

**Note and Comment**

Of late we notice in certain newspapers articles in defence of politicians, all ringing the changes in their praise and lauding their honesty. The word politician in its present significance bears with it a slightly contemptuous application. It is not because it is disgraceful to devote one's life's work to politics, but that so many people devote themselves to politics as a livelihood. How to hold a situation, particularly if it pays, a man will make many sacrifices, and these sacrifices do not emanate from his patriotism, but from his selfishness. Therefore it "goes without saying" that in making these sacrifices he will not too closely consult his own conscience. When the public press of the country find it necessary to state that their lawyers are honest and patriotic it is just as well to watch them. It does not fare well for a country when those in power have to get certificates of honesty.

Professor Lambros, an expert in criminology, has been talking in the pages of the North American Review, on the subject of the increase of homicide in the United States. The article is a very interesting one, but, alas, the deductions of the author are not quite correct. The Professor starts out by blaming the immigrant element and the negro for this peculiar branch of crime, and writes not for these people the statistics would show that the pro rata crime in the United States would be dazzlingly white as compared with the record of European countries. The statement might be received with credence by those who do not follow the trend of public events, but to those that do, Lambros's remarks almost furnish subject for amusement.

In a point of fact, far from the immigrant being a law-breaker, he is by far the most law-abiding unit in the States. The crimes of the year—take 1897 as an example—have all been committed by native born Americans, or, at least, if not all, a decided majority. And one of the worst features in connection with the matter is that the criminals, to a great extent, have had first class profane education, and right here lies the secret. The lack of religious training forces these unfortunates to think that crime is only crime when one is found out. The education given in the public schools of the States makes the mind a mental abortion without any influence to lead it into the paths of right.

The Boston Post, in a sensible article, asks "is it not about time when monopoly such as the American Bell Telephone Company should be compelled to share their exorbitant profits with the people," and the question is equally applicable to Canada as it is to the great Republic.

Since 1884, when the American Bell Company got fairly under way as a money making monopoly, the extra dividends have amounted to 65 per cent. In addition to this the regular dividends have been 12 per cent. a year, paid quarterly. In at least one year, 1893, no less than 15 per cent. was divided, 12 per cent. regular and 6 per cent. extra. Last year the aggregate sum paid the stockholders was \$3,361,232.

All this vast sum of money comes from the public that uses telephones. This year the people contributed 15 per cent. on the Bell company's capital of \$23,650,000. Is it not about time that the public should look for an "extra dividend" on their own account?

One of the greatest problems before the Catholic people of Canada is how to keep the Catholic youth at home. In the States the question is an equally serious one, and there the trouble, it may be said, is still more pronounced than it is with us. However, the conditions of the evil are much the same. After the boy has passed a certain age he is given a certain amount of liberty, and this liberty in many instances deteriorates into license. Not that the parents would willingly permit this over liberty, if they knew it, but that they err through over-confidence. It must not be inferred from this that we depreciate a father or a mother having confidence in their son or their daughter. No, that is one of the most glorious attributes of the Catholic family, but, at the same time, there is discretion in all things, and while not seeking to control, parents ought to keep a watchful eye on the cut and inroads of those who have been committed to their charge. It is not perhaps the desire for change of scene which makes the boy seek other sources of enjoyment, but rather

**THE LACK OF THEM AT HOME.**

But we are speaking to the people, and with us, we hope, a knowledge of the people. It is easy for the wealthy to have methods of amusement at home, from which the less wealthy, we will not say less fortunate, are debarred. The former can have miniature gymnasiums, social parties, pleasant drives, to bind the home influence in their hearts. The poor have not this. They have nothing to offer their offspring but love, and when this love is properly directed the wealth of India cannot compete with it in its power; and how to direct this love. They say that love moves the world and never was there a truer saying. The first lesson according to our judgment is to convince the mind of the children that they are loved and loved not for a moment, for an hour or for a day, but for all time. When a child recognizes the fact that he or she has in the father or the mother life long and true friends, then the future of the child is assured. Everything lies in the home training, but the parents are not always to blame if the home training is unsuccessful. Exceptions do not make the rule, but we hold that, rich or no rich, be the poverty as keen and grinding as the North wind, the child who is properly loved will not disgrace the parents. The holy feeling will establish a com-

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mann band of discipline which will create a spirit of affection which will always bind the household together. The problem of keeping the Catholic youth at home can always be solved in the home.

The court at Brampton is engaged in the consideration of a novel issue which has been raised in connection with a trial of five men for perjury. The counsel for Coleman, one of the five prisoners, occasioned much surprise by questioning the validity of the oath administered to his client when he was a witness at the trial in connection with which the perjury is charged. In the cross-examination of Mr. Mackey, a witness for the crown, the fact was brought out that the said Mackey was not only Crown Attorney, but also Clerk of the Peace, in which capacity the duty of administering the oath falls to him by statute, and at the time in question he delegated these powers to the Registrar of the High Court, by whom Coleman was sworn, Mr. Mackey being present in Court at the time in his capacity as Crown Attorney. The oath then taken being the only one administered at the trial in question, Mr. Johnston holds it was not a valid oath and that no evidence given under it can be treated as binding or of any avail in law—and that Mr. Mackey had no authority to delegate his power. He was an officer of the court, bound by statute, and not a servant. If the power were delegated at all it must be done by the Crown. He submitted, therefore, that the oath had not been administered at all, as it had not been administered by one who had legal power to do so. He urged that an oath properly administered was the foundation of the charge of perjury, and that the present charge fell to the ground in consequence.

Mr. O'Leary contended that there was no statute which made it the duty of the clerk to administer the oath. It had been the practice for the clerk to swear witnesses, but not his duty. The oath had been taken in the presence of the court and at the court's instance, and the presence of the judge made it valid, no matter by whom it was administered by.

Judge McGibbon said that the objection might prove a very serious one; in fact might be fatal to the case. He would allow the case to go on, however, until adjournment, when he would look into the point. He said it would suit a great many cases if it should be sustained, but of course that was not to be considered in so far as this charge was concerned.

Late English papers convey the refreshing intelligence that Lord Rosebery had been entertained by the "Gimdrack" Club of Canterbury, and that Lord Charles Bessford was the guest of the evening at the "Vagabond" Club of London—he had dined a few nights previously at the "Rag." Cis-Atlantic clubdom would rebel at the idea of so styling their "crack" institutions of this country.

Mr. McKinley's advocacy of the gold interest is to be practically and substantially recognized by the people of the States in the shape of a solid gold statue of himself for the Paris Exhibition, as will be seen by the following clipping from a New York paper:

Mr. F. D. Higby, who made Miss Ada Behan's statue in solid silver in the character of Justice, as the exhibit of the State of Montana for the Chicago Exhibition, has gone to Washington to obtain McKinley's consent to a life-size portrait statue of the President being executed in solid gold for the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Miss Behan's statue cost seventy thousand dollars; Mr. McKinley's is expected to cost a million dollars including the cost of the pedestal. Miss Behan (formerly of Limerick) is a Catholic.

"John Oliver Hobbes," under which pen name Mrs. Craigie writes, is a Catholic, and her recently-published novel, "School of Saints" has been taken severely to task by some critics for its alleged propagandism of Catholicity. Mrs. Craigie is a daughter-in-law of J. W. Craigie, Esq., of this city.

**ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL**

The Patronal Feast of His Lordship Honored.

Monday of last week was a gala day at the Gloucester street convent, Ottawa. It was the eve of the Feast of St. Thomas, the patronal festival of His Grace the Archbishop, and as usual on each recurring anniversary, the pupils of the Congregation de Notre Dame accorded him a grand reception. Precisely at five o'clock in the afternoon, His Grace, attended by Mgr. Routhier, Very Rev. Canon Campeau, the reverend chaplain of the Convent, Rev. Father Labelle, of Aylmer; Rev. Father Gendreau and some twenty other priests, entered and took his seat on a raised dais at the north end, surrounded by the friends and relatives of the pupils, amongst whom were Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Costigan, Judge and Mrs. St. Julien, Dr. and Mrs. MacCabe, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Langevin, Mr. and Mrs. McGirr, the U. S. Consul General and Mrs. Turner, J. P. Foran, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Bingham, ex Mayor Robinson and Mrs. Rochon, W. J. Lynch, and many others. The entrance of His Grace was signalized by a rondo militaire, played on pianos, harps, mandolins and violins, all present standing.

Immediately on its conclusion, Little Florence Mills of New York stepped forward, and in neat little words, nicely delivered, opined that it was only fitting

only solemn words which emanated from the little ones, and receive his first smile. A welcome chorus, sung by all the pupils, followed, and was succeeded by Miss Stella Egan, who welcomed and thanked their kind friends who were present to assist them in doing honor to their beloved Archbishop. A complimentary vocal duet by Misses Clarke, of New York, and Larue, followed, and towards its conclusion they called upon a number of little ones—Kathleen Hennessy, of Kingston; Eva St. Julien, of Aylmer; Clara Labelle, of New York; Jeanne Tetreau, of New York; Lilly Warnock, Florence Mills, Marie Antoinette Valade, Yvonne Rochon, of Hull, Alice Omet, Lea Brodeur, of Boston, and Marie Frevost, to come forward, when they each presented a flower to His Grace, while singing appropriate words. In French Miss Rose Alba Lemaie, spoke a few words, explanatory of the various flowers which had just been presented. A charming recitation was then given by Miss Britten, of New York. An orchestral piece of music, "Cantata" in French, followed, when Miss Rosie W. I., of New York, delivered an address in French in faultless style. A cantata in French came next, in which the voices of Misses Rheame, Syneck, of Gracefield, and Chevrier were heard to great effect. A highly complimentary composition was then spoken by Misses Clarke, Houde, Bingham, McMillan of Alexandria, and Lynch.

The choir then sang, "Long Live Our Prelate, So Dear!" which brought the programme to a close. His Grace then addressed the pupils, saying that the beautiful sentiments which they had so beautifully expressed showed that the education they were receiving was a near perfection as education could be. He counselled them to entertain a lasting remembrance in a ter life of the sentiments which had been instilled into their minds by their teachers.

Among the young lady pupils who took part in the instrumental portion of the evening's proceedings were: Pianos, Misses Rubillard, Lufambros, McGirr, Leclerc, St. George, Fiset, Labelle and Neville; violins, Misses O'Brien and Marin; harps, Misses Clancy, Egan and Bingham; mandolins, Misses McGilton, Major O'Brien, Jackson and Bingham. The entertainment lasted about an hour and a half, and at its conclusion all present congratulated the Sisters on its excellence.

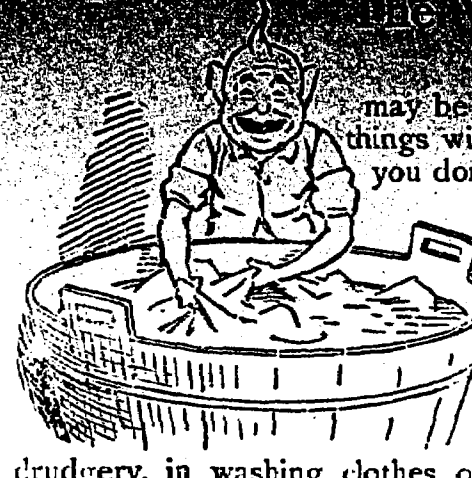
**OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.**

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

PHILADELPHIA, December 27, 1897.—Well, Christmas has come and gone again! And I know many number of dear women who are steadily resolved at this moment to begin their Christmas preparations this next year about the end of Lent, at the latest. They will do it, and thus never again be so hurried and wearied and so late and so forgetful of the many they wish they had remembered in their bestowal of Christmas gifts. But—alas, for all sensible and time-saving resolutions!—no one ever gets into the true spirit of Christmas—the spirit of giving joy to others and of spreading good cheer where it seldom passes—"on the other side," until the season is near at hand. The hurry and the flurry and the worry will go on year by year. Perhaps it is just as well. There are some fortunate ones of earth who find no other bitter flavor in their "goodies" than this same bewildering haste to reach the end.

And, now, we face the New Year. There is a certain pleasant excitement about that, too. One likes to begin over again, and we have the authority of no less very a man than Father Faber that this very beginning over again is a good sign spiritually. If spiritually, then in matters of less real importance the rounding up and starting out anew are what we all want. A broken resolution can, at least, shake our faith in our selves, something that would be of great advantage to the most of us. And, sure it is! that every year may be the best year of all. Therefore, let us hail the coming of 1898 and push on, to whatever it holds for us.

As I predicted, our weekly newspapers, for the time being, gave them lives up to real beauty even in their usefulness. The display of beautiful pictures was indeed gratifying to the taste of those who have long mourned over the rude and inartistic specimens of what they term "Catholic art." Beauty is certainly now to the fore, and delicacy and dignity and expression. But there will always be something left to remind us that these representations of Holy things and holy souls do not depend on their artistic worth for the impression they make and the good they work out. Then, too, the tastes of the multitude vary as the shades of the evening sky, in which there are never two tints of the same hue nor two evenings of the same beauty. Even the cultured and instructed look on the same painting or statue with differing vision. There has been a large painting of the Crucifixion standing for several weeks in the parlor of the residence at the church of the Geau near by, which attracts all who see it but does not equally please in the same way. To me it is devotional in the extreme, because there is so much left to the imagination; and the subjects that are dealt with are those which must have been visible on that awful day of the first Good Friday. Others think it "too realistic." In either case, it is fine. It is the work of a Polish artist, Pichowski, and was exhibited at the Columbia Exposition, where all of you, I am sure, did not see it as I wish you had. It is sad, it is grand, it is appealing, and it is natural and beautiful. The three crosses stand on a hill of barren stones, except for one beautiful and delicately blossoming cactus plant, which grows in all its wild irregularity in the foreground. The three figures are finely contrasted indeed, but the head of our Lord is bowed so that the face is in shadow, enough to veil it without blinding it entirely. The Mother of Sorrows stands close to the foot of the cross, a little



that's Easy  
you don't mind more or less harm to the clothes. But if you do mind it, and want to be sure that you're not running any risk then get Pearlina. Pearlina has been proved, over and over again, to be absolutely harmless. It saves more drudgery, in washing clothes or cleaning house, than any other thing that's safe to use. You can't afford to use anything that's doubtful.  
**Send it Back**

to the rear, St. John kneels with his face bent over the pierced feet in the most touching attitude of grief possible to conceive, and St. Mary Magdalen is seated with her face veiled in her long hair. In the foreground, there are two figures that tell the story of that day as it was to those who knew not its meaning—a woman and a child. She is a woman of pity and a strange awe, the child is also of the people. Its face cannot be seen, but the little back, the little sandalled feet, the little turbaned head each and all express wonder, fear, a child's distress, yet a child's curiosity. It is a wonderful painting indeed, and it makes one so sad, so sad, yet so thankful. Therefore, I say it is devotional. The picture was recently presented to the Geau—or, rather, to St. Joseph's College, which is connected with the Geau.

The Messenger for January—which is the "Christmas Number"—is very full of interest. It contains two Irish articles which are evidently written from intelligent Irish brains, and (with all that is written and signed with Irish names) there is much that lacks the delicate and vigorous touch we have come to expect from an Irish scholar. Mrs. Halvey, whom we are proud of in Philadelphia, gives a tender and touching Christmas story in "How Connor Came at Christmas." It is pathetic, but the spirit of it is so truly Catholic that it is not sad—far from it. Mr. Coleman's "Story of a Congregated District in Ireland" is plainly told by one who knows. There can be no cavilling and "taking it easy" when one sees and feels as one is here made to do so.

It is singular how often we notice what one may call "waves" in the subjects that interest the writers for the public. Within the last two or three months one of these waves has floated on its topmost curve the great work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and here comes the Messenger with "A Daughter of the Sacred Heart," in which Ellis Scriber talks of the story of Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia of that Order the same story differently told at great length which I found so full of interest not long ago. It is here set forth in a way that permits all to enjoy and profit by one of the loveliest and strongest characters we have a knowledge of in the way of biography.

D. Maurice Francis Egan has sent forth another delightful collection of his stories with an opening title as musical and as charming as would harmonize with one of his own exquisite poems. "The Chatelaine of the Roses" is a stronger and sadder story than its name implies, but there was sweetness as well as thorns surrounding her. It is history winningly told for the express purpose of luring the "young person" into the rougher path of her real study of history. There is nothing more effective than such a device I know a child whom Sir William Wallace of the "Scottish Chiefs" led a loving captive into Scottish and English history, and thence into the story of the whole world's past wherever it is to be found. The greatest pleasure of that child's life has been the harvest reaped from the sowing of goodness by the old romance. A Catholic romance, though written by a non-Catholic, that book carried a blessing with it into a Protestant household, and turned the thoughts of more than one into a holier channel. Oh, the power of a good, pure, noble story! May they be forever telling!

**OBITUARY.**

Miss Bessie May Mullins.  
When Christmas bells are locked for 'tis sad to hear their ring, not to chime, but to toll, to tell, not of joy, but of grief, to call the mourner, not the guest. The feeling is suggested by the announcement that comes to us from Magog of a heavy affliction which has fallen upon the family of our esteemed friend Mr. D. Mullins, merchant, of that place, and formerly of Coaticook, who are called on to part with a much loved daughter, Bessie May, at the too early age of nineteen. The idol of her parents, her loving qualities and bright character so endeared her to the whole community, that each particular family feels as though it had lost a member rather than a friend. Highly educated and accomplished, she gave the benefit of her powers to promote the good of her neighbors and to brighten the social circles of the town in which she lived, and it may be said that her death is to be traced to the interest she evinced in the firemen of the town, on whose behalf a concert was given, in which she took a leading part and contracting a cold as a result, from which she did not recover, passing quietly away on the 20th December. Her large funeral testified to the affectionate regard in which she was held. A solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, the choral part being rendered by the "Cercle Musical" of Coaticook, of which she was a member. It is suggestive of the reminder so often given, "L'honneur propose, mais Dieu dispose."

to learn that the deceased young lady was to have taken part in the singing of the Christmas Midnight service in her parish church, and that instead of joining in the praises of early choirs God summoned her to swell the strains of His heavenly hosts to join the chorus of His angel bands. The earnest sympathies of the True Witness are respectfully tendered to Mr. Mullins and the members of his bereaved family in the affliction thus brought upon them by the untimely death of their beloved daughter, Miss Bessie May Mullins.—R.I.P.

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**STATISTICS ON PATENTS.**

Compiled from the commissioner's report for 1896 by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and ex rs Temple Building, Montreal.  
In 1896 there were received in the United States Patent Office 42,077 applications for patents; 1,828 applications for designs; 77 applications for re-issues; 2,271 caveats; 2,005 applications for registration of trademarks; 59 applications for registration of labels, and 36 applications for prints. There were 23,812 patents granted, including designs; 61 patents re-issued; 1,813 trade

marks, 12,250 labels, and 32 designs. The number of patents which expired was 22,218. The number of the law forfeited for non-payment of the annual fee was 4,786. The total expenditures were \$1,118,418.71. The receipts over expenditures were \$210,616.12 and the total balance to the credit of the Patent Office in the Treasury of the United States amounts to \$4,718,630.47. The Canadian Patent Office has recently granted the following patents to Canadian inventors:—No. 5823 A Rainville et al., Montreal, fire esc. pt.; 5831, J. B. L. Prefontaine, St. J. Duran, shoe sole; 5840, O. C. B. Loin, E. S. Providence, folding table; 5848, A. Pageau et al., Montreal, shoe consumer.

An eccentric old gentleman, who followed engineering in India and has now departed this life, has left a queer will in which he bequeaths to his brother, who was a curate and testator, a 30-gallon cask of Scotch whiskey on condition that the liquor be used for medicinal purposes. By the same will the curate is bequeathed all the testator's letters and diaries on condition that he burns them without reading them.

"Can our wise men tell us why the Catholic mission stations were self-supporting, rich and flourishing as pioneers of civilization and agriculture, from which we even now reap benefits, while the Protestant mission stations are mere pauper establishments, without that permanence or that ability to be self-supporting?"—Dr Livingstone: Travels in South Africa, page 117.

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