

The True Witness

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Special Notice to Subscribers.

All subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For December, 1881. THURSDAY, 21.—Feria. FRIDAY, 22.—Feria. SATURDAY, 23.—Vigil of Christmas. EAST. SUNDAY, 24.—Christmas. First Mass, Epist. Titus II. 11-15; Gosp. Luke II. 1-15. Second Mass, Epist. Titus III. 4-8; Gosp. Luke II. 15-21. Third Mass, Epist. Heb. I. 1-12; Gosp. John I. 1-14. MONDAY, 25.—St. Stephen, First Martyr. TUESDAY, 26.—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist. WEDNESDAY, 27.—Holy Innocents.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We do not like being obliged to call so frequently upon our subscribers to pay up their subscriptions; but we sometimes find it necessary. Hence it is not our fault, but the forgetfulness or the neglect of those of our friends and patrons who do not seem to realize what a number of names the TRUE WITNESS bears on its subscription rolls; what an immense sum they owe us in the aggregate, though small to each individual and what good its possession would enable the proprietors to do in the field of Catholic journalism if it were placed at their disposal at once promptly and cheerfully. To our agents we would offer our heartfelt thanks for their past co-operation and valuable assistance, which to most of them has been a labor of love. We would also suggest to them that now is an excellent time to collect, especially in the rural districts, when the harvests are gathered in and money is plenty. We would also urge upon them to explain that all the new subscribers they obtain who shall pay in advance will receive the TRUE WITNESS from now until the 1st of January, 1882, for one year's subscription, which is giving the remainder of this year's issues gratis. We want another strong pull to add one-third to the circulation of the TRUE WITNESS for the current year. Those of our readers who are in arrears will find on the labels attached to their papers to what date they have paid.

We would remind them also that the TRUE WITNESS gives facilities to which few other journals can afford; that in regard to its news and literature it is second to none on the Continent, and in cheapness stands alone. There is no other Catholic paper in America with half the pretensions of the TRUE WITNESS which sells for \$1.50 a year. In order to still further compete with the trashy and soul-destroying weeklies which compete with the TRUE WITNESS, we give Catholic clubs of five or ten the advantage of the paper for one dollar a year, and all we can say is that the Catholic who cannot pay two cents a week for such a paper is not worthy of the glorious name. It shall be our ambition to see it in every Catholic family in the Dominion.

CHRISTMAS.

This is the last time before the great Christian—we might truthfully say Catholic—festival our readers will receive THE TRUE WITNESS, and hence we shall take the opportunity of wishing them one and all a MERRY CHRISTMAS. Except the weather changes for the better, the real old-time Christmas weather will be absent, a thing which we must all regret. But still, it is not the weather makes Christmas; it is the solemn thought, the grand occasion, the commemoration of a sublime event—the sublimest which either sacred or profane history has any record of, or possibly can have. Christmas is the anniversary of the birth of the world's Redeemer, and as such it should be celebrated, no matter what weather hovers in it.

It is true and we have good authority for believing it is that some of the gentlemen forming the deputations which called upon Sir John A. Macdonald in reference to Irish Societies, it was most objectionable. There was nothing national involved in the Hayven case whatever. The unfortunate man committed a capital offence and was sentenced for it in the severest manner known to the law. We should have been glad to see his sentence commuted, were it only for the sake of his relatives, who are highly respectable people, but we do think it was carrying the thing too far in making a national demonstration out of a deputation which was supposed to be on a mission of mercy pure and simple.

Mr. Gladstone has swallowed his last scruple and seized the United Ireland newspaper. But the resources of civilization are not yet played out. Still one would like to know what next.

A member of the American House of Representatives has prepared a resolution in sympathy with the Irish suspects in English jails, also a resolution condemning the salute to the English flag at Yorktown. There is little doubt the resolutions will be adopted.

If Turkey has really formed an alliance offensive and defensive with Germany she has done a sensible thing. England's protection of Turkey was not satisfactory, and now Turkey places herself under more efficient protection, for that is the meaning of the treaty.

Is the Catholic Shield published in Ottawa lovers of true education all over Canada will recognize a friend and champion. It is a well written journal, and deals with educational matters in a manner that displays the hand of a master. The want of such a journal had long been felt in this country, which has now in the Shield a fearless and eloquent advocate of truth.

It is understood the American Congress will take steps this session towards the formation both of a naval and merchant navy. When American statesmen write such notes as that sent by Blaine to Lowell for presentation to Granville, it is time they had something like a navy. At this present time American admirals are engaged polishing up the handle of the big front door of the White House.

A Company has been formed in London, England, for the purpose of purchasing lands with a view to settlement in the North-West, capital \$2,500,000. The land is to be divided into farms of from one hundred to six hundred and forty acres. Six hundred and forty acres make a large farm, so large that we are inclined to think Mr. Blake was a prophet when he predicted that the North-West would become a second Ireland.

The English War Office authorities are becoming alarmed at the difficulty they experience in filling the ranks of the army. Ireland was at one time their best recruiting ground, and it is not long since fully half the British army was composed of Irishmen. After the famine and emigration years the number of recruits fell off naturally enough, but still Ireland furnished more than its share. Now, however, the case is different—the young men will not enlist under any circumstances. Still, it should not be difficult to raise a few hundred thousand men in England. What is the matter with Englishmen that they will not enlist?

VISCOUNT MONK, an Irish nobleman and one of our ex-Governors-General, is calling for more troops for Ireland, and a good deal more coercion. Yet His Lordship at one period of his life arrived at popularity and something like the leadership of the Irish party. In courting the favor of the Irish members he one time slapped Mr. Vincent Scully familiarly on the shoulders, saying "Well, Scully, how are you this evening?" "Very well, my lord," answered Scully, "but please let me have my full name, or, if you take off the last part, affix it to your own and call yourself Monk—y." His Lordship is more like a hound than a monkey just now.

Is the issue of the TRUE WITNESS immediately after the fire on our premises, we requested the indulgence of our subscribers, anticipating, as we did, that we would for some time be unable to comply with what we may justly term our moral obligations. We have done our best to let our readers have their paper as usual, but without success, as in some instances the paper when it did not reach its destination in time did not arrive at all. For this, however, we cannot be blamed, and sure we are that our friends and subscribers will acquit us of any negligence in the premises, knowing the true state of affairs. We have now, however, at much labor and expense, managed to re-establish the status quo, and consequently our friends will receive their paper as usual.

The Toronto Globe's Irish Commissioner ("Jimmy Briggs") is a clever writer and impartial critic according to his lights, but he makes mistakes. He is staying round Connemara too long. He seems to delight in describing the wretchedness of the peasantry in the wilds of Donegal and Connemara, but the thing has been done so much better by Mr. Redpath that he might have left it alone to advantage. If he goes on this way he will not have time to do the other parts of Ireland except the Globe intends keeping him there a long time. He implies that if the land was given in fee simple to the peasantry it would not pay. When he visits the golden vale of Limerick, the plains of Roscommon and the pasture lands of Meath he will find that wretchedness exists there also, and he will conclude that landlordism has something to do with it. The correspondent falls into the usual error of Englishmen in dealing with the vernacular. He makes a peasant say "indeed" instead of indeed—a mistake which is never made in Ireland. The Irish—even the most illiterate of them—pronounce words spelled with a double 'e' correctly. It is only when they use words with the diphthong 'e' that they make errors. For instance, they say neat instead of neat, but they never say awate for sweet. Mr. Briggs should be more careful.

The Irish farmers have saved Mr. Parnell's crops for him free of cost though they refused to pay rent to those who placed him in jail. There is a story told of a bet between the sun and the wind to test their strength on a traveller. The wind howled and raged fiercely round him in order to drag his cloak off, but the traveller only gathered it round him all the more firmly and the wind gave it up in despair. Then the sun shone out warmly and geniality, and the traveller took off his cloak and threw it over his shoulders. The sun, therefore, won the wager. The British and their garrison in Ireland represent the howling wind; Parnell and the suspects the sun. Government by hatred has failed; let government by love now be tried.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE is the son of the great William, who has succeeded in ruining the poor Irish landlords and frightening the English into large reductions, and Master Herbert is a nice young man who parts his hair in the middle and all that. He is now going round—as the son of a father—telling the unfortunate landlords to be calm, that reports from Ireland are grossly exaggerated, and that the "no rent" manifesto has not struck deep. This is all very well for that amiable young man to say, but then, fortunately for him, he has no estates in Ireland and can afford to be a philosopher under the circumstances. But what about that poor Lord Drogheda, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Earl of Kenmare? Should they also be calm?

The Spaniards are growing restive over the possession of Gibraltar by the British. They think it a national disgrace that a foreign power should hold not only the Balearic isles which lie on the coast, but what is of far more importance, the Rock of Gibraltar, part and parcel of the ancient kingdom itself. Spanish newspapers talk threateningly of fortifying both sides of the straits in such a way as to render useless the possession of Gibraltar if the English don't give it up. Poor deluded Spaniards! The English are not in the habit of giving up rock fortresses and coaling places once they come into their possession. If they once commenced there would be no end, and the sun would cease shining on the British Empire. There is only one way for the Spaniards to obtain possession of Gibraltar, and that way is the ancient one of taking forcible possession of it.

His Grace the Lord Lieutenant, and, as John Mitchell used to term him, head turnkey of Ireland, has thought proper to hint delicately to the police that females come under the provisions of the proclamation declaring the Land League illegal, and as the police—whatever their other little failings may be—can take a hint from the Castle with amazing intelligence and promptness, we shall soon hear of the opening and shutting of the female prison doors. Still it must have seemed like an insult to remind the R. I. C. that females came under the act as all the world has heard of how they understood it, and cheerfully accepted it in their bayoneting and sabring of two Irishwomen at Bellmullet, as also of the verdict of wilful murder returned by a Coroner's jury against those Bashi-Bazooks for the same. Before another week rolls over we shall, in all likelihood, hear of the incarceration of Miss Anna Parnell and other Irish ladies. But, never mind, the mills of the gods are grinding away, and justice will issue ere many prison wrinkles have time to stamp themselves on the brows of young Irishmen or women.

It is now plain enough that the Irish Land Court has broken down. The vast majority of the farmers view it with suspicion, a suspicion justified by the decisions given up to this. It is true that, as was anticipated by Mr. Parnell, in the few flagrant cases of rackrenting which were brought forward in the first instances, decisions favorable to the tenants were given, but as the time wore on it was perceived with dismay that the trail of the serpent was over the Land Court as it has been observed over all English institutions imported into Ireland. The moment a really fair decision was given in an average case the landlord appealed and that settled the business: tenants cannot afford to go into Appeal Courts with the landlord, those who sup soup with the "old gentleman" must have a long spoon, and those who go to law with the landlord in an Irish court must have a long purse which Irish farmers certainly have not. They have, therefore, fallen back upon the manifesto and await the final result with patience.

The Irish landlords are quarrelling among themselves. It is a bad sign for them. It is through quarrelling among themselves the tenants first let in the landlords. If the Irish people had not been divided during the existence of the Kilkenny Confederation the present landlords would not be landlords at all. It is about time they commenced to quarrel one with the other, for when knives fall out, the property, honest men come by their own. One section of the landlords (the more moderate) will meet on the 3rd of January under the chairmanship of the Duke of Abercorn, to criticize land court decisions, while another, under the Earl of Desart, will meet on the 22nd of December to attack the Government. But neither will make the people pay their rents. On the contrary, those meetings will, in all probability, result in a more general strike, if indeed the thing does not become universal before the 3rd of January. A cable despatch which arrived this morning announces the no rent strike is growing more formidable every day. It would seem that there is great method and sound logic in everything done by the Land League although its leaders are in prison.

Every blow struck by the Government is returned with interest. The seizure of the United Ireland has been answered by a condemnation of the Land Courts just as martial law will be answered by a no tax manifesto.

As might be expected, Blaine's note to Granville on the Panama question has created a decided sensation in England. One paper thinks it is too bad that always after England has done something friendly to America the latter should commence to snarl. It probably alludes to the floral wreath, which it imagines should crush America down under a dead weight of gratitude. Another leading journal almost weeps over the want of true diplomatic language in the note. It lacks that beating about the bush which characterized statesmen of the Chesterfield school, and which managed to cover up the points of a document so beautifully that no one could understand what the writer meant until after laborious study. Mr. Blaine calls a spade a spade, and so displeases the small diplomats of London journalism. Mr. Blaine strips diplomacy of its verbiage and pomposity, thereby showing that one need not be a Lord to be a statesman. It is a consolation to Mr. Blaine that he is not, at least, misunderstood. There is no necessity for a second note explanatory of the first. It is plain that the American Republic wants the Clayton-Bulwer treaty set aside, and as America has hitherto obtained all it asked from England we see no reason to suppose it will now be refused. Of course Mr. Blaine's proposition has been received unfavorably at the British Foreign Office, all such propositions are at first, but after awhile the Foreign Office sees things in a clearer light and whispering "I will never consent," it consents. Blaine gauges the British character pretty accurately; he is a clever man is that Senator from Maine, and would be a Canadian to-day were it not for the fine diplomacy of former days which called a spade an agricultural implement and gave the State of Maine over to Uncle Sam. Now if it were Chili or Peru England had to deal with in the way of abrogating treaties the first notice of an answer such as "I will never consent" would be the presence of an English fleet to chastise them for their presumption, but the Republic must be treated with more respect and in fact its demand must and will be complied with or we are greatly mistaken.

If the party papers in Canada think so little of the independence cry they should not give it so much prominence. "Oh," they say, "the whole thing is a cry gotten up by a few politicians for the sake of notoriety, or because of disappointed ambition," and then they write whole columns in rebuttal of arguments advanced against connection. This will never answer. Canadians are not children, and they will persist in discussing questions affecting their interests until they understand them. There is now going the rounds of the partisan papers an array of figures showing that Canada has, since 1831, increased more in population than the New England States. These are the figures:—

POPULATION OF THE NEW ENGLAND STATES. 1830. 1880. Maine..... 399,455 648,436 New Hampshire..... 263,328 346,991 Vermont..... 280,652 332,286 Massachusetts..... 610,498 1,783,085 Connecticut..... 296,675 622,700 Rhode Island..... 97,199 276,528 1,953,717 4,010,026

POPULATION OF OLDER PROVINCES OF CANADA. 1831. 1881. Quebec..... 552,134 1,358,469 Ontario..... 256,702 1,913,460 New Brunswick (1854)..... 119,457 321,129 Nova Scotia (1827)..... 123,636 449,585 P. E. Island (1855)..... 32,292 107,781 1,065,215 4,141,424

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY. Mr. James G. Blaine, ex-United States Secretary, has already lost the popularity among Englishmen his Yorktown salute gave him by his note on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The salute cost nothing but a few charges of powder while the issues involved in the note are of the gravest. The Yorktown salute was sentimental, the Nicaraguan Canal is real. The note of the American Secretary reads like a new departure in diplomacy. It is the plainest note that ever issued from the pen of a diplomat. It is almost brutal in its frankness, a child—especially a Yankee child—can understand it. A Chesterfield or an Earl of Malmesbury would faint at such plain language from a French Secretary of his time, and there is no doubt Lord Granville is shocked, to use the modest expression possible. There is no beating about the bush in Blaine's note, no subtleties of phraseology, there is not even a diplomatic sneer. It is a wonderful document—and as such it will be considered throughout the world. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty which is the

subject of the note, was entered into between England and the United States in view of the Nicaraguan Canal then spoken of. By that treaty the high contracting parties bound themselves that the canal would be perfectly neutral. The enterprise was abandoned, but now comes the genius of DeLesseps, engineering the Panama canal which in a few years will be an accomplished fact. Since 1850 the conditions on which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was based have entirely changed. The United States have grown to be a great power on the Pacific Coast, with great interest at stake, the trade with China and Japan has increased and is ever increasing, and she has outgrown the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It was all very nice to have a canal uniting two oceans neutral thirty years ago; to-day it is different. As Mr. Blaine says—"The intention of the treaty was to place the powers on a plane of perfect equality with respect to the canal, but in practice this would prove utterly delusive, and would, instead, surrender it, if not in form, yet in effect, to the control of Great Britain. The treaty binds the United States not to use military force in any precautionary measure, while it leaves the naval power of Great Britain perfectly free and unrestrained; ready at any moment to seize both ends of the canal and render its military occupation on land a matter entirely within the discretion of Her Majesty's Government. The military power of the United States, as shown by the recent civil war, is without limit, and in conflict on the American continent altogether irresistible."

Mr. Blaine has the Monroe doctrine in view all the time. He thinks the United States should exercise a control over this continent, or that at all events America, both North and South, should be free from European interference. He remembers the little share England had in the Suez Canal, but that her influence is paramount in that quarter to-day all the same, and dreads the same fate for the Panama Canal. Why should not Nicaragua want money as well as Egypt, and why should there not be a statesman in England as enterprising as Beaconsfield and as ready to seize upon the salient points of advantage throughout the world. The arguments of Mr. Blaine are sound and unanswerable, the United States are not now what they were thirty years ago, and now is the time to have it understood. It is quite true that England, through Canada, has interests on the Pacific Slope also, but it is not likely they will be permanent. Let England once obtain a footing on the Panama canal and there she will remain, and it will take a large army and navy to dislodge her. Now is the time to speak and Mr. Blaine has spoken. He wants the treaty annulled, and he wants it understood that the American Republic shall be supreme on this continent. The English press is wrathful on the matter, and no wonder, it is a serious affair, it is America telling England that however she may act in Egypt there is a power on this continent which will define her limits.

THE SPASMS OF LANDLORDISM.

Who can tell what the morrow will bring forth but God? Twenty years ago Ireland calld feebly for a Land Act, and ten years ago for a measure of home rule and they were refused, scornfully refused; to-day Ireland refuses to pay rent, looks for the total abolition of landlordism and is not quite decided as to whether she shall be satisfied with something stronger than home rule or declare for independence altogether. It is a revolution which has taken place since the year of grace 1861. "If the spirit of a nation never dieth" certes it often droops and lingers by the way, and as often moves forward with buoyant faith and energy. The spirit of Ireland drooped from '48 to '79, for although it made spasmodic efforts to assert itself they were ill-directed, ill-timed and disunited. Strange enough it was a famine crushed the '48 spirit and a famine, or rather the advancing shadow of one, which revived the spirit of 1879. The Irish people at home and abroad, which latter had gone with a vengeance, felt that if they bowed their heads to the gaunt spectre twice in one century the world would despise them as they deserved; they consequently struck against rent, principally, perhaps, because they were unable to pay it, and held the harvest, such as they were. Fortune favored them. They had found a leader equal to the occasion, and they found their kindred on this side of the Atlantic ready to assist them—a kindred who were poor themselves in '48; a kindred, who had fled from degradation and poverty "with a vengeance." The Irish race had in the thirty years' interval advanced with rapid strides on the road of education. They knew their rights, and knowledge is power. All these circumstances being favorable the Land League was organized by Michael Davitt, and soon displayed marvellous power and resources—the power of union "the resources of civilization." The landlords became terribly alarmed, they at least, knew the nature of the new organization, and they called loudly, they shrieked for coercion. The Liberal Government hesitated—and the landlords were lost. Coercion came too late; all the King's horses and all the King's men could not set Humpty Dumpty up again, for our friend Humpty had got a great fall indeed. Since the fall the sailor was obliged to carry the old man of the sea on his back until he got him drunk when he knocked out his brains. The old man of the sea which tormented and maddened the Irish people was the Irish landlord, and although his brains are not yet dashed out it is because he has none; if he had he would never have clamored for the arrest of Parnell and his colleagues.

for he would have seen the result—no news! It is undoubtedly, an overriding Providence which orders all for the best. An ancient said "those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad;" undoubtedly the landlords have been driven mad, else they would never have gone to extremities. The situation now is this: Rent paying through one cause or other has ceased in the Kingdom of Ireland; the 40,000 soldiers and the twelve thousand military police in the island stand helpless before the will of a united people, for there is no precedent furnished by "the resources of civilization" whereby a man can be bayoneted for non-payment of rent. It has now become a question of endurance. Whether can the landlords or the tenants hold out the longer? It seems to us the tenants can. Their wants are few and they till the soil. Hunger, the hunger of luxury, presses already on the once all powerful patricians. Subscriptions are being raised for them in England. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen has given two hundred pounds. But what is two hundred pounds, or two hundred thousand pounds to men who have drawn millions annually as tribute from the rack-rented tenants, who solemnly assert they shall be rack-rented no more. And this is not all, for if Mr. Gladstone puts in practice the mysterious resources of civilization referred to, thus advancing his parallels, the tenants can meet him with the terrible cry of no taxes; thus passing at a bound from a social to a political revolution. All this arises from the arrest of Mr. Parnell and his followers, for whose release the landlords should fall on their bended knees and pray rapidly, loudly and fervently. It is their only chance, though in the present temper of the Irish people it is a poor one. And, if there is money in England for the landlords, there is money in America for the tenants. The Irish in America find their countrymen at home are in earnest, and they can have all the assistance they require. They are promised \$250,000 before the first of February, and Montreal's share of this is \$1,000. The Land League here is pledged to it. Let it be borne in mind, however, that it is an encumbrance upon every other Irishman, as an active Land Leaguer, to come forward in this crisis, if not for the sake of Ireland, for the sake of themselves, so that they may not be eternally shamed by the exhibition of the charity hat going round for the lead of their fathers, and so that they might be able to bestow their undivided attention on their own and their adopted country's affairs.

THREE LETTERS.

There is no newspaper but loses subscribers in the year, say every week, or perhaps, every day, according to its circulation. The TRUE WITNESS is no exception. The TRUE WITNESS is now recognized as the leading organ of public opinion in Canada, and we may say with some force, in the border states of the Union as well, its circulation is large and its influence—for good we trust—is great. But it would be too much to expect that it should be able to please all its readers, and in fact it does not. They drop off from time to time, leaving us the only consolation we can appreciate, which is, that like the head of the ancient hydra, which, when one of its heads was chopped off by the sword of Hercules, a hundred others took its place. And so with the TRUE WITNESS, when one of our subscribers leaves us he is replaced by not a hundred, but a dozen others. It would be almost absurd to grumble against the tastes of subscribers as against the decrees of fate. And why should not a subscriber drop his paper if he finds it objectionable? It would be stupid on his part if he did not; still we would like to keep all our friends and "fasten them to our soul with hooks of steel," not altogether for the sake of the profit, for let us inform our readers there is more of sentiment than cynicism in journalism, no matter what the cynic say. We subjoin three specimen letters this week out of hundreds we receive in order to show public opinion even in a small way. The first is from an irate agent who objects to advertisements. To him we would say that the TRUE WITNESS is sold for \$1.50 a year, that our advertisements are comparatively few, and that we furnish more reading matter, excluding advertisements, than any other paper of like stature on this continent. This is the letter we refer to:—

HAMILTON, Dec. 15th, 1881. To the Editor of The True Witness: DEAR SIR,—Gleeson has paid a half-year's subscription due on the 15th instant, and declines having it from thenceforth. I regret to say that the TRUE WITNESS does not give that satisfaction that it used to do in former times. There's too much reading space given to quackery. Who cares to be bored every week with the Spitznagel, St. Jacobs' Oil, Hop Bitters, &c., &c.? I have left samples of the TRUE WITNESS in many persons with whom I had some influence, to place them in the hands of their reading friends. You know the result: in the shortcomings from here. Unless some amendment takes place you're likely to lose several of your Hamilton subscribers. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. B. HAMILTON. P.S.—Got three small advertisements. I expect more this week. The next is from an old subscriber of the paper, and a good one, whom we are really sorry to lose. To the Editor of The True Witness: DEAR SIR,—After having read the TRUE WITNESS, 25 years ago, of since it was started, with the exception of two or three years, it is with a feeling of regret that I now request you to stop it. Five-thirds of the Catholics of Ontario are supporters of a Reform Government, because they believe it to be more liberal and economical than a Conservative Government would be; and they will not readily believe that your present Government in Quebec can be a very honest one; as a leading member of the party, as Social seems to be, openly boasts of having bribed others. In assisting to keep a Con-