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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

We would like to be able to locate exactly the Kansas editor who describes his habitation as "80 miles west of a rain belt, 90 feet from water, several million miles from heaven, 50 yards from the devil, and 300 miles from a saloon." His idea of celestial life must be the close proximity of a saloon, and the absence of water. He is having his purgatory on earth, he surely will be rewarded hereafter for his temperate life.

THE Boston Pilot says: "Wei-Hai-Wei, Pe-Chi-Li, Ping-Yong, Ho-Hang-Ho—is it any wonder that a nation gets whipped when it gives its towns such names as an inspired idiot might devise in constructing a 'college cheer?' On the Oriental war, the same paper has another sharp paragraph that indicates its sympathies in the struggle. "Japan, according to the dictionary, means to polish. Nobody will deny that China has been polished off most beautifully."

In the Ursuline Convent, Waterford, Ireland, there recently died a nun whose name, though hidden during twenty-four years from the world, has been cherished by Irish Catholics in all lands. Sister Mary Benigna was grand-daughter of the great Liberator. She was a Miss Eily O'Connell, daughter of John O'Connell, son of the famous Daniel O'Connell. She was as conspicuous for her talents and piety in the convent as was her grand-parent in the more boisterous arena of public life. All Irish Catholics will gladly offer up prayers for the repose of the good soul that has departed for the land of eternal recompense.

THE saddest result of the recent storm was the fatal accident in which Assistant Law Clerk Joseph met his death and a number of prominent citizens of Canada were severely injured. Most certainly last week was sufficient to dispel all illusions as to the changes in our climate. For some years it was predicted by many that Canada would see no more of the old-time winters. But the cold in the beginning of the week and the storm at the end of it, are evidence enough that this is a land of snow and ice, at least during half the year. The only persons who reaped any benefit were the unemployed laborers who secured work for a few days. For them the storm was a stroke of good fortune.

POOR ex Queen Liliuokalani is having great trouble in Hawaii. She has been dethroned by the republican element; now she is arrested for complicity in an attempt to overturn the power that robbed her of a throne which was her inherited right. It is wonderful to notice how very ungallant the leaders of all revolutionary movements are. The fate of Marie Antoinette is a striking example. Surely they could allow the ex-Queen of Hawaii to remain in peace

after she proclaimed her intention to be loyal to the new powers. "Uneasy is the head that wears the crown;" equally true is it that unhappy is the head from which a crown has been snatched.

THE conversion of England in a body to the old faith is a matter of greater difficulty than at first sight may appear. Recently Cardinal Vaughan pointed out that the fact of every Protestant being his own Pope, there were as many authorities as individuals to deal with. There being no head to treat with negotiations must be entered into with every individual. There being no positive harmony of doctrine it is most difficult to argue out the fundamental principles of true Christianity. The longer the conversion is delayed the more difficult it becomes; for each year, each day, each hour in fact, may be said to bring its own creed. The only point of union amongst them is that of opposition to the Catholic Church.

ON a train running from Fontainebleau to Paris, January 24th, a nun was murdered by a madman. The train was rushing along at its usual speed, when, in one of the compartments, a man suddenly drew a revolver and began firing upon his fellow-passengers. One shot struck the nun; three others took effect on three of the travellers. In the nun's case the wound proved mortal. It appears the man was arrested and found to be insane. Here is another strong argument against the old-style coaches used in Europe, and in favor of our more open cars of America. Imagine the constant risk that passengers run in being locked up in these compartments. There is no possible exit; no refuge; no hope when in presence of maniacs or murderers. It is to be hoped that the day is not distant when the old world shall commence to learn from the new world some points regarding railway matters.

A WRITER in The Forum says that "the great bulk of the English read nothing, literally nothing, and he who knows something of rural England will agree with this." We might add that the same applies to the inhabitants of English towns and cities. While the few in England who do read, are most thoroughly educated, we cannot but admit that the bulk of the people go not beyond periodicals and newspapers, while hundreds of thousands even never look into the current literature, or daily press. And yet the average Englishman has an idea that the Irish are most illiterate and ignorant. In Ireland, when it was a crime to speak the Celtic and forbidden to learn the English, it was no uncommon thing to find the plough boys or fishermen who could speak Greek and Latin, recite Virgil or Homer, and hold learned discussions upon questions of mathematics, science, philosophy and even theology. And, to-day, there is scarcely an Irish peasant who is not posted in all the leading events of his

time, and in the history of his country. Find us the Irish lad that has never heard of Brian Boru or Sarsfield; find us the Englishman, in the back streets or rural districts, who can talk intelligently about William the Conqueror or Harold, the last of the Saxon kings.

AT CLERMONT, in Auvergne, (now called Clermon Ferraud) the Council of the Church was held in 1095. In that assembly the necessity of rescuing the holy places from the infidels was proclaimed. In May next the eight hundredth anniversary of that momentous event will be celebrated by a series of festivities in the old Auvergnat capital. The Bishop, Mgr. Belmont, has taken the initiative, and the expectations of a grand success are general. It was eight hundred years ago next May, that the inspired voice of Peter the Hermit rang over Europe; at his call thousands were startled into activity, princes and peasants joined in the crusades which marked as a mighty epoch in the world's history that memorable period. Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Stephen of Blois, the brother of the King of France, Bohemund of Torontum, and scores of others, with a hundred thousand followers, left Europe, sailed across the Mediterranean, trod the wilds of Taurus, fainted under the suns of the East, and continued their march until they beheld, in the emerald fields that line Orontes, the grey battlements and white turrets of the Syrian Antioch. This will be the commemoration of one of the most extraordinary events that history, ancient or modern, records.

ANOTHER eight hundredth anniversary takes place this year. In April, Venice will celebrate, by a series of religious festivals, the consecration of the famous Cathedral of St. Mark's. The church, which stands on the great square of St. Mark, and faces the Grand Canal, was first built in 828, when the body of the evangelist was taken from Alexandria to Venice. In 976 a portion of the church was destroyed by fire. The rebuilding was only completed a hundred years later, and in April, 1095, the consecration took place. Venice will again assume her olden and glorious appearance; the "Queen of the Adriatic" will put on the splendor that was hers when she wedded the sea, and enrolled the name of each Doge in her "Book of Gold." The carnival of Venice is almost a thing of the past; but this year the winged lions on the Piazza San Marco will witness a renewal of all those scenes that were the glory of the glittering city, before barbarian or stranger drove her commerce to other ports.

WE have received the first number of Captain Chartrand's new monthly, entitled "La Revue Nationale." It is a most promising issue. It contains the portraits of the leading contributors and opens with letters of encouragement from Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau, Hon. Messrs. Laurier, Nantel, Marchand,

Beausoleil, David and Ferrault. The first article is from the pen of Hon. Mr. Royal on "Les Amours d'un Notaire," which is followed by a little poem, "A Ma Petite Louise," by Dr. L. H. Fréchette. An able contribution on the "Influence of Canadian Climate," from the pen of Dr. Hingston; a learned treatise on the "Mechanism of the Eye," by Mr. Dansereau; an historical sketch of "Fort Frontenac, 1673-84," by Benjamin Sulte; a serial story from Joseph Marmette; a contribution on "Finances," from that able financial writer, Mr. John Hague, go to make up the leading features of a highly attractive issue. Mr. Chs. dea. Ecarres handles the foreign gossip and "Francoise" takes care of the ladies' department. We heartily wish Captain Chartrand every success in his undertaking; the magazine is a credit to the Province.

IN the history of literature there is nothing more extraordinary than the wave of Napoleonic revival that is sweeping over America. His certainly was a wonderful career, and one that can never be imitated nor repeated. It may be for this reason that he stands upon the back-ground of history a monument of peculiar greatness. Of all the descriptions or appreciations of his career, that of Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, we consider the most exact and concise. "We may now pause," said he, "before the splendid prodigy that towered amongst us, like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance that its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon a throne a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent and decisive, a will despotic in its dictates, an energy that distance expedition and a conscience pliable to every touch marked the outlines of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary that, perhaps, in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned or fell."

WE desire to call attention once more to the souvenir number which THE TRUE WITNESS is preparing for St. Patrick's Day. We can unhesitatingly state that it will not only be a work of artistic and literary merit, but that it will be entirely original. Some of the most able writers of the day will contribute articles and many of our prominent Irish Catholic litterateurs will furnish sketches, from different standpoints, of the success of our people in Canada. The cover alone will be a gem worth calling a souvenir. Let our readers look out for it.

THE Church is gradually increasing the number of Anglican clergymen who come into the fold. The Rev. Wentworth Powell, nephew of the Protestant Bishop, Basil Jones, of Washington, has joined the Catholic Church. One by one they are receiving the light-bearing summons that flashed upon St. Paul on the road to Damascus. And what is best of all, they hearken to and obey the call. Wonderful are the ways of God; stupendous the work of His Church.

THE PUBLIC PRESS.

MR. SATOLLI AT THE GRIDIRON CLUB.

A MASTERLY DISSERTATION ON ITS MISSION, ITS FUNCTION AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

Mgr. Satolli was a guest of the Gridiron Club, at its tenth annual dinner at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, D.C., and his address on the Press was one of the features of the occasion. Mgr. Satolli spoke as follows:—

"From Aristotle to Montesquieu, the renowned author of 'L'Esprit des Loix,' learned men have divided the functions of government into classes—the legislative, the executive or administrative, and the judicial—which are, in truth, but three activities of one and the same power which is vested in him who has the care of the people and represents them. Now, however, an adequate division of the powers of government would have to include a fourth element, and this is public opinion exercising its activity through the organism of the public press.

"It is consequently a great pleasure and honor to me to be with you this evening, feeling as I do that I am surrounded by the representatives of this fourth power in the greatest and most glorious of modern republics—a republic emulous of the glory of those of ancient times. A half century ago one of the principal periodicals of Europe, the Civita Cattolica, at the beginning of its existence said:

"It happens naturally that in those countries where journalism is in vogue it comes to be a true, perhaps even the supreme social power, it being received as an axiom that public opinion is the mistress and queen of the world. This public opinion has no other means of making itself felt nor organ for its manifestation more efficacious than journalism."

BRYCE'S WORDS.

"And Bryce, in his admirable work on 'The American Commonwealth' declares: 'In no country is public opinion so powerful as in the United States; in no country can it be so well studied. Yet opinion has really been the chief and ultimate power in nearly all times. I mean the opinion, unspoken, unconscious, but not the least real and potent, of the masses of the people, and it is the public press which has the most general and efficacious influence in constituting, moderating, keeping alive and modifying when necessity requires public opinion.'

"It is a question whether laws depend from the social dispositions of the people or whether the social dispositions depend from the laws, in my opinion the dependence is mutual, and consequently the legislative power cannot hold itself independent of nor indifferent to the popular opinion, which manifests itself throughout the press.

"In this connection it is interesting to note the teaching of the celebrated Isidore of Seville concerning the necessary characteristics of all human law. He says:

"A law will be thoroughly reasonable only when it is in conformity with religion and good order, and promotes public welfare. It must be a proper law, just, possible both naturally and considering the customs of the country; it must be befitting the circumstances of time and place; it should be needed and useful; it should be clear, too, containing nothing which may give rise to cavils on account of its obscurity; it should benefit no private interest, but should be enacted only for the common good of the people at large."

HIS REASONS PLAIN.

"The reasons why Isidore assigns these qualities for a good and valid law are plain. Human law is the guide of life in society and proceeds from the prior and higher divine and natural law. Therefore it ought to be proper, conforming to the supreme dictates of reason and to the government of Divine Providence; it should likewise conform to justice and to the capabilities of those who are to be governed by it, and should therefore be framed according to the state of civilization, according to the form of government, and should respect private rights.

"It ought moreover to be inspired by the consideration of the common

need and utility. And so we define law as an ordination of reason enacted and promulgated for the common good by those to whom the government of the people is entrusted. If we consider each one of these necessary conditions we shall be convinced that it is the special work of the public press to make them known to verify their existence.

"Man, as a social being, has three natural needs—the communication of his ideas; interest and participation in the government of the State to which he belongs; to be kept as accurately and promptly as possible informed of what goes on in the world about him. Nothing better meets these three wants than the public press. If man were left with the faculty of speech alone, none of these three needs would be satisfied. Books are, 'tis true, a useful expedient, but rather serve for general instruction than for the practical knowledge of the daily course of events, and may fittingly be called the fixed press. Periodicals answer the need better, but not sufficiently, as experience proves. They may be termed an intermittent press. The daily, or public press, a continuous press, when well organized has the advantage of being fully proportionate to the actual exigencies of the human mind.

LIFE A SYLLOGISM.

"The practical life, not only of the individual, but also of the body politic, is a syllogism, the major proposition of which, containing a general truth, may be found in the book press; the minor may be had from the periodicals; but to draw the conclusion belongs properly to the daily public press, which, day by day, describes the social life in its minutest details. And, therefore, just as the conclusion of the syllogism contains in itself all the strength of the premises and is distinct from them, so the public press contains all the force of general truths and of particular applications, describing as in its proper field that which is done in practical life, as well by the governing as by the governed.

"Society is an organized body. The government is its head, the people its members, the military its nerves and muscles, its blood the wealth which has its sistole and astole through the industry of the people; morality and religion are its heart, the press may well be termed its lungs, since it serves as the organ of public respiration.

"Or again I do not hesitate to say that, in the body politic, the public press has that office which in the individual is performed by conscience, and to define it as the organ of social conscience. In fact, what are the functions of conscience? To testify, to withhold and instigate, to accuse, to reprehend and to cause remorse.

THREEFOLD APPLICATION.

"All these things follow the application of what we know to what we do, and this application is three-fold: First, when we recognize that we have or have not done something, and in this way conscience is said to testify; next, when we judge that we ought or ought not to do something, and so conscience instigates or withholds; and finally, when we judge that what we have done was well or badly done, and conscience accuses, approves or reprehends.

"And is it not indeed the public press which makes known the deeds of society from day to day? Charles Dudley Warner declares that the purpose of the creation of the newspaper is that it should be a 'mirror of contemporary life.' Is it not the public press which at the proper time should make known to the makers of laws what should or should not be done for the common welfare? Can anyone deny to the public press the right, in matters which concern the people at large, to estimate the value of public acts? And especially does the public press act as the public conscience since the mass of the people think, speak and act under the influence of impressions received from the daily papers.

PLEASED WITH THE PRESS.

"From the day of my arrival in America down to the present moment I have had every reason to feel pleased with the press of this country, to conceive the most exalted opinion of it, to appreciate its great importance, to nourish for it feelings of sincere and imperishable gratitude. If you desire to know my mission among you, you will find it expressed in the conditions enunciated for my favorable reception here by a well meaning and misled writer in the Forum two years ago.

"It is to help, to teach the ignorant; to raise the fallen; to lead the guilty

and penitent to the invisible and divine Saviour, who alone has power to forgive sin; to console the sorrowing; to justify the believing; to promote righteousness, liberty, sympathy and the spirit of Christian brotherhood throughout the land.

"If you want to know what my mission is not, you have it in the words of this same writer, in which he explains what he thinks it is. He asserts that I am here to further the claims of the Pope to a kingdom of this world—a kingdom which embraces the whole world, 'all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.'

"In my own name and in that of Leo XIII, who sent me, I repudiate any such purpose. And when it shall please the Pope to recall me, trusting in the kindness and rectitude of the public press, as Samuel of old, on laying down the government of Israel, appealed to the assembled people to express their satisfaction or dissatisfaction with his administration, so I shall not hesitate to present to the press of the country the record of my labors, and say, 'Judge me.'"

ROMAN NEWS ITEMS.

Rt. Rev. Tobias Kirby, rector emeritus of the Irish College at Rome, is dead.

Mgr. Cairni, first Prefect of the Vatican library, died at Rome on the 26th Jan.

Archbishop Kosloffski, Metropolitan of the Roman Catholics in Russia, has just received from the Czar a cross adorned with diamonds.

Sicily is to have its Catholic congress. The movement for holding the gathering is receiving the earnest support of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Palermo.

The library of the Vatican was commenced 1,417 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles.

The Pope has given an audience to Mr. Joseph Heywood, who, on behalf of the United States, thanked his Holiness for the loan of the Vatican relics which were exhibited at the Chicago Fair. Mr. Heywood later called upon Cardinal Rampolla, to whom he presented a letter from Secretary Gresham.

BREVITIES.

Mary Anderson is very ill at Brighton, England.

A nun was killed on a railroad train near Paris by an insane man. Three other passengers were wounded by him.

There were 363 failures in business in the United States during the past week against 430 during the corresponding week of last year.

M. de Giers, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, died at St. Petersburg Saturday. He was regarded as one of the foremost diplomatists of the age.

The executors of Jay Gould and Russel Sage will have to retribute to the Kansas Pacific Railway \$11,000,000 of bonds converted by them to their own use.

The American Bankers' Association of Chicago has sent a circular to every paying teller in the city banks warning them that an organized gang of forgers were at work.

Senator O'Brien, of the Kansas State Legislature, introduced a bill in that body making attempted train robbery a crime punishable by not less than 20 years in the penitentiary.

The earthquake at Luchan, Persia, was more destructive than first stated. Over 1,200 persons perished and not a house was left standing. The cold was bitter and the homeless suffered intensely.

The political parties in Italy are preparing for a general election. The Socialists have selected as candidates a number of their comrades who were sentenced to imprisonment for taking part in the riots in Sicily.

English taxpayers are to be called on for more money. In the course of a speech in Hull, Home Secretary Asquith said that the country must prepare for a serious financial sacrifice in order to strengthen the navy.

Watts—"There is no use for you to keep on with argument. You can't convince me." Potts—"I am not trying to convince you, I am trying to convince myself."

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Pittsburg cathedral has a debt of \$150,000 hanging to it.

A Eucharistic League is about to be formed among the clergy of the Kansas City diocese.

The Rev. Father Fidelis, C.P., whose name was the Rev. Dr. James Kent Stone when he was a Protestant, is visiting his native city, Boston.

Another Anglican clergyman has been converted to the Catholic Church, the Rev. Wentworth Powell, nephew of the Protestant Bishop, Basil Jones, of St. David's.

The Western Catholic Summer School is to open its first session on July 14th, at Madison, Wis. Monsignor Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, is to pontificate at solemn High Mass on that occasion, and Archbishop Ireland is to preach.

The Redemptorist superior general, who is coming to this country to visit the American houses of his order, will have quite extensive travels to make when he gets here. The Redemptorists are one of the strongest religious orders, and the number of their establishments in America is quite large.

Vicar-General McCann has been appointed pastor of St. Mary's, Toronto, Ont., and Father Francis Ryan becomes rector of the Cathedral and chancellor of the archdiocese. These appointments, it is almost needless to say, will be received with general satisfaction. Rev. Dr. Treacy, who has been assistant at St. Mary's, also goes to St. Michael's.

The Very Rev. Michael A. Moore, assistant to the General of the Calced Carmelites, died recently after an illness of some months' duration, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, at the White Abbey Convent, Kildare. He was a native of County Kildare, and had filled several important positions, being successively Prior, Provincial, and assistant to the General.

Several years ago a Trappist monk, a member of the Community of the order stationed at the Abbey of Gethsemani, Kentucky, apostatised and married. He founded "a reformed Catholic church" in Brooklyn, N.Y. He occupied his time in ridiculing the faith he abandoned, in calumniating the monks at the Abbey. His church and a scurrilous paper he published afforded him opportunities to spread his malignant falsehoods and draw in money from fatuous bigots who delighted in their circulation. He died raging mad in a Brooklyn Hospital last week. Let his fate be a warning to others of his degraded class who seem devoted to reprobation.

It would appear from the latest Roman news that the Holy Father has abandoned, for the present at least, the idea of addressing a letter to the English clergymen of the established church on the issue of their return to Rome. His interviews with Cardinal Vaughan, who recently arrived in Rome, are thought to have led to the change in the Pope's plans. Cardinal Vaughan, according to report, does not believe that the time has yet come for any general return of the Anglicans to the Catholic Church, though he states that numbers of such conversions are constantly taking place. He looks for more returns of Ritualists, however, and there is scarcely a month that passes now wherein the conversion of some prominent Ritualist is not chronicled in England.

C. MCKIERNAN, HORSESHOER.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the "Alliance Nationale," a body politic and corporate, incorporated by virtue of the Provincial Statute of Quebec, 55 Victoria, chapter 80, will ask the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at its next session, for a charter incorporating the same as a Benevolent Society with power to give assistance to its sick members during their sickness and also to pay to their legal heirs, after death, a certain amount in money, and also for other purposes pertaining to the same.

Montreal, 19th December, 1894. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys of the Society. "L'Alliance Nationale." 23-9

Job Printing at The True Witness Office.

**TEMPERANCE.**

BULLETIN OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY.  
415 West 59th St., New York,  
January, 1895.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that I announce to you the affiliation of the magnificent body of temperance men known as the Knights of Father Mathew in the South-west with the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. This organization has been in existence some fifteen years and embraces in its membership 2,468 men of varying ages and conditions in life, all solid, thrifty, energetic fellows, devoted to the cause of temperance and exceedingly anxious to advance their personal interests and to provide for those who look to them for counsel and support. As an insurance organization as well as temperance society this body of men has been well handled by devoted, sagacious officers. Their Councils are located principally in the State of Missouri. Many priests are interested in their work and Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, is their spiritual adviser.

The movement towards affiliation began in Chicago at the time of the World's Temperance Congress. At the Springfield Convention of 1893, while entertaining one of their fraternal delegates, some few legal technicalities which seemed to be obstacles to the union were removed. The following January, in St. Louis, Mr. J. C. Gibbs, accompanied by our first vice-president, J. W. Logue, and Father Hanagan, of Philadelphia, represented the National Union at their Supreme Council. At that time was passed a resolution recommending affiliation, but leaving it to the Executive Council. The matter remained in that state until, during the month of January past, your general secretary visited the Supreme Council of the Knights, in session in St. Louis, and made an earnest appeal for consolidation.

The supreme governing power answered the appeal by passing the following resolution without a dissenting voice:

Resolved: That while the Knights of Father Mathew of Missouri preserve intact their own government, constitution and by-laws, they, in Supreme Council assembled, declare themselves a subordinate union of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

By this act has been created a new subordinate union covering territory where heretofore the Catholic Total Abstinence Union has had but few representatives, and there has been added to our roll a magnificent body of men, twenty-five hundred strong, of whom the cause of total abstinence may well be proud.

Not only have we reason to rejoice over this as an evidence of the progress of total abstinence work, but from other and unexpected quarters comes other evidence.

**THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.**

The Holy Father in his late Encyclical, as "in spirit and thought he traverses the wide expanse of ocean," has seen the evidences of our good work, and he says that among the things that animate his hope and fill him with joy is the association "for the promotion of temperate living;" and later on he returns to the same subject when he says: "Let priests be persistent in keeping before the minds of the people the enactments of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, particularly those which inculcate the virtue of temperance."

These little evidences cropping out now and then, coming entirely unsolicited show that the work of temperance is very near and dear to the heart of the Common Father of all the faithful, and in his love for the American Church and his ardent desire to see her keep pace with the progress of the age, there are no choicer lines of work, and none that make for better citizenship and the development of the natural virtues, so necessary for the upbuilding of the supernatural character, than the Temperance work to which we have consecrated our best energies.

**TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT IN THE LABOR FIELD.**

Another very striking evidence of the way in which the Temperance sentiment is capturing public opinion is the progress it is making among the organized labor forces of the country. It is well known that for years a healthy total abstinence sentiment animated the prom-

inent leaders of organized labor, but lately some facts have come to the surface which show how this sentiment is steadily increasing. A Federationist who attended the convention at Denver made a canvass of the delegates there and found that out of seventy-six men present fifty per cent were total abstiners, and that the men of light and leading who were looked up to by the others, and whose influence swayed the counsels of the Convention, were numbered among the cold water men. The terrible fight that is on between capital and organized labor necessitates clear heads and steady nerves, and among the laboring classes the conditions of labor are so exacting that total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks tends to make a man more attentive to work, more reliable at work, and more efficient in accomplishing his work. The sooner the laboring classes of the community become convinced of the blessing of total abstinence the better will be the prospect of success and the greater will be the victories when achieved.

Fraternally yours,

(REV.) A. P. DOYLE,  
General Secretary C.T.A.U. of A.  
415 West 59th street, New York.

**CARDINAL MORAN**

On the Effects of the Reformation.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, has recently had a controversy with the Right Reverend Doctor Camidge, Protestant Bishop of Ballarat, as to the effects of the so-called Reformation. In the course of a long letter His Eminence writes: All contemporary writers attest that never was the Church in more complete servitude to the Crown than during Elizabeth's reign, and never were more disastrous results witnessed throughout the length and breadth of England. Scory, Protestant Bishop of Hereford, writes to Cecil in 1561, as set forth in the State papers, that his Cathedral had become a very nursery of blasphemy, immorality, pride, superstition and ignorance. Bristowe, in 1575, attests that "never was there less humility and charity, never more immorality and perjury, so that nothing is to be looked for but universal destruction and utter desolation." A little later Veron writes regarding the Anglican clergy: "Immorality, drunkenness and gluttony unto them is but sport and pastime. They backbite, they slander, they chide and strive. Among them there is no modesty, no soberness, no temperancy. All deceit, all craft, all subtlety and falsehood reigneth among them. Whereas, if ye hear them dispute and reason of the Scriptures and the Word of God, ye will think that they be very angels that be come down from Heaven." As regards civil liberty, it was quite crushed and banished out of England in those days. Macaulay refers to this fact in his essay on Hampden, and adds: "If the system on which the founders of the Church of England acted could have been permanent, the Reformation would have in a political sense the greatest curse that ever fell upon our country." Doctor Camidge seems to take offence at being styled a Protestant Bishop, and yet it is not Malone, but the whole world, that gives him this designation. The name Protestant, though bearing with it the tell-tale impress of heresy, was officially assumed by the Anglican Bishops in Elizabeth's reign, and continued for 100 years to be regarded as the privileged style and title of the English Reformation. Dean Hook, in "Lives of the Archbishop of Canterbury," expressly attests that Archbishop Parker and those who promoted the Reformation in England wished to be known "by the name of Protestants," and he further attests that till the period of the Revolution the term Protestant continued to be used in England "to designate a Church of England-man." It is as Protestant that the Sovereign of England is head of the Anglican Church, and so long as the present Acts of Parliament remain, it is to her, as Protestant, that allegiance is due. During the past three centuries the Catholic Church has been subjected to the severest ordeal of persecution at the hands of almost every government of Europe. Nevertheless, it has never ceased to spread out the tents of Israel, and to gather new peoples into the fold of Christ. She has been despoiled of her earthly wealth and worldly power, but her divine vitality has never for a moment been impaired. At the period of the Reformation the number of Catholics throughout the world was reckoned

at 120 millions. Their present number, as set forth in the latest official report that I have seen, is at least 300 millions; and their gathering in of nations has been achieved, not by the lavish use of wealth or by human intrigue or by State influence, but solely through the blessing of Heaven, the blood of martyrs, and the heroism of devoted missionaries. This attitude of the Church thus combated by the world, yet ever triumphant and ever diffusing more and more through every nation blessings of divine faith, won the admiration of Cardinal Newman, who, in the last work which he composed as an Anglican, thus wrote of the Catholic Church, in whose communion he was to be a few weeks later enrolled:—"When we consider the succession of ages during which the Catholic system has endured, the severity of the trials it has undergone, the sudden and wonderful changes which have befallen it, the incessant mental activity and the intellectual gifts of the maintainers, the enthusiasm which it has kindled, the fury of controversies which have been carried on among its professors, the impetuosity of the assaults made upon it, the ever-increasing responsibilities to which it has been committed by the continuous development of its dogmas, it is quite inconceivable that it should not have been broken up and lost were it a corruption of Christianity. Yet it is still living, if there be a living religion or philosophy in the world; vigorous, energetic, persuasive, progressive; *vires acquirit eundo*; it grows and is not overgrown; it spreads out, yet is not enfeebled; it is germinating, yet is ever consistent with itself." There is one point referred to by Doctor Camidge, which must not be passed over in silence. He has made the singular discovery that "50 Popes in 150 years were apostates rather than apostolic." Throughout this controversy I have refrained from offering advice to Doctor Camidge, nor is it my intention in the present instance to offer any. But I would wish to say to the calumnious writer from whom he has innocently copied such trash: "If you bear false witness, endeavour at least whilst doing so not to make a complete fool of yourself." An unbroken line of 250 Popes leads back the Catholic Church of to-day to the first Feast of Pentecost. The list of the Pontiffs is easily accessible as is the list of English monarchs from William the Conqueror to Victoria. Now, in the nineteenth centuries of the Church's life you will not find a single period of 150 years into which 50 pontificates have been crowded. Thus, on the very face of it, manifestly absurd is the accusation which has been made. It must be borne in mind, however, that the personal character of the Popes has little to do with the matter which is now under discussion. Even Voltaire remarked that "we must distinguish the Pontiff from the sovereign." All through the troublous times of the Middle Ages, every lawless feudal baron and every petty tyrant combined with heresy and crime to fling mud at the Holy See and to assail the administration of the Roman Pontiffs. History, too, during the past three centuries has been little better than a conspiracy against truth, but in our own day the character of the Pontiffs has gradually been placed in its true light, and foremost in vindicating them have been learned non-Catholics, men of unimpeachable integrity and profound historical research. Looking back on the long roll of Popes, it is something to be proud of that during the centuries of persecution there was not one of them but proyed himself a leader of the army of God, whilst it was the privilege of 80 of their number to win the martyr's palm and to seal with their blood the testimony of their faith. This, indeed, is something to look back to with pride, and it is no less cheering to every Catholic to reflect that no fewer than 76 of those successors of Saint Peter have, by the heroism of their piety, merited the aureola of the saints and the honors of the altar. It is, however, their authoritative teaching of the faith that has been guaranteed by Heaven; and it is for this, no matter how subject they may otherwise have been to the frailties of human nature, that we contend. Even in the worst of times, and amid widespread corruption, the general conduct of the successors of Saint Peter has been worthy of their exalted station, and they have not failed to exercise their sublime authority for the interests of religion and piety.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

**THE APING ANGLICANS.**

The adoption of auricular confession by some advanced Anglicans, who are aping the practices and institutions of the Catholic Church, has led to some startling and perplexing complications. The Anglicans flatter themselves that they are Catholics. But they belong in the Protestant fold by virtue of their own history and traditions. As Protestants they cannot logically sanction private confession. They cannot consistently hold that their ministers have the power to forgive sins, because Protestantism has always rejected and repudiated this doctrine. If the minister has not such power, why should an individual go to him to confess?

Canon Shore, a leading church of England clergyman, has taken up this subject and discussed it sensibly in a recently published magazine article. He quotes from the book of common prayer, which is a compendium of the constitution and by-laws of the church, to show that the leaders of the so-called "reformation" movement were fully determined to do away with private confession, and to substitute for it a general acknowledgment of sin as a preliminary step toward absolution. Canon Shore quotes this declaration from Jerome Taylor:

"The question is whether to confess all our greater sins to a priest be necessary to salvation. This the church of Rome affirms; this the church of England and all the Protestant churches deny."

Another feature of the question, perhaps as important as the absence of power in the minister to forgive sins, is the obligation under which the Anglican confessor labors to preserve the secrecy of the confessional. Having no divine commission to forgive sins, he has no binding restraint which would keep him from disclosing the secrets imparted to him. The Catholic Church recognizes the vital importance of this, and has made an inflexible rule which renders absolutely inviolable any secret communicated under the confessional seal. The priest, in this relation, is the medium of communication between the penitent and his God, and no human power can ever be permitted to interfere. Catholic clergymen have gone to prison and suffered tortures and death rather than violate the *sigillum confessionis*.—*Boston Republic.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES:

Continued from first page.

RECENTLY Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., Detroit, was summoned to Rome to act as an assistant in the Vatican Library. The learned and eminent Jesuit was to be an auxiliary to Monsignor Carini. Since this piece of news came to us, we learn that Monsignor Carini's useful and brilliant career has been cut short by a premature and sudden death. He had won high honors and the position which he held was due to his great talents. He was only fifty-two years of age when the summons to rest and reward came. The sudden character of his death recalls that equally sudden demise of Padre Denza, the director of the Vatican observatory. Great men, and great mental works, as a rule, die very suddenly. The machinery is worn out for want of rest; they do not perceive the danger until it is too late; a sudden collapse and all is over.

\* \*

The Baltimore Sun, referring to the recent Brooklyn troubles, says:—

"In a strike of this kind, the railroad companies are apt to consider the questions involved as being one between the companies and their employers alone, with which others have no concern. In this they fall into a grave error. The people are deeply concerned in it, and the right to use the streets are granted to the companies with the understanding and upon the condition that cars were to be run at certain rates of fare for the public convenience. The people, whilst they have no right to demand impossibilities, have a right to demand that the franchise shall be used and that business shall not be suspended because of a refusal of trivial concessions."

To this the Catholic Review adds the following remarks:—

"The demands of the men have been reasonable and the strike could have been ended in five minutes at any time since it was started, if they had been conceded. But the companies thought nothing of justice or of the welfare of the public. They were going to run the business to suit themselves, and in reference to the community from which they have obtained the valuable franchises they operate, they mentally echoed the phrase attributed to the late head of the house of Vanderbilt."

We are of opinion that nine times out of ten strikes could be prevented by a little judgment and agreeableness on the part of large companies. These Companies owe their prosperity and very existence to the public that they serve, and they should be as desirous of doing justice to that public, by reasonable concessions that will prevent strikes and all their consequences, as by going to extra expense in fitting up cars, or in procuring extra accommodations.

SALT AND SAND.

Evidently our article of the week before last, on the subject of salt and sand upon the streets, has had the desired effect. The "vets" of the city have given their opinions and they all correspond with what we stated regarding the effects of salt upon the horses' feet. We notice, also, that the daily press has come out, with no uncertain sound, upon this abuse. It is pleasant to know that when the public attention is called to such dangers, the desired effect is produced. Still it seems to us that the Corporation, or the Street Railway Company, or whosoever has charge of the city thoroughfares, should not require a special monitor to point out to them the most elementary truths and indicate for them the risks that they run and the dangers that they incur. We were under the impression that almost every person in Canada was aware of the effects of salt on horses' feet; it was only when we saw no likelihood of a move being

made to check the abuse that we found it necessary to call attention to the fact. We trust, for the sake of the poor animals, if for no other consideration, that the "salt and sand" business is over and for good.

OUR SOUVENIR NUMBER.

Several of our Canadian Catholic contemporaries have expressed their glad anticipation of our St. Patrick's Day Souvenir. These kind words we appreciate most highly. Amongst others, United Canada says:

"THE TRUE WITNESS of Montreal will issue a special number on St. Patrick's Day this year. Our confederate of other days, Editor Foran, is working hard."

The Antigonish Casket remarks:

"Our bright contemporary, the Montreal TRUE WITNESS, which brings out annually a special souvenir number for Saint Patrick's Day, announces that the number for this year will eclipse anything it has heretofore issued. 'No pains, no talent, no artistic ability will be spared,' it says, 'to procure a gem that will glitter in the diadem of Canada's choicest journalistic efforts.' We shall await its appearance with interest."

The Catholic Record, of London, Ont., has the following gracious editorial note:

"The Montreal TRUE WITNESS will issue a souvenir number on the 17th of March. If the promises in regard to it are carried out—and we have no doubt on this head—the work will be of a most attractive and valuable character. THE TRUE WITNESS, under the editorial management of Mr. J. K. Foran, has taken place in the front rank amongst the Catholic journals of the continent. We wish our confreres abundant success in its enterprise."

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. JAMES CONNAUGHTON.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of a good, popular and highly esteemed citizen of Montreal, in the person of the late Mr. James Connaughton. No better and more fitting notice of his demise could be given than by stating what took place at the last meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, of which deceased was a distinguished member. On Sunday afternoon the members assembled in St. Patrick's Church after Vespers for religious exercises conducted by the Rev. Father McCallen. In the course of his sermon he made a feeling allusion to the death of James Connaughton, who for more than fifty years had been a total abstainer, as a model Christian. The pledge of total abstinence was afterwards administered. The members adjourned to their hall, when the regular business meeting was held. Mr. M. Sharkey occupied the chair, who, on opening the meeting, made a brief address on the loss sustained by the society by the death of Mr. James Connaughton, which took place on Friday. The deceased had reached the age of 82 years and 4 months, and was one of the best known of St. Patrick's congregation, and had been for over 53 years a faithful and energetic member of the society, seldom or never absenting himself from the meetings of the society, and had served the society at various times as president, treasurer, and in other offices, ever ready to advance by all the means that lay in his power the interests and objects of the society. Mr. J. J. Costigan also spoke feelingly on the late member. Mr. John Walsh moved a series of resolutions of condolence on the loss sustained by the society by the death of the late Mr. Connaughton. It was also decided to attend the funeral, in a body, with regalia, six of the oldest members of the society to act as pallbearers. The motion was seconded by Mr. A. T. Martin, who also made a touching tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The funeral took place Monday morning and was a large and representative one. The St. Patrick's T. A. and B. society, with which the deceased had so closely identified himself during his lifetime, turned out in a body and with regalia. The cortege left the late residence of deceased, St. Edward street, shortly after 7.30 and proceeded to St. Patrick's church, where a solemn requiem

Mass was celebrated. Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., officiated, and amongst the rev. fathers who assisted were the Rev. Father Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Hudon, S.J., rector of the Jesuits; Rev. Father M. Callaghan, Rev. Father James Callaghan, and others, and amongst those who attended the service were the Rev. Mother Aloysius and the rev. sisters of St. Patrick's academy, the rev. sisters of St. Patrick's Orphan asylum and the children of the asylum, and the Ladies of Charity of St. Patrick's congregation. After the service the procession was reformed and proceeded to Cote des Neiges cemetery. The chief mourners were Mr. Frank Connaughton and Mr. James P. Connaughton, sons of deceased; Master Frank Connaughton, grandson; Mr. Joseph Bedard, M.L.A., of Richmond; Mr. Thomas Connaughton, brother; Messrs. Edward McGauvran, E. T. McGauvran, James Cuddy, E. J. Bedard, advocate; T. Orsali, Chas. Bedard, D. Logan, J. J. O'Brien, and other relatives. The pallbearers were Mr. M. Sharkey, Mr. John Walsh, Mr. A. T. Martin, Mr. Jas. Milloy, Mr. T. Smallshire, Mr. T. O'Connor, officers of the St. Patrick's T. A. and B. society. Amongst those taking part were Hon. Senator Murphy, president St. Patrick's T. A. and B. society; Mr. Jas. J. Costigan, secretary; Dr. W. H. Hingston, Dr. J. J. Guerin, ex-Ald. Donovan, Mr. James McShane, ex-Ald. Cunningham, Messrs. Martin Eagan, W. P. McCaffrey, Edmund Guerin, P. Reynolds, P. Wright, B. Connaughton, B. Tansey, Owen Tansey, W. P. Doyle, Wm. Booth, W. E. Doran, F. McKenna, J. McKenzie, James Callahan, H. J. Ward, Edwd. Ward, Thomas F. McGrail, J. Shea, John Barry, F. B. McNamee, Thos. O. Collins, J. R. M. Laughlin, G. McAndrew, F. Dillon, John Howard, C. Eagan, Jas. Meek, P. Crowe, J. T. Henderson, Sub-Chief Jackson, Capt. W. Mann, A. B. Fraser, John Mason, Wm. Selby, Frank Collins, James O'Malley, J. Collins, Jas. Scullion, John T. McCaffrey, E. McShane, John O'Leary, P. Casey, James O'Brien, Z. Young, L. C. O'Brien, T. E. Breen, P. Mansfield, P. Emerson, Joseph Dowling, and about two hundred others. The floral tributes included a handsome cross and anchor from the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society; floral star, Mrs. T. C. Collins; cross, Mrs. Guerin, and other offerings from Miss N. Lanning and others.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MRS. DRURY.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Owen Drury took place Sunday afternoon from her late residence, No. 41 St. Alexander street, to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends of the deceased and her family. The chief mourners were Messrs. James Drury, son; John Murphy, son-in-law; Denis, Bernard and Owen Tansey, brothers; Frank Drury, Owen Callery, Thomas Callery, grandchildren; B. J. Tansey, D. Tansey, jr., M. J. Tansey, T. D. Tansey, O. J. Tansey, F. Tansey, James Tansey, O. Tansey, jr., D. Tansey, jr., and B. Tansey, nephews. Among the others present were Mr. J. S. Hall, Assistant Chief Jackson, Chief Detective Cullen, Chief Engineer Nolan (M.F.D.), Messrs. T. P. Owens, Campbell Lane, William Clendinning, W. H. Cunningham, Thomas Conroy, F. B. McNamee, P. Donovan, John Slattery, J. O'Shaughnessy, Arthur Jones, T. J. Finn, James McShane, James Cochrane, John Beckingham, jr., John Campbell, Wm. Kydd, John Conway and many others. On Tuesday morning, at 8 o'clock, the requiem Mass was chanted in St. Patrick's Church, which was largely attended by the relatives and sympathizing friends of the deceased lady, to all of whom we extend our deep condolence, while praying that her soul may rest in peace.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES SHERIDAN.

Only a few months have lapsed since we were called upon to record the death of the late Mr. James Sheridan, the well known and widely popular contractor of this city. On that occasion we extended our deep and sincere expression of sympathy to his bereaved widow. To-day we have the sad duty of condoling with the family on the death of a fond mother and a truly noble Catholic woman. On the seventh of this month Death again visited that good home on Argyle avenue, Cote St. Antoine, and summoned the surviving partner on life's journey to join the departed husband and father. The late Mrs. Sheridan was a daughter of the late Mr. John Smith, of Bedford, P.Q. When the summons came she had exactly attained the allotted span—three score and

ten years. Here had been a life of devotion and work; her career was marked by a strict and loving adherence to duty and an unostentatious charity. She was a model in every phase of her active life; as a daughter she was the pride and joy of her parents; as a wife she was the faithful and ever devoted companion in her husband's joys and griefs, successes and sorrows; as a mother she was the idol of her children, the fondest of protectors in their early days and the most attached of monitors as years advanced; as a Catholic lady she was a beautiful example of piety, and her charities were truly "past count, untold." The world may not have heard of them; her left hand may not have known what her right hand gave; but in the land to which her soul has gone there is an Angel of Record who has written them all down, and there is a crown of reward that has been long in preparation for her. We can only repeat our sympathy for the family, and to say that our condolence is accentuated by the fact that this is the second severe bereavement that the last twelve months have brought. The funeral service was held in St. James Cathedral and the attendance was large and representative. With the Church we say, "May she rest in peace."

THE LATE MR. THOMAS NEVILLE.

The hand of the grim reaper has fallen heavily on the home of Mr. Thos. Neville, Esq., Missisquoi Bay, Que. A little more than a year ago his eldest son was stricken down by a sudden illness while almost in the full enjoyment of life and strength; now, by the death of Mrs. Neville, which occurred on Friday, Feb. 1st, there is another vacant chair at the fireside, another aching void in the hearts of the family. A few weeks since, whilst visiting a neighbor who was ill, the deceased lady contracted a severe cold which soon developed into pneumonia, and that disease, with a heart complication, baffled the most skilful medical treatment. A fervent Catholic and a devout christian, she carried the precepts of her religion into her daily life. Ever kind and considerate where the welfare of others was concerned, she made her home a sunshine and endeared herself to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Her death is regretted by a large circle of relatives and friends, many of whom braved the inclement weather to attend the funeral, which took place at St. Sebastien, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. The bereaved husband and sorrowing family have the sympathy of the entire community in the great loss which has befallen them. Mrs. Neville was a sister of the late Patrick Corcoran, Esq., of Warden, Que., and of Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, of Cherubusco, N. Y.

MR. JAMES FALLS.

On the 7th instant, in this city, died Mr. James Falls, a native of Quebec. The deceased was, during the past nine years, foreman in the Wagner Palace Car works. His illness was comparatively short, and to mourn his loss he leaves his beloved wife. With her we heartily sympathize in the almost sudden and untimely loss of a good and devoted husband, a hardworking, upright citizen and a fervent Catholic. The funeral, which took place on Sunday to the Cote des Neiges cemetery, was largely attended, and the number present was an evidence of the esteem in which deceased was held by his wide circle of acquaintances. May his soul rest in peace.

THE LATE MR. JOHN RYAN, OF ST. GEORGE'S PARISH, HENRYVILLE, QUE.

On Friday, the 8th instant, a Requiem High Mass was sung in St. Laurent College chapel by the Rev. Father M. Garry, O.S.V., for the repose of the soul of Mr. John Ryan, of St. George's parish, Henryville, P.Q., at the request of his nephew, S. J. McCawiff, a secular teacher in the college. The altar was beautifully draped for the occasion. The college choir, composed of nearly one hundred youthful voices, under the direction of Rev. Father Vian, O.S.V., sang Abbe Ferrault's Mass for the dead. The *Dies irae* and the *De Profundis*, sung during the Offertory, were most solemn and impressive. Besides the professors and religious of the college, nearly all the officers of St. Patrick's Society, also those of the Society of St. Cecilia, and those of St. John the Baptist, approached Holy Communion during the Mass.

Merciful Jesus, take pity on the soul of Thy faithful servant, John Ryan, who departed this life, fortified by the rites of his Church, on the 7th day of January, 1895, in the 65th year of his age. May his soul rest in peace. S. J. M.

**THE "TUQUE BLEU" DINNER.**

SOLICITOR-GENERAL CURRAN'S OLIVARY SPEECH AT THE BANQUET.

Hon. Solicitor-General Curran spoke eloquently. After telling a humorous story, he said that nowadays public speakers had to be very careful. The critic was abroad. (Laughter.) At their former gatherings he had spoken of our country and its future, of a united people and their prospects, but that did not seem to please the hypercritical. Yet despite that fact he would not be deterred from speaking of Canada, our home, nor of the bright days that are in store for her if her sons, the descendants of many races, stood shoulder to shoulder and manfully strove to work out together the glorious destiny of Canada. (Loud cheers.) Patriotic utterances might be platitudes, but that gathering seemed to relish them. He referred in pleasing terms to the association and the prominent part it had played in the past. He then dealt with the effects of athletic sports on national life. We had a statistician at Ottawa, Mr. Johnson, who had given most valuable and interesting figures, calculated to inspire our people with great hopes. When we read that there are now over 10,200 churches in Canada it was a sign that the people were not only God-fearing, but that they had the money to give substantial evidence of their sentiments. The fact that over one-fifth of our population was acquiring knowledge in the elementary and the high school, the college or the university, inclusive of our schools of agriculture and industry, was proof positive that Canada was destined to be one of the most advanced countries in the world. Yet there was another table of statistics that he should like to see added. His friend, Mr. Maltby, had just told him that in Montreal alone there are over four thousand active members of athletic associations. What must be the total number in the whole Dominion? (Cheers.) When taking into account the influence of these organizations on national life and character they were well worthy of a place in our year book. A religious people, a people fond of learning, making great sacrifices for the promotion of every class of educational institutions, a people that clung to their national games and kept up the old traditions imported from the lands of their forefathers, could not fail to develop into a strong nationality. (Cheers.) He hoped they would stand firmly by this association and that year by year the rivalry between them and their sister organizations would become more and more keen, and thus our national games and sports be perpetuated for the benefit of the country they loved so well. (Cheers.)

REV. J. J. KELLY.

AN APOSTOLIC IRISH PRIEST—HIS VISIT TO MONTREAL AND ITS OBJECT.

With the kind permission of His Grace Right Rev. E. O. Fabre, Rev. Father Kelly, of Kingston, is now soliciting assistance from the members of the different English-speaking Catholic parishes in this city, to aid in the grand work of establishing a parish and building a church at Athens, a part of the diocese of Kingston, where the number of Irish Catholics is very limited, the larger proportion of the population being Protestant. The good Catholic people of the locality cannot of themselves alone realize their desire of constructing a temple to God in their midst; therefore, they appeal, through their devoted pastor, to the generosity of their countrymen and co-religionists. To aid them in their noble design is to glorify the Creator. In such a case, none can refuse to give, in proportion to their means. Placed under similar circumstances, how pleased would we be to find a helping hand accompanied by a word of cheerful sympathy. It is to be hoped Father Kelly will not be forced to return without some quite tangible proof that the Irish people of Montreal truly appreciate the great sacrifice he is making in the interests of his faith and race. Father Kelly has already built a fine commodious church at Reekport, and improved another at Trevelyan, and alert to the educational advancement of his people, he has erected a spacious Catholic school at the latter place. How creditable it would be for those whom heaven has endowed with a wealth of worldly goods to contribute, in kind, an altar-piece, stat-

uary, vestments, etc., as well as money, while those in humbler circumstances will give their mite cheerfully.

By the graceful permission of the pastors of the different parishes, Rev. Father Kelly will on some special Sunday take up a collection in each church. In the meantime he will enjoy the hospitality of the pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, 62 Panet street. The first collection will be taken up next Sunday, at St. Mary's.

**DROWNED IN AUSTRALIA.**

A MR. GEORGE KELLY, LATE OF MONTREAL.

A gentleman handed us a copy of the West Australian, dated 20th Dec., 1894, containing the account of an inquest held upon George Kelly, who met his death by drowning during the month of December last. The deceased had documents showing miners' rights issued in Coolgardie, 10th April last. Letters were found in his possession that indicate he had a brother living in Canada, the address being, "William Kelly, 13 Dupre Lane, St. Paul Street, W. Montreal, Canada." Should this information come under the notice of the deceased's brother or of any reader acquainted with him, or knowing his whereabouts, it might be of use to that gentleman to learn the particulars of his brother's death.

**UNSANITARY SCHOOLS.**

At the last meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners Dr. Desjardins reported that the Committee appointed to interview the Provincial Board of Health regarding the sanitary condition of Montcalm and Sarsfield schools had ascertained that it was not the intention to condemn the schools, but only point out defects. It was decided that Mr. Doran, the architect, report on what had to be done. Montcalm school will have to be provided with a new roof. Rev. Father Leclerc and Dr. Brennan visited three private schools. Father Leclerc reported that the one visited in St. James Ward was altogether unsatisfactory. Dr. Brennan said that some of these private schools received help, presumably to educate poor children, but they were all found in localities where the parents could pay. Mr. Monk thought, too, many of these small schools were subsidized. Father Quinlivan thought the recommendation of parish priests should only relate to character. It was finally resolved on motion of Dr. Brennan that in future all applications for a grant should be accompanied by a solemn declaration containing all the details affecting the school for which assistance is asked. An investigation is to be held into the usefulness, hygienic condition and grade of teaching of every school subsidized by the Board.

**"RICHELIEU" IN BOSTON.**

On Friday night, 25th January last, Mr. Joseph Haworth at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, essayed the great role of Cardinal Richelieu for the first time on any stage, and it is speaking mildly when we say that he pleased and surprised the people and critics of Boston with his grand conception of the difficult character.

The Boston Herald speaks most highly of Mr. Haworth's debut in that difficult

role. The same paper also speaks favorably of the manner in which our young townsman, Mr. Richard B. Milloy, played Francois and predicts a brilliant future for him. His sister, Miss May Milloy, who is favorably known in local dramatic circles, left here last week on a visit to her brother, and she, no doubt, will feel honored at his rapid strides in acting and the satisfactory manner in which the people and press speak of his ability.

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**BACK FROM A LONG TRIP.**

Mr. H. K. Ritchie, stationery agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, returned last week from an extended trip to the South. Mr. Ritchie was accompanied by his wife and during their seventeen days' absence they travelled over 3,490 miles. Leaving Montreal on January 14 for New York, they proceeded thence to Ashville, N. C., and afterwards visited in turn Savannah, Spartanville, Columbia, Charleston and Augusta. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie greatly enjoyed their trip and have returned fully recuperated in health.

C. M. B. A.

Last night's grand concert, held by Branch 226 of the C.M.B.A., was a great success. The concert was held in the Town Hall of St. Henri, and the following prominent and clever artists contributed to the entertainment:—Miss Hollnhead, who sang "Of Thee I Am Thinking," Mrs. Tizhe, Miss McGreevy, Miss Milloy, and Messrs. J. J. Rowan, Bergeron, Desmarais, Tremblay, Beiques and Gray. The Lona Dramatic Club presented very cleverly the "Secret, or Hole in the Wall." Mr. F. X. Payette directed the musical programme.

The members of Court St. Christophe, No. 225, Association Catholique de Bienfaisance Mutuelle, Arthabaskaville, Que., have elected and installed the following officers for the ensuing term: Louis Rainville, president; Dr. E. T. Belleau, chancellor; J. E. Methot, first vice president; E. Blondin, M. D., second vice-president; H. Laurier, secretary; J. N. Gastongnay, financial secretary; J. B. Ouellet, treasurer; F. Spenard, marshal; H. P. Pin, guard; committee, J. E. Methot, A. Picher, P. Mahen, C. Baril and H. Pepin.

MGR. FABRE TO OFFICIATE.

Mgr. Fabre has accepted the invitation to go to St. Boniface to officiate at the consecration of Mgr. Langevin, archbishop-elect. Mgr. Langevin has received all orders from Mgr. Fabre.

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## AN ABLE SKETCH.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER DAWSON.

OLD TIMES IN OTTAWA—MEN AND DAYS  
NOW DEAD—MOST INTERESTING  
EVENTS RECALLED.

"Feed the flock of God, which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—I PETER, V., 2.

Having been asked by the conductors of *The Owl*, to furnish them, for publication in their popular periodical, with some of my recollections of our lately deceased and widely lamented townsman, the Very Reverend Dr. Dawson, V.G., I have thrown into the following pages, and now submit, the impressions left on my mind, after an acquaintance of over thirty years, with that eminent scholar and divine. I think I first heard of Father Dawson in 1863-4, when preparing for publication my *Bibliotheca Canadensis*. In that work will be found an account of his various literary undertakings from the time when as a very young man he made his first essay as a writer. I was then living in Quebec, but before the appearance of the book, being then, as now, a member of the Civil Service, I came to Ottawa, on the removal hither of the seat of government, and on that occasion had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Dawson for the first time. It was in the autumn of 1865; and the friendship which was then formed between us, he, a man advanced in years, and I but just come of age, remained firm and unbroken until the end. There were as members of the public service at that time, as there are at present, many ripe scholars and men of fine literary tastes, among whom I recall the late John Langton, the late Dr. Adamson, the late Dr. Alpheus Todd, the late Dr. Tache, the late A. Gerin-Lajoie, the late Fenning Taylor, the late Etienne Parent, the late R. S. M. Bouchette, Dr. E. A. Meredith, Mr. W. H. Griffin, Mr. G. W. Wicksteed and Mr. Arthur Harvey, and it was to many of them, as it certainly was to the younger members of the fraternity, like myself, a matter of sincere pleasure and congratulation to meet among the residents of the new Capital one with Dr. Dawson's refinement and breeding and high claims to intellectual excellence. The opportunities, however, were not many, for cultivating new acquaintances. Owing to a lack of accommodation, many of the public employees were unable as yet to remove their household goods to Ottawa, and there were few, if any, agreeable places of resort, beyond the Russell House and Pat O'Meara's eating-house across the Sapper's Bridge. But Father Dawson was a prominent member of the old Mechanic's Institute and Athenæum, where he frequently lectured in company with the late Mr. A. J. Russell, the late Major Perry, the late Mr. Henry J. Friel, and our present distinguished townsmen, Dr. Thorburn and Sir James Alexander Grant; and it was in the reading-room and library of this venerable institution that the more serious minded of the new-comers accustomed themselves to foregather during the long winter evenings, either to discuss philosophy or talk over the events of the day.

Father Dawson made everyone at home, and was always much in request in this circle. He, as I have remarked, was a fine scholar, had read largely and diligently in general literature and in addition kept himself remarkably well informed on all that was transpiring in our daily world. He possessed also, what is so seldom seen associated with one from the land of Macallum More, a bright and ready wit, which was rarely if ever found to be out of place; but what, in my opinion, gave him so firm a hold on the affections of men was his broad-minded, liberal, Catholic spirit, so free from all manner of bigotry and intolerance. Such a man could not fail of impressing his personality most particularly upon the mind and heart of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, then in the zenith of his fame, whose especial mission in Canada seems to have been the cultivation of a spirit of unity and brotherhood among all creeds and

nationalities. The poet-statesman was at this period a member of the government, and, in the prosecution of his duties, came frequently to Ottawa. He formed the deepest regard and friendship for Father Dawson, and when in town would have him constantly near him, along with others of similar worth and merit. I recall an incident at the delivery of one of his lectures in Ottawa, I think it was the last one of a delightful series given by him in illustration of public opinion, life and character, in the old Theatre, Wellington street, not long before his barbarous assassination. Mr. McGee had on either side of him, on the stage, the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder, rector of Christ Church, and our departed friend, Dr. Dawson. Rising at the commencement of the proceedings, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he invited attention to the strength of his support. "With Father Dawson on one side of me and Father Lauder on the other, I think," said he, "Church and State are well represented on this occasion!" Later, in 1869, we had here the Ottawa Literary Club, of which the late Mr. W. McKay Wright, a young and popular M.P., was President, and Father Dawson 1st Vice-President. Among those who took part in our winter course of lectures, was Dr. Bourinot, the present clerk of the House of Commons, Col. Gray of New Brunswick, Mr. Sulte, Mr. H. B. Small, Mr. A. J. Christie, Q.C., Mr. G. H. Macaulay, and Mr. Carroll Ryan, but undoubtedly the worthy Father's contribution—on McGee—was the *chef d'œuvre* of the series. Father Dawson was at this time an occupant of the Bishop's Palace, doing duty with that exemplary priest and excellent gentleman, Vicar General Dandurand, to whom, with the late Bishop Phelan, the Catholics of Ottawa owe the erection of their magnificent Cathedral church. Afterwards he moved into private lodgings on Ashburnham hill with the late Father Collins. I frequently visited him and he as often came to see me at my bachelor's quarters, at Matthew's hotel, now the Rideau Street Convent. We took many pleasant walks together, and I may here remark, as an evidence of his nice feeling of delicacy, that never during the entire period of our long and close acquaintance did he at any time broach in conversation any matter of a controversial religious character, or seek in any way to influence my judgment in that regard. He knew that I belonged to another Church, and like the true gentleman that he was, respected my individual convictions. Sometimes, however, I questioned him, and I remember on one occasion asking his opinion of Heaven. His reply was characteristic of the purity and loveliness of his nature. "To my mind," he said, "Heaven is like a beautiful garden, full of beautiful plants and beautiful flowers, and where we walk about and hold converse with saints and angels, and all is endless peace and joy." Many a dainty and pleasant little repast I have had with the dear old gentleman either at his private rooms or at Matthew's or O'Meara's the latter of whom's fame as a *chef*, like the flavor of his dishes, lingers fondly in the memory of many delightful friends and companions of the past. Gone to his reward is the good Bishop, and gone his devoted secretary, the ex-priest of St. Patrick's; gone also Dr. Tabarat, Father Bennett, and that other true and faithful servant of Christ, Father Molloy; gone the Donaldsons, gone the Douglass, and gone the Armstrongs, Wrights, Skeads, Curriers, Thompsons, Goodwins, Sherwoods, Fellowes, Lyons, Friels, Bells, O'Reillys, Cruices, Wallers, Himsworths, Lees, Powells, Lindsays, Haringtons, Wises, Mackays, Montzamberts, and others whose well remembered forms come back to us not unfrequently in memory. I remember, especially, one notable gathering at Matthew's, which building, by the way, has associations with our political history, in that it was the home of the Nova Scotia "repealers" at the dawn of confederation, and later, witnessed within its walls the birth of "Canada First," Foster, Mair, Haliburton, Shultz, Father Dawson and the writer being there to rock its cradle. The occasion was a large public banquet, having for its two fold celebration the departure from Ottawa of Benjamin Sulte the historian, and the arrival here of Sangater the poet. His Worship Mayor Friel, an old journalist, occupied the chair, and there were present with us many representative men. Father Dawson favored us with an original poem

in Sangater's honor, and subsequently responded to the toast of "The memory of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee," which was drunk in solemn silence. About this time, Dr. Dawson was induced to join the Rideau Club, his proposer being Mr. Under Secretary Meredith, before mentioned. He remained a member of the club until his death, and as such was daily brought into contact with some of the most eminent of our statesmen and public men. He knew intimately all the great political leaders of his time, including Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Howe, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Laurier, as well as the several Governors-General, and was oftentimes an honored and privileged guest at Government House. As an Imperial Federationist and an unwavering upholder of every thing tending to the strength and solidity of the Empire, he enjoyed the particular friendship and regard of such men as the late Archbishop Connolly of Halifax, the Very Rev. Principal Grant, of Lieut.-Governor Schultz, and last but by no means least, of our eminent townsman Dr. Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University. The marked respect which he always received was the tribute offered by old and young to one of his years, position and merit. On one occasion Principal Grant was lecturing in Ottawa. He was in the midst of one of the finest passages in his address, when the door opened and there passed slowly up the centre aisle a bent and venerable figure. It was Father Dawson, come out in the midst of a violent snow storm to lend encouragement by his presence to the cause in hand. The lecturer, recognizing the new comer, instantly stopped, and walking half-way down the hall to meet him, cried out as he grasped his outstretched hand: "Father Dawson I am proud to welcome you among us; you have paid us a great compliment in coming out on such an inclement night." The good priest was led, in triumph to a post of honor on the stage, but so loud and frequent was the applause that it was some considerable time before the lecturer was enabled to proceed by the audience.

In 1866 Dr. Dawson was selected for appointment as Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Queen's troops, Ottawa in that year becoming a garrison town by the arrival here of the right wing of H. M.'s 100th Regt., or Royal Canadians. On their departure, he fulfilled the same duties in connection with the several other regiments that successively followed, among which were the 1st Batt., Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, Col. the Right Honorable Lord Alexander Russell, O.B.; the 1st Batt. 60th, or King's Royal Rifle Corps, Lt. Col. R. J. E. Robertson; and the 4th Batt. P.C.O. Rifle Brigade, Lt. Col. H. R. L. Newdegate. Service for the R.C. troops was held with the permission of the bishop, in the crypt of the cathedral now the Basilica. As chaplain, Father Dawson was regularly invited to dine at the officer's mess, and as there were always among the officers of the regiments some who professed the Catholic faith, the scions of old English county families like the Wickhams, Banbury's Macdonell's and Cliffords, the chaplain never found himself otherwise than completely at home on these festive occasions. Sir Francis Turville, Lord Lisgar's Secretary, who was here at the same time, belonged also to the Catholic Church and attended Dr. Dawson's services for the troops. I have been told that the venerable father was a great favorite with both officers and men, and exercised no little influence, especially in the orderly-room when pleading "in arrest of judgment" for some erring warrior. His was ever a kind good heart, overflowing with love for his fellowman; always open to the cry of sorrow, and always ready for any work of mercy either for the bodies or the souls of men. I could relate many stories in illustration, but two will suffice. One of these has reference to his exertions in behalf of a condemned convict in the West. The case, to my mind, was an aggravated one, but the good priest, after an examination of the papers, felt convinced there was a miscarriage of justice somewhere in the premises. Acting on this idea, he left no stone unturned to secure a commutation of the sentence—going frequently to interview Lord Lisgar, the Governor General, on the subject. The prisoner was a friendless Irish Catholic, and had no claims upon

the priest save that of being a fellow creature in distress. Father Dawson could not save him, however, and at the appointed time, he was duly executed. The other case was that of a personal friend—the late Mr. W. L. Gane, known in the annals of literature as "The Lowe Farmer"—who lay at the point of death. Mutual friends urged Father Dawson to visit Gane, but as the sick man was a Protestant the former, with that nice appreciation of the circumstances I have previously touched upon, hesitated and held back. At length word came that Gane was *in extremis*, and then putting all other considerations aside, the Father no longer hesitated. In relating the circumstance to me, he said: "I just went to the door of the room, and looking in, saw our poor friend Gane in his bed all propped up with pillows. I waited until I caught his eye, and then, without entering further, I said to him: 'Oh! Mr. Gane, have faith in God—put your whole trust in God!' He nodded his head in assent, and I knew that he had heard me." Then, who has not heard of his personal exertions as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. It was acts of kindness, of gentleness, of mercy such as these which made the old man's life beautiful and blessed, and that doubtless led my friend Robert Haliburton to observe to me; that when he should himself be *in extremis* there was no one he would sooner have near him at that supreme moment than Father Dawson. But I must hasten with what remains to be told. After the departure of the troops, Father Dawson resumed his duties at the Palace, and later, was appointed by the late Bishop Guiges, to be parish priest of Osgoode, in succession to the well-known Celtic scholar, the Rev. Thomas O'Boyle. Here he remained for eight years, and as he had a comfortable presbytery and was surrounded by a prosperous, intelligent and contented people, I take it he was reasonably happy. Indeed, I am sure of the fact, judging from the tone of his letters to me. Writing July 16, 1873, he says: "Should I miss you on coming to town, the only remedy will be that you come to spend a few days with me in the country. My notions about town and country are far from being Canadian. They are rather homespun, and to many people must appear so in more senses than one. I hold to them, however, and would have everybody brought to believe that there is more enjoyment as well as more elegance and refinement in rural abodes than in crowded cities: *Nobis placeant ante omnia sylvæ*."

No doubt, the leisure he now enjoyed was turned to good account in more ways than one, and we probably owe to it the preparation of one of his masterpieces: "*Pius IX and His Times*." On examining the list of his works in *The Owl* for June, 1892, it will be seen that he contributed to literature a very large number of translations, essays, poems, histories and critical writings, many of which are of great value and merit. His literary fame, as I have said elsewhere, will not unlikely rest upon the work first named, and upon "*The History of the Catholics of Scotland*," and his "*Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope*," the latter of which was highly eulogized in the London press by one of the Wilberforces. Dr. Dawson wrote with elegance, force and vigor, and he had the power of compressing an immense amount of research into a small compass. On looking over some of the papers which have come into my possession, as his literary executor, I find among his early poems one on the massacre of Orziana in Lithuania, which he was induced to write by a friend of Poland in 1844. Although the lines were intended merely as an expression of sympathy with the unfortunate Poles, the late Lord Dudley Couits Stuart, then the vice-president of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, deemed them of sufficient importance to indite a letter of thanks to their accomplished author. "The Christian and truly noble sentiments," writes His Lordship, "with which this short poem is replete, and the vigorous and poetic language in which it is expressed, fill me with admiration, and I determined to take the liberty of conveying to you directly my thanks for the gratification which I had derived from the perusal of it. It is always most gratifying to me to find others sympathizing with me in my feelings for Poland, and that sympathy is still more grateful when it comes from men of reflection, of learning and of talent; and I can add most sincerely that I am never more

gratified than when it comes from members of that sacred profession to which you belong. \* \* \* \* It gives me the liveliest pleasure to find that that great cause has in you a friend who appreciates its merits so fully, and who expresses them so felicitously." Among other of his poetical pieces which I have always admired are the well known lines on the "Heroine of Vercheres," and the poem in blank verse, "Zenobia."

It ought here to be stated that Dr. Dawson had the honor of writing the first book ever issued from the press in Ottawa; and that he was one of the first, in the lecture field, to call attention to the resources and capabilities of the great North-West, a country with whose history and development two other members of his family have been closely identified. I find also that in a lecture on China, delivered in 1861, he predicted the establishment of steam communication between Canada and the far East, and that, in another lecture, in 1865, he urged the appointment in the British metropolis of a permanent resident representative of Canada. What chiefly marked his lectures, like his other literary productions, was the extraordinary research and depth of learning he brought to bear on his subjects. On one occasion, when lecturing on the Catacombs of Rome, the late Mr. James Stevenson, general manager of the Quebec Bank, was one of his hearers. He took an especial interest in the subject, having personally explored the Catacombs some time before, and at the close of the lecture was anxious to know when Dr. Dawson had last visited the interesting scenes he had so eloquently described. When informed that Dr. Dawson had never been to Rome at all, and that all his information on the subject was derived from books, Mr. S. exclaimed: "Oh! it isn't possible; why, he knows more about the Catacombs than I do."

As a preacher, he took exceptionally high rank, and his gifts of oratory, especially in his earlier days, when serving under the Bishops of Edinburgh and Southwark, were such as to draw forth very marked encomiums from those entitled to speak in that connexion. His funeral sermons on Father O'Boyle, Mayor Friel, Rev. Dr. O'Connor and the Hon. T. D. McGee have been printed in pamphlet form, as well as his discourse on the occasion of his golden jubilee. Needless to say, had our venerable townsman not been tempted to take up his lot in Canada, he would very many years ago have been advanced to the Episcopate in his native country. He would have been Archbishop of Edinburgh, in succession to Dr. Gillis, and who shall say that the exalted office would have lost in talent, strength or dignity by his elevation.

In the character and habits of Dr. Dawson the results of early home influences were largely discovered. He was a true Scot, and a loyal, brave, good man, loving life well, as Daniel did of old, but loving God better. Above all he could claim the grand old name of gentleman, because, with manhood and gentleness, he possessed that frank and winning courtesy which seems to have been inborn in the men of his day and generation. To the learning of a Whewell he united the simplicity of a child—but undoubtedly his greatest charm in the society in which he lived and moved with such singular ease and grace, was his entertaining conversational powers. "We have missed making £500 a piece," said an Englishman to me as recently as in November last, after meeting Dr. Dawson at luncheon. "How's that?" I asked. "By not having a shorthand writer with us yesterday," he replied, "to take down Father Dawson's talks. His recollections of Canning and Wellington, of Grey and Peel, the Manning family, Cardinal Wiseman, the agitation for the Corn Laws, the passing of the first Reform Bill, the Emancipation Act, and all the other matters he touched upon, would, if put together, form one of the most interesting volumes ever issued from the press." Dear, leaf-hearted and devoted friend! How little we thought, as we sat chatting and gossiping over the walnuts on that bright Sunday afternoon, that even as we laughed and talked, the Unwelcome Guest was knocking at the door, and that we were listening for the last time to the good old priest's cheery reminiscences. He is now gone from us, but not to die; for the recollection of his many noble qualities and of the example he has left behind him in his con- leted Christian life—in love and unity with all men—will

serve as a quickening impulse and inspiration for future generations. To me who knew him so long and so well, it is unspeakably precious and consoling to remember now how highly his merits were recognized, how full of happiness and contentment his life was made. While the chief seats of learning throughout the country took an especial delight in bestowing upon him some of their highest honors, the representative of his Sovereign was pleased to call him to the Supreme Guild of Literature; while the Queen's daughter, our beautiful and accomplished Princess, was proud to admit one—to use the language of Bishop Macdonell—"of his humble priestly life" to the inner circle of her counsellors and friends, and to order the execution of his portrait for her private collection, the Church he loved with such ceaseless devotion was not unmindful of him in distributing her dignities. Had he lived till April next, he would have been privileged to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the holy priesthood, but that consolation was denied him. Yet what greater comfort his; he died in the full possession of his noble intellectual faculties, and enjoying to the full the love and reverence of everyone. Truly, in summing up his character, we may say of him as was well said of another, that he was one

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow,  
Through either babbling world of high and low,  
Whose life was work—whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:  
Greatest, yet with least pretence,  
Foremost-hearted of his time,  
Rich in saving common sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity, sublime.

HENRY J. MORGAN.

Ottawa, January 14th, 1895.  
—In The Owl.

Irish News.

The retirement of District Inspector W. B. Kelley, of Trim, and late of Omagh, is announced.

Mother Mary Catherine Maher, of the St. Leo's Convent of Mercy, Callow, died on January 14. She had been a nun fifty-three years.

Thomas O'Leary, father of the Rev. P. M. O'Leary, of Wexford, died on January 14 at the residence of his son, Robert O'Leary, T.C., of Enniscorthy.

James J. Gilsenan, of Ashpark, Crossakiel, has been appointed the Commission of the Peace for County Meath. Mr. Gilsenan is a Nationalist.

Philip Hourican, of Dunheggan, father of Rev. T. Hourican, parish priest of Drumsna, County Leitrim, died on the 16th ult., at the age of 84 years.

At Hospital, County Limerick, Mr. Gubbins, a farmer, was awarded £1500 compensation for the malicious burning of five hundred tons of hay and other property last October.

Brother J. A. Collins, of the Christian Brothers' Schools, Thurles, is dead. Deceased was a native of Charleville, County Cork, was twenty-three years of age, and was upwards of six years in the order.

Whilst Michael Molloy, of Church Terrace, Bray, foreman carpenter in the employment of the D. W. and W. Railway Company, was proceeding to his work on January 15, he took sick on the Quinsborough Road. He was removed to his residence, but died shortly afterwards.

The Very Rev. Michael A. Moore, O. C. C., of Dublin, Assistant-General of the Carmelite Order, died on January 13, in the fifty-eighth year of his age in the Carmelite Convent, Kildare, his native county, where he had been living since his health began to fail. During his life he filled the most important positions in the order, namely, that of Prior, Provincial and Assistant-General.

The death is announced of Catherine Henry, at Gortree, at the age of 112 years. The deceased was well known in the Waterside district by the name of Katsie Barbour. She lived at Gortree with Caldwell Hunter for many years, and for a long time she had been in a "doting" condition. She was pre-deceased by her husband many years ago, and she leaves a daughter nearly 100 years old.

At the meeting of the Galway Guardians on the 10th ult., a letter was read

from Father Colgan, pastor of Arran Islands, representing the poor condition of the people of the villages of Kileany and Seven Churches. Mr. Scott proposed a resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Cunningham and carried unanimously, calling on the Government to start public works to afford relief to those poor people.

Sister Mary of the Five Wounds, O'Callaghan, of Drumcondra, was buried on Jan. 15, in the Cemetery of High Park Convent. The venerable religious who had reached her eighty-fourth year, was a daughter of the late Richard O'Callaghan, Smithstown, Drogheda.

A snowstorm unexampled for severity visited Monaghan on Jan. 12, and as a result pedestrianism and vehicular traffic were much impeded particularly in the country districts. Before 5 a.m. the snow fall began, and it descended without intermission or abatement for twelve hours. The storm was accompanied by high winds, a fact which rendered it almost impossible to go abroad.

The death took place on Jan. 15, at the Presbytery, Ballaghaderin, of the Rev. John Morrin, of Ballymore. Deceased was born in the parish of Colanney, County Sligo, thirty-nine years ago. At an early age he proceeded to the diocesan seminary at Ballaghaderin, and in due course was sent forward to the National College at Maymouth. The tragedy of his life has been the tubercular disease which he could never shake off.

At Millstreet, on Jan. 13, was buried an historic character, Patrick Lucey, whose age, if he had lived to St. Patrick's Day, would have been 100 years. He was a native of Carriganima, and took much pleasure in relating his recollections of the Whiteboys in 1822. He was then, as he often alleged, twenty-eight years of age. One of his recollections was to see the military scouring the country and harassing the peasantry. He saw on one of these occasions the parish priest stand opposite the church reciting the breviary while a portion of his flock were being hunted by the yeomanry under his eyes in the valley of the Foukerish, quite adjacent to where Arthur O'Leary was shot. He also stated frequently that he buried a "bottle green" coat belonging to Edmund Walsh, an ancestor of the present High Sheriff of that name, which was riddled with bullets, to conceal the matter from the authorities.

MAGAZINES.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February.—Among the many interesting articles in the current number of the Catholic World are the following: "The Question of Reconciliation between Church and State," by W. J. Croke; "Catholicism in Scandinavia," by Most Rev. Francis Janssens; "Review of Father Tanqueray's Special Dogmatic Theology," by Very Rev. A. F. Hewitt, D.D.; "Catholic versus Catholic," by Henry A. Adams; "In Hoffman's Studio," by Mary C. Crowley; "Missions to non Catholics," by Rev. Walter Elliott, and "A Poet's Romance," by Walter Lecky. More than usual space is devoted to the notices of new books. Many important works are among those passed under review. Dr. Lucock on "Marriage," the "Herald Sermons," Aubrey de Vere's poetry, the "Georgetown Convent," Father Walsh's "Cardinal Franzelin," Sarah Atkinson's "Essays," and the "Life of Sister Mary Monholland," are embraced in the list, as well as several others.

DONAHOE'S FOR FEBRUARY.—Almost every prominent question of current public interest is treated by able writers in the February number of Donahoe's Magazine. The leading article is furnished by Hon. Chas. S. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who writes upon "The Prospects of the Democratic Party," giving as the basis of his hope of the party's return to full power in the next presidential election, the redemption of the pledges made to the people in the national platform. Three of these pledges, Mr. Hamlin contends, have been already fulfilled to the satisfaction of the country, and the remaining one, the regulation of the currency, he claims to be on a fair road to achievement. The positions Mr. Hamlin takes will arouse considerable discussion in the Republican press. The industrial problem is touched upon by Miss Mary B. O'Sullivan in a very strong article on life in a factory town, in which many good words are said for the operative and practical suggestions made for the alleviation of

the ills now besetting them. Hon. Chas. J. Bonaparte contributes "Religion the Safeguard of American Liberty," which contains some of the best thoughts and most pertinent statements made on this subject for a long time. The charities of a great city are set forth in an eloquent and forcible manner by Rev. Wm. H. O'Connell, in an article entitled "If Bendeded Returns." The paper is written in deprecation of the pessimistic sentiment which holds that the distress of the poor receives no helping hand from the well-to-do classes. The money question is set forth by Michael Corcoran, of Chicago, the well known writer on economic subjects, who advances many important points for careful consideration. C. E. Franklin contributes an interesting article on "The Irish Race in American Politics," in which several erroneous impressions are ably combated. There is an abundance of excellent lighter reading and fiction to vary the weightier articles, and a number of original poems. The several "departments" have many bright, practical things, and the editorials are able presentations in brief of the leading topics of the time. This Magazine has mapped out for itself a broad and vigorous policy, and each succeeding issue places it nearer its goal higher among the great magazines of the day. The illustrations of the current number are varied and beautiful.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW for January.—The January number of the Quarterly has just reached us, and we can say, without hesitation, that it is one of the most interesting that has yet been issued. It gives additional evidence of the wisdom of the hierarchy in establishing the Catholic University of America, as nearly one half of the papers have been contributed by those connected with that institution. The contents are as follows: "John Baptist de Rossi," by Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D.; "The Centenary of Maynooth," by Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D.; "The Grandeur of Ancient Rome," by Rt. Rev. Seton, D.D.; "The Catholic Educational Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition," by General John Eaton, Ph.D.; "The Recent Decrees on Church Music," by Rev. Hugh T. Henry; "The Apostolic Delegation," by Rev. Thomas Bouquillon, D.D.; "The Relations of Experimental Psychology," by Rev. E. A. Pace, D.D.; "A Negative View of the Encyclical Providentissimus Deus," by A. J. Mass, S.J.; "The Treasures of the Church," by Rev. Wm. Barry, D.D.; "Scientific Chronicle," by Rev. Thomas J. A. Freeman, S.J., and Book Notices.

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WEDNESDAY, ... FEBRUARY 13, 1895

## AN ANONYMOUS BIGOT.

Charles Phillips described the bigot as "a wretch, red with the fires of hell and bending under the crimes of earth, who erects his murderous divinity on a throne of skulls, and would fain feed, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altars." Harsh as this language may seem, it is exact when considered in the metaphorical sense in which the great orator used it. The infernal fires of hatred scorch the heart and burn the brain of the bigot to madness; his own ideal, his narrow, small, miserable conception of Christianity, impels him to destroy that which the ages have held sacred, and to insult that which he is impotent to destroy. He respects no feelings he recognizes no rights, he tramples upon age and youth alike, he ridicules the beautiful, he belittles the sublime, he hates the light, and, when argument fails him, he rushes, foaming from the mouth, into the irrational arena, where vituperation are his weapons and ignorance his shield.

Last week we expressed our surprise at Rev. Dr. Carman's illogical and most wordy tirade against Catholicity, in the columns of the Daily Witness. We imagined that the Doctor had gone about as far as any excited and feverish writer could go in his attack upon the Church and upon two of her dogmas. We were amused at the Doctor's letter, which had at least the merit of originality and fearlessness—original in its wonderful ambiguity and verbosity, fearless in the fact that the writer's name was signed in full. In Wednesday's issue of the same religious Daily Witness, is a letter from some individual who signs "Church of England."

If the writer of that specimen of meanness and incendiarism thought that his name would carry any weight with it he probably would have given the public a

chance of knowing who he is. If he is not ashamed of his name, we trust, for the sake of the church that he assumes to represent, that he is ashamed of his work. At best it is but a feeble attempt to echo Dr. Carman—or rather to ape him. Upon what authority the correspondent assumes the name "Church of England" we know not; but we do know that there is a wonderful difference between his sentiments and those of Queen Victoria, who is the actual head of that church. We would be long sorry to cast the blame of such a vile and senseless attack upon the Church of England. We have too much respect for that church, and too highly do we esteem the educated, sincere and high minded clergymen who are entitled to speak in the name of the "Church of England." The members of the Church of England, ecclesiastics or laymen, are not bigoted, they are not uneducated, they are not firebrands—they are gentlemen in the broadest acceptation of the term. We refuse to believe that the writer of the letter is even a member of the Church of England. If he is, he is one of the exceptions that go to prove the rule.

Lord Chesterfield defined a gentleman as "one who never, by word or deed, hurts the most delicate feelings of any person." Judged by that standard we know where to place the one who could deliberately sit down, and in cold blood pen the grossest insults to the feelings of the vast majority of this Province. We are not going to argue with him; we have too much respect for reason and logic. We are not going to retort by the "you're another" style of abuse; we have too much respect for the creeds of our different non Catholic friends. We are not going to measure swords with him; we have not been educated in the same school, and we are not trained in the use of villification and blatant insult. We were not taught to spell the word God with a small "g" whenever we referred to the Almighty in connection with any non-Catholic creed; we were not schooled to use terms that are bitterly offensive to our Protestant fellow-citizens; we did not breathe an atmosphere of hatred and detestation of all who agree not with us; we never learned to revile the ecclesiastics of any denomination, nor to apply to them epithets that would be vulgar if applied to a tramp. Having received from our Church the lesson to "do unto others as we would have others do unto us," we cannot come down to this Mr. "Church of England's" level, for we know too well the old saying, "if you rub with a sweep he will blacken you." Consequently we only meet his tirade as the eagle defeats the serpent, by soaring beyond his reach, and leaving him to crawl and wriggle in his impotent rage. Were there any argument, any semblance of logic, any shadow of reasoning, any ghost of a fact, or an idea in his letter, we might deem it possible to make him understand common sense—if not common Christianity; but finding nothing beyond abuse, injury and assumption, we must confine ourselves to pointing out to the public that such a letter was written, was published, and, in this enlightened age, in this free and cosmopolitan country, a man exists who has not the manliness to father his offspring of wicked and ungenerous thoughts, but who has the spirit that animated the framers of the hellish laws of the Pale. That such a man exists, today, in Canada, is no fiction. He must be a fossil of some past century; he is out of place and out of time in this country and in this age. We have no room for the rank bigot in Canada.

"Church of England"—not the Church of England—says: "it is folly to rouse

another Luther." Perhaps he is the new Luther, or the would-be reformer. If so the Church has little to fear from him. Lucifer cried out *non serviam*, the Almighty raised up Michael to lead the hosts of obedience and to crush the rebel. Luther cried out *non serviam*, and the Almighty raised up Ignatius to counteract the machinations of the personification of immorality and pride. We would not be surprised to see a third rebel leader cry out *non serviam*, for it is written that such beings will come and that heresies will arise. We admire the non-Catholic controversialist, we respect the non-Catholic ecclesiastic, we honor the non-Catholic champion of a creed, for in them do we find surditiion, sincerity, and Christianity. But we despise the bigot, the firebrand, the hater, and we pity the Church, or the people, to whom he belongs. Would Mr. "Church of England" like to know about how much effect his vaporings produce upon the Catholic Church? Let him look at a mist from a malarial marsh flitting between his vision and the sun; when the mist has vanished forever, is the sun less brilliant, less warm, or less solidly fixed in the unmeasured throne that God drew from chaos at the dawn of creation?

## "THE STAR'S" FLICKERINGS.

Of all the uncertain orbs that appear in the journalistic firmament, the Montreal Star is positively the most flickering and wavering. It would take an expert—learned in the lore of the dead Chaldeans—to make out from its editorials what principles it supports, or what interests (outside of its own) it advocates. The Star has a happy—or unhappy—knack of shifting from one side to the other with panoramic rapidity. It is not unlike those revolving lights upon the coasts of the Atlantic; now you see it, and now it has vanished. At one moment it flings a ray upon the Liberal camp, the next moment it shoots a beam of its light upon the Conservative tents; and each, in turn, is left in the shadow of the abyssmal darkness known as the Star's displeasure. Sometimes it turns its lens upon the French-Canadians, but soon the revolving wheels of interest shift the glass to the English element. But what is most wonderful is the fact that, in all its kaleidoscopic changes, in the multitude of its contradictions, the Star seems never to have had a single ray—not even for a moment—to cast upon the Irish, particularly the Irish Catholics. Whenever there is an Irish question that cannot be passed over with impunity, the Star gives it the benefit of a frown, a sneer, or a report that carries mere insult and ridicule between the lines. Probably the Star, if brought to task, would say, "we report your Irish Catholic events of importance, and we never wrote an editorial line against you." Very true! But there are more ways than one of belittling a people and insulting a race.

A few weeks ago, with a flourish of trumpets the Star announced that it would soon commence the publication of a story entitled, "A Marriage by Capture," from the pen of Robert Buchanan. The readers were informed that the story was to appear for a first time in the columns of the Star, and that the Star was paying a goodly sum for the same. Robert Buchanan has written some very interesting stories, and we certainly congratulate him on having the Star accept one of his latest efforts. But we do not congratulate the Star upon the choice it has made. If the editor of the Star, or whosoever is responsible for the stories that appear in the paper, did not read Mr. Buchanan's novel, before agreeing to publish it, he, to say the least, is quite

careless. If he did carefully read "A Marriage by Capture," he must have perceived that it was a poor attempt at delineation of Irish character, a miserable caricaturing of the Irish, and in many instances a heap of insults to the race. The Star's editor, or literary critic must know that his paper circulates largely amongst Irish Catholics, and that the story is offensive to them; or, even were no Irish Catholic to read the Star, Mr. Buchanan's romance would none the less remain an attack upon the race. Therefore, if the Star did not know what it was about to publish, it should be taught a lesson in journalism, and if it did know the nature of the story it should be made understand that it cannot, with safety, play its little game of "hot and cold" with the public.

From chaptersix of that story we take the following paragraph, to which one of our readers drew our attention. The scene is in a Magistrate's Court:—

"I'll only ask you one question, Mary Carey. Did Mr. Blake ever in your hearing threaten to harm his cousin?"

"Never, sir."

"You adhere to that statement?"

"I do, sir," replied Mary, and she stood down after exchanging a rapid look with Blake.

The magistrates were puzzled. Not that they attached any serious importance to the evidence for the defence; in that part of Ireland perjury is so common among the lower classes that it is frequently the custom not to swear certain witnesses at all, and the impression in this case was that, if Blake was guilty, the persons brought forward to prove an alibi were simply his confederates. But in point of fact there was no real evidence whatever against the prisoner, and the magistrates were at a loss what to do.

Here is an author sitting down deliberately to teach the reading public that, in certain parts of Ireland, perjury was so frequent, so common, that witnesses were not generally sworn. In other words, that the Irish have no respect for an oath; which means that their priests, their Church, their teachers, inculcate the worst of principles. The Montreal Star pays that author a special sum in order to be allowed to publish his poor and clumsy attempt at Irish character-painting, and his successful attempt at vile caricaturing and misrepresentation of the Irish people. And still the Star will expect the support of Irishmen; well, the Irishman who supports and encourages an organ that can so systematically belittle his race, is deserving of all the shadows that the revolving light of the Star leaves upon him.

Since the above was written the Star has evidently taken some broad hints; at all events, it has out that Buchanan story short and has commenced another one. We trust it will be more careful in future.

ANOTHER American heiress has announced her engagement to a titled European. Miss Anna Gould, who, though young, has had a somewhat romantic life according to the New York press, is about to give her hand and \$2,000,000 to Count de Castellane, the son of a prominent Parisian—the Marquis de Castellane. Our American cousins have their moneyed aristocracy, and the Europeans have their titled aristocracy. The title of Countess is probably worth a steep sum, and if both parties are contented we cannot see why the world should object—it is none of the world's business. Apart from the immediate personages referred to, we might well say that the rich American and titled European are well suited to move through life together. It requires no special qualifications of mind or heart to inherit either money made by progenitors or titles conferred on ancestors.

## A NEW PRAYER-BOOK.

Not many weeks ago we called attention to the number of defective prayer-books that Catholic publishing houses have, of late years, given to the world. The publishers are not so much to blame as the compilers of those works. In fact, the dignitaries who give their written sanction to prayer-books should make very certain of the contents, that is to say, the exactness of the translations, the correctness of the explanations of ceremonies, or of points of doctrine. We have long been anxious to see a perfect Catholic prayer-book, one sufficiently large to contain all the necessary devotions and information concerning them, yet sufficiently small and compact to be convenient for daily use; one upon which every Catholic could thoroughly rely and in which might be found a complete course of prayers and instructions suitable to every day of the year, every event of importance in the Christian's life, every circumstance, ordinary or exceptional. Nothing human is perfect we know; but the nearest approach to that perfection, which is our ideal of a prayer-book, has just been issued by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., of this city. It is entitled "The Convent Girl's Prayers; a complete Manual of Devotions for Church, School and Home," compiled by a Religious. This neat, elegantly bound, splendidly printed volume, of over seven hundred pages, bears the Imprimatur of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal. It also carries upon the face of its pages the visible and certain marks of a thorough and careful revision at the hands of evidently eminent theologians.

We understand that on the seventeenth of this month there is to commence a retreat for ladies in St. Patrick's Church. We most heartily advise every one, young or old, who desires to make a thorough retreat and reap all possible blessings and benefits therefrom, to secure a copy of that prayer-book. It is at once a guide, an instructor, a teacher, a preacher, a help, a staff, and a beacon-light. To give our readers the faintest idea of its contents would be impossible unless we undertook to write another volume as extensive as itself. Suffice to say that every imaginable assistance, information, and devotion required can be easily found in its pages. The type is varied according to the importance of the matter set forth, and it is always clear and easy to read.

We might state that the author and compiler, whose humility draws the cloak of a simple "religious" over all identity, has spent several years in preparing and perfecting the work, and has, at last, with the powerful aid of theological authorities, and under the direct guidance of Rome's own great search-light, completed and given to the public one of the most exceptional and perfect prayer-books that we have ever had the pleasure and happiness of possessing. The table of contents give no adequate idea of what the work contains, for each item therein mentioned is so developed, explained, rendered interesting and instructive that it means a little manual in itself. The alphabetical index at the close is the very best index to the volume of matter so ably arranged between those precious covers. Do you wish for any special prayers, devotions, exercises, novenas, litanies, stations, or services of the Church? You find them without a moment's hesitation. Do you seek explanations of ritual, practices of devotion, feasts, fasts, retreats, or the fundamental principles and truths of our holy religion? There you have them, clearly and concisely expressed. Is it daily exercises, weekly practices, or monthly devotions

that you seek? It matters not; you have the authentic and exact explanations, accompanied with all the prayers and methods of saying them. In a word, we are unable to say more than that "The Convent Girl's Prayers" is a volume suitable for children, young girls, young ladies, married women, boys, youths, religiouses and lay people,—in school, at home, in the cloister, in the world, anywhere, everywhere.

It is with a hearty pleasure that we thus speak so enthusiastically of this manual. We are not given to exaggeration of praise; very often we are considered guilty of too much severity in our criticisms. But we cannot be too severe upon any work that is intended for the use of Catholics in matters of religious practice, when it does not come up to the standard that the Church demands. On the other hand we cannot praise or recommend too highly any work (and they are unfortunately too few) that is calculated to meet the expectations of even the most exacting theologian. If any of our readers should happen to rashly judge us by thinking that we are too unstinting in our remarks of pleasure and approval regarding this prayer-book, let them buy a copy, read it carefully, and we are prepared to stake our reputation upon their judgment.

## CUNNING, NOT OLEVER.

The advice given by a certain speaker, at a recent meeting held for the unemployed, to the effect that they should "put a little money aside, not for a rainy day, but to buy a gun," savors very much of the professional agitator. The qualifying phrase, "there is nothing wrong in buying a gun and keeping it to shoot in return when you are shot at," may appear cunning, but it is far from a clever remark; it is merely a clumsy way of trying to provide against the possible consequences of a rash statement or lawless appeal.

It is just sufficient to show that the speaker would like to say even more, but hesitated about the advisability of having said all he did; and it is not sufficient to excuse the first blunder, if people were insane enough to act upon it, or if circumstances were such as to create a probability of any shooting being done. It is very like the boy who throws a stone and then puts his hands in his pockets and tries to appear unconcerned and innocent. The reason we refer to this incident is to counteract any false impression that might therefore arise as to the true situation in Montreal.

In the first place, there is no such thing as the military shooting down anybody here; there is no probability, likelihood, or even possibility (under present circumstances) of any conflict between the unemployed and the authorities. On the contrary, all that can be done is being done, thanks to the energy and rational course adopted by the Trades and Labor Council, for the men out of employment and in distress. Incendiary remarks of that class have a tendency to create very false impressions abroad. Strangers to Montreal are not expected to know whence the language emanates; and as a consequence, may conclude that we are in a state of anarchy here, that martial law has been, is now, or may soon be, proclaimed. Such language is an injustice to the city, to the workmen, to the labor organizations, and to every person concerned.

We are not reduced to a chaotic condition. It is true that there is very much distress this winter, that there are great numbers of unemployed, that the workmen have much to complain of, that

the labor organizations have had their hands full and have been heavily taxed to secure work or assistance for those who suffer from the hard times; but the laborers have been peaceful, respectful, and deserve the highest of praise for their sensible and rational conduct under the trying circumstances. The good advice of the Trades and Labor Council has been acted upon, and, as a consequence, greater sympathy has been awakened than such fiery appeals could ever create.

The man who, directly or indirectly, advises, or suggests, any action or movement that could serve to alienate that sympathy, is far from being a friend to the laborers' cause. It is easy to talk of buying guns; but it would be fairer and more honest to advise the laying aside of a little against such hard seasons as the present one. Thank goodness, the real workmen of this city, and in fact of all Canada, are too wise to be led into extravagance of action against evils that only exist in the fertile imaginations of persons in whom, evidently, the "wish is father to the thought."

Of course the remarks above referred to fell flat, and even the daily press did not deem them of sufficient importance to demand any comment; we simply call attention to them in order to disabuse the minds of the many strangers who read our paper of the false impression that might be created regarding the actual state of affairs here. We trust that in future the same indifference will be paid to all appeals, suggestions or advice that might tend to injure the cause of labor and to militate against the interests of a deserving yet suffering section of the community.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day. Every child knows the custom of that day. Once before we told the story of the feast; but in conformity with a request from a leading citizen, who, it appears, is collecting our editorials, we take the liberty of repeating what certainly has its application this year as well as in the past.

Little missives are sent from friend to friend, and they are always anonymous. But very often they are so arranged that the receiver can pretty nearly guess who the sender is. These olden customs are gradually dying out; they are forgotten in the hurry and bustle of an electric age of rush. Alas, that it should be so!

Well do we remember, in years that are dead, the little joys of St. Valentine's feast. How cunningly we prepared the picture and the lines upon it that were to be transmitted by post to one or other of our companions; how cautiously we dropped the envelope into the country post office, looking carefully around for fear that any one might see the act and report; how anxiously we awaited the result and watched the recipient to see the effects of those lines! Those were grand times! And especially when we took our little package of valentines from the office; we can still recall the pleasure or annoyance with which each one was opened, according as it contained pleasant or unpleasant words, pretty or hideous pictures. But this St. Valentine's day custom is not only forgotten, to a great extent, it has even degenerated into a very offensive and, at times, vulgar correspondence. But everything seems to be vulgarized in these days of progress and invention. We remember well a forcible remark of good Father Tabaret, it was characteristic of that grand man—"the world goes on improving while men are deteriorating." How true; even in the valentines do we see that fact exemplified. Ugly cartoons, miserable doggerel and low expressions

are the indices of the minds that invent, that purchase, or that send the valentines of this period. The gratification of some petty spite or the annoyance of some unoffending creature seems to be the motives that impel the majority of young people to send these missives. But apart from the mere ordinary amusement of sending valentines on paper, and receiving the same, there are other pleasant thoughts and facts that belong to this day and which should come home to every Catholic—young or old.

From Christmas until Easter, during those three months, there have been, there are, and there will be peculiarly interesting valentines passing through the great post office of the Church. Missives of prayer are sent off by millions of children, and the carrier-angels fly with them to heaven; and back to earth they come with packages of sealed blessings of these dear little children of St. Valentine. One of the most precious of valentines—from heaven to earth—was that of the Sweet Babe of Bethlehem; one of the most glorious valentines will be the Easter graces of the Resurrection.

All through Lent, even on this day, there are countless valentines coming in and going out of that grand delivery. On the one hand secret prayers, patient sufferings, holy sacrifices, noble charities, solemn offerings, humble mortifications, are being wrapped up in parcels and addressed to God; the spirits that compose His messenger army take them up and speed away to the chancel of the skies, and rejoice and chant happy hymns as they lay the valentines on the great table of Records, before the throne of the Almighty. And then they rejoice still more and sing still louder when they are handed the sealed packages of God's choicest blessings and graces, with which they rush back to earth. What glorious valentines and how precious they are.

And even between earth and that dreary abode of the suffering souls, there are many valentines to-day. It is true that they cannot reply at present; but for every simple valentine of prayer or meritorious action that is offered up for them, we may be sure that later on, when they reach the glorious home that awaits them, the valentines that they will send in return may be treasured up as the most sacred relics of our lives. A portfolio of such missives will be the most useful baggage that we can take with us when we set out upon that important and inevitable journey from the land of Time to the regions of the Great Unknown.

The best valentine that we can send our readers to-day is a copy of our paper. Each one, we trust, will find the missive a pleasant and instructive one. Remember while you read the pages of this valentine that you are actually in communication with us, and we in spirit are with you. During the hours spent in composing and penning all these lines, we have had you before us, and although we may never meet, still we enjoy a communion of sentiment that gives us a right to call each other valentines.

THERE are giants even in our day. In the Passage Panopticum, in Berlin, is an Arab, Hassan Ali, who has grown to nine feet two inches. He is only sixteen years of age. It is expected that he has several years more to grow. He was born near Sinah Ammons oasis, in Egypt. He certainly is a desert palm-tree; but he is not quite so graceful. As a rule these gigantic men are short-lived; but Hassan is healthy and physically sound, and unless he grows too tall he may have a reasonably long lease of life. There is a very pertinent question asked: What use is his height to mankind?

## An Argentino Connaughtman.

### A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE PAMPAS.

[BY MAC.]

It occurred in the spring of 1891. I had taken a voyage to Buenos Ayres to recoup a stock of youthful health which I had foolishly wasted by overwork. From Buenos Ayres I had gone up the country to Mercedes to spend a month with my good friend and fellow-countryman, Father Dominic O'Halloran. And Father Dominic contrived that I should spend it to good purpose, in indolence—I might also say vagrant—rambling with him over the vast Pampas which abound in that province, Pampas, where we might easily contrive to ride for days together without the perfect circle of the horizon being once broken by so much as a hillock, whilst the dwellings of man were as few. Long, long monotonous miles of perfect plain stretched away on either side, covered by tall, waving grass, in some parts of which a man on horseback could easily contrive to hide himself and keep his seat. But any native of our hilly Erin will readily understand that this wonderful monotony was to me, for my short stay, a very welcome variety. An Irish bull is by no means out of place on the Pampas. These Pampas are divided into *estancias*, or farms, of perhaps some hundred square miles each. One large dwelling, with quite a little village of barns, cow-houses and other office houses, is on every farm, where resides the *estanciero*, a proprietor, with his family and employes. But in addition one or more little cabins exist on remote parts of the *estancias*, for the accommodation of *puesteros* or herds who look after the immense flocks of sheep and herds of cattle (the raising of which is the industry of these never-ending and luxuriant plains) in that part of the farm, and guard the mearings. Father Dominic was very familiar with the paths, having often done the tour before, and we now journeyed before us leisurely, going from one *estancia* to the other, and spending usually one night at each, though we would have been heartily welcome to spend thirty nights, for than Father Dominic it would be difficult to a man of any profession who was such an ideal boon companion and had such a tact for sociability and the ingratiating into the hearts of all whom he met with. It was a pleasant scene when after a fifty or sixty-mile journey we had been refreshed by as good a dinner as the plains could afford—and I have seldom had any more to my taste—the home-brew was placed steaming upon the table, and the good priest's happy temper actually glowed from his own features and was reflected on every face around, whilst his quips and his jokes made the welkin ring. So delighted was I, indeed, with this life that I often expressed to the padre the wish that the fate of the Wandering Jew had been mine, with him for companion. We had been already some ten days on our journey, in thorough enjoyment of Argentine hospitality, when one morning we quitted, not without regret, the residence of Don Miguel Juarez, where we had spent two nights, and turned our horses' heads to the path which led to his neighbour's, Don Pena, who resided about fourteen leagues off. One hour after noon we halted for dinner, and after refreshing ourselves thus with the addition of a good washdown which I never omitted to bear in my saddle bags, and a rest, we remounted and proceeded on our journey.

The day was, I well remember, a most glorious one; the novelty of the scene had not yet abated a whit for me; and the light spirits begotten of this, and of my fast recruiting health, infused in me a buoyancy I could not easily restrain. We had scarcely been half an hour on our resumed journey when in the distance I espied a flock of ostriches.

"What think you," said I to my companion, "if we give them chase?" I would like to put to the test, and ascertain for myself that swiftness for which they are so famed. Our horses are good; we have ridden easily, and so are quite fresh. And I have a fancy that if I could only get within a respectable distance of the wind of their heels I would cause some little commotion in their ranks, and deal more or less destruction amongst them with this machine," said I, displaying a bola, which is made of three strips of leather, about two feet long each, radi-

ating from a common centre, and having a leaden ball attached to the outer extremity of each; and which, when in the hands of the ostrich hunter, is thrown at the bird with a sweeping motion, causing it to rotate in its flight, and striking the legs of the ostrich—of which the bird has a very ample display—to wind round and round them many times till they are completely entangled, and effectively stayed in their race by the plaited bola arms. "You know," I continued, "Don Miguel kindly gave me a few lessons on the art of bola-throwing, till he confessed that I was fully as expert as himself, and that I was a born ostrich-hunter, and mistook my vocation when I went to the bar. Rather flattering, don't you think?"

"Yes, Charlie, my boy, rather flattering I do think. French compliments are said in more places than France. The principal commotion you would excite by throwing these leather straps, avic, would be, not in the ranks of the ostriches, but in my visible muscles, and the main destruction you would deal would be to my gravity. Be advised by me, and put by those things till you get out of the country, then, with the time-honored prerogative of every traveller, you can exhibit them in Ireland as having taken down a regiment of ostriches with them. Believe me, Charlie, a man of your talents and profession can take in more than he can take down. So, confine yourself to capturing at home two-legged ostriches—"

"What! Father Dominic! Two-legged ostriches! And pray what is the customary number of legs for ostriches of standing in this country?"

"Oh, but you're airy on it, aren't ye! You know well what I mean—confine yourself to fetching down clients and stripping them of their feathers, and their very hides, too—as your order usually do—but let our ostriches alone. You'd be a long time taking down as many ners as would feather your nest. And, faith, it would be no ways improving on the sweet tempers of the London dames if they were waiting on their ostrich feathers till Charlie O'Mara plucked them and sent them home. Moreover, Charlie, we might find some little difficulty in regaining our path again in case we went on such a wild-goose—I mean wild ostrich chase."

"Oh, never fear for that. Here goes!" said I, with the unreasoning impetuosity of youth, and I put spurs to my horse and off at a dashing pace in the direction of the birds, followed closely by Father O'Halloran, who saw that he must induce me in my little frolic.

We had a sharp run, for Father Dominic soon warmed to the work, and being a skilled horseman was ahead of me oftener than I would have wished. But the ostriches out-distanced us, not even allowing me half a chance of convincing my companion that his scepticism in regard to my bola-throwing was rash. After a considerable time we reined in and wheeled about, proceeding now in such a direction as, Father Dominic directed, would cause us to strike the path again at an acute angle some ten miles ahead of the point at which we had quitted it. Hour after hour we rode steadily onward, but when it had reached seven o'clock in the evening no sign of a path had yet been seen. We rode about another hour with equal want of success.

"So," said the good priest, at length raining in, "ye have brought us into a pretty fix, haven't ye, you and your tomfoolery? My blessing on Don Miguel and he had kept his lessons and his bolas for the next fool! Ye had figaros enough in your head since ye came here, without that, goodness knows. What are ye going to do with yourself now, do ye know, and with me too, which is of far more importance?"

"Why," said I, assuming a *sang froid* which I was truly very far from feeling, "why, I suppose we had better ride on, and if we don't find the path, which we cannot be far from, or stumble on to Don Pena's, which we must nearly have reached by this, I suppose we'll have to pitch our camp on the prairie and rough it for a night."

"Ride on! aye, indeed, ride on!" said Father Dominic with much iron. "Ride to Jericho—ride to the moon! Sure ye don't know where ye are riding! But all the same," said he, with a sigh as if resigned to the inevitable, "I suppose we'll have to ride on. And pretty riding it will be—nice and comfortable. Breaking our horses legs, and, what's a little worse, our own blessed necks; stumbling into *tucos tucos* burrows. As for stretch-

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ing ourselves out here for the night, I am not that mad yet, thank God—though I dare say I won't be very long in your company till I am. That would be roughing it sure enough—a little too much roughing; you would be apt to confess before morning, if by any remote chance ye'd have your speeches about you till past midnight even. Do you see that vapour," said he, directing my gaze to a fleecy cloud in the low horizon, "rolling up from the south-east? If Father Dominic's instincts don't deceive him, many hours won't pass over us till a *pampero* gives us a passing call, and if it finds ye stretched out here on the open prairie, you'll have to commence recruiting your health in the new tomorrow—that is, if there's any of you left. No, sir, you must consider yourself on Grafton street pavement with a peeler telling you to move on. You'll get a taste of what the life of a wandering Jew is like to-night, even with me for a companion, I'm sorry to say, and we'll see how you relish it. We might meet with luck yet, though I doubt it."

True enough, when I had been wishing for the cloak of the venerable Jew, I had never anticipated being "at home" to a *pampero* on the shelterless plains of Argentina, and I then and there heartily agreed with my friend Hamlet (slightly amended to suit the circumstances) that it was better to bear the hills we have than fly to plains we know not of.

We started forward simlessly in the all but firm belief that we were about to pass the night on the unprotected plain, in company with a lively *pampero*, that might be bearing vestiges of us far on the way to Ireland when morning dawned. My weatherwise companion assured me that, from the thickening signs, we might expect operations to commence in less than two hours. This gave me pause.

"It is comical, too," said I, after a little while's abstraction, "is the idea of two Irishmen away here in the very centre of South America, in a forgotten quarter of the world, passing the night out on the open prairies, with, perhaps, not another of our countrymen within a thousand miles!"

"Oh, you forget, interposed the priest, "you have lots of them within a thousand miles. They are comparatively plentiful in the province of Buenos Ayres, scattered through the camps, or farming colonies, there; whilst in the suburbs of the metropolis many of the handsomest palaces are owned by Irishmen, or the descendants of Irishmen—the Meath farmers—who came out here less than half a century ago, and introduced sheep-farming, which has now become the very backbone of Argentine's prosperity. The bank accounts of some of them run into the sixth figure."

"True, indeed," said I. I had almost forgotten our Buenos Ayres brethren.

"Besides," continued Father Dominic, "would it be after all so very strange, the position in which we two Irishmen are found? The Celt, the Irish Celt, is a ubiquitous nomad. He is restless; he is everywhere—everywhere that man can live, and many places that most other men would starve. The sun, no matter how disastrous his manœuvring, can never dart up in the morning from a hill in any part of the habitable globe, that there isn't an Irishman rubbing his eyes to have a good look at him. You are aware, I presume, of the

very generally accepted theory, that if ever they succeed in discovering the North Pole there will be found an Irishman at it?"

"Oh yes, perched on top of it, haranguing against the Government—I know all about that."

After considerable riding which was not by any means without its discomforts, as our horses were prone to get amongst the burrows of the *tucos tucos*, the Argentine rat, as well as into growths of coarse grass taller than a man, and we ourselves apt to get into a temper, our eyes were blessed with the joyful glimpse of a twinkling light in the distance.

"Thanks be to God! fervently ejaculated my companion. "We are not, after all, I trust, going to pass the night out here in the rough company of our rollicking friend the *pampero*, who seems make the best of his way for us."

On coming close we discovered that it was the shieling of a *puestero*, and great was our inward feeling of thanks to Providence. A wire fence now barred our way.

"I'll hold the horses," said the priest, "while you go forward and salute."

Now, on entering a house in Argentina, the customary form of salutation is "Ave Maria!" by the visitor, responded to with "Sin pecado concebida!" (Conceived without sin), by the inmates. But, since banditti founded a field, a very extensive one, in Argentina, the custom has been slightly modified for precaution sake, after night. If a belated traveller unwittingly walked into a remote residence on the plains now-a-days with the pious "Hail Mary" on his lips, for rejoinder the inmates might haply hail shot and bullets, and the result be that the visitor would need to hail nothing more in this world but a hearse. Accordingly, the practice, after dark, is to stand and salute at a respectable hailing distance, and there await the reply, which signified that you might enter. As I had no desire to make an Argentine throw away his powder and shot on a poor invalid from Ireland, when he might easily find something more profitable, as well as more game, to expend it upon, I did not pass the fence very far, but gauging my lung power to its utmost strength, stood a very handsome distance off and shouted "Ave Maria!"

I repeated this three times without any sign of having been heard at the hut.

"What the dickens," shouted the impatient Father Dominic, "are you standing bawling there for, at that distance? Don't think it's in Ireland you are, scaring crows out of the corn."

"Well, I'm not just prepared to be shot like a rat, Father," said I.

"Faith," said he, "there's no disputing at all that ye're bad enough looking for a bandit, but anyone sees your face in the light, would think it a shame to cheat death, even providing they hadn't any scruples about cheating the hangman. Go forward, man, where you'll be heard."

I paid no attention to Father Dominic's good natured sarcasms, but timorously advanced to within twenty paces of the door, within easy reach of a large tree, which I calculated to slip behind if I perceived anything of the size and nature of a gun muzzle protruded from the doorway.

"Ave Maria!" I paused—but there came no reply.

Louder still I shouted "Ave Maria!"  
Again no answer.  
"Can't ye shout louder, man?" said the priest, who evidently did not, in his unreasoning way, consider that already I was straining my lungs.

Drawing one good deep breath I hurled out one other "Ave Maria!" that beat my other efforts hollow, and even surprised myself. The good father, indeed, afterwards remarked, that he often listened to "Aves" coughed in more reverential tones, and that it sounded to him more like a curse than a prayer. But, be that as it may, it was the "Open Sesame!" for us, for almost immediately the bolt was heard shooting in the door, and I had barely time once more to measure at a glance the distance between me and the tree, when the door was opened, and in the stream of light that fell out through it from the light within, the figure of a tall, burly man was observed, with a paper—evidently a newspaper—held still open, in one hand. I listened intently for his reply. Father Dominic, from beyond the wire-fence, strained his hearing powers likewise. Only a moment, and the astounding reply came in a rich, rolling, distinct voice—

"Sin pleado concibeda—an' f'what the devil's fetchin' yes here anyhow?"

All, all rolled out in one sentence. To merely say we were astounded is putting it very tamely. Neither the good priest nor I was able to reply for some moments, though there was a question, which, as certainly as he uttered it, he never dreamt that we, his midnight visitors, would for one moment comprehend, contained in the latter part of his sentence.

Father Dominic was the first who got his breath—"Erin go brah! More power to your elbow, aviliah machree! It wasn't the devil fetched us here at all, but a pair of as good nags as ye've clapped your eyes on since ye left Connaught, Hurrah!"

"Holy mother of Moses!" was all the amazed Connaughtian (there was no mistaking the Connaught *patois* even in his Spanish) *puestero* could utter.

In a very short time Father Dominic and I were doing ample justice to a piping hot supper, which did not lack for variety either. Father Dominic indeed observed that though I had to come ten thousand miles to look for my health, I would never have to go further than the cupboard to look for my appetite; and he hoped that I wouldn't by any unfortunate mishap lose it before leaving Argentina, as there were but few in that country who could afford to find it. But he did not restrain me from satisfying my hunger, which, I need hardly say, was particularly sharp after our long and enforced ramble. Very soon, too, we heard the *pampero* at high-jinks without. Father Dominic said he was calling for us, but we didn't feel like responding, and he now gave us very little concern. Our genial host—for, notwithstanding the gruffness of our first reception, for which he was able to give a very satisfactory reason, he was a genial one—we learnt was Barney Dolan from the county of sweet Mayo. He had been brought here from Buenos Ayres by Don Pena's manager. He had the previous day ridden to, and just now returned from, the city of Salta, some twenty leagues distant, where he had obtained his Weekly Freeman by post, for he got it regularly—perhaps irregularly, though, since he had left Ireland.

After having had his supper he had sat down to learn from it how matters were progressing in the old country, and got more deeply interested in the hot election contest then raging in Kilkenny (the first after "the split"), when my hail from without disturbed him. Not, of course, for a moment suspecting that we were other than Argentines who had missed the path, he was so annoyed by our ill-timed intrusion that he had almost resolved, he said, "To let me bawl there till morning if it gave me any satisfaction."

Barney now produced a something else he had also obtained in Salta for the purpose of washing down any bad news he should find in the paper. As he poured it from the "dimmyjon" and handed it round he remarked that it couldn't hold a candle to the stuff Thady Cassidy, of Meathrasna—God be good to him!—used to brew; but then the haythens here knew no better anyhow.

Barney, by the way, was an ardent Nationalist, and would talk politics by the square perch, only that Father Dominic decided them out of court. The sayings and doings on the ould sod, fond reminiscences, and personal histories, enliven-

ed by many a choice anecdote from a droll story by the priest, made the hours fly like swallows on the wing. Next morning Barney Dolan accompanied us far on our way. He solicited Father Dominic's blessing, a request which the good priest gave with unwonted fervour. Heartfelt was our regret at parting him, and as we did so a big tear trembled in the eye of the Argentine-Connaughtman. May God watch over him.—In the Weekly Freeman.

THE QUEEN OF PURGATORY, AND CANDLEMAS.

The month of February, witnessing the Purification of Our Blessed Lady, is one that gives great joy to those souls who are themselves being purified. For centuries the Blessed Virgin has been called the Queen of Purgatory. On this Feast day of hers, according to the poets and legendists, she is wont to descend and comfort the souls in pain, and that many, through her intercession, are restored to perfect peace with God, and admitted to the joy of Heaven. This belief is not contrary to Catholic faith, and many theologians accept it as being literally true. From a spiritual standpoint, it certainly possesses an emphatic beauty. One in which the Spiritual Sense has been cultivated, is bound to admit that the Mother of Our Divine Redeemer must possess every amiable quality of commiseration and solicitude for those in suffering, and where may she find greater cause for pity than among those who are expiating the punishment due their faults? The Church holds that the souls confined in Purgatory cannot help themselves, while it is believed that they may help us by their prayers. The only help which can reach them is the propitiatory sacrifice of the Mass, and the prayers of the faithful, on earth, offered in their behalf, together with the prayers of the Saints in Heaven. Reason, alone, would induce us to believe that the Blessed Virgin should be a zealous intercessor for these most helpless children of God, and particularly on the Feast of Purification. On this anniversary of her own purification she would have these pure as she, and, like herself, admitted to the company of angels. Hence, she is represented as on this day journeying to "The realm of doleful sighs," and bearing back to Heaven those who are fitted to enter therein.

The beauty of the Church's ceremonies on Candlemas has appealed to lovers of the beautiful for many ages. Its English name, *Candlemass*, it is hardly necessary to say here, was acquired from the fact that before the Mass on this day the Church blessed her candles for the year and "made a procession with them in the hands of the faithful, in memory of the Light wherewith Christ illuminated the whole Church at His presentation, when Simeon styled Him "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of His People Israel!" In all ages these processions and ceremonies have appealed to the soul's sense of the beautiful, and poets innumerable have sung of their chastity and loveliness. Even poets otherwise Protestant have not remained unaffected in the presence of her sweetness and innocence. Anciently, in England at least, the Christmas sports were not infrequently prolonged until Candlemas day, but, coming before the Holy Season of Lent, as it does, with it all merriment ceases until after Easter.

"End now the white loaf and the pie,  
And let all sports with Christmas die."

is the advice given by Herrick. Candlemas is a preparation for the solemn, but not less beautiful, season fast approaching. The snowy chastity is but a beginning. Those who love purity and goodness are attracted within, and soon their heads are bowed in worship. It is thus with all the ceremonies of the Church.

Their chaste beauty attract; their truth compel the loiterer to remain. There seems a mystic sense attached to Rossette's oft quoted sonnet, "The Church Porch," whether he so intended it or not. Most readers recall his description. Outside is dust, and heat, and glare, and the churchbells wearily jangle a monotonous tune—but inside? Ah—

"But having entered in, we shall find there Silence, and sudden dimness, and deep prayer, And faces of crowned angels all about."

In Italy, in days past, the Feast of Purification was celebrated with most touching and impressive ceremonies.

Pabei, one of the most distinguished of Italian minor poets, speaks of a procession, bearing lighted tapers, which was over a mile in length. The young girls were habited in white raiment and wore wreaths of white roses, bound about their foreheads. The young men sang together with the maidens, as the cavalcade pressed forward. In Spain, in the time of Lope de Vega, not infrequently the whole scene of the Presentation was arranged pretty much after the German manner of the Christmas cribs. A mimic temple of boughs was erected and here was the aged Simeon and Anna, and hither came Mary and Joseph bearing the Infant Lord. After the Holy Child was presented, and while Simeon and Anna were yet speaking, the procession, bearing lighted candles, marched by, singing hymns of joy and exultation, and songs written especially for the occasion. Some of the most famous writers of Spain gladly employed their talent in the composition of these songs, and in the production of touching little dramas, of a sacred character, which were almost invariably enacted by the simple, yet pious peasantry. It is no wonder that the Faith took a strong hold upon these people, where each Feast Day employed the genius of the poet, the art of the painter, the skill of the musician, the dramatic talent of the peasant, and exacted piety, sincerity and simplicity from all. It is this very employment of genius of every character which has in all ages made Music, Literature and Art pre-eminently Catholic, and which yet retains them so in the very face of nineteenth century materialism. The "chaste in art" in no festival of the Church found greater expression than in that of Candlemas, which still retains its ineffable whiteness and beauty, and is likely to so continue.—*The Poor Souls' Advocate.*

"So you feel you cannot marry him?"  
"Yes, I am fully decided." "Why, don't you like him?" "Oh, I like him well enough, but I can't get him to propose."

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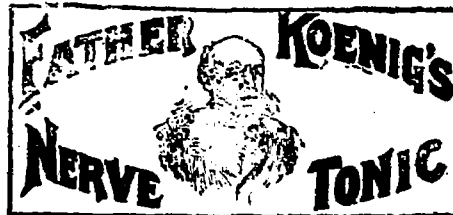
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I can have no doubts as to the virtue of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I have recommended its use where persons are afflicted with diseases of the nervous system and in every case the result was such that my own confidence in this medicine was confirmed and its good name spread in the respective locality.

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TEMPTATION.

A story is told of a man who once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation.

The king told the man to take a vessel brimful of oil, and to carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop.

"If one drop is spilled," said the king, "your head shall be cut off." And he ordered the two executioners with drawn swords to walk behind the man and carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in the town and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked:

"Did you see anyone whilst you were walking through the streets?"

"No, sir," said the man. "I was thinking only of the oil. I noticed nothing else."

"Then," said the king, "you notice how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God as you fixed it on the vessel of oil. You will not then be tempted to sin."

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Does she love music?" "M—yes. But not enough to keep away from the piano."

The woman of the future does not interest the average girl half as much as the man of the present.

"If you don't leave at once I shall call the porter!" Peddler—"Very well! Perhaps he will buy something of me."

A Colchester paper avers that a hotel in Colchester has a cook so good-looking that she mashes the potatoes by looking at them.

Maud: "What is the height of your ambition, dear?" Marie (blushing): "Oh, something between five and a half and six feet."

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### USEFUL RECIPES.

#### APPLE OMELET.

Beat separately to a stiff froth the whites and yolks of four eggs. Out the whites into the yolks, sifting in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Turn into a large frying pan, and when it thickens spread quickly with apple sauce, sweetened to the taste. Fold the omelet, turn it upon the platter, and serve hot.

#### PEA SOUP.

One quart of peas in half a cup of oil with chopped onions or celery, or both. Cover tightly and let cook until peas are quite soft, after which add a quart of boiling water, or that in which vegetables have been cooked. Thicken with a little browned Graham or wheat flour. If the vegetable water is added it will be quite rich, and more water may be added.

#### APPLE SNOW.

Peel and grate one large sour apple, sprinkling over it small cupful of powdered sugar as you grate it, to keep it from turning brown, break into this the whites of two eggs and beat all constantly for half an hour, take care to have it in a large bowl, as it beats up very stiff and light, heap this in a glass dish and pour a fine smooth custard around it and serve; a very delicate dessert.

#### VEGETABLE ROAST.

Three cups of flour, one cup of oil. Fry in a frying pan till a nice brown, then add two cups of water and one cup of chopped vegetables. Mix well together and roll up in a lump. Make a dressing as you would for a fresh roast. Spread out the meat and inclose the dressing. Put in the oven and bake to a nice brown, basting with a gravy made of oil and browned flour and water.

#### SCOTCH BROTH.

Buy a piece of shank, about two pounds, put this in your kettle with four and a half quarts of water, then add half a cup of pearl barley; this should be put to boil as soon as eight o'clock, if for dinner at twelve, as the longer it boils the better your broth will be; then at ten or half-past ten take out the meat and add the vegetables—half a cup of turnip cut in small pieces, two small carrots cut fine, two onions sliced thin, two small parsnips if you have them; if not, half a teacupful of chopped cabbage, and two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley. This will make two quarts of broth.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

At all times avoid gloom, chill and dampness.

Burn the lamps low and throw away the impure oil, at least once a month.

For economy and evenness of heat, put only a little coal on the fire at a time.

Boil the lamp burners in alkaline water once a year to remove the adherent gum.

Keep the lamps filled, trimmed and clean in every part, to obtain the best results.

For slight cuts and abrasions of the skin nothing is better than glycerine into which a few drops of carbolic acid have been poured.

Sleeping rooms should be selected that are daily purified by the sun's rays. Fresh air is all right, but it needs to be supplemented by sunlight.

For "greasing" the griddle out a white turnip in half and rub the griddle with it. It causes no smoke, smell, taste or adhesion, and is better than butter or grease.

### THE CONFESSIONAL.

A DETROIT EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN PREACHES IN FAVOR OF IT.

DETROIT, Mich., February 11.—Although the confessional is a well established adjunct of some of the Episcopal churches in the larger cities, it has existed in Detroit only in a quiet way if at all. Yesterday at St. Matthew's church, however, the institution was openly advocated and communicants were urged

by Rev. "Father" Massiah to lay bare their sins and receive the benefit of absolution. The reverend gentleman pointed to the ordination services of his church, where the newly consecrated priest is told by the bishop "whosoever sins thou dost forgive are forgiven." He declared that the priest of his church had just enough power to absolve sinners as he had to consecrate the bread and wine of the Eucharist, Christ's body and blood. The present time, just before the Lenten season, he said, was particularly opportune for confession. "Come to your priest," he declared, "and lay bare your sins, and if you are truly penitent your sins shall be absolved. Though your sins are as scarlet, yet they shall become as white as snow." "Father" Massiah then announced that on certain days the church would be open, and all who wished to make confession would be given the opportunity.

### A MAJORITY OF TWENTY.

MR. REDMOND'S AMENDMENT TO THE SPEECH IS REJECTED.

LONDON, February 11.—John Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, brought forward in the Commons to-day his motion to amend the address by demanding that the Government appeal at once to the country, inasmuch as they had failed to carry out their home rule programme. The motion was defeated by a vote of 256 to 236.

### ST. BRIDGET'S HOUSE OF REFUGE.

An idea of the splendid work accomplished by St. Bridget's Catholic House of Refuge may be got from the following figures for the week ending February 10th. The total number sheltered were: 505 males and 68 females. The nationalities were:—Irish 347; French-Canadian, 123; English, 69; Scotch and others, 34; whilst the religions were:—Catholics, 499; Protestants, 74. There were also served out, 573 rations.



## Look Around

and see the women who are using Pearline. It's easy to pick them out. They're brighter, fresher, more cheerful than the women who have spent twice as much time in the rub, rub, rub, of the old way. Why shouldn't they be? Washing with Pearline is easy.

And look at the clothes that are washed with Pearline. They're brighter, and fresher, too. They haven't been rubbed to pieces on the washboard. They may be old, but they don't show it. For clothes washed with Pearline last longer.

**Beware** Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. 317 JAMES PYLE, New York

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Furniture Repaired and Re-covered. Carpet Laid. Mattresses Made Over.

### A GREY COUNTY MIRACLE.

#### AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT FROM A WELL KNOWN FARMER.

HE TELLS THE STORY OF EIGHT YEARS OF SUFFERING AND VAIN EFFORTS TO REGAIN HEALTH—HOW THIS GREAT BOON WAS FINALLY OBTAINED.

From the Meaford Monitor.

Knowing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co. to be an honorable and reliable firm, we had never any reason to doubt the entire truthfulness of the articles appearing from time to time setting forth the particulars of remarkable cures effected by the use of their Pink Pills. There is scarcely a locality in Canada which has not furnished a case of more or less prominence, and if the particulars, as stated, were not accurate, it would be impossible that the public would not find it out and thus the remedy would be discredited. There is therefore every ground to believe that the statements are accurate in every particular. We have now been put in a position to verify one of these cases for ourselves, and we give the result faithfully, giving Pink Pills no word of praise not merited in the case.

Messrs. F. Clarke & Co., druggists, of Meaford, who have sold very large quantities of these famous pills, drew our attention to the case, giving us the name of Mr. Henry Lamb, a well known and respected farmer of St. Vincent township. Having some acquaintance with Mr. Lamb we sought an interview, and the following is the substance of his testimony: "About 8 years ago I suffered from an attack of inflammation of the stomach, causing me extreme pain and uneasiness. I was attended by Dr. Clarke of Meaford, who brought me around, and I have always given him the credit of saving my life on that occasion. The effects of the attack, however, remained, and I fell into a state of chronic poor health, which completely unfitted me for my ordinary work. I was really dragging out a miserable existence. I suffered for over seven years from a constant pain in my stomach, as well as from weakness and continued debility. I tried many advertised remedies which I thought might be suited to my case, but without relief. I at length decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I soon felt the pain in my stomach relieved, and after I had used ten boxes the pain was entirely gone and I now feel like a new man. I can now work half a day at a time without fatigue, and as I am still using the pills I confidently expect, as I have every right to do from the great results, thus far, to be able to do my work as formerly. I am 57 years of age, and before the attack eight years ago, I always enjoyed good health. I have stated my experience to many people and invariably recommend a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The above is the substance of Mr. Lamb's story, to which the Monitor may add that we consider him a reliable and trustworthy person who would make no statement which he did not know to be correct and truthful.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated 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. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In 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 Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, 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 from either address.

Ant. W. M. Kelly. W. M. F. Kelly.

### KELLY BROS.

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IF YOU ARE

Why not buy our "Standard" White Dress Shirts when you can get them for the same price as inferior Shirts made of poor cotton and as a rule Cambric fronts.

### Our Own Make Standard Shirts

Are made of All Cotton, warranted Linen Fronts and Bands,

Made of Our Own Linen and Cotton, so we can guarantee them without hesitation.

Every Shirt is warranted for Finish, Fit and Wear.

### Special Price.

Try our 75c White Shirts, 6 for \$4.00 Better Lines, \$1.00, \$1.25.

Our Best Shirt made of Horricks' No. 2 Best Linen Front and Bands, only \$1.50.

Replenish your Wardrobe for the Spring with Our White Shirts.

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### NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an act to incorporate a Company to construct and operate a railway or tramway from some point on the north-eastern limit of the County of Vercheres, Province of Quebec, through the County of Chambly to a point on the western limit of the County of Laprairie, parallel with the St. Lawrence River; and from some point on the about described line at or near St. Lambert, in the County of Chambly, to a point in or near the Town of St. John, County of St. John, Province of Quebec; said railway or tramway system running through the several villages and parishes on its route or connecting the same by branches; with power to connect said system with railway or tramway line on the north bank of said St. Lawrence River by a general traffic bridge on said river at Montreal; also with power to develop and utilize one or more water powers in the Chambly River, and to generate, rent, sell, distribute and dispose of electricity, electrical power and hydraulic power, for any purpose whatsoever, and for other purposes.

J. O. DROUIN, Solicitor.

28-9

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**ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS**

**RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.**

At the regular meeting of Division No. 1, A.O.H., held in their hall, No. 662 1/2 Craig street, Tuesday evening, January 22nd, 1895, the following resolutions of condolence were unanimously adopted:

Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite goodness, to remove from our midst our beloved brother and worthy member, Michael Henry Brennan, who departed this life on Friday, Jan. 18th, 1895; and,

Whereas: Whilst we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doth all things well, we cannot but deeply feel the loss of such a worthy member, for in the death of our beloved brother our Division loses one of its most active members—one who has always been zealous for the good and welfare of our noble Order, and in whom was truly embodied the threefold principles of "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity." His once happy home has been made desolate by the loss of a kind husband and father and a beloved brother; therefore, be it

Resolved,—That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family in this their hour of deepest sorrow and affliction, and hope that our mutual loss will be his eternal gain; and be it further

Resolved,—That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days, and that we present a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, and that they be spread on the minutes of this Division and be published in THE TRUE WITNESS. (Signed)

BERNARD FEENEY.  
REDMOND KEYS.

**A NEW DIVISION.**

No. 4 Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians has been organized in this city. For some time past a movement has been on foot for the formation of a division in the East End of the city, and owing to the perseverance and energetic work of Mr. Michael Birmingham, Provincial Secretary of the Order, the Division was organized, and officers installed in St. Mary's Catholic Young Men's Hall, by County President Dunn. There was a large attendance of members of other Divisions, including the Provincial and County officers, who delivered instructive and appropriate addresses for the occasion.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians is one of the oldest fraternal organizations in existence, its formation dating back to 1760. Divisions of the Order are established all over the civilized world wherever the English tongue is spoken; its membership at the present time is fully 350,000; it is a benevolent society, its special object being to raise a fund for maintaining the sick or disabled and for the burial of deceased brothers.

The officers for the ensuing year have all been elected and are as follows:—Redmond Keys, provincial president; Michael Birmingham, provincial secretary; Thomas N. Smith, provincial treasurer.

**HOOHELAGA COUNTY.**

Andrew Dunn, county president; W. J. Burke, county secretary.

Division No. 1.—George Clarke, president; Dennis Barry, vice-president; Thomas Tisdale, rec. secretary; James McIver, fin. secretary; Patrick Scullion, treasurer; B. Feeney, sergt.-at-arms; Patrick Logue, marshal.

Division No. 2.—R. A. Dunn, president; Chas. McAlear, vice-president; T. N. Smith, recording secretary; John Walsh, financial secretary; Michael McCarthy, treasurer; Thos. Brennan, guard; J. H.aney, marshal.

Division No. 3.—M. F. Nolan, president; M. J. Brogan, vice-president; B. Wall, recording secretary; John McShane, financial secretary; W. J. Burks, treasurer; F. Mooney, guard; W. P. Stanton, marshal.

Division No. 4.—John McCabe, president; W. J. Kelly, vice-president; Nicholas Hayes, recording secretary; James Gleham, financial secretary; W. Gleason, treasurer; John Kelly, chairman standing committee; Jas. O'Brien, guard; M. McKeown, marshal.

**ST. ANTHONY'S CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.**

Mr. J. H. Brown will give a Phrenological lecture on character reading, in St. Anthony's Young Men's hall, St. Antoine Street, on Friday evening, at 8. The lec-

ture will be enlivened by public examinations of some members of the audience. All members are invited to bring their gentlemen friends. A most enjoyable evening is expected.

**THE PRIVY COUNCIL.**

CATHOLIC BISHOPS ARE THE SOLE JUDGES OF THE CANONICAL ERECTION OF PARISHES—THE CIVIL COURTS CANNOT INTERFERE.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—The Privy Council has dismissed the appeal of Alexandre vs. Brassard from the judgment of the Quebec Court of Queen's Bench on the 27th day of June, 1892, relating to the new parish of St. Blaise.

The Council also dismissed, with costs, the appeal of Casgrain vs. the Atlantic and North-West Railway.

This case was originally known as that of Samoissette and Brassard, but the former retired, and the appellant was Mr. Alexandre. The effect of the judgment is that the Roman Catholic bishops are sole judges of their actions regarding the canonical erection of parishes, and that the civil courts cannot interfere.

This was the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench, upholding the decision of Judge Tellier. In the former Court, however, Judge Hall dissented in an elaborate judgment. The principal question at issue was whether the civil courts of the province of Quebec have jurisdiction in any matters affecting the erection of parishes under a canonical decree of the bishop of the diocese. Under Article 3271 of the Revised Statutes of Quebec, which is the law regulating the erection of parishes, it is provided that in certain cases, such as the erection of a new parish, the division of an old parish, etc., the consent of a majority of the freeholders of the district affected shall be obtained. In the present case, after the usual proceedings the bishop of the diocese, Mgr. Fabre, made a canonical decree for the erection of a new parish, to be known as St. Blaise, made up not of any territory not previously a parish territory, but taking parts of three existing parishes and uniting them into a new parish, under the name of St. Blaise. The three old parishes affected are those of St. Jean, Sainte Marguerite de B'airfindie and Saint Valentin. In these circumstances it was claimed by those opposed to the erection of a new parish that the consent of the majority of the freeholders in each of the parishes affected should have been obtained, and that this not having been done, the formalities requisite for the decree, so far as civil effects at least, was null and void.

Judge Hall had held that the Superior Court had ample power to assume jurisdiction over the proceedings of the ecclesiastical authorities and civil commissioners in the premises, and that the judgment of the court below should have been reversed.

The Grande Ligne Mission is included within the limits of the new parish.

**THE POPE AND THE SOCIALISTS.**

PARIS, February 8.—The Petit-Meridional, in Montpellier, reports a long conversation which Deputy Paul Vigne, Radical Socialist, had with the Pope during his recent visit to Rome. In answering a question concerning Socialism, His Holiness says:

"If Socialism means the efforts made to improve the condition of the poorer classes in a progressive, prudent and reasonable manner, if you apply that idea to whatever has been done to realize more socialist justice in the government of man, then it is impossible to pursue a nobler aim. Such was the work of Christianity which inaugurated the era of clemency and pity and true fraternity at a time when cruel paganism was supreme and when the Roman world was in apogee. To occupy one's self with the social question with a clear conception of the grave responsibilities and resting on all who hold wealth and authority, is to continue the work of the Divine Master. It is what I have noticed doing since my advent to the throne."

**THE LENTEN PREACHERS.**

Rev. Father Rondot, of the Dominican order at St. Hyacinthe, is to preach the Lenten season at New Orleans; Rev. Father Mothan at Notre Dame in this city, and Rev. Father Knapp in New York.

**BRISTOL'S PILLS**

Dyspepsia  
Indigestion  
Constipation  
Dropsy  
Jaundice  
Bilious  
Headache

Palpitation of the Heart  
Loss of Appetite  
Liver Complaint

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**JANUARY FURNITURE CHEAP SALE.**

Continued till February 13th, inclusive.

We have an immense stock, which we are bound to reduce at once. We will allow a discount of 20 per cent on all cash sales, and even 33 1/2 per cent on some lines of Upholstered goods. ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. Purchasers can depend on getting bargains. Furniture stored FREE till May.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—(Full Service Gazette)

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**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, yet soothingly, on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS 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 as to 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 effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA, for Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

**GOUT, RHEUMATISM,** and every kind of SKINDISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at  
538 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 Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 538 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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OUR YOUNG GIRLS. OVERSTUDY AND TOO RAPID GROWTH OFTEN PROMOTE DISEASE.

We See Sallow and Bloodless Faces and Attenuated and Lank Bodies.

Mothers Not Sufficiently on the Alert to Guide and Counsel Their Daughters.

Paine's Celery Compound The Great Brain Food and Flesh-Builder for all Young Girls.

Overstudy in school and in the home, confinement for hours each day in badly ventilated buildings, and a too rapid growth of body, very often promote disease and suffering.

Mothers are to blame for the unhappy and dangerous condition of their girls. They strongly encourage their daughters in one direction—cramming the brain—but neglect to warn them of the rocks and quicksands on which many precious lives are wrecked.

Wise and prudent mothers, when any symptoms of danger assail their girls, invariably use that great brain food and flesh-builder, Paine's Celery Compound.

No other medicine in the world can give the satisfactory results that flow from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. It should be the chosen medicine for every young girl who is delicate, weak and sickly.

DEAR SIRs,—I think it a duty to write you for the benefit of all who have delicate children, and to make known what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my girl. She has been delicate all her life. I have tried many medicines, and have had her under allopathic and homoeopathic treatment, with but little benefit.

FASHION AND FANCY.

Ostrich feather trimming made of small tips is very popular for evening dresses, and comes in sets shaped to outline the neck, with larger feathers to

form the sleeves. Among other novelties in dress trimmings is a jet band, shaped to edge a yoke, and from this, in front, falls a chenille fringe, tipped two or three inches with jet, which reaches the bottom of the waist.

Moire gauze in lovely pale shades is a new material for evening dresses, and decided moires are shown in the new crepons.

The newest velvet ribbons have a jettied edge, making them very effective for hat as well as dress trimmings.

The modest violet has been brought into such prominence within the last two years that it no longer justifies its old-time reputation. Little bunches are tucked here and there on hats, neck ruffs, fur boas and muffs with great effect, and tiny blossoms are so delicately perfumed that they outdo nature.

Open work embroidered chiffons come in great variety, and white embroidered with black is used for light mourning.

Hand-painted dresses, with flowers and fruit thrown in garlands all over the skirt, or landscapes painted in medallions on the front and sides, are an extravagant fancy in Paris. And added to this elegance is a lace which is threaded, in portieres, with small diamonds, and costs \$2000 per metre.

TRADE AND COMMERCE

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Table listing flour and grain prices: Flour.—We quote: Patent Spring, Winter Patent, Manitoba Patents, Straight Roller, Extra, Superfine, City Strong Bakers, Manitoba Bakers, Ontario bags-extra, Straight Rollers.

Oatmeal.—We quote:—Rolled and granulated, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Standard, \$3.60 to \$3.75. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.80 to \$1.85, and standard at \$1.60 to \$1.75.

Wheat.—Manitoba No. 1 hard has been sold in car lots in the West at 83c, grinding in transit. Red and white winter is quieter in the West at 57c to 58c f.o.b., the asking rates, equal to about 65c to 66c here.

Corn.—Car lots of Ontario are quoted at 46c to 47c on track.

Peas.—Sales in the Stratford district at 58c to 60c per 60 lbs. f.o.b.; but in this market it is difficult to move them at 68c per 60 lbs in store.

Oats.—Sales have been made of round quantities for delivery between now and April 1st at 36c to 36c per 34 lbs; but car lots in store have sold at 36c to 36c for No. 2, although it is said they have been laid down here at 35c.

Barley.—Choice, pale bright qualities are held at 62c to 63c.

Rye.—Car lots are quoted at 52c to 53c.

Buckwheat.—The market is slow at 44c here and 38c in the West.

Malt.—We quote 70c to 75c.

Seeds.—Market quiet and steady for Timothy at \$2.25 to \$2.50 for Canadian, Alsike \$5.75 to \$6.25, and red clover \$8 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing provisions: Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote as follows:—Canada short cut pork, per bbl., Canada short cut, thin, per bbl., Mess Pork, American, new, per bbl., Extra plate beef, per bbl., Hams, per lb., Lard, pure in pails, per lb., Lard, com. in pails, per lb., Bacon, per lb., Shoulders, per lb., Dressed Hogs.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Table listing dairy products: Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—Creamery, finest winter, per lb., Creamery, early made, Eastern Townships dairy, Western, Cheese.—Sales at 9c to a fraction over 10c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—We quote Montreal lined to grocers at 14c for one and two cases; while a buyer who wanted 2 cars would have to pay more money. Strictly fresh eggs are very scarce and are quoted at 24c to 26c. Honey.—Extracted old, 4c to 5c per lb. New 7c to 9c per lb in tins as to quality. Comb honey 10c to 13c. Baled Hay.—No. 2 shipping hay is quoted at \$3.50 to \$3.75 in round lots, and No. 1 straight Timothy \$3.50 to \$3.00. At country points \$5.00 to \$5.50 f.o.b. as to position. Beans.—Good to choice hand-picked \$1.30 to \$1.45 per bushel, and poor to fair \$1.10 to \$1.20. Tallow.—Rough tallow is quoted at 5c to 5c.

The Cook's PUZZLE

How to avoid sodden pastry? The PROBLEM is SOLVED by the production of our NEW SHORTENING

COTTOLENE

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FISH AND OILS.

Salt Fish.—Green cod No. 1 large selling at \$6.00, and large draft at \$7.00. There has also been a little doing in dry cod. We quote:—Dry cod \$4.25 to \$4.50, green cod, No. 1 \$4.25 to \$4.50. Labrador herring \$4.00 to \$4.25, and shore \$3.50 to \$3.75. Salmon \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$12.50 to \$13.50 for No. 1 large. British Columbia salmon \$10. Canned Fish.—We quote:—Lobsters \$5.75 to \$6.00, and Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4.00 per case. Oils.—Sales of steam refined at 37c to 38c. Cod liver oil 55c to 55c. Fresh Fish.—Newfoundland frozen herring have sold at 90c to \$1.00 per 100, and New Brunswick at 90c per 100. Tommycods have sold at 85c to \$1.00 per bbl. Cod and haddock 3c to 4c. Lake fish are selling at 6c to 7c for white fish, and at 5c for pickerel. Fresh salmon 14c.

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Another important thing is to look out for secret compounds. It is unfortunate that the laws of nature make it impossible many times to trace the origin of any vegetable concoctions, for the medical world might be able to expose their worthlessness. But it may be well for Scott's Emulsion, however, that the laws are as they are, for Scott's Emulsion can say that it is one of the few preparations whose ingredients cannot be concealed and whose formula is endorsed by the whole medical world.

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A young Protestant from Switzerland sailed from Havre on the 25th of November, 1854. Besides himself, there were twenty-six other Protestants on board, the remainder of the passengers being Catholics. California was the goal; and the search for gold the motive of their journey. Very likely few of the passen-

gers ever thought of the fact that there were treasures within their reach whose possession would be more worth the trouble and labor than all the gold and silver in the mines of both the Old and New World.

Among the passengers was an humble servant of the Lord, one of those divinely inspired missionary priests who are sent every year from Lyons, in France, not to make money, but to save souls. The voyage was not favored by the weather. Two very heavy storms had already tried the vessel, and on the 2nd of February, 1855, the feast of our Lady's Purification, a more severe storm raged, and to crown their misfortune and terror, the vessel was violently tossed against another vessel. The captain had despaired of saving himself, crew and passengers, and the doomed men expected every minute to be buried beneath the waves. When danger had reached its climax, the priest stood up before his companions in suffering, and addressed them as follows: "Brethren, have confidence, and let us fervently invoke the Blessed Virgin, whose feast we celebrate to-day, that she may guard and protect us now and during our whole voyage by her powerful intercession." "Yes, we will," was the unanimous answer. "But the Protestants in our midst," continued the missionary, "will they henceforward choose Mary for their Mother, if she obtains for us relief from danger?" Without any hesitation, they all consented to do so. Their fervent prayer ascending to heaven was heard. The storm subsided within a few hours, all danger passed, and the terrified passengers were filled with gratitude and joy. The Protestants honestly kept their word. From the lips of the pious priest, they all received the necessary instructions, were conditionally baptized, and received our Lord's Body. An altar was built on deck, before which all the passengers, kneeling, offered their fervent thanksgivings.

The rest of our journey was not unfavorable, and, in due time, the vessel cast anchor at San Francisco. No sooner had the passengers reached the shore, than they all repaired to the nearest church to assist at Mass, and give thanks once more for their miraculous preservation—for the mercy which had led them not only into a temporal haven, but into the harbor of Eternal Life. The young Swiss above mentioned wrote these particulars to his sister then living near Vienna, who also became a convert to the true Faith.—Our Lady of Good Counsel.



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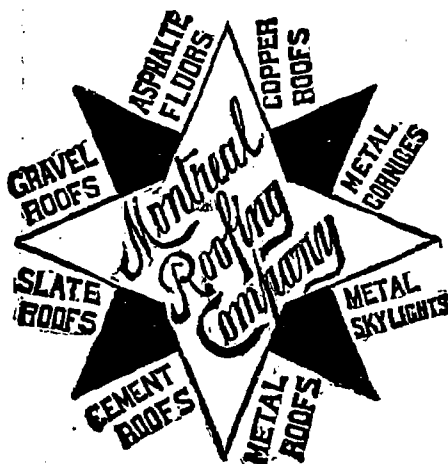
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