

of Campaign, and other expedients are right or wrong, justifiable or culpable, according to circumstances, in the measure of wrong they are to prevent, or the spirit in which they are used. *Per se*, I know no reason why boycotting, or Plan of Campaign, are necessarily evil. They may vary in their character from wanton oppression to the noblest acts of public devotion. It is easy to conceive cases where boycotting (which we all of us practise in turn) and Plan of Campaign might become the first and most sacred duty of a patriot. But in this, as in every other economic struggle, the blind and spasmodic crimes of the weak and the poor are not to be weighed by the same measures as the systematic and legalized crimes of the strong and the rich.

"In the long struggle of trade unionism against the infamous laws that repressed combinations of workmen, we have had the same outcry about rattening and oppression, outrage and crime. This is at bottom the same struggle for trade unionism again, but it is the trade unionism of an entire nation which you seek to crush by an apparatus of class legislation, for which Europe can show few parallels. Talk to us no more of your superior morality and your wounded feelings. If ever there was a sordid cause it is yours; if ever a struggle was a mere affair of pocket it is this; if ever the wolf railed at the lamb it is when Irish landlordism calls Heaven to witness the tyranny of the Irish peasantry. Ireland is, politically, one of the most peaceful countries in Europe, where for 40 years there has been no show of attack on the forces of Government as such. And yet it is the only country in Western Europe that is permanently governed by martial law.

"If you have chosen to go over to the side of the oppressor, it must be so. If you choose to reverse the labours of a lifetime, you must do so. If you must revile the leader, under whom your whole political life has been passed; now that that leader has taken up the most glorious task of his noble life, in a spirit of moral grandeur and self-sacrifice to which even he never equally reached till now, we cannot hinder you. But you shall not persuade us that we have abandoned the old belief in morality and justice between nations and classes. Whilst you are receiving the compliments and caresses of the rich and the great, whose wealth you are struggling to protect, we will think on the millions of the evicted and the exiled, the roofless cabins, and the deserted farms from which it is your glory to have driven whole families of workers. And whilst you are still resolute to rivet on a noble nation the most prolonged and most cruel system of oppression in the history of Western Europe, we will stand beside your victims and bid them not to despair."

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

At last a plan for the Ice Palace has been settled upon. It promises to be a very noble castle indeed. The latest idea is to introduce a billiard room in which tables, balls and cues shall be of ice—this would certainly be a new feature—but the games played therein would be apt to induce a penalty of rheumatism.

Another proposed novelty is that of a "Representation of the Ruins of Pompeii in Ice." It is really a beautiful design, and if carried out as suggested will make Phillip's Square one of the centres of attraction of the Carnival.

Talking of Phillip's Square, that well known locality is about to undergo a very decided metamorphosis. The goddess of trade, as represented by Messrs. Henry Morgan & Company, has marked it for her own, and upon its northern side there will soon arise the finest dry goods establishment ever seen in Canada. The area contained in this lot is twenty-two thousand square feet, and the price paid for it is one hundred thousand dollars. The transfer of the business of the Messrs. Morgan from the city to "up town" marks an era in the destinies of St. Catherine Street—other like establishments will follow the

example set and the display of "ducks of bonnets" on St. James Street will soon be a thing of the past.

Regarding the old block, it will be missed, it is almost historical, and contained an admirable combination of attractions. You could board in one of the houses, send your daughters to school in another, have your leg amputated in a third, and your teeth "filled without pain" in the fourth. I have heard that it was built with the stone of the old Montreal House of Parliament, but that I rather think is a mistake.

There is a "little rift within the lute" in the matter of unity of thought among the Anglicans of Montreal just now. The Venerable Archdeacon Evans has been guilty of attending a meeting of an alliance formed for and by dissenting ministers, whereat one of his own communion takes umbrage and writes an excited letter to the *Gazette*, in which he complains that "Mr. Evans does not seem to recognize the difference between a duly ordained clergyman and a self-made minister of the gospel." Everything is relative, could the writer of the letter, "A Loyal Churchman" as he signs himself, satisfactorily explain the difference?

There is no knowing what one may meet in the advertising columns. Here is one of Carsley's latest ideas for the recommendation of his goods, which to many cannot fail to bring sad reflections.

"CROCHET TIDIES, HALF PRICE.

"The Crochet Tidies sold as above stated at half-price, are genuine hand-made Irish Tidies, beautiful patterns, made in the mud huts of Ireland."

There rises the vision of the poor young lace-maker, her bright, lovely Irish eyes dimmed with hunger and fatigue, bending over her pillow at work on the fragile "tidy," which has been farmed out to her by some money-making English-manned warehouse, and the ultimate destiny of which is to be sold at half-price and to drape the brass festooned table that supports the family Bible in some suburban cross street, for—"white lace has gone out, you know!"

Talking of Irish lace suggests the Nun of Kenmare, who appears ambitious of becoming a sort of feminine edition of Father McGlynn. She is a strange woman—one who has in her day done much good.

An appeal has been made to the Catholics of this archdiocese asking each one of them to contribute a cent a month for twenty-five months towards the completion of St. Peter's Cathedral. This is a good idea—the sum is so small individually that no one will miss it, and yet the aggregate will be a large amount of money. Montreal certainly needs a Cathedral, and her Catholic population ought to decide to complete St. Peter's.

On the second of December the Rev. Father Isidore Kavanagh was ordained a priest in the Society of Jesus. The ceremony took place in the Church of the Scholasticate—the Immaculate Conception—on Rachel Street.

On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh were at Home to their friends in their residence on Ontario Street, on which occasion the guests had the privilege of kissing the hands and receiving the blessing of the newly anointed priest of God.

The second of December was also a day of rejoicing in the parish of St. Louis Du Mile End, it being the feast of the respected *curé*, the Rev. F. X. Birtz. The reverend gentleman was the recipient of many floral offerings and compliments from his devoted flock. It will be remembered that this worthy priest was recently personified by a shameless swindler who, taking himself to the districts of the upper Ottawa, assumed a soutane and attempted to perform the functions of a priest, never forgetting to tuck up a collection. He was fortunately discovered and identified as an east end barber.