

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

An interesting sketch from the standpoint of a well-known Correspondent.

Religious, Educational and Social Auxiliaries—A Tribute to the Pastor, Rev. F. F. O'Donnell.

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS)

In my present journey throughout Canada I have lingered for more than two weeks in Montreal, and during that interval I have busied myself with an inspection of the status and progress of Catholicity in this central seat in the Dominion. Broadly speaking, I find on the best authority that this city contains over 200,000 Catholic souls. Of course, the vast majority of these are of French origin; but true Catholicity has no dividing lines in the nationality of her faithful children. She claims them all irrespective of race, country or color, and justly so, for the true Church of Christ holds the divine mandate to gather the elect of every clime into her saving fold. While it is therefore a duty and a joy to be thankful for the rapid growth of Catholicism in this great city by the St. Lawrence, we, of Irish blood and lineage, naturally take deeper pride in the success of what pertains to the happiness of Irishmen and their descendants who have chosen this city as the place of their abode. And as a people's spiritual and moral worth is rightly gauged by their adherence to the sound precepts taught by the Catholic Church, we may be sure that the Christians who are devoted to their pastors, and flock in crowds to each of the four or five Masses on Sunday mornings, are fairly prosperous in worldly affairs and contented in their virtuous homes. In speaking in separate detail of Irish Catholics here the mind involuntarily turns to St. Patrick's Congregation, because it is the oldest, largest, most typical and influential for good. These merits are its due by reason of the noble work it did before the others had an existence at all; but among the

PRESENT VIGOROUS PARISHES

who are to the front to day growing in spiritual vitality and educational culture and temporal welfare, St. Mary's may be justly taken as an example. It is but a few years since its foundations were laid and is so new that it is not yet completed in all its parts, still it has a membership fit to delight the heart of the most ardent or ambitious priest in Canada. At some of its early Masses which I attended this morning I saw no vacant pews, but rather witnessed crowds of worshippers who had to be content with seatless space in the rear.

The Church is octagonal in shape, which gives it rotundity of form and a cosiness and compactness well adapted to arouse spiritual fervor in the soul, while its impressiveness is apt to give a solemn tinge to the feelings and prayers offered within its sacred precincts. For all that its general aspect is one of cheerfulness, buoyancy and composure. It has three beautiful marble altars, chaste designed windows, a splendid gallery and organ and a choir that takes high rank among the churches. At the Grand Mass at 10 A.M. to-day the voice of the singers fairly thrilled the hearts of the listeners.

In the interior adornments I paid particular attention to the unique design of the pulpit, which is handsomely formed and is overshadowed by the figure of an angel in symbolic readiness to sound the trumpet placed to his lips; then there is, just behind the occupant, as he stands facing his congregation, the Tablets of the Law. Taken conjointly or separately, these significant emblems must prove a strong impetus to a preacher, for the sacred words of guidance he utters to his people will be proclaimed as with trumpet voice, and recorded to his credit in the Book of Life. We had what must prove a practical instance of this even to-day, for by the request of Father O'Donnell an eloquent Jesuit, in the person of Rev. Father Meloche, made a powerful appeal to the assembled parishioners to give liberally of their means towards the support of the poor, whose needs are attended to by the devoted men of the

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

While the touching appeal to charity was being made we noticed the deep concern of a venerable paragon, Mr. Denis Murney, a native of Newry, Ireland, who is connected with the good Society, and who has been a deeply respected man in this district for many years. Although 80 years or over the Celtic fire has not cooled in his soul, nor has the divine spark of true love and charity for God's poor. The financial results of the able sermon were satisfactory, and what human eye can measure the good that will flow from its distribution in the winter months among the deserving one of this large parish.

From the pastoral announcements made this morning I could gather an idea of how many benevolent, religious and instructive organizations are affiliated with the parish, and I could infer how well filled must be the time of the vigorous pastor and of his popular assistant, the Rev. Father Shea, among

THE PROJECTS OF THE FUTURE.

And no doubt now occupying the pastoral mind is the building of two towers or steeples to St. Mary's, that being completed the net result will be a church beautiful outside and inside and an ecclesiastical property in which the present and future generation of Irish Catholics in this parish may well take pride. On my entering the church this morning (Monday) I saw the sable tokens of death and mourning and sorrowful relatives grouping around a bier. At the altar the Holy Sacrifice was being offered to the throne of Mercy for the everlasting peace of the soul of the deceased. After all was over the good pastor told me the coffin held the remains of the late Mr. Meenan, aged only 28 years, and further, that within two weeks three sudden deaths had occurred among his flock. The watchful guardian of his devoted people spoke of the sudden announcements with regretful voices and tender concern, and

seemed to realize the sad uncertainty of life. And yet the tendency of human nature is to disregard the lessons it receives touching this most serious of all human concerns. It has been so in all ages and probably will continue to be so as long as humanity exists.

This parish of St. Mary's has its full complement of the moral and educational equipment that makes for virtue in the lambs and youthful members of the flock. There are the separate schools wherein sound education is imparted to the growing boys, and there is the beneficent convents in which self-sacrificing Nuns and Sisters instill the pure essence of religion and morality in the minds and hearts of the young girls. This kind of early instruction is of vital importance as regards its influence in the years to come, as the tender human buds of to-day will in a few years hence be the men and women who will be throwing their influence into the social scale either for good or evil according to the measure and kind of education they themselves received from their teachers in earlier days.

I could not help noticing a pleasing spectacle I saw yesterday from the pastoral windows. It was nearing nine o'clock a.m., and from the convent walls on the other side of the street I saw issuing line after line of little tots that covered the side walk as far as I could see, interspersed between the infantile ranks at regular intervals was a holy and devoted Sister, each one of whom had charge of a squad. They were making for the Church, as I understand the nine o'clock service is especially for the children. What hardened or Atheistic heart can deny that pupils brought up in this way will turn out good citizens and good models of Christian society. Godless schools and colleges have nothing in the way of pure instruction that can be put in competition with the spiritual seeds of knowledge that the holy Nuns and Sisters impart.

THE PASTOR, REV. FATHER O'DONNELL.

I could develop this subject in its various aspects, but I have to speak some personal words of the Rev. F. F. O'Donnell, the zealous and esteemed parish priest of St. Mary's, because I know that Irish Catholics in all the Dominion will take deeper interest in his personality when they understand that he was the Irish Soggyarth Aaron deputed, in association with Mr. Halley, by the Catholic Celtic people of Montreal, to represent them at the historic Irish convention in Dublin. At the memorable gathering Father O'Donnell and his companion were important figures, because they spoke for the patriotic constituency of Irishmen of Montreal, and that gave prestige and value to every word they uttered. Nor did Rev. Father O'Donnell content himself with the bare attendance at the Convention hall in Dublin, for he was one of the large group who visited the various parts of Ireland, and who accepted Mr. Young's invitation to visit Belfast, where a most enthusiastic and hearty welcome awaited them. He spoke there in his whole-hearted, genial manner, as well as in other places on the tour, and finally penetrated as far north as old Donagall, where he must have felt the breath of a welcome home, for to that grand old country he is irrevocably linked by closest ancestral ties, and well may he be proud of the noble race from which he sprung, as he is a kinsman of the patriotic young Bishop of Raphoe, who shed fresh lustre to his name by the way he presided over the Convention, from his opening speech to the final hour of deliberation. Nor did the famous young prelate fail to extend kindest hospitality to his kinsman, because he was one of those delegates who shared Dr. O'Donnell's favors at Letterkenry. And not long ago he sat at the banquet table of Mr. Hugh Ryan, Toronto, where Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., and the Canadian delegates foregathered to make merry and to recall the incidents and outcome of the now famous by-gone assemblage in Dublin.

Father O'Donnell is still in the very prime of life, robust in health, genial and kindly in disposition and manner, and devoted to the land of his adoption as he is to the spiritual children whom God has placed in his charge.

WM. ELLISON.

JUBILEE SMOKE CONSUMER.

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THE PUPILS OF
ST. ANN'S ACADEMY

Will Have a Gigantic Christmas Tree and An Entertainment.

The Proceeds to be Devoted to the Re-building Fund of the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Monkslands.

Our readers will readily recall the disastrous fire which, a few years ago, reduced to a pile of ashes the beautiful building on the western slope of the mountain and at one time known as Monkslands. For many years it had been the home of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame—their Mother House, and when the news spread that the fire fiend had dispossessed them of their home a wave of sorrow swept into every corner of the land where the Sisters, whose very title is a synonym for goodness, were known, and projects were at once set on foot looking to the restoration of that of which they had been deprived by an enemy—the only one they had—that spares not even the servants of God.

The Catholics of the city and province, and more especially the thousands of young ladies whose sojourn in the educational institutions of the Sisters' had taught them to love and revere their kind teachers, found in the Sisters' misfortune an opportunity to show their appreciation of an Order which, for two hundred years, has known no pleasures apart from the service of God and the education of Catholic youth. The Sisters made no public appeal—the blackened and ruined walls of their once beautiful home were sufficiently eloquent—they prayed to God, and He answered them through the hearts of a grateful people.

There is something in the admonition "Help each other," which appeals to all that is best in the human heart. To help one who has been stricken by fickle fortune is to do that which not only smooths the path of another, but renders unto the soul the tribute which is its due, by acting in accordance with what would be its desires were it freed from the chains which bind it to its house of clay. Then, when the admonition becomes a command, uttered by the voice of conscience, when the sufferers are those whose self-sacrifice knows no limit; whose every hour is devoted to the intellectual and moral betterment of our children, all true men and women respond, gladly and with promptitude, actuated by a common sense of gratitude to the good Sisters to whom they owe so much.

Such sentiments as these, no doubt, have stirred a number of the ex-pupils of St. Ann's Academy to put forth an effort to swell the fund already initiated by friends of the Congregation, and whose object is the rebuilding of the burned home. These young ladies have conceived the idea of a bazaar or "Christmas Tree" the latter in reference to the festive now fast approaching. It will be held in the hall of the Sisters on McCord street, and will begin on the 20th instant, and for three days the legion of friends of the Congregation will have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of the Sisters' work and encouraging the young ladies in their labor of love. An entertainment—a grand finale to the bazaar, will take place in St. Ann's Young Men's hall on Ottawa street, on the 5th of January and judging from the rehearsals, the high degree of proficiency already attained by the young artists, and their whole-souled enthusiasm for the work in hand, it promises to be one of the best and most enjoyable of its kind. The young ladies in question deserve the unstinted support and encouragement of their friends and the public generally, and no doubt they will receive it. Their leisure time—their hours of recreation, are cheerfully given to the arduous work of preparation. Their young and grateful hearts sustain them in their labor; play is, for the time, laid aside—forgotten; every moment is utilized to the best advantage; they go forward unflinchingly to the goal of their hopes, ceaseless and tireless, for gratitude spurs them on and duty points the way. That they will meet with the success they merit there can be no manner of doubt, and at the end, when all is over, they will be enabled to lay the fruits of their labor, a handsome tribute, at the feet of their one-time teachers—their beloved Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

IRISH CHARACTER.

LORD CHARLES BEREFOORD SPEAKS ON THE SUBJECT.

Lord Charles Bereford, on a recent occasion, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Dudley White, the president of the Dublin University Philosophical Society, for an address on Irish character, said that a great many of their neighbors knew nothing at all about them, and consequently misjudged them. When he had a dispute about Irish character and became heated over it, he finally asked, "have you ever been in Ireland at all?" and the answer invariably was, "No," upon which he went away smiling. If an Irishman was good he was as solid a man as you could get; but if he was bad, he was the best bad man you could see (laughter). If they were to be found fault with, let them be found fault with by themselves, and not by other people. The nation, as a whole, was Irish, while those of other nationalities would come to them. They had either assimilated or they had disappeared, but they were Irish still. (Cheers). Whenever they were put under discipline

IRISHMEN WERE THE BEST SOLDIERS

in the world and the best sailors. (Applause). They had won the battles for other nations very, very often. (A voice—What did we win?) He would give an example: they had won the battle of Fontenoy for the French, and

referring to the recent brilliant exploit of the Gordon Highlanders, he said he had asked the War Office for the names of the killed and wounded in the battle that they had fought so valiantly, and he had found among them Patrick Hogan—(applause)—Timothy Ryan, Denis Kelly—(applause)—and Michael Quinn—(applause); while the gallant piper who had both his legs broken, and who to encourage his comrades to fight, had put his back against a boulder, and cheered them on, had the Irish name of Findlater. The man had been recommended the Victoria Cross, and he hoped he would get it. He was an honour to the Irishmen in it. He did not want to take away from the credit of the Scotch regiment. He like to see a Scotch regiment, and an English regiment, but he liked an Irish one better, and he thought those Irishmen were found in the regiment, because they knew it was a good one, and that in it they would have plenty of fighting. However, there was no doubt that they had to manage Irishmen in a different way from any other men. Speaking of an Irish landlord, he said there was no doubt that up to the Act of 1870 it was impossible for any tenant to take an interest in the land at all. However, it happened there was no doubt there was a change for the better amongst the people of Ireland. They were better housed, better fed and better clothed, and he believed the country was turning the corner. He pressed the idea that there should be a Royal residence for Ireland, and said that it was not good for England or for Ireland that her Majesty had only been here for 17 days in 60 years.

Our Reviewer.

The matter of books, magazines and papers being issued with uncut edges is being ventilated in certain portions of the English press, and the best known publishers are being interviewed by the irrepressible reporter, who prides himself in the high sounding title of a press representative. Without going into the various answers so far obtained, it may be said that the bulk of the opinion thus far elicited favors the uncut style of the status quo.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

Coming so immediately before the celebration of the anniversary of the legalized murder of the three patriots, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, has been observed with more than ordinary enthusiasm than for many years before. Cork, Limerick, Belfast, Armagh, Newry, Tralee, in fact in all the cities and towns of the country, the day has been observed more like a beacon fire than anything else, and is in itself a true forerunner of the great demonstration which will commence at the first of the year.

A HARD-WORKING CARDINAL.

Cardinal Vaughan appears to be as great a thinker, writer and worker as the G.O.M. was in his palmist days. One of his Eminence one day at Ebbw, then at Arles, then at home at Westminster, and everyday in attendance at some particular convent, college, asylum or public meeting, delivering important and eloquent sermons, speeches or lectures, pleasing and edifying Protestants as well as Catholics. His last lectures were delivered at Malden, where he entertained and delighted large audiences for three consecutive nights on "The Catholic Church."

A MORMOND FESTIVAL.

This is the term applied by the London Daily Chronicle, an eminently Protestant paper, to the modern celebration of the "Powder-plot" anniversary. There was a time when this was quite a gay and interesting display hardly second to a Lord Mayor's show, a circus parade or a Punch and Judy entertainment, and Catholics used to enjoy its comic and pan-mimic character almost as much as Protestants. In late years it has been rapidly waning until it has now degenerated into a kind of fools cap parade. It is natural that the press of London should repudiate this, and that all respectable people should disown and denounce any attempts to galvanize the old-fashioned custom into life, it is played out and has gone the way of all antiquated customs, and there let it lie. The removal from the Book of Common Prayer 40 years ago, of what was known as the "Thanksgiving Service," in which the exploits of the "Plotting Guy" were piously remembered, was the beginning of the end which may now be said to have come, in so far as the people of England are concerned. The Parliament of England, however, which, though drawn from, and largely created by, the people, does not at all times reflect their views and feelings, has permitted the continuance to the present day of one of the most egregious pieces of tomfoolery known to ancient or modern history. It is probably not generally known that the practice of annually inspecting the cellars of the Westminster Palace is still kept up, and that, too, with all the old-

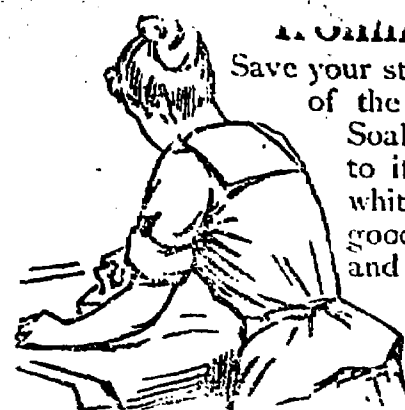
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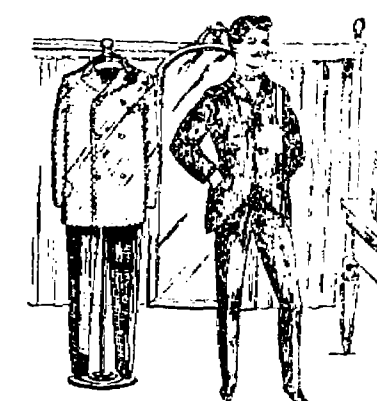
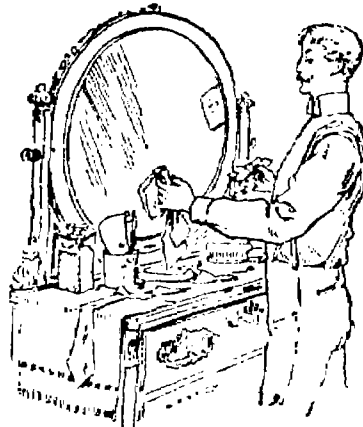
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time pomp and circumstance due to so important a ceremony. The time of the solemn and ridiculous performance, however, has been altered, and instead of on the evening of the 4th of November, the official visit of Inspector Horeley and the Beefeaters now takes place on the morning of the opening day of Parliament. It is high time that this hugely farcious search for Guys and gunpowder was given up, and that the *Faukes* hunters were disbanded lest they share the fate said, "in cellar '77" for the King and all his Ministers."

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

Secondary education seems to be a bone of contention in France and in every way as much fought over as the elementary school system in England, as the following extract from an article that recently appeared in the London Tablet goes to show:—

"There is a school question in France as well as in England. The report on Secondary Education, presented to the Chamber a day or two ago, points to a diminution during the past year of 675 in the number of scholars attending the State schools. Last year a sum of 20,225,566 francs was spent over 85,514 scholars, and yet it is now proposed to increase that sum by 775,250 francs. The Abbé Gayraud

drove home the moral of this to the assembled deputies. There seemed to be amazement at the shrinking attendance at the State-aided schools. The shrinkage would have been still greater were it not for unmistakable hostility of the State towards the religious schools, which were educating 96,000 scholars without a penny from the public purse. This hostility was vehemently disclaimed by the Left. The Abbé retorted smartly by begging that the two sets of schools might change places; Deputies would then soon see what amount of freedom was allowed to the ecclesiastical. He followed up his advantage by blandly proposing that these schools should be allowed their fair share of the education grant. The reply to this, shouted by the Left, was that the Republic would perish within a week. The Left evidently persists in the wrong-headed notion that the Republic is nothing if not anti-religious.

The Christmas Number of the Toronto Globe comes to us as another proof of the enterprise and artistic taste which have so frequently characterized the issues of that journal, whether a special souvenir or Christmas numbers. The residence of the English ambassador to the Italian Court is being fitted up in gorgeous style; the tapestries alone costing \$20,000.