

A Catholic Newspaper is a boon to the country and a messenger of truth to every household. The Senate. The Catholic Journalism is to the Church.

# The Montreal Witness

By advertising in the "True Witness" you materially assist a thorough Catholic organ, and you secure patronage for yourself in your line of business.

VOL. XLV., NO. 16.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## "CITIZENSHIP."

ADDRESS BY DR. J. K. FORAN, LL.B., EDITOR OF "THE TRUE WITNESS."

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY AND A LARGE AUDIENCE OF REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS—THE PRIVILEGES, ADVANTAGES AND RIGHTS, AS WELL AS DUTIES AND OBLIGATIONS OF CITIZENSHIP.

In consideration of the special request expressed by the officers of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, we give a synoptical report of the address delivered on Monday evening last by Dr. J. K. Foran.

The lecturer of the evening, who met with a most enthusiastic reception, spoke as follows—  
MR. CHAIRMAN, REVEREND FATHERS, AND GENTLEMEN—When I received from the Reverend Director and officers of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, the invitation that came to me last week, to deliver an address in this hall, I need scarcely say that with feelings of gratitude and pride I accepted. To me it is an inexpressible pleasure to meet the people of this important section of Montreal, and, although I may not have the privilege of a personal acquaintance with each one here to-night, yet, as I look around me, I behold in the face of every stranger the features of a friend. Standing upon this platform and recalling the many fond associations of the past, I can say, like Rob Roy, when he had crossed the Grampians: "My foot is on my native heath and my name is McGregor." I have not come this evening, as in the past, to speak to you of poet and patriot, to recall the stories of the bygone and to revive the memories of names we all revere. In this stern age of cold realities we must face the great problems of the present, and while we may be pardoned if we seek inspiration at the fountains of the past, we cannot forget that a future will look to us for something more tangible than delightful visions and for a heritage other than mere poetry and romance. Consequently, I have chosen to address you to-night upon the all-important subject of Citizenship—that is to say, the privileges and rights, the responsibilities, the obligations and duties, that are attached to the proud title of "Canadian Citizen."

When I contemplate the story of Canada as a nation, the words of Denis Florence McCarthy, the Irish patriot and poet, flash upon my mind:

"Yes, the Past shines clear and pleasant,  
There is glory in the Present,  
And the Future, like a present,  
Lights the deep and dark sky of Time!  
And that sky will yet grow brighter,  
If the worker and the writer,  
And the seer and the seer,  
Join in sacred bonds sublime!  
With the glories shining o'er them,  
Up the coming years they'll climb—  
Earth's great evening as its prime."

With the "clear and pleasant" history of our young country's Past, I would have no time to deal this evening. Her present—in which there is real glory—dates from the day of Confederation, and constitutes a wonderful epoch of transition, from the cradle of nationhood to the full flush of the country's manhood. The Future is for us to shape and mould, and as the poet sings, the sky of the coming years will take on a brilliancy in proportion to the union of effort and the harmony of action between the "worker and writer," and the "seer and the seer." In other words, the mutual understanding between labor and capital, between the Church and the State, and the harmonic action of each element in the sphere created for its existence by an all-wise Providence.

The first question I ask myself is, "Who are the workers?" Every man who, imbued with a sense of his responsibilities, labors by honest means to build up a home, is entitled to the noble distinction of worker, and has a claim to citizenship. Each home, or each family, is a stone in the great edifice of our nationality, and no man can afford to underestimate his own worth or to consider himself insignificant in the country. The drone, the parasite, the creature of the hour, who lives by his wits, is not a worker. I will again quote the words of the same true poet:

"Ah! little they know of true happiness,  
Who whom satisfy fill:  
Who hang on the rich breast of luxury,  
But of the true richness that kills;  
Ah! little they know of the blessedness,  
Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil,  
With rudder, or ploughshare, or pen,  
Labour to live and ever, with hope  
Through the morning of life,  
Winning home and its smiling divinity,  
Love-worshiped children and wife,  
Round the hearth the lamp of industry,  
Quickly the sharp chisel rings,  
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings  
That stir not the boom of kings,  
If the true ruler and conqueror:  
He the true ruler of his race,  
Who serves his arm for life's combat,  
And looks a strong world in the face."

It is by such men I am surrounded to-night, and to them let me enunciate the great principle that "Order is heaven's first law." From the day of Creative miracle down to this hour, in all the universe, that mighty system of perfection, order, has existed. From the highest mountain-top to the smallest grain of sand on the sea-shore; from the most remote orb that rolls in the realms of space, to the humblest light that flickers in the cottage of the indigent, each ob-

ject—inanimate as well as animate—proclaims one grand, harmonic order that is guided by the laws that emanate from the source of all authority and that permeates the world.

Before I touch on the more practical application of the principles I purpose laying down to-night, allow me to glance rapidly at the great systems of law that govern the universe. There are the Divine laws; the natural laws; and the what I may call the constitutional laws, or those made by men for the government of temporal affairs—political, municipal, statutory, social, educational and otherwise. No matter before what altar we kneel, or between what four walls we adore, we all adore the same God, and the same God thundered the fundamental principles of Divine Law from the summit of Mount Sinai, and in the form of the Decalogue they have gone echoing down the vestibule of centuries. The *imprimatur* was given to those laws nineteen hundred years ago, when the clouds of Paganism made way for the sun of Christianity. And the mightiest Legislator of the world, a Divine and human Legislator, with a nail through His hand for a pen, and with crimson blood for ink, inscribed His precepts upon every page of human history, from the dawn of Redemption to the sunset of Time.

In harmony with those Divine laws, and emanating from them are the natural laws, or the principles that govern all created nature. We behold their application in the regularity of the seasons, in the movements of the tides, in the action of the million orbs that people the wilderness of space; we behold their effects in the animal kingdom, in the instincts of self-preservation, of propagation and of association that are developed in the brute creation; we behold them more strikingly exemplified in man. It is in obedience to the natural laws that the parent cherishes, feeds, clothes, educates the child; that the child clings to the parent for protection; that man seeks to better his own condition and thereby increase the happiness of his family and augment the prosperity of the State.

The third category of laws are those that I designate as constitutional, that is to say, laws made by man for the government of temporal affairs. Man is fallible, by nature, and his enactments are subject to error and correction; but the Divine laws and natural laws—both coming from the infinite source of all right and truth—cannot be changed and cannot err. Human laws, in order that they may be just, equitable, and durable, must harmonize with the laws of God and those of nature. Any other measure or enactment is a violation of right and an infringement upon the liberty and dignity of citizenship.

In order that the laws by which we are to be governed should be in accord with the higher and grander principles that regulate the universe, it is necessary that the men who become legislators should be possessed of principles in harmony with the requirements of their position. They should, both in precept and practice, acknowledge the three-fold duties or obligations that are a consequence of all laws.

Thirdly, the legislator must acknowledge the Divine law and have the will to perform his obligations towards God; secondly, he must have sufficient intelligence to understand the laws of nature and to appreciate his obligations towards his family; and thirdly, he must have that force of character sufficient to put into practice the principles just laid down, and to fulfil his own obligations to the State. Any man, no matter what his political predilections may be, who has that strength of character, that sufficient knowledge of his duties, and the evident will to carry to their logical and practical application the laws that must govern all good states and all prosperous communities, is a fit and proper person to become a legislator for the people. And, on the other hand, no man is worthy of support who cannot stand the test of this fair and honest trial. So much for the qualifications necessary in the legislature; we will turn now to the privileges and rights of citizenship and the duties and obligations that correspond with them. I may be asked, to-night, upon what authority I come here to lay down principles of citizenship. I answer that my only mandate consists in the fact that I am a Canadian citizen and a resident of Montreal. It is my duty to make use of every means at my disposal for the welfare of our country, for the prosperity of our city and for the happiness of my fellow-countrymen.

Look, for a moment, at the Great Roman Empire, in the golden era of its sway. All outside the charmed circle of Roman citizenship were called barbarians. And not even the Cæsars could deprive a Roman citizen of his rights and privileges. St. Peter, the Fisherman from Galilee, the first Vicar of Christ, had never adored the idols of Rome, yet his Christianity was his doom, and in that fearful period, when the fires of persecution blazed from the battlements and the blood of a bleeding faith bedewed the soil of the Flavian Amphitheatre, St. Peter was dragged before the tribunals, condemned to the most ignominious death, and was executed on a cross, with his head downward. Yet we would naturally suppose that the hatred for St. Peter would be greater. He had abandoned the gods of the Pantheon; he had become the apostle of the gentiles; he had preached Christ from the Hill of Mars in Athens; he had flooded the cities of Asia Minor, and even Rome itself, with his epistles. Yet, when brought before the judges of the pagan tribunal, when condemned to death as a renegade to the gods and as a Christian agitator, when

the full vials of their wrath were to be poured out upon him, they dare not crucify him. Paul stood in presence of the Cæsars and he could proudly say: *Civis Romanus sum*—"I am a Roman citizen—I defy you." And his citizenship entitled him to a death in accord with the dignity of his title.

If such were the power, the influence, the magic of citizenship in the days of the pagan emperors, what must not be the value of that same glorious title in a young, a rising, a free and a magnificent country like ours. Here we live in a land that is vast in its proportions, endless in its resources, boundless in its liberties, majestic in the sweepings of its rivers, gorgeous in its scenic panorama, with the fringes of Atlantic washing its Eastern slopes and the mirror of Pacific reflecting the shadow of its Western Hills. As rivers roll into Atlantic and blend in its immensity, so streams of nationalities flow into the great ocean of a Canadian nationhood and should combine to swell the might and importance of the Dominion. While each race is striving to lead in the march of progress, it is for us—for you the young men—to strain every nerve to bring every fair effort into play, that we may take our proper place amongst the others; that we may be able to bequeath to those to come after us a glorious heritage of national health, comfort, weight in the community and importance in the land.

With the privileges and advantages of citizenship we must not forget the duties that we have to fulfil. We have the protection of the laws, freedom of conscience, of worship, of speech, of action; we have Home Rule, in its broadest and truest acceptance. But we must not forget that we have our rights and we are under the binding obligation to exercise those rights.

CONCLUDED ON FIFTH PAGE.

## GOD AND CÆSAR.

One of the most interesting and practical charity sermons which it has been our good fortune to listen to, was preached on Sunday last, by the Rev. Father McCallen, at St. Patrick's Church. His text was from the Gospel of the day: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." By Cæsar was meant not only the government which collects its taxes and customs, but every one who has any claim upon us; as St. Paul explains it, "tribute to whom tribute, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor." Cæsar in all these instances gets his dues. Thus the father puts his hand deep down into his pocket and draws forth wherewith to furnish a home for his newly married son or daughter. Friends also manifest their tribute of friendship by sending most costly presents, useful and fancy, to the newly married couple. They render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

The godfather presents the newly baptized child, to whom he becomes related, with some tribute of kinship, paying honor to the baby Cæsar. The friends of the dead place upon their coffin costly floral offerings to the dead Cæsar. The community at large vie with each other in the generosity of their donation to the fund that pays for the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the dead statesman, patriot, philanthropist.

Why then, asked the preacher, should we not also render to God the things that are God's? He gave a short account of the manner in which the decorations of St. Patrick's church had been undertaken and carried out by the advisory committee under the direction of the Rev. Pastor, to all of whom a deep debt of gratitude was owing.

There were in every parish a small number of chronic grumblers who seemed disposed to throw obstacles in the way of every good work undertaken for the glory of God. They even quoted scripture in their zeal for having things remain at a standstill. Was not Christ born in a stable? Why should money be wasted in decorating His church? No doubt these grumblers would if they could replace the grand old church by a stable; but just as likely they would see to it that they themselves would have a comfortable seat therein. The draft might blow on the infant lying in the manger, and the leaking roof might expose his poor crib to be moistened by heaven's rains; but the grumbler would see to it that the roof over his part of the stable would be repaired, and that warm wraps would protect his rheumatic limbs from the surrounding storm. This apparent zeal of the grumbler was explained by the fact that not rendering to God the things that are God's left him just that much more money to spend on Cæsar's own person.

When the grumbler read in the Gospel that our Lord was born in a stable, he forgot to read that the inspired St. John reproached the Jews for allowing Him to be born in a stable. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." He forgot, too, the reproach of the Divine Master Himself: "The birds of the air have their nests, but the Son of Man has not whereon to rest His head." He forgot that while the Saviour humbly bore the neglect of men, He manifested gratitude to all who paid Him any tribute of honor and love. In return for the kindness and devotion of Martha and Mary, He raised their brother Lazarus from the dead. The patron of the chronic grumbler was Judas Iscariot, who reproached Magdalen for wasting a box of precious ointment on the feet of the Redeemer, just as the chronic grumbler now-a-days considers it a great virtue of money to decorate the church wherein rests the sacred body of the Lord. "Why was this ointment not sold for three hundred pence and given

to the poor?" "Let her alone," answered the Divine Master, "she hath done it for My burial. Amen, I say to you, whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she has done shall be told for a memory of her."

Happily, these grumblers are few in number or Cæsar would have a monopoly of all the good things that are going.

God gave us sight, hearing, taste, speech—mind, memory, understanding. We might have been born blind, deaf, dumb, or idiots—and if in gratitude for not having been born thus, we put our hands down into our pockets and draw forth a generous donation for the church, we are only rendering in part what we owe to God for these temporal gifts, without taking into account what we owe for the ten thousand spiritual favors we have received from His hands.

The preacher referred to the fact that there were many who, while rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, did not forget to render to God the things that are God's. He instanced the donation of the fourteen Stations of the Way of the Cross by fourteen different families and the no less pleasing fact that these handsome donations did not deter the donors from contributing very generously to the Tombola which is being held to pay the other expenses of the decorations of the parish church.

Nor did he forget to give due meed of praise to the great majority of the parishioners who so generously seconded the efforts of their clergy to make St. Patrick's a worthy temple of the Most High God. In conclusion the Rev. Father told the story of Zachæus, who received Jesus into his house with joy and of the reward which was given to this humble Publican. "Jesus said to him: This day is salvation come to thy house." In like manner would the generosity of our parishioners be rewarded, since in return for the beautiful home they had made on earth for the hidden God of the Eucharist, they would be welcomed into a home, not made with hands, eternal in heaven.

## AN ABLE ARTICLE.

The Centenary of John Keats, the Poet.

In one of last week's issues of the Star we read the following, with pleasure and profit:

The past week has seen the centenary of the poet Keats, whose brief and unhappy life began on October 29th, 1795. It is seventy-seven years since the appearance of Endymion should have told the watchers of English literature that a new star had come into the sky; and seventy-five years since he was laid to rest beneath the violets and the daisies of the Monte Letaeio cemetery in Rome, in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Gestus. Since that time English poetry has been changed in texture, form and spirit by his example; the youth who died in obscurity and neglect has become the inspiration of a century of song. The seed that he scattered along the stony highway of his life flowered gloriously in Tennyson, riotously in Swinburne; and has now so spread throughout the world that we hear everywhere echoes of the voice stilled so long ago.

Keats' ultimate place among the English poets has not yet been fixed; but it is sure to be a high one. His fame has grown steadily since it was too late to the English race, when it was too late to bring solace to his tortured heart, awake to the knowledge that in Keats it had lost a singer of surpassing charm; and that this widening fame rests on the fact that his poetry has its own message to this generation and appeals with power to its sensibilities. "I think," said Keats, "I shall be among the English poets after my death." He is; he is with Shakespeare, answered Matthew Arnold, who was not given to ill-considered judgments. And it is with Shakespeare that his extreme admirers love to class him. Absolutely there is little to justify the comparison; hypothetically, there is much. Keats' life work is but the segment of a circle; for he died in his twenty-fifth year; had he been given time to round it out to completion it might have approached the all-embracing excellence of Shakespeare. It is as easy to see the promise of a supreme masterpiece in "Hyperion" as to detect in "Venus and Adonis" the first fruits of a harvest of almost inconceivable richness. One Shakespearean quality Keats had; the genius of making phrases of supreme beauty in form and felicity in expression. The strong lines of other poets show marks of chisel and mallet; they are the product of time and thought; they display talent, skill and art. But the great phrases of Shakespeare and Keats bear the mark of supreme genius; they come whole and glowing from the crucibles of their minds. Tennyson from the quarry of the English language built with infinite pains mosaics of bewildering beauty; but he never equalled the "fine careless rapture" of his master.

Keats' great gift is his charm of expression. He sang one theme in many forms—the glory and the loveliness everywhere abounding for those that have the eyes to see. "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things," he wrote in his last days; and this was the keynote of his music. There is little moral fibre in his poems. One need not go to them for the uplifting of the spirit or the strengthening of the soul in times of stress. In Wordsworth we hear the organ tones sounding through the world the duty of noble living and high thinking; Keats is the soul-piercing sweetness of the violin interpreting the physical beauty of the universe. The too abounding sweetness of his verse and the absence of sterner qualities make it

cloys on some tastes; but this defect must in charity be attributed to his youth. He had not yet reached the healthy imagination of the mature mind of which he wrote in the preface to "Endymion." No one who reads the story of his boyhood—how he was the leader of his school, noted for his physical courage and his love for fighting—and is familiar with his manly sensible letters, can believe that he would have continued in the somewhat lackadaisical attitude of his youth. Had the ten more years that he would have given the world manlier strains.

Keats was not the founder of a school with specific qualities and precise limitations. He gave English song an impulse in new directions, but he laid no channel to guide its current; and it took its own way in innumerable streams down the years of the century, varying from the noble tide of Tennyson to the muddy rills of the decadent school. As a recent critic says, "In color and melody, in romantic charm, in luxuriance of fancy, in truth and delicacy of characterization, in wealth and aptness of phrase, our modern poetry is incalculably richer than that of the last century; and for all that, primarily at least, we must and do thank John Keats." This same critic says that the younger poets of the United States owe more to Keats than to his disciples. This is true of our Canadian poets, too; the influence of Keats has been strong upon them. Mr. Lamppan, for example, though an original and true singer, reveals on every page the fountain head of his inspiration.

The mossy marble in Rome tell the passer-by that the grave beneath "contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired those words to be engraved on his tombstone: 'Here lies one whose name was written in water.'" The malicious power of his enemies has long since been broken into dust; and his name is now written on the most enduring of all monuments, the abiding human heart.

Till the future dars  
An echo and a light unto eternity.

## A NICE DEVOTION.

Last Sunday afternoon the visitors of Cote des Neiges Cemetery were agreeably surprised. Four or five busses drove in conveying many people; some had come in carriages, others on foot, and a large number came by the electric cars. Fully one thousand persons were present. These worshippers were the parishioners of St. Ann's, come to make the stations for the dead. First came the Holy Family men with their children; then the Young Men's Society and the ladies of the parish, with all those who joined in the devotion. It was a beautiful sight to see such a number of people visiting the different stations and listening to the two Redemptorist Fathers who conducted the religious exercises, and, with a prayer, many of them dropping a tear on the ground where their beloved rest. The same conveyance brought all back to St. Ann's Church, delighted to have spent well a beautiful afternoon. This nice devotion, practiced for these two years, is intended to be repeated every year.

## VALUABLE FIND OF COAL DEPOSITS.

St. JOHN'S HILL, Nov. 5.—A large coal area has been discovered on the new line of railway, forty miles from the Bay of Islands by rail. It is twelve miles long and six wide. The Geological Survey estimates that one four-foot seam contains eleven million tons, and there are six others yet untraced. The quality of the coal equals the best Welsh coal. Two troughs are as yet unexplored. A carload received here for trial gives great satisfaction. The people are rejoicing, as it enhances immensely the value of the railway and the prospects of the colony.

## THE CAUSES OF MADNESS.

The British Commissioners in Lunacy give some interesting particulars, in their latest report, respecting the classes among whom madness prevails. First on the list come the costermongers, hawkers, and peddlers. Next come those engaged in the textile industries. Medical practitioners and chemists follow; and close in their wake are barristers and solicitors. Laborers and railway men appear to be singularly free from the affliction. That which will astonish most people is, however, the way in which the commissioners in lunacy destroy the popular belief that religious excitement is a prolific cause of madness. According to the commissioners, insanity traced to this source is exceedingly slight.

## A BISHOP'S SECRETARY DEAD.

PENBROKE, November 2.—Rev. John Donovan, secretary to Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, died Wednesday in the Pembroke General Hospital. He was a native of Eganville, to which place his body was removed for interment to-day.

## Ethel (ambitious)—"What would you do if you had a voice like mine?" Maud (spitefully)—"I'd try to put up with it."

## A.—"Is your young Jimson improving in his violin playing?" B.—"I don't know; either he's improving or we are getting used to it."

## MR. PATRICK MURPHY.

Quebec's Life-Saver Honored.

Our readers are already aware of the honors that were proposed for Mr. Patrick Murphy, the brave Champlain street boy, who has proven himself a hero and a life-saver.

Mr. Murphy is only 28 years of age, and a native of Quebec city, having been born in Little Champlain street. He is a ship laborer by trade, but for a number of years has been working for the Quebec Hoisting Association.

The medal was presented in the Halls of the State, with the members' warmest congratulations.

Mr. McGreevy was requested by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa to present Mr. Murphy with the watch, a Waltham, in silver, and cheque, for \$25 from the Government of Canada, in recognition of his noble conduct.

The following is the inscription on the watch: "Presented by the Government of Canada to Mr. Patrick Murphy, in recognition of his humane and gallant exertions in saving life, on different occasions, at the Port of Quebec." The watch also bears the initials of Mr. Murphy's name: "P. M."

Mr. Murphy's record of heroism follows. It is official, and is set forth in the shape as considered and passed upon by Sir Charles Hibbert Topper.

Statement of facts detailing the cases in which Patrick Murphy was instrumental in saving lives during the past few years, and also where he showed great bravery, at night time, and with a strong tide running, diving into the river to try to save others lives.

First—In 1888, a boy named Alexander Rankin fell in off the Queen's wharf, and sank. Murphy dived in and brought him up, saving his life.

Second—In the same year, Mary Jane Quinn fell into the river off the boom at the Government wharf. Murphy jumped in and saved her.

Third—The following year he saved the life of a little boy who was upset from a skiff at Point Lévis. Murphy, who was working on board a ship, saw the accident, jumped into the river, and rescued the boy.

Fourth—In November, 1891, a German passenger girl per SS. Vancouver fell into the river from the gangway; a strong tide was running out, the steamer close to the wharf, and a gale of wind blowing at the time. Murphy jumped from the deck of the steamer into the river, picked the girl up as she was drifting past the propeller, and her life was saved.

Fifth—During the same autumn, he jumped into the Louise basin to try and rescue a seaman named John Fleming, who was upset while sculling his boat, and fell into the water. Before Murphy could reach him he sank and was drowned.

Sixth—In June last, a girl named Mary McAusland fell into the river at night-time from the market wharf; a strong tide was running, and the steamer Rhoda was moored alongside the wharf; the girl was drawn under the steamer, and Murphy, at great risk, dived in and tried to rescue her, but she was carried by the flood under the steamer and he was unable to reach her. He showed great bravery in diving in at this place, and especially as it was dark.

Seventh—Since this he has dived into the river again, to save a boy named Lamontagne, who also fell into the river at the market wharf, but it being night-time and very dark, also a strong tide, the boy was carried by the flood, as it was too dark to see him.

We hereby certify that the particulars given in the above statement are correct and true according to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Dated 25th July, 1894.

I certify to saving the life of a passenger from drowning, November, 1891.

WM. M. MACKINSON,  
JES. G. HEARN.

24th July, 1895.

I certify to having seen Patrick Murphy go in to the rescue of John Fleming, a drowning seaman, the same autumn, 1891.

F. BRANCHAMP.

26 juillet, 1895.

Je certifie que Monsieur Patrick Murphy a sauvé un jeune homme enfant et après trois quarts d'heure de travail il a sauvé son corps.

MR. LAMONTAGNE.

Quebec, June 26, 1895.

This is to certify that Patrick Murphy, at a great risk of his life, dived into the river after a young woman named McAusland, in the night of June 9th last, but her body or the steamer to a steamer went underneath at Point Lévis.

W. H. WATSON.

Deputy Chief of Police.

This is to certify that Patrick Murphy saved my life in the year 1888, at the risk of his life.

ALEXANDER RANKIN.

Quebec, May 30, 1895.

This is to certify that in the year 1890 I saw Mr. Patrick Murphy, at the risk of his own life, jump from aboard a ship on which he was working at the time, to save the life of a little boy who was upset from a skiff at Point Lévis, rescuing successfully.

WM. SHERIDAN.

With his watch, his cheque and his medal, it is needless to say that Mr. Murphy is a proud man, and that he has something to be proud of all about.