

Our Curbstone Observer On Irish Representation.

Your readers may have noticed that I have been absent for some time. I owe no apology for my peregrinations; yet, I think it only proper to say that I have been off electioneering. For which party I have been working has nothing to do with the case. The "True Witness" is so absolutely independent that I would not dare scribble a line for its columns that might indicate one side or the other. But, as I have had ample occasion for considerable observation, during the past couple of weeks, I will take the liberty of telling the readers a few of the remarks that I chanced to hear. As the subject of Irish Catholic representation is uppermost in my mind, and as it is the one most likely to interest the friends of the "True Witness," I will take the liberty of making a few "observations" upon that theme. I may say, at the start, that I read with pleasure your articles in the last and second last issues of your paper, and I am perfectly in accord with what you have stated concerning the lost opportunities that our people have to note in this province.

A few days after the death of the late Premier Marchand, I happened to be taking supper in a Quebec restaurant. At the same table with me were two gentlemen—one an Irish Catholic, the other a French-Canadian. As they were both strangers to me, I did not take any part in their conversation; but I could not help hearing all they had to say, and I was not sorry to note down, mentally, their observations. The French-Canadian, very naturally, was all full of the subject of the Premiership. All that seemed to affect him was the choice of a successor to the late Premier. He gave his opinion very freely regarding the merits and demerits, respectively, of Messrs. Farn, Archambault, and Robidoux. At that time no person had any certain idea as to which of these three, if any of them, would be the choice of the Lieutenant-Governor. The Irishman did not seem to be much troubled about the Premiership; apparently the selection was a matter of indifference to him. But he was very anxious regarding the chances of an Irish Catholic for a Cabinet portfolio. He ran over the list of all the probable, or possible candidates for promotion or preferment—and the list was a very short one. I will just transcribe his words, as nearly as I can recall them, and, without any comment of

my own, I will leave them for the contemplation of your readers. He said, amongst other things: "You will admit that we are a large factor in the population of this province, and that our status has always, from Confederation down to four years ago, been recognized by every Government. In every administration—be it Conservative or Liberal—we have had direct Cabinet representation. It may be argued that we have a member in the present Government; but that member holds no portfolio, consequently has no department, no patronage, no power, no influence, not even as much as an ordinary member."

"How so?" asked the French-Canadian. "Because," continued the Irishman, "as a common member he would be free, he could vote against or with the Government just as he would deem fit; but as a member of the Government he is bound to support it, he is obliged to vote with it, he cannot differ from it; and yet he has no department to govern and no patronage at his disposal. In fact, he is of less use than an ordinary member. He can ask what he likes, but cannot kick if he is refused."

"What then?" asked the laconic Frenchman. "Then," said the other, "I hope that when the new Premier is chosen, the Irish element will find itself voiced in the Cabinet by at least a Provincial Secretary. If such is to be the case, I will support the Government; if not, I will oppose it. We have the name without any of the benefits of representation. It is time that we cease to be a shuttlecock for political leaders. If we are not worthy of representation in the Cabinet, the sooner we know it the better; if our representative is not deemed worthy, or if he is unwilling, for any reason, it is only pure justice to our people that some one acceptable in the one case, or desirous of pushing our interests in the other, be selected. If, again, our influence is gone, we will accept the situation and look for new pastures, where our rights as citizens will be respected. If our representative has an opportunity of creating a favorable precedent for us, and if he neglects insisting on the same, he is in my opinion not doing his duty."

I need not repeat any more of that conversation. The above is enough to indicate the general sentiment that prevails in all quarters of Canada in regard to Irish representation.

A NEW MONUMENT IN OUR CEMETERY.

On Sunday, the 21st October, fifteen thousand pious citizens flocked to the silent abode of the dead beyond the mountain. One thousand members of the Third Order of St. Francis joined the vast concourse of the faithful, and the scene was one calculated to awaken the liveliest emotions of deep piety and fervid enthusiasm. While it was the occasion of the annual pilgrimage of the Franciscans to the "City of the Dead," it was also a day that will ever remain memorable in the fact that the blessing of a new statue took place in presence of these thousands. It is a splendid and monumental statue of St. Francis. It stands upon a granite pedestal that in turn reposes upon the lot belonging to Mr. John O'Neill, ex-collector of Canal dues, and long since the leading member of the Third Order of St. Francis in Montreal. Near the central roadway in Section D, where repose the remains of Mr. O'Neill's father and son, this beautiful monument lifts its artistic proportions amidst the solemn surroundings.

The November number of the "Revue du Tiers-Ordre," published by the Franciscan Fathers of Montreal, is just to hand; and, in connection with this new and remarkable monument, we translate from its pages, an article signed by Father Ange-Marie, O.F.M. How well the name in religion of the writer accords with the theme! It is angelic; it is such an expression as must delight the heart of Mary. Our poor English can never convey the full beauty of the touching phrases; but we can do our best to render it as faithfully as possible. It runs thus—

"The scathed leaves bestrew the ground. The weakening sun of autumn lacks the warmth that imparts vigor and life to them, while the first, chilly and damp winds lightly snatch them out of existence. They fall in showers. Now, as the passer-by tramples upon them, scarcely is their plaintive protest heard; the soil grows sad at the sound of their rustling. Yesterday their majestic beauty called forth our admiration; lifted to the very clouds by giant and powerful arms, fanned by the breath of every passing breeze, under their shade we reclined, drawing in the freshness of the atmosphere around them, listening to their harmonious murmurs. To-day they are trampled upon, and

foot. What an image of life and of death! The orb of our years sinks swiftly towards the horizon of existence; the spring time of our life merely sees the budding, at one moment we are exalted, perhaps even to the skies, we bask in the noontide splendor, we feel a sap, a strength, a youthful freshness. . . . we feel that we live. But a breath passes, and we are no more! and, like the yellow leaf, we fall back to the earth whence, like that leaf, we sprang.

"For a few days our memory will survive, recorded on a wooden cross, on a stone, on a monument. Our name, age, and station may probably be carved or painted upon that last evidence of our career here below; a prayer will be asked for thereon; the living will scarcely do more than read the three initial letters of that request: R. I. P. However, at certain times parents, relatives, friends may come to kneel upon that funeral sod, and recall the life departed; but with the passing of that generation our last resting place will remain neglected; the sole prayer that will ascend for us will come from the cross or pious monument—the sentinels over a soil made sacred by the occupation of a Christian who awaits, in peace and rest, the hour when the judgment trumpet shall signal the dead to a new existence.

"Yes, during long years our funeral monument shall constitute our only prayer, our only safeguard. Even so it is that after centuries have elapsed, we still meet with, in the ancient catacombs, where are buried the children of Christ, pious emblems of their faith and their hope. Here is the dove, winging its flight to God; yonder is the beacon that directs the way to eternal life; elsewhere it is a palm of victory, the Cross of the Redemption; the initials of Our Lord, the beginning and end of all created beings. Add the sons of the present generation kiss with love these antique sepulchral stones which tell us that there reposes a Christian, a brother, one who has preceded us, and who awaits the coming of the Lord.

"The Church, ever the same, still calls upon her children to mark their burial place with some sign of hope and of faith in the final resurrection. The Cemetery of Montreal, already so rich in pious monuments, has, within a few days back, been laid a Franciscan monument, arise, assist the others. Upon a base,

whereon the Irish shamrock and the Canadian maple are intertwined, appears a statue of our Seraphic Father Saint Francis, in a meditative, ecstatic attitude, the two hands crossed upon his breast and the eyes gazing heavenward. Francis prays and weeps at the same time; granite tears dot his faded cheeks, while his lips seem to ever pronounce one of those fervent and effective prayers which constituted him on earth the guardian of a divine power. He weeps and he prays. His tears are a compound of sorrow and consolation; and he prays, that prayer which is at once a relief and a reward.

"When, on his mission of divine mercy, the Angel of Death comes to summon to his reward the one who caused that monument to be erected, the Franciscan Fathers of Montreal will have lost more than an ardent and fervent member of the Third Order, more than a faithful and devoted friend; they will have lost a benefactor and a father. But, in the assurance of the happy lot that shall await him on high, their friends and their children on earth will have the consolation of confiding his ashes to the protection of their Seraphic Father Saint Francis. Often—for the Seraphic Order is even more perpetual than the granite—often, will they come to visit and to pray, near their two united Fathers, the one reposing beneath the sacred sod, the other raising to heaven his granite forehead and keeping guard, like a vigilant sentinel, over the sleep of his servant and his child."

LOCAL NOTES.

BRANCH NO. 232, C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Canada, held the first series of progressive euchre parties and socials inaugurated for the season of 1900 and 1901, in Drummond Hall, on Friday evening last, and it was an unqualified success. The members of the C.M.B.A., with their families, to the number of 200, enjoyed themselves by participating in the progressive euchre, after which refreshments were served and then the devotees of the light fantastic took possession of the floor, and kept things merrily going during the remainder of the evening. President T. R. Cowan on opening the entertainment, made a felicitous speech, returning the thanks of the officers and members of Branch 232 to their large concourse of friends and the opening social, and he assured them all of a very pleasant evening, and called the attention to the fact that this was the first of a series of four entertainments to be given under the auspices of the Branch. After the rules had been read which governed the euchre playing, the occupants at 46 tables started in to win one of the handsome prizes, which were kept on view on the stage. It is needless to say the playing was very spirited at all the tables. Fourteen games in all were played, and the fortunate winners of the six prizes were as follows:—

Miss M. McCroly, 1st, lady's prize, large jardiniere and pedestal.
Miss M. Hamilton, 2nd, lady's prize, jewel box.
Mrs. E. Rowan, 3rd, lady's prize, parlor lamp.
Mr. J. J. Legalle, 1st, gent's prize, large figure (Turk) in Terra Cotta.
Mr. A. Andriau, 2nd, gent's prize, set carvers.
Mr. M. Doyle, 3rd, gent's prize, loving cup.

The prizes were both handsome and useful, and the much sought and their previous reputation of giving the most prizes ever competed for in progressive euchre socials. Bro. W. J. Shea was the caterer for the occasion, and he fully earned the praises allotted him. Everything was served up in the most excellent manner, which considering the large number he had to look after reflects great credit on him and ranks him as one of our foremost caterers of the city.

The entertainment from beginning to end went smoothly, along, and the Committee of Management deserve a word of praise, for they were unceasing in their efforts to make all enjoy themselves, and from the general verdict rendered by those present, it was conceded that Branch No. 232 was "all right," and knew how to entertain their patrons.

The following gentlemen, members of the C.M.B.A., were called upon to make the presentation of the prizes to the successful winners, and they performed their pleasant task with neat speeches to their talents—Chancellor P. Doyle, Branch 50; Bro. F. Sears, Branch 26; President T. R. Cowan, Chancellor T. A. Lynch, Bro. J. H. Neilson, Bro. G. A. Carpenter, Branch 232.

Branch No. 232 will hold their next social, the second of the series, in Drummond Hall, 79-81 Drummond street, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, 1900, and as the tickets are limited for these entertainments, the friends of the Branch should obtain some without delay.

Y. I. L. and B. A.—The Irish Hallows' of this progressive and patriotic association was well attended. The programme, which was a lengthy and interesting one, brought out the wealth of talent of the organization, and its countless friends. Mr. M. A. Phelan, the president, occupied the chair, and in a neat speech, dwelt upon the great advantages which the association offered to young Irish Canadians to enter its ranks. The vocal and instrumental portion of the programme was then carried out in a manner that evoked frequent applause while the dramatic section at the close of the evening won all hearts.

FATHER McALLEN IN TOWN.

During the past week Rev. J. A. McAllen, R.S., spent a short time in Montreal. If we can judge by appearances, we would say that the labors of the missionary work agree with the Reverend Father. It was with great pleasure that we noticed how well and vigorously he appeared, and we trust he may long continue so.

DEATH OF MISS O'BYRNE.

Deep and widespread regret was experienced by the announcement of the demise of Miss Maggie O'Byrne, second eldest daughter of Mr. Edward O'Byrne, of Point St. Charles. For some months deceased had been failing in health, but her many friends entertained hopes of her perfect restoration to health, until it became evident that consumption had claimed her as a victim. Then, notwithstanding the attendance of careful and skilled physicians, and the devoted attention of her kind mother and family, she gradually sank, and on Thursday morning she peacefully passed to her reward, fortified by the rites of Holy Church, which were administered by the Rev. Father O'Meara, who, during her brief illness, was visiting in his attentions. An additional tinge of sadness is added to her death by the fact that her brother, Bernard, met with an accident that cost him the loss of a foot, and her sister, Mrs. J. Ellis, is at home dangerously ill.

Miss O'Byrne was a graduate of St. John the Evangelist Convent, and after completing a thorough course of music, with the best professors, was appointed to the organist position of organist of St. Gabriel's Church, which position she held for upwards of twelve years, to her credit, and the satisfaction of the Rev. Pastor and the congregation.

Deceased was a most popular young lady, and universally admired for her many excellent traits of character. Being a finished musician, she was a familiar figure at all local entertainments, and her splendid piano accompaniments and solos were at all times valuable additions to the attractions.

Her funeral took place on Saturday, the 27th Oct., from her home on Bourgeois street, to St. Gabriel's Church, and the esteem in which the young lady was held, could be judged from the long procession of friends that followed the remains. The coffin was met at the door of the church by Rev. Father McDonald, who recited the "De Profundis," the responses being given by Mr. J. S. Sheehan, director and friend of the deceased. The High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's; the Rev. Fathers Casey and Shea assisting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. In the sanctuary was noticed the familiar face of Rev. Father Salmon, of Buffalo, a life-long friend of the family, and the Rev. Fathers O'Bryan, S.J., McGarry and Meenan, of St. Laurent College; Heffernan, of St. Anthony's, and Dupras, of St. Charles. After Mass the funeral procession was formed and wended its way to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where the prayers and "Benedictus" were recited by the Rev. Father McDonald, and all that was mortal of one of the most estimable and honorable young ladies was consigned to its kindred dust.—R.I.P.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

It had been stated, some time ago, by a section of the Irish press, and Hon. Edward Blake was considered to be a stranger in North Longford, and that his return again to Parliament for that constituency was quite problematical. What gave rise to such an opinion is more than we can say; but results have proven it to have been baseless. Blake has been again returned, and this time without any opposition. No better evidence of his eminent and appreciated efforts in the Irish cause, could be had. The Union of the Irish representatives is an omen of great promise for the future of the Home Rule cause.

A CENTURY OF LABOR.

The oldest convent academies of the Sacred Heart in the eastern states are those of Manhattanville, New York, and Eden Hall, Torrensburg, Philadelphia. Both were opened to pupils in 1847. Three years ago Manhattanville celebrated its golden jubilee in a manner worthy of the extent and fame of that celebrated institution, says the Catholic "Standard and Times" of Philadelphia. The faculty of the sister establishment, the Pennsylvania boarding school, decided for that reason to defer their own marking of the golden year until 1900, and to make one demonstration cover alike the fiftieth anniversary of their convent and the 100th of their order.

The great teaching organization commonly known as "The Ladies of the Sacred Heart," was founded in France in November, 1800, under the consulate of the great Napoleon. As religion was not yet re-established in France, the monastic aspect of the work was somewhat veiled, the garb being simply that of the period, in black material, a plain gown and cap; a white cap such as widows wore was added later. Not venturing to use publicly the term "sister," the nuns simply kept their family names, with the prefix of "madame," which still remains a usage in their order. The founders, Madame Sophia Barat, a woman of great force of character, rare intelligence, wide learning and eminent sanctity of life, was herself of the middle class only; yet from the beginning the French nobility were eager to place their daughters in the new academies, and among the ladies who hastened to enroll themselves as her companions were illustrious members of the families of Grammont, de Limminghe, de Caussans, de Maistre, Galitzen, de Montalbert, de Marode, etc. The cause for the canonization of Mme. Barat as a saint is now in the hands of Rome, and her renown, spread the world over, is based chiefly on her extraordinary personal humility, childlike simplicity and boundless charity.

Mme. Philippine Duchesne, whose mother was the aunt of Casmir Perier, the celebrated statesman of the first revolution, brought a colony of the Sacred Heart nuns to America in 1828, and established the first convents in Louisiana and Missouri. In 1841 a Russian member of the order,

in the world known as Princess Elizabeth Galitzen, came to the North-east to establish a colony of the Sacred Heart, of which Mme. Aloysia Hardey was superior. Their earliest schools were in the city of New York, then at Astoria, which school was removed to Manhattanville in 1847. In 1841 Mme. Galitzen founded and governed a convent at McSherrystown, Pa., removed in 1847 to Eden Hall, where Mrs. Elizabeth Tucker, a distinguished English lady of singularly noble character and cultured mind, became the first superior and stamped the Eden Hall school with that seal of refinement and distinction which has never been effaced.

TROOPS FOR CHINA.

The situation in China is hourly becoming more clouded. The Gordon Highlanders and the Devonshires have been ordered to sail from Natal for China. The flame of revolution is still spreading over the vast expanse of the Celestial Empire. Detestation of "foreigners" seems to be the mainspring of all the trouble caused by Boxers and their friends. In the end the whole of China may be drawn into the vortex of strife. If so the result is not easy to calculate. Discipline and military science go a long way in backing any cause; but we all know the terrors of a religious war. The Turk, the Mahometan, the East Indian have all given proof, at different times, of the wonderful achievements resulting from blind fanaticism and mad fatalism. Before the spears of ten thousand lunatics a British square is not always impregnable. The cry of the Chinese rebels is "Allah, Allah!" of the Saracens "There may be yet heavy work for the allied armies in China."

LORD LANSDOWNE'S APPOINTMENT.

If we were astonished to learn that Lord Lansdowne had been given the important office of Foreign Affairs in the Imperial Government, we were not surprised to find that the whole British press—of both parties—appears deeply exercised over the event. We were aware that Lord Lansdowne was not a favorite, by any means, in Ireland—whence he comes.

BAD CATHOLICS.

It is unreasonable and unjust to judge the holy Catholic Church by the bad lives of many unfaithful members. Catholics are bad in as far as they do not live as Catholics. The Catholic Church is a good tree and as such can only bring forth good fruit; but as you can find bad fruit on the best tree, so you will also find bad fruit on the good tree of the Catholic Church. But, as bad fruit on a good and healthy tree does not owe its being bad to the good tree, but to some bad influence from without, so the bad conduct of so many Catholics is due, not to the church, but to some bad influence outside the spirit of the church. He who lives up fully to the teaching and direction of the Catholic Church will infallibly become a saint. All saints whose sanctity God has made known

by miracles were children of the Catholic Church without a single exception, and saints are nothing else but the fruit of the good tree of the Catholic Church.

SOUTH AFRICA AFFAIRS.

While Canada is busy welcoming home the brave lads that went out to do battle on the fields of South Africa, it is astonishing to read of the activity still displayed by the Boers and their one or two leaders. Oom Paul is on the way to Europe; but Dewet is still eluding the vigilance of the British, and Botha is capturing guns and setting traps for the military. What on earth is the meaning of it all? Does it signify that the Transvaal is still unconquered, or that the guerrilla warfare is to be kept up? Decidedly the Boers are a wonderful people. If the Chinese had the one-tenth of their union, tenacity, bravery, and patriotism, the allied powers would have no picnic around Tien Tsin and Peking.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, will preach the sermon at the St. James Cathedral to-morrow at High Mass.

READ BEST BOOKS.

Time actually wasted by young men, if systematically set apart for mastering the best authors on the subjects that make up the staples of human knowledge, would in one generation revolutionize society as to acquired and applied knowledge.

When our names are blotted out, and our place known to us no more, the energy of each social service will remain; and so too, let us not forget, will each social disservice remain, like the mending stream of one of Nature's fountains.

Little lies are seeds of great ones. Little cruelties are germs of great ones. Little treacheries are, like small holes in rainment, the beginnings of large ones.

Those who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect might as reasonably deny the sun because it is not always noon.

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VIENNA SAUSAGES and BOLOGNAS, FRESH FRANKFURTERS,
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APPLES—"Fameuse" and "Gravensteins."
Mixed baskets of the finest Fameuse and Nova Scotia Gravensteins, 55c basket.
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THE FINEST QUALITY TABLE RAISINS in boxes, quarter boxes (single layers) and loose by the pound.
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