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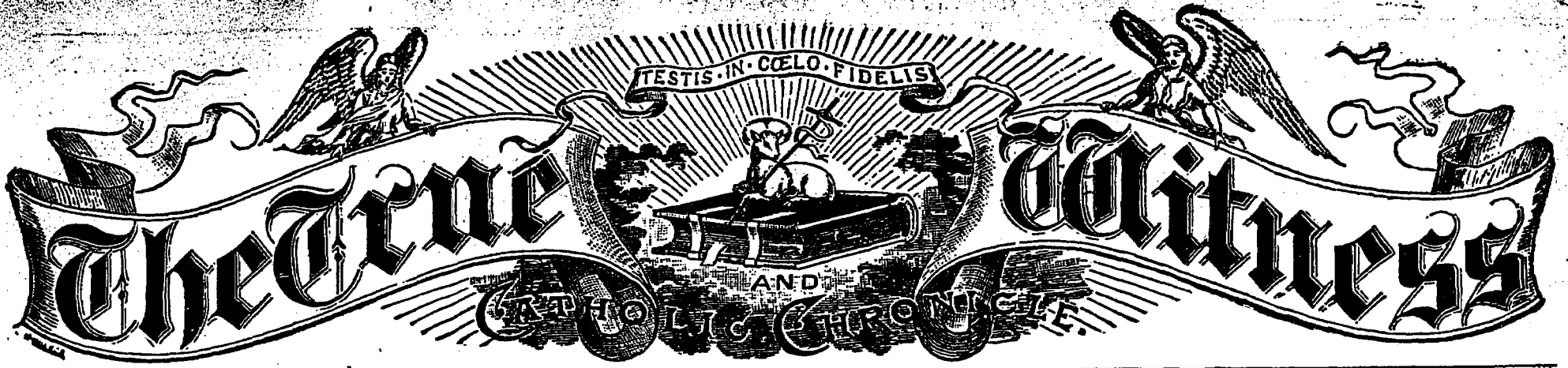
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

"TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLE," is an old saying and a true one. During the past few weeks we have been asking the indulgence of our readers on account of the many obstacles that had suddenly arisen in our path; this week we beg to be excused if our editorial columns are lacking in any of the interest with which we always strove to invest them. But considering that this week's contributions have been written from a sick bed and during the short intervals of rest allowed by that torturing monster la grippe, we hope that the will may be taken for the deed; for decidedly the spirit is very willing, if the flesh is weak.

IN ORDER to avoid complications with the post office authorities and long delays in attention to correspondence, we have stated at the head of our editorial page that "all correspondence, business and otherwise, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. J. K. Foran." So that we may be understood, we will explain why this announcement is made. All letters addressed to the TRUE WITNESS have been retained by order of the court and postal authorities from Ottawa, since the 1st November last. It was only last week that we were permitted to take possession of that correspondence. For the future, and while the present suspense exists, which may be for long weeks, all letters addressed to the late proprietor do not come into our possession; in fact we can get no letters from the Post Office unless they are addressed as above stated. Therefore if any of our correspondents neglect to follow these instructions they can only blame themselves if they receive neither answer nor satisfaction.

WHILE on the subject of the paper and correspondence we must not omit to ask our subscribers to make a generous effort to send us in whatever they owe. Believe us that one dollar at this moment is of more value to us than would be five dollars under other circumstances. The TRUE WITNESS is slowly emerging from a severe crisis, and actually we are at the very bottom of the ladder attempting to recommence our career. Decidedly we need all the encouragement that our friends can give us, for it is positively disheartening, after two years of constant labor in lifting the organ up to the point of prosperity and promise which it had attained, to feel the whole ground go from under our feet and to suddenly discover that we are like the fabled giant, destined to begin at the bottom of the hill, to roll the stone upward only to find it roll down again. Well; it is thus we are setting to work, determined to get to the top just as quickly as possible; but we want the help of all our subscribers. Remember the old truism: *Bis dat qui cito dat;* "he gives twice who gives freely."

A COUPLE of weeks ago we referred to the wife beaters in somewhat uncomplimentary terms; it seems to us that the genius wife-beater has developed into another species of wild animal, a beast with a double-barrelled destructiveness. It is astonishing how many husbands, during the past few weeks, have been seized with this two-fold mania of homicide and suicide. The brute seems to aim first at taking his wife's life and then proceeds to take his own. Now we would have no objection to this sort of frenzy if the victim would only reverse the operation and begin by taking his own life, and if by chance he did not succeed he might then after recovery proceed to try his hand at taking his wife's life. But unfortunately the fellow generally tries to kill the poor woman (and maybe a child or two) before proceeding to blow out his own brains. There is one of these creatures in prison now; it was expected that he would die and that his wife would recover; so much the better. In Illinois there is another of these fellows in durance vile; the wife is dying, and he has had a narrow escape, but may recover. His case reminds us of Tom Hood's lines,—

"His life was hanging on a thread,
But now there's greater hope,—
Instead of hanging on a thread
Of hanging on a rope."

All we can do is to express the hope that insanity will not be allowed as a plea for criminals of this class.

UNDER the title of "The new Pompeii," and over the signature "Helen Zimmer," an interesting article recently appeared in the Westminster Gazette descriptive of the new buildings which have risen up beside the ashes of ancient Pompeii. This new town, grouped around a church erected to the honor of Our Lady of the Rosary, is due to the energy of a lawyer, Signor Bartolo Longo, who has devoted his life to good works, including that of providing homes for orphans and the children of criminals.

THE Hamilton Spectator is evidently not a very warm admirer of Goldwin Smith. It says:

"Goldwin Smith is about to leave Canada. Canada can spare him. He has lived a long time in this country, and has written much learned stuff; but he never was a Canadian, and his great learning has failed to correct a predisposition toward pessimism which made his writings worthless—even harmful. Good bye, Goldwin Smith; may your life be long—in England."

THERE is something really wanting in our age; it is true Christian Charity. Do not run away with the idea that the giving of five cents to a beggar on the street, or the performing of some generous deed that will be recorded in the papers, is being charitable. There is charity of act; but there is charity of word, of look and of thought. A sharp word that might have left a sting in a friend's breast has been left unsaid; that is charity. An inclination to mock another's failings has been overcome; charity again. You know of a fault that another has, and you refrain from

unnecessarily proclaiming it; that is charity. You have a friend who was once the victim of such and such a habit, but who was man enough to conquer it—you speak of him as the conqueror, not as the former victim; that is true charity. In Catholic journalism what we want are Faith and Charity. If the one who speaks disparagingly of others could only see himself as others see him, he would forever avoid using the shaft of sarcasm and the viper sting of cold sneering.

ABOUT eight weeks ago the following appeared in an American contemporary:—

"Dr. Cornelius Herz, who is slowly dying on English soil, promises something of a sensation in his posthumous book, which he calculates upon completing before death overtakes him, which his physician tells him will be in about a month. It is a so-called vindication of his position and the real history of the Panama scandal. As he has still in his possession the hundreds of documents with which he fled Paris, it will be bristling with interesting facts. An English firm will publish it immediately after his death."

The month is long since up and Dr. Herz seems to be hanging on to life "like grim death." Another attempt was made the other day to secure his extradition, but it was "no go." If the doctor lives long enough he may see the whole Panama affair forgotten in the whirl of excitement over French cabinets going in and going out, new policies being shaped, and perhaps a great war being commenced. Things change rapidly in France.

THE Star of Friday undertakes, very good-naturedly and very honestly, to give an explanation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and to furnish its readers with the history of that principle of Catholic belief. As far as the dogma is concerned the author of the Star's article has no more conception of it than has the "man in the moon;" and as to the history of it, he tells a lot of facts that are no more the history of the Immaculate Conception than they are the history of Creation or of the Incarnation. We are unable to refer at greater length to this most interesting attempt at the explanation of a Catholic dogma by one who has never studied Catholic theology; but in the very near future we will take occasion to analyze that article. To do so properly would require three things that are wanting as far as we are concerned at present—space, time and health. You require room in order to point out the hundred errors in that one column, you must have time to go over the field which the author gallops across so carelessly, and you need physical strength in order to wrestle with such a slippery opponent.

THE jubilee year of Leo XIII. will certainly be a most fruitful period in recognitions of sanctity and holiness; before its close, which will happen on the

19th February, 1894, there will probably be two new beatifications—those of the Venerable John d'Avila, the celebrated Spiritual Director of St. Theresa, and of the Venerable Anthony Grossi, of the Congregation of the Oratory, a native of Fermo. Mgr. Nussi has been directed to prepare the decrees certifying the authenticity of their miracles to be promulgated before His Holiness at the Vatican on the second Sunday of November. This precedes the final decree.

OUR FRIEND Walter Lecky comes to our aid just when his good services are most required. We give our readers another of his admirable sketches this week. So like Walter! Warm-hearted, generous, thoughtful for others, self always last, ever ready with something new, and if it is not new he has it so dressed up that you would never dream that it was not fresh from the workshop. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Walter Lecky; not only for his numerous and able contributions to our paper, but also for many a good turn that the world can never know anything about. He seems to be one of those peculiar beings sent on earth with a special mission of making every body happy that happens to come within the circle of his influence; and to do so in a thousand ways so unique and peculiar to their author that no person else can ever attempt to duplicate them. We also desire to state that Walter Lecky is a poet. By this we don't mean a "maker of verses," nor a "fabricator of rhymes;" we mean one who sees the sublime, the good, the true and the beautiful wherever they really exist, and who can tell of them in verse that corresponds ever with the theme,—be it the stately measure of a mourning ode, or the simple jingle of tiny verselets strung together for the nursery-room. But later on we will talk of Walter as a poet! For the present we merely wish to thank him for his interest in the TRUE WITNESS.

THE following, from a letter sent by the New York Times correspondent, from London, is a pretty fair account of the position of the French Premier. The description is too good to be let pass unnoticed:—

"A superstitious matador entering the bull pit with a fixed presentiment that he will never get out alive would afford a fair working parallel for the manner in which Casimir-Perier advanced to assume the Premiership of the French Republic. No man ever fought more resolutely to escape a deadly peril than he during a whole week, to avert that fateful honor. It has been literally crowded and jammed upon him by superior force. Everybody takes it for granted that he is as good as a dead man, and professional prophets only differ by a month or two as to the date of his political murder. The episode, however, attracts attention because he is by far the most distinguished and interesting victim the coliseum of Deputies has enjoyed for a long while. Though he had to be pushed violently into the arena, it is understood, now that he is there, he is going to fight to the bitter end."

TRIBUTE TO MACMAHON.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND IRISH UNITED.

In the Chapel of the Sacred Heart—A Unique and Impressive Ceremony.

A touching and affectionate tribute was paid to the memory of the late Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, in the beautiful Chapel of the Sacred Heart of Notre Dame Church on Thursday morning last. The sacred edifice had been decorated by Mr. Benllac, the President of the club "La France" under whose auspices the services had been organized. There was a highly representative mingling of the French and English-speaking citizens and the military element was predominant. In the centre of the chapel stood an imposing catafalque, surmounted by a cross, and surrounded by festoons of French and English flags, stands of arms, religious emblems and floral wreaths. The letter "M," in cloth of gold, was prominent. On the pillars of the edifice could be seen the names of the victories of MacMahon in the campaigns of Algeria, Italy and the Crimea such as: Constantine, ALEGRO, BALACAVA, INKERMAN, ALMA, SOLFERINO, and MALAKOFF. The service, which was an impressive one throughout, began at nine o'clock, the chapel being crowded by ladies and gentlemen. Rev. Abbe Colin, superior of the seminary, a Frenchman, officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Fahy, an Irishman, and Rev. Abbe Laurier, a French-Canadian as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The mingling of the bright military forms with the sombre attire of the civilians produced a striking effect.

AT THE SANCTUARY RAILINGS SAT Mr. R. Benllac, president of the Club "La France," having on his right Hon. J. A. Ouimet, Minister of Public Works; Sir Alexander Lacoste, Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench; Sir Donald Smith, M.P.; Lt.-Col. Houghton, D.A.G., and on his left Major-Gen. Herbert, C.B., commanding the Canadian Militia; Mayor Desjardins, Mr. A. Girard, Vice-Consul of France; Mr. L. O. David, president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society; Hon. James McShane, president of St. Patrick's Society; Mr. Casimir Mariotti, Vice-Consul of Italy. Among other military men present were: Lieut.-Colonel Mattice; Lieut.-Col. Gray, Superintendent of Stores; Lieut.-Col. Burland, of the 6th Fusiliers; Major Larocque, Major Roy, Major Laframboise, Capt. Ostell, and Lieut. Loranger, of the 65th Battalion; Lieut.-Col. Aubry, Major des Trois-Maisons, Capt. Taschereau, Capt. Pagnuelo and Lieut. Lippe, of the 85th Batt.; Lieut. McMahon and Lieut. Howell, of the Royal Infantry School of St. John's, Que.; Capt. Stewart, of the Victoria Rifles; Lieut.-Col. McArthur, of the Duke of Connaught's Own Canadian Hussars; Capt. Boileau, of the Royal Artillery; Major Atkinson, Lieut.-Col. Dixon, of the 83rd Battalion; Major Frenette, Lieut. Heriot, of the 6th Fusiliers. Around the Catafalque stood the following non-commissioned officers in uniform, forming a guard of honor: Sergt. Brown, Royal Scots; Sergt. Warren, Princes of Wales Rifles; S.-rgt. Taylor, Sixth Fusiliers; Sergt. Fellowes, Montreal Garrison Artillery, and Sergt. Hawker, Duke of Connaught's Own Canadian Hussars. Several ex-Pontifical Zouaves were present, among them being Chief Hughes, J. G. H. McGowan and C. S. Thomas. The *decores* of the Legion of Honor were ex-Mayor Beaupre, officer; J. X. Perreault, Knight, Raoul Dandurand, Knight; and Gustave Drolot, Knight. The ex-officers and non-commissioned officers of the French Army were Commandant Balet, Chief Batt. of Infantry; Vicomte de la Barthe, Chief Batt. of Infantry; Baron de Poliniere, Captain of Chasseurs a Cheval; Lieut. de Chiry, First Cuirassiers; Comte de Sieyes, Captain of Infantry; Capt. Des Georges, Lieut. Sauvalle, of the Fifth Cuirassiers, Lieut. Barbier, of the Infantry, Messrs. Maze, Auguste Turanne, Raye and Marcel Beullac of the Hussars. The collection was taken up by Lieuts. Barbier and Beullac in the full dress uniform of their corps. The French societies WERE LARGELY REPRESENTED BY OFFICERS and members. Their chief officers were Union Nationale Francaise, Mr. Mr. Edouard; Societe de Secours Mutuels, Mr. Francis Giroux and the Chambre de

Commerce Francaise, Mr. C. Galibert. A large number of ladies had been invited and were present, among them being Mesdames Benllac, David, McShane, Pedronna, Mathieu, Leman, Hughes, Baby, Thibaudeau, Beaupre, Tache, Libelle, Bayer, Lurocque, Loranger, Lady Lacoste, Taschereau, Sicotte, Desjardins, Prevost, Schwob, Lamothe, de Montigny, Tasse, Countess de Beaujeu, Farrell, Pagnuelo, Chevalier de la Vallee-Poussin, and many others. Among the citizens were ex-Mayor Beaupre, Ald. Jeannotte, ex-Ald. Mount, Juge Champagne, ex-Ald. Roland, ex-Ald. Gauthier, ex-Ald. Cunningham and B. Tansey as additional representatives of St. Patrick's Society; Judge Mathieu, Judge Loranger, Mr. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., M. de Beaujeu, de Lery Macdonald, Comte de Sieges, Mr. Portalier and other artists of the French Opera Company, ex-Ald. Genereux, Judge Desnoyers, Reverend Edmund Wood, rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Pedronna, Consul General of Spain; Balcer, Vice-Consul of France at Three Rivers; De la Vallee Poussin, Belgian Vice-Consul at Three Rivers; Mathie, Vice-Consul of Belgium in this city; Judge Jette, Judge Gill, the members of the Club "La France," A. Bonnin, Leblond, de Brumoth, E. Dubost, H. Jonas, J. Histy, J. Helbronner, E. Lefort, M. Schwob, Verrier, L. Frechon, A. de Prochard, S. Bellemer, des Rieux de Messiney and Jehin Prume. Quite a large number of

THE CLERGY WERE IN ATTENDANCE. Rev. Abbe Matte represented the cure of Notre Dame. Borden's requiem mass was rendered by a powerful choir. Mr. Beique presided at the organ and Mr. Thierry, of the French Opera, sang an "Agnus Dei," which was greatly appreciated. Mr. James O'Malley, the well-known veteran of the Crimea, decorated with several medals, and who saw the late Marshal in action, attended the service. After the second epistle the celebrant, Rev. Abbe Colin, standing upon the altar steps, delivered a brief but eloquent address, in which he paid a glowing eulogy to the dead soldier. He said that thanks to the action of the Club "La France" all present were enabled to participate in France's deep mourning which had well nigh extended over the whole of Europe. There are some lives which, when they come to an end, startle the world. Such a life had closed with the death of Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta. All were gathered today, statesmen, soldiers, judges and citizens generally to pay a last tribute to the memory of a great man and a great Christian. It was pleasant to the Church to be able to add her prayers to those of the faithful on such an occasion of sorrow. This funeral pomp, which has been so well expressed, is a great honor to the merits of a good man, the virtues of a devoted christian and the valor of a hero. It was needless to MacMahon's eulogy to speak of his domestic virtues, the simplicity of his life, which made of him an idol in the country in which he lived. Under the most trying difficulties and circumstances MacMahon

HAD RISEN ABOVE THE FAILINGS and temptations of the hour and had been a slave to duty. In the senate, though alone, he declared by his vote what he believed to be right. When called to the highest position in the gift of the French people he had discharged the duties of that office with the frankness and loyalty of the soldier. In vain were attempts made to lead him to deviate from the paths of duty by accepting a private interview with the Pretender to the throne of France at Versailles. His duty to the nation, on that, as well as on other occasions, he had fulfilled to the fullest. When the majority of the representatives of the people declared against him he quietly submitted and retired to private life with simplicity. Throughout the soldier's life in Africa, his breast had always been exposed to the enemy's bullets and there, as elsewhere, he had been the first in action. Look at Magenta, where with a dash and fearlessness unequalled he saved Napoleon III. and his staff, and was created a marshal of

FRANCE ON THE BATTLEFIELD. His intrepidity at Malakoff had been unsurpassed. His famous "j'y suis, j'y reste" when told that an explosion was imminent well depicted the true courage of the soldier. When at last defeat came at Sedan, destiny, saved him from the humiliation of signing the capitulation, when he was carried off wounded

from the field. MacMahon was a man who never betrayed any one, and to his glory be it said, he had not betrayed his God. Faithful through life, he was faithful unto death, and died a true Christian. Life after all was but a battle field, and when it closed for MacMahon, he turned his eyes towards heaven. In his hands as he drew his last breath was the crucifix, the emblem of salvation. Rev. Abbe Colin concluded his eloquent address by depicting the deathbed scene where the Marshal, surrounded by his faithful wife and family, prayed to the last and sought salvation in the church in which he had been born. "Sleep on great hero," said Mr. Colin, "Sleep on great soldier and great Christian. The laurels which you so richly deserved on earth have been, let us all hope, transformed into a crown of eternal glory in Heaven."

Notre Dame College, Cote des Neiges.

Monthly Examinations—Order of Merit for November.

Third year—Wm. Feeny, Avile Carignan, George Kelly, J. J. Fox, Jas. Lamar, Robert Graham, A. J. Stuart.

Second year—G. Deroach, H. Ortiz, A. Leclere, E. Charette, A. Beault, A. Duford, F. Street, C. M. Kenna, W. Higgins, F. Goyer, A. Blanchard, J. Belonger, E. Callahan, A. Stuart, J. Doran, W. Marson, J. O'Connor.

First year—E. O'Reilly, H. Payett, L. Scott, E. Berard, H. D. Laga, J. Gascon, A. Poire, J. Coburn, T. Leblanc, L. Palmer, J. Demarchais, J. O'Neil, F. McKenna, F. Foster, D. Ryan, F. Ryan, F. Donnelly, C. Brodeur, L. St. Arnaud, T. St. Arnaud, E. Maurant, E. Dechatelet, H. Leclere, A. Lriviere, O. Payett, A. Raymond, F. D. Dube, J. Beault, I. De Montigny, F. O'Reilly.

First preparatory class—M. Kelly, P. Carroll, A. Bonnehomme, L. St. Arnaud, F. Stuart, J. Redmond, C. Tobin, M. Callahan, L. Guion, J. de D. Montaigne, E. Mayer, R. Berard, J. B. Payette, J. Quinn, P. Murphy, H. Hetu, A. Lapierre, E. Flouin, W. Poire, O. Simon, E. Lacroix, J. P. Finn, J. Gesner, E. Delage, F. Hetherston, O. Walsh.

Second preparatory—G. H. Woodward, P. Wurttele, G. Lebel, A. Arand, L. Chandelaine, H. Marquis, E. Peachy, R. Leduc, M. Cartier, P. Delorme, H. Goyer, L. Fazio, H. Hudson, D. Sigouin.

Roll of honor—G. Baudry, H. Beaudoin, A. Blanchard, L. Chapdelaine, M. Callahan, E. Callahan, P. Carroll, H. Delage, W. David, G. Deroach, F. Goyer, E. Lacroix, J. G. Legare, H. Leclere, A. Mayer, A. Leclere, W. Marson, A. Poire, W. Quinn, D. Ryan, P. Rohland, L. Scott, L. St. Arnaud, T. St. Arnaud, L. St. Arnaud, J. St. Marie, E. Thouin, A. Desmarchais, G. Call, G. Heywood, H. Goyer, A. Buchanan.

Funeral of Mr. Logan.

The mortal remains of the late Mr. Thomas Logan were last Wednesday morning laid to rest in Cote des Neiges cemetery. The cortege left the deceased's late residence, 8128 St. Catherine street, and proceeded to St. Patrick's church, where a solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Quinlivan, assisted by Rev. Father McCallen and Callaghan. The chief mourners were Messrs. Thomas Jackson, William Jackson, Philip Jackson, John McFarlane, T. H. Love and Aid. James. At the close of the service the remains were escorted to the cemetery. The pall-bearers were Messrs. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General; J. B. Murphy, R. White, James O'Brien, J. C. Wilson, William Angus, Geo. Robertson and Owen McGarvey. Several residents of Windsor Mills attended the funeral, including acting Mayor Millar, Dr. Meagher, Messrs. A. A. Briggs, John Samson and Roy. Among the Montrealers present were Senator Murphy, Ald. Clendinning, ex Ald. Cunningham, Capt. McArthur, Messrs. H. A. Allan, S. Coulson, M. Hicks, B. Tansey, A. G. Hutchinson, E. H. Twobey, J. G. Young, Alex. Ramsay, W. P. Currie and W. Hibbs, as well as a large number of the employees of the Canada Paper Company, of which deceased was president.

DEAFNESS CURED. GENTLEMEN,—For a number of years I suffered from deafness, and last winter I could scarcely hear at all. I applied Hungary's Yellow Oil and I can hear as well as anyone now. MRS. TUTTLE COOK, Weymouth, N.S.

THE HEBREW BAZAAR.

Successful Opening by Solicitor-General Curran Last Night. Last week the fancy fair in aid of the Temple Emanu-El charities was opened in magnificent style. After an opening chorus by the choir, which was very effectively rendered, Rabbi Veld stated the object of the fair, and called upon the president, Mr. Samuel Davis, to introduce the speaker, of the evening, Solicitor-General Curran, who said he fully understood that on many occasions speech was silver and silence gold. At a fancy fair speech was worth little, and the gold was, he hoped, not for long in the pockets of the rich men he saw around him. The ladies would make them give a good account of themselves, and give them something to do to balance their accounts in the morning. (Applause.) He was there to open their fancy fair because the angelic doctor had laid down the maxim *in omni charitas*—charity in all things. By acts of friendliness and pastoral intercourse they could knit into a common brotherhood all creeds and classes in our community. (Applause.) Montreal was a great centre, worthy of the name on account of its broad spirit of toleration. Speaking of the Jewish community in Montreal, he said that in a work published, according to their count, in 5714, but known to the general community as 1854, a work called the "Jewish Calendar for Fifty Years," it was shown that there were no traces of Jewish immigration to Canada up to 1760. Samuel Jacobs, Simon Levy and Aaron Hart had come with General Haldimand's detachment of infantry after the cession of Canada by the French. From that date until 1774 David Salesby Franks, Ezekiel Solomon, Andrew Hayer, Jacob Marins, Isaac Judah, Lazarus David and Levy Solomon had taken prominent places amongst Canada's citizens. They had as a people been law-abiding and useful citizens in commerce and industry. The names of Benjamin and Moses were familiar to all, and the president of that gathering, Mr. Samuel Davis, was known as a soothing manufacturer throughout the Dominion. (Loud applause.) They had their eminent men in the professions. Mr. Ascher was a poet as well as a lawyer, and in medicine and art they occupy a prominent place. He hoped their fair would be a great success and enable them to do noble work in the cause of charity. The day he hoped would never dawn when less good feeling would exist in Montreal than we enjoyed today, when all joined hands in each other's works of charity and benevolence. He had great pleasure in declaring the fancy fair opened. (Prolonged applause.) At the conclusion of the Solicitor-General's remarks, an inspection of the stalls was made, and the artistic manner in which they were dressed reflected great credit on the taste of the ladies in charge of the following booths:—Aid booth, Mrs. Lichtenheim, Miss Silverman and Miss Harris; Temple Emanu-El booth, Mrs. S. Davis, Mrs. Bows and Mrs. W. E. Davis; Sunday-school booth, Mrs. Veld, Miss Marcus, Miss Lichtenheim and Miss Nathan; candy and flower stall, Miss London, Mrs. M. Goldstein, Mrs. Kaylock; cigar stand, Mrs. J. Goldstein, Mrs. S. Bishop; Japanese booth, Mrs. A. Harris, Miss Sarah Harris and Miss L. Silverman.

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NO OTHER Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which makes HOOD'S Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself.

AMARON II.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—Incalculable are the advantages arising from the perusal of a daily paper. News of some sort must be found and dished up for the daily pabulum of a host of readers, without which stimulus they are apt to retire grumbling and dissatisfied to their couch. Among other items of non-interesting matter, I noticed in a late number of the Star that a meeting of the Ministerial Association had taken place, with the view of establishing a French Protestant paper in the interest of the benighted Catholic population of Lower Canada. By referring to the Daily Witness of October 25, we learn that a certain Rev. A. C. Amaron is the moving spirit of the enterprise. He is probably a near relative of the pioneer Colporteur of the same name, who flourished some thirty or forty years ago, and whose marvellous exploits were daily chronicled in the pages of The Aurora—now happily defunct. There is every reason to hope that the Rev. A. C. Amaron II. will adopt the tactics and tread in the footsteps of his illustrious name-sake. By a novel and ingenious system of mapping out the country Amaron I. was enabled, without fear of detection or contradiction, to furnish the Aurora with the most glowing accounts of his success in the parish of X—, where he found all the people hungering for the Word: or it might be a cooked up report of a windy contest with the wealthy and rotund Cure Y— in the miserable and God-forsaken parish of St. L—, whom he utterly confounded and nonplussed. May his memory be ever green in the annals of French-Canadian evangelization. After all, there does appear to be a necessity for establishing a French Protestant newspaper, if we are to give credit to the assertion of Rev. A. C. Amaron, as recorded in the Witness of Oct. 25. According to the rev. gentleman, the number of French Protestants in Montreal amounted to upwards of 8,000, and they had nine places of worship. It is well to have some reliable data of their number, as such will help us to figure out the sum total in Lower Canada. You have, no doubt, remarked a statement not infrequently made at the sittings of the Ministerial Association,—that “whereas forty years ago there was not a single French Canadian convert to Protestantism, at the present day they numbered forty thousand.” To my certain knowledge, I have seen that old horse trotted out annually for proud inspection during the last twenty years. The problem is to account for that very respectable figure. Granted—*argu-m-nti causa*—that there do exist in Montreal three thousand French Protestants, I deny that they are all of French-Canadian extraction. Many have come from old France, Belgium or Switzerland. A full attendance at each of the nine churches would give a little over three hundred. It is fair to concede that at least one hundred and fifty should be the average attendance present. I have never seen anything approaching that number at either of the two that lie in my way,—namely, Russell Hall, and the Baptist meeting house in Manoe Street. At the former place of worship the attendance rarely reaches a baker's dozen; at the latter, I have observed from twenty to twenty-five emerging at the conclusion of the service. This lukewarmness or apathy on the part of their converts does not however seem to trouble the gentlemen of the Ministerial Association. When they have once succeeded in per-suading a French Canadian to accept the Bible instead of the Church, “the pillar and ground of truth,” as the sole rule of faith and practice, he may come to meeting or stay away according as inclination or the state of the weather may suggest. I will now attempt to solve this 40,000 convert problem from the meagre data furnished by Rev. Amaron—namely, 8,000 in the city of Montreal. By inverse ratio,—(as in the case of the bread problem now agitating the public,—the cheaper the flour, the larger the loaf for the same money.) Quebec ought to furnish a contingent of at least 7,000; Three Rivers, St. Hyacinthe and Sherbrooke, with the outlying villages and municipalities, 8,000 a piece; Lacine, L'epine and the protestantized Indians of Oza will no doubt cheerfully contribute the 8,000 to balance.

Another remark of Rev. A. C. Amaron

will now occupy our attention. In the peroration of his sermon, “he compared the Roman Catholic Church to a light-keeper who had lighted his signal lamps, but had forgotten to draw up the blinds from the lighthouse windows; and so the light not shining forth as it had been intended to do, ships were wrecked on the surrounding rocks for lack of a beacon to guide them.” If such were really the case, the light must have been of supra-incandescent power, when penetrating through blinds and stone walls, it illumined the heart and soul of such men as Card. Manning, Card. Newman, and a host of other celebrities of every denomination of Christians who, perplexed with the ever changing and flickering light from the beacon of Protestantism, sought and found what their utmost hearts longed for,—rest and freedom from doubt in the bosom of the Catholic Church. The conversion of such men, reared from infancy in the bright light of the so-called pure Gospel, must be unaccountable to the reverend gentlemen of the Ministerial Association; but what is still more unaccountable is the cry from a hundred pulpits—“What shall be done to attract the masses?” As if in despair of accomplishing a task so easy of fulfilment to the Catholic Church, they are obliged to turn round and offer the unattractive light to the French-Canadian. They cannot bear to see him happy and contented in the faith of his fathers, in the bosom of the universal Church,—the same in the nineteenth as in the first century;—though old yet ever young and vigorous—still fulfilling her divine mission to teach the nations, and offering the pure oblation, foretold by the prophet Malachi, from the rising to the setting of the sun. You cannot, Rev. Amaron, and gentlemen of the Ministerial Association,—you cannot undermine the deep rooted faith of the simple and devout French-Canadian by such inadquate means as a French Protestant newspaper. As well attempt to demolish the Church of Notre Dame with a pea-shooter. True, you may break here and there a few panes of glass, which are sure to be replaced later on by others equally good if not better. If a general or even partial apostasy from the old faith in Canada is ever doomed to take place, such as would satisfy the loftiest aspirations of Rev. A. C. Amaron II., it must owe its existence to other weapons than a French newspaper. As earthquakes are generated not in the fair open sky, but in the dark and hollow caverns of the earth,—so the earthquake that may yet shake and overthrow the Church in Canada must be found lurking somewhere in her own bosom. All the upheavings and convulsions in the Church of the hygone ages owed their origin to wicked and ambitious men in her own communion, and never to the arguments and preaching of aliens whether pagan, Mahomedan or Christian. Arius, Munchers, Nestorians and many other heresiarchs inflicted deep though not deadly wounds on her fair form and robbed her of thousands of her children. Her ancient foes are nearly all dead and gone to their account, but she is still alive showing no sign of decrepitude or decay, and the Nestorians in the East, like wandering sheep, are once more seeking re admission into her fold. But the rudest shock to which she was ever subjected, and from which she has been visibly and undeniably straightening herself up during the past fifty years, was the rebellion of Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Knox and their compeers during the 16th century. With the connivance and aid of the civil power, and in the name of the Almighty, deeds of vandalism were perpetrated, more specially by Knox, that at the present day would land their authors in the penitentiary. The motto of the latter firebrand, when encouraging the infuriated rabble to acts of destruction, was—“Pull down the nests and the crows will flee away.” So perished nearly all of the splendid temples and other monuments of piety erected by our Catholic forefathers to the worship of the True God. Well may their descendants, when viewing the few that remain entire in the possession of aliens and the multitude of others, majestic even in ruin, exclaim in the words of Virgil—“Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.” If any man could have inflicted permanent harm on the church in Canada, that man was Charles Chiniquy. He had all the eloquence, energy and indomitable will of Knox. There are undoubtedly other points of resemblance between the two worthies with which it is not my province to deal.

What prevented him from acting the role of the Scottish reformer? If he failed, it was not for want of the sinews of war. He obtained from numerous sympathizers at the outside \$30,000 to accomplish the task, and how much more afterwards I cannot say. The Catholic Church in Canada is, however, in the meantime standing as straight and perpendicular as when, scattering all his vows to the four winds, he was ejected from her bosom. Notwithstanding a plentiful supply of the “mammon of iniquity,”—in spite of the sympathy of his numerous and wealthy protestant allies, Charles Chiniquy, D.D., failed to become the Knox of Canada. He had not the civil power at his back as in days of yore;—the guardians on the lofty walls of Jerusalem were ever on the watch, and like faithful dogs were not then, no more than now, afraid to bark at the approach of an enemy.

I can well remember listening, nigh fifty years ago, to the impassioned eloquence of a young priest in the unfinished hall of the Bonsecours market, and likewise in the parish church of Notre Dame, crowded to the doors with a vast multitude of enthusiastic admirers. That young priest was the Rev. Charles Chiniquy, who, like another St. Dominic of the flaming torch, devoted his magnificent talents to the cause of virtue, temperance and the defence of the church. “Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo!” Alas! how low has fallen the Star of the Morning! But will he carry his lately acquired honors of Dr. of Calvinistic Divinity beyond the tomb? God forbid. Let us rather hope and pray that when the angel of death shall be hovering nigh, he may be found clasping the crucifix, and uttering with trembling lips the holy names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

A. G. GRANT.

IRISH NEWS.

Bishop Duggan, of Clonsfert, celebrated his eightieth birthday on the 11th ult.

The Cork Corporation has granted a sum of £50 for prizes for tonic solfa competitions among the children attending the various primary schools of the city.

It is announced that Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., of Castlebellingham, lies seriously ill from the effects of typhoid fever.

Bishop Nulty, of Meath, has promoted the Rev. M. Bracken from the curacy of Tullamore to the parsonage of Ballinabrackey. The Rev. Patrick Gilsenan, curate at Middlesboro', has been transferred to Tullamore.

Bishop Nulty has transferred the Rev. C. V. Crinion, curate at Kilcloon, to Oristown, in succession to the Rev. J. Dermody, translated to Ballinabrackey.

A Porter drowned at Dundalk.—A young quay porter named Peter Kearney was drowned at Dundalk while going on board the steamship Sylphael, from which he was discharging coal at McCormack's Quay.

The Ladies of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart and Children of Mary, of Kilmore, Cavan, presented an address to the Rev. James Flood, their curate, on Nov. 4, the eve of his departure for America.

The Franciscan Fathers of Merchant's quay, Dublin, have received a fine oil-painting, a representation of the Holy Face, which has been placed on the Gospel side of the high altar of their church. It is the work of a daughter of the celebrated Irish sculptor Hogan,



A FOOT-HOLD for Consumption is what you are offering, if your blood is impure. Consumption is simply Lung Scrofula. A scrofulous condition, with a slight cough or cold, is all that it needs to develop it.

But just as it depends upon the blood for its origin, so it depends upon the blood for its cure. The surest remedy for Scrofula in every form, the most effective blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer that's known to medical science, is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Consumption in all its earlier stages, and for Weak Lungs, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, that is the only remedy so unfailing that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

No matter how long you've had Catarrh, or how severe, Dr. Sage's Remedy will effect a permanent cure. \$500 reward is offered by the proprietor of this medicine, for an incurable case of Catarrh.

whose masterpieces, “Dead Christ,” in Clarendon Street, and the statues of O'Connell, in the City Hall, and Davies, in Mount Jerome, are so much admired. The artist is a member of the community of the Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham.

Ballaghaderin begins to raise money for the Evicted Tenants.—The first collection for the Evicted Tenants Fund in Ballaghaderin was started on Nov. 17, most auspiciously. Unbounded enthusiasm was manifested. The subscriptions received, taken in conjunction with the spirit displayed by the people, leave no doubt that the collection will be the largest ever made in the locality.

Bishop O'Donnell makes a big rent reduction.—Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, has intimated to the agent of his property at St. John's Point, that the tenants have been granted twenty-five per cent. reduction on the present year's rents. The Bishop has on former occasions given from twenty to thirty per cent. abatement. The reductions are a voluntary cession.

The Lord Chancellor has, we understand, appointed Captain James O'Neill, of Kiliwon, Restrevor, to the Commission of the Peace. The appointment has given considerable satisfaction. Captain O'Neill's commission extends to Warrenpoint and Killeel benches. He is the first Nationalist who has been appointed to those benches for generations.

Moses Russell, of Glenoughty, was found dead within sixty yards of his residence on Nov. 9. It appears the deceased had been returning from Letterkenny fair the day previous, accompanied by a neighbor with whom, on reaching his house, Mr. Russell stopped a short time. Starting shortly for home, about half a mile over the mountain, and not reaching it as soon as expected, some of the family went to meet him, and found him dead on his own land. Death is believed to have been due to disease of the heart.

A Portadown woman killed.—Ann Cassells, about sixty years of age, was knocked down and run over, in Portadown, on the 8th ult., by a horse and cart. It appears that the horse bolted at the goods station, where the driver, Robert Wilson, was transacting some business for his employer, Mr. Watson Watson, of Belfast. The animal dashed up John Street at a furious rate, and into West Street, where the accident occurred. The injured woman died two hours after the accident.

Colonel Saunderson has retired from his colonelcy of the Cavan Militia. It was never a very arduous post. Before 1885 Major Saunderson was popular enough. It will be remembered that he threatened to lead his men, who are mostly Nationalists, into the field against Home Rule, since which threat he has only ventured to put in an appearance on the parade grounds two or three times. His promotion has gone on, nevertheless, and we believe he has even received his pay.

ORDINATIONS AT CARLOW COLLEGE.—These students were promoted to Holy Orders on Sunday, October 20, at St. Patrick's College, Carlow, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Comerford, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin: To the priesthood, the Rev. Jas. Roche, of Cloyne; to deaconship, the Revs. Patrick Ransbatt, of Kildare; Francis Treacy, of Wilcania; Edward Delaney, of Sandhurst, Victoria; to sub-deaconship, the Revs. Daniel Riordan, of Chicago; Patrick Kane, of San Francisco; Michael McAuliffe, of Maitland, N.S.W.; Patrick Barry, of Florida.

RICHARD LALOR, THE NATIONALIST, DEAD.—Mr. Richard Lalor, formerly Member of Parliament for one of the divisions of Queen's County, died on the 18th ult. at his residence in Tenakill. Mr. Lalor, who was a civil engineer and a tenant-farmer, belonged to a highly respectable family that had been connected with the representation of Queen's County since Catholic Emancipation. His father was a Member of Parliament for the constituency for many years. He was himself first returned for the county (in company with Mr. Arthur O'Connor) at the General Election of 1880. He was greatly respected in his district. Deceased was a brother of Mr. Finton Lalor, ex-Speaker of the Victoria House of Assembly, who had a most adventurous life in Australia. Another brother held a high position for many years in the Customs Department, London.

HON. MR. LAFLAMME.

LA MINERVE'S VIEWS OF HIS CAREER.

His Life and Death Bed Confession Described—Mr. Laflamme's Professional and Political Career.

"The public" says La Minerve, "will learn with surprise of the death of a man who was well known, who made a great deal of noise and who left his mark wherever he passed, that of the Honorable Toussaint Antoine Rodolphe Laflamme. Another victim to add to all those taken away from us by the grippe. Long since Mr. Laflamme suffered from catarrh which left him no rest. The author of these lines, who was personally on the best of terms with him, saw him for the last time in the Canadian Pavilion at the Chicago Fair. He studied the Fair with a great deal of care, but complained that it was very fatiguing to him to visit such large buildings. He therefore returned to Montreal as soon as he could. Within the last few weeks he gradually grew weaker, but nothing indicated such an early end. On the 30th of November, Mr. Laflamme was still at his office in the New York Life Building. On that day, feeling feverish, he went home to his residence on Sherbrooke street. Last Tuesday the grippe became complicated with bronchitis, and his condition became so serious that on the same day he asked for the M. l'Abbe Sentenne, who not being able to go, owing to illness, was replaced by M. l'Abbe Deguire, cure of St. James, to receive the sacraments of the Church. He received the priest with much cordiality, confessed humbly and sincerely and promised public reparation if he returned to health. This latter declaration was made out of the confessional, in presence of the priest and a witness. All will see the importance of this. The sick man gradually weakened and a few minutes to two, after an hemorrhage he quietly passed away. Just before his death Rev. Abbe Troie, of St. James, was hurriedly sent for and administered the last Sacrament. As soon as he realized his critical condition Mr. Laflamme hastened

TO PREPARE HIS LAST WILL

which he dictated in a clear voice, and with great lucidity. It was an impressive scene. Hon. Judge Pagnuelo, one of his neighbors, had been requested to act as a witness. The will commences by these words: "I die in the Catholic religion." "You will have to confess then," said Mr. Justice Pagnuelo. "That is my intention," quietly replied the sick man. And then the reading of the will continued. Mr. Laflamme bequeaths all he possesses to his children, his insurance policies representing about \$40,000. Messrs. W. W. Robertson, C. A. Geoffron and E. Lafleur are his testamentary executors. We cannot but express all the happiness which Mr. Laflamme's reconciliation with the Catholic Church affords us. Imbued at an early age with revolutionary and the so-called philosophic views of the 18th century, and having received his impressions when a law student in the advanced school of L'Avenir, pupil of Louis-Joseph Papineau and a companion in arms of Joseph Doutre, Joseph Papin, of the "Enfant Terrible," and of Charles Duost, at one time president of the Institut Canadien at the time of its insurrection against the Church, actively mixed up as he was with the Guibord case, which was the consequence of this. Having never publicly disavowed the religious errors of such a long life, it was to be feared that the pride with which our poor nature is filled up would prevent him, at the supreme moment, from seeking pardon in the presence of eternal justice. Alas! We have had

TOO MANY OF THESE SPECTACLES

in the very circles which he was wont to frequent; spectacles which pained our families, because the higher the source from which the scandal comes the more terrible it is to bear. Let us put an end to civil burials. A French-Canadian, born a Catholic, who refuses to have a cross on his grave has betrayed his God and his blood! Mr. Laflamme fortunately belonged to one of the most pious families of Montreal. So many holy women who had for him the most touching affection, did not pray heaven in vain for years that he might see the light through the darkness. A brother who is our common exemplar

did not either repeat vow upon vow to obtain the same benediction. A student of Saint Sulpice, it was sufficient for the illustrious dead, in the last hours which separated life from death to return in mind to the rays of his college life to find the true path. A priest of St. Sulpice consoled him in his last moments by pointing out eternal hope and by closing his eyes. Another Sulpician will bless his remains. Whatever may have been said Mr. Laflamme was not an unbeliever. We have been told that on his deathbed he entreated Joseph Papin to reconcile himself with the Church, and that he did the same thing later with Joseph Doutre, but unfortunately without success. "We all know," said he, "where we stand here, but what will become of us when we are judged? My dear friend, place yourself on the safest side." Now, a word as to Mr. Laflamme's professional and public life. Mr. Laflamme was much better known as a lawyer than as a politician. He possessed a very high degree the science of law and very few could better than he interpret a text or disentangle an obscure case with as much clearness. He figured in most of the important cases which have come before our judiciary within the last forty years. We never think of the settlement of the claims of the Seigneurs without being reminded of his admirable plees (1851 to 1858) and it was poor Doutre who defended the *Censitaires*! It was pleasing to hear him plead when his opponent interrupted him or retorted too warmly. It was the best service which could be rendered him. Of a nonchalant nature, he at once became another man. The sleeping lion

WAS AWAKENED AND THEN BEWARE

of the blows which he gave. Several times he pleaded before the Privy Council in England, where he was always listened to with the greatest respect. He never spoke for the gallery, but only for the judges, that is to say, *ad rem*. He, moreover, had the advantage of speaking English equally as well as French. Mr. Laflamme entered Parliament at too advanced an age to play a very striking part. It is a mistake to think that it suffices for one to be a great lawyer, to become a great politician or a great parliamentarian. Elected member for Jacques Cartier in 1872, he was re-elected in 1874, became a Minister in 1876, and succumbed in 1878, after the revelations of *La Trappe*. He never rose from that fall. In all his contests he had for his opponent our eminent friend, Mr. Desire Girouard, who managed to wreat the county of Jacques Cartier from him only after repeated efforts. Very few elections created such public interest. At times it seemed as if the eyes of the whole country were turned on this county. The last time that we heard Mr. Laflamme speak politics in public was Ste. Genevieve, in the county of Jacques Cartier, on nomination day, when the contest lay between the Hon. Mr. Mousseau, Premier of the Province, and Mr. J. A. Descarries. The *rouges* and *Castors* were then coalesced against the *bleus*, and a terrible contest followed. By the list of speakers it will be seen that we were considerably mixed up. Those who spoke for Mr. Mousseau, were Messrs. L-blanc, Bismillon, Cornolier and Tasse; for Mr. Descarries, Senators Bellerose and Trudel, Hon. Mr. Laflamme, Hon. Mr. Beaubien and Mr. Mercier. Since these things have returned to their normal conditions and every man has returned to his camp. So much the better. Provincial politics were then discussed and Mr. Laflamme showed that he was ignorant of the very elements. This shows that a man needs to follow politics closely to be posted. Mr. Laflamme was one of the men in the Liberal party whom La Minerve combatted most energetically. On this subject editorials can be found in our files which were most violent and contributed much to the downfall of the party. History will appreciate these events." Mr. Laflamme was the brother of Mr. Leopold Laflamme, of *Sour de la Nativite* of the Grey Nuns, at Ottawa, and of Madame Jette, wife of Hon. Juge Jette. La Minerve concludes: "His funeral will take place on Monday morning at St. James Church. Many will wish to accompany to their last resting place the remains of him who died after having given the example of a return to the faith, and it will be for all the best of consolations."

Another Irish Q. C. is to be called to the English Bar—Mr. Dunbar Barton. Mr. Barton, who represents Mid-Armagh

at St. Stephen's, is a nephew of Lord Plunket, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and of Mr. David Plunket, M. P.; he is a connection by marriage of Lord Ardilann and Iveagh. Mr. Barton is just forty.

"EQUAL RIGHTS."

The Toronto Mail of Friday last published, from an official document just issued by the supreme body, the objects and declaration of principles of the Canadian P. P. A. (Protestant Protective Association). Principle No. 6 reads as follows:

"It is, in our opinion, unwise and unsafe to appoint or elect to civic, political or military office in this country men who owe supreme allegiance to any foreign king, potentate or ecclesiastical power, and who are sworn to obey such power."

Further on a series of questions are given which must be answered satisfactorily by candidates aspiring to public positions before they can receive the support of the members of the Society. The first question asked a candidate for the Legislative Assembly is:—"Are you prepared to do all you can to abolish Separate Schools?" Question No. 8 applies to aspirants for the position of school trustees. It is as follows: "If elected will you promise that no Roman Catholic will be employed as teacher by the School Board?"

By the above it is evident that the P. P. A. would not allow Roman Catholics to have Separate Schools in this Province; neither would they permit Roman Catholics to teach in Public Schools. The Mail says the Association arose out of the Equal Rights agitation. This is Equal Rights with a vengeance.—*Richmond Hill Liberal*.

It is well to give the readers of the TRUE WITNESS from time to time an expose of the aims, objects and principles of this infamous Association. The Richmond Hill Liberal, from which the above extracts are taken, is one of the many respectable Protestant journals that has the courage of its convictions and fearlessly denounces the gospel preached by the P. P. A. and the hireling organs that second the Association's propaganda against Catholics. If principle No. 6 of this anti-Christian Association could become effective, as thank God it cannot, then such men as the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, the Hon. Frank Smith, Major-General Herbert and a host of other Catholics would be debarred from holding office. The P. P. A. says they should be debarred from holding office, since they owe supreme allegiance to a "foreign ecclesiastical power," but, England and Canada think differently from the actions of those traitors who imported into this free country all the bloody principles learned beneath the mud-walled cabin of Tom Sloan, of County Armagh, in 1795, down to thier latest exploits in Belfast on the passage of the Home Rule Bill in the British House of Commons. These mouthers of hatred, bigotry, persecution and extermination talk of loyalty forsooth! All readers of impartial history will recall Orange loyalty to their young Queen on her accession to the Throne? All men who have taken notes of events will remember the loyalty of the Orangemen on the disestablishment of the State Church? They will recall the notorious bigot, the Rev. Dr. Kane, whose loyalty was so elastic that he threatened "to kick the Crown into the Boyne Water," and Billy Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, who swore on the Bible in presence of all the Belfast weavers, that he would walk knee deep in Papist blood from where he then stood to the gates of Bandon, if the arch-enemy of Protestantism—Gladstone—pushed the iniquitous Bill into law. Oh ye gods! That Catholic loyalty, honor and courage should be impugned by the P. P. A. of Ontario, the descendants of the scum of Sandy Row and the tallow-faced weavers of Lurgan and vicinity.

"Are you prepared to do all you can to abolish Separate Schools?" ask the P. P. A. from candidates aspiring to public positions. This, then, is the first question asked a candidate for the Legislative Assembly, says their organ and Bible, the Toronto Mail. Is there any Protestant gentleman, let me ask, who would enter the arena of a political contest in which the question just quoted is made one of the main planks of the P. P. A. platform? Assuredly not! No good Protestant would stultify his reli-

gion and name by subscribing to the principles of an Association whose real founder and patron must be sought in regions where the winter season is unknown. No doubt, there are hypocrites and persecutors galore, ready to take up the P. P. A. cry and subscribe to the question demanded; but it must be remembered they are Protestants of the school over which Bæzabub presides with all the vain-glorious pride so majestically depicted in a certain portion of the "Paradise Lost." Question No. 8 asks the candidate: "If elected will you promise that no Roman Catholic will be employed as teacher by the School Board?" If persecution, proscription, bigotry and hatred could go farther than this, I am at a loss to find the page, chapter and verse. In Toronto and other cities, and many rural districts of the great Province of Ontario, Catholics have been accustomed for generations to every species of intolerance and bigotry; but this anti-Christian, anti-civilization movement of the P. P. A., said by the Mail to be the outcome of the "Equal Rights" agitation, surpasses in its brazen effrontery anything recorded in ancient or modern history. Probably its counterpart could be found in "Sandy Row," Belfast, but nowhere else beneath the heavens to-day. Of course its legitimate off-spring, yet bastardized progeny, the A. P. A. (since they gave their perjured allegiance to Uncle Sam) in the Western States cannot consistently be severed from the parent stock. The A. P. A. is but a transplanted graft of the P. P. A. of Ontario; but since it took root on the free soil of the great Republic it has upset and turned into ridicule some of the best principles of the American constitution. Awake Columbia and shake this perjured viper of Canadian birth from a soil hallowed by a Marquette and endeared to every lover of freedom and liberty by the genius and exploits of your own immortal Washington!

Now let us suppose for an instant—a supposition contrary to reason, religion and instinct—that a C. P. A. (Catholic Protective Association) were to spring up in the Province of Quebec, having the same aims, objects and principles for its basis as the P. P. A. of the sister Province of Ontario, what would be the result? Simply this: Every Protestant newspaper from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as in duty bound, would be up in arms against it; every Protestant pulpit, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, and from Halifax to Vancouver, would be hurling anathemas at the accursed thing; yet how many, or rather how few of these organs and institutions have the courage to hurl their denunciations and maledictions against the unclean, the unhallowed P. P. A. of Ontario, since they recognize in it a twin-brother of that ill-omened, cadaverous bird—Orangeism. If, then, the P. P. A. is, as its organ, the Toronto Mail, asserts, the first born of the Equal Rights agitation, the sooner it and its parent are strangled or put in safe-keeping by the strong arm of the law, the better for the peace, prosperity and development of this great Dominion.—*Communicated*.

THE MOST EXCELLENT REMEDY.

DEAR SIRS.—I have suffered greatly from constipation and indigestion, but by the use of B. B. B. I am now restored to health. I cannot praise Birkbeck Blood Bitters too highly; it is the most excellent remedy I ever used. MISS AGNES J. LAFONN, Hagersville, Ont.

Apple-y Answered.—Miss Newcombe: Seems to be rather a good year this for fruit, Giles? Are all your trees full of apples as that one? Giles: Oh naw, Miss, only the apple trees.—*Judy*.

Constitutional.—Waggles: Haven't seen you for week, Goosey. What's been the matter? Goosey: Oh, nothing. Bwain fevah—that's all. Waggles: Nothing! Why, that's awfully dangerous. Goosey: With some people; but the doctor told me I had nothing to be afraid about.

He drew the line.—She: If it were necessary, and I were your wife, would you go through fire and water for me? He (hesitatingly): Do you think it would be necessary? She (teasingly): It might. He (grabbing his hat and starting for the door): Then I think you'd better marry a fireman.

OBITUARY.

The Late Mr. James O'Hagan, J. P.

One by one the pioneer land marks in the valley of the Ottawa are disappearing. The few that remain are easily counted. Amongst the most highly respected citizens of that portion of Canada was the late Mr. James O'Hagan, of the Gatineau Village, whose death occurred the week before last at Hull. Mr. O'Hagan had long passed the allotted three score and ten; but so well preserved and healthy did he appear that an acquaintance might have given him a goodly number of years more in this world. But it was not to be so. The life of Mr. O'Hagan is the history of the Gatineau Village, of Hull and of the Ottawa. The deceased gentleman leaves a large family, all very well to do, and the members of which will accept the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the TRUE WITNESS in the hour of their sorrow. Mrs. O'Hagan, the kind and refined lady who has been the faithful companion of her husband's declining years, deserves the condolence of all her vast circle of friends. Dr. O'Hagan of New York is one of the deceased's eldest children, who with three brothers and two sisters remain, to lament a good father. Of Mr. O'Hagan's other relatives there is his sister, the venerable and universally beloved superiors of the Rideau street Convent, Rev. Sister Theresa. A noble type of womanhood is not to be found in all the vast region of the Ottawa than that which the life and deeds of this energetic, devoted and really grand religious present. To her, also, do we offer our humble expression of a sympathy that she knows to be sincere.

Mr. O'Hagan came to Ottawa, or Bytown, in the days of his youth; he was a lawyer by profession, but in the new home where he set up his household goods he ceased to exercise that profession; he entered the great lumbering business, which flourished so vigorously in those days. He beheld the gradual rise of Canada's capital, the changing of Hull from a vast swamp into a city, and the birth and growth of the Gatineau Village, where mostly all his property was situated. His legal lore stood him in good need, and when appointed a Justice of the Peace for that new country, he became the "refuge of sinners," or in other words the champion of all the country around. Every person that fell into legal difficulties went to Mr. O'Hagan to have the knots untied. He spoke the French and English language equally well, and he acted as a second father to hundreds of families in the surrounding district. He was a man of varied and wide erudition. He read constantly and with the aid of a powerful memory he retained and classified all the knowledge thus acquired; in the cells of his capacious mind his stock of information was assorted and stored away, to be drawn upon for the benefit of all who came his way. He was a man of a kindly heart and a loyal nature. The writer knew him well, and since childhood always felt as if he were one of Mr. O'Hagan's favorites. Even now, as this pen runs along the lines, and vainly strives to indite the feelings that arise when memory recalls his many acts of encouragement and kindness, the hours of pleasant conversation, of literary argument, of historical criticism and of poetic enjoyment spent in his company, come up like visions of the past, and the writer can only express his tribute in the words of the Quaker poet:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Faded of my better days;
No one knew thee, but to love thee,
None named thee, but to praise."

Gratifying News.

We learn with great pleasure that Mrs. T. F. Moore, who has been most dangerously ill during the past few weeks, is now improving, and although still in a critical condition, is, however, better than had been anticipated a few days ago. We trust sincerely that Mrs. Moore's severe trial will soon be over and that God's greatness will restore to health and strength the good and devoted lady whose presence—even for a short time—has been so much missed by her host of friends.

Honors Conferred on Two French-Canadian Botanists.

We learn, with great pleasure, the official announcement that two first-class medals have been nominally awarded by the eminent judges of the Columbian

World's Exposition, in Chicago, to two distinguished Canadian Naturalists—both Religious of the Order of the Holy Cross; one to the Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, C.S.C., the professor of the Mathematical, Physical and Natural Sciences in the College of St. Laurent; and the other, to the Rev. Sister M. of St. Amelia, the learned teacher of Botany in the academy of the same locality. The medals were awarded for the herbaria or collections of Canadian plants which these professors placed in the Canadian Catholic educational exhibits.

"THE SUNBEAM."

Owing to the many complications, legal and otherwise, arising out of the recent difficulties of the TRUE WITNESS, we beg to announce that the Sunbeam will not appear again this year. But we can promise the many subscribers that they will get full credit for the numbers that have been unavoidably lost to them during these months of severe trial.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

C. M. B. A.

Close of Election of Officers—New Charter for the Quebec Grand Council.

Branch No. 1 of the Quebec Grand Council, at their last regular meeting, on Monday evening, 11th inst., concluded the annual election of officers, as follows:—W. J. Kerr, president; J. Kavanaugh, 1st vice-president; W. J. Innes, 2nd vice-president; F. C. Lawlor, recording and corresponding secretary; J. H. P. Saucier, assistant; W. J. Scullion, financial secretary; T. J. White, treasurer; J. Lappin, marshal; R. Lukeman, guard. Trustees: J. Lappin, chairman; H. G. Singleton, J. Tierney, L. Emond, P. F. McCaffrey.

P. Kelly, retiring president, will take the chancellor's chair, on the evening of installation of officers, which will be held on Monday, 8th January, 1894. James Meek, Grand deputy, a charter member of this Branch, was elected as representative to Grand Council Convention which will be held in the city of Quebec, next summer. P. Kelly, present president, was elected as alternate officer to Convention. Chancellor J. P. Nugent, an old member of this Branch, is also first grand vice-president of Quebec Council.

At this meeting 8 new members were initiated, 7 favorably balloted for, and one new application for membership was read. The membership is growing rapidly and now numbers 160.

President McDermott, of St. Ann's Branch No. 2, C.M.B.A., was present, and exhibited the beautiful new charter for the Quebec Grand Council, which was greatly admired.

The Branch is actively engaged in preparing for their ever popular Social and Banquet, to be held in the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday, 9th January, 1894.

St. Mary's Bazaar.

A bazaar has been opened in St. Mary's hall in aid of the church and the poor of the parish. So far success has attended the efforts of the promoters. The display of goods is a very fine one, and it is of such a nature that it is sure to bring admiration from all those who see them. A feature of the bazaar is The Rainbow, an eight page sheet, published daily, giving the latest local news. Around the various stalls appropriate mottoes are displayed, including one "Welcome to St. Mary's Bazaar." The bazaar will be open till the 25th instant. The ladies in charge of the bazaar are the following:—

Refreshment table—Mrs. J. Street, president of the bazaar; Mrs. P. Ryan, Mrs. M. Laughlin, Miss Kehir, Miss Lane, Mrs. Duran, Miss Riley, Miss Jones, Miss Drumm.

Lottery table—Mrs. Kehir, Mrs. Hoolahan, Mrs. Singleton, Miss Singleton.

Children of Mary table—Miss Street, Miss Heffernan, Miss Donovan, Miss Cassidy.

Fancy goods table—Mrs. Phelan, Mrs. Dillon, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. O'Neil.

Fish pond—Miss Tucker.

Christmas tree—Mrs. Lawlor, Miss Lawlor.

Post office—Miss Altimas, Miss Smith.

Cigar booth and flower pagoda—Mrs. T. O'Connell, Miss L. Jordan, Miss L. McEntee.

The wheel of fortune will be in charge of Messrs. Murray and Smith.

The Rainbow is under the editorship of Miss Sutherland and Miss Harvey. A

series of concerts will be given during the bazaar. St. Cecilia's orchestra and St. Gabriel's band have consented to be present during the week. The first of the series was given Saturday evening and proved to be very entertaining. One of the features was the singing of the "Sentence of Death," by F. Butler.

An Old Montrealer.

Richard B. Milloy, better known as "Dick," is a prominent member of the Boston Grand Opera House Company who are playing at the Academy this week. There is no actor as prominent in Montreal (Mr. Milloy's home) as he is. Whenever a charitable or dramatic concert was held Mr. Milloy was always in the front rank to render his services, and always sent the audience away pleased with the evening's enjoyment. Mr. Milloy was born in this city on the 23rd of February, 1873. His first professional engagement was with Chas. L. Howard's Apple Orchard Farm Co., where he originated the character of Dennis McNamara. We find him the season after as Bill Crimmims in "That Woman Co.'y" also as Smoke in "Fun on the Bristol." He has also played Dick Tipton in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Teddy Creagan in "Geraldine," Barney O'Flynn in "Hazel Kirke," etc. etc. Mr. Milloy is a member of St. Patrick's Young Men's Society, Branch 26 C. M. B. A., St. Mary's Young Men's Society, and St. Lawrence Court Catholic Order of Foresters. No doubt he is popular, and we wish him all the success he deserves.

SINCE we are touching upon the criminal law and criminals, we will reproduce a few remarks of the Liverpool Catholic Times on the subject of "Punishment of Crime." They are not inapplicable even in Canada:

"Mr. Hopwood, the Recorder of Liverpool, is a humane, well-meaning man, but whilst mercy in a court of law is under certain circumstances a most commendable quality, to display it on unheeding occasions may be seriously prejudicial to the interests of justice. This remark may, we think, be applied with great propriety to the action of Mr. Hopwood in what are known as "The Great Tobacco Frauds." Here was a case not of poverty-stricken persons who yielded to temptation under the stress of want, but of a systematic course of wrong-doing on the part of a tobacco merchant named Wishart and his clerk who swindled the North Western Bank out of a sum amounting to close on sixty thousand pounds. Yet Mr. Hopwood, as prosecuting counsel, took upon himself the responsibility of limiting the powers of the judge by accepting the plea of guilty on a single count of the indictment which carries the maximum penalty of two years imprisonment and tendering no evidence on the other counts. We are not surprised that the adoption of such a course should have excited the indignation of Mr. Justice Day and elicited from him a stern judicial censure. If crime is to be repressed, deliberate and hardened criminals must not count on clemency. The policy of the Recorder of Liverpool is condemned by all who have any knowledge either of police courts or the interior of the prison at Walton. If there has been a decrease in the criminal statistics of the city Mr. Hopwood must not lay to his soul the flattering unctious that it is due to his light sentences; it is really attributable to the energy of those who are rescuing homeless and destitute children and thus lessening the raw material of crime."

Easy to take—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Smallest, easiest, cheapest, best. They're tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts. Without disturbance or trouble, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved and cured. Permanently cured, too. By their mild and natural action, these little Pellets lead the system into natural ways again. Their influence lasts.

Every thing catarrhal in its nature, catarrh, itself, and all the troubles that come from catarrh, are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. No matter how bad, your case or of how long standing, you can be cured.

The Russo-Turkish Alliance.

THERE is talk of a serious move on the part of Russia to secure a formal expression from Turkey of the alliance now tacitly existing between these two powers. Such would be a great misfortune as far as the Catholic Church goes, especially regarding our missions in the East. The following from the Catholic Times explains the situation very well:

"The day after the Treaty of San Stefano was signed a representative of this journal had an interview with Midhat Pasha, the ex-vizier. Asked what he thought of the new situation created by the surrender of the Porte to the Russian invaders, the Pasha replied in the remarkable words:—"Henceforth we are the allies of Russia, the involuntary allies, it is true, but the allies for all that." Explaining his idea further the ex-vizier said that Turkey had looked in vain for help or protection from her former allies in the west, and she could not afford to throw herself again across the path of Russia and risk her very existence for the sake of the powers who had abandoned her in her hour of need. Ever since 1878 Turkey has been forced again and again to pay the utmost deference to the exigencies of Russian policy. Half the difficulties of the young Bulgarian State arise from the Sultan's inability to recognize formally the new state of things without the consent of his powerful northern neighbor. And now comes the news that Russia is making a great effort to have the alliance developed from the present tacit agreement into a formal treaty for mutual help. Such a treaty would be disastrous to the Catholic missions in the east, and at the same time would be a heavy blow to England's position in the Mediterranean. With Russian influence supreme in Asia Minor, there would be an end to the progress that is now being made towards the reunion of the Eastern Churches to the Holy See, and the schismatic prelate of Etchmiadzin would see his now weakening grasp on the Armenian communities rapidly strengthened by the aid of the Muscovite "secular arm." As for England, once a Russo-French alliance can dictate the policy to be pursued at Constantinople, there will be a very early message from the Sultan asking for the speedy evacuation of his province of Egypt. Such a message would be the herald of war."



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SASSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent? Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

A LOWLY MARTYR.

BY MISS EMMA C. STREET.

(Continued)

The native waited until his master's anger had cooled down, then he lifted him as gently as possible and carried him into the ruins to the most sheltered spot he could find and propped him up against the wall while he improvised a couch of grass and leaves. He was still engaged in the task when a distant sound reached his ears and caused him to start up and hasten to the outside of the building. His fears proved to be only too prophetic; the mutineers had followed close upon his track and a red-dish gleam among the trees warned him that they were armed with torches and were prosecuting the search vigorously. He at once plunged back into the ruins and began to tumble the improvised couch down into the underground chamber, explaining the danger rapidly to the colonel as he did so. When he had finished he took the helpless man and wrapped the turban securely around him again, but leaving his arms free. Then he lowered him gently down into the chamber below and threw after him a small parcel of provisions that he had had the foresight to bring with him. "Keep perfectly quiet, sahib," he said earnestly, as he prepared to replace the stone that concealed the hole. "If I escape I will come back for you. If not, God will succour you some other way."

"But why don't you come down here yourself?" asked the colonel, looking up at him. "If it's safe for me it's safe for you."

"There is no one to put the stone in place," was the quiet answer. "Never mind me, sahib; I'm all right. Pray that we may both be saved. Farewell now, and above all, keep very quiet, no matter what you hear. To let the sepoy know of your presence would mean instant death; they would not even wait to hear what you had to say, so it would be useless to attempt to face them. I shall leave the stone in such a way as to admit air, and will come back when the way is clear."

There was no time to say more. Already the voices of the searchers were audible, and Laltah drew the stone into its place, disposed the grass and weeds as to conceal the iron ring and the small crevice he had left uncovered, extinguished his lantern, and silently stole away.

"Humph!" muttered the colonel, when he was left alone in the pitch darkness. I don't know but that a sudden death is preferable to one by starvation, and that's what it means if that lad falls into the hands of our enemies; for no one knows I am here. The only consolation about it will be that the rascals won't have the pleasure of killing me. What a trump that chap Laltah is though; after my injustice to him too. What was that he said about praying? I fancy swearing has been more in my line all my life, and I feel more like doing it now than praying, though I suppose I ought not. Well, well." The colonel fell into a musing fit whither we shall not follow him. A host of new and novel thoughts had been suggested to him by the native's remarks; but what their effect was is known only to himself.

Laltah crept cautiously away from the vicinity of the underground chamber; keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the ruins; a difficult task, for the moonlight was pouring brightly down through every rift in the roof and walls. He had gained the opposite side to where the searchers were prowling about and was about to glide into the jungle, when a yell announced to him that they had discovered the secret. Almost at that same moment a pair of hands had grasped him from behind and the voice of Dowla Dass rose high in a cry of triumph. Wrenching himself free, Laltah grasped his enemy by the throat to prevent another outcry, but the mischief had been done. Before he could fling him down and make good his escape, the sepoy came running up on every side, and in a moment he was bound hand and foot and thrown upon the ground; a helpless prisoner.

"Ah, ha, son of Shaitan. So we have caught you," cried one of the mutineers, bestowing a kick upon Laltah that hurt his own toes; he had forgotten that he had thrown aside his military boots.

"Yes, we have caught you," echoed Dowla Dass, exultingly. "You thought I was unconscious when you carried away

the accursed Feringhee colonel. But I wasn't. I watched which way you went and I guided the sepoy here. I thought you would come to the jungle. What have you done with the colonel sahib?"

Laltah was silent. "Speak, son of a pig," vociferated another mutineer, prodding the prisoner with his trelwar. "We will cut you in pieces if you don't," threatened still another, savagely.

"No, no," interposed a third, a treacherous looking scoundrel. "We desire not to hurt our countrymen; it is the Feringhees we make war upon. Let Laltah declare to us where the colonel sahib is in hiding and we will reward and not punish him. Is it not so?"

A significant look passed around, and all answered in the affirmative. Looking at the circle of faces in the moonlight, Laltah read them plainly and he almost smiled. "Listen," he said, quietly. "I am your countryman, but I am also a Christian and you know it and hate me for it. The colonel sahib is safe. By this time he is beyond your reach. I helped him to escape as you already know. Now do as you please."

Cries of rage answered him, and several of the sepoy would have rushed upon him with their knives and despatched him at once but for the intervention of Dowla Dass. That worthy interposed quickly and cried, "not yet, my brothers. This pig of a Christian knows where the accursed Feringhee is concealed. Let us torture him till he speaks."

The proposal harmonized too well with their inclinations to be refused, and a scene began that would have done credit to the Roman amphitheatre during the reign of Diocletian or Julian. They cut and hacked the form of the unfortunate Laltah until there was not an inch of sound flesh left on his form. They applied torches to the soles of his feet, and they cut off his nose and his ears, pausing to ask, after every fresh agony, if he would betray his master's hiding place. A shake of the head was the only answer they could evoke, and they returned to their savage work again and again, until exhausted nature could stand no more and their victim became unconscious.

Never was a victory more gloriously won. Baffled, enraged, and yet half-frightened by the constancy of their victim, the Sepoy left him as dead, and scattered themselves through the ruins, seeking in vain for Colonel Chisholm. A score of times they passed over his hiding place; but it was too well concealed, and at last, as the sun began to light up the jungle, they went away, leaving the unfortunate Laltah weltering in blood; a hideous spectacle, deprived of nearly all semblance to humanity, but a glorious testimony to the power of faith.

Two or three hours later, a couple of officers of the Irregulars, fugitives from the murdering Sepoy, making their way from a distant part of the jungle where they had been concealed during the night, came upon the mutilated form of the poor native and halted beside it in horror. "Great God!" exclaimed one, "did you ever see such a spectacle, Hammond?"

"Some more of the miscreants' work, I suppose," answered the other bitterly. "There will be a heavy reckoning some day for those things. Come on, it's no use standing here; the poor wretch is dead."

As if to contradict his words, a shudder ran through the mutilated form at their feet and its hands were joined supplicatingly for a moment before they again fell heavily down.

"He is not dead," cried Hammond, kneeling down and lifting the broad stained head of Laltah. "We would be barbarians to leave him in this state. I wish we had a cupful of water."

"There is a drop of sherry in my flask since we went shooting yesterday," cried the other, who was named Greer. "Here, see if you can get him to swallow it."

With much difficulty a little of the liquor was forced down Laltah's throat and he revived slightly and made an effort to speak but it was the mere-t whisper, and Hammond had to put his ear down close to his lips to catch it. "The colonel sahib—under the floor—near door—of mosque—don't—go with-out—him."

"He says something about the colonel and the floor of the mosque," said Hammond in a puzzled tone. "What can he mean?"

"He must be raving," suggested Greer.

"Can you explain what you mean?"

asked Hammond pitifully bending down again.

Once more Laltah's blood stained lips moved in an effort to save his master. "Colonel—Chisholm—under mosque—look—for—him—Lord—have—mercy." Scarcely were the words breathed rather than spoken, when a shudder shook him from head to foot. Then he stretched himself out and lay quite still. "He is dead this time," said Greer, in an awestricken voice. "Yes, poor fellow," answered the other with a little catch in his breath. "And unless I'm very much mistaken he has saved the chief's life at the expense of his own. He said twice that Colonel Chisholm was under the masque and we were to look there for him. He must have meant that he is hiding there. Come on, old fellow, we'll have a hunt."

Before beginning the search they broke a lot of branches off the trees and covered the dead body of the faithful servant from the rays of the sun; sadly recognising their inability to give it any more honorable sepulture.

With Laltah's last words to guide them, the search did not prove a very long one. They found the Colonel summing and fretting over his prolonged imprisonment; but when they took him and showed him the body of his faithful servant he broke down and cried like a child.

"If I get out of this fix alive," he said solemnly, "I'll build that poor fellow a monument that will perpetuate his name for ages to come."

That same day the three men were rescued by a company of European foot on its way to the relief of the surviving English residents of Panigunge, who welcomed their deliverers with extravagant joy.

Many months passed before Colonel Chisholm was able to put into execution his resolution of erecting a memorial to the faithful Laltah. When he did so, it took the form of a stained glass window in the little native chapel of Panigunge, where the brave young native had been baptised; but perhaps the most honorable monument to his memory was the complete and radical change that his noble death wrought in the Colonel himself. From that time till the day of his death, there was no more exemplary Christian than Colonel Chisholm, and no more zealous supporter of every scheme for the conversion of the natives of India.

EMMA C. STREET.

DOMESTIC READING.

The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith.

It is the laziness of mind which takes away the taste for good books.

The praise of the world without the fear of God has no foundation.

The blue heaven is larger than all the clouds in it, and much more lasting.

A man is born for great things when he has the strength to conquer himself.

The entire universe is the temple of God, filled with His glory and His presence.

One seldom repents of having said too little, often of having said too much.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving at the right moment.

Perhaps to suffer is nothing else than to live more deeply. Love and sorrow are the two conditions of a profound life.

Nothing is so pleasant as a good and beautiful soul; it shows itself in every action.

Nothing offends God like pride. True piety is in accord with all reasonable pleasures.

Majesty is to merit what shaking is to the figures in a picture; it gives it force and expression.

What is more glorious than to be conquered, or rather to be willing to be conquered by truth?

As women advance in their grasp of all that is noble and good will they not leave shame far behind?

Sinners will not look on God as a Father, they will some day be obliged to look on Him as a Judge.

"Satisfactory Results."

So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ont., who writes: "In wasting diseases and scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

THANKSGIVING DAY

At St. Laurent College.

On the evening of the 29th of November the members of St. Patrick Literary Association of St. Laurent College convened a respectable assembly in their dramatic hall to celebrate the anniversary of Thanksgiving Day, which ever makes the hearts of Americans beat with overflowing sentiments of patriotism. The audience seemed to imbibe a spirit of nationality, and throughout the evening showered upon the participants in the entertainment volley upon volley of merited praise and applause. The spectators were untiring in their admiration of the brilliant effort of the talented amateur actors of this college in presenting a melodrama entitled "The Recognition." The college band and orchestra also received encomiums for their delightful music. The many Americans present were overjoyed at hearing their beloved national airs played in a strange, but happily, sister country. The entire performance of the evening was well rendered. However, it is regretted, as the president of the Society remarked, that among the audience were missed the pleasant faces of some of our fair admirers whom a disagreeable storm forced to remain at home. The following is the programme:

- Selection.....College Band
- English Oration, Isabella the Catholic.....
-Mr. Francis Kenney
- French Oration, De la Liberté.....
-Mr. J. A. Gauthier
- Selection.....Orchestra

THE RECOGNITION.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- Duke of Spoleto.....James H. Goggin
- Isabella, his Squire.....Joseph Brennan
- Prince of Macerata.....Ambrose McGinn
- Barolo.....Henry Quinn
- Antonio, his son, a boy.....John McGarry
- Balthazar, friend of Antonio.....Patrick O'Mara
- Stephano, teacher of Antonio.....John Hannon
- Leonard, a soldier.....William Hazel
- Andrea, a Squire of the Duke.....William Tighe
- Pacifico, a companion of Barolo.....
-Joseph Williams
- Lorenzo, page, friend of Antonio.....
-Edmund Carron
- Giacomo, Squire of Barolo.....John McQuillan
- Fabiano, Governor of Montefalco.....
-Francis Doyle
- Paolo, a jailer.....John O'Sullivan
- Soldiers, Attendants, etc.

A ROARING FARCE.

THE TROUBLESOME SERVANTS.

- Dr. Ziz eschneider.....Moses Malone
- Dr. Dinklespellenheimer.....Matthew O'Brien
- Joe Fash.....James Deane
- Jim, Snowball Molasses.....Joseph McGinty
- Handy Andy.....Jeremiah Casey
- Carl Skinsky.....Edward Houlihan
- Grand Finale.....College Band

Mr. Kenney's oration was a masterpiece of eloquence. Fully acquainted with the field of his subject, he glowingly pictured how to Isabella, a model of Christian virtue, the Catholic Church owes the inestimable number of converts gained by the discovery of America. Mr. Gauthier's speech on Liberty was well rendered and deserves praise. The vocal music of the extracts was excellent and received encores. The actors did exceedingly well, and each, by striving to the best of his ability to personate his assumed character, served to make the evening a success. Mr. James H. Goggin, the president of the Society, in the role of the villain enclosed his former reputation as an actor. Mr. Brennan, as the Duke's squire, agreeably surprised the audience. Master John McGarry, as the young hero, is to be complimented on his first appearance on the stage. Messrs. Quinn, O'Mara, Hannon, and Hazel did honor to themselves, while Messrs. Tighe and Williams are deserving of an honorable mention. All the other participants may feel proud of their success.

The farce kept the spectators continually laughing. The ability of Messrs. Doran and McGinty shows them to be comedians of no inferior rank.

When the entertainment was ended, Rev. Father Meehan, C. S. C., arose and briefly congratulated St. Patrick's Association on the happy issue of its entertainment, and in behalf of those present the Society for the delightful evening it had afforded them.

After the assembled guests had retired, the students wended their joyful way to their respective dormitories and were soon lost in dreams of a sumptuous dinner on the morrow the culmination of their Thanksgiving celebration.

The thanks of the Society are due to Rev. Father McGarry, C. S. C., Mr. Michael J. O'Connor and Mr. John J. McGee, to whose great and unceasing efforts the evening's programme owes its felicitous termination. Credit is also owing to Messrs. Urgel Vian and Lecours for the instrumental music enjoyed and to the director of the Glee Club, Rev. Brother Oswald for the vocal music furnished.

B. L.

AN ADMIRABLE SKETCH.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Another star in the Galaxy of Irish-American Literature—The Poetess and Her Works.

In speaking with the author of a "Dream of Lilies," I casually mentioned the name of another Boston poetess, "one of the Pilot poets," as the gifted Carpenter was wont to speak of those whose genius was nursed by Boyle O'Reilly. For a few years previous to my coming, little wail poems, suggestive of talent and refinement, had seen light in the columns of that brilliant journal. They had about them that something which makes the reader hazard a bet that the youngster when fully fledged would some day leave the lowlands of minor minstrelsy for a height on Parnassus. From this singer Miss Conway had that morning received a notelet. It was none of the ordinary kind, a little anarchistic, if one might judge from the awkward pen-sketch of a hideous grinning skeleton-skull held by cross-bones which served as an illustration to the hammering text that followed, in a rather cramped girlish hand. The notelet was signed Louise Imogen Guiney.

"Are you not afraid, Miss Conway," said I, "to receive such warning notes." "It is from the best girl in America, was the frank reply; read it." A perusal of the few dashing lines was enough, and my generous host, reading my eyes, gave me the coveted notelet. That notelet begot an interest in the writer, an interest fully repaid by the strong, careful work put forth under her name. Louise Imogen Guiney, poet, essayist, dramatist, was born in Boston, that city of "sweetness and light," in January, 1861. Her parents were Irish. Her father, Patrick Guiney, came from the hamlet of Parkstown, County Tipperary, at an early age. He was a man of the most blameless and noble character. During the civil war, as Col. Guiney of the Irish Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers,

HIS HEROISM

on behalf of his adopted country won him the grateful admiration of all lovers of freedom. This admiration at the close of the war was substantially shown by his election as Judge of Probate. Constant suffering from an old wound, received at the battle of the Wilderness, gave the old soldier but few years to enjoy honors from his fellow citizens. His death was mourned by all who loved virtue and honor. Of him a Boston poet sang:

"Large heart and brave? Tried soul and true!
How thickly in thy life's short span,
All strong sweet virtues thrived and grew,
As friend, as hero, and as man.
Unmoved by thought of blame or praise,
Unbought by gifts of power and pride,
Thy life still trod Time's devious ways
With Duty as thy law and guide."

Good blood, you will say, from whence our poet came, and blood counts even in poetry. I have no anecdotes to relate of Miss Guiney's early years. I am not sure that there were any. Anecdotes are usually manufactured in later life, if the subject happens to become famous. Her education was carefully planned, and intelligently carried out. She was not held in the dull routine of the school-room, but was allowed to emancipate herself in the works of the poets. What joy must have been hers, scampering home after the study of *de omni scibili*, the ordinary curriculum of any American school, to a quiet nook and the dream of her poets. Amid these dreams came the siren whisperings of the muse, telling her of the poet within struggling for life and expression. These struggles begot a tiny little volume happily named "Songs at the Start." The great American reviewer, who, ordinarily,

"Boils every book that comes out of the press, without the least question of larger or less,"

on this occasion, by some untoward event, stumbled on a truth when he informed us, with the air of one who rarely touches earth, that the book bore signs of promise. The people, by all means a better critic, were more apt in their judgment of the young singer. A few years later they asked her to write the memorial poem for the services in commemoration of Gen. Grant. Thus honored by her native city, in an easy way she was led to climb the ladder of fame. In 1885 appeared her first volume

of essays, "Goose Quill Papers;" in '87 a volume of poems bearing the fanciful name of White-Sail; in '88 a pretty book for children, in '92 Monsieur Henri, a Foot-note to French History. It is something to be noted in regard to a Foot-note to French history, that the novelist Stevenson, in his far-off home in Samoa, was publishing at the same time a work which bore a decided likeness to her title. Stevenson's book was published as "A Foot Note to History." In '93 appeared her latest volume of verse, being a selection of poems previously published in American magazines. This selection (the poet has a genuine knack for tacking taking names to her volumes) is quaintly named a Wayside Harp and dedicated to a brace of Irish poets, the Sigerson sisters. The graceful dedication as well as many of its strongest and most artistic poems, were the outcome of a trip to Great Britain and Ireland. The author travelled with open eyes, and brought back many a dainty picture of the scenes she had so lovingly witnessed. This volume fulfils the early promise, and what is more, gives indubitable signs that the poet possesses a reserve force. Not a few women poets write themselves out in their first volume. Not so with Miss Guiney, every additional volume shows greater strength and more complete mastery of technique. After the surfeit of a wild passing current as poetry, such a book as

"WAYSIDE HARP"

should find a waiting audience, Miss Guiney has the essentials of a poet, which I take to be color, music, perfume and passion. In their use she is an artist. In her first book an excess of these everywhere prevailed; it was from this excess, however, that the prudent critic would have hazarded a doubt as to her fitness to join the company of the bards. Since then she has been an ardent student. This study has not only taught her limitations, a thing that saves so much after pruning, but that other lesson, forgotten by so many barilets, that the greatest poetic effects are the result of the masterful mixing of a few simple colours. It is well that she has learned these lessons at the outset of her career. Let not the fads and fancies of this *fin de siècle* and the senseless worship of those poetasters who scorn sense while they hug sound lead her from the true road of song. No amount of meaningless words airily strung together, no amount of gymnastic rhyming feats can produce a poet. They are the badges of those wondrous little dunces that pass nature with a frown, alleging in the language of the witty Bangs that "Nature is not art." Guiney's friend and faithful mentor, O'Reilly, had taught her to abhor all those who spent their waking hours chiselling cherry stones. To him it was a poet's duty to aim high, attune his lyre, not to the pretty, but the manly and hopeful; never to debase the lyre by an utterance of selfishness, but to consecrate it with the strains of liberty and humanity. If Guiney follows the teachings of her early friend—teachings which are substantially sound, she will yet produce poems that the world will not

WILLINGLY LET DIE.

That Rosette had of hiding a mystic meaning in a poem, now slowly passing through the brains of our teeming songsters, is now and then to be met with in our poet. It is a trade-trick. Poetry is sense—common-sense at that, and you cannot rim common-sense things with mystical hues. Abjuring these trade-tricks, and shaking off the trammels of her curious and extensive reading and evolving from herself solely, she has, says Douglas Sladen, a great promise

FURNITURE AND PIANOS.—Our new Illustrated Catalogue of Furniture and Pianos will be sent free all through the Province on application, with a price list. Please mention if it is a Catalogue for Furniture or Pianos that you wish for. F. LAPONTE, Furniture and Piano Dealer, 1541 to 1551 St. Catherine St. 1911

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before her. As an instance of this promise let us quote that fine poem "The Wild Ride," which is full of genuine inspiration, and which may be the means of introducing to some the most thoroughly gifted Catholic woman writer of our country.

THE WILD RIDE.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy mane-tossing horses;
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing,
Cowardly and laggards fall back but alert to the saddle,
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-worn galloping legion,
With a stirrup cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.
The road is thro' doubt and dread, over crags and morasses!
There are snags by the way, there are things that appal or entice us!
What odds! We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding!
I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing,
We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leads! O God! All's well with thy troops that follow.

It was only natural that the daughter of an Irish patriot should sing of her father's land and that in a style racy of that land. It was a hazardous experiment, as many an Irish American singer has learned in sorrow. That Miss Guiney has come out of the trying ordeal successfully may be seen in the following little snatch, full of the aroma of green Erin:

AN IRISH PEASANT SONG

I try to knead and spin, but my life is low the while;
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;
Yet when I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower-stricken earth, the earth-colored stream,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dream;
And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle wall,
It pulls upon my heart, till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin cross the fields are green and still;
But once I hear a blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall!

Miss Guiney possesses a charming personality. Her manner is "unaffected, girlish and modest." There is about her none of the curtness and prudishness of the blue-stocking. Success has not turned her head, literary homage has made her forget that they who will build for time must need work long and patiently, using only the best material. By so doing may it be written of her work, as she has written of Brother Bartholomew's:

"Wonderful virtues! fair and fine,
Rich in the old Greek loveliness;
The sea-like vision, half divine;
Pathos and merriment in excess
And every perfect stanza told,
Of love and of labor manifold."

WALTER LECKY.

The Cause of Rheumatism.

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood, it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralize the acid, and to so invigorate the kidneys and liver that all waste will be carried off. Hood's Sarsaparilla is heartily recommended by many whom it has cured of rheumatism. It possesses just the desired qualities, and so thoroughly purifies the blood as to prevent occurrence of rheumatic attacks. We suggest a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla by all who suffer from rheumatism.

Heroic treatment.—Dawson: I shall die if I'm not soon relieved of these hiccups. Do something to frighten me. Mrs. Dawson: Booh! Scat! There's a snake under the chair. There's a mouse — Dawson (in disgust): Oh, pshaw! That sort of thing wouldn't frighten a baby. Mrs. Dawson: Well, here's a bill from the dressmaker for my new autumn dresses. Dawson (as he recovers from the shock): Thanks, my dear. They've gone.

FOR BOILS AND SKIN DISEASES.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using B.B.B. for boils and skin disease, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled. MRS. SARAH HAMILTON, Montreal, Que.

CONVERSION NOT APOSTACY.

Without Conversion Could There be a Christian Church?

It has ever been the history of the Catholic Church that conversions are daily being made of men into her fold. Indeed, the Church is founded on conversion, and without it there could have been no Christian Church. In the early times the Jews had to be converted from the Mosaic law, and the world from the beliefs of heathenism. In the present stage of Christendom there are sects innumerable, each teaching a different doctrine, and all differing from the Catholic Church, though when grouped together their doctrines in their universality are the doctrines of the Catholic Church; and on their differences being removed they hold unitedly Catholic belief.

Evidently, as they teach different doctrines, and as truth is one and indivisible by its very nature, they must all of them be in error. To persist in error, knowing it to be error, is most illogical. Besides the Holy Scripture warns us against the teachers of false doctrines, and threatens severe penalties against the holders of heretical beliefs.

Logic, therefore, and Scripture require that a man must abandon error and all doctrines which are founded on error. He must, therefore, be prepared to renounce allegiance to any church which he discovers to be teaching falsely, and he is in conscience and reason bound to join the Catholic Church when he is convinced that it is the true Church, steadfast in the faith of Christ.

This is conversion. To call it apostacy is a misnomer; and no man of sense will apply such a name to the sincere Christian who, for the sake of truth, breaks away from all the loved traditions of youth. The sectaries who would make use of this term against him only display their anger and disappointment; and are guilty of a grievous sin against charity. They only prove that being in error themselves, they love their error and hate the men who give a noble example of courage and love of truth.

Apostacy is to renounce the truth, not error; apostacy is founded on passion, not reason; apostacy is inspired by improper motives, not love of truth; apostacy is a disgraceful action, not the noble sacrifice of self and the fearless standing forth for God. The names of apostates have gone down to history in opprobrium; the names of converts have illumined its pages with honor. The course that Newman and Manning have pursued no man need fear to tread.

BEYOND DISPUTE.

The is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures hoarseness, sore throat, coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

A Possible Use.—Dr. Bliss: As scientific as you French are, I wonder that you have never applied your duels to medical purposes. Count Parisi: In what way, sire? Dr. Bliss: Why, as a means of vaccination.

A Physician told his patient that he could cure his toothache by simply holding a certain root in his right hand. "What root?" asked the sufferer. "The root of the aching tooth."

FOR SEVERE COLDS.

GENTLEMEN,—I had a severe cold, for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take. J. PAYNTER, Huntsville, Ont.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1893

THE MASS.

Few of those who read Tom Moore's beautiful poems, hear his touching Irish melodies, or sing those exquisite songs of that "Bard of the Land of Song," are aware that the "poet of all circles and the idol of his own," was not only a genuine Catholic, but that he had composed several works upon the subject of Catholic faith. Being ill and very much pressed for time this week we will give a chapter from that author with, here and there, a comment of our own. From what we have said in the preceding numbers of the system of mystery and restraint which the Fathers of the third and fourth centuries, but more particularly of the former, thought it politic to impose upon themselves in speaking of the eucharist, it will not be deemed wonderful that there should occur passages in their public writings and discourses, which, being intended by them to be ambiguous, have fully attained that object; and that, designed originally as such passages were to veil the truth from the unbeliever and the heretic, they should, to eyes wilfully blind, still perform the same office. The only wonder indeed is, taking all the circumstances we have reviewed into consideration, that the number of passages affording this sort of handle to misapprehension should have been so inconsiderable; and that, notwithstanding all the fastidious caution of the Fathers on this subject, such a mass of explicit evidence so abundant and convincing as, with any unbiased mind, to place the truth of the Catholic doctrine respecting the eucharist beyond all question.

"It was in the third century," says Moore, "when the followers of Christ were most severely tried by the fires of persecution, that the discipline of secrecy with respect to this (the eucharist) and other mysteries, was most strictly observed. 'A faithful concealment,' says Tertullian, is due to all mysteries from the very nature and constitution of them. How much more must it be due to such mysteries as, if they were once discovered, could not escape immediate punishment from the hand of man. (Ad. Nation, l. i.) It may be conceived with what peculiar force such a motive to secrecy would be likely to act upon minds naturally timid,—such as that of St. Cyprian, for instance, whose indisposition to martyrdom, however firmly he at last met it, when inevitable, was evinced on more than one occasion when he prudently withdrew himself from its grasp. We find, accordingly, in conformity with this timidity of character, that among the observers of the Discipline of the Secret, he is allowed to have been one of the most circumspect and close."

"It is indeed curious, not only as illustrative of the character of the individual, but as part of that kindred destiny which seems to have attended throughout, the two Catholic dogmas of

the Trinity and the Real Presence, that the same cautious St. Cyprian who, in his public letter to the Proconsul of Africa, thought it prudent to keep the Trinity out of sight, should have been also the individual who, by his evasive language concerning the eucharist, has been the means of furnishing the opponents of a real, corporal presence, with almost the only semblance of plausible authority by which they support their heresy. Little did he think, good saint, that a day would come when this prudence, or timidity, would be made to pass for orthodoxy, and when—sturdy, a stickler as he was for the supremacy of the Roman See—he should attain the eminence, such as it is, of being the prime saint of Protestants."

Even St. Cyprian, however, could not help, on occasion, letting the true doctrine escape. Thus he says that, in the eucharist, "we touch Christ's body and drink his blood," and in an epistle to Pope Cornelius, speaking of the victims of persecution, he says: "How shall we teach them to shed their blood for Christ, if before they go to battle we do not give them His blood." Let us continue with Moore: "It would be amusing,—were not so awful a point of faith the subject of such trifling,—to observe the self-complacent triumph with which a Protestant controvertist sits brooding over one of these intentionally unmeaning passages of the Fathers, hatching it into an argument. It matters not that the holy writer from whom the passage is extracted has, in a hundred others, pregnant both with meaning and with truth, borne testimony to the belief of his Church in that mighty miracle—the fulfilment of a God's express promise which takes place under the veil of the eucharist. It matters not—the one convenient passage is alone brought forward again and again: the professional controvertist must still show himself in the lists, however 'falsified' his armour; and though self-deception is not always practicable in such cases, the great point is still gained of deceiving others."

"His shield is falsified" is a meaning of the word which Dryden attempted to introduce from the Italian.)

The argument drawn from the occasional application of the words "type," "sign," "figure," &c., to the eucharist, we have already disposed of; and a large portion of the passages cited, as favourable to the Protestant side of the question, come under this predicament. Moore says: "One of the most triumphant pieces of evidence, however, (as they themselves consider it) which the champions of the reformed faith are in the habit of bringing forward to prove that Transubstantiation was not the belief of the early Church, is to be found in a passage or two from Theodoret and Gelasius (writers of the fifth century) in which it is asserted that the nature and substance of the sacramental elements remain after consecration." The extract from Theodoret we shall here give in full to show to what straits the opponents of the Catholic doctrine must be driven, when they contrive to extract grounds for triumph for such testimony. The extract is from a work against a sect called the Eutyrians. The fictitious persons who discuss the question are Orthodoxus, who represents a Catholic, and Eranistes, the Eutyrian. Eran.—"I am happy you have mentioned the divine mysteries. Tell me, therefore, what do you call the gift that is offered before the priest's invocation?" Orth.—"This must not be said openly; for some may be present who are not initiated." Eran.—"Answer, then, in hidden terms." Orth.—"We call it an ailment made of certain grains." Eran.—"And how do you call

the other symbol." Orth.—"We give it a name that denotes a certain beverage." Eran.—"And, after the consecration, what are they called?" Orth.—"The body of Christ and the blood of Christ." Eran.—"And you believe that you partake of the body and blood of Christ?" Orth.—"So I believe." Eran.—"As the symbols, then, of the body and blood of Christ were different before the consecration of the priest, and after that consecration became changed and are something else, in the same manner we Eutyrians say, the body of Christ after his ascension was changed into the divine essence." Orth.—"Thou art taken in thy own snare: for, after the consecration, the mystical symbols lose not their proper nature; they remain both in the figure and appearance of their former substance, to be seen and to be felt as before; but they are understood to be what they have been made; this they are believed to be, and as such they are adored."

We have here three, no less, important points acknowledged then:—First—A change into "something else" of the symbols after consecration.—Secondly—A real presence of the body and blood of Christ, and Thirdly—Adoration paid to the sacrament in consequence. The only doubt the passage admits of is, whether, contrary to the Catholic doctrine, Orthodoxus means to assert that the substance of the bread and wine remains after consecration. The phrase "former substance," which seems to imply that a second substance has taken the place of the first, might certainly warrant the assumption that the whole passage was meant orthodoxly. On turning to the works of this Father, edited by Garnier, we find it to be the opinion of that learned Jesuit, after an impartial inquiry into the exact belief of the author, that Theodoret, had, on the whole, a leaning to the consubstantial heresy."

Such, taken at its very worst, is the full extent of that lapse from orthodoxy into which, at most, two Fathers out of the whole sacred band of the five first centuries, can be said to have fallen on this subject, and such the quantity and quality of that evidence against the doctrine of the ancient Catholic Church which every successive champion of Protestantism brings forward, each triumphing in the discovery of the same worn-out fool's paradise. The true view of such insulated instances of heterodoxy is to be found in the following remarks which the subject has drawn forth from the editor of that valuable compilation, 'The Faith of Catholics.' Should it be conceded that there is ambiguity in these expressions, or that even the authors of them meant to convey a sense, in our estimation heterodox, how light must their authority be, when balanced against the massive evidence of so many writers of their own age, and of the preceding centuries!"

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Here is the Festive Season: the year 1893 is rapidly drawing to a close and the usual preparations for Christmas and New-Year are in progress. It is indeed a festive season that is at hand; in our next issue we will speak of Christmas and all the glories of that season of holy peace and celestial joy; the week after we will speak of the New-Year and the joys that surround that important event. For the present we are still in Advent; this is a season of preparation for the happiness and joys of the festival time; it is now a time for reflection, fast and penance. Before we are all whirled away in the festive happiness that Christmas and New-Year bring, let us

pause for a few moments and reflect upon the reverse of the medal. In the midst of all the glories of the Holy Time; when lights flash bright and music rings loud; when the young are looking out for Santa Claus, and the older people are enjoying their own share of the good things, there are hearts that are heavy, souls that are sad, homes where no lights gleam, places where no music sounds; and there are children for whom no Santa Claus will come, and there are little cots in which there are no children to welcome Santa Claus.

"For 'the memory of joy is a madness'—
The dim twilight after the day;
And the grave where we bury a gladness
Sends a grief, like a ghost, on our way."

Thus sang the Poet Priest, and in truth the weird author was right. When we speak of Christmas we almost always view the bright festival through the spectacles of happiness; we scarcely ever dream of taking up the glasses of life's sorrowful experience and, through them, gazing upon the glow and enthusiasm of the season. See the rows of toys in the windows of the merchants; they tell a tale of countless happy children; but let us not forget the number of poor, ragged, half-fed, half-clothed, half-sheltered urchins, whose eyes open wide in wonderment and close in disappointment—these beautiful things are not for them. See yonder Christmas tree, it was intended to decorate a particular home where the children were to enjoy the fixing and lighting of that time-honored ornament; in the interval the angel of Death visited that household, and the little angels are now singing Christmas hymns in heaven, while the lonely mother sits by the darkened hearthstone, and the Christmas tree is neglected. For every heart that is bright at Christmas time there are ten hearts that are heavy and sore. There is scarcely a home that has not some vacant chair when the Christmas dinner is served. Scattered over the world, away beyond the seas, some in unknown lands, others in unknown graves, the children of our race are divided, and each family has contributed its share to the number of the absent.

"There never was a sea-shore without its drifting wreck,
There never was an ocean without its moaning wave;
And the golden gleams of glory the summer sky that fleet,
Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their azure-mantled grave."

With the old year that is dying there are hopes vanishing that shall not be renewed in the year to come; with 1893 there are joys buried that can know no resurrection in 1894. If then man would but reflect upon all the misery, the sorrow, the suffering, the untold woe and the nameless ills that throng the paths of life, especially at this season of the year, to use the sublime words in Tomson's seasons:

"Vice, in its high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless, rambling, impulse learn to think."

There would be more true charity in the world at Christmas time, and the number of hearts that might be made to rejoice would be multiplied several times. Then would New-Year's dawn bring hope and consolation to many a dreary home, and the herald rays of 1894 would illumine the path that weary feet must travel. We do not wish, when the season is upon us, to dampen the festive enjoyment with sad reflection or severe moralizing; but we take advantage of this Advent period to beg of our readers to recall, when the holy time of joy and peace comes, the number of sad hearts that cannot enjoy the glow of festive happiness. Let each one try, in a small way at least, to add a ray to the fitful flash of contentment that falls upon the lives of the poor and the afflicted. Angels sang "Glorias" on the first Christmas night; but the Infant cried and the Holy Mother suffered; there is ever more sorrow than joy in life.

THE P. P. A.

Of course we must be abreast of the times in Canada; it would not do to let the citizens of the great Republic to the south of us take every initial step along the way of progress. In the politico-religious world of the United States appeared a monster of iniquity, bearing upon its brow the seal of bigotry, with the letters A. P. A. conspicuous in burning form. It would not do were we in Canada to be so far behind our neighbors that we could not rival them in the sphere of religious intolerance. Our friends from beyond the line cannot crow; we possess a real ding-dong, politico-religious-intolerance association of our own. It is called the P. P. A. Its promoters claim that one "P" stands for Protestant; but this we deny—which denial we purpose establishing in a few moments. We are under the impression that the letters represent the words "Public Plague Association." Now this P. P. A. is no myth. It is a living factor in the political element of Canada. There is no denying this fact. In two recent contests in Ontario, the candidates representing the Mowat government were defeated, not because they supported that special government, not because they were members of a particular party, not because of the political platform that they held; they were defeated simply because this P. P. A. had worked its way in amongst the electors and had pointed out the great danger the country was in on account of the offices held by the Catholics, and the privileges accorded to these adherents of the church of Rome. In a word Hon. Mr. Mowat's candidates were defeated by a faction that seeks to grasp the balance of power and between the two great political parties to wield sufficient influence to prevent even common justice being done to Roman Catholics in Canada.

Deeply we regret the result of these two elections, but under the circumstances we hope that the fact of such an Association existing in our midst will be thoroughly understood and that every legitimate step will be taken to counteract its evil influences. We are told that the P. P. A. is an off-spring of the "Equal Rights" movements; it may be so, or it may not. We have no doubt as to Mr. Dalton McCarthy's capability of setting such a movement on foot. Its principles harmonize with those of the "Equal Rights" party. "Equal Rights for me and mine; but when your share is in question it is understood to be nil." Fair play and equal rights towards every one, except a Catholic. These are mere after-products of the famous laws of the "Pale." But whether this P. P. A. establishment is a twin brother of the Equal Rights movement, or not, we most positively object to its being called Protestant. They might style it a "Partially Protestant Association," but beyond that we claim the organizers of the infamous faction have no right to go. We have spent the greater portion of our life in relations, business and otherwise,—more or less intimate—with Protestants. We have lived with Protestant neighbors ever since childhood; we have had business relations, social intercourse and even political dealings with Protestants of different denominations. We have learned to know, to respect, to admire, to honor numbers of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. They may differ from us upon the great fundamental doctrines of our Faith; but we have found in them a spirit of Christian charity that certainly dictates "to do unto others as you would have others do unto you." We have had friends in the different professions, and in the many walks of commercial life, upon

whose honesty, sincerity, generosity and absence of any prejudice we could depend our lives; and these men were Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and members of other sects. We have known some of these men to vote for a Catholic against a Protestant; others of them to hire a Catholic in preference to a Protestant, when the latter had no better claim to the position than his Protestantism. In fine, we do not and we cannot believe that our Protestant fellow-citizens are ready to stand responsible for the evil spirit of the P. P. A. We may differ on the principles of our Faith; we may kneel in different temples and offer up our prayers in varied forms; but we have all learned the great and Christ-given precept, "love one another." From out the volume of Holy Writ the honest minded, true-souled Protestants of to-day, draw lessons of Christian perfection that, if only put into practice, would suffice to banish much of the discord that reigns in the world. For these reasons we emphatically object to an Association with such narrowness of soul and such meanness of spirit, calling itself Protestant. We mean by this that we do not believe in having Protestantism—as a whole—saddled with the bigotry, intolerance, vileness, wickedness, and un-Canadian, un-Christian methods of this hydra.

However, there is one consolation, and it is a great one; we have no fear for the Catholic Church. All the damage that these bigots can perpetrate is to make the way of life more troublesome for a few honest Catholics. Perhaps a number of deserving employees may suffer in consequence of this organized hostility to every person connected with our church. But even like the Know-nothingism, the A. P. Aism and other similar spasmodic outbursts of irrational bigotry, this P. P. A. will die a natural death, strangled by the cord that its own fingers are twisting. Still it is to be regretted that the monster ever were permitted to make an appearance in Canada. We cannot afford to be disturbed by fanaticism of this kind. If we cannot all agree upon the principles of Faith that are to guide our lives, at least let us remember that we all adore the same God, and the same God has commanded us all to love each other. We have need of broad Christian charity, and of inter-racial respect. Living in a land where the children of different races are destined to walk side by side along the way of life, and where the adherents of different creeds are placed in contact with each other, year in and year out, we have no room for the P. P. A., and we trust that Protestants and Catholics will join hands to overthrow the giant of politico-religious iniquity.

THE DEVIL vs. THE CHURCH.

When we last touched upon this subject we referred to the struggle between the Devil and God, a struggle that commenced in Heaven, that continued in the garden of Eden over the soul of man and that resulted in the defeat of Satan. We traced the battle between good and evil, from Creation down to the commencement of Redemption. We have now reached the foundation of the Church of Christ, and, as we pointed out in a previous article, the Devil determined to revenge himself against God, by using every means in his power to overthrow the Church of God's Only Son. At present we are dealing with the question of the Devil versus the Church; later on we will find a vast field in the subject of the Church versus the Devil. In this case it is a struggle for supremacy and the Demon will leave no stone

unturned, whereby he might frustrate the designs of God and blast the work of redemption. In order to be more systematic in our hurried study of this great warfare, we will have to divide the subject under several heads. In order to do so, we will consider the different means or instruments used by Satan in his constant attacks upon the Church. They were: 1st The power and hatred of the early Pagans; 2nd the jealousy and the enmity of the schismatics and infidels; 3rd the fury of the Mahometans; 4th the tidal-wave of rebellion call the Reformation; 5th the influence and operations of the Secret Societies. These are the five principal weapons used by the Devil in all that increasing struggle of nineteen centuries, and it will be for us to show how the Church has ever triumphed, despite all the efforts of Hell, and how the words of Christ have been fulfilled—for He promised that the gates of Hell would never prevail against His own institution.

Christ established His Church; He gave to St. Peter the "keys of the kingdom of Heaven;" He appointed St. Peter the head and chief of His apostles and His vicar upon earth. The earthly mission of the Son of God being accomplished, He ascended into Heaven, leaving behind Him an establishment fully equipped to do the work of salvation for all future ages. He sent the Holy Ghost to inspire and to illuminate the Church, and in the fires of pentecost the apostles received the gifts of wisdom, knowledge, languages and all the powers necessary to the accomplishment of their mission. "Go forth," He said to them, "and preach to all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Armed with this mandate the apostles went forth in every direction. Under the divine influence of this command the converted Saul, having become the Christian Paul, stopped in at Athens, and from the Hill of Mars proclaimed the glories of the "unknown God," whose altar already awaited him. Under the same inspiration a barefooted oriental pilgrim, with staff in hand and cross on breast, came along the Appian Way, passed beneath the triumphal arch of the Cæsars, lingered 'neath the shadow of the golden palace, and finally stood in the center of pagan Rome. His name was Peter; he was once a lowly fisherman over in Galilee; he was transformed into the envoy of God, the apostle of a new faith. He had come there to overthrow the altars of paganism, to shatter the idols of the empire, to smash the thrones of the Cæsars, to disband the conquering legions, and to set up a standard that would wave in triumph above the seven hills, long centuries after the eagles of ancient and imperial Rome would have ceased to flap their conquering wings.

But the task before him was no easy one. We can imagine how unequal the struggle must be, when on one side are arrayed all the power, wealth, influence, interest, passions, jealousy, hatred and pride of Pagan Rome, and on the other are collected a handful of devoted but, humanly speaking, powerless followers of One who appeared in the far away East, in an obscure Province of that great Empire. From a worldly standpoint, it required no prophet to foretell the ultimate failure of Peter and his score of followers. But the world did not calculate the Omnipotence of the One who had sent him; and the sequel was to be far other than might then have been expected. The Christian envoys were met with sword and fire; and yet they multiplied in numbers and in fervor. They were hunted like wild beasts from the city; and they escaped and still

multiplied. They were condemned by special imperial edicts, and all the power and machinery of the law were turned against them; yet still they multiplied. By hundreds, and then by thousands they were slain; and yet they multiplied. The trumpets of persecution awakened the echoes of the seven hills and resounded along the Tiber; and still they multiplied. The fires of martyrdom blazed upon the battlements and in the public place of Rome; and yet they multiplied. Hundreds of Christians were flung to the wild beasts in the blood-stained arena of the Flavian Amphitheatre; and despite all they multiplied. Down in the city of the dead, in the winding labyrinth of the Catacombs, beneath the walls of the capital, in the refuge of wild beast and of criminal, they met, held council, studied the glorious mysteries of a True Faith, and escaped, as much as possible, the sword of the destroyers; and even there they multiplied. It was apparently an uneven start; the Devil seemed to have had all the advantage from the very beginning; but still the Church had the Word of Christ and the promise that the "Gates of Hell should not prevail against her."

St Paul came to Rome; he was beheaded. St. Peter came to Rome; he was crucified. Successors were appointed to those who perished, and in turn each successor perished and left a place for a fresh appointment. And all the time the Catechumens became daily more numerous; Christians multiplied; the Church was becoming firmly established. The Devil made the best use of all the implements at his command to strangle the infant Church in its very cradle. But, as in the past, so even here again was he destined to failure.

It was in vain that rock and wheel and axe and sword, were brought into use; nothing could prevent the onward and upward march of the Church; nothing could save from inevitable ruin the giant Empire that failed to accept the envoys of Christ and that turned a deaf ear to the first pleadings of Christianity. The failure of the Devil, in this his first grand attempt to destroy the Church, is clearly written in history. It is easy to mark the increase of Christian influence and the decline of pagan power. The great Empire eventually shivered and rocked on its basis, finally it became split into East and West. The phantom of an Empire hovered over the East; the West, shattered by Hun and Vandal, ravaged by Goth and Ostrogoth, tottered to its ruin.

Meanwhile, forth from the dark caverns of the Catacombs came the light of Christianity; it penetrated the graves where the pagan priests taught the mysticism of the stars; it touched the monuments of centuries and crowned those storied works of a buried time with the chastening light of heaven; it touched the harper's soul and wedded his song to truth, and it dashed upon the clouds of paganism and transformed the whole sky of ages with a glory never before seen by the eyes of man. The cross that was the sign of death, in the days of the Roman Cæsars, has been planted upon the dome of St. Peter's, and that masterpiece of Angelo's genius lifts high to heaven the imperishable emblem of salvation. And from beneath the shadow of that cross the direct successor of St. Peter sits as Vicar of Christ upon a seat that all Hell could never shake, and issues his infallible mandates from the down-fallen throne of the dead Cæsars. In the first struggle with the Church the Devil was conquered.

All correspondence for THE TRUE WITNESS, business and otherwise, to be addressed to J. K. FORD, Editor.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton the Guardsman," "Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragoon," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR PLEASURE.

When Dick Kearney waited on Cecil Walpole at his quarters in the Castle he was somewhat surprised to find that gentleman more reserved in manner, and in general more distant than when he had seen him as his father's guest.

Though he had extended two fingers of his hand on entering, and begged him to be seated, Walpole did not take a chair himself, but stood with his back to the fire—the showy skirts of a very gorgeous dressing-gown displayed over his arms—where he looked like some enormous bird, xulting in the full effulgence of his bright plumage.

"You got my note, Mr. Kearney?" began he, almost before the other had sat down, with the air of a man whose time was too precious for mere politeness.

"It is the reason of my present visit," said Dick, dryly.

"Just so. His excellency instructed me to ascertain in what shape most acceptable to your family he might show the sense entertained by the government of that gallant defense of Kilgobbin; and believing that the best way to meet a man's wishes is, first of all, to learn what the wishes are, I wrote you the few lines of yesterday."

"I suspect there must be a mistake somewhere," began Kearney, with difficulty. "At least, I intimated to Atlee the shape in which the viceroy's favor would be most agreeable to us, and I came here to find you equally informed on the matter."

"Ah, indeed! I know nothing—positively nothing. Atlee telegraphed me: 'See Kearney and hear what he has to say. I write by post.—ATLEE.' There's the whole of it."

"And the letter—"

"The letter is there. It came by the late mail, and I have not opened it."

"Would it not be better to glance over it now?" said Dick, mildly.

"Not if you can give me the substance by word of mouth. Time, they tell us, is money, and as I have got very little of either, I am obliged to be parsimonious. What is it you want? I mean the sort of thing we could help you to obtain. I see," said he, smiling, "you had rather I should read Atlee's letter. Well, here goes." He broke the envelope, and began:

"My Dear Mr. Walpole—I hoped by this time to have had a report to make you of what I had done, heard, seen and imagined since my arrival, and yet here I am now toward the close of my second week, and I have nothing to tell; and beyond a confused sense of being immensely delighted with my mode of life, I am totally unconscious of the flight of time."

"His excellency received me once for ten minutes, and later on, after some days, for half an hour; for he is confined to bed with gout, and forbidden by his doctor all mental labor. He was kind and courteous to a degree, hoped I should endeavor to make myself at home—giving orders at the same time that my dinner should be served at my own hour, and the stables placed at my disposal for riding or driving. For occupation, he suggested I could see what the newspapers were saying, and make a note or two if anything struck me as remarkable."

"Lady Maude is charming—and I use the epithet in all the significance of its sorcery. She conveys to me each morning his excellency's instructions for my day's work; and it is only by a mighty effort I can tear myself from the magic thrill of her voice and the captivation of her manner to follow what I have to reply to, investigate, and remark on."

"I meet her each day at luncheon, and she says she will join me 'some day at dinner.' When that glorious occasion arrives, I shall call it the event of my life, for her mere presence stimulates me to such effort in conversation that I feel in the very lassitude afterward what a strain my faculties have undergone."

"What an insufferable coxcomb, and an idiot, to boot!" cried Walpole. "I could not do him a more spiteful turn than to tell my cousin of her conquest. There is another page, I see, of the same

sort. But here you are—this is all about you; I'll read it. 'In re Kearney. The Irish are always logical; and as Miss Kearney once shot some of her countrymen when on a mission they deemed national, her brother opines that he ought to represent the principles thus involved in parliament.'

"Is this the way in which he states my claims?" broke in Dick, with ill-suppressed passion.

"Bear in mind, Mr. Kearney, this jest—and a very poor one it is—was meant for me alone. The communication is essentially private, and it is only through my indiscretion you know anything of it whatever."

"I am not aware that any confidence should entitle him to write such an impertinence."

"In that case, I shall read no more," said Walpole, as he slowly refolded the letter. "The fault is all on my side, Mr. Kearney," he continued, "but I own I thought you knew your friend so thoroughly that extravagance on his part could have neither astonished nor provoked you."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Walpole. I apologize for my impatience. It was, perhaps, in hearing his words read aloud by another that I forgot myself; and if you will kindly continue the reading, I will promise to behave more suitably in future."

Walpole re-opened the letter, but, whether indisposed to trust the pledge thus given, or to prolong the interview, ran his eyes over one side and then turned to the last page. "I see," said he, "he augurs ill as to your chances of success; he opines that you have not well calculated the great cost of the venture, and that in all probability it has been suggested by some friend of questionable discretion. 'At all events'—and here he read aloud—"at all events, his excellency says: 'We should like to mark the Kilgobbin affair by some show of approbation; and although supporting young K. in a contest for his county is a 'higher figure' than we meant to pay, see him, and hear what he has to say of his prospects—what he can do to obtain a seat, and what he will do if he gets one. We need not caution him against—'hum, hum, hum,' he muttered, slurring over the words, and endeavoring to pass on to something else."

"May I ask against what I am supposed to be so secure?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. A very small impertinence, but which Mr. Atlee found irresistible."

"Pray let me hear it. It shall not irritate me."

"He says: 'There will be no fear of bribery in your case than of a debauch at Father Matthew's.'"

"He is right there," said Kearney, with great temper. "The only difference is that our forbearance will be founded on something stronger than a pledge."

Walpole looked at the speaker, and was evidently struck by the calm command he had displayed of his passion.

"If we could forget Joe Atlee for a few minutes, Mr. Walpole, we might possibly gain something. I, at least, would be glad to know how far I might count on the government aid in my project."

"Ha, you want to—in fact, you would like that we should give you something like a regular—ah?—that is to say, that you could declare to certain people—naturally enough, I admit; but here is how we are, Kearney. Of course, what I say now is literally between ourselves, and strictly confidential."

"I shall so understand it," said the other gravely.

"Well, now, here it is. The Irish vote, as the Yankees would call it, is of undoubted value to us, but it is contendedly dear. With Paul Cullen on one side, and Fenianism on the other, we have no peace. Time was when you all pulled the one way, and a sop to the Pope pleased you all. Now, that will suffice no longer. The 'Sovereign Pontiff dodge' is the the surest of all ways to offend the National's; so that, in reality, what we want in the House is a number of liberal Irishmen who will trust the government to do as much for the Catholic Church as English bigotry will permit, and as much for the Irish peasant as will not endanger the rights of property over the Channel."

"There's a wide field there, certainly," said Dick, smiling.

"Is there not?" cried the other, exultingly. "Not only does it bowl over the Established Church and Protestant

ascendency, but it inverts the position of landlord and tenant. To unsettle everybody in Ireland, so that anybody might hope to be anything, or to own Heaven knows what—to legalize gambling for existence to a people who delight in high play, and yet not involve us in a civil war—was a grand policy, Kearney, a very grand policy. Not that I expect a young, ardent spirit like yourself, fresh from college ambitions and high-falloon hopes, will take this view."

Dick only smiled and shook his head.

"Just so," resumed Walpole. "I could not expect you to like this programme, and I know already all that you allege against it; but, as B. says, Kearney, the man who rules Ireland must know how to take command of a ship in a state of mutiny, and yet never suppress the revolt. There's the problem—much discipline as you can, as much indiscipline as you can bear. The brutal old Tories used to master the crew, and hang the ringleaders; and for that matter, they might have hanged the whole ship's company. We know better, Kearney; and we have so confused and adulated them by our policy that, if a fellow were to strike his captain, he would never be quite sure whether he was to be strung up at the gangway, or made a petty officer. Do you see it now?"

"I can scarcely say that I do see it—I mean, that I see it as you do."

"I scarcely could hope that you should, or, at least, that you should do so at once; but now, as to this seat for King's County, I believe we have already found our man. I'd not be sure, nor will I ask you to regard the matter as fixed on, but I suspect we are in relations—you know what I mean—with an old supporter, who has been beaten half a dozen times in our interests, but is coming up once more. I'll ascertain about this positively, and let you know. And then—here he drew breath freely and talked more at ease—"if we should find our hands free, and that we see our way clearly to support you, what assurance could you give us that you would go through with the contest and fight the battle out?"

"I believe, if I engage in the struggle, I shall continue to the end," said Dick, half-doggedly.

"Your personal pluck and determination I do not question for a moment. Now let us see"—here he seemed to ruminate for some seconds, and looked like one debating a matter with himself. "Yes," cried he at last, "I believe that will be the best way. I am sure it will. When do you go back, Mr. Kearney—to Kilgobbin, I mean?"

"My intention was to go down the day after to-morrow."

"That will be Friday. Let us see; what is Friday? Friday is the 15th, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Friday," muttered the other—"Friday? There's the Education Board, and the Harbor Commissioners, and something else at—to be sure, a visit to the Popish schools with Dean O'Mahony. You couldn't make it Saturday, could you?"

"Not conveniently. I had already arranged a plan for Saturday. But why should I delay here—to what end?"

"Only that, if you could say Saturday, I would like to go down with you."

From the mode in which he said these words it was clear that he looked for an almost rapturous acceptance of his gracious proposal; but Dick did not regard the project in that light, nor was he overjoyed in the least at the proposal.

"I mean," said Walpole, hastening to relieve the awkwardness of silence—"I mean that I could talk over this affair with your father in a practical business fashion that you could scarcely enter into. Still, if Saturday could not be managed, I'll try if I could not run down with you on Friday. Only for a day, remember. I must return by the evening train. We shall arrive by what hour?"

"By breakfast-time," said Dick, but still not overgraciously.

"Nothing could be better; that will give us a long day, and I should like a full discussion with your father. You'd manage to send me on to—what's the name?"

"Monte."

"Monte. Yes; that's the place. The no-train leaves at midnight, I remember. Now that's all settled. You'll take me up, then, here on Friday morning, Kearney, on your way to the station, and meanwhile I'll set to work, and put off these deputations and circulars till Saturday, when, I remember, I have a

dinner with the Provost. Is there anything more to be thought of?"

"I believe not," muttered Dick, still sullenly.

"By by, then, till Friday morning," said he, as he turned toward his desk, and began arranging a mass of papers before him.

"Here's a jolly mess, with a vengeance," muttered Kearney, as he descended the stair. "The viceroy's private secretary to be domesticated with a 'head-centre' and an escaped convict. There's not even the doubtful comfort of being able to make my family assist me through the difficulty."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PLMNUDDM CASTLE, NORTH WALES.

Among the articles of that wardrobe of Cecil Walpole's of which Atlee had possessed himself so unceremoniously, there was a very gorgeous blue dress-coat, with the royal button and a lining of sky-blue silk, which formed the appropriate costume of the gentlemen of the vice-regal household. This, with a waistcoat to match, Atlee had carried off with him in the indiscriminating haste of a last moment, and although thoroughly understanding that he could not avail himself of a costume so distinctively the mark of a condition, yet, by one of the contrarities of his strange nature, in which the desire for an assumption of any kind was a passion—he had tried on that coat fully a dozen times, and while admiring how well it became him, and how perfectly it seemed to suit his face and figure, he had dramatized to himself the part of an aide-de-camp in waiting, rehearsing the little speeches in which he presented this or that imaginary person to his excellency, and coining the small money of engram in which he related the news of the day.

"How I should cut out those dreary subalterns with their mess-room droleries—how I should shame those tiresome cornets, whose only glitter is on their sabretaches!" muttered he, as he surveyed himself in his courtly attire. "It is all nonsense to say that the dress a man wears can only impress the surroundings. It is on himself, on his own nature and temper, his mind his faculties, his very ambition—there is a transfiguration effected; and I, Joe Atlee, feel myself, as I move about in this costume, a very different man from that humble creature in gray tweed, whose very coat reminds him he is a 'cad,' and who has but to look in the glass to read his condition."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Catarrh in the Head

is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh often leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which have been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Low-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Bed Splasher Back both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.

We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.

As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we can not guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

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Notre Dame Street.

ITALY DOOMED.

THE DANGER OF WAR.

The Triple Alliance Simply a Guarantee to Germany—Italians as Diplomats—Italy's Floating Debt Now Amounts to \$200,000,000.

There are signs that the Italians and the Austrians are beginning to realize what fools they have been in joining the German Empire in an alliance against France, in order to secure to Germany the possession of the French provinces that she seized in 1871. Germany had concluded a previous alliance of the same nature with Austria and Russia. The Russian Emperor, soon, however, discovered that what Germany meant by the union of the three emperors was, that the armies of Russia and Austria were to be at her disposal, whilst in all questions between her and her allies, they were to yield to her. The Russian Emperor, therefore, withdrew. On this Prince Bismarck replaced Russia by Italy in the Alliance. This folly on the part of Italy would soon have come to an end had not Bismarck induced Crispi, who had previously opposed the German alliance, but who had become Prime Minister, to confirm and extend its scope.

The annexation of a portion of France by Germany, after the war of 1870, was one of the most stupendous faults that were ever made by statesman. Either France ought to have been so weakened that it would have been impossible for her ever to recover from the blow, or her territory should have been left intact. To leave her in a position to renew the struggle, and yet for Germany to hold by arms a portion of her territory, was to create a situation in Europe that rendered permanent peace impossible, and made vast armaments an eternal necessity. Had Germany been satisfied with a heavy war indemnity, France would not long have remained in antagonism to Germany; for the French would have thrown the responsibility of their disaster on the Empire, and would hardly have consented to bear a crushing taxation in the mere hope of a barren revenge. Germany, on the other hand, would have been safe from all assaults, owing to the unification of her force, and she would have become the great ballasting European power, attacking no one, and attacked by no one. Of what material advantage are Alsace and a portion of Lorraine to her in comparison to the wealth that would have been hers, owing to her people being engaged in industry instead of in drilling. Her military men, it is said, insisted upon the annexation, because it would give her a more defensible frontier. Very probably they did, for military men are poor guides to a nation. But Bismarck and her statesmen ought to have realized that the permanent and persistent hostility of France was a more serious danger to Germany—placed as she is between three great military powers—than the best of frontiers. As it is, Germany is obliged to keep her population under arms, to expend each year far more than she can afford on her army, and all this with the knowledge that, if ever she quarrels with Italy, Austria, or Russia, either of these States will find an ally in France prepared to risk a contest in order to reacquire her lost provinces. How sane and sensible men, alive as one would suppose to these facts, can have made such a blunder, surpasses my understanding.

France naturally desires to acquire her lost provinces. But she dreams neither of attacking Austria nor Italy. Practically, therefore, the triple alliance amounts to a guarantee to Germany from Austria and Italy of these provinces; and that the statesmen of these two countries should have fallen into the net spread for them by the astute Bismarck does not say much for their wisdom. Russia, they seemed to have imagined, would hold aloof from European politics and submit to a European boycott. She did nothing of the kind, but entered into a counter alliance with France. The result, therefore, of this so-called League of Peace—or, as it ought really to be called, league to secure to Germany her conquests—has been, that Europe is split up into two hostile camps, armed to the teeth, and so evenly balanced that it is doubtful which would be the victor in the event of war.

It is possible that, had Prince Bismarck remained at the head of German

affairs, he would have kept Russia apart from France, by timely concessions on minor matters, for friendly relations between Prussia and Russia had always been the keystone of his policy. But when the German Emperor dismissed him, and took the reins in his own hands, all chance of this disappeared. Charles II., it is said, never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. The Emperor William is foolish alike in words and in acts. He soon succeeded in irritating the Emperor of Russia, and in making his friendship a heavy burthen to the Emperor of Austria and to the King of Italy. The young man is not wanting in a certain sort of ability, but he lacks common sense. There has been a good deal of madness in his family, and this he has inherited. Were he a private individual, and were he to commit a murder, a jury would probably find him guilty, but recommend him to mercy on the ground that he is not entirely responsible for his actions, on which a war of doctors would break out, some holding to this view, others opining that he ought to be hanged. On such natures the possession of power exercises a most harmful influence. Young William had not been many months on the Prussian throne before he was fully convinced that he was there by right divine; a little later he included the whole of Germany in his divine kingdom; and he is at present under the illusion that Providence has raised him up as the arbiter of Europe; a craze which obviously renders him somewhat a troublesome ally, unless his allies are ready to agree with him.

The Emperor of Austria is far and away the most sensible monarch in Europe. I should fancy that he allied himself with William partly to make certain that he would not enter into an alliance with Russia against Austria, and partly to play the part of the tame elephant towards him. Austria has never piqued herself upon her fidelity to any alliance, when it has been her interest to evade its stipulations. Were William to precipitate a war with France, or were France and Russia to drift into war with Germany, Austria would in all probability manage to slip out of the obligations of the Triple Alliance, and to remain neutral. And of this German statesmen are fully aware. Austria, with her varied nationalities, aspires alone to peace. Now that she has withdrawn from Italy, and from the German Confederation, she has no enemies. By the annexation of Bosnia she has acquired the Dalmatian hinterland that she coveted, and if ever the Turkish Empire in Europe breaks up, she knows that she would inherit without effort territory which would bring her down to Salonica. As for Alsace and Lorraine, she is indifferent whether they belong to Germany or to France. The last move of Austria is proposing an electoral law, which, by giving the voting power to the non-German element, will probably lead to her withdrawal from the alliance.

The Italians are credited with being able diplomats, and in a small, tricky way they are. But Italy has at present no one that even flattery could dub a statesman. The Italians joined the Triple Alliance in a pet because France had taken (by the advice of Bismarck) Tunis, after which they vaguely lust. When Crispi went to visit Bismarck at Berlin, that able but unscrupulous statesman flattered and fooled him. Crispi had the sense to see that a war with France would expose the Italian coasts to the ravages of the French marine. Bismarck, therefore, induced Lord Salisbury to give some general assurances that England would regard with disfavor anything that might tend to disturb the *status quo* in the Mediterranean. These assurances Crispi translated into a pledge that the British navy would hinder French ships from attacking Italian ports, or landing a French army in Italy; and his sanguine countrymen are now under the illusion that if an Italian army were to join the German forces on the Rhine in an invasion of France, we should inform that Republic that, whilst Italy might attack France, we could not allow France to attack Italy. The Italians have been confirmed in this notion since Russia allied herself with France, for they are under the impression that the main object of our policy is to crush Russia, and that if that power is on one side in a European conflict, we should necessarily be on the other.

As I pointed out a fortnight ago, these silly Italians are rushing blindly forward

on the path that ends in bankruptcy. Their floating debt amounts to above forty million sterling. Each year shows an increasing deficit, their taxation is already crushing all industry and cannot be augmented, and no ministry can stop the reckless expenditure, because it has to buy support with public money. On their navy they lavish money, but their sailors are of such questionable quality that their ships seldom leave port. Their army is far too numerous, and it is of such doubtful material that they have of late been laboriously bringing into existence a few good regiments by taking the best soldiers from all other regiments. Civil employees, helping each other to do nothing, are as plentiful as fleas. They are miserably paid, and the recent trials at Rome have shown that they supplement their salaries by illicit gains. The King has lost his former popularity. He is entirely in the hands of a certain Buttazzi (a nephew of the former Prime Minister of that name), a fussy, meddling man, with all the belongings of an adventurer, and ready to drag his country into any wild scheme that may serve his personal ends. Were a European war to break out in a year or two, it is possible that Italy would fall into line with Germany; if the war be deferred, she will have withdrawn from the Alliance, for unless she reduces alike her civil and military expenditure she will very shortly have to go into liquidation.

In the present day statesmen are too apt to make the tenure of office their sole aim. In countries where this is dependent upon the vote of the people their tendency is rather to profess agreement with the opinion of the moment than to be themselves the exponents of the principles in which they themselves believe. Now, I hold to the right of a nation to shape its own destinies, whether for good or for evil. A statesman must accept the popular verdict. He ought not, however, to be ready to carry it into effect in order to retain office, if he believes it to be injurious to his country. His duty, in this case, is to point out in what he considers it injurious, and to be prepared to accept the cold shape of opposition, and there to await patiently the moment when what he considers to be right becomes the opinion of the majority. Those who say that the people are always right are as contemptible as were the courtiers of Louis XIV., who bowed and grvelled before him in the expectation of some crumbs from his table falling to their lot. In no country are statesmen more weak-kneed opportunists than in Italy, and the consequence of their yielding to every popular cry, instead of combating it when they know its error, is that their country has been brought to the verge of ruin. Italy is an object lesson to all those would-be leaders of men who prefer the name of leading to the reality, and who make office rather an end than a means. It is pretty clear that, as a League of Peace, the Triple Alliance has proved to be a failure. It never, indeed, was more than an alliance to secure to Germany the French Provinces that she has acquired. With Continental Europe divided into two armed camps, the danger of war is serious. If war does break out, it is, as I have shown, very doubtful whether Italy and Austria will stand to their contract with Germany.—London Truth.

Irish Catholic Benefit Society.

The last meeting of the Irish Catholic Benefit Society, held in St. Patrick's Hall, was a very enthusiastic one. The president, Mr. John Power, occupied the chair. After general business the election of officers for the year took place, and resulted as follows: President, Mr. John Power; 1st vice-president, Mr. D. O'Neill; 2nd vice-president, Mr. Wm. Grace; treasurer, Wm. James McVey; secretary, Mr. Joseph McCann, 58 Chenneville street; collecting-treasurer, Mr. John Davis; assistant-collecting-treasurer, Mr. Wm. Inskip; grand marshal, Mr. John Dwyer; trustees, Messrs. John Currie, A. Jones and Jas. Toland.

Mr. John Power, president of the society, was born in July, 1833, in Killurin House, County Wexford, Ireland. He has been an active and energetic worker for twenty-three years in the Irish Catholic Benefit Society. He has been elected president of the Society for thirteen years, and vice-president for six years. During his membership he has been in office nineteen years in succession. Mr. Power entered the employ of the Gas Company thirty-three years ago.

During this period he was foreman for nine years and through his abilities and perseverance to further the work of the Company he was placed in the position of Superintendent at the Ottawa street works. This position he has held for the past seventeen years. The society, of which he is still president has for its chief objects looking after the widows and orphans. The members are looked after and cared for in times of sickness and distress, and none are allowed to want while there is a dollar in the funds. The Society is a strong one and continues to grow in strength.

WISE SAYINGS.

Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than love.

To remember—to forget; alas! this is what makes us young and old.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may suppress a day of sorrow.

Those who trample on the helpless are liable to cringe to the powerful.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Piety is a good thing to have, but Christian charity is very much better.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying that some else does the same thing.

Home is sometimes thought flat and dull, and too often made so, just for want of understanding what it stands for.

No man has one bad habit and no more. The old proverb runs: "When the wolf gets one lamb he looks for another."

Different ways of putting it.—This is a scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open, his jaw drops; the tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the suctorial space is obliterated; the soft palate no longer adheres to the roof of the tongue; and if respiration be carried on through the mouth, the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." And this is the popular form: "If a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when asleep, he will snore."

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

T. FITZPATRICK, L.D.S.,
DENTIST.

Teeth without Plates a Specialty.

No. 54 BEAVER HALL HILL,
MONTREAL. 46

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS

UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOGGED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRACUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKENING THE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECTING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY YIELD TO THE CURATIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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M. J. F. QUINN, Q.C., Crown
Prosecutor.
E. J. DUGGAN, LL.B. 64-39

THE FRANCISCAN.

Recently a quaint and picturesque form has appeared in our city that irresistibly reminds us of the figures in an ancient Cathedral or Convent window or engraving in an old illuminated missal.

Few if any of the important discoveries in art and science since the twelfth century but are due to the devotion, encouragement or inventive genius of the Franciscan.

The following are a few of the notable things which can be placed to the credit of the Order of St. Francis. It was a Franciscan who first acquired a knowledge of algebra and book keeping at Venice A. D. 1494.

It was a Franciscan who first discovered the magnetic compass in 1492. It was a Franciscan who first discovered the printing press in 1476.

It was a Franciscan who first discovered the New World in 1492. It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1498.

It was a Franciscan who first discovered the North Pole in 1492. It was a Franciscan who first discovered the South Pole in 1498.

It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Arctic Circle in 1492. It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Antarctic Circle in 1498.

It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Equator in 1492. It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Tropics in 1498.

It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Moon in 1492. It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Sun in 1498.

It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Stars in 1492. It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Planets in 1498.

It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Earth in 1492. It was a Franciscan who first discovered the Universe in 1498.

the darkness and degradation of paganism.

To come nearer home. Long before the landing of the pilgrim fathers, we find the courageous Franciscan penetrating the wilds of Northern Canada, bringing the light of faith to the Mohawk and Wyandot tribes.

According to the historian Bancroft, when the population of Quebec numbered but half a hundred, priests of the Franciscan order, Le Caron, Fiel-Ligard, had labored for years in Upper Canada, even as far as the waters of Niagara, where dwelt the Huron Indians.

No mind, however shallow or unreflecting, can fail to be stirred by some serious thought when contemplating the heroic deeds of this noble order. Yet there are some who through want of thought are inclined to look down on the humble friar, to smile at his costume and in their superior worldly wisdom call his mode of life folly, the folly that has won for more than one saint the martyr's crown.

No doubt in the far off days of the Messiah, there were thoughtless ones who scoffed at the great Hermit of the desert, St. John the Baptist, perhaps criticized his mode of life, dress and manner of speech, yet he was the precursor of the Expected of Nations, the Voice in the wilderness crying out to make straight the path of the Lord.

MISS S. SUTHERLAND.

BISHOP POWERS DEAD.

A Newfoundland Prelate's Brief Fatal Illness.

St. John's, N. F., December 6.—Dr. Powers, Bishop of this diocese, died Monday evening after twenty-four hours' illness. It will be remembered that in September last Bishop Brennan, of Dallas, Texas, was appointed assistant Bishop of the diocese, but there was no anticipation then that Dr. Powers' life was near its end.

Bishop Powers was born in New Ross, West of Ireland, in 1830, studied in Dublin, and, at the Propaganda in Rome, was ordained priest in 1854. He was president of Holy Cross Seminary in 1860-70, and was appointed Bishop of St. John's the latter year, which position he held for twenty-three years.

Bishop Brennan's appointment as assistant to the late Bishop Powers created something of a stir. While Bishop of Dallas he had suspended several priests of the diocese. A protest was made to Rome, and the Bishop subsequently resigned. The appointment was a surprise to Bishop Powers.

The first of the five sums of £100 each which Archbishop Walsh has placed at the disposal of the Council of the new Catholic College for Girls in Merrion Square, Dublin, has been already allocated for prizes for the years 1893-94.

Cheek Checked.—Tram outsider: Been away yet? Affable stranger: No. I found I could not leave my business. Tram outsider: What business is it? Affable stranger: What, indeed—of yours!

His Holiness has made a present of a richly-bound copy of his poems to the Abbe Schaeppman, deputy, as we learn from the *Lien Public*, of Ghent. The Intermuncio Loreseili was bearer of the book.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B.

Monthly Meeting of the Society—Weekly Literary Meetings to be inaugurated.

The regular monthly meeting of the above society was held Sunday afternoon. Prior to the business meeting the members assembled in St. Patrick's church for religious exercises, which were conducted by the Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., rev. president, who preached a short but eloquent sermon on the subject "Zel for the spread of total abstinence," basing his remarks on the concluding words on the total abstinence pledge, "I promise to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance."

After the sermon the pledge was administered to fourteen persons.

Hon. Senator Murphy presided at the business meeting, and M. Sharkey occupied the vice-chair.

The rev. president addressed the meeting, and gave some practical suggestions which, if carried out, cannot fail to increase the membership of the society.

The reports and minutes were submitted by the secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan, and were approved.

Six new members were admitted to the benefit branch.

Mr. James Cunningham made a few remarks on the present prosperity of the society, which, he said, was due to the untiring efforts of the rev. president and the officers of the society.

The secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan, reported that the committee of management had arranged to hold a series of literary meetings weekly during the winter months. These meetings would be held on every Tuesday evening.

Hon. Senator Murphy made a brief address, in the course of which he highly approved of the meetings about to be inaugurated.

The first annual report of the dramatic section of the society was read. The section has elected the following as office-bearers for the year: President, Mr. Thomas Smallshire; secretary, Mr. W. P. Doyle; treasurer, Mr. E. P. Ward; stage manager, Mr. L. C. O'Brien; assistant do., Mr. T. G. Kavanagh; properties, Messrs. W. Watson and T. Cullen.

A committee of fifteen members, under direction of Mr. James Mulloy, marshal, were appointed to take charge of St. Patrick's church and midnight mass on Christmas eve. Considerable routine business was transacted, after which the meeting was brought to a close.

A meeting of the committee of management was held subsequently, Mr. John Walsh in the chair.

The Proper Date.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR.—I notice with pleasure the progress in the work of erection of the splendid obelisk to be placed on the spot, and in commemoration of the first Mass celebrated 250 years ago on this island, and I hear it is intended to inaugurate the monument in January or February next. Now I beg to be permitted to make a few humble suggestions. As the first Mass was offered on the 18th of May, I would humbly suggest that the inauguration be delayed till that day as being more appropriate, besides being a much more favorable season for an open air demonstration.

As a goods train from Belfast to Toome was passing over a crossing on the Bandalstown side of Toome bridge, on the 14th ult., an old woman named Margaret Hamilton, a mendicant, was run over and instantly killed.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the above Society, whose report was published in these columns last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. J. H. Feeley, re-elected by acclamation; vice-president, Mr. F. W. Wurtela; secretary, Mr. H. J. Codd, re-elected by acclamation; treasurer, Mr. J. J. Maguire, re-elected; assistant secretary, Mr. F. Collins; marshal, Mr. F. Cagney. Committee of management: Messrs. Jas. Walsh, J. Milloy, E. J. Duggan, H. Singleton, Jas. Barrow, P. Doyle, and W. Alcock.

The next general meeting of the Society will be held on Friday evening, the 15th inst., at 8 p.m., in the Library Hall under the Gesù. Those wishing to become members, or seek information regarding the Society, are invited to communicate with the secretary, 180 Notre Dame street, or come to the meeting on Friday evening.

With the Cholera About.—Mrs. Tell The Romans have gone to Kissingen to drink the waters. Mrs. Nurvuss: I hope they'll have the prudence to boil them first.—Funny Folks.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup. Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pine syrup. PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

\$3 a Day Sure. Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you free. You work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully. Remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day. Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of life. These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, not only on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEY and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed. Holloway's Ointment. Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. This is an infallible remedy. If externally rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meal, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas. GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted. Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pills and Ointment. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FORTUNATE GIRL.

THE SUBJECT OF SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS FROM HER FRIENDS.

Was Thought to be Sinking Into a Hopeless Decline—How Her Restoration to Health Was Brought About—An Example Worthy of Imitation by Other Young Ladies.

From the Sherbrooke Gazette.

A number of reports have reached the Gazette office of marvelous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To satisfy a legitimate public curiosity about a fact which, if true, should be proclaimed to suffering humanity, the Gazette requested a reporter to go to Rock Forest and investigate the facts in the case of Miss Maggie Simpson, who was said to have been restored from a very low condition.

The reporter took the afternoon train for Rock Forest and, after a short walk from the C. P. R. station, reached Mr. James Simpson's home, situated on a well cultivated farm beautifully located on the banks of the Magog River.

Upon communicating the purpose of his visit the reporter was informed by Mrs. Simpson that her daughter was, at that time, absent at the Sherbrooke Convent, where he might easily interview her. She spoke with the warmth of genuine gratitude of her daughter's cure, strongly corroborating the facts obtained later from the young lady herself. She told him she lost no opportunity to recommend the Pink Pills, and that, as an immediate result, Miss Delaney, a near neighbor of theirs, had also been recently rescued from premature decline by their use.

Upon his return to Sherbrooke the reporter called upon Miss Maggie Simpson at the Congregation de Notre Dame Convent. Miss Simpson is a handsome blonde of seventeen years, of prepossessing manners and winsome address whose clear, rosy complexion, full round merry face and bright eyes are a source of delight to the beholder. Miss Simpson had no hesitation in candidly stating what had brought her to her present happy state of health, of which she is the very picture. She expressed herself as follows:—

"Since the age of fourteen up to last spring I had been gradually losing health and strength, without our doctor being able to do anything to help me. For a year preceding my case got to be desperate. I was constantly troubled with headache; my lips were of a livid paleness and sometimes perfectly blue for want of blood; I had to gasp for breath upon the least exertion; I had become a living skeleton and had lost my strength to the extent that I was unable to walk upstairs. I had become discouraged when my doctor could not offer any relief and I found that I was rapidly sinking into a hopeless decline.

"A friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I had tried in vain so many different kinds of medicine that I lost confidence in any further experiment. Very fortunately my mother insisted upon my trying the pills. It was but a short time before I could see that they were doing me good. I continued to use them without interruption, and when I had taken six boxes I was completely restored to my former perfect health and strength. My mother, however, insisted that I should continue the use of the pills until I had used nine boxes. These I had finished taking some time last summer.

"When I returned to the convent, at the opening of this autumn after a long absence through my illness, those girls who had previously known me were astonished at the transformation that had taken place. I frequently have occasion to be amused by the amazement of former friends and acquaintances that I now chance to meet. I can tell you I don't lose an opportunity of recommending Pink Pills to them. I always keep a box on hand, and whenever any of my convent friends are ill I am always ready with a sure remedy. When the girls, as they often do, make the remark to me, 'Oh, Maggie, you are a fortunate girl to be so happy and jolly,' I tell them I am making up for lost time."

The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Simpson, prove that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who

are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These Pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, at either address.

The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Patent Spring.....\$1.65 @ 3.00 Patent Winter.....3.00 @ 3.85 Straight Roller.....3.12 @ 3.20 Extra.....2.75 @ 3.00 Superfine.....2.60 @ 2.70 Fine.....2.15 @ 2.30 City Strong Bakers.....3.45 @ 3.55 Manitoba Bakers.....4.25 @ 3.55 Ontario bags—extra.....1.35 @ 1.40 straight Rollers.....1.40 @ 1.45 superfine.....1.15 @ 1.31 Fine.....1.10 @ 1.10

Feed.—Hran is still in good demand at \$15.50, one lot bringing \$16. Broken lots have sold at \$16.50. Shorts are also scarce and in good demand, sales being reported at \$17.00 to \$18.00. Meal is quiet at \$21 to \$22 as to grade.

Wheat.—Wheat deliveries have been made at the mills at 55c to 56c for red and white winter, but the same grade cannot be bought to day under 56c and 57c. At Fort William holders of No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat are firm at 61c which is 3c above actual lowest sales. We quote No. 1 hard Feb. at Port Arthur 60c to 61c, and No. 2 59c to 60c. At interior points in Manitoba No. 1 is quoted at 43c to 44c, and No. 2 at 41c to 42c.

Barley.—Prices are nominally quoted at 67c to 68c per 61 lbs in store.

Oats.—Have ranged from 37c to 37½ per 31 lbs for No. 2; No. 3 is quoted at 35c to 35½ in store.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote: Canada short cut pork per bbl.\$17.50 @ 18.00 Canada clear mess, per bbl.17.00 @ 17.50 Chicago clear mess, per bbl.17.50 @ 18.00 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.17.00 @ 17.50 Ham, city cured, per lb.12 @ 14c Lard, pure in pails, per lb.11 @ 12½c Lard, com. in pails, per lb.10 @ 11c Bacon, per lb.11 @ 12½c Shoulders, per lb.10 @ 10½c

Dressed Hogs.—The market is fairly steady, sales of nice light butchers' hogs being quoted at 26.50 to \$8.00, and heavy weights at 26.50 in car lots. Cuts are off red in K-s county at 16.15; but buyers only bid \$4.00, which would lay them down here at about 16.35.

FISH AND OILS.

Pickled Fish.—Shore herring have sold at \$4.25 to \$4.50, in good sized lots, genuine Labrador selling at \$4.00 to \$5.25 per bbl. Green cod, No. 1 is quoted at \$1.50 to \$5. Dry cod is quiet at \$4.50 to \$4.75 per 112 lbs. Labrador salmon in tins at \$21.50 to \$21 for No. 1, and \$18 for No. 2; in bbls \$12.50 to \$13.

Oils.—Steam refined seal oil is firm; holders now asking 60c. No. 1 without dross and oil is quiet but steady at 31c to 35c, and cod liver oil sells slowly at 55c to 60c for new and 45c to 50c for old.

Walter Kavanagh, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

REPRESENTING:

SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND Assots. \$30,100,000.04.

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, OF NORWICH ENGLAND. Capital, \$5,000,000.

EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF HALIFAX N.S. Capital, \$1,000,000.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Creamery, August.....22c to 23½c Creamery Sept. and Oct.....22½c to 23c Eastern Townships.....21c to 22c Western.....18c to 20c

For single tubs of selected, 1c per lb may be added to the above.

Roll Butter.—Sales have been made at 19c to 21c. A lot of 7 half bbls of very fine rolls was made at 2½c, and 3 large boxes at 19c.

Cheese.—Finest Western colored.....11c to 11½c Finest Western white.....11c to 11½c Finest Quebec.....11c to 11½c Underpriced.....10c to 10½c Liverpool cable white.....55s to 55s 6d Liverpool cable colored.....55s 6d

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Fresh boiling eggs are quoted at 20c to 22c, and in small packages more money can be had.

Dressed Poultry.—Turkeys weighing from 9 to 12 lbs have sold quickly at 13c to 14c, in some cases at 10c. Interior turkeys have sold as low as 8c and poor scalded 5c to 6c; 15 to 20 lb turkeys sell better for Christmas trade. Young spring chickens have been in good demand at 7c to 7½c, but most of the arrivals have been mixed with old hens, and had to be sold at 6c to 6½c; ducks 8c to 9c, according to quality. Choice dry picked geese 6½c; scalded and common 5c to 6c.

Game.—Venison saddles have been made at 10c to 11c per lb for prime and 9c to 10c for common. Partridges have sold at 50c to 60c per brace.

Honey.—The sale was made of a choice lot of 25 cases at 13c, and a lot of nice comb at 10c, although it was not pure white. Dark thick wheat comb has sold at 10c to 12c as to quality, and a lot of broken dark comb was sold at 9c. Extracted is in rather slow request at 7c to 8c for new, and 5c to 6c for old, a good sized lot selling at the inside figure.

Maple Products.—Syrup is slow sale, with an occasional lot selling at 6c to 8c in cases as to quality, and 5c to 6c in wood as to quality. A lot of dark sugar 6c and we quote 6c to 7c.

Beans.—At \$1.35 to \$1.50 for good to choice hand picked, and other kinds all the way from \$1 to \$1.25.

Hops.—Hops are reported at 17c to 19c; we quote 17c to 19c for fair to good 1903 growth, and 14c to 15c for yearlings, and 7c to 10c for old.

Loose Hay, etc.—Sold at from \$6.50 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs each as to quality. Loose straw sold at \$3.00 up to 4.50 and \$5.00.

Hated Hay.—At \$1.00 to \$1.50 for No. 1 timothy and \$9 to \$9.50 for No. 2.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—No. 1 selling at \$2.50 to \$4.00, and No. 2 from \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Grapes.—Malaga grapes are selling slow from \$4.00 to \$6.00 per kg according to weight and quality, while Carawya grapes have fair sales at 20c to 25c per basket.

Grape Fruit.—Quoted from \$2.00 to \$2.50 per crate.

Oranges.—Florida oranges are quoted from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per crate.

Lemons.—Are selling well from \$8.50 to \$5.00 per box.

Onions.—We quote from 80c to \$1.00 per crate for Spanish, and \$1.90 to \$2.15 per barrel for red and yellow.

Potatoes.—From 6c to 6½c per bag in car lots, while smaller lots are 5c to 10c per bag extra.

Sweet Potatoes.—Are selling slowly from \$3.50 to \$3.75 per bul.

Spinners.—Are very quiet from \$1.50 to \$2.25 per bunch according to size.

Cranberries.—From \$5.50 to \$7.00 per bbl. as to quality.

Pears.—Are selling from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per box.

Figs.—At 1½c to 12c per bbl.

Dates.—New dates are selling well from 5c to 6c per lb.

COVERNTON'S NIPPLE : OIL.

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S Syrup of Wild Cherry.

For relief and cure of Coughs, Colic, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 7½ cents.

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Total.....\$247,000,000

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A TRIUMPH OF THE ROSARY.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"How absurd for a great jurist, like Judge Arrington, to write sentimental poems in honor, as he tells us, of the Blessed Virgin, when everybody knows he is not a Catholic?"

"But you must remember that his wife and children are Catholics."

"Oh, yes; we all remember the lively protest made by the Judge on their becoming Catholics. For the instant, it seemed as if Madame and her children were to have a separate establishment!"

"But this was only for the moment. Every one knew there was not a more devoted husband and father than Judge Arrington."

"Which proved, conclusively, the honesty and the violence of his opposition to the Catholic faith. He has never changed, apparently, excepting in a cessation of open opposition: when all at once we see him writing chivalrous verses lauding the Blessed Virgin, which might be very well for Spenser or even Chaucer, but certainly most extraordinary for a notable jurist of this century, who is known not to be a Catholic, to publish over his own name;" and the paper containing the offending poem was tossed across the library table to the gentle faced lady opposite, by a member of the Chicago Bar.

At the time of which we are writing, two great pleaders stood forth in our courts; both giants as to mental and physical force; both warming up into an eloquence which always seemed to take a jury by surprise, because of an exceeding weight of gravity in the face of both, until they became radiant under their own enthusiastic treatment of their case. Both were men of chivalrous honor and generosity, with a certain poetic dash in their natural temperament which took away the prosaic dullness of legal details. Judge Arrington was from Virginia; Judge Beckwith from Vermont; but there was a blaze of light in the eyes of each under the excitement of a defence, involving character, which told of deep wells of genuine human sympathy in the heart of each, rather than of national sections or any accident of birth. They were rivals, as the world calls such evenly-matched legal gladiators; but there was no venom in their rivalry. Perhaps there were never more brilliant scenes in our court-room than when the two held a jury under the spell of their logic, their sympathy, and their eloquence.

But in the midst of these legal triumphs, Judge Arrington, the older of the two, fell sick. At first it was supposed to be only a temporary attack; but as weeks wore on, it was evident that the strong man must yield. All this time, what of his wife? There was no putting forward of theological solicitude. The children were instructed to respect their father's convictions. When the failing strength took with it the desire for conversation, the Judge's apparently non-Catholic attitude was not commented upon even in the family; but nothing stopped the telling of the beads, especially in the hands of his devoted wife. Night after night as she kept her untiring watch by his side, his brief slumbers were counted not so much by the hands of her watch as by the decades said. One night as she sat thus by his bedside, her right hand in his while he seemed to sleep, the fingers of her left held the beads as they were told with perfectly silent lips, while the rolled slowly down her thinned cheeks. How awful it seemed to her to watch thus the drifting of a noble soul to judgment without reasonable preparation! For she knew he had often responded to grace even by those chivalrous poems addressed to the Blessed Virgin; and she also knew, that in the depth of his heart he believed the Catholic Church to be the true Church. To know all this, yet receive no sign from those lips, while the eyes, so eloquent even in their silence, were closed as if in a dreamless slumber—so like death seemed his sleep—was to rouse every solicitude of which a true woman's heart is capable; when, slowly, the eyes opened, and he said: "Say your Rosary prayers, I bid, my dear, that I may join in them."

For the moment her voice choked, but she controlled it, and without one word of comment recited decade after decade, one hand still in his. At last, as if she could not be surprised: "I wish

you to send for Father Conway to baptize me."

"When shall I send for him?" she asked.

"Now!" was the prompt reply.

For an hour the tears had dried on her cheeks, and now, as she stepped from the room to send a messenger to Father Conway, all her straightforward words, what he wanted of him. A little after midnight the conditional baptism had been given, and before one o'clock, Extreme Unction, the Viaticum, the last Plenary Indulgence. Father Conway left his penitent with a soul as humble and gentle as a child's, while a calm too deep for words gave an exaltation to the lines which suffering had already left on his countenance. As the white dawn crept into his room, these lines of suffering were more apparent, but the intellect was on the alert. "Now that I have made my peace with God, let me set this house of mine in order for you, my dear. There is yet time."

He gave the names of the legal friends he wished to have summoned, and received them when they came with his characteristic courtesy, which was always gravely sincere. There was no need of explanations, for the signs were not to be mistaken of a rapidly approaching end. When the last will and testament had been duly witnessed, signed and sealed, the judge said in his old, judicial way: "I hope, gentlemen, you have found me of sound mind and memory?"

"Sound and clear as a bell; never more so in your best days, Judge," said his special friend of the three, pressing the hand of the dying man, while his smile lighted the tears in his eyes.

"Then," said the judge, with solemnity, "I trust the court of heaven will consider my declaration of faith as valid as you consider this my last will and testament; for this morning I entered the Catholic Church."

Our barristers seldom allow their countenance to betray surprise, but these three, none of whom were Catholics, could hardly conceal theirs, making amends, however, by a reassurance of the pleasure they felt in seeing him thus in full possession of himself, and even adding a congratulation which was forced from them in spite of prejudice, by the evident sincerity and ever-loftiness of his convictions. They knew it was no mere sentiment which had moved him to such a declaration.

Twenty-four hours from the time Father Conway left Judge Arrington, he had breathed his last sigh in the blessed hope of a true son of Mary, virgin and mother. As his faithful wife passed from the chamber of death it was not with sobs and anguish, but with a certain exultation which made her feel the walls of her house too small, and throwing up the window sash she leaned out into the cold night to see the clear heavens set thick with their beautiful constellations, and realized that the soul of her beloved one had passed beyond the stars to the throne of Him whose judgments are, indeed, past finding out, but are still merciful. Then she remembered that this was the first morning of the New Year; and a great act of thanksgiving rose from her heart to the same throne, before which her dear ones had even then stood in judgment. It was so wonderful, and she kissed the rosary on which her prayers had been said so effectually, with a fervor she had never thought of before.

The funeral was to be attended at St. James', their parish church; Father Conway to celebrate the Mass, Father Roles to give the sermon. Before going to the church, however, the members of the Bar, with whom Judge Arrington was such a favorite, passed voluntarily in slow procession before his body as it lay in its coffin within his own house. But there was one who did not keep step with the procession, but stood—not one moment merely, but many minutes—looking down on the grand figure and magnificently-chiseled face which death had rendered even more noble in its solemnity, with eyes full of the profoundest veneration, taking in with his penetrating glance the brown habit of our Lady of Mount Carmel, with the I.H.S. on the breast and the rosary twined around the marble finger—all testifying to the open confession made by his friend in life, though so close to the hour of death, to a faith which he himself never, indeed, embraced, but of which he himself never spoke but in language of sincere respect; and this tribute of veneration was from Judge Corydon Beckwith, who had stood

shoulder to shoulder with the great jurist who, in the height of his fame, had claimed himself a true knight of Our Lady—Judge Alfred Arrington.—*The Rosary.*

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Cardinal Logue attended the funeral of the late Archbishop Knox in the Protestant Cathedral of Armagh.

A new Trappist monastery has just been opened at Troisveaux, in the diocese of Arras, France.

The subscriptions to the building fund of Archbishop Corrigan's new seminary now amount to \$105,674.

Mgr. Ferrari, Bishop of Como, in Italy, has placed the *Alpe Retica*, an anti-Catholic religious paper, under the band of excommunication.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Dagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his consecration on a recent Sunday.

A congress of Catholic students will be held at Brussels early in the coming year. The eminent historian, Goffredo Waith, will preside.

Mgr. Siboldi moved into his new house at Washington on the 21st. An informal banquet was given at which several clergymen and a few laymen were present.

Very Rev. Father Icard, Superior General of the Sulpician Fathers throughout the world, died at the Grand S-minaire, Paris, France, on last Monday week in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

Mrs. Elizabeth, daughter of ex-Senator S. B. Elkins, was married by Cardinal Gibbons in the New York Cathedral to E. E. Bruner. The bride is a recent convert.

It is announced in London that the niece of John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, has joined the Roman Catholic Church and will soon enter a convent.

King Humbert of Italy has been granting some *exequatur* to Bishops, and it is thought that an arrangement will soon be come to with the Holy See respecting the Venice patriarchate.

A committee, presided over by Cardinals Parocchi and Vincent Vanutelli, has been formed in Rome for the celebration of the third centenary of the death of St. Philip Neri, which falls on the 26th of May, 1895.

No one, says a Paris correspondent, could have a more peaceful or happier death than Marshal McMahon. He was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and after he had made his confession to the Abbe Auvray and received Extreme Unction, his life quietly ebbed away.

The Pope has sent, through the Congregation of the Propaganda, a munificent sum to the people of Lien-Sin, China, who are suffering from famine; and he has given orders that those who are not Christians shall participate in this bounty as well as those that are.

Religious persecution continues to be the order of the day under the sway of the Czar. A telegraph from Warsaw says: Twenty-two Catholic priests of the province of the Vistula have been deprived of their offices or sent to Grodno.

The Archbishop of Rennes, France, has received a letter from the Holy Father with regard to the further organization of the Catholic University of Angers. The students of the dioceses of Vannes, St. Brieuc, and Quimper, who have been going to the University to Paris, will now go to Angers.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the Hospital of St. Hedwige, which is served by the Sisters of Charity. Its report for 1892, just issued, shows that during last year 5,640 persons were admitted to the hospital. The majority of these were non-Catholics, 3,311 Protestants, and 59 Jews.

Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., president of St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y., succeeds Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., as provincial of the New York and Maryland Province of the Jesuit order. The appointment has just been made by the Very Rev. Louis Marin, General of the Order of Jesuits, and the promotion of the college president to this important post is regarded with great satisfaction.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many afflicted with rheumatism, and we urge all who suffer from this disease to give this medicine a trial.

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[Ladies St. Sulpice.]

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

FASHIONS' FANCIES.

With the very chic small white dress bonnets are worn white tulle veils dotted with black.

In dress silks small spots, in marked contrast to diagonal ground of two shades, have found favor. Peacock and a new sapphire tone are among the accepted tints.

At the present moment the latest trimmings for hats and bonnets are fanciful little bright colored wings. Some hats are flanked with a couple on each side.

SOME PRACTICAL RECIPES.

Shredded Pineapple.—Select a ripe juicy pineapple, remove every bit of the skin and all the "eyes." Then lay the fruit on a platter, hold it firmly with the left hand and with a silver fork tear off the pineapple in small pieces, leaving the core whole. Put the shredded fruit in a serving dish, sprinkle generously with fine granulated sugar, cover, and let stand in the ice chest an hour, if possible, before serving. This method of preparing it draws out the juice and flavor better than slicing, and makes the fruit seem much more tender.

Hickory Nut Cookies.—A very simple recipe for hickory nut cookies is to take one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, two eggs, one pint of hickory nut meat chopped fine and some flour. Cream and butter and sugar together, add the eggs and hickory nuts, and then mix in enough flour to make the dough still enough to roll out. Sprinkle each cookie with granulated sugar and bake in a moderately quick oven. Hickory nuts can be used the same as coconut in icing and filling for layer cakes, if the meats be pounded into a paste.

Cream Cake.—To make a nice cream cake take one cup of sugar and two eggs creamed together, one heaping cup of flour, one heaping spoonful of baking powder. Flavor to taste. Bake in four layers. For filling, take one-half cup of cream, whipped; then add one-half cup of sugar, and beat some more, and flavor with same flavoring used in the cake.

Plum Roll.—Make a batter of a cupful of milk and a half cupful of butter, thickened with flour enough to make a soft paste, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in three layers, between which spread plum sauce made from either fresh or canned plums, with stones and skins removed. Serve warm or cold.

ROMAN NEWS.

Miss Dormer, daughter of the late Lord Dormer, who met his death so tragically in India, has taken the veil in the Convent of Dames Chanoineses at Bruges.

The Holy Father has lately received their Lordships Mgr. Goindard, Mgr. Sourriens, Bishop of Chalons; Mgr. Cateau, Bishop of Luzon; and Mgr. Paurbaix, titular Bishop of Endosiade.

The London correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano* states (on what authority we know not) that "Lord Seymour" gives an unfavorable report of the Italian fleet after his extended visit to the Italian ports. This stinging phrase is said to have been used. "Italy is an embarrassment and cannot be an aid."

Cardinal Schleich, Bishop of Grasse-Wardein, has published a memorandum against the Bill which the Minister Weyerle has presented to the Hungarian Parliament. It is said that His Eminence's task has been undertaken after a consultation with the Emperor and at His Majesty's inspiration. The Cardinal shows that the proposed regulation touching civil marriage is justified neither by necessity nor advantage—in short, is but a codification of Calvinistic doctrines. Marriage is degraded from its character as a sacrament, and the possibility of separation or divorce is multiplied.

Three conspicuous politicians have met at Monza, and held a conference with King Humbert—namely, Count Kalnoky, Minister of Foreign Affairs for Austria-Hungary; Count Nigra, Italian Ambassador to Vienna; and Vice-Ambassador, Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. It by no means follows that the Emperor Francis Joseph is going to pay a visit to Rome on this account. In fact, he has categorically refused the invitation, and Humbert has signified that he considers the compliment has been rendered him.

Weak Children

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"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bown, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and \$1.00.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER 50c.

THE WORLD AROUND.

Admiral de Mello, the leader of the Brazilian insurgents, has proclaimed the son of the Comte d'Eu as Emperor.

Mgr. Melizan, Archbishop of Columbo, and Mgr. Joulain, Bishop of Jaffna, have left Marseille's Messageries Maritimes steamer for Ceylon.

Signor Rattazzi, controller of the Italian royal household, has been dismissed. He is accused of being one of the chief authors of the bank corruption.

A subscription list having been opened in Paris for the purpose of erecting a monument to M. Gouand, the first day's subscription amounted to \$2,000.

John Meesick, a brakeman in the Monon yards at Bedford fell between two cars Saturday and was instantly killed.

The *Unita Cattolica* records the death of Count de Best Vittiuri, an excellent writer, a man of rare energy of character, and a zealous Catholic.

The Servian ministry has resigned, alleging as a reason their disagreement on the tariff question with Austria. The king has refused to accept the resignations.

The canal at West Troy, N.Y., was frozen last Monday night for the first time this season. The ice was strong enough to hold heavy stones thrown upon it.

The Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Penthièvre, Prince Henri d'Orléans, Monsieur de la Roche, the Marquis d'Harcourt, the Comte de Bondy, and Vicomte de Bondy have left Stowe House for Paris.

Prince Otto, of Schaumburg Lippe has, it is stated, expressed his intention to become a Catholic, and he will receive baptism shortly at Paderborn. The wife of Prince Otto is a Catholic.

The Archbishop of Verapoly, India, who has recently been ill has, according to the *Advocate of the Catholic Union*, quite recovered. His Grace has just been celebrating his Episcopal jubilee.

The entire crew of the new four-masted British bark Bahama, which sailed on her first voyage from Greenock November 9th for New York and Japan, have been landed in Scotland. The Bahama was abandoned at sea.

Advices from Sicily announce that the country is still in a very disturbed state on account of brigandage. In some of the districts the farmers are abandoning agricultural work on account of the depredations which have been committed during the last fortnight.

The following are the latest statistics of the Jesuit missions in India:—Diocese of Bombay, 15,868 Catholics; Calcutta, 61,000; Mangalore, 72,037; Poona, 98,299; Trichinopoly, 183,000. This gives a total of 243,204 Catholics in the five dioceses, of nearly a quarter of a million in all.

The Spanish ministers have agreed to patch up their differences and work harmoniously until the government's difficulty with Morocco should be settled. When all the 24,000 troops shall have been landed at Melilla the chief command will be given to Gen. Martinez de Campos.

The British Government has refused to remove Dr. Cornelius Herz from Bournemouth owing to the physicians' reports as to his condition. The French Government has been trying for a long time to secure the extradition of Dr. Herz, who is charged with having been implicated in the Panama canal scandal.

A dispatch from Berlin says: It is believed that an attempt was made to assassinate Chancellor von Caprivi Monday by means of an infernal machine. A parcel addressed to the chancellor, post marked from Orleans in France, was received at the chancery. Colonel Elmeyer, the chancellor's aide, began to open the parcel when he noticed a few grains of gun-powder falling out of it. He immediately dispatched the parcel to a notice station, where the police placed it in water and gave it a thorough soaking, after which they examined it. When the wrappings were removed a striking cap was found attached to what proved beyond a doubt was an infernal machine.

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N. FAFARD, M. D. Prof. of chemistry at Laval University. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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DR. J. ETHIER. L'Epiphany, February 8th 1889.

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Z. LAROCHE, M. D. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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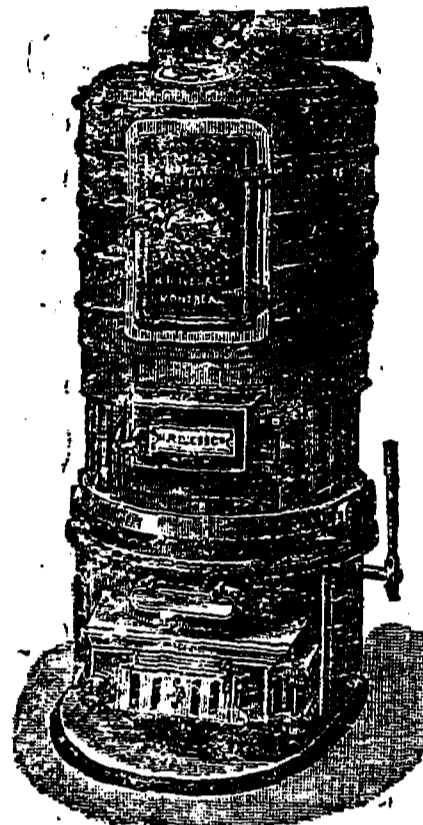
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