

## THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT

No. 761, Craig Street Montreal, Canada.

## ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Country.....\$1 00  
 City.....1 50  
 If not paid in advance: \$1.50 (Country) and \$2 (City) will be charged.

Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of THE TRUE WITNESS ranks it among the best advertising mediums in Canada.

A limited number of advertisements of approved character will be inserted in "THE TRUE WITNESS" at 15c per line, first insertion, and 10c per line each subsequent insertion. Special rates for contracts on application.

All Business letters, and Communications intended for publication, should be addressed to D. M. QUINN, Proprietor of THE TRUE WITNESS, No. 761 Craig street, Montreal, P. Q.

WEDNESDAY...DECEMBER 28, 1892

## NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The good year 1892 is drawing to a close; the next issue of our paper will appear in 1893. It is but proper that we should pause at this particular period of time, and before wishing our readers the usual Happy New Year, take a hurried glance at the year that is passing away. The midnight chimes, two days hence, will ring the old year out and the new year in; but before the stranger, 1893, comes to us in its infant robes of snowy spotlessness, before we wrap the cold white shroud around the remains of poor departing 1892, before we close its eyes and bid it an eternal adieu, let us recall a few of the smiles and tears that twelve months have brought, the joys and sorrows that space has left, and the blessings, particular and general, for which we must be all grateful to God.

Individually speaking THE TRUE WITNESS has much to be thankful for; its forty-second year of existence has witnessed an extraordinary change in its prospects; the elixir of life, that the Rosicrucians were supposed to have found, most certainly has infused a new life and a fresh vigor into the good old organ of Catholic truth. Not only has the spirit of the paper been changed, but even its outward form has been improved and beautified. Much of all this is due to the generous encouragement received at the hands of our subscribers, patrons and friends. It is well to recall these facts in order to give more force to our heartfelt gratitude, and to the assurance that we will leave no stone unturned in our efforts to make THE TRUE WITNESS, during the year 1893, rise to a point of excellence which it has never before—in all its course—attained.

The year that expires on Saturday night next has been a most remarkable one in world-important events. Toward the close of the last century the corresponding year was one of tumult, unrest, social turmoil, political chaos, and universal insecurity. The year 1792 was potent with mighty events; the thrones rocked upon their foundations, the crowned-heads grasped for their sceptres, the billows of revolution surged and dashed against the ramparts of social stability, the Zudger Zee of Anarchy pressed against the Holland barriers that surrounded the domain of legalized authority; red meteors shot along the horizon of expectancy, and as the "Little Corsican" appeared upon the scene, "coming events cast their shadows before."

The year 1892, in the last decade of the most wonderful century of time, has been pregnant with mighty signs and extraordinary events. But order has reigned supreme; the demon of war did not rush down upon the world, "the red eye of battle" was closed indeed; the nations contested, not upon the field of

strife but in the arena of diplomacy; their leaders aimed at emancipation rather than slavery; a glorious contrast to the twilight gloom that o'erhung the same period—one hundred years ago. 1892 has been a year of jubilees, golden and silver: and first amongst them has been that of the immortal Pontiff, Leo XIII., who holds the keys of St. Peter and with marvelous genius governs the Church and arbitrates for the nations. May His Holiness be spared to see many more New Year's suns dawn upon his life, that he may be enabled to carry to successful termination all his mighty projects for the temporal good of the peoples and for the spiritual welfare of the human race.

In the sphere of politics—or rather of national struggles—the most glowing achievement of 1892 has been, beyond all doubt, the wonderful stride taken by the advocates of Irish Home Rule. The stupendous effort of the Grand Old Man, by which he overturned the Tory administration of the antocratic Salisbury, and placed himself and his followers within speaking distance of an effective and successful solution of the most difficult of British political problems; the return of Hon. Mr. Gladstone to power, and the consequent impetus given to the nationalist cause in Ireland, should alone suffice to stamp the brow of 1892 with an indelible seal.

As the departing year has been the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, it has been a period of jubilee in America, Spain, Italy, and generally throughout the nations of Christendom. We have not space to recall all the mighty projects that have been initiated during 1892, all the remarkable events commemorated, all the national, political, and religious moves upon the chess-board of the world. What with the statesman-like and inspired encyclicals of Leo XIII., the loss of a Jesuit general and the election of a successor, the change in the prospects of American political parties, the formation of a new administration in our own country, and the thousand other events of importance, we could fill a volume instead of a column.

But, as in every other year, the Angel of Death has hovered in the skies and has narrowed his circles over many a home—both rich and poor, just and unjust alike—and in the shadow of his wing the spirit of many a great and noble, as well as many a miserable and unfortunate being, has gone to swell the numbers of that "silent majority."

In the Church, the new year will not shine upon the grand figures of England's great Cardinal, nor Africa's slave deliverer, Princes of the Church, Manning and Lavigerie; 1893 will not hear its praises sung by the venerable Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, nor shall its dawn be greeted by the laureate Tennyson—their harps are broken and their spirits have fled, and the cypress leaves are twined in the roses, by the hands of those who loved them, to form the garlands for their marble brows. The snows of 1892 cover the remains of Renan, the blasphemer, and of Gould, the millionaire—one died, morally speaking, the most dreaded and most despised man of his century, for he had no God, and had sowed seeds of infidelity with lavish hand; the other died, commercially speaking, the most hated and most unwept man of his generation, for he made millions on the ruin of others, and his God was Mammon.

In wishing a Happy New Year to all, we pray that 1892 may leave no stings of lasting pain behind, that all its memories may be holy and fond, the recollection of joys and successes a future

blessing, and of its sorrows and reverses so many crosses that shall claim their crowns. May 1893 be a happy and prosperous year for each and every one; may the shadow of the dread spectre, with the keen scythe and gaunt figure, be cast far from the habitations of all our friends; may national success and glory be the portion of our young Dominion; may the aspirations of the long suffering "Isle of the West" be realized; may the sunburst of legislative freedom flash its splendors upon her hill-tops ere another year rolls past; may the cause of our holy Faith be ever more and more triumphant; in fine, may the year 1893 be one of universal peace, of individual happiness, of national glory, of personal graces and blessings, that when its evening shall come and the knell of its days shall be rung, we will all be as happy and as hopeful as we are to-night. A happy New Year to all—young and old—and many, many happy returns of the season.

## CIVIC REPRESENTATION.

With a Royal Commission, appointed to investigate into certain alleged civic irregularities on the one hand, and the inevitable municipal elections in the coming month of February, on the other, perhaps it would be no harm to stop at the threshold of a New Year, and to say a few words about the prevailing method of choosing candidates for municipal honors, and the lack of energy in impressing the chosen ones with a proper sense of their responsibility to the people. It is a very significant fact that, in presence of the insinuations and accusations daily repeated by the press and under the odium of which our civic representatives are silent, that not one man has yet stood up in the Council and demanded an investigation. It seems to us that there must be some of our aldermen who are innocent of the wholesale charges made and repeated, in the press, upon the street and elsewhere. If so, why does not some one of them take an independent stand? He would have the whole city at his back were he to step forward and say that, feeling himself innocent of all or any of the said charges, he felt it his duty to demand a thorough investigation with a view to the exposure and punishment of the guilty parties—if there are any—and a vindication of the honest men who serve, to the best of their ability, the interest of their people. Until such a course is adopted by some alderman, the public cannot be blamed if each and every one of our civic Fathers is put down in the black books.

But to return to the questions in hand! How are our municipal legislators generally chosen? A sample case will suffice by way of illustration. A dozen or less men, of varied importance and influence, meet in some hotel or back-room of a restaurant and there undertake to settle the future of their particular ward. An election is at hand; a candidate is required. Over their cigars it seems to a couple that one of their number—Tom Jones let us say—would be a good man. What about Tom? Yes; all agree. Tom, hesitates, for a moment, expresses his gratification, dreads the responsibility but will patriotically shoulder the burden for the good of mankind in general and the well-being of his surrounding friends in particular. Tom is the man. The next day the press announced that Tom Jones has been approached by the great body of the electors in such a ward, and that he has reluctantly consented to stand for aldermanic honors. Eight tenths of the electors know nothing at all about the said Jones, and six-tenths of them never heard his name, until they read it in the papers, announcing his candidature.

The election comes on, the majority of

the ratepayers are indifferent, and the property-holders and real voters, in large numbers, go about their business, and are represented at the polling booth by some persons or other. To make a long story short, the independent and disinterested Tom is returned. Next morning the leading men of the ward read of it in the daily press, and they ask themselves "who is this Tom Jones?" and echo answers "who?" Very probably, with the exception of the few friends who met on the eve of the election and nominated that civic legislator, no one in the city has any reason to recall the fact that such an alderman exists. What he does, or what he does not, during the term of his representation, apparently is nobody's business, and consequently nobody bothers his head about Tom Jones, and he keeps on "the even tenor of his way," until the world—or rather, the city—is startled some fine morning by an article upon "Aldermanic Boodlers," or some kindred subject, and people awaken to a knowledge of the fact that Alderman Tom Jones has actually been doing something.

Where is the remedy? In the first place this careless and indiscriminate way of choosing candidates must be frowned down and the rate-payers must display some more active interest in the matter of selecting men who are destined to make their by-laws and take charge of their city funds. Electoral clubs should be established in every ward in the city; these clubs should be composed of the leading citizens, the real estate owners, the rising merchants, the men of stake in the community, men who pay the bulk of the taxes and have an interest in having public accounts rendered. Let the members of these clubs be as numerous as practicable; let them select the candidates and see to the carrying out of the elections. Under such a system Tom Jones would find that when he came to ask for votes, he would be met with the question, "who asked you to come out?" They could say to him; "we did not select you, let those who did so vote for you." In that case the ambitious Tom would probably not secure more than a baker's dozen.

And even after the election of their men, the duty of the clubs would not cease. They should have their representatives whose business it would be to keep track of all great public questions, of city contracts, of the collection of public money and the use to which it would be put. They should keep the electors posted in all matters of general interest, attend the meetings of the council, from time to time, when questions of vital issue are on the tapis, and let the Aldermen feel that their electors are watching them, and that they have accounts of their stewardship to render. By such a system the whole municipal atmosphere would be purified, no Royal Commissions would be necessary, and our civic government would cease to be a by-word throughout the Dominion.

## CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

We notice by the report of the proceedings of the Irish Protestant Benevolent society that the usual Christmas charity distribution took place last week, and that several of the applicants for relief were subjected to the usual questions before receiving the help solicited. We also notice that the Rev. Mr. McManus catechised one poor creature in a very peculiar manner—at least, a manner peculiar for a Christian minister who claims to distribute Christian charity. The woman happened to have conserved a goodly amount of her native accent, and the Rev. gentlemen expressed the fear that she was an "R. C." The po-