' Young Men's Catholic Association, an important branch of the society, which he represented at the convention of 1880 in Washington, D.C. At this convention he was elected diocesan vice-president of Brooklyn. Two years later, at a similar meeting in Boston, he was elected first vice-president of the society, and by reason of President Keane's subsequent absence in Europe, on Father Mitchell devolved the work of preparation for the convention of 1888, which was held in Brooklyn.

This convention was a marked success in the history of the Young Men's Catholic Association, and despite his very earnest protest, Father Mitchell was elected president to succeed Bishop Keane. This office he held, with signal credit to himself as an executive officer and to the great advancement of the association, until 1891. In the meantime he continued his duties as secretary to the bishop and director to the Guard of Honor.

During the celebration of the golden jubilee of Bishop Loughlin's ordination in 1890, Father Mitchell prepared an exhaustive account of the work of the Bishop and the growth of the Catholic religion on Long Island, which was published in book form, and is recognized to-day as a standard. After Bishop Loughlin's death the priests of the diocese of Brooklyn, in conclave assembled, selected Father Mitchell as their first choice for Bishop. His name was sent to Rome as dignitarius, while Vicar General McNamara was dignior, next worthy, and Father Martin Carroll, dignus, worthy. When Rome named the private secretary of Archbishop Corrigan, Mgr. McDonnell, as the Bishop of Brooklyn, Father Mitchell loyally acquiesced in the choice. Appreciating his ability, Bishop McDonnell appointed Father Mitchell chancellor of the diocese, and pastor of St. John's chapel, which office he ably filled until the Bishop last January appointed him pastor of St. Stephen's to succeed the late Father Kilahy.

Those who learned to esteem and love Father Mitchell during his eighteen months' sojourn at St. Patrick's will not be surprised to read the eloquent tribute paid to his memory by the Irish World:—

"A man of noble qualities, a scholar and a true priest, Father Mitchell's influence for good extended to the bounds of the diocese and beyond. As chancellor of the diocese he conducted the business affairs of the church in a manner which contributed very largely to its material progress. As a pastor he placed himself in closest touch with the members of his flock. To the bedside of the sick he brought consolation, hope and resignation, and to the homes of the poor he brought cheerfulness and bodily comforts. In the wider field of charity his influence was potent in the promotion of orphan asylums, homes for the aged poor, and organized relief associations. With his many cares and responsibilities, he found time to take an active and fruitful interest in literary work, particularly as President of the Long Island Catholic Historical Society, whose archives bear many testimonials to his learned zeal and patient research."

Rev. Father Martin Callaghan represented St. Patrick's at the funeral.

QUEBEC IRISHMEN'S TRIBUTE.

With characteristic devotion and loyalty to the prelates of that divine faith in whose cause they have fought and suffered with a heroism consecrated by ages, the Irish Catholics were conspicuous amongst those who assembled in the Quebec Basilica last week to felicitate Archbishop Begin on his formal enthronement as the successor to the See made vacant by the death of Cardinal Taschereau, as they had been conspicuous on the previous day in paying the last sad tribute to the deceased prince of the Church. The address was signed by the rector and trustees of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec—the trustees being Messrs. Felix Carbray, John Sharples, D. D. O'Meara, Edward Foley, and L. J. Gilmartin—and read, in part, as follows:—

In unison with every other portion of your flock, we hasten to lay before you the expression of our joy and gladness on the occasion of your advent to the high and honorable post of Archbishop of the grand old diocese of Quebec—the cradle of the Catholic Church on the American continent.

From Quebec the blessings of our Holy Faith have been spread and carried to all the people of the North American continent by the zealous and holy apostles, whose names adorn the history of our country, and will live for ever in the hearts of succeeding generations.

From the days of the noble and saintly Bishop Laval de Montmorency down to our own days, the Episcopal seat of the Diocese of Quebec has been filled by illustrious prelates, who vied with each other in their loyalty to the Vicar of Christ and His Church, and of heroic and self-sacrificing devotion to their flock.

Not the least illustrious occupant of that seat was the saintly and devoted Cardinal Taschereau, whose recent loss we so deeply deplore. Never can we, Irish Catholics, forget his noble ministrations to the plague-stricken Irish emigrants of '47, in which he nearly paid the penalty of his life. He has gone to the better land, to there receive the great reward due to his saintly labors, at the hand of that God whose cause he so faithfully served on earth.

cessor—and a prelate who has already given the most brilliant guarantees of his ability and fitness to continue the proud and illustrious traditions of his predecessors in the Episcopal See of Quebec.

We hail your advent with joy, and be assured, that, as always, you will find no portion of your flock more devoted, more submissive and more loyal and faithful than your Irish Catholic children of this city and of every other part of your Arch-diocese.

There is a true Hibernian ring about these sentences, expressive as they are of the devotedness and fidelity of the sons of a far-off nation which was recently described by the Sovereign Pontiff as the most Catholic people in the world. Ireland has won many noble titles from saints and sages in the past; but this one that has been conferred upon her by Leo XIII. is the highest and noblest of them all.

A NOTABLE CONVERSION.

Were the subject of a less solemn character it might be termed the "irony of fate" that the daughter of the notoriously bigoted Orange leader, Mr. William Johnston, M.P., of Ballykilleg, has been received into the Catholic Church. On Easter Sunday Miss Johnston, who is described by the Ulster Examiner, of Belfast, as "a highly accomplished young lady," who is dearly loved by her father, was formally received into the Church by the Rev. J. F. McCauley, in St. Patrick's Memorial Church, Downpatrick. Her conversion was not, it is stated, unexpected, as she had been attending Catholic services some time before she decided to abjure the errors of Protestantism. The member for South Belfast has made no public pronouncement yet on his daughter's conversion, but he has doubtless been keenly affected by the event. Mr. Johnston paid a visit to "the brethren" in Montreal about six years ago, when he delivered a characteristic address.

WORK FOR CATHOLIC LADIES OF LEISURE.

An association has been formed in Manchester, England, which ought assuredly to have its counterpart in Montreal. It is called the Association of Ladies of Charity, and was founded last year with the approval and blessing of the Catholic bishop in whose diocese the great centre of the Lancashire cotton district is situated. In a report upon the organization which he has just issued, Canon Richardson, who takes a deep interest in the movement, gives his views of the very useful services which may be rendered to the Church and to their co-religionists by Catholic ladies who have the leisure to engage in charitable work, of whom there is no lack in Montreal.

This Lay Association of Ladies of Charity has been called into existence by a recognition of the growing necessity of a closer intercourse between Catholic ladies of refinement and leisure and the working women and girls in our large cities. The first duty which they are called upon to perform is a house to house visitation of the dwellings of the poor. In these abodes they will find plenty of scope for their noble efforts. They can bring consolation to the needy and the afflicted; they can pour the balm of kindness upon the sorrow-stricken heart; they can rescue the fallen, and save from falling many a girl or woman sorely tried by poverty and temptation; they can brighten and elevate the homes of the poor, no matter how humble or lowly they may be. As Canon Richardson says, "The Lady of Charity must make an entrance during a time of passing sickness or trouble, and, having once established a friendship, keep it up. It is an alarming fact that the poor, in spite of improved education, do not recognize the responsibilities of marriage and parentage, and the tendency of the present day is to minimize these responsibilities in a most dangerous way. The spread of divorce, the facilities for relieving parents of the duty of educating or even clothing their children; the opening out of means of club rather than home life, the forgetfulness of the constant service of God and of family worship, not to speak of crimes that it is not the province of this report to combat, are all tending to lower the position of husband and wife, and of parents and children. As far as our people are concerned, these evils are to be met by a supernatural character being infused into their ordinary lives. A Lady of Charity can help more than anyone to infuse this character, not by preaching or lecturing, but by being supernatural herself. There is also another reason for the constant visitation of the houses of the poor, and that is to keep before them the Christian idea of home and of family life. The tendency of the present day is to minimize the home, and, consequently, parental responsibility."

As the Bishop of Salford points out in a letter to the Canon, the time of the priest in the larger missions is almost exclusively occupied with the services of the Church, with schools, and with

administering the sacraments to the dying; and owing to this constant strain upon the priests, the members of the congregations have little opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with one another, the result being a deplorable absence of social intercourse and mutual helpfulness. In the course of their visitations, ladies with leisure at their command could remedy this state of things, together with their other good work. The Association of Ladies of Charity could, as will be seen, become a valuable auxiliary to our clergy.

THE '98 CELEBRATIONS.

Preparations for the celebration of the Centenary of '98 are going on apace in Ireland. Quite recently Mr. John Dillon, M.P., addressed no fewer than three large and enthusiastic gatherings of Irish priests and laymen on the subject, one in Tyrone, another in Belfast the same evening, and the third in Glasgow on the following day. Letters regretting their inability to attend, and expressing their hearty sympathy with the movement, were read from Mr. John E. Redmond and Mr. Timothy M. Healy, which in itself is an event calculated to cheer the Nationalists in their strife for liberty, and to teach them to unite. Resolutions were passed unanimously at each of the meetings reaffirming the principles for which the heroes of '98 sacrificed their lives, and reasserting the claim of Ireland to nationhood.

The series of meetings of which these three formed a part are being held, as Mr. Dillon said at the Tyrone meeting, to honor the memory of the men who a hundred years ago fought and bled for Ireland's freedom. "You are assembled," he said, "for two reasons: in the first place to show the world, although these men failed at the time and were beaten, you reverence them, and regard them as men whose names should be honored in the annals of Ireland; because though defeated their fight was a glorious one, for they never turned their backs on their foes, and when scattered and defeated thousands of them who survived those dark and evil days, driven from the land of their fathers to Europe, sanctified the battlefields of Europe by their illustrious deeds, so that not only here in Ireland, but in Spain and France, in far-away Russia and Prussia, Austria and Italy, amidst the passes of the Alps, never has there been a battlefield where you will not find recorded the names of those illustrious exiles who were denied the right of fighting for the land that gave them birth. It is because you honour the memory of those men, and secondly because you honour their principles, and because you and all who are here to-day feel in your innermost hearts that although they died and passed away, they have left to us principles and a cause that can never pass away, and which has been handed down to us from generation to generation, who in one shape or another have maintained the same struggle which we will, please God, be faithful to, and hand down to those who come after us, so that, although it may lie in the mouths of Englishmen or of English Governments to say that they hold by the strong hand the liberties of Ireland, it never can lie in the mouths of Englishmen or of English Governments or of any Government in the world to say they have conquered the hearts of the people of Ireland. They can never say that they have tamed this race, which never allowed any stranger to govern it without giving trouble, and never will, or that they have succeeded in rooting from the minds and hearts of the people of Ireland those principles of civil and religious liberty for which the United Irishmen laid down their lives."

An encouraging feature of these '98 demonstrations is the fact that the glorious historical spectacle which they serve to bring clearly before the minds of Irishmen is having the effect of enabling them to realize the folly of tolerating divisions in the Nationalist ranks any longer. The two separate organizations formed in Dublin for carrying out the Centenary celebrations and welcoming the large number of visitors of Irish blood who will arrive in a few weeks from all parts of the habitable globe, have already reached an agreement to act in unison. This is, it is to be sincerely hoped, the precursor of unity in a broader sense amongst Irish nationalists of all shades of opinion.

The Toronto press speaks as follows of Miss Teesa McCallum, Canada's greatest humorist and dramatic reader:—
"Received a perfect ovation of applause."—*Toronto Mail and Empire*.
"Scored a triumph."—*Toronto World*.
"Possessed of great dramatic power."—*Toronto Globe*.
Karn Hall, Monday evening, May 2nd, under the auspices of Clan Gordon, 71, O.S.C.
Reserved seats 50c and 25c.

It was in Maine that an outspoken parson of the old school prayed: "O Lord, have compassion on our bewildered Representatives and Senators. They have been sitting and sitting; and have hatched nothing."—O Lord, let them arise from their nests and go home, and all praise shall be Thine."

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA

Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, M.P., of Old Montreal Centre, Delivers a Spirited Speech.

Irish Representation in the Cabinet Referred to in a Patriotic Manner—The Dismissal of Mr. Tennant also Discussed—Rumors of an Important Appointment for Montreal's Great Irishman, Hon. James McShane.

OTTAWA, April 28.

It is but a few days since the *True Witness* raised its voice with unobscured sound regarding the ways by which the Irish Catholic population was being defrauded gradually of what rights they had in the matter of patronage. The *True Witness* at that time spoke in trumpet tones. The immediate cause then was the peculiar action taken by the Harbor Commissioners in the dismissal of two men who had been long and faithful servants, without the shadow of a cause for such an action being taken. It was very plain to anybody who gives the matter a thoughtful nationality and religion were the two hidden obstructions in the straits. After these had been dredged up there was comparatively easy sailing for the men who piloted the good ship "Harbor Commissioner," and there was given a splendid opportunity to ship a new crew by degrees. Another instance of a very similar nature was brought up in the House of Commons by Mr. M. J. F. Quinn. It was the case of the dismissal of J. F. Tennant from the sub-commissionership of customs at Gretna, Manx. Here again was the old trouble made apparent. He was an Irishman and a Catholic, and he must perforce go, notwithstanding that all the trumped-up charges made against him were irretrievably answered. But the Ministry had no answer to make. Without reference to politics, Mr. Quinn went straight to the point, and took for his text a paragraph, now celebrated both for its sturdiness and malignity, which recently found its way in the paper presumably controlled by the Hon. Mr. Tarte. After making an editorial from *The True Witness* on the subject, and referring to the glorious deeds of the Irish soldiery in France, whose infantry was impregnable and whose dragoons were irresistible, Mr. Quinn clinched his case by saying:—

"When I see respectable journalists, men of education and experience, in the public newspapers of this country, boldly charging that in such cases as the one of which I am speaking, the dismissal was made, not because the man was guilty of any infraction of the law, or of neglecting his duties, but solely because he was an Irish Catholic, I must confess that it raises a doubt of mind as to the sincerity or the honesty of the gentleman who operated for his dismissal. There is another peculiarity about this matter, Sir. In all Governments that have existed in the Dominion of Canada since 1867, the English speaking Catholic people of this country have been represented, at least by one member, very often two, sometimes by as many as four. The reason of that is not far to seek. It has been debated in this House before. It has been spoken of by such men as McCrete, Devlin, Curran and Ryan, my predecessors in the constituency which I have the honour to represent. But what do we see in this Government? It is true, there is an English-speaking Catholic there, a very respectable octogenarian; but I do not think he would be called a man possessing the vigour necessary to defend the rights of his people, or to stand up for their cause when attacked. We have not anybody else except the Secretary of State (Mr. Scott) in this Government. We have had two hon. gentlemen sitting on the door mat, outside the Cabinet, for some time, in company with the Solicitor General, but the door was opened for these two hon. gentlemen, and they were let in, while the Irish Catholic representative is still standing on the mat outside and very likely to stand there so long as this Liberal Government continues in office. Is it to be wondered at that wholesale dismissals of Irish Catholics should take place, when the door of the Cabinet is closed in the face of the Solicitor General (Mr. Fitzpatrick), who would be able to defend his compatriots and co-religionists if he were in the Cabinet?"

Here is a plain, straightforward statement in which even the most ardent partizan could with difficulty find a political animus.

The rumored appointment of Hon. James McShane to the office of harbor master and collector of tolls on Lachine Canal was received here with as much enthusiasm as it undoubtedly was in Montreal. It is said that both offices will be united under one department of which Hon. Mr. McShane is to be the head. This gentleman has always been a striking personality and a most popular one, and no matter how high the position he occupied he always remembered that he was an Irish Catholic first, and an all the time. Whether he filled an aldermanic seat, the civic throne, a constituency in the House of Commons, or held the portfolio of public works in the Provincial Government, his magnetism, his popularity and his *sobriquet* never forsook him. He was always the "People's Jimmy," and now he is the subject of many and heartfelt congratulations from his friends in Ottawa, who have known him as a public man for over a quarter of a century.

NENAGH BOY.

There is considerable speculation regarding the benefits which the war may confer upon St. John's. The extent of benefit is problematical, but the rise in flour, the decline in the demand for lumber, the loss of coasting business, the shutting down of mills and the advance in ocean freights are part of an array of facts that almost any citizen can perceive.—St. John Sun.

HAPPENINGS IN NEW YORK.

The Death of George Parsons Lathrop, a Prominent Catholic Litterateur.

The Scotch-Irish Fad and the Chicago Convention—The Maynooth Union of the United States holds its First Annual Celebration—Notes on Church Extension.

New York, April 20.

The passing away of Geo. Parsons Lathrop was an event that stirred not only the great Catholic world generally, but the literary world particularly. He was a man in whose family all the traditions were Protestant, whose education had no tendency to Catholicity, whose every opportunity seemed to point to a religious goal in the same road as his forefathers had travelled. And here also was a man of thought, conscience-searching thought, with a higher human instinct that constantly strove after a greater light. And in the course of many years the light came down until the high noon of controversy and George Parsons Lathrop had become a Catholic. It is the reception of men like this into the Catholic Church which goes a long way to prove that real intellectualism is a great power in conversion. To instance such men as Cardinal Newman and Manning is only necessary so as to recall the fact that the great majority of converts to Catholicism are men who think deeply and weigh well the circumstances. On the other hand, it will be invariably found that men who apostatize are of the shallow class, whose ulterior motive has been a sordid consideration of temporary advancement or a fancied opportunity of bringing a slanderous obloquy upon Holy Church for some imaginary slight. From Luther to Chiquiqui (with apologies to Luther) there can scarcely be found an example when religious persecution meant anything but some temporal gain. How different on the side of the Catholic Church, where the seeker, the finder and the embracer of truth has almost invariably suffered in this world. The words of the Saviour to the rich man, who asked what he should do to be saved, have a never failing divine significance in this age, when the following of Christ literally means the taking up of a cross.

George Parsons Lathrop, whose reputation as author, editor and poet is world wide, died in New York on April 19. He was born near Honolulu in 1851. His mother was Miss Frances Maria Smith, of Massachusetts, an old New England family, and his father was Dr. George A. Lathrop, of Carthage, N.Y., a physician of remarkable skill, who was in charge of the Marine Hospital at Honolulu and served as United States consul there. On the paternal side Dr. George A. Lathrop was a grandson of Major General Samuel Holden Lathrop of Revolutionary fame, who succeeded Putnam in command of the Connecticut troops in the Continental Army. George Parsons Lathrop was educated at private schools in New York, and later on at Columbia Grammar school. From 1872 to 1879 he studied at Dresden, Germany. Returning to New York, he entered Columbia College Law School, after which he was admitted to the law office of William M. Everts. Pecuniary reverses, however, obliged him to seek employment which would yield immediate returns, and he left the law, adopting a literary life. He again went abroad, this time to England, where he became engaged to Rose, second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great American novelist. He was married in London, September 11, 1871, in St. Peter's Church, Chelsea, the church in which Charles Dickens was married. In 1875 he became associate editor of the Atlantic Monthly, during the chief editorship of William D. Howells.

Mr. Lathrop was the poet of the great Catholic Columbian celebration in New York, and produced for it the grand poem inspired by the Columbian festival entitled "Columbus, the Christ Bearer, Speaks." He was also the author of an address on "Catholicity and the American Mind," read at the Apollotele of the Press Convention in New York, January, 1892, which had a wide circulation.

He took a leading part in forming and assisting to direct the Catholic Summer School of America now at Plattsburgh, Lake Champlain, the first session being held at New London, where he resided. The funeral was held at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, the church in which Mr. Lathrop was baptized into

the Catholic faith, and a Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul.

It was in March, 1891, that George Parsons Lathrop was received into the Catholic Church, together with Mrs. Lathrop, by the Rev. Arthur Young, of the Paulist Fathers. They had gone unannounced, without introduction and without the knowledge or consultation of anyone but themselves.

Mr. Lathrop's contributions, signed and unsigned, to monthly and quarterly periodicals and to the daily and weekly press, have been varied and voluminous.

There is no earthly use apparently of trying to live on the top side of this mundane sphere unless some amusement may be got out of the matter of mere living. If circumstances resolve themselves into such a ridiculous combination that an attempt is made to blend the uncouth harshness of a Highland dialect with the mellifluous brogue of Ireland, then of course the result is amusing. There has been evolved from somewhere by somebody the anti-epithetic term Scotch-Irish, and it is used as designating a society which takes unto itself the credit of doing everything worth mentioning in the history of the world during the last few hundred years or so. A gathering of this peculiarly named clan will be held in Chicago shortly, and much to everybody's surprise, a branch of the breed has discovered itself in New York and will be represented at the Windy City's conclave, an appropriate place if the ideas of the Society are as thoroughly initiated as their words. Here is what the Secretary has pumped into the pneumatic pen of the Tribune man:

"The Scotch Irish of North Carolina formulated and promulgated the Mecklenburg declaration of independence some time before Jefferson drafted the instrument which introduced the war of the revolution. The Scotch-Irish of Jersey and Pennsylvania founded the 'log schoolhouse' which culminated in Princeton, Dickinson, and others of the leading colleges of the United States."

"The Scotch-Irish of the Cumberland Valley saved the colony of Pennsylvania from the French and Indians after Braddock's defeat in 1755. Washington's hopes were centered in the Scotch-Irish battalions at Monmouth, and the majority of those who wintered at Valley Forge were of that invincible race. They have competed with the Puritan and Cavalier for distinction in American history."

It must be remembered that these people are the "Scotch-Irish" who lost all their faith and most of their patriotism in the time of trial. They are all Protestants. The real Irish have kept their faith and their patriotism untarnished through centuries of blood and persecution, and their influence is felt the world over. They have no ambition to emulate a Janakal Puritan or a swashbuckling Cavalier. That is some of the difference between the Scotch-Irish and the real Irish.

The progress of the Church in New York can perhaps be well illustrated by the erection of new churches. On Sunday last the cornerstone of the new Church of the Holy Name of Jesus was laid by Archbishop Corrigan and Vicar-General Mooney preached. For the past five years, the congregation, which numbers over eight thousand, have worshipped in the basement. On the completion of the edifice this will be used as a Sunday school-room. The new church will be of Milford granite, 150 by 50 feet, with a transept 100 feet long. The style will be Gothic. The seating capacity will be about 1,700, and there will be no galleries. About one year will be required for the completion of the new part. The parish owns the entire block from Ninety-sixth street to Ninety-seventh street, and from Amsterdam avenue to the Boulevard. The present value of the property is about \$415,000, on which there is a mortgage of \$53,000. The new church will cost about \$300,000.

On Sunday next will occur the very interesting ceremony of the formal opening of the beautiful new church of Our Lady of Lourdes. It is erected on the site of the French Mission Church of St. Francis of Sales. The formal dedication will not take place until the latter part of May, when the interior decorations will have been completed. The old church had become as the American Lourdes and pilgrimages are made at intervals to the grotto of Lourdes built in its rear. The church is under the care of the Fathers of Mercy. Ground for the church was broken in June, 1896. The edifice is built in the shape of a cross, free from columns, piers and galleries, with a frontage of 85 feet and a depth of 200 feet. The style of architecture is after that of the Italian in the sixteenth century. The exterior is built of old gold colored brick, with terra cotta trimmings. A fine bas relief in stone over the main entrance represents the Fathers of Mercy motto—the legend of the Prodigious Son. The building has a seating capacity of 1,100. The rector is the Rev. Father Porcile.

The Maynooth Union of the United States is a society which has for its raison d'être more than the mere gathering together of the alumni of one of the most celebrated educational establishments in the world—the great College of Maynooth; it has sent forth scholars to the ends of the earth, to preach the Gospel, to help the oppressed, to relieve the sick, to shrive the dying, to do all the offices that were meant when our Lord asked of His first Vicar: "Peter, lovest thou me?" and immediately admonished him, "Feed my sheep." Surely no men in the world have striven more bravely or more successfully than the sons of old Maynooth, who might be pardoned for pride in their Alma Mater, for in this case pride could hardly be classed as a deadly sin.

The strength of the new society was shown at the first annual meeting, which was held here on April 20. The gathering was a most representative one. Telegraphic despatches of regret and

beat wishes were also received and read from His Grace Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; Bishop Mullen, of Erie, Pa., and Monsignor McMahon, of the Catholic University at Washington, and several of the former alumni of the college in this country, wishing success to the union.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the Church of the Holy Cross. At the banquet in the evening besides the members of the union there were present:—His Grace the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.C., Archbishop of New York; the Right Rev. Monsignor James F. Mooney, V. G.; Very Rev. F. R. Ryer, S. S., president of St. Joseph's Diocesan Seminary, Dunwoodie; Very Rev. William O'Hara, D.D., president Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md.; Rev. M. J. Lavelle, L.L.D., rector of the Cathedral, New York; Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D., of St. Agnes, president of the American College Alumni Association, and Rev. F. McDonough, Providence, R. I.

- The toasts were: 1. 'The Holy Father,' response by His Grace the Archbishop. 2. 'Alma Mater,' response by Dr. Pröndergast. 3. 'Our Country,' response by Dr. Morgan M. Sheedy. 4. 'The Catholic Church in America,' response by M. J. Lavelle. 5. 'S.S.,' response by James C. Walsh. 6. 'Our Guests,' response by Mgr. Mooney.

The treatment of 'S.S.' by Father Walsh, of Providence, was an ovation such as only an eloquent and patriotic Irishman, filled with the memory of the injustice heaped upon his outraged country, could have uttered. But the most remarkable speech, and the one that recalled to the Alumni sweet recollections of the college and the companions of their youth, was that of Dr. Pröndergast to the toast of Our Alma Mater. His explanation of the grounds on which the students of his time tried to avoid, and were justified in evading, the taking of the imprecated oath of allegiance to Her Majesty, was highly approved of by the members and admired by their guests. Very timely was the response of Father Mooney, who, in the response, 'Our Country,' he said in part:—

"Love of country is the vital spark of the nation's honor, the living fount of the nation's prosperity, the strong shield of the nation's safety. Now, if there be any people on this earth who have reason to love their country to live for it, and if need be, to die for it, Americans are that people. In every country patriotism is a duty; in this republic it is a sacred duty, for here liberty, civil, political and religious has found an abiding home. God seems to have dedicated in His Providence this great continent to liberty and to have imposed upon the people of this mighty republic the solemn duty of proclaiming that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The committee of clergy who have the preliminary arrangements in connection with the celebration of the jubilee of His Grace Archbishop Corrigan, which is fixed for the first week of next month, have suggested a means whereby the laity may secure an opportunity to accomplish the twofold object of honoring the distinguished prelate and liquidating the debt of St. Joseph's Seminary. The outlay in connection with the celebration will be borne by the clergy. During recent conferences of the members of the clergy the proposal was made that the raising of the debt on St. Joseph's Seminary would be the tribute which the Archbishop would most appreciate. This seminary is peculiarly the work of the Archbishop, and will stand as a monument to his memory, with which his name will always be associated. It was started six years ago, and thrown open for students about eighteen months ago. It is situated about half a mile from Yonkers, at Dunwoodie Station, and the grounds cover some sixty acres. The seminary proper consists of two large, handsome and well designed buildings, where a total of 157 students can be accommodated. It is designed solely for the education of those intending to enter the priesthood, and is planned chiefly to educate priests for the diocese of New York, although students from other dioceses are admitted if sent there by their bishops. A recent statement made in this connection was as follows:—"The debt consists at present of a mortgage of \$250,000 and a floating debt of \$50,000. Our plan is for the payment of this amount to be a tribute solely from the Catholic laity of the city, to the Metropolitan, and the subscription to it is intended shall be divided as follows: Fifty subscriptions of \$5,000 each, and minor subscriptions of \$2,500, \$2,000, \$1,000 and \$500. So far we have received one subscription of \$6,000, and seventeen of \$5,000 each, or a total of \$91,000, with subscriptions in the minor amounts which swell the grand total to \$130,000."

Toothache stopped in two minutes, with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum; 10c.

POPE AS PEACEMAKERS.

Historic Instances of Pacific Mediation by the Vatican.

A SCHOLARLY AND TIMELY ARTICLE.

Rev. H. A. Brann, D. D., Rector of St. Agnes' Church, writing on the subject of the "Popes as Peacemakers," in the New York World, says:—

It is not an uncommon thing for the Pope to act as peacemaker between two countries in dispute; neither is it without precedent at this late day. It ought not to be regarded as an interference, because His Holiness only interests himself when called upon by one or both parties in contention.

History furnishes numerous instances of the intervention of the Holy See in the interests of peace. The early Popes were mediators, arbiters and judges, sometimes between contending kings and nations and sometimes between the king and his own people.

The gratitude of the barbarian kings and peoples who had been converted to Christianity made them give to the head of the Church the highest place in the political economy of their country. All Europe was Catholic. Church and State were united, and by international custom and law there was practically only one head in temporal, as there was actually only one in spiritual matters.

The religious schemes of the sixteenth century, the ambition of the civil rulers and the loss of Catholic faith by the people destroyed the Pope's temporal prerogative, weakened his authority and brought it to its present condition. It may be said that the power of the Popes was used to

prevent the weak against the strong.

A cry for justice arising from an oppressed people was always heard in Rome. The Popes championed the people against despots. And while by faith all were for peace rather than war they did not abuse their mandatory powers in stopping the progress of nations or in stilling the aspirations of a people who believed themselves wronged to such an extent as to make war a natural consequence.

The Popes of the Middle Ages had three means of maintaining their absolute throne. These were excommunication, interdict and deposition. Excommunication was the most terrible ban, but an interdict was even worse. By that the Pope not only suspended the solemn rites of the Church to the ruler, but to all the people of the nation, and to peoples of that time such a penalty was more terrifying than the approach of death. In almost every instance, when an interdict was declared, the people compelled the King to right the wrong of which he was accused and bow to the decision of Rome.

King Philip Augustus of France divorced his wife, the Queen Isabella, and she appealed to Rome for justice. The King breathed defiance and his kingdom was put under an interdict, which forced the King to take back his wife and ask pardon on his knees.

Kings and Emperors were dethroned by the Pope for oppression, and an outraged people leaped upon the Papal power as on the strong arm of justice. Gregory VII, "Hildebrand," dethroned the German Emperor Henry IV, for infamous conduct and violation of public rights. The people of Germany were the Emperor's accusers. This monarch attempted to ignore the decree of removal, but finally bowed in submission and humiliated himself by long and harsh penance at Canossa, in Northern Italy. Pope Alexander III, dethroned the German despot Barbarossa, for which act even Voltaire praised the Pope, and said the human race owed him gratitude. Pope Innocent IV, dethroned another German despot, Frederick II, Boniface VIII, excommunicated Philip the Fair of France, among other reasons, "for loading his subjects with intolerable burdens." The early Anglo-Saxons always felt as a last resort that they had a refuge in

THE BENEVOLENT INTERVENTION OF THE POPE

on appeal. In the year 806 the rebel subjects of King Rardulf asked Pope Leo III to settle the dispute between them and their sovereign. In the year 796 the same Pope excommunicated King Eadbert for oppressing the people of Kent. Pope Leo IV, in the year 855, hearkened to the voice of the English people and issued a decree forbidding any ruler, civil or ecclesiastical, to put Englishmen in irons outside their own country. Some of the Continental princes, it seems, were accustomed to punish Anglo-Saxon pilgrims and travellers in that way.

War between nations has several times been averted by the friendly mediation of the Pope. Pope Alexander VI, was a Spaniard, yet John, the King of Portugal, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, accepted him as a mediator in a dispute as to the boundary line be-

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tween Spain and Portugal in their South American possessions. Ferdinand, King of Spain, was the other party to the controversy. Diplomacy had been exhausted and war was imminent when the Pope was asked to act as mediator. It is not necessary to go back so far, however, to find an instance where the Pope has been

A SUCCESSFUL MEDIATOR

between two great powers, one a nation of opposite faith. For the purposes of this article I deem it unnecessary to consult a book of reference to give the exact date of the difficulty that arose between Germany and Spain regarding the Caroline Islands. But it is within the last ten or twelve years, if my memory serves me. That was a serious matter. Much feeling existed in each country against the other. All means of a peaceable settlement through representatives of either Government had failed. Each country was getting ready for war and something unusual had to happen to prevent it. Something more than unusual happened—something remarkable, in fact. It was Bismarck who once said, in addressing the Reichstag in regard to some Catholic question: "I will not go to Canossa," which was a scornful reference to the recantation and pilgrimage of Henry IV of Germany, before mentioned, yet when Emperor William agreed with Spain to submit the question to the Pope as arbitrator and be bound by his decision, Bismarck answered that they had recourse to the Pope as sovereign, a dignity that history and law and right had for centuries accorded them." In an official communication during the negotiations Bismarck addressed the pope as 'Sire,' a term never applied except to a sovereign. So, even Bismarck went to Canossa.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM H. MOORE.

Few young men in the city had a larger circle of friends than the late Mr. William H. Moore, who died on Wednesday last, and few young men will be more sincerely mourned, for he was liked by all who knew him for his gentleness of manner and his kindness of disposition. He was cut off in the very springtime of his young manhood, "when all life's prospects please."

Mr. Moore was educated at St. Laurent College and Mount St. Louis Institute, and had just embarked on a business career with his father, Mr. T. F. Moore, the well known merchant. Deceased was only a short time ill, but he was afflicted with that most agonizing of diseases, appendicitis. On Friday of last week an operation was deemed necessary as a last resort. Despite all that the best medical aid in the city could do it was a forlorn hope, as he succumbed shortly afterwards.

His afflicted parents already are the recipients of many marks of condolence. The TRUE WITNESS also desires to tender to Mr. and Mrs. Moore its most heartfelt sympathy in their present time of severe trial and mourning in the loss of their eldest son.

The funeral, which was held this morning, to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, was one of the largest held in Montreal for many years. The Knights of Columbus and Foresters, of which deceased was a member, were represented by a large number of their members, and citizens of all classes were also present. After the services at St. Patrick's, the remains were transferred to the family plot in the Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

At the last meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, a resolution was passed, conveying the sympathy of the members of the organization to Mr. George Burden through the severities which he suffered in the death of his beloved wife.

WILSON-MILLOY. A very quiet and pretty wedding took place on Thursday, the 25th inst. at St. Patrick's Church, the officiating priest being the Rev. Father Gattivan, P. E., and the contracting parties Mr. Chas. E. Wilson and Miss May Milloy. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. James Milloy. Miss Bessie Milloy assisted as bridesmaid, the groom being accompanied by her brother, Mr. James G. Milloy. The happy couple left for an extended tour through Western Canada.

DR. ADAMS' TOOTHACHE GUM is sold by all good druggists. 10 cts. a bottle.

Away in the southwest of Scotland somewhere there lives, moves and has her being a little girl named Mona MacBean. On March 1 Mona was late in arriving at school and was detailed off to write her name fifty times. When the task was completed and presented to the teacher, the latter was horrified to find her name written, page after page, "Boda Bakhade."

"You naughty girl, that's not the way to spell your name! Spell it properly!" The reply was an astounded: "Please, hair, I've dot a cold add I cad only say, Boda Bakhade."

ANNUAL TOUR. The Canadian STAR Concert Company.

- MISS TESSA McCALLUM, Humorous and Dramatic Reader. MISS AMELIA WARNOCK, Dramatic Soprano. MISS ANNIE McKAY, Pianiste and Accompanist. KARN HALL, 2362, St. Catherine Street, MONDAY EVENING, MAY 2nd, 1898. Under the Auspices of the CLAN GORDON, O.S.C.

Reserved Seats, 50c and 25c. Plans open Tuesday, April 26th, at KARN HALL Box Office.

Our Men's \$3 Boots In Black, Tan and Chocolate. Are GOODYEAR Sewed and made in the latest Styles. RONAYNE BROS., Chaboullier-Square.

Left Prostrate Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." Mrs. SUMNER-VALLER, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Get only Hood's, because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.00; 50c; 25c.

The Maynooth Union of the United States is a society which has for its raison d'être more than the mere gathering together of the alumni of one of the most celebrated educational establishments in the world—the great College of Maynooth; it has sent forth scholars to the ends of the earth, to preach the Gospel, to help the oppressed, to relieve the sick, to shrive the dying, to do all the offices that were meant when our Lord asked of His first Vicar: "Peter, lovest thou me?" and immediately admonished him, "Feed my sheep." Surely no men in the world have striven more bravely or more successfully than the sons of old Maynooth, who might be pardoned for pride in their Alma Mater, for in this case pride could hardly be classed as a deadly sin. The strength of the new society was shown at the first annual meeting, which was held here on April 20. The gathering was a most representative one. Telegraphic despatches of regret and

FIRST COMMUNION SUITS. 500 First Communion Suits, Made from Black Worsteds, handsomely trimmed, well made, only \$3.50. 250 Boys' First Communion Suits, Made of fine Venetian Cloths, artistically cut, well finished, reduced from \$5.00 to \$4.00. 150 Boys' First Communion Three-piece Suits, Made from Superior Venetian Cloths, made to sell at \$7.50, now only \$6.00. J. G. KENNEDY & CO., THE ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS, 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.

IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS.

A GREAT many Catholic women, married and unmarried, frequently spend their time in censuring the clergy during the season when church fairs and bazaars or other projects are organized to help along the parish and its institutions.

A priest, in a recent sermon, offers some mental food which might serve the purpose. He said:—

"Oh," you say, "the priests are forever talking about money. You hardly ever hear that in Protestant churches." If the Catholics who thus complain would do their share the call for money would be cheerfully dropped from the Catholic pulpits forever.

Dr. Margaret Sullivan, in a paper read before the New York Household Economic Association, recently, in dealing with the subject of "Healthy Homes," said:

"In the old days people lived more particularly in the spirit of the home we have to live in the spirit of the age. The public demands much of us: public health demands hygiene in the home, for the sound mind depends upon the sound body; perfect health in the one influences the other, and the responsibility of securing health in all departments rests on the women of the nation."

The first essential of good health was declared to be sunshine, next fresh air and then ventilation, which is usually misunderstood and misapplied. On some people the night air has most injurious effects, and for these, as well as for young children or old people, the thorough ventilation of the sleeping room for some hours before bedtime would be better than keeping the window open all night.

The daily bath is now recognized by our best physicians as one of the most valuable adjuncts to the various remedies at their command. It has become the common thing for a physician prescribing a course of tonic treatment to give careful directions as to the proper temperature and time for this bath.

It is the rule of the intelligent nurse to bathe the infant in her charge daily from the time of its birth. The daily bath thus begun should not be discontinued in adult life. In adult life the morning is the best time for bathing, and the proper temperature for a daily bath is 70 degrees, or the same temperature as that of the room in which the bath is taken.

A child under a year old should be bathed in water about 90 degrees. This temperature should be gradually reduced for the child of five years until it is about 88 degrees. An excellent stimulant for the bath of a delicate infant is a handful of rock salt dissolved in warm water, and added to a child's bathtub. Salt should also be added in the same proportion to the bath of delicate older children or invalids who are recommended to take a warm bath. In all cases, where the circulation is poor and the reaction from a cool bath is slow, a warm salt bath is recommended.

It is also a good thing in some cases to rub the flesh generously with equal parts of alcohol and hot water, followed by a vigorous rubbing with a rough towel. Delicate children and invalids often receive marked benefit in a short time from alcohol used in this way, and always followed by brisk rubbing.

Many bathers prefer regular friction brushes or rough bathing mittens to a towel. Russian 'crash' makes an excellent friction towel, and one that never loses its sharpness, as even the best Turkish towels soon do.

A leading medical practitioner, in referring to women who are chronic fault-finders and grumblers, writes:—

"Nine times out of ten the woman who nags is tired. One time out of ten she is hateful. The cases that come under the physician's eye are those of the women who are tired and who have been tired so long that they are suffering from some form of nervous disease. They may think they are only tired but in fact they are ill, and it is that sort of illness in which the will is weakened and the patients give way to annoyance they would ignore if in a healthy condition. In such cases the woman often suffers from her nagging more than the husband or children

with whom she finds fault. She knows she does it. She does not intend to do it. She suffers in her own self-control when she does it, and in the depths of her soul she longs for something to stop it. The condition is usually brought on by broken sleep, improper food, want of some other exercise than housekeeping and of enough out-of-door air and practical objective thinking. It is often the most unselfish and affectionate of women who fall into this state. They are too much devoted to their families to give themselves any healthy exercise or diversion, or enough of afternoon naps, perhaps. In such cases the husband is often to blame, because he gives nag for nag instead of looking straight for the fundamental cause of the trouble. There are many cases where such a woman begins by showing a longing for a little more attention, a little more tenderness, an invitation to a concert. The man who does not take that as a sign is responsible for pretty much all that follows, and sometimes it amounts to something very like criminal responsibility."

An observant young woman writes:— Men often assert that the average man is neater in his every-day appearance than the average woman. White linen collars and cuffs have procured this reputation for men. Take a man with a shabby, head-me-down suit of clothes

WHIMS OF FASHION.

AN American fashion authority says that sun bonnets are in vogue again. Though they are called golf bonnets and garden hats, they are nothing in the world but the old-fashioned sun bonnets that every woman hated, despised, and utterly detested when she was a child. Sun bonnets aren't comfortable things. They may be moral agents because they make one look forward and not back but at the same time they shut out the view on the sides and keep one from hearing a great deal that is going on. But they are fashionable and so they are selling like hot cakes. The prettiest are made of plain white or colored organdie and trimmed with fluffy frills of the same. The poke part comes very far over the face, the crowns are very high, and the skirts rather narrow and very full. Figured organdies are also used, but they are not so effective as the plain.

When the sailor hat makes its appearance, so does the wash veil. The wash veil is a fine thing in both senses of the word. It is becoming and hygienic. The

with lace appliqued down the front breadth, a frill of lace around the skirt, and a fichu of chiffon tied with long ends at the side, striped with lace insertion and finished with a lace frill.

White collars of lace, or plaited mousseline de soie coming out from a narrower collar of velvet or silk, are one of the features of dress trimming.

A novel treatment of a brocaded silk bodice shows the pattern in the silk cut out around the neck and embroidered in buttonhole stitch for a finish. Above this, coming from underneath, is a frill of chiffon.

In sharp contrast to the hats which slip down over the face and up at the back are those which turn back directly in front with a sort of halo effect in a wreath of flowers. If you would be strictly in the fashion a few weeks hence the flowers must be of the finer varieties.

Added to the variety of cravats and neckties which are one of the season's fads is a large bow of white gauze de soie trimmed across the ends with many rows of tartan checked baby ribbon either plain or quilted. Spotted net trimmed with ribbon is another fancy.

The spring capes are covered with lace or chiffon or both. Frills of lace are lined with other frills of chiffon, with possibly a frill of colored silk underneath, and a series of these millis form the entire garment, with a little break at the neck, where there is a high collar. (The very novel imported cape is made of black taffeta silk, covered with circular ruffles of silk, cut in wide scallops, finished around the edge with fine

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

THIS is the season of salads, says an American authority. It is just the time of year when all the tender green things that spring from mother earth are at their best—fresh, tender and appetizing. The markets are now supplied with so large a variety of things of which salads are made that one can have a different salad almost every day of the month.

There is tender, fine lettuce in well rounded heads; field salad, dainty and toothsome. Then of the vegetables now in the market from which salads are made, there are cucumbers—those fine, long green ones which have no equal in flavor. There are sweet green peppers, which form a delightful addition to any salad. Fine tomatoes, Bermuda onions, young beets, asparagus, artichokes, string beans, new cabbage, radishes and an endless variety of other things which may be made into appetizing salads.

Speaking of salads, one of the members of The World's Congress of Chefs says:

"No dinner is complete without a salad, and this rule also applies to luncheons. Light salads are always best. It would be far better for Americans if they indulged less in chicken, lobster, crab and other heavy salads with mayonnaise dressing, and instead would eat the green salads with the light French dressing made of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt, properly blended. If it were possible to clean the salad by merely wiping the leaves with a towel it would be better than washing, but as earth and sand are apt to cling to the leaves of the different salads they must be washed. This must be done carefully by some one with deft fingers. Leaves must not be crushed or broken. Each leaf must be lightly shaken free from water and as lightly laid in the salad bowl."

A well arranged salad is a work of art. The leaves should be laid as near as possible just as they grow on the plant.

For example, in arranging a lettuce salad lay the leaves round the bowl so the salad looks like a head of lettuce just cut from the garden. If the lettuce is mixed with tomatoes have them peeled with a sharp knife, cut in quarters and laid in the middle of the salad.

The salad dressing may be put in the bottom of the salad bowl before the leaves are laid in, or it may be poured over the salad after it is brought to the table. Always have the dressing prepared and perfectly blended before putting it on the salad. Mix the salad very lightly with a box-wood fork and spoon. Never use metal implements with a salad. If the flavor of garlic is liked crush a clove of garlic and lightly rub the fork and spoon with it, or just before putting the salad in the bowl rub the inside of the bowl at the bottom with the crushed clove of garlic.

Chopped parsley and olives may be served on small plates and sprinkled over the salad after it is served. The best vinegar is French wine vinegar, mixed with tarragon.

Procure pure olive oil. A dash of mustard is often an improvement to a salad dressing, especially if it is to be used on tomatoes.

As a rule the proportions of a salad dressing are two table-spoonsful of oil to one of vinegar, and a salt spoonful of salt. It is, however, impossible to be guided by any cast-iron rule in making salad dressing.

White silk handkerchiefs will not yellow if they are washed in soapsuds without rubbing soap on them, dried quickly, and ironed with a moderately warm iron, having an old muslin cloth between the silk and iron. A white silk dress should be put away with blue tissue paper between every fold and then sewed up in an old sheet.

Broiled herring, with lemon juice and red pepper, is a tasteful breakfast. When the appetites of the family fail, try them with a steak and maitre d'hotel sauce, butter with parsley, and olives ground to specks in it, lemon juice and a drop of garlic juice, melted on the hot steak as it comes to table. Salmon toast is another appetizer; one fourth smoked salmon chopped fine with canned salmon, heated, spread liberally on water toast and served with lemon or mayonnaise at table.

Some craft is needed to secured variety in fruit. The banana sliced, with lemon juice in plenty and powdered sugar, is quite another thing from the plain fruit. Apples pared, sliced across thin with sliced sour oranges, and some grated peel with the sugar, are a new treat. Banana charlotte has the sponge mould ball filled with fruit cut very fine, in jelly of sour orange juice with gelatine, and whipped cream or jelly moussee on the top.

It has always been a cause for surprise that some effort has not been made to relieve the strain upon housekeepers in regard to their duties. A contributor to a society journal remarks: There is much work usually done while standing that could as well be performed sitting. No one who has not tried it knows how much sitting lessens the fatigue of the daily labor, particularly when the back is not strong. Have the legs of an ordinary kitchen chair lengthened until the top of the seat is twenty-two inches from the ground. A footstool can be used if necessary. At this height it is possible to iron with ease while sitting, and it gives full command of anything on the table.

DON'T TELL ANYBODY. If no one should tell you about it, you would hardly know there was cod liver oil in Scott's Emulsion, the taste is so nicely covered. Children like it, and the parents don't object.

Forty-five match factories in Japan employ an average of nearly 9,000 operatives a day. Their exports last year amounted to \$1,706,612.

ECONOMY in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, because "100 doses one dollar" is peculiar to and true only of the One True BLOOD Purifier.



SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES OF HATS AND TIES.

on his back, and let him put on a spotless shirt, cuffs and collar, and he looks spick and span. Put ever so cap a ready-made dress on a woman, with a white linen collar, white wash tie and snowy cuffs, and she'll look just as neat as her brother. There's one weakness that nine out of ten women have, though, when it comes to cuffs and collars. They will think that a collar will do to wear one more time, when a man would toss it into his laundry bag. Nothing gives one so untidy an appearance as soiled linen, and there is no excuse for women economizing in this particular.

A MAN AS A CATERER.

Women have to look to their laurels when it comes to competing with a man who is interested in culinary affairs, says a Gotham writer. There is a wealthy New York bachelor who could give most women points upon everything connected with a good dinner. He simplifies the matter of housekeeping in the first place by living in a hotel, but he does not sink his individuality in the way of dinner giving by so doing. To begin with, he knows how to order a dinner; then he knows what to have in the way of a dinner service and he has it. A small dinner is served in the public dining room, but with his own linen of the finest quality, the most beautiful embroidered centrepieces, and the most exquisite pieces of silver. These after the dinner are removed to his apartments. That, however, is an incidental which the guests are not supposed to know about, and after dinner their interest is centred in the coffee served in his rooms in the daintiest of after-dinner coffee cups.

No detail of a dinner is too minute to receive the attention of the host in preparing for his guests. A one dinner the asparagus tongs received much admiring attention from them. It is as admirable to congratulate the connoisseur of good dinners upon the result of his good taste as to felicitate the connoisseur in other lines of art upon his collections. The asparagus also came in for a share of the admiration, large massive stalks, quite worthy of the magnificent tongs with which they were manipulated.

"Where did you find such magnificent asparagus?" asked the guests. "Well," confessed the host, "it seemed ridiculous to handle little strings of asparagus with those big tongs, and I hunted three days before I found the large stalks."

designs this year are uncommonly pretty, a rich cream and an ecru being more popular than the pure white. The newest have small dots set far apart with a real lace edge. Of course they come high, but in the long run one of these expensive veils is economical. They outlast half a dozen cheap ones and instead of fading with frequent washing they grow prettier and softer, both as to texture and color. It hardly pays to buy a wash veil costing less than \$1.50. Those marked down to 40, 50, 90 and the inevitable 8 cents look tempting enough on the bargain table, but, alas! like the tempers of some children, they cannot stand the water test. The proper way to wash these veils is to switch them about in warm soapsuds until thoroughly cleansed, and then they should be rinsed in clear, tepid water several times. The water should be squeezed, patted and pressed, not wrung, out, and while quite wet the veil must be stretched out on the bed and every separate point of the lace edge fastened to the counterpane with a pin. By the time one gets the veil securely and smoothly pinned on all four sides it is almost dry. When quite dry it has the appearance of a brand new veil with just enough stiffness to make it set becomingly. One new design has black chenille dots; but these do not render washing impossible, as one might suppose.

Hand sewing of various kinds is a distinctive feature of dress decoration, and especially in the form of drawn work. Silk and nun's veiling are particularly adaptable to this sort of trimming. Flounces have drawn threads worked over like similar designs in linen table covers, and silk collars, frills, cuffs, and various shaped pieces for decorating the bodice are finished with this open-work line above the narrow hem. The hem is often added to the main portion with an open-work stitch of silk and the corners are mixed together with the same effect. Flounces are scalloped on the lower edge and finished with platings of silk. Insertions of lace in squares and diamond-shaped pieces are set into the skirts and bodices of foulard gowns with an old-fashioned briar stitch, while medallions of embroidery are used in the same way. Goussettes and nets of various kinds, satin finished foulards and taffetas are the leading materials on the list for dressy summer costumes.

Pigeon throat and fuchsia reds are the most fashionable tints in this color. Liberty satin is a favorite material for tea gowns, which are made very dressy

lucks. The collar is high, and lined with white chiffon shirred into narrow frills.

One difficulty in making the net gown serviceable is obviated in one of the new models, which fashions the net and silk foundation skirt together. The silk is salmon glacé, made with the deep circular flounced skirt. Over the silk is the net, cut after the same pattern and fastened at the seam where the flounce sews on. Below this is a circular flounce of the net, nearly covered with alternate rows of black satin ribbon and narrow ruffles of lace.

A feature of the warm weather season promises to be the white costume. Tailors and dressmakers, shoemakers and milliners, all tell the same tale, and moreover assure the inquirer that many of their patrons have registered solemn vows to wear only white the whole season through. There are innumerable white serge, satin cloth and poplin costumes, richly and elaborately designed, white silk, hiale and cotton hose in the shops, white duck, muslin, linen and pique skirts made up by the gross and white varnished leather ties.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead. Be sure you get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and not some cheap and worthless imitation.

Numerous instances might be related, says an American writer, to show that the honest economy of time and the use of odd moments have been the entering wedge of success in the lives of many prominent men. Our own John Quincy Adams once said: "Time is too short for me rather than too long. If the day were forty-eight hours long, instead of twenty-four I could employ them all, if I had but eyes and hands to read and write."

Advertisement for 'Ever-Ready' dress stays, featuring a circular logo with the text 'ARE YOU OUT OF DRESS STAYS?' and 'EVER-READY'S'.

Advertisement for 'ROOF'S FOR THE KLONDIKE' by Pedlar Metal Roofing Co., Oshawa, Ont. Includes an illustration of a house with a roof.

BARGAINS IN NEW AMERICAN PIANOS.

Table listing piano models and prices: New Style 'Pratte' Pianos, Baby Grand, Uprights, Steinway, Hazzelton, Mason & Hamlin, Krantz & Bach, Blausius.

Pratte Piano Co., 1676 NOTRE DAME Street, MONTREAL.

Advertisement for 'The Wall Paper King' by C. B. Scantlebury, Belleville, Kingston, Winnipeg. Includes a decorative border.

Advertisement for 'LA BANQUE VILLE MARIE' and 'MONTREAL CITY & DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK'.

A Little Irish Girl.

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"My word! You're growing active in your old age," says Mr. McDermot, addressing cheerfully to the fire, and poking it into a glorious blaze. "As a travelling acrobat you'd make your fortune. What makes you bounce out of your chair like that? Guilty conscience—(with a grin). 'And! I say! What a swell you are! Put on all that to fascinate Anketell over again? To please, Dulcie, you're the biggest flirt I ever met. You are hardly off with the new lover before you want to be on with the old."

running away with Mr. Eyre, do you think he would still be anxious to marry me himself?" "He might," says cousin. "Oh, Andy!" says Dulcinea, with keen reproach. "Well! (resignedly), 'it doesn't matter. I shall tell him the truth, whatever it costs me.' 'But look here—' 'I shall tell him the truth,' repeats Dulcinea sadly. 'Why should I leave him in ignorance? I shall tell him everything. It is only to do so.' 'You are looking after your own honor most carefully,' says Andy, with a very unpleasant smile. 'Of course! (slowly) 'it has never occurred to you to look after mine? to consider that you are rather giving me away?' 'Your honor!'"

poor little frock! but did ever woman yet wear a frock so altogether becoming? Such a shabby gown, and without ornament of any kind; but what ornaments could compare with that sweet, soft neck, with those snowy, slender arms! what jewels could outvie those gleaming eyes? Oh, what a pale but perfect face! and the head—it seemed born to wear a crown! How sad she looks—how sad! Remembering, no doubt. She had thought his glance cold. She could not see that his heart was well-nigh broken. She could not know, seeing him there talking platitudes to his host, with his eyes determinedly turned away from hers, that yet in his soul he is looking at her, seeing each curve of her gown. It has come to him that, if she can look so charming in that indifferent garment, how beautiful she might be made to look in something better! Oh, that he might be allowed to give her such things as might deck her dainty beauty to its utmost! that he might give her all he possesses! Some part of him she has already, a pure gift of his, that she will carry to her grave, whether she will or not—his heart. The dinner is over at last, and the dreary half-hour afterwards in the drawing room. The snow is still falling, falling, and The McDermot has elected that his guest shall spend the night beneath his roof. No going home until morning. Dulcie had gladly left them to see a chamber warmed and sheeted and prepared; and sick at heart, and seeing no chance of a better lot with her, she had in which to betray to him in one small act of filial piety, had returned to come down again. She has gone to her own room and, still dressed, sits covering miserably over the edge for that the odorous has built for her. Ten o'clock, twenty past, striking at last, she goes to the window, and, pulling aside the blind, looks out in the still night. The moon has set. There is no wind. What a soft, even rain! She opens the window and, leaning out, looks first up at the stars, then down at the earth below. The latter part is infinitely more interesting. Below runs a balcony from which The McDermot's den, that in other richer houses would be called the smoking room, opens. To her surprise a lamp stands on the window, casting a dull, half-shaded light upon the night outside. Not gone to bed yet, surely her father!—If any one is there she could, from where she now is, hear them talking. Lending a little farther out, she strains her ears; but no sound comes. No voice is at all upon the chilly air. They must have gone to bed and forgotten to put out the lamp. She had better run down and extinguish them. She is about to draw in her head with a view to accomplishing this purpose, when the window beneath her, leading from the smoking room to the balcony, is thrown open, and a man creeps in, ever in his mouth, and the red tip of it shows for a moment in the surrounding. To mistake this man for any other than Sir Ralph would be impossible. Dulcinea, drawing back hurriedly, leans against the shutters of her window. The first impulse was not to be seen; the second compels her to stand upright and face a situation, although it be with blushed cheeks. Now—now is her time—to speak. It is alone. She is sure of that. If she hesitates now she may not for a long time, perhaps a whole awful, interminable week, get a chance of squaring her self with her conscience. She must tell him. Then why not now? It takes but a little minute to run down the stairs, open the smoking room door, and crossing it reach the balcony. "Dulcie!" says Anketell sharply—as sharply as though he had seen a ghost. (To be continued.)

Advertisement for SURPRISE SOAP. Includes illustrations of children and a banner that says 'We use SURPRISE SOAP On Wash Day it is the best'. Text below reads: 'Joy and Smiles In place of sighs with SURPRISE SOAP. Easy, quick Work--Snow white Wash.'

HOW TO SEE THE POINT AND PLACE IT. A book of 10 pages, which teaches painting rapidly by example. Many people who have started English, Latin, and Greek grammar are very careless and slovenly in their work. This book is indispensable to all writers. Bound, 20 cents. LAOUCIG PUBLISHING CO., 123 Liberty St., N.Y.

Business Cards. CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians, PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND WOOD WORKERS. 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine. Telephone 8353.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, PRACTICAL PLUMBER, RUTHLESSLY LINDS HIS ANY MORE Cheap. 137 McCORD STREET, Cor. 01.

J. P. CONROY, Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam-Fitter. 228 Centre Street. Telephone 5332.

M. HICKS & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL.

C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter. 153-157 Shaw St., Montreal.

LORCE & CO., HATTER - AND - FURRIER. 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. J. ALCOIDE CHAUSSE, ARCHITECT. 153-157 Shaw St., Montreal.

C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Trustee. 180 ST. JAMES STREET. Telephone 1182.

SURGEON-DENTISTS. DR. BROSEAU, D.S. No. 75 St. Lawrence Street MONTREAL. Telephone 6301.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN TOURS. Allan, Dominion and Beaver Lines, Quebec Steamship Co. ALL LINES FROM NEW YORK To Europe, - Bermuda, - West Indies Florida, etc. COOK'S TOURS. W. H. CLANCY, AGENT. GRAND TRUNK TICKET OFFICE, 137 St. James Street.

Society Meetings. Young Men's Societies. Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Ancient Order of Hibernians. C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74. C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26. GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC. Catholic Benevolent Legion. Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L. Catholic Order of Foresters. St. Gabriel's Court, 185. St. Lawrence Court, 263, C.O.F. St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F. St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

Advertisement for Colman's Salt. Text: 'BUY Colman's Salt THE BEST'.

GIRL EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Some Features of the work of the Southwark Catholic Emigration Society.

By A. F. PROCTER.

Last year I told the readers of the Catholic Times something of what was the Southwark Catholic Emigration Society—hoped to do with regard to girl emigration to Canada, and I now feel inclined to tell them what has been done on the lines then laid down.

This honest life is possible under the ordinary conditions of life in Canada, and (for the class emigrating) is not probable in England. All generalities are false in particular cases; but, dear reader, I am not talking of the excellent chance your particular boys and girls have, but I am talking of the hundreds who leave our primary schools every year at twelve and thirteen to become bread-winners.

Of course, I see quite well that emigration cannot be the only way out of the difficulty; it is not nor will it really ever be the solution. I only claim that it is one of the solutions. The beginning of any solution will lie at home, when we Catholics will wake up to the fact that we are responsible, one and all of us, for the young life in our midst, which we see drift, if we do not send, direct to hell.

The real question is—What are we going to do? Paris is covered with 'coles industriels,' etc. Here, in our land, there is very little, if anything, done. Our efforts are local and unassisted. What we want is a general recognition of the fact and an honest declaration of it.

Where the Fault Lies. Is this the fault of the institutions? Hardly, since our nuns give their whole lives to these children, often living a life of toil that Factory Acts no longer permit outside convent walls.

when we know they cannot live an honest life on their wage-earning capacity, our hearts being too tender individually or as a human community to provide an outlet for surplus population.

Catholic Summer School.

The Arrangements Proposed for the Approaching Term. To Begin July 10th.

The Champlain Assembly of Cliff Haven, N.Y., is the popular title of the Catholic Summer School, which has been engaged in various forms of university extension work for the past six years.

The Rev. J. F. N. O'Connor, S.J., of New York City, will portray the spiritual beauty of Christian Art, together with other eloquent topics relating to the art and poetry of Classic Greece, the great German Epic and the Lyric Drama.

Lectures and Round Table Talks are in preparation by Henry Austin Adams, M.A., John Francis Waters, M.A., Hon. James M. E. O'Grady, Thomas O'Hagan, Ph.D., Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., Rev. James P. Fagan, S.J., Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, Rev. Denis J. McMahon, D.D., and the Rev. M. P. Fallon, O.M.I., of the University of Ottawa.

The Alumnae Auxiliary Association was organized during the Session of 1897 to assist the progress of the Champlain Summer School, especially by securing the co-operation of Catholic women interested in the work of self-improvement, and by the substantial help of an endowment fund for special studies at Cliff Haven.

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished.

A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only to feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this.

desire to promote the higher education of women. A special programme has been arranged for the Alumnae week at the next Session, July 25 29 inclusive.

The advantages offered at Cliff Haven for combining healthful recreation with profitable instruction are not to be excelled at any place in the Adirondacks or elsewhere.

IMPROVEMENT AND PROMISCUOUS READING.

difficultly I can loosen every knot. I can unravel every tangle. I can make the rough ways smooth and the crooked ways straight, and detect error under any subtle guise it may assume and drag it forth triumphantly from its hiding places into the light of day.

We have no business to expose ourselves to the danger of losing our faith or of becoming entangled in the sophistries of the unscrupulous and unprincipled. We are not capable of dealing with every species of error by our own strength.

It was on a crowded suburban car out of Washington one day last summer that a middle-aged woman, carrying a fretful baby, was forced to squeeze herself into a small space left vacant beside a dapper youth of possibly twenty years.

"Ah, beg pawdon, madam, but has this child anything—ah—contagious?" The nurse was a motherly-looking woman. Glancing compassionately at him through her gold-rimmed spectacles, she remarked meditatively:

After this for the few moments before he left the car, the young man's face was a study in expression.

A Poet's Troubles.—Managing Editor—What was it that young fellow wanted? Office Boy—He says that he wrote a sonnet entitled "Dolly's Dimples," and it got into the paper headed "Dolly's Pimples," and that he wants it explained, as it got him into trouble with something he called his feasnasy.

SUFFERING VANQUISHED. A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

HAD SUFFERED FROM ACUTE RHEUMATISM AND GENERAL DEBILITY—SCARCELY ABLE TO DO THE LIGHTEST WORK.

From the Acadie, Wolfville, N.S.

One of the most prosperous and intelligent farmers of the village of Greenwood, N.S., is Mr. Edward Manning. Anyone intimate with Mr. Manning knows him as a man of strong integrity and veracity, so that every confidence can be placed in the information which he gave a reporter of the Acadie for publication the other day.

An analysis was made of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which is a condensed form of all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

Handsome Tan and Chocolate Boots and Shoes RONAYNE'S, Chaboillez Square

STEINWAY, NORDHEIMER, HEINTZMAN, PIANOS.

The intelligent people of this or any other Canadian centre of refinement, know the above represent the three best Pianos money can buy.

We are prepared to make special inducements, personally, or by letter, to intending purchasers. Terms cash, credit or exchange.

Lindsay-Nordheimer Co., 2366 St. Catherine St.

Best Yet Offered IN REED ROCKERS \$4.95 Only. Regular Value \$8.75. We have 5 different patterns equally as good which will close out at \$4.95 each.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. April 30, 1905.

Shopping by Mail.

Out of town customers can shop very easily by mail if they only care to use the advantage of our mail order system. They get the benefit of the best buying experience, and the best money's worth.

REVELLING IN TRIUMPHS.

The Big Store is reveling in the triumphs of Extreme Styles, and Fashionable Spring Novelties, such an army of Loveliness were never before marshalled under one banner, and the Spring of 1905 stands pre-eminent, with the guard of victory over all its predecessors and the zenith of trade is higher than ever.

- CAPE NOVELTIES. Originality and Novelty are the characteristics of these specials for Monday. Their strongest feature, however, is lowness of price. At \$4.60—Ladies' Ecru Lingerie Cape, made on bright colored silk foundations.

New Dress Goods and Rich Silks

A charming collection of Rare Weaves in Dress Goods and Silks. Paris and Lyons made, richly and varying shades, and beautiful combinations. It is necessary to say that they are the most wanted goods at the present time.

The S. CARSLY CO. Limited.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

There is a firmer feeling in the egg market owing to the smaller offerings at shipping points through the country, and sales in single cases were made as high as 10c, and in lots at 9c per dozen.

The demand for beans does not improve any, and the market is dull and about steady at 79c to 75c for primes, and at 85c to 90c for choice hand-picked per bushel.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The receipts of cheese yesterday were 137 boxes. The market was quiet and steady, with little business doing, consequently quotations on spot are somewhat difficult to quote at present.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There were about 550 head of butchers' cattle, 1,000 calves, 20 sheep and 80 spring lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir yesterday.

Infants' Pretty Shoes, IN COLORED LEATHER, SOFT SOLES, at RONAYNE'S, Chaboillez Square.

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS' ADVERTISEMENT.

DRY GOODS ONLY.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE FUTURE ARE THE BABES OF TO-DAY.

We carry a full line of their requirements. Read the following list.

BABY'S LIST.

- Infants' Bands, all sizes. Infants' Linen Shirts. Infants' Slips, in Gingham and White.

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS

The Largest Exclusive Dry Goods Store in Canada. St. Catherine & Mountain Sts.

OUR OXFORD SHOES.

Take the Lead This Season. THE PRICES ARE LOW. RONAYNE BROS., CHABOILLEZ SQUARE.