

OUR PARAGRAPHER

On the Happiness of Christmas-Tide.

The Wonderful Feat of the Irishman Hale—A Peculiar Case in Court in the United States—A Little Bit of Advice to Uncle Sam.

The festive Christmas season is at hand, bringing joy to thousands and recalling pleasant memories to us all. What happiness is associated with it in the hearts of children; what tender recollections does it not arouse in the breast of man and woman!

I hope good Santa Claus will be generous, bringing to the young folks the very toys they most appreciate and long for, and the sweets they particularly relish, filling every stocking to the brim, and every heart with happiness.

To fathers and mothers I can wish no greater joy than that they may live again in the innocent pleasure of their little ones. Let respected old maidens and unmarriageable bachelors be sojourned during this merry season by sweet, though ancient memories, and may they add to their own happiness by promoting that of others.

Fathers and mothers (privileged hearts at Christmas time) have little hearts to gladden, but all little ones have not parents to bring smiles to their baby lips and joy to their innocent hearts on Christmas morn.

To the bachelor and those blessed with earthly goods I would recommend the orphan, the friendless and the poor. This is a season of "good will to men," and we can derive no greater or truer happiness than in bringing joy to the fatherless, peace to the outcast and plenty to the needy on Christmas day.

A serene pleasure is felt at all times in doing good, but at no season is this pleasure so keen, so soothing, as when, by little acts of kindness and consideration, we render cheerful a Christmas which otherwise would be sad and dismal.

In yet another sphere has Irish grit vanquished all comers. "Teddy" Hale, the hero of the recent six-day bicycle competition in New York, is an Irishman who hails from Templepatrick, County Antrim, Ireland, where he was born on May 30th, 1864.

It strikes me forcibly that the next time our City Council want anything from the Quebec Legislature they should ask for something they don't want to get.

The New York courts have lately given a decision that bequests for Masses are illegal, on the grounds that the intended beneficiary of such bequest not being alive the bequest is not enforceable. Mr. William Dillon, of Chicago, has taken the question up, and in a pamphlet published on the subject ably refutes the arguments of the New York jurists, quoting numerous precedents where bequests for Masses were decided to be strictly legal under English law.

Our old friend ex-Queen Lilioukalani has arrived at San Francisco, and the American press will now proceed to again amuse itself with her name. It is said that she has relinquished all hope of regaining her throne and is now favorably impressed with the idea of annexing Hawaii to the United States, the ex-Queen to be pensioned off in a manner befitting her regal antecedents. I really hate to discourage you, Lil, but candidly do not think the scheme is feasible.

The Herald has published what purports to be the Constitution of a Canadian Independence Club, said to have a numerous membership in Montreal and throughout the West. The movement, from all accounts, is shrouded in mystery, in fact I am somewhat skeptical as to its existence elsewhere than in the "fired" imagination of the journalistic prodigy who performed such miraculous deeds of valor and displayed such polar coolness at the Barron Block conflagration—all of which he has conscientiously recorded.

War talk has been growing in popularity across the border of late years. Some time ago England was to have been crushed out of existence; now Spain runs chances of being eaten up—swallowed in one bite. The American people are being gradually worked up,

and are on the verge of believing that they can clean out the "tarnal creation" if they once get half started.

Gently, now, Uncle Sam. You have lots of things to regulate in your own household—matters requiring urgent attention. You have a large family which requires your constant care; their interests are somewhat diverse. Don't meddle with other people's affairs. Don't look for trouble; you will find plenty of it at home.

WALTER R.

BRIEF MENTION.

The TRUE WITNESS is becoming more popular every issue.

It is probable that the next session of Parliament will not be convened before March.

The protest against Hon. Wm. Paterson, Controller of Customs, in North Grey, has been dismissed.

There are prospects for a green Christmas, much to the disgust of everybody except the gentlemen of the Street Railway Co.

The political axe is reported as coming this way. There is a slight atmospheric disturbance in the vicinity of the Inland Revenue department.

Bishop Blais, of Rimouski, has condemned Mr. L. O. David's work, "The Canadian Clergy." It is stated that the author will appeal to Rome.

Rumor has it that a new evening journal is to be started in Ottawa at an early date, and, under the name of the Chaudiere Press, support the present administration.

The early closing bill has been amended by the Quebec Legislature so as to make it enforceable. Messrs. Guerin and Martineau, of Montreal's members, opposed its passage.

The British Government has asked for tenders for the supply of 10,000 bicycles for the use of the letter carriers throughout the United Kingdom. This is a good opening for our local men.

Hermann, the well-known magician, died suddenly on the 17th instant, while en route to Bradford, Pa., from Rochester, N.Y., where he had given a performance the previous evening. He expired on the train.

There are hopes for Canada. Bright visions of glory loom up on the not distant horizon. The Patriotic League of America, with headquarters in New York, have decided that we shall be freed from the tyrannical yoke of Britain!

The United States House of Representatives has passed a bill prohibiting the immigration of persons over sixteen years of age who cannot read or write. Exceptions are made in the case of Cuban refugees, while the present trouble lasts, and of the wife, child, parent and grandparent of an admissible immigrant.

We notice that the Orangemen in Toronto district have expressed their satisfaction at the settlement of the Manitoba School question. Messrs. Laurier and Tarte should find this a soothing antidote to the condemnation of "extremist" bishops—the approval of that tolerant, fair-minded, profound statesman, Clarke Wallace, should more than counterbalance the biases from the "priest ridden, illiterate people of Quebec."

The Catholic members of the Laurier Government feel like the small boy who had received the approbation of his teacher: "An inch or two taller and several degrees more important."

The Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Loyal Orangemen has smiled upon them and patted their backs!

THE BELLS OF YULE.

[BY J. A. S.]

Joyous bells at Yuletide ringing, High in old, gray turrets swinging, To the earth and sky outflunging, Christmas greeting, blithe and clear, In your clangor is a merric, E'en the world-worm here to cheer!

Heralds to the midnight telling, To the cot and stately dwelling, Loud and clear your voices swelling, That the Christmas time is here— Bidding mortals leave their sorrow, Care and want until the morrow, From this joyous season borrow, Happy thought their souls to cheer.

Voices from each tower and steeple, Through all lands they call the people, As the angels called the shepherds, Who were watching on the hill;— In the chime-bells gladly pealing, Each may hear this message still: Peace to earth by God is given, Yea! to all men of good will.

Now the Gloria ascending, With the old Adesse blending, And our souls are heavenward tending, With the hymns that ring through time, While we think upon the Manger, Where lay Christ, to earth a stranger, As we hear the merry music Of the joyous bells of Yule. Montreal, December, 1896.

You can't be well if your blood is impure, but you may have pure blood and good health by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I've a great story to tell you, boys," said a drummer to a group in the corridor of the Irons last night. "I don't think any of you ever heard me tell it before." "Is it really a good story?" asked one of the party, doubtfully. "It certainly is," "Then I'm sure you never told it before."

OUR WAYFARER

On the Humiliating Position of Italy.

Some Comments on the Change in Attitude of the Herald—A Kindly Reference to Aunt Nora—The Project of Union of Irish Societies—The Ways of Secular Writers.

Harper's Weekly has been poking a little fun at King Humbert over the result of the Pope's letter to Menelik of Abyssinia, interceding for the release of the Italians taken prisoners in the late war. It must have been very humiliating for the King of "United Italy" to find himself forced to follow the road pointed out by the Holy Father. Practically it was the only way out of his difficulty, for his troops had been thoroughly thrashed and the war was over, although, as Menelik observed in his courteous letter to the Pope, the King still preserved a warlike attitude, and so rendered the release of the prisoners impossible. The position of the ruler of Italy is hardly an enviable one. No Catholic royal personage will visit him in the capital of his kingdom; his country is plunged in debt and his people are disaffected to the last degree, and—bitterest drop of all—the voice of the solitary old man of the Vatican has more weight in the councils of the world than has his, with his overgrown army and navy to back it. The much vaunted "United Italy" is simply a house divided against itself and must come to the inevitable end before long. The proverb which says "He who eats the Pope dies of it," is true of nations as well as individuals, and poor Italy is proving it.

What has happened to the Herald's crusade against the Catholic schools of Quebec? While the school-bill war was raging a couple of months ago we were deluged with statistics proving the general illiteracy of Quebec Catholics—Protestant separate schools not being attacked anywhere in Canada it was unnecessary to notice them, I presume—but ever since the Laurier-Greenway "settlement" was announced the Herald's thunder has been dying away in the distance. Yet the Quebec schools cannot have already attained the height of perfection yearned for in their behalf by the Herald. Dear Herald, angel of progress and enlightenment, we salute thee! And if, in the privacy of thy sanctum, thou dost, like the Little Vulgar Boy, "Put thy thumb unto thy nose and spread thy fingers out," who shall blame thee? People like to be fooled and thou knowest it.

A little bird whispers to me that one of Santa Claus' gifts to the good little boys and girls of Montreal is to be a page in the TRUE WITNESS. If this be true we shall expect to see the views of the rising generation upon its rights and wrongs set forth in moving terms. The idea is an excellent one and should be encouraged. It may not be indiscreet—at least I hope it is not—to mention here a certain school that publishes weekly two nice little manuscript newspapers, one rejoicing in the title of The Daisy; the other, more ambitious, laying claim to the Laurel. By the courtesy of the energetic pastor with whom originated the idea of these papers, I have had the pleasure of reading one or two of them and was genuinely surprised at the correctness and good taste of the language used, and at the evidence they gave of habits of observation upon the part of the youthful writers. Here is a hint for educators.

While I was penning the above paragraph, the TRUE WITNESS came to hand, and I found that my little bird friend had been right. The Children's Corner is an accomplished fact, and all that remains now is to keep Aunt Nora busy. Let me be the first to wish her and her little friends a merry, merry Christmas and a happy and successful New Year. May the new departure flourish.

Evidently Mr. Butler touched the right chord when he advocated a federation of Montreal Irishmen. The idea has been seized upon by several correspondents of the TRUE WITNESS, and if the proposition can only be carried out, a daily newspaper devoted to the cause of faith and nationality need no longer be the "figment of a dream." One very substantial way in which those of us who are in business can help our paper, be it a daily or a weekly, is to give it a good share of our advertising. Other business people find it profitable to do so and there is no reason why we should not.

One of the most striking characteristics about non-Catholic authors is their ingenuousness in dealing with Catholic countries or personages or epochs. With scarcely an exception they assume that little good is to be found therein, and therefore do not waste time in looking for it. Not long ago I picked up a "boy's story" that a young relative of

mine had been reading, the scene of which had been laid in Mexico; and in the only three instances in which the author—the late Mr. Ballantyne—found it necessary to speak of the religion of the country he did so in a tone of the most determined hostility. In like manner, "finding it convenient to introduce two priests for a few moments, he dismissed them as quickly as possible with the observation that they were both "bad men." In another part of the book he held forth warmly upon the bad treatment of the Indians by the Spaniards. Probably two bad priests might be found in Mexico if a census could be taken; but why ignore all the good ones? And in the light of the effect of British rule in Ireland and India as exemplified in the periodical famines that devastate both countries, it looks as if a little discretion in the matter of denunciations might be in order. The South American Indian may be in a bad way, but he still exists, which can scarcely be said of his Northern brother, who has had all the benefits of Anglo-Saxon civilization thrust upon him. Ballantyne is not the only writer who allowed his prejudices to run away with him—Mayne Reid, Henty, and a host of others are equally guilty—a fact that often makes their books unsafe for youthful readers and irritating to older ones. It is a pity.

K. Dolores, Babette, Walter R., and all lovers of the TRUE WITNESS, from the editor to the imp, I wish you individually and collectively a Merry Christmas. SILAS WEGG.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

FROM THE GRAND PRESIDENT OF THE C.M.B.A.

A REMINDER OF OUR DUTIES TOWARDS OUR POORER BRETHREN—THE LOT OF THE CHILDREN, ESPECIALLY, SHOULD BE BRIGHTENED AT THIS FESTAL SEASON—AN EXAMPLE WHICH MIGHT BE IMITATED.

The Grand President of the C.M.B.A. has issued the following touching and appropriate Christmas Greeting to the members of that society. The extending of such a greeting, couched as it is in terms which appeal no less forcibly to sentiment than to practical charity, is a custom that might be profitably imitated by the heads of kindred organizations:—

The near approach of the greatest and the grandest of all the Christian festivals, with its divine message of peace to men of good will, and its sacred associations of earthly ties and heavenly love, naturally suggests the joyous and familiar greetings which flow spontaneously to all lips during the holiday season. It would therefore ill become me if I did not gladly seize this most suitable of all occasions and this best of all channels to conform to a time-honored custom, and, while reiterating my thanks for the honor done me by my brethren of the C.M.B.A. in electing me their Grand President, to heartily wish them, far and wide throughout the Dominion, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." The coming anniversary of the Nativity is the first upon which it has been given to me to preside over the destinies of our great Association, and the thoughts which crowd my mind at such a time naturally come so thick and fast that I find it difficult to express them all, even if I had the audacity to so far trespass on your valuable time. However, let me briefly say that the familiar Christmas greeting, which in too many cases sounds so hollow and conventional, conveys a deeper and holier meaning when exchanged between the members of the brotherhood of the C.M.B.A. We should and can never forget that "the good tidings of great joy," which were flashed from heaven over the bleak hills of Judea nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and which heralded the coming of the Christ-Child and His wondrous mission of human redemption, with its glorious message of "peace on earth, good will to men," were the precursors of that spirit of brotherly and neighborly love, of God-like charity, which have revolutionized this world of ours and which it is the great object of our Order, after the example of its Divine Model, to inculcate and extend. We may, perhaps, in our day never hope to witness the universal brotherhood of man, but we can at least do our feeble mortal share by our example and teachings, by the cultivation of fraternity and, above all, by the exercise of love and charity towards our neighbors as towards ourselves, to help on the great doctrine of moral and material regeneration involved in the mystery of the Incarnation. And with the blessing of God and of His Holy Church, which He came on earth as a feeble and lowly infant to found, we shall continue to do this, confident in the success of our heavenly mission and seeking by all the means in our power to extend to our fellow Catholics the benefit of our organization. Unlike the Messiah, we may not be able to altogether heal the broken-hearted or to comfort the mourning widow, as He comforted the Widow of Nain, but we can at least help to pour balm upon their sorrow, to bring glad tidings of great joy to their bruised and bleeding spirits, and to rejoice the hearts of the fatherless and helpless. And, above all, let us try to remember that the golden feast of Christmas is the little children's festival par excellence—that the great

perfect and permanent are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it makes pure, rich, healthy, life and health-giving blood.

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Master of all good came upon this sorrowful and sin-laden earth in the form of a poor little humble Child to manifest His divine love for the little ones; and that it is our duty, therefore, at such seasons to set to our own youthful effort the example of that thoughtful affection, that brotherly love and that charity towards our neighbors which will inspire them to take up and continue the good work of the C.M.B.A. when we are gone. As such a happy, joyous time as the Christmas season, with all its traditions of good cheer and hospitality, no brother of the C.M.B.A. especially, should be suffered to wait, nor his little ones to imagine that the dark cloud, which towers over their homes, possesses no silver lining for them. Let the gladness which irradiates, and still irradiates the whole world at the coming of the Saviour, find them out also, and brighten their cheerless existence. Let them have a recollection of their childhood's days. Happy children make virtuous, devoted, parent loving youths, and good members of our Order in the future. So do not forget that the coming Christmas must be a merry one for the children. But still of greater importance even than they are the poor—God's poor—whether they belong to the brotherhood of the C.M.B.A. or the greater brotherhood of mankind in general. We have these ever with us and there is always scope, especially at this blessed season, for that God-like virtue which, we are told, covereth a multitude of sins. While the rich and comfortable are feasting, the poor should not be forgotten. Moreover, charity knows neither creed nor clime. Its snowy wings are spread over all in need, and all are welcomed to their shelter. Thus God's work is done and the bruised heart is comforted. And most certainly the sweet recompense of doing good to others exceeds all the pleasure that can be derived from selfish enjoyment. Let each member of the C.M.B.A. resolve, therefore, that this will really be a glad Christmas for all—the young and old—the rich and poor! Let the Christmas greeting be not a mere expression from the lips. Let it be accompanied by some tangible evidence that it has a real and a holy meaning, in keeping with the principles of our great Order. And let us pray that when another Christmas comes it will find our Order even still happier, stronger and more numerous and prosperous than we are this year, with the blessing of the Divine Child, the anniversary of whose lowly but glorious birth we shall celebrate on the 25th of December.

THE WHOLE STORY

Of the great sales attained and great cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla is quickly told. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and gives strength and vigor. Disease cannot enter the system fortified by the rich, red blood which comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists, 25c.

FAMOUS CELTS. SOME OF THEM ARE ERRONEOUSLY CLASSED AS BRITONS.

John Bull, says the New York Herald, loves to hug himself into the belief that he is the most superior person on earth. Even for his neighbors and fellow citizens, for Tally the Welshman, for Saundy the Scotchman and for Paddy the Irishman, he entertains a certain contempt. They are not, to be sure, low things like that frog eating Johnny Crapaud or upstarts like that insolent strapping Brother Jonathan, but their comparative merit is due to the elevating influence of his companionship and fellowship. One cannot live near the rose without imbibing some of its fragrance.

John Bull's main differentiation, as he sees it, lies in the fact that he is an Anglo-Saxon with Norman admixture. The Anglo-Saxon, he holds, has finally conquered his conqueror and assimilated him, so that the dominant note in J. B.'s composition is to-day the Anglo-Saxon. On the other hand, all his neighbors are, to a greater or less degree, Celts—greater in the case of the Irish, less in that of the Scotch.

Now John Bull holds that he is first in war and first in all the arts of peace. He swells with pride as he calls over the long bead roll of great names who are the glories of England, and challenges the world to produce their equals.

He has not always been allowed to do all the crowing. He has been reminded that in various departments of human endeavor the crown has been borne off by his neighbors, that the greatest comic dramatist of Great Britain was Sheridan, an Irishman, who likewise was the greatest of all British orators, save only Burke, an Irishman; that the three greatest lyric poets of Great Britain were Burns and Byron, Celts by blood, and

Tom Moore, an out and out Irishman that the greatest novelist of the United Kingdom was Sir Walter Scott, a Scot of Celtic origin; that its greatest and almost its only well known composers were Balfe and Sir Arthur Sullivan, both Irishmen; that such shining lights in drama and in general literature as Oliver Goldsmith and Ben Jonson and Christopher North and John Lockhart and Robert Louis Stevenson were Celts in blood and in feeling.

Nay, he has been reminded that an Irish environment for many generations, if not in each case an actual admixture of Irish blood, has helped to produce Great Britain's greatest soldier in the past, the Duke of Wellington, its greatest soldiers in the present, Roberts and Garnet Wolseley; its greatest satirist, Dean Swift, its greatest humorist, Laurence Sterne.

That queer old Scotch lawyer, John Clerk, when promoted to the bench by the title of Lord Eldin, said: "The difference between me and the Lord Chancellor of England"—Lord Eldon—"is all in my I." Clerk, while at the bar, was not popular with the bench, and not unfrequently a judge would snub him. It was, however, a dangerous pastime, for the lawyer had a biting wit and was quick at retort.

One of the judges, Lord Meadowbank, the second of the name, was the son of Lord Meadowbank, esteemed in his day as a wise judge. Clerk was arguing before the session that the words "also" and "likewise," used in a conveyance, had different meanings. "Surely, Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you do not seriously argue that 'also' means anything different from 'likewise'?" They mean precisely the same thing, and it matters not which of them is used.

"Not at all, my lord," rejoined Clerk. "There is all the difference in the world between the two words. Let us take an instance: your worthy father was Lord Meadowbank; your lordship is also Lord Meadowbank; but you are not 'like wise' Lord Meadowbank."

One Matron—"Since I have been married I have taught my husband good taste."

Another—"Really? It is a good thing for you that you did not teach him before you were married."

Her Friend—"Doesn't your husband object to that pug dog?" She—"Not at all. He hates the dog, but he doesn't dare to object."

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Eight Dollars per share on the Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after SATURDAY, the 2nd day of January next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive. By Order of the Board of Directors, H. Y. BARBEAU, Manager. Montreal, November 30, 1896.

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