

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

The purity of the home circle, the almost sacred respect that is due to womanhood, the natural instinct of chastity for which the Irish people have always been celebrated, even among their enemies and calumniators was recalled to mind a few days ago, in an unexpected way by Recorder Goff, of New York.

The incident in question showed one of two things; either that a lawyer may consider himself justified in being unscrupulous in the interest of his client, or that the fact of having Irishmen on a jury would simply mean that the offender against the peace of the home had simply justice to expect and not mercy. The defendant had an able lawyer, the District Attorney was also an able man; one of the jurors examined as to his qualifications was called Patrick McGuire. His answers to the questions put showed him to be a man of above the average intelligence and, by the way, he had honorably served in the United States navy. He was accepted immediately by the Aisric Attorney, which necessitated the lawyer for the defence challenging preemptory, and the latter could not refrain from sneeringly remarking, that the District Attorney wanted the man as a juror because of his name. This is just where Recorder Goff rebuked the insinuating impertinence so often noticeable in the lower class of alleged advocates, whose stock in trade very much resembles the blustering vapors of Sergeant Buzfuzz and other inflated legal lights in their methods of procedure. He said that "in the trial of a man charged with such an offence no higher tribute could be paid to the juror, than his rejection because he comes of a race noted above all things else for safeguarding the purity of the home."

Well done, Recorder Goff.

There is not a Canadian who is not proud of Mr. Blake; there is not a real Irishman that does not love him. Now the attitude he has taken in the National question stamps him as a man of even greater ability, greater self-sacrifice, greater patriotism, than when he left the leadership of the Liberal Party to take a comparatively unimportant seat in the British Parliament. Here in Canada, during the heat of political discussion, many men have said and written many things about Edward Blake, that they knew in their souls were only justifiable by political exigencies. Nobody ever dreamt of imputing his ability, his parliamentary experience, or his spotless integrity.

Nobody ever reached the stage of familiarity with him sufficient to extract a joke, or even find out that of his many sides there was a humorous one. The reason why, was that everybody looked at Blake as afar off, admired him for the stubbornness of his fighting qualities, and respected him for the respect he himself held for everything he deemed that was right. It is scarcely to be wondered at that at first Mr. Blake's work in Westminster was looked at askance. His method of work was not aggressive like that of Dillon or Healy; it carried not with it the quick repartee of T. P. O'Connor; it lacked the magnetism of Parnell; it had not the stirring eloquence of the Sullivans, but it had the calm, deliberative parliamentary ability that strikes, not as a flash of lightning, but which grows upon one and makes its power felt when experience instead of impulse is the teacher.

Mr. Blake in his late speech in Glasgow showed what careful consideration he had given to the study of immediate Irish politics. He urged the masculine, logical eloquence of which he is capable, the desirability of fighting out on strictly Nationalist grounds the County Council and District elections. With the Unionists Mr. Blake had no sympathy. He knew there was a fight coming, that it must be fought bitterly to the end, and the temporary sympathy got from the Unionists, through any give and take measure would not make for the advantage of Home Rule for Ireland. He admires no half measures; he cares little as to what the ulterior objects of English politicians may be, he wants no lopping here or pruning there; he wants a complete measure, and to accomplish this wished for aid, he prays for unity among all Irish parties.

The circular sent out by the committee, appointed some time ago to raise a fund for the widow and children of the late Harold Frederic the journalist, contains this description of the family's condition. It is a striking commentary of the many ups and downs in the lives of those who adopt journalism as a means of a livelihood—

"The death of Mr. Harold Frederic the distinguished novelist whose early and tragic end cut short a career of considerable fulfilment and even

greater promise, has left his widow and four children entirely without resources, and has thus rendered necessary this appeal to his friends and the public on their behalf. Of the four children, two are boys, aged respectively 10 and 12, for whose education it is desired to make provision; and two are girls, aged 17 and 20, for whom it is hoped some occupation may shortly be found. Meanwhile, the need of the widow is urgent. By the terms of Mr. Frederic's will the English royalties and copyrights of his works are left to his widow, but this possible source of revenue is so heavily mortgaged that it must be some considerable time before any income, however small, can be looked for from this direction."

Three of the highest salaried preachers in this city, says the Western Watchman, of St. Louis, Mo., have sent in their resignations; one is a Presbyterian, another is a Unitarian and the third an Episcopalian. The day of big salaries in the Protestant churches has gone forever. Cheap newspapers are followed by cheap preachers. Another proof that the world has grown tired of Protestantism. The "Ram's Horn" says that ten pulpits, before which the wealth and culture of Chicago kneel (?) are now vacant.

Can human imagination ever possibly lower itself to appreciate the fact that a certain number of people usually designating themselves as civilized Christians should for a moment give thought to such a thing as the celebration of a Cromwellian tercentenary. More than this, there are said to be still in England some people unregenerate enough to wax enthusiastic over the proposal.

Think of Cromwell's record in Ireland; think of the famous blast that followed in his wake; think of the wrecked altars and ruined homes; think of the murders and treachery; then think of the blood of Irish soldiers which has been shed even in the ranks of British regiments, and then perhaps one will be able to in some measure comprehend the sublime audacity that permits a section of men to join in the glorification of such a man.

The Universe, London, Eng., in referring to the proposal says:—

Englishmen at one time believed in Cromwell, and followed him. It was in the hour of his success, and after he had—we may use the phrase—cut his royal master's throat. When Oliver was dead, and the monarchy restored, the English people gathered up the regicide's ashes and scattered them to the winds. The pendulum gives another lurch, and, lo! Englishmen exhibit their consistency in sticking up in the Central Hall of Parliament an ugly effigy of the monster who butchered women and children in Ireland. Whatever else we may think of the Legitimist Club, they are well within the bounds of reason in protesting against the indecent proposal to publicly celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of the "arch-traitor and regicide, Oliver Cromwell, the murderer whose hands were stained with the blood of thousands of loyal Englishmen."

The Vienna correspondent of the Chicago Record, in a cable despatch says:—

Martinus Sieveking, the Dutch composer who was arrested at Ischl, the fashionable Austrian summer resort, a few months ago, for failing to remove his hat in the presence of a priest, bearing the Host to a dying man, is now undergoing his sentence of three days' imprisonment at Moedling, a suburb of Vienna. The sentence was confirmed by the supreme court, and the emperor refused to pardon the composer.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers writes to the New York Freeman's Journal as follows:—

In Dr. Barry's account of "Father Hecker," published in your last issue, he speaks of "M. Maiguen, a Subprieur," as the author of the libelous attack on Father Hecker and the American hierarchy. Not so. The Subprieur is all worthy Christian gentleman. The culprit is "Rev. Charles Maiguen, a priest of the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul." Please also note that the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul are not the Lazarists.

## DOWN BY THE SEA.

The late Canon Madden, who died at Arichat on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, was the eldest son of Dr. Andrew Madden, of Droimore, Co., Down, Ireland, and Anne Jackman, a native of Halifax. Dr. Madden came to this country in 1817, and for about 40 years practised his profession in Arichat. Canon Madden was born at Arichat in September, 1824. He studied at St. Mary's College, Halifax,

and at Arras, France, where he completed his studies for the priesthood. He was ordained in March, 1847, by Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Walsh of Halifax. After his ordination he was a professor for some time in St. Mary's College. Then he was appointed to the parish of Church Point, Digby Co., now the seat of St. Ann's College, so successfully conducted by the Eudist Fathers. Ill health then compelled him to seek a change of climate and he went to the United States, where he remained for about four years, first in the capacity of assistant priest at the pro-Cathedral, N.J., then as pastor of Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson. Returning to Nova Scotia, he was appointed chaplain to the forces in Bermuda, where he remained for about three years. He was also for a time parish priest of Minudie, Cumberland Co. Subsequently he had charge of the parish of Chetzetcook 14 years. He was then appointed Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, and in the year 1888 succeeded the Rev. Fr. Danaher as pastor of St. Joseph's Church Halifax. In April, 1893, owing to declining health, he gave up his charge at St. Joseph's and came to live with his sisters in Arichat, where he spent the few remaining years of his life.—Casket, Antigonish, N. S.

Senator Michael Adams, one of the most prominent Irishmen in the East died at Newcastle, N. B., on the 3rd inst., after a lingering illness. He was well-known in Montreal and highly esteemed.

Michael Adams was of Irish descent and was born in Newcastle on August 13th, 1815. He was educated at Douglastown. He was first married in 1869 to Catherine L. Patterson and secondly to Miss Nealis in 1882. He was called to the Bar of New Brunswick in 1868, and was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1891. He was Surveyor-General of New Brunswick, and also a member of the Executive Council from July, 1878, until February, 1882. He held a seat in the Legislative Assembly from 1870 to 1871 and also from 1878 to 1887, when he resigned to run for the House of Commons, but was defeated. He was elected to the House, however, in 1891, for Northumberland, defeating Hon. Peter Mitchell, and continued to sit until January, 1896, when he was called to the Senate.

## LORD STRATHCONA TO FATHER QUINLIVAN.

Rev. Father Quinlivan having addressed a letter to Lord Strathcona, thanking him for his generous contribution of \$5,000 towards the building fund of the Catholic High School has received the following characteristic reply from Canada's grand old philanthropist:—

Received and Dear Father,—Allow me to thank you very sincerely for the kind expression conveyed in your letter in reference to the contribution I was glad to be able to make for the purpose of your proposed High School through my friend the Hon. Mr. Justice Curran.

It was a pleasure to me to aid in securing for your people the advantages of a High School education, conducted in the manner most acceptable to yourselves, and I trust your efforts in this respect may be entirely successful.

All your good wishes I warmly appreciate and reciprocate.

Believe me to be, Rev. and Dear Father Quinlivan,

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) LORD STRATHCONA.  
Rev. J. Quinlivan, S.S.,  
St. Patrick's Presbytery,  
Montreal.

## C. M. B. A. ELECT OFFICERS.

Branch No. 2.  
The officers of Branch No. 2, Grand Council of Quebec C.M.B.A., were installed by Supreme Deputy P. Flannery, assisted by Grand Deputy Jas. Meek and Chancellor Maxwell, on Tuesday evening as follows: President, M. Shea; first vice-president, J. Fitzpatrick; second vice-president, Wm. Howlart; recording secretary, H. E. Flannery; financial secretary, H. E. Howlart; treasurer, M. J. Ryan; marshal, J. Bean; guard, P. Donnelly; trustees, L. McDonald, Robert Doran, John Killoran, M. C. Clark and M. J. Ryan; spiritual adviser, Rev. Father Strubbe. This branch is in a flourishing condition.

Branch No. 10.  
The following officers of Branch No. 10, Grand Council of Quebec, C.M.B.A., were installed last evening by Grand Deputy James Meek, assisted by Chancellor Walsh; president, Thos. F. Mace; first vice-president, P. Morning; second vice-president, R. Bishop; recording secretary, J. McIvor; treasurer, C. J. Flanagan; assisting recording secretary, J. E. Holland; financial secretary, A. Duggan; marshal, J. Corbett; guard, J. Dwyer; trustees, J. Morgan, M. Barry, M. Lynch, M. J. Walsh and J. Holland; representatives to advisory board, A. Duggan, Thos. F. Mace and P. Morning; spiritual adviser, Rev. Father John E. Donnelly.

There is appearance of an approaching flood down at the harbor. The wateratnoon on Thursday was within two feet five inches of the street level. There was a tremendous shove during Wednesday night.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Justice James Fitzgerald, the newly-elected member of the Supreme Court Bench, of New York, entered upon his duties on Tuesday.

There are few jurists better known than Justice Fitzgerald, says the N. Y. "World." Until yesterday he was a judge of the Court of General Sessions. Since election day Justice Fitzgerald has had many honors heaped upon him by his friends and admirers. Receptions have been given him by organizations, by the Judges of the Court of General Sessions and by the attaches of the District-Attorney's office.

James Fitzgerald was born at Limerick, Ireland, forty-seven years ago. When he was in his fourth year his parents came to this country, bringing with them their large family, and settled in the east side of the city. Young Fitzgerald received his early education in the public schools of this city, and while a mere youth expressed his determination to make his way in the world. He attended the De La Salle Institute for more advanced studies connected with that institution, and at the early age of sixteen was fully embarked in mercantile business.

So great was his aptitude for business and so high did he stand in the estimation of his employers that ere he had yet attained his majority he was installed in the important position of credit clerk in one of the best known clothing establishments in the United States. His active business life did not, however, prevent him from improving his mind, and for years he was an attentive student of the Cooper Union, where he received a valuable supplementary education.

With that ambition which has characterized his whole life, he determined to identify himself with politics, as the more likely method of securing recognition and advancement. The opportunity presented itself in the old Sixteenth Assembly District, and while still a very young man he made his bow in the political world as the member of the Assembly from that district. In the Legislature he made his mark speedily, and participated in all the important debates of the session. He was subsequently honored by being elected to the State Senate, and in that body he served with distinction and honor. He was a member of many important committees, and his championship of measures connected with the public schools, the National Guard and labor earned for him the gratitude of thousands of his fellow-citizens.

He was one of the best parliamentarians in the Senate, and as a speaker had few equals among his associates. He scored many brilliant victories for his party, and added greatly to his own personal popularity. His retirement from the Senate was regretted almost as much by his Republican opponents as by his Democratic associates.

At the close of his legislative career ex-Senator Fitzgerald while a clerk in the County Clerk's office, utilized his leisure time by studying law. After being graduated from Columbia College Law School he began the practice of law. His retirement from public life was, however, of short duration. In the fall of 1888, Peter B. Cheney, who had just been appointed District-Attorney by Governor Cleveland to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John McKeon, asked ex-Senator Fitzgerald to accept the position of Deputy Assistant District-Attorney. Although conscious of his lack of experience in criminal matters, Mr. Fitzgerald was urged by his friends to accept.

He rapidly took place in the front rank among criminal pleaders and astonished the veteran prosecutors of the District-Attorney's office by the ease with which he adapted himself to his new surroundings.

The next year saw him made a full Assistant District-Attorney, a position which he filled with ability under District-Attorneys Martine and Fellows. He prosecuted in innumerable cases, many of them of great importance and continued to win legal triumphs.

In 1890 Judge Fitzgerald was elected a judge of the Court of General Sessions, running on the anti-Tammany (fall ticket). Last fall, when he had yet five years to serve as a judge of the Court, he became a candidate for Supreme Court Justice, and was elected, running ahead of his ticket.

Justice Smyth, who administered the oath of office to Judge Fitzgerald, as Assistant District-Attorney, and as a judge of the Court of General Sessions, also administered to him the oath as Justice of the Supreme Court.

## A BANK MANAGER'S STORY.

"There isn't a great deal of romance in my business," remarked a prominent Chicago banker, "but now and then something turns up out of the ordinary, and makes us wonder at the peculiarities of those who have dealings with us. I recall an instance just now which is as yet not explained, and will never be, I fancy, as the chief actor in it was killed some time ago in a railway accident. I never knew the man personally, but he was a depositor in our bank, whose account was a personal one to the extent of \$10,000. He carried that much as a rule, and the few checks that he made against it never indicated what his business was. He was about 50 years of age, and very rarely came to the bank. Naturally I never gave him a thought, for \$10,000 is not a large deposit in Chicago, and beyond his deposit I had no interest in him.

"It happened, therefore, that when one day I received a personal letter from our depositor I was a bit surprised, and was not more so when I had read it. I do not recall the exact wording, but it was to the effect that within a day or two a young woman would present a check drawn by him for \$5,000, and that as she was unknown, he wished me to see that she received the money without trouble, and that she would bring with her her means of identification in the person of a little girl, who would answer correctly the questions I must ask her, as directed in his letter, with the answers as he gave them. These questions were simple enough, being only the child's full name, her age to the month, where born, the full name of her mother and her father, and of a little brother who was dead. Five thousand dollars was a good deal of money to let go on that kind of evidence, but that was all I had, and the depositor was in California, so that I could not see him personally.

"The next day the paying teller came to me with his eyes bulging, saying that about as hard a looking case of beggar

woman as he had ever seen was at his window with a check drawn to the order of Mrs. Blank by Mr. —, and that as he did not know the woman and the woman did not know how she was to get the money, he had come to ask me about it. I sent for her to come into my private office, which she did, bringing a little girl with her, who was no less a picture of abject poverty than the mother was. All she could say was that she had received the check by mail from a man whose name was not familiar to her, with instructions to present it at the bank and the money would be paid to her if she would take her little girl with her. I asked the child the questions I had been requested to ask and she answered correctly each one, and I ordered the check to be cashed. The woman did not seem to be greatly overcome by her good fortune, and as I could tell her nothing of the man who had given the money to her, she didn't seem to have any further use for me and went back to the paying teller's window. She asked for the money in \$20 bills and, wrapping it up in an old newspaper, went out of the bank without a word to anybody.

"She was no longer at the address she gave when I sent a messenger there to make inquiries, and her benefactor I never saw again, for he met his death on his way east from California. I fancy he would not have told me the story of his life, but I shall always wonder if the name we carried on our books was the one he had carried in his youth."

## A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A STORY TOLD BY A WELL-KNOWN SALVATION ARMY CAPTAIN.

HIS BODY RACKED FROM HEAD TO FOOT WITH RHEUMATIC AND NEURALGIC PAINS—WOULD PREFER DEATH TO UNDERGOING SUCH SUFFERING AGAIN.

From the Post, Lindsay, Ont.

It is the lot of but a limited number of people to enjoy the confidence of such an exceedingly large circle of friends and comrades as does Capt. John A. Brokenshire, who was recently interviewed by a Post reporter at the home of his parents at Rosedale, a pretty hamlet situated at the head of Balsam river in Victoria county, where the elder Mr. Brokenshire, who has reached the three-score years and ten, has held the position of bookmaster for the past twenty-two years. Capt. Brokenshire, the subject of this article, is 31 years of age, is well-known and highly respected throughout many of the leading cities and towns of Ontario, where, during his seven years' service in Salvation Army work he has come in contact with a large number of people. He has been stationed at Toronto, Montreal, Peterboro, Ottawa, Morrisburg and minor places, and at one time was a member of a S. A. string band. The following is Capt. Brokenshire's own statement:—"I had been slightly troubled with rheumatic pains for several years, and had to give up the Army work on different occasions on account of my trouble. When stationed at Morrisburg, four years ago, I became completely unfitted for work, as I suffered terribly with pains in the back of my neck, down my shoulders and arms and through my body. In fact I had pains of a stinging muscular nature from the back of my head to my my toes. I could not bend my head forward if I got the whole of Canada to do so, and when in bed the only slight rest I got was with a large pillow under my shoulder, thus letting my head hang backwards. I could not get up, but had to roll or twist myself out of bed, as my spine seemed to be affected. My medical adviser pronounced my trouble to be neuralgia and rheumatism combined, which he said had gone through my whole system. He prescribed for me but the medicine gave me no relief. I tried various other remedies but they were of no avail. Believing my case to be hopeless I determined to start for my home in Rosedale, but the jarring of the train caused such terrible agony I was compelled to abandon the trip at Peterboro, where I was laid up for three weeks, when I finally made a herculean effort and reached home. As my mother says, 'I looked like an old man of ninety years of age when she saw me struggling with the aid of two heavy canes to walk from the carriage to the house.' At home I received every possible attention and all the treatments that kind friends suggested, but I was constantly going from bad to worse. In January, 1896, after many months of untold agony, I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, having read so much in the newspapers of the great benefits received by others from their use. To make sure of getting the genuine article I sent direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., at Brockville, for the pills. After taking two boxes I noticed a slight improvement in my condition which gave me some encouragement and I kept on until I had taken 12 boxes, although before I got through with the sixth I could go to bed and enjoy a good night's rest such as I had not done for years. I never at any time enjoyed better health than I am doing at present. Since my recovery I have induced several friends to take Pink Pills for various troubles and in each case they have effected cures.

The above statement is a voluntary and correct statement of the facts of my case and I trust that many others may be reading this, receive the blessing that I have. If necessary I would make an affidavit to the above facts at any time.

Do not look on trials of life only with the eyes of the world. Reflect how poor and minute a segment, in the vast circle of eternity, existence is at the best. Its sorrow and its shame are but moments. Always in my brightest and youngest hours I have wrapped my heart in the contemplation of an august futurity.

It is semi-officially announced at St. Petersburg, that the Minister of Finance considers it impossible to entertain the proposals of American bankers to place a Russian loan in the United States.

## JOHN MURPHY & CO.

## GREAT CLEARING SALE!

JANUARY is the great Clearing Month of the year, and our intention is, if genuine Bargains will do it, to make the present January a record month in this respect. The discounts offering in the various departments on lines to clear, will range

From 10 and 25 to 50 percent.

and in some instances to

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Prudent Shoppers will keep their eye on our advertising columns for January. We are busily engaged preparing "Surprises" in every section.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

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TERMS: Cash. TELEPHONE 932

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL,  
No. 2684.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Annie Rebecca Barker, of Chambly Canton, in the District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action as to separation of property against her husband, James Gibson, Book-keeper, of the same place, and his Curator ad hoc William J. Pearson, of the City and District of Montreal, Merchant.

Montreal, 30th December, 1898.

SICOTTE & BARNARD,

25-5  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

JAMES A.

## OGILVY & SONS

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Now in Full Swings

Shoppers who visited our establishment on the inauguration day of this great event were surprised at the liberal reductions we have made, from

10 to 50 Percent.

and in many cases we have made greater reductions to effect speedy clearances. And in addition to the above liberal reductions, we offer

10 Percent Off for Cash.

The reductions are great, the quality of the goods the best. Come and inspect the wonderful values now being offered.

## MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

MAD'S WASH CAPS—Old Lines in Maids' Wash Caps, from 12 1/2 to each; your choice 2 each.

DOROTHY CAPS that were 10c each, now 4 for 25c, 12c each, now 3 for 25c. 15c each, now 2 for 25c.

MOT CAPS that were 7c each, now 4 for 25c.

WASH CAPS that were 9c each, now 3 for 25c.

All the above subject to our 10 percent discount for cash.

SILKS—Fancy Bayadere Stripes, reduced from 75c to 60c.

Less 10 Percent for Cash.

GENTS' INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS—Gent's White Silk Hemstitched Initial Handkerchiefs, 50c line for 35c, 45c line for 25c. Initials in stock—O. P. O. Y. B. T. W. G. D. K. L. M. N. H. S. X.; less 10 percent for cash.

CARPETS—10 percent Discount on all Carpets for cash.

CURTAINS—All Chenille Curtains and Table Covers, 20 percent Discount, with an additional 10 percent for cash.

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The Largest Exclusive Dry Goods Store

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CORNER ST. CATHERINE

And MOUNTAIN STREETS.

The illness of the body usually brings out a latent power and philosophy of the soul, which health never knows; and God has mercifully ordained it, as the customary lot of nature, that in proportion as we decline into the grave, the sloping path is made smooth and easy to our feet; and every day, as the films of clay are removed from our eyes, Death loses the false aspect of the spectre, and we fall at last into its arms as a wearied child upon the bosom of its mother.

We may talk of the fidelity of books, but no man ever wrote even his own biography without being compelled to omit at least nine-tenths of the most important materials. What are these—what six volumes? We live six volumes in a day! Thought, emotion, joy, sorrow, hope, fear—how prolific they would be if they might each tell their hourly tale!