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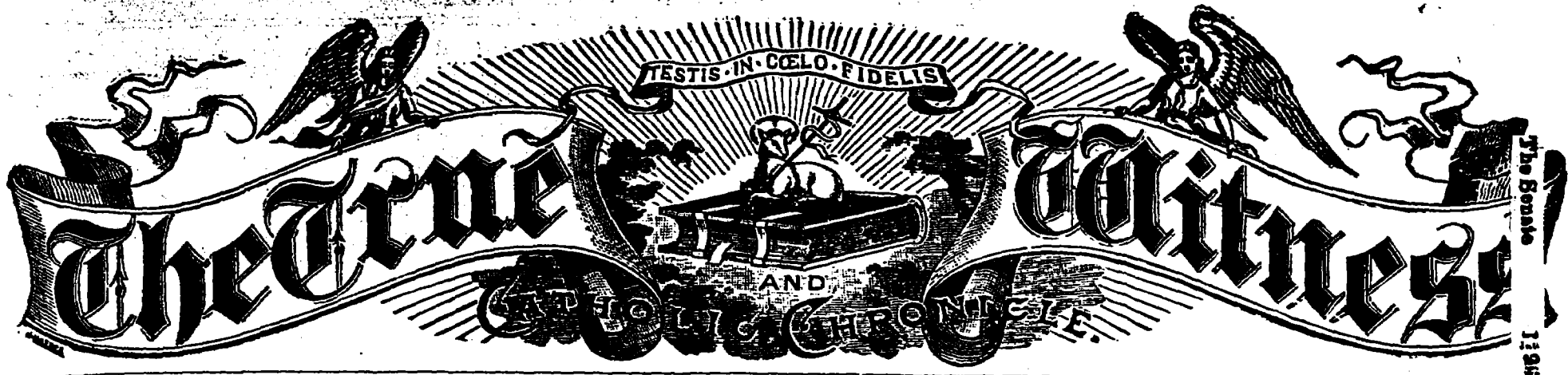
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE more C. Chiniqy, D.D., writes the more evident it becomes that he has forgotten everything that he ever knew concerning the Roman Catholic Church...

WE have been informed (but we don't believe it) that the Montreal Street Railway Company has been, of late, in collusion with the undertakers of the city.

WE were not aware that the C.M.B.A. was a "secret society," in fact the Gazette gave us that most interesting piece of information, in an indirect manner, the other day.

WE publish, in this issue, a petition in favor of the Catholic minority of Manitoba and the Canadian North West.

A CIRCULAR has been sent out from the Mayor and citizens of Montreal, inviting those to whom copies were addressed to attend the solemn requiem service that took place yesterday, in the Church of Notre Dame, for the repose of the soul of the late Premier.

Some ghost of the disagreeable past must still haunt the Witness sanctum. It is a pity that so much high-sounding English should be lost upon a petty attempt to awaken narrow prejudices.

THE Sacred Heart Review had an editorial note in a recent issue and we feel that it deserves reproduction in every Catholic paper in the world.

"Having examined his conscience and aroused himself to a sorrow for his sins, little as well as great, he approaches the tribunal of penance, to acknowledge them and ask forgiveness.

THE London Universe calls attention to the very amusing opinions of various newspapers as to what Leo XIII. is about to do in order to reconcile England to the Church of God.

of having them in the bosom of the Church. Some people have very queer ideas regarding Catholic doctrines.

THE position of President of the French Republic is evidently anything but an enviable one. When not forced to resign, the President is assassinated; when not assassinated he finds the prospects so discouraging and the surroundings so conflicting...

WELL done, Mr. Harvey! The Rev. C. H. Harvey, of the Congo Baptist mission, writes from Matadi:--

"When the railway is completed it will be a real disgrace if the Church of Christ neglects any longer to enter the scores of doors in Central Africa which the Lord has within the last ten years placed wide open.

So all denominations are invited to take part in the conversion of the Congo natives, but the Roman Catholic Church has no business there. Probably, Mr. Harvey looks upon the Jesuits as he does upon Mahomedans--a religious element to be "undermined, checkmated and civilized" by the Christian sects.

A MR. HENRY GASTON claims to be a civil engineer, a steam engine driver, and a theologian; he also pretends to have unlimited knowledge regarding all subjects of Catholic teaching.

cover some new argument against sacerdotal celibacy he has stumbled upon the truth concerning the powers bestowed by our Lord upon his anointed; but, in his unlimited knowledge, he misunderstands everything.

A GOOD MANY people turred over what is called "a new leaf" at the beginning of this year. We trust that some of them did not forget to carry forward the small amounts due to the TRUE WITNESS.

WE have been asked to state whether it is true or not that the now famous and popular writer, Walter Lecky, confided his first efforts to this paper.

THE Daily Witness recently, in one of its European notes, informed its readers that "the mission just closed at Hyde Park Hall, London, has been singularly blessed; quite a revival has broken out.

THERE is a very pretty story told of Sir John Thompson by the Catholic Record. It appears that when Sir John was to make his first great speech in the House of Commons, his opponent was the eloquent Edward Blake.

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN

A Heart-Stirring Pen-Picture of His Social Needs.

In the morn of life, the heart is light and bright hope seems, as it were, to illuminate the veiled and ever unknown future—the smallest promise is accepted with avidity, as a certain factor of progress and the least success in the preparation is taken as an assured victory in the bitter battle of life.

In the preparation origin is forgotten; influence is of no assistance in the mastery of lessons; and social standing make the examinations at schools and colleges and of the various states for admission to the professions not one iota easier. Self-denial of all enjoyments, sometimes even of comforts are endured, without a murmur by those from the lowest strata for the ineffable privilege, to compete with, may even to expel those born blessed with all the advantages that the human heart can desire. What is denial of personal gratification in comparison to the attainment of position, power and standing which alluring hope is held out to the brave and noble? What obstacle can destroy the flame of aspiration and ambition when once fanned into existence by the stern winds of caste and bitter penury? What power under the sun can repress an independent and fearless manhood, when it has once discovered its own strength in a pure, unselfish and noble heart? Thus far the Catholic young man has the advantage; but here it ceases. The moment he steps into the arena, to do battle as a fearless Catholic, he is handicapped and his best endeavors are circumscribed by Catholics themselves.

As a Catholic young man, I can find no words adequate for the gratitude I entertain towards Tattler in pressing so forcibly and pleading so nobly the cause of the Catholic young men.

Yes, organize our young men as Catholics, or else ere you know it they are organized; but alas! not as Catholics! You may preach and exhort till dooms day, that the things of this world should be despised, yet the young man of today cannot believe in the justice of foregoing all the advantages enjoyed by non-Catholics and thus obliging those depending upon him to live in reduced circumstances. Point me to eternal damnation if you must as the consequences of the inexplicable longings in my heart to be free from the chains of absolute necessities, I cannot and will not believe that God created me to be the servile tool of another man! Nay, this world was not created for a favored few, but for all. The babbling brook, the smiling flower, the rustling foliage, and the sweet music of the birds are but a few of the caresses with which He seeks to demonstrate His love for man, and all men should have ample opportunities to enjoy them.

Let us briefly compare the position of the Catholic and non-Catholic young man upon entering active life. In the preparation the Catholic has enjoyed many advantages which his non-Catholic brother has not. Chief among these is the education of his heart in addition to that of his head, and thus he is a whole man. The non-Catholic, after returning from school, casts his lot in a large city. He is a total stranger. He is without friends, influence, and perchance even money. He has not cared much thus far for church, but he remembers once having gone to Sunday school, and wanting to feel at home somewhere he naturally drifts to a church—non-Catholic. Ere he leaves that church almost every hand of influence will have been extended to him in kindness. The pastor will have asked his name, his business, where he lives, and where he comes from. He is welcomed by nearly every one and he feels at home. If he is of a social nature, all that is required on his part is to accept invitations to the many church socials, and if he is of good character the houses are open to him. Women, ever keen to discern the needs, and ready to admire and assist ambition in a worthy young man, find it a pleasure to render more services to this young man than he ever anticipated from that source. In the many socials given by the young people of the church he is constantly thrown in the society of amiable and sensible young ladies and an ultimate union with

one of them will only enhance his chances for success in his profession or business.

There is the Y. M. C. A., a great factor for good and a power among non-Catholic young men. The dues are kept within the reach of all, and its great membership attests to the eagerness with which its advantages are accepted.

The various fraternal organizations, not only so in name but also in practice, exert an influence which cannot be estimated. To the uninitiated, thrown much in the company of such organizations, it is simply inexplicable. The rich and the poor, the high and the tiller of the soil—all are equal. They all take an interest in their meetings, as well as in each other. Lines of nationality are never drawn, but all are working in harmony for the avowed purpose of making the battle of life easier for each other. The young man is a special object of their solicitude, for they realize that upon his shoulders rests the future, and that he must continue the noble work they have begun. Verily the non-Catholic young man need not ask for opportunities, they are open for him everywhere.

Now let us look at the Catholic young man's chances in the same conditions and circumstances. There is the magnificent church, where he knows, albeit an absolute stranger, he will find something familiar. The services, he knows so well, are the same, but the faces about him are all strange. A feeling of home and mother fills his heart, and to conceal a tear, he buries his face in his hands. In his utter loneliness the most fervent prayer emanates from his heart. The services are finally over, and his eyes searchingly meet those of others, just for a nod, a word, a greeting, but all in vain. Not a friendly hand is extended him, not a sympathizing smile greets him, not a kind voice bids him welcome! He knows not why, but somehow he lingers at the entrance of the church, as if he were to meet somebody there. Finally, when all are gone, he awakes from his reverie and more than ever does he feel that he is alone. Next Sunday he goes again and if he has the money he may have a seat in a pew, but if he enters one without the privilege having been granted by the usher, a frowning face may greet him. True, the usher will not demand of him to leave the pew, if he has no money, but only those who have been in the position know the bitterness of the sting endured when the usher comes for the dime and you do not possess it. He may go there Sunday after Sunday for a whole year, and matters will not change. He may know by sight every face in that church, but the warmth of his young heart is frozen with the coldness of those who worship at his very side. He is sensitive, and do you wonder that he seeks a more congenial atmosphere? Can you justly censure him when he finds a non-Catholic for a life companion, because he was compelled to seek friendship where it was offered him? Do you wonder that our best Catholic young ladies meet with a dearth of "eligible Catholic young men?"

A social atmosphere among Catholics does not exist. There are many influences, all unreasonable, which militate against it. There is the Irish Catholic, the German Catholic, etc., a classification not calculated to foster a communion of interest among our people.

There are Catholic fraternal organizations aiming to take the place of or supply those benefits which non-Catholics enjoy from organizations after which they are patterned. All that can be said of them is that they are mutual insurance companies, no more. I will not speak of the difference in cost, although an item of sufficient magnitude worthy of investigation. They lack the very spirit—perfect equality among members—which makes similar organizations among non-Catholics so beneficial to their members.

Truly, the chances of the Catholic young man without friends, without influence and without money are not equal to his non-Catholic competitor. It is at this period that we lose many a young man because he finds excuses for the step he takes. This state of affairs is truly deplorable. It takes from our ranks the brain and sinew of our young men. Through somebody's negligence our young men with native ability, with education, with power, must be dormant or else turn to non-Catholic avenues through which they may become active.

Yes, organize our young men! Be kind to them. Give them an opportunity. Don't be forever running after men of standing and reputation. Clergy, induce your men of influence to stand at the portals of your churches to welcome and interest themselves in our young men. Speak kind words to them. Encourage them in their oft arduous undertakings and noblest aspirations. I implore every Catholic man and woman to give our Catholic young men a chance, for they have every just claim on us and they are the future hope of the Church!—*Carl A. Vogel in Catholic Columbian.*

CONFRATERNITIES OF THE CHURCH.

Their Origin and the Privileges Endowed in their Pious Members.

Rev. Pamphilus Ennis, O.S.F., blessed a banner for the Archconfraternity of the Cord of St. Francis some days ago in St. Anthony's Church. On that occasion he renewed the history of the confraternity and its privileges. Taking his text from Matt. xviii., 20, he said: From these words of our Blessed Lord it is evident, dear brethren, that the spirit of God abides with and directs those who are united in holy confraternity for the purpose of promoting in themselves and in others religious sentiments and religious practices, such as do all confraternities approved of by the Church.

And this alone should suffice to induce pious Catholics to join in this holy confraternity, under one form or another, to enroll themselves under some banner, by which they may be recognized as being guided by the Divine Spirit, and joined in fellowship with others in the cause of God and of His Church, against all who are banded together in the name of Satan; against those many evil associations whose aim is to overturn religion, and to propagate principles of infidelity and licentiousness.

In the Catholic Church many most excellent confraternities and sodalities are to be found, blessed and fastized by Her, and enriched with many indulgences and other Spiritual favors, for these pious associations of seculars the Church regards as her bulwarks against the attacks of her enemies.

St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic doctor of the Franciscan Order, is justly styled the father founder of these confraternities, for to him we owe the first confraternity approved of by the church. This confraternity was called the Sodality of Confalone, on account of a banner borne by the association on which was painted a likeness of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The rules and statutes of that confraternity were approved of by Pope Clement IV. in the year 1267, and they had served as models for all other associations of the kind that have been erected in the Church since that time.

The Franciscan Order, therefore, enjoys the signal honor of having endowed the Church with the model of all those pious associations of seculars which have proved so powerful a means of enkindling and preserving piety in the hearts of the faithful. Besides this, the Order of St. Francis has established no less than twenty one different confraternities, apart altogether from the sixteen religious Orders which have been founded by those professing the rule of the Third Order. In fact, it is this Order which commenced all the sodalities for works of charity and piety performed by the confraternities of our days. Did time permit, I could, dear brethren, read for you from this Franciscan Manual, which I hold in my hand, the names of these confraternities established by the Franciscan Order, when and by whom established, and for what particular purpose, by what Popes sanctioned and indulgenced; and, also the authorities on which this my assertion is made. But all this you can find by referring to pages 483, 484, 485, 486 and 490 in the Franciscan Manual by Father Jarlath Prendergast, O.S.F., which book some of you, members of the Cord, have in your possession.

There is one confraternity in particular which claims our special attention this evening, my brethren, namely, the Archconfraternity of the Cord of St. Francis. The members of this Archconfraternity, connected with St. Anthony's Church, are here this evening for the purpose of getting their beautiful new banner blessed. Hence, I deem it opportune to the occasion to speak to you on this devotion of wearing the Cord of St. Francis, and on the spiritual advantages

which may be enjoyed by the members of this Archconfraternity. In my closing remarks I shall have occasion to explain why on the front of that new banner there is the picture of St. Benedict Joseph Labra.

I hope what I am about to say this evening will, with God's blessing, not only encourage the members of the Cord to persevere and even more fully to appreciate the favors and blessings they enjoy, but may, moreover, induce others to join this Archconfraternity for the glory of God and the sanctification of souls.

The origin of this devotion of wearing the Cord of St. Francis, my brethren, may be dated back to the thirteenth century, the time in which the saint himself lived; for Pope Sixtus V., who was a Franciscan, says that "St. Francis by his miracles and example so drew the faithful to him that nearly all, not satisfied with loving and admiring him, essayed to imitate him, many amongst them desiring to wear a cord similar to that with which he bound his coarse habit."

The first we know to have shown this mark of love and veneration to the Seraphic Patriarch is the glorious Dominic, the founder of the Order of Preachers, who, according to Wadding, persuaded St. Francis to give him his rough cord, which he wore under his habit, until death, as a sign of their union of hearts and mutual love in God. After the canonization of St. Francis, wherever his children went to preach penance to sinners, they laid before them the example of their Holy Father, and exhorted them to imitate him in his tender devotion to the passion of Jesus Christ, and that they might more easily call to mind that bitter passion, they introduced the custom of wearing a cord like that of St. Francis, in honor of the cords with which our Saviour was bound and scourged.

But it was not until the sixteenth century that this devotion was raised to a confraternity. In 1585 Pope Sixtus V. established it under the title of the Archconfraternity of the Cord, or Cinchure, of St. Francis. From that time this devotion of wearing the cord became very popular, next, in fact, to that of wearing the Scapular of Mount Carmel. Kings and Queens, Popes and Bishops thought it an honor to be girded with it. "We glory," says the present glorious Pontiff, "in being on the role of the Franciscan family." And Pope Pius the Ninth, of happy memory, once said. "For my part I wear the Cord of St. Francis, but in this devotion we ought not only seek the indulgences and privileges, but still more the virtues attached to the wearing of this holy cord." In no other country did this devotion become more popular than in Ireland, my brethren; in Ireland, that land of faith and devotion, of long suffering for the cause of Christ and of His Church. And to show you that it is still popular there, I need but tell you what, a short time ago, I learned from an eye witness, nay, from one of the missionaries themselves, who wrote to me stating that at the close of one of the Franciscan missions in a town in Ireland, no less than eight hundred persons presented themselves to be received into the Cord, and in another place four hundred sought the same favor of being admitted as members of this arch-confraternity.

But now what are the spiritual advantages of this confraternity. They may be classed under the four following heads, namely, first, that the members are under the protection of St. Francis; second, they share in the spiritual privileges and good works of the Three Orders of St. Francis; third, they have a communion of merit among themselves; fourth, they can gain the many indulgences granted by the Church to this arch-confraternity.

To be under the fatherly protection of St. Francis must, indeed, be a great advantage, a great blessing, for, when we considered his maraculous resemblance to Jesus Christ, in the manner of his birth, his vocation, the calling of his disciples, and the wonderful impression of the five wounds; and we remember the extraordinary favors and graces given to him, and the wonderful promises made to him during his life; when we bear in mind all this, my brethren, we can have no difficulty in believing that powerful and efficacious must be his intercession, in heaven, in behalf of those in whom he takes interest.

You no doubt desire to know what are the great promises made to St. Francis.

The six special favors promised by Christ in a vision to Our Holy Father shortly before his death, are as follows: First, that his order shall continue to exist to the end of time. Second, that the greater the number of religious, the more God will bless them and provide for their wants. Third, that those who sincerely love the order, will obtain a happy death. Fourth, that he will deliver from Purgatory on his feast (October 4), the souls of the member of his three orders and of their benefactors. Fifth, that the enemies and persecutors of his order, unless they repent, shall not live long; and sixth, that any member living wickedly therein, shall not remain in his order.

Now, dear brethren, one to whom so many wonderful things have been promised, must be considered a great favorite of Heaven, and consequently, his intercession, his protection can be regarded as a great advantage, a great blessing, and much to be desired.

The second spiritual advantage enjoyed by the members of the arch-confraternity of the Cord is that they partake of all the good works that are wrought all over the world by the members of the three Orders of St. Francis, as we read in the Bulls of Sixtus V, Innocent XI. and Innocent XII. These good works consist in prayers, fasts, mortifications, Masses, divine services, preaching and almsgiving.

Moreover, they enjoy among themselves a communion of good works and merits. The very name of confraternity implies this, and better still, they have communion of the merits and intercession of the saints of the order who are already reigning with God in Heaven, and bear in mind, dear brethren, these are many; for of the Franciscan Order there are 90 canonized saints, 219 beatified, 1700 blessed martyrs, and more than 5,000 who died in order of sanctity; these we are sure of; but besides, how many thousands, nay perhaps millions, who have sanctified themselves under the rule and spirit of St. Francis, and are, with those I mentioned, now beholding the Beatific Mission. The fourth spiritual advantage of this confraternity is the facility of gaining so many indulgences granted to it by the Church. You know, dear brethren, that in the Church of God there is a spiritual treasure of the superabundant merits of Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints; and as this treasure is infinite the Church can dispense it in an unlimited manner for the good of the faithful by the way of indulgences.

And liberal has the Church been in her dispensation in favor of the archconfraternity, granting to it many plenary and partial indulgences and the Papal benediction, all of which you can find stated in your title book on the cord.

The cord itself has often been the medium of miraculous cures, as we read in the lives of St. Francis, St. Anthony, St. Clare, St. Joseph of Cupertino, St. Caleta, St. Felix and St. Peter of Alcantara. I will mention one instance related by St. Bonaventure in his life of St. Francis. It is that of a certain pious man of Pieve who had by him a cord which St. Francis had worn. A great multitude of men and women being sick in the city, he went from house to house, and dipping the cord in water, caused the sick to drink thereof by which a great many were healed.

This, and the many other favors obtained, proves how pleasing to God is this devotion of wearing a cord in memory of the cords by which the Saviour was thrice bound, as the Gospel tells us; first, when made prisoner in the garden; second, when tied to the pillar of flagellation; and third, when led bound through the streets of Jerusalem on his way to Calvary to lay down his life on the cross. Need I then exhort you, members of this Archconfraternity, to persevere in this devotion, or need I say more to induce new members to join it?

I do not pretend to claim equal advantages for the members of the Cord Confraternity with those enjoyed by the members of the Third Order. Nor would I incline any one to prefer membership in the former rather than in the latter. On the contrary, my brethren, it would be my delight to see every good man and every good woman in the parish of St. Anthony's enrolled in the Third Order, for then they would be the recognized members of the order (those of the Cord being only affiliated). They would be partakers of more spiritual favors

and would have the advantage of the general absolution so often given throughout the year.

But for such as are not disposed to become Tertiaries, what better can I recommend than membership in the archconfraternity of the Cord, in which they can participate in all the blessings and many advantages available therein, and which I have been endeavoring to lay before you this evening?

What better can I suggest to them than to take their place under that new banner of this Arch-confraternity which is now about to be blessed?

And now, dear brethren, I must fulfil my promises to explain to you why that banner bears a representation of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, but this I must do very briefly, for already I have detained you long.

St. Benedict Joseph Labre is regarded as the special patron of the Arch-confraternity of the Cord of St. Francis. He is given by the Franciscan Order, as an example for all who wear the cord. He was born in the village of Amette, France, in 1748, and died in Rome in the year 1783. He was beatified by Pope Pius the IX. in 1860, and canonized by the present Pontiff in 1881.

In his youth, his great desire was to become a Trappist Monk, and for this he prepared himself by study, prayer, and a spirit of recollection. But feeling himself irresistibly called by God, he resolved to imitate the life of St. Alexis—to become a poor mendicant. His life, thenceforth was, I may say, a continued pilgrimage, going from shrine to shrine in the neighborhood of Rome, the centre of Catholicity, and the nursery of all works of piety. He went about covered in poor ragged garments, and girded with the cord of St. Francis. He was generally known as the poor beggar of Christ, and so closely did he imitate the virtues of St. Francis, especially his profound humility and his tender compassion for the suffering Jesus, that he was often called the little St. Francis. One of his biographers says of him, that naught but the sacred stigma was lacking to make him another Francis. And all this is why the picture of this great saint is on that banner. Members of this Arch-confraternity, recognize him as your patron, pray to him, try to imitate him as he did our glorious Father St. Francis. And, brethren, what I have now said to you, I hope will encourage perseverance in those already belonging to the Confraternity of the Cord, and in others a resolution to join it, to unite in holy fellowship for the cause of God and His Church, and sanctification of souls.

Bear in mind that though "antique" these Franciscan devotions may be, they are not out of date, and this is the opinion of the great and holy Pope now reigning. "No man can doubt that the Franciscan institutions would be specially beneficial in these, our days. For if they were in a flourishing condition, faith and piety, and every Christian virtue would easily flourish."

(Encyclical of His Holiness Leo XIII., Sept. 17, 1882)

Persevere then in your appreciation of these holy institutions and devotions; avail yourselves of them, and continue in your united efforts to promote the Divine honor and the glory of the Church. In this the spirit of God will be with you to the end. "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there I am in the midst of them."—*The American Catholic News*, 13th Feb., 1889.

FATHER DAWSON'S WILL.

A LOT OF INTERESTING BEQUESTS BY THE LATE PRIEST.

The will of the late Vicar General Dawson, probated last week, leaves thirty acres of land in Hintonburg, on which what is known as the Jok church stands, to the Catholic residents for a recreation ground for ever. The remainder of his small property, consisting mainly of books, papers and curios, is left to Ottawa College. Among the articles is a silver cup, inlaid with pieces of oak from the Royal George warship, the tower of London, of the 11th century, Admiral Nelson's flagship Victory and the Imperial House of Commons destroyed by fire in the last century. Bequeathing some pictures to Ottawa College, the reverend Vicar-General, who was noted during his life for his quiet humor, mentioned one of them as, "a view of the first Catholic Church of any importance in Scotland, St. Andrews of Glasgow, built after the destructive knocks of Knox." The will is dated November 14, 1894, a few weeks before his death.

SENATOR TASSE DEAD.

His Prolonged Illness Ended on Thursday Last.

The prolonged illness from which Senator Tasse suffered ended at an early hour Thursday morning in the death that for many days his friends recognized was inevitable.

Mr. Tasse was born in Montreal on the 23rd October, 1848. His education was obtained at Bourget college, Rigaud. His inclinations were towards literature, and at the age of 19 he was editor of *Le Canada*, a tri-weekly paper published at Ottawa. Two years later he joined the staff of *La Minerve*, and held the post of associate editor till 1872, contributing also to *La Revue Canadienne*, a literary journal, in the direction of which he had a share. In 1873 he visited Europe, travelling in England, France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy. His accounts of what he saw in his journeyings were cleverly and entertainingly written. He resigned his position of translator in Parliament and was elected to the House of Commons for Ottawa city in the memorable contest of 1878, he and his colleague, Mr. J. M. Currier, defeating Messrs. P. St. Jean and C. W. Bangs. He retained his seat for the Capital till 1887, when he retired. In 1891 he was appointed to the Senate for the DeSalleberry division of this province, comprising the counties of Beauharnois, Chateauguay and Huntingdon. While Mr. Tasse spoke frequently and well in Parliament and took his share of the campaign labor of his party, it was his work as a writer that took most of his attention. His articles in *La Minerve*, of which he has been for many years the editor-in-chief, evidenced a clear insight into the questions treated of, a wide study of current events and a spirit of broad tolerance too often absent from the columns of many of this province's papers. He did much to make the utterances of *La Minerve* respected and influential. His writings, outside of the daily press, were voluminous and gave evidence of hard study and patient industry. The latest, and most interesting, perhaps, was a volume of the speeches of Sir George Etienne Cartier, a statesman whose career he admired and emulated. "Le 38me Fauteuil" was a sketch of the occupants of his seat in the House of Commons and the public events in which they had taken part. They included Messrs. C. J. Coursol, Mr. Royal, Mr. Mousseau, Mr. D. Gironard and Mr. Masson, all of whom have special claims to distinction, which Mr. Tasse's association with their place in Parliament did no dishonor to. *Les Canadiens de l'Ouest* was another volume from his pen, an evidence at once of patriotism and painstaking. It was a history of the French-Canadians of Western Canada who have made themselves conspicuous in politics, commerce or in professions. *Le Chemin de Fer Canadien Pacifique* was the first comprehensive history of the great highway, which Mr. Tasse's influence in Parliament helped to create, to be printed in the French language. *Le Valle de l'Outaouais*, *Le Tour de Monde* and *Philomen Wright*, ou *Colonization et Commerce du Bois*, were other pamphlets from Mr. Tasse's pen. He also published in 1879 *A Parallel of the Life of Sir John Macdonald* compared with Lord Beaconsfield. He was an officer of the French Canadian institute and of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, of Ottawa, and of the Quebec Press Association. He frequently lectured before some of these or other literary, political, or national societies, both in Canada and the United States. His latest public service outside of his duties as a member of Parliament, was as Canada's commissioner to the Columbian World's exhibition at Chicago, a post whose duties he fulfilled with general satisfaction. Mr. Tasse married, in 1870, Marie Alexandrina Victoire Georginna, daughter of Mr. J. P. Lecourt, who with three daughters, Madame de Beaujeu and two unmarried, survive him.

THE FUNERAL.

The remains of the late Hon. Joseph Tasse were removed from the residence, St. Hubert street, Friday afternoon at four o'clock, and taken to St. James' church, St. Denis street, where a *Libera* was sung, after which the procession returned and proceeded to the Canadian Pacific depot, Dalhousie square, to await the removal of the body to Ottawa, the burial taking place in that city on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

The attendance at the house of the late Senator for the de Salaberry division,

as well as at the church, was thoroughly representative. Montreal journalists did especial honor to the memory of their departed confrere, the fourth estate being largely represented. The floral offerings from the friends of the deceased were magnificent and were carried in an open carriage leading the imposing cortege. They were as follows:—The citizens of Beauharnois, a crown; Eusebe Senecal, a crown; C. A. M. Globensky, a star; La Minerve, a pedestal; Hon. A. and M. d. Nantel, an anchor; T. E. Lich'eubeim, an anchor; Dr. Lachapelle, M.P.; H. Laporte and Ludger Consineau, a broken pillar; Joseph Tasse, a cross; Geroge de Beaujeu, a cross; Mr. and Mad. Arthur Lemieux, a cross; J. U. Dufresne and J. B. Mongenais, a cross; Hon. L. R. Masson, a crown; Judge Pagnuelo, a tribute of mosses; Mr. Honan, a cross.

Before the body, which reposed in a metallic casket, was taken from the house of mourning, the journalists and friends took a last look at the face of the man whose voice will no longer be heard in defence of his party and of his country, and whose pen has been laid aside forever.

The pallbearers were Hon. Judge Mathieu, Hon. Louis Beaubien, Hon. Alphonse Desjardins, Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, M.P., and Mr. Bellemare. The immediate mourners were Messrs. Geo. de Beaujeu, Alfred Fortier, R. Lecourt, Hon. Mr. Nantel, Jos. Tasse, Emanuel Tasse, while Hon. Jos. Royal, D. Legault, Oliver Cote, Wilson, Major and other gentlemen connected with *La Minerve* closely followed. Amongst others present were Sir Alex. Lacoste, Hon. Mr. de Beauharnois, Hon. L. R. Masson, Hon. Mr. Laviolette, M.L.C.; Hon. P. E. Leblanc, Mayor Villeneuve, Seigneur Globensky, of St. Eustache; J. L. Rolland, Chevalier Drolet, J. M. Dufresne, J. B. Mongenais, R. Boivin, G. Boivin, Thos. Fox, John Hoolahan, W. Gu'laud, ex-M.P.; P. Leclaire, M.P.; Geo. Mathieu, L. E. Carufel, Dr. Brisson, L. N. Dupuis, Messrs. Auge and Martineau, M.L.A.; Lepine, M.P.; Henri Archambault, Judge Blanchet, J. L. Archambault, Q.C.; Capt. Bourassa, George Coutlee, L. Tache S. St. Oage, Dr. Savard, Dr. Deroche, Dr. Rotot, J. A. Ouimet, C. Therien, A. Lemieux, Thos. Gauthier, Austin Mosher, representing the Sir John A. Macdonald club; L. Surveyer, J. P. Coutlee, H. Tetu, Alex. Giroux, J. Israel Tarte, M.P. for L'Islet; Fred. Bonacina, Charles Maroil, Dr. Victor Perrault, Judge Desnoyers, L. W. Sicotte, F. Benoit, T. Berthiaume, P. J. Voyer Bisailon, Q.C., W. Pagnuelo, Col. Hughes, L. Forget, C. A. Vallee, Alex. McCoy, E. Montel, J. A. Dussault, Eusebe Senecal, Andre Senecal, Capt. Roy, R. Roy, Deputy Sheriff Franchere, Dr. Rodier, Emanuel St. Louis, Baby, Lesage and many others.

When the funeral cortege reached the church, which was appropriately draped, the *levee du corps* was performed by Rev. Abbe Colin, superior of the Seminary, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Bedard and Adam, the latter being a class-mate of the deceased. At each corner of the immense and imposing catafalque upon which the remains were placed while in the sacred edifice, was the letter T. indicative of the name of the senator for De Salaberry. The reverend superior of St. Sulpice also sang the *Libera*, while Rev. Messrs. Belanger and Lecourt were also present. His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal was represented by Rev. Canon Bruchesi, who was present at the World's fair with the late Senator Tasse.

At the conclusion of the religious ceremony nearly all of those who were present in church accompanied the remains to the depot. Mrs. and Misses Tasse, together with Messrs. Legault and Olivier, of *La Minerve*, proceeded to the Capital by the same train. Mrs. Tasse has received letters and telegrams of condolence from the following persons:—Hon. Judge Mathieu, G. E. Mathieu, Madame Bureau, Madame Beaubien, Hon. J. J. Ross, Sir Alex. and Lady Lacoste, Madame Stanger, the rev. gentlemen of Bourget college, Rigaud; T. Ouimet, Mr. and Mrs. Honan, A. Gobeil, L. Z. Joncas, M.P.; Sir A. P. Caron, V. Webb, Vicomte de Beaujeu, Captain Chartrand, Madame W. F. Valincourte and others.

Last year the priests of the Foreign Missions, whose headquarters are in Paris, baptized 32,482 adult pagans and 176,643 children. They have 3,800 missionary stations and have charge of regions in which there are millions and millions of heathens.

A GRAND CELEBRATION.

Tenth Anniversary of St. Ann's Young Men's Society

A Short History of the Organization—The Religious Demonstration—The Literary and Dramatic Entertainment.

About ten years ago, and shortly after the arrival of the Redemptorist Fathers, in St. Ann's parish, Rev. Father Catulle, the then rector, propounded to himself a series of questions, and, without a moment's hesitation, answered them. The queries were: "How about the young men of the parish? Have they within reach the means whereby their leisure hours may minister to their mental and physical wants? Are they banded together with a common aim in view,—an aim at once ennobling and elevating?" The answer came: "No, but they shall!" He called to his side a number of energetic young men. He unfolded his plans; he told them of his hopes and desires. In his fatherly way he convinced them that his idea should take practical shape and form; and it did. The clay was ready for the hands of the sculptor; his judgment did not err and lead him astray. He was right in his pre-conceived estimate of young Irishmen, for on that day his dearest wish was realized—on that day the St. Ann's Young Men's Society was born.

The next thing to be done was to choose a leader—a director for the young society. He looked around among his able co-workers, and his eye rested upon one man. And here again his judgment was unerring. That one possessed the qualities necessary to him who would win the hearts of his followers, and, having won them, lead them onward and upward. That one was chosen, and from that moment ten years ago, Rev. Father Strubbe, their true and faithful counselor, has guided the steps of the hundreds of young men known as the St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

And now for a home wherein to meet and pass those leisure hours. Rev. Father Catulle recognized the necessity for such a home, and it became an accomplished fact. A large building was erected on the corner of Young and Ottawa streets. A portion of it was reserved for physical development—the gymnasium; another portion for the development of the mind—the library; and a third for a combination of both—the recreation room. The large hall over the class-rooms of St. Ann's School was renovated, and soon became the field whereon many a talented young man has moved his audience to tears or laughter, as he interpreted the conceptions of the playwright.

The inauguration of the new hall took place on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1895, and consisted of a religious demonstration in St. Ann's Church, followed by a banquet, and on Monday evening by a musical and dramatic entertainment.

Among the earliest workers for the society were the following: Messrs. M. Loughman, Thos. Davis, M. J. O'Donnell, T. J. Quinlan, W. P. Clancy, D. Kiely, T. M. Jones, J. Bielly, J. Brennan, J. Thornton, Wm. Davis, M. Shea, L. Power, F. Clarke, P. McDermott, Jos. Johnson, P. J. Cooney, J. Ahern, and indeed a host of others whose names would fill a column.

The first president, Mr. M. Loughman, was succeeded by Mr. Morgan J. Quinn, who was followed by Mr. J. J. Gethings, and he, in turn, gave place to Mr. P. T. O'Brien. Then followed Mr. M. Casey, and the present incumbent of the office is Mr. M. J. O'Brien.

The public entertainments given by the dramatic section of the society have always been attended with marked success. A great number of plays have been produced, among which we might name the following:

"The Expiation," "A Celebrated Libel Case," "The Miser, or the Hidden Treasure," "The Harvest Storm," "Sir Thomas More," "The Irish Eviction," "Robert Emmet," "Falsely Accused," "The Irish Rebel," "Shandy Maguire," "The Man from Galway," "False Friends," "Innithore," "Handy Andy," "The Plan of Campaign," "Betrayed," "The Malediction," "Lamb Dearg Aboc" (The Red Hand Forever), "The

Triumph of Justice," "O'Rourke's Triumph," and "The Accepted Warning."

Some years ago the Society had a dramatic author engaged for several months, and under the direction of Mr. T. J. Quinlan he wrote several new plays and re-arranged others to admit of their being presented without lady characters. "Lamb Dearg Aboc," and "O'Rourke's Triumph," were specially written for the society by one of its members, Mr. James Martin. The former was presented for the first time in the Queen's Theatre, on St. Patrick's Night, 1893, and the latter on St. Patrick's Night, 1894, the success of both being fresh in the minds of our readers. The author, who has received the highest commendations from the whole press of the city, is as modest as he is clever, which was evidenced on the occasion of the first production of "O'Rourke's Triumph," when the audience enthusiastically demanded his appearance on the stage to receive their hearty congratulations, and in response to which he modestly disclaimed the honors of the day in favor of the actors who so faithfully and intelligently presented the play. Both pieces have been produced in several cities of the United States and in every place they have been received with as much favor as in this city.

A series of lectures was given some years ago, and among the eloquent speakers on these occasions were: Hon. J. J. Curran, Hon. Judge Doherty, Hon. Judge Barry, Dr. Hingston, Dr. Guerin, Messrs. H. J. Kavanagh, J. K. Foran, Lit. D., L.L.B., J. D. Purcell, John Lesperance, M. J. Murphy, Chs. Fitzpatrick, of Quebec, Rev. Father Morrell, and many others.

And song, the dreamy music of the human voice, has not been forgotten. The Irish National Minstrels (composed of the choral section of the society) made their first appearance on St. Patrick's Day, 1889, in St. Ann's Hall, amid great enthusiasm. Besides the standard Irish songs so dear to the Irish breast, the Minstrels introduced ballads dealing with events in Ireland in our own day, most of them from the pen of Ireland's popular bard, patriot, M.P., and ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, T. D. Sullivan, formerly editor of the Nation. Mr. T. J. Quinlan, an indefatigable worker for the society, has been instrumental in popularizing, through the medium of the choral section, those gems of patriotic song, a few names of which are as follows:—

"Ireland's Faithful Irish Party," "The Land League," "The Land for the People," "Old Ireland's Cause Looks Cheery," "The Men of Tipperary," "Keep the Old Flag Floating, Boys," "A Toast for each Irish County," "The Plan of Campaign," "The Village Blacksmith," and last, but not least, "God Save Ireland."

The ever-ready and genial P. J. Shea, organist of St. Ann's, has been the musical director of the choral section since its inception, and much of the success attending their entertainments is due to his tireless work. He has composed several pieces, notably the air for "The Village Blacksmith" and heard in the forge scene of "O'Rourke's Triumph," and a beautiful march, "The Three Kings."

"Nothing succeeds like success!" and the career of St. Ann's Young Men's Society has been a phenomenal success. Hard work and conscientious endeavor will always tell, and as an instance of the almost continued labor of the dramatic section, we might mention the fact that although Monday evening saw the production of "The Accepted Warning," still another six weeks of rehearsal are before them, for a new and original play is now being written by Mr. James Martin, and will be produced on St. Patrick's Day; but the labor of both writer and actors is a labor of love, and as such is incapable of tiring either the one or the other.

Long may their success continue, and long may the Rev. Father Strubbe, the life and soul of the organization, be spared to the society he loves so well, and which, through his ceaseless endeavors, has become what it is: a credit to St. Ann's parish, to the city, and to the grand old Celtic race.

THE RELIGIOUS DEMONSTRATION.

Sunday was a gala day for St. Ann's Young Men's Society; yes, and for the parish as well, for the fathers, mothers and sisters of the young men partook of the pleasure that sparkled in the eyes

and thrilled the hearts of their sons and brothers, as they fired the first gun in the campaign of pleasure inaugurated that day.

In order to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Society, it was decided to hold a series of entertainments covering a period of three days, and, as a fitting commencement, the members attended eight o'clock Mass at St. Ann's Church and received Holy Communion. And it was a pleasing sight to witness that act of faith, an act that stamped two hundred young men with the grand old name of Catholic.

In the evening, at half-past six, the members congregated at their hall and marched to the church, headed by a band of music. Rev. Father O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, preached the sermon, the subject of which was "The Kingdom of Christ." The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and the eloquent preacher was listened to with rapt attention. Following is a resume of the sermon:

He had chosen a lofty theme, one suggested by the festival of the church to which the day was devoted, the feast of the Adorable Name of Jesus. He pointed out how our Saviour had humbled Himself on earth, and how God had promised to give Him a name above all others. That name, Jesus, was a sacramental one, for it produced what signified the perfect, complete and divine fulfilment of the attributes to the Redeemer of mankind. "Jesus" meant primarily Saviour. To Jesus had been given the sovereignty of heaven and earth. The day of earthly princes and potentates appeared to be passing away; but the sovereignty of the Son of God would endure for ever. Some earthly rulers surpassed their subjects only in the enormity of their vices and inordinateness of their ambition. Their power had been acquired by means of violence, or, perhaps, crime. But the sovereignty of our Saviour had been the outcome of no unlawful usurpation; His excellence above His subjects consisted in the perfection of His virtues. He would rule for ever. At the last day He would mete out rewards to the righteous, and, to the wicked, justice. The Rev. Father, in the course of his sermon, impressed upon his hearers, and particularly upon the young men present, the desirability of avoiding all occasions of evil; of setting before themselves our Saviour as a model, and endeavouring, as far as in them lay, to imitate His virtues, and prove themselves Christian in more than in name.

After the sermon the choral section of the society rendered some of their choicest gems, under the direction of the organist, Mr. P. J. Shea, and the leader, Mr. John Morgan, after which His Grace Archbishop Fabre gave the Papal benediction. The service ended, the members of the society proceeded to the Presbytery, where His Grace was presented with an address, read by the president, Mr. M. J. O'Brien, and which was as follows:—

To His Grace EDWARD CHARLES FABRE, Archbishop of Montreal:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE.—We are, as you are aware, celebrating the tenth anniversary of the birth of our society. We cannot but feel that the benignity of your Grace in thus condescending to accept, (despite your many pastoral cares, the invitation of our Society to be personally present on the occasion, is one of happy omen for the Society, while leaving us under a heavy debt of gratitude to your Grace. Obedient to the sentiments of gratitude and congratulations that animate us at this moment, we gladly avail ourselves of the auspicious occasion which affords us at once the triple gratification of welcoming you in our midst, and offering to you the homage of our respect, of assuring you of our immutable attachment to your sacred person, while adding our humble, but heart-felt felicitations to the many you have already received at the termination, and still more happy issue, of the suit instituted against your Grace during the past year. The conscience of every Catholic was afflicted at the foul and mendacious attempts of a semi infidel press to manacle the hands of our Holy Mother the Church while holding back her children, and warning them of the shoals and quicksands they are sure to encounter in the perusal of literature that menaces alike the safety of religion and society.

But your Grace has come forth unscathed from the ordeal, the inalienable rights of a bishop have been vindicated, even by a civil court, and throughout the length and breadth of your diocese the hearts of the faithful are exuberant with joy at the happy result. In unison with them we join our hearts to say:

Long may you live to bless our land,
And glad our hearts as now;
The cross in your sacred hand,
The mitre on your brow.

In replying His Grace expressed the pleasure he felt while listening to the address and paid a high tribute to the zeal of the good Redemptorist Fathers through whose instrumentality the Society had attained its present position. Referring to that portion of the address which spoke of the late suit against the Archbishop, His Grace said that the Bishop

of Meath had written him some time ago, telling him that he was in a similar position, having been attacked through the courts by a section of the press, and asking for the text of the judgment in the Archbishop's case. It was sent and published over the water, and a few days ago he had the pleasure of learning that the case against the Bishop of Meath had been dropped. His Grace further remarked that the young men before him, being young Irish Catholics, should feel proud that the Hon. Judge Doherty was also an Irishman and a Catholic.

After receiving His Grace's blessing the young men returned to the hall, feeling that the first day of the celebration of their tenth anniversary had been well spent.

THE LECTURE AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday evening the society's hall was the objective point for hundreds of people, friends of the society. A lecture by Rev. Father O'Sullivan was not to be missed, for those who had heard him Sunday night knew what to expect, and they were not disappointed. We give an outline of the lecture as follows:—

He would not promise them a lecture, for he believed that most people now-a-days are over-lectured. He would address himself to educators rather than the educated. Education consisted of three kinds—the Pagan, the secular and the Christian. The first was the education of the sensual in man and was derived from the pages of immoral books. Such an education carried with it its own condemnation. The second was the purely secular, refining the outward man if you will, but at the cost of the soul, to the salvation of which no thought was given. And lastly, the Christian education. This is opposed by two powerful enemies—self, as evidenced in the man who is too full of his own importance to bow to the decision of the Church. The other is Freemasonry. He closed his eloquent discourse by appealing to the parents and young men to follow the teaching of God's ministers, who were actuated solely by a desire to help them to live good lives, so that they might receive their reward in the world to come.

As a pulpit orator Father O'Sullivan had appealed to the minds—the intelligence—of his hearers, and as a lecturer he reached not only the mind, but also the heart. His graceful presence, coupled with an easy command of language, ranks him with the best, while a flow of lively humor proclaims him to be what he is—an Irishman.

The second part of the programme consisted of a three act drama, written by Mr. Carleton, of St. John, N.B., author of "More Sinned Against than Sinning," and presented by the well known dramatic section of the society. Its name, "The Accepted Warning," is a very appropriate one, for the main part of the play is a dream by a young doctor. Mr. T. M. Jones, as *Gerald Montgomery*, proved quite conclusively that he can play the part of hero as cleverly as he does that of the grasping, calculating villain, in which character we have seen him several times on the same stage. In fact, few professionals could surpass him in the "delirium." Mr. T. F. Sullivan as the villain, *Arthur Hardy*, well sustained his reputation as a finished actor. His portrayal of the character of the revengeful plotter was true to life. *Counselor Bloodface*, a happy-go-lucky-brandy-and-soda practitioner at the "Bar," was remarkably well handled by Mr. R. Byrne, who supplied most of the fun of the piece. Mr. J. J. Gethings, as *Augustus Littlebrain*, quite surprised those who had always seen him in heroic parts, for, as a rule, an amateur finds it difficult to wheel round from the grave to the funny, but Mr. Gethings can do it. *Henry St. Leonard* was ably given by Mr. H. P. Sullivan, an actor young in years, but very clever. *Barney Murphy* was very good in the hands of Mr. J. Whitty, and Mr. J. Maguire as *Tom Watts* was as hard-headed as he could be, and gave the character a finished touch. Master F. Hogan as *Wilkie*, the doctor's son, proved himself an intelligent little fellow, and Mr. J. T. O'Connor made a splendid negro waiter, in fact he seemed to fit right into the character, and a right good fit it was. Mr. J. E. Orton, as *Slideback Silkhat*, was a first-class dandy with a great love for exploring other people's pockets. Mr. T. Conway looked after the peace of the city, and was very good as *Bob Buttons*. The orchestra under the direction of Mr. P. J. Shea, was, as usual, splendid. The

play has a moral, which, if adopted by all in the world, would cause the tears of many a wife to cease, and headaches of a certain kind would become an unknown quantity.

Owing to the fact that we go to press on Wednesday, we will be compelled to hold over our report of the banquet until next week, but we will now say that the St. Ann's Young Men's Society can feel proud of its ten years of existence. The snows of ten winters have come and gone; the soft, south winds of a decade of summers have succeeded the rigors of winter, and they, in turn, have fled before the Storm King; but the cold breath of December has not frozen the warm, young blood of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, nor has the sultry heat of June debilitated its vigorous constitution. It still lives in the realities of the present, and while on the threshold of a new era, it recalls the joyous memories of the past, and with its hand on the helm of duty and the wind of faith filling its sails, it registers a vow to glide onward into the future with its bow ever pointing to the words engraved on its crest,—Literature—Religion—Country.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

Dr. Bradley, J. P., High Sheriff of Drogheda, has re-appointed Mr. Thomas Byrne, Sub Sheriff, and Mr. R. D. O'Callaghan, solicitor, Returning Officer.

After a lengthened illness, the Rev. Thomas Mullhally, of All-Hallows College, passed away on Dec. 31. The cause of the death was syncope of the heart. May he rest in peace!

At all the Catholic churches in Newry on January 1, prayers were offered for the happy repose of the soul of Sister Mary Brendan Nally, who departed this life on December 29 at the Convent of Mercy, after a brief illness. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia.

His Honor, County Court Judge Curran, Q. C., addressing the grand jury at the opening of the Quarter Sessions Court for the Birr Division of the King's County, Jan. 2, said that it was a source of sincere pleasure to him to be able to congratulate them on the continued satisfactory condition of their county, which was now in the same peaceable state it had been in for some years past. There was only one case to go before them.

The death took place January 11, at the parochial house, Drumroad, near Castlewellan, of the Rev. Bernard McKenna, P.P., who was for the past few years pastor of the above parish. The deceased priest was formerly curate in St. Patrick's, Belfast, and also served on the mission in several other parishes in Down and Connor. During the Land League days he was exceedingly active, and exerted a great influence for good among the County Down farmers of the parish of which he was pastor.

COLD IN THE HEAD AND HOW TO CURE IT.

One of the most unpleasant and dangerous maladies that afflicts Canadians at this season is cold in the head. Unpleasant, because of the dull, heavy headache, inflamed nostrils and other disagreeable symptoms accompanying it; and dangerous, because if neglected, it develops into catarrh, with its disagreeable hacking and spitting, foul breath, frequent loss of taste and smell, and in many cases ultimately developing into consumption. Nasal Balm is the only remedy yet discovered that will instantly relieve cold in the head and cure in a few applications, while its faithful use will effectually eradicate the worst case of catarrh. Capt. D. H. Lyon, president of the C.P.R. Car Ferry, Prescott, Ont., says:—"I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of cold in the head. Two applications effected a cure in less than twenty-four hours. I would not take \$1.0 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid at 50 cents per bottle, by addressing G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Patrick O'Mullin, president, and John Knight, cashier, of the People's Bank, Halifax, N.S., are registered at the Windsor. These gentlemen are on their way home from Lake Megantic, P.Q., at which place they have just opened a branch of the People's Bank.

The present membership of the Order of Catholic Foresters in good standing is 28,680.

THE SHAMROCKS.

A Gala Night at the Academy.

Presentation of the Trophies—Hon Judge Doherty's Eloquent Address—Speeches by the President and Vice-President—A Memorable Gathering.

The Academy of Music was most tastefully decorated on last Saturday evening, and the pennants of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club were conspicuous amidst the flowers and other ornaments. It was a gala night. Amongst the distinguished citizens who occupied seats in the boxes, were:

Judge Doherty and party; T. L. Paton, Pres. M.A.A.A.; E. Sheppard, Pres. Montreal Lacrosse Club; J. Houle, Pres. Nationale Lacrosse Club; Hon. J. J. Curran, Hon. James McShane, R. J. Anderson, James Cochrane, W. P. McVey, M. Guerin, W. J. McKenna, M. J. Tansey.

Mr. James White deserves great credit for the successful and artistic manner in which he beautified the stage.

The occasion was the presentation of trophies won by the members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club during the season of 1894. It is needless that we should add anything to the countless congratulations showered upon the champions. We have had many occasions to express our admiration for and confidence in the victorious Shamrocks. We are naturally proud of their prowess in the field and we feel that their success reflects upon us all. In the history of the club, perhaps, Saturday night's celebration will be one of the most brilliant pages. Long may the Shamrocks go on in their triumphant career, and may the coming season be one more added to their many years of well-earned glory.

All the numbers on the first part of the programme were heartily encored, Miss Marie Hollishead rendering to an encore "Dear Little Shamrock," during which she was presented with a beautiful basket of roses, etc.

Part I of the programme is as follows: Overture, Moore's Centennial (Wallace), orchestra; song, "Norah, Sweet Norah" (J. Parry), Mr. C. J. Hamelin; song, "Sweet Kildare" (S. Adams), Miss Marie Hollishead; song, "Eily Mavourneen" (Benedict), Mr. T. C. Emblem; violin solo, "St. Patrick's Day" (Vieuxtemps), Prof. Wm. Sullivan; song, "Molly Bawn" Mr. Frank Feron; song, "Beautiful Girl of Kildare" (Lavalier), Mr. J. J. Rowan; song, "Kathleen Mavourneen" (Crouch), Miss Marie Hollishead; song, "The Minstrel Boy" (Moore), Mr. A. T. Rice; violin solo, "7th Concerto" (De Beriot), Prof. Wm. Sullivan; duett, "The Moon has Raised" (Benedict), Messrs. Rowan and Emblem; comic songs, Mr. James Dougherty.

The second part of the programme embraced the presentation of trophies, when seated around the stage were the well known members of the Shamrock team, as also President T. P. Crowe, Vice-President R. J. Cooke and Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, while exposed conspicuously were World's Fair and Canadian championship trophies, the former a handsome silver cup and the latter the Ottawa clock.

Vice-President Cooke's Address

Previous to the presentation of the prizes, Mr. R. J. Cooke, Vice-President of the S.A.A.A., made the following address:—

Allow me, on behalf of the S.A.A.A., to heartily thank you for your large attendance here this evening. Your presence in such numbers clearly shows that the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, which for the last thirty years has, to say the least, held its own in athletic circles in Canada, has also secured a place second to none in the hearts and good-will of its fellow-citizens.

We may refer with pardonable pride to the cause of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, for its record is creditable to a degree, but what has principally entitled it to that position which it so deservedly holds in the affections of the Irish people in this city is this—that while striving for success on the field, its members have ever been actuated by the double object of achiev-

ing victory for their club, and at the same time reflecting credit upon that portion of the population to which it is their proud distinction to belong. Having referred in detail to the success gained by the Shamrocks in the past, he concluded by saying: "It is now my pleasing duty, ladies and gentlemen, to call upon our ex-president, the Hon. C. J. Doherty, to present the trophies won last season."

The Hon. C. J. Doherty in responding was received with loud applause.

Judge Doherty's Speech.

Mr. President and members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Team.

I came to congratulate you. I am tempted to confine myself to thanking this distinguished concourse of our friends. They have performed for me my pleasure task so much better than I could have hoped to do it. Their very presence here proves how heartily your fellow-citizens join in rejoicing over the victories this evening's ceremony is intended to crown, and if that presence were not in itself sufficiently convincing the enthusiastic plaudits with which you have been received must have been the most grateful, as they have certainly been the most eloquent, expressions of congratulation that you could possibly receive. My role then is but to re-echo the felicitations that have been already so perfectly expressed, and to deliver over to you the trophies which are so justly yours, earned as they have been in fair contest on a fair field. These trophies are the tokens of successes won at a manly game by manly men in a manly way. That you have carried them off, is not only a cause of very justifiable pride on your own parts, but a source of profound gratification to your friends, your fellow-citizens of this city, of the Dominion. And should I be charged with exclusiveness, if I add more especially those among them who share with you not only that sturdy love for Canada that has made you strive to excel in her national game, but also that mindful affection for the land of your and my fathers that has led you to seek a name in Ireland's emblem, and to entwine inseparably with victory's laurels the modest leaves of the green immortal Shamrock.

We congratulate you, not merely on having deserved to win. Your record of unbroken successes in the past season is too fresh in the minds of all for it to be necessary to recall it here, and when the unanimous testimony of those who have watched you win them is that you have done so fairly, have proved your superiority on every one of the hard-fought fields on which the lacrosse championship was strenuously battled for, am I not more than justified in saying that the trophies I am about to hand you have been won in a manly way. That they have been won at a manly game, goes without saying, since they are the Lacrosse Championship trophies. Who or where is the Canadian who does not see in lacrosse the pre-eminently manly game? And what is won in a manly way at a manly game must necessarily be won by manly men—and, indeed, if more than that were needed to justify my saying that these trophies have been won by manly men, need I do more than exhibit to this audience the men who have won them to assure myself of an unhesitating confirmation of my statement.

And so, Mr. President, without further words of congratulation, I hand over to you the trophy that attests the right of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club to the proud title of Lacrosse Champions of 1894. You have borne that title before so often and with such perfect grace that it would ill-become me to add any words of exhortation to wear it with becoming modesty. Moreover, with us Hibernians, as all the world knows, our one defect is our over-powering modesty.

I deliver over to you then this testimony of your success, knowing that while you accept it with pride, that its reception is to your club a source of just elation, that it brings with it all the satisfaction with which one receives a well-won prize—there enters into your and the club's feelings no elements of desire to rejoice in the defeat of others, no triumph in any humiliation of the comrades of other clubs from whom it has been your good fortune to wrest it. Indeed you yourselves would be the first to repudiate any such feeling. I doubt even if you will pardon me the use of the word "humiliation" in connection with the heroes of the lacrosse field

who have gone down before your irresistible onslaught. They have had their 'urn of victory, and we have not grudged it to them; they will have their turn again—that is if we really can't help it—and you will bear manfully, as they bear to day, the honors of defeat in a well-fought battle, and thus while we rejoice to-night that you have won, we can only add, what we know you feel, that it is too bad that everybody, including those capital fellows as well as Capital Lacrosse players, who make their home under the shadows of Canada's capital, and who stood in your place last year, cannot win at the same time.

I place in your custody, Mr. President, this clock, with its hands pointing to the hour of victory, hoping that it may continue long to measure for the Shamrock Lacrosse Club hours and days and years of prosperity and success, and confident that should it ever in the course of time be called upon to indicate a moment of defeat, its hands unwillingly, as unaccustomed to so disagreeable a task, will hasten on to other glorious days when you will have once again, as you have in the past, learned in moments of defeat how to achieve years of victory, and that when the Shamrock's clock stops at last as all things in this world must finally stop—its hands will be pointing once and for all—as they point to-night—to an hour of crowning success.

THE TROPHY.

The trophy presented was a magnificent clock, beautifully ornamented, and a prize which the club might well feel proud. The Hon. C. J. Doherty then proceeded to present each member of the team with a handsome ring which had been offered in competition by some prominent merchants, introducing each presentation with some witty and appropriate remarks which evoked much enthusiasm. As the prizes were given, each member of the team received quite an ovation.

President Crowe's Address.

President T. P. Crowe then delivered a short but most effective address, in the course of which he thanked the public, and referred to the great success that had attended the Shamrocks during the past. Substantially, Mr. Crowe spoke as follows:—"On behalf of that important branch of the S.A.A.A., the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, I accept these handsome trophies, and thank you for your kind and generous reception to our champion team this evening. The season of 1894 has been the most successful in the history of our club. Out of fifty-one games played in the championship series, we only lost fourteen goals, which is certainly a wonderful record. In the name of the club, I desire to heartily thank His Honor Mr. Justice Doherty, not only for his presence here this evening, and his most eloquent and encouraging address, but also for the countless services which he rendered in the past, in the days when the Shamrocks most required assistance and encouragement. I trust that the coming season will be one of triumph, and that when it closes our club will have added another laurel to the crown that its members have so ably and proudly won in the past."

Captain Polan then thanked the public for their attendance, and the previous speakers for all the kind things that they said of himself and the team.

Part III of the programme was an operatic burlesque entitled "Jenny Lind, or the Swedish Nightingale," by the S.A.A.A., Vocal and Dramatic club, with the following cast of characters:—Jenny Leatherlungs, alias Jenny Lind, with songs, dances, etc, Mr. James Wilson; Baron Swigittoff Beery—The Cock of the College, Mr. C. J. Hamelin; Mr. Lawrence Leatherlungs—A Tanner on a Tour, Mr. W. J. McCaffrey; Mr. Granby Gag—A London Manager in search of a Star, Mr. James Dougherty; Herr Kanaster and Herr Sherast, Messrs. Charles Smith and J. Morgan, students; Landlord, Mr. George Howard.

Much credit is due to all participants, especially Prof. Jas Wilson, whose acting of Jenny Lind would have reflected credit on a more experienced person.

Charlie Neville was prevented from being present and receiving his trophy, through the effects of an accident.

Report of the relief given for the week ending Sunday, January 20, 1895. Sexes—Male, 548; female, 51; total, 599. Nationality—Irish, 346; French-Canadian, 148; English, 56; Scotch and other nationalities, 49. Religion—Catholic, 527; Protestant, 72—St. Bridget's Refuge.

"THE AVENGER OF WYOMING."

Sketch of the Life and Times of
Major-General John Sullivan.

An Interesting Historical Account
Prepared for "The True Witness,"
by Mr. J. Phoenix,
of Montreal.

In their long and checkered struggle for independence, the founders of the United States discovered their most trusty and able allies in members of the ardent Irish race. Whenever an uncommon call was made on brain or on purse, it met its most eager response from men who hailed from the Emerald Isle. It is a proud thought of Irishmen all the world over—whether toiling in their own land, with but little to stimulate their industry, or aiding to build up the greatness and prosperity of other nations—that to the exertions and sacrifices of their own immediate kindred American liberty is very largely indebted. Throughout the whole of the War of Independence, now close on a century and a quarter ago, Irish blood and Irish money were lavished without stint in the cause. Do we look to the rank and file? The "Pennsylvania Line" has a record that will blaze on the page of American history as long as that history lasts. Do we cast our eyes on the names that shine through the haze of glory which surrounds the bold and successful effort of "the Colonies?" The lustre of Washington's memory is indeed supreme; but, great as it is, it cannot dim the radiance which streams from the historic figure of one of old Wexford's most gallant sons—"Saucy Jack Barry," as his admiring seamen dubbed him; nor can it cast into the shade the brilliant repute of the unswerving and undaunted Charles Carroll, the dashing Stepen Moylan, the romantically brave Montgomery, and many another who, in council or camp aided the insurgent cause with his whole heart—with all that he had to give or to risk, from his money to his life. Among them, however, there is none whose name deserves a higher niche in the temple of fame—whether on account of eminent services rendered, large sacrifices made, or great perils encountered—than the subject of my present sketch, Major-General John Sullivan, the "Avenger of Wyoming."

John Sullivan was a true son of the old race. In his career we see exemplified the ardent nature, the strong devotion to principle, the intense earnestness, and the versatile genius of the Gael. All the better qualities of his people shone out undimmed in him. His ancestry was such as a King might have been proud of. He sprang from the very best blood in all Munster. Major Philip O'Sullivan, of Arden, the grand-father of the General, was descended directly from the Lords of Berehaven, and was connected by close ties of relationship with the MacCarthy More, the Earl of Clancare, the Earl of Burymore, the Earl of Thomond, the Earl of Clancarty, the O'Donoghues of Ross and of Glynn, the MacCarthy of Carbery, the O'Donovan, and many another proud Southern family. Major Philip, true to his principles and to the traditions of his race, risked everything in the struggle against William of Orange. He was one of those who, after the treaty of Limerick, preferred exile, poverty, and peril in a foreign service, with the free enjoyment of his convictions, to a life of ease and comfort at home which should be secured by a professed adherence to the usurper's cause. Away, then, to France he sailed with the rest—not without hope of returning some day with a vengeance. The hope was destined to be never realized. Major Philip died in France from a wound received in a duel, after the fashion of the period; and his son Owen, whom he had brought with him to the Continent, and for whom he had secured the advantages of the best education the period could afford, found himself alone in a strange land. Owen returned to the old home at Ardea full of the family traditions and principles. The penal laws were then grinding Irish Catholics with a cold-blooded and systematic rigor, more in spirit than the demonic fury which sent the bestial Bashi Bazouks on their awful mission of devastation in Bulgaria. Owen O'Sullivan, in no patient mood, beheld the havoc wrought on every side

among his kindred. Twice he engaged in plots for the overthrow of the Orange tyranny. These failing—when not a glimmer of hope for his country was to be seen on any side, and he, being unable to stand by, an inactive spectator of scenes that sent the blood mounting in a torrent to his brain—determined on exiling himself for ever; and set sail for the great land of the West, then but in its infancy as a place of civilization. He brought out under his charge a little Irish girl, tender in years and in disposition, who was sent to rejoin some adventurous kinsmen in their new home. The child proved the loadstar of Owen O'Sullivan. Her destination became his; where she was obliged to settle, he cheerfully cast his lot, eking out a living as a village schoolmaster—a position for which his ample learning and acute mind more than fitted him. When in due time the little Irish maiden reached the years of womanhood, Owen asked her to be his wife, and she accepted him as her husband. She bore to him five sons. The eldest was lost at sea before the revolutionary struggle began; but the other four—inspired by the teachings of their father, and animated with a traditional hostility to English rule—played prominent parts in the American War of Independence. In other ways also they proved themselves gifted with high intelligence and the nice combination of mental and moral qualities which, without derogation of honor or surrender of principle, commands success in the battle of life. Among the innumerable blighting effects of British misrule in Ireland, not the least must be counted the loss to our country of the hosts of good and able men whom the effects of that misrule have driven away for ever. Owen O'Sullivan settled at the village of Sumerworth, New Hampshire, on the bank of the Piscataqua river; and there, on the 11th of February, 1740, his son John was born. The old man reached the marvellous ages of 105 years; his much younger wife died at 85. John grew up under the eye of both parents and received from his father a sound training in classics and mathematics. When about fifteen, the spirit of adventure became too strong within him to allow him to rest, content with the monotony of village life, and he went down the Piscataqua to the harbor of Portsmouth, entered a merchantman, and sailed on a voyage to the West Indies. While knocking about at the mercy of the winds and waves, he had bethought him seriously of some more congenial career. The result of his cogitations took shape in a way that is highly indicative of the character of the man. On his return to Portsmouth, he went in his rough sailor dress to the office of a lawyer named Livermore, and asked to be taken into his service. The lawyer, in some surprise, inquired: "And what can you do, my lad, if I take you?"

"Oh!" was the answer, "I can split the wood, take care of the horse, attend to the gardening, and perhaps find some spare time to read a little; that is, if you can give me the privilege."

Young Sullivan was ready for anything, it will be seen, but he was bent on rising in the world as well. Mr. Livermore thought him a lad of promise, received him into his kitchen, and gave him work of the kind he had indicated. He also allowed him the use of his library in leisure hours, and John read quite a number of the lawyer's choicest books, and stuffed his head with the legal lore of the place and time. There was so much of natural modesty in the youth that Mr. Livermore knew nothing of the extent of his legal studies until an occasion arose which revealed both that and the possession of large natural abilities. One evening there had been a fight in town, and the defeated party, with face well bruised and eyes well blackened, resorted to the law for revenge. Methods of procedure were very primitive in "the colonies" at that time; but, decidedly, no one could with truth dilate upon "the law's delay" in such cases as assault and battery. The defendant was summoned to appear forthwith before Deacon Penhallow, at his house on the corner of Pleasant and Court street. In fear of the disgrace of confinement in "the stocks" before the public gaze, the defendant hurried to Lawyer Livermore's office. The "judge" was absent, but John Sullivan was devouring law in the library, and to him the affrighted quarreller made his appeal for help. There was no such thing as waiting an hour or two for the lawyer's return; the case

must be entered on at once or not at all, and after a few minutes consideration the youth agreed to undertake the defence. Leaving word in the kitchen, he went off with his client. While he was away Mr. Livermore returned, called aloud for John to take care of his horse, and was astonished on getting as an explanation for his absence, the intelligence that he had gone to defend a client before the "deacon." The lawyer's curiosity was aroused. He put up the horse himself, hurried to Deacon Penhallow's, and securing a place from which he could see without being seen, he gave his attention to what was going on. The case against the defendant appeared a strong one. There was the complainant in court, bearing on his person such evidence of assault and battery as carried conviction home at a glance. Mr. Livermore awaited with mingled curiosity and anxiety the defence which should be put forward. John Sullivan rose. The lawyer listened spell-bound. Here was this youth—stable-man and kitchen-help—delivering himself of a most ingenious argument, in language at once polished and vigorous, and urging his cause with so much of native tact as well as of legal learning that the case for the complainant must inevitably be upset. This indeed was the result. John's client was acquitted, and left the deacon's house rejoicing. Mr. Livermore, without revealing himself, returned home. Next morning he called young Sullivan into the library.

"John," he said, "my kitchen is no place for you. Go on with your studies, give them your undivided attention; and you shall have that assistance which you need from me until you are in a condition to pay for it."

Who, after this, would overwhelm the whole legal tribe in one sweeping condemnation? Perhaps some of the inhabitants of Durham, in 1760, might. Durham was then a rising town of New Hampshire, and when John Sullivan, having buckled on the whole of his legal armor, bethought him of settling in the place, because there was no man of law located there, the most strenuous opposition was offered to his project. The people believed the worst of lawyers; they regarded them as men ever ready to foment quarrels with a view to feathering their own nests; and some of the natives actually went so far as to give the new arrival peremptory notice to quit, under pain of personal maltreatment. It was a bad argument to use with a descendant of the Lords of Berehaven. John Sullivan declined as peremptorily to leave, and in reply to the threat of force responded that in that line of discussion they would find him always ready. This pluck won him adherents; the town divided into Sullivanites and anti-Sullivanites; collisions between the parties became the order of the day and night; and at length a truce was called and a proposal made by the anti-Sullivanites, which gives us leave to smile at the primitive simplicity of this New England population. They selected a champion on their behalf and sent him forward to do battle with the man of law, on the understanding that if the latter won he might remain, and if he lost he should clear out of Durham. John Sullivan must have smiled grimly when this challenge to a breach of the peace was put before him; but being a man of great, personal strength and activity, and aware that his immediate future depended on his action at the moment, he assented to the strange proposal. His opponents, however, before the fight came off, discovered that their own man was no match for him whom they had challenged; and matters were about to fall back in the old ways, when James Sullivan—brother of John, brought up by him to the law, and residing in his house—offered himself as a substitute for his elder brother, on the ground that he was younger and slighter. All difficulties were now overcome; the encounter took place at the time appointed, amid the most intense excitement of the townspeople; and the business of the law obtained a complete triumph in James Sullivan's person.

Curious as it may seem in our day, this feat of fisticuffs laid the foundation of the prosperity of the brothers. The unsophisticated population, perhaps not unnaturally, ever afterwards placed the utmost reliance on the legal abilities of men who had shown themselves so well able to defend themselves in an assailed position.

By 1774, John Sullivan, then but thirty-four, was worth £10,000. He had

houses and lands, a fine stream of water which set going the wheels of six mills—corn-mill, saw-mill, scythe-mill, and others.—he had purchased numerous large farms from such of his neighbors as were anxious to move out further West; and he kept a number of industries going in full swing in his mills, to which he gave a large share of his attention. It is a sufficient proof of his wondrous energy to find him displaying his powers in so many fields simultaneously—law, farms, factories,—besides taking an active part in public affairs, attending constantly to military duties as major in the New Hampshire militia, and devoting many an hour to domestic and social pleasures. But the time had arrived when it became his duty to choose between Great Britain and America—between the claims of King George and the liberty of the people. No one in all the colonies saw with greater clearness the doubtful nature of the struggle. No one knew better than he that the fruits of his industry ran a nearly certain risk of being engulfed in the waves of a revolution. But, with the traditions that had been handed down to him, could an O'Sullivan hesitate in such a quarrel? Not Lawyer John certainly. From the earliest moment he had made up his mind, and taken his stand, for good or for ill, against King George. Throughout New Hampshire he labored in his whole-hearted fashion to raise a feeling similar to his own; he inculcated both by pen and voice and example the necessity for strict attention to military discipline among the local militia bands; and he had at length the satisfaction of seeing his Green Mountain boys ready and willing to give reliable aid to the cause of liberty.

On the 13th of December, 1774, he guided a small party of men down Piscataqua to the harbor of Portsmouth, and began his military career by one of the first, if not the very first, of the acts of open hostility levelled against the King's forces—the attack on the fort at Newcastle. Open war between Great Britain and her American colonies did not appear probable to most people concerned in the matter on either side of the Atlantic, during the year 1774. A few far-seeing men—a very few indeed—were able to forecast coming events with any approach to accuracy. Among these very few must be counted Lawyer John Sullivan. He saw, with the clear-sighted vision of a born statesman, that the contest between the British Crown and the Colonies could never end in a return to the state of affairs which existed before the beginning of the dispute; and—as he wrote at the time—"though far from wishing hostilities to commence on the part of America," he was yet supremely anxious that the people of the Colonies should be prepared to defend their rights with effect. The power of the British over the Americans had not assumed that omnipotent aspect so familiar to the Irish people of this century. Arms Acts, strenuously and continuously put in force, had not deprived them of their weapons of defence—or offence, if need should come. No man had been hindered in any way from acquiring the use of arms; and there was scarcely a mile from twelve to seventy, throughout the colonial dominion, who could not send his bullet near the mark when once his finger pressed the trigger. British ministers knew well enough they had this fact to face in their effort to subdue the Colonies; and accordingly they met it in a characteristic way. By an arbitrary "order of the King in council" they prohibited the importation of weapons of war and ammunition to the colonists.

To the very few, who, like John Sullivan, saw even the near consequence of the carrying out of the edict, the thought came that counteractive measures should be forthwith taken. Therefore, Sullivan, with one or two others, planned an attack on Fort William and Mary, which frowned ominously enough at the mouth of the Piscataqua, in Portsmouth harbor. Their incentive was that the fort contained a large store of materials of war, which the "order" shut them out from getting in the ordinary course of commerce.

On the night of the 12th December, 1774, Sullivan went down the Piscataqua from his place at Durham, with about a dozen men, selected from those he had trained under his immediate eye. His plan embraced a junction in the harbor with a similar force under the orders of a friend of his named John Langdon. So accurately had all contingencies been

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1895.

OUR SOUVENIR NUMBER.

This year we purpose "taking time by the forelock" and preparing a souvenir number for St. Patrick's Day, one that will surpass in every detail anything heretofore issued on a similar occasion. No cost and no pains will be spared to make it the most attractive, interesting and instructive work of the kind that has ever been issued in Canada. Of course, in order to carry out successfully our plans, we require the co-operation of all our friends, and we will be greatly obliged to the members of the clergy, of the different societies, and the citizens in general, if they will kindly furnish us with programmes of entertainments to be given, advance sheets of lectures or sermons, photographs of leading and prominent Irish-Catholics, and all material that may tend to facilitate the work. Throughout the whole year we are in constant weekly communion of spirit with our thousands of subscribers and friends; what we write they read, and, although not personally acquainted with all, we feel that the familiarity of uninterrupted association in spirit constitutes a lasting link between us. For nearly half a century the TRUE WITNESS has been fighting the battles of Catholicity and defending the rights, guarding the interests and asserting the privileges of the Irish-Catholic section of our population. Never more so than at present has the good old organ made its voice be heard, and never greater was its influence for good. It is not a thing of a day, it is a permanent establishment, that has weathered the storms of several decades and is destined to continue its work, ever augmenting in strength and extending in influence, long after many a short-lived publication will be forgotten.

On these grounds we feel justified in claiming the unstinted support and universal patronage of those whose battles

we have fought and for whom we shall continue to fight, with unremitting energy and zeal, as month follows month and year succeeds year. Others, perhaps, may seek to take possession—for a day—of the domain which is legitimately ours; but with the day they vanish from the scene and to us must the public turn for the continuation of the work that we have so long carried on. This is a free country and each one has the perfect right to use all legitimate means to attain success either in general or individual enterprises; but there are certain rights that have become vested—so to speak—in consequence of long years of service, through prescription, or in view of the continuity of the work performed and to be perpetuated, which morally belong to some institutions; and of these, as far as the TRUE WITNESS is concerned, we claim that the preference is due to it and its efforts, by all the Irish-Catholics of the Province, when there is a question of a St. Patrick's Day number of exceptional promise.

THE LATE SENATOR TASSE.

Of late we have had to record the deaths of several most prominent Canadians—most of whom were taken from the scene of life in the noon of their day. This week it is the late Hon. Senator Joseph Tasse that we lament. Although only forty-seven years of age, when the dark reaper Death overtook him, the deceased gentleman had already won a distinguished place for himself amongst his numerous and able contemporaries. He was a politician of strong convictions and steadfast adherence to his principles, but not as a great advocate of any political ideas shall he be remembered, rather as a splendid journalist and able writer shall his name survive in the annals of a history to which his pen has contributed many an important page.

In the life and death of Senator Tasse we have a splendid exemplification of the old proverb, "words fly away, but writings remain." The countless speeches which he delivered in all sections of this Province, the numerous appeals that he eloquently made from a hundred different hustings, have all vanished as the echoes of the hills that reverberate for a few minutes and then die out in the rocky distance. But his contributions to Canadian literature cannot be lost, they survive their author, and will long be his most lasting monument.

We had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with Senator Tasse, and well do we remember during the sessions of parliament from 1887 to 1891, how ceaselessly he worked in the alcoves of the House of Commons library. There he might be seen at all hours, surrounded with a number of books and lost in a heap of manuscript, his busy pen dashing off editorials and correspondence for La Minerve, or else taking copious notes for these two admirable works, "Le Trente-huitieme Fauteuil, ou Souvenirs Parliementaires," and his "Life and Speeches of Sir George E. Cartier." On one of these occasions we asked him if he were attempting to out-do himself by giving Canada something greater than his truly great work, "Les Canadiens de l'Ouest." He smilingly replied: "No; that is my best work; I am just trying to prod them up a little in the East, so that they may go West and colonize the country I have described." And truly was he always busy in stirring up his fellow countrymen and pointing out to them the great resources of their own land. If, at times, his zeal ran away with his discretion, Tasse always sinned on the side of patriotism. No better evidence of his deep love for Canada, his

confidence in her future, and his faith in her institutions, than the reply which he made, when acting as Canadian Commissioner at the World's Fair, last year, to Mayor Harrison's prophecy of annexation. Even his most bitter political opponents admired and applauded his splendid address on that occasion. It was a true Canadian that spoke—and one who knew the history of his country.

Unfortunately it is almost impossible for a man to enter public life, in these days, without creating enemies. So bitter has the spirit of partizanship become, and so hostile and uncompromising are the adherents of each party, that no man—no matter how well-intentioned or how truly patriotic—can possibly step into the public arena without risking the loss of friendship in some and the creation of enmity in others. It was Joseph Tasse's misfortune rather than his fault if he clashed, at times, with some of his leading contemporaries. But the very fact of such a strong opposition being made to him is the best evidence of his importance and worth. Had he chosen the less boisterous career of letters, and eschewed the battle field of politics, probably his days would have been longer in the land, and certainly he would have contributed still more important chapters to the literature of his country. But the human machinery wears out easily when over-taxed, and the combination of physical exertion, necessitated by so many years of hard political fighting, and the mental labor that never ceased—day or night—soon told upon his constitution, and the sad result was an early and lamented grave. It seems to us that it was Benjamin Sulte who used the comparison which we desire to apply to Tasse: "the keen blade of his bright spirit wore out the mortal scabbard that confined it."

Of the days when Joseph Tasse was the idolized member for Ottawa, only his old opponent, yet fervent admirer and friend, Dr. St. Jean, remains. J. M. Currier, his colleague, has long since gone to his rest; C. W. Bangs, Mr. Currier's opponent, has joined the great majority; Alonzo Wright, young Tasse's great supporter, has departed; Sir John A., whose inspiration caused Tasse to face the field, has passed into history; and even the Senator's last colleague, Hon. Charles Macintosh, has gone out of the political arena—although, happily, he is still hale and hearty and in the occupancy of an exalted position. Truly, indeed, does Joseph Tasse's death recall these solemn words: *sic transit gloria mundi*.

It was in Ottawa more than in Montreal that the late Senator was known, and there, at the Capital, and throughout the valley of the Ottawa, will his name be long cherished by friends and opponents. On the 20th December, 1892, on the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into journalism, a banquet was given him in the Russell House, at which representatives of both political parties sat down; the chairman was Dr. St. Jean, the guest's old-time opponent. In this event we see an evidence of the great esteem in which the deceased journalist and author was held. But all that is over. "The man dies, but his works live;" Joseph Tasse's familiar form will no more be seen in Montreal or Ottawa; his books will tell to young Canada the story of his short, but most active life; his heritage to his country consists of useful and patriotic literature; he is one of the few whose lives have not been in vain, and Canada's sons will pray that his soul may rest in eternal happiness with God.

THE Catholic Citizen says: "A Catholic paper that the whole family can read with interest, is not a luxury, but an ab-

solute necessity. It is the most economical sheet that one can possess." And another contemporary adds: "Yes, and we pity the family that does not have a Catholic journal in its home, as the matter dished up in our dailies is not the kind that will elevate the young mind." We say that both are right, and the world would be all the better were our Catholic papers to have universal circulation.

OUR STREETS.

"Ankle-deep in shifting sand,
Like coarse salt beneath one's feet—
It is hard to do 'the grand,'
Walking down each ill-kept street."

It was Richard Dalton Williams who penned the satire, from which the above lines are taken, and we are under the impression that were the Irish bard to come forth from his last resting place and behold the streets of Montreal he would feel inclined to change his verse somewhat after this fashion:

"Ankle deep in dirty snow
And coarse salt on every street,
It is hard to make it go—
While the horses scald their feet."

Anything more abominable than the state of our streets during the past few weeks could scarcely be imagined. Strangers from Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, and other Canadian cities, must stand aghast in presence of the fearful mess through which pedestrians are obliged to trudge in Montreal. A foot deep of snow is bad enough, but when a couple of inches of salt are added thereto it becomes unbearable. Not only are the citizens put to no end of inconvenience, but also the horses are endangered in a very serious degree. Everyone knows that salt is a biting and freezing element; the unprotected fetlocks are blistered, pickled, frozen, and the pain endured by the animals is only properly understood by veterinary men. On whom does the responsibility rest for such a disgraceful state of affairs?

The corporation is obliged to keep the streets clear of the snow, by the agreement with the Montreal Street Railway Company. To-day there are hundreds of men seeking work and unable to get it. It is not the work that is lacking; there is ample opportunity afforded in the salt and snow that we have above mentioned. The only reason given for not putting the unemployed to work is that the Corporation has no money to pay them. If we mistake not, by last fall's agreement, the Montreal Street Railway Company covenanted to give the Corporation the sum of \$1,650 per mile to have the work of keeping the streets clear performed. If the Street Railway Company has paid that amount to the Corporation, the latter must necessarily have the means to pay the laborers for the work stipulated.

Either the amount agreed upon was, or was not paid to the Corporation as aforementioned. If it was, and the Corporation claims to have no funds, then the Corporation must have made use of that money for objects and ends other than those for which it was intended. If it was not, then the Corporation is wrong in not forcing the Street Railway Company to fulfil its obligations. But, as a matter of fact, we are informed that since last November the amount stipulated has been paid into the city treasury. If so, what has become of it? Last week we heard threats of gunpowder and dynamite in the air. Not much wonder that extravagant language should be used in presence of the circumstances that surround us.

The question might well be asked: What rights have the citizens? Apparently none at all. If a person attempts to cross any of our leading thoroughfares, he must either await an opportunity and the convenience of the lightning-speed

carters, butcher and grocery drivers and fast-horse gentlemen, or else run the risk of being run over and of being laughed at if he complains. If there is a jam at any corner no policeman is within sight to protect the pedestrians, or if there happens to be one, he sees the confusion through the reflector of some shop window, the contents of which he is very interested in examining. If a complaint is made we are told that the guardians of public property and individual safety are always on hand.

There is something radically wrong in the whole machinery. There must be influences at work that are detrimental to the well-being of our city, and the sooner they are checked the better for all concerned. There are some who would like nothing better than to hear the people crying out for work, for the distress of the masses would serve as arguments in other quarters for these very interested public servants. To sift the chaff from the wheat is no easy matter. But, be that as it may, there is no excuse for having the streets of Montreal in the disgraceful condition in which, since New Year, they have been.

Nothing is easier than to shift the blame from one shoulder to another. But "facts are facts," as Dickens has it, and we simply quote from his "Hard Times." Either the corporation has or has not the funds intended for the cleaning of the streets. If it has, there is no excuse for not giving the work demanded by the unemployed. If it has not, there is no excuse for not getting it according to agreement. In any case the corporation is to blame. Moreover, no company, nor individual, nor body of individuals, should be allowed to put salt on the streets. They might just as well claim the right to put red hot ashes on the sidewalk for the purpose of melting the ice. But some people only look to their own convenience and care little what sufferings they impose upon others.

FORMALITY AND ETIQUETTE

In Saturday's Star appeared a letter, signed E. B. Ryckman, in which the writer very properly points out, in the case of the late Premier's funeral, 'the utter wrecking of the old offensive Law of Precedence,' a law which, he says, "is not worth two minutes consideration." We certainly agree with Mr. Ryckman on that score, and we are democratic enough to believe that, for a young country like Canada, there is altogether too much formality—of the cold, rigid, imperial class—required on certain occasions; too much *red tapeism* in very important matters of general interest; and too much one-sided etiquette for the observance of a people busy in building up a young nation. By this we do not mean that precedence should not be given to whomsoever is entitled thereto, nor that the proper formalities should not be adhered to on all occasions, nor again, that state and society etiquette should be neglected. There is a medium, however, between the extremes of a formality and etiquette suited to the courts of Europe and that iconoclastic, all-levelling spirit that would have "Jack as good as his master."

We, the people of Canada, happen to enjoy that just medium; we are sufficiently loyal to the constitution under which we live to respect in a proper degree every representative of that constitution, from the humblest to the most exalted; we are not sufficiently tied down by old world customs to walk in the straight-jacket dress of unnecessary and exotic rules, which we cannot be expected to have studied or practised. For the great majority of our people success in life must be attributed to native abil-

ity and industry. Few of our men who have risen to distinction, honors, wealth, or even to competency, owe anything to the accidents of birth or rank; their advancement has been the result of hard labor and sterling worth. We are all exiles, or sons of exiles from Europe. All our fathers came here to better their conditions and all started on an equal footing. Above that level man, in a new country, can only rise by industry, honor, virtue and honesty. The men who gave the country the impetus that raised her to what she is commenced with axe in hand to cut down the pillars of the forest and to carve a way for the prosperity and commercial greatness that rushed upon their footprints. To their children they gave that education and instruction of which they themselves were deprived in youth; to the public they gave the example of noble toil, honest gain, and upright citizenship.

Once they were ambitious of a guide's or a foreman's place; now mayoralties of cities are open to them. Once they would work gladly in the material construction of our legislative edifices; now the doors of the Senate swing ajar and invite them to take their seats within. For such a people, still busy in the building up of the great structure of our Dominion, there is an unbending formality which is not at all in place, there is a *red-tapeism* that is anything but just, and there is often a one-sided etiquette that is frequently ungenerous. We appeal to the experience of our readers. If a simple piece of information is required from some public department—we will say nothing of favors—the applicant will have to write innumerable letters, travel—the Lord knows how many times—to the seat of government, hand in a pack of his cards, sit for countless hours in ante-rooms, out-offices, waiting-rooms, or else parade corridors for relaxation, and finally be told to call again. The letters have got to be read by one, re-read by another, countersigned by a third, entered by a fourth, taken into consideration by a fifth, and finally forgotten by the persons to whom they are addressed, or from whom replies were expected. So much for formality and red tape.

Then comes the delicate question of etiquette. Ah! there is the point. Probably a well-informed Canadian may have the misfortune to omit some letter or title in the form of address; it is not taken into consideration that this country is not in Europe, that our people are more accustomed to frankly and respectfully come to the point than to "beat about the bush." Mayhap, the application, letter, or whatever the communication is, has not been couched in the exact terms demanded by some hidden code of etiquette; and as a result the recipient pays back that breach of etiquette by the still greater breach of common politeness—the communications remains unacknowledged. We could fill many columns upon this subject if we had the inclination. However, we have touched upon it this week in order to express our agreement with the letter which we quoted at the beginning of our article. We have expressed enough to point out to all concerned that formality is not always in place, that *red-tapeism* is scarcely ever just, and etiquette frequently entails a breach of ordinary politeness. What the Canadian people require is that the representatives, whom they elect, or the persons whose salaries they pay, should receive all the courtesy and honor that station, dignity and responsibility demand, and that, in turn, the humblest citizen, as well as the most important should be made to feel that, as long as he knows his place and keeps it, he should be

treated with all the attention that the justice of his claims demand, and all that civility and consideration that Lord Chesterfield has prescribed in his code of politeness.

THE Herald is up to date in everything; it even has a special humorist as reporter. There must have been some mistake in Saturday night's "assignments," for the poor fellow was sent to the Shamrock entertainment at the Academy, and he complained of being "weary," and found fault with the programme because there was no "humorist" upon it. He evidently felt some consolation in thumbing the printed programme, for he discovered that "the ink wherewith 'twas writ was dry." But it must have been a severe trial for that gentleman to sit for two hours and hear the Shamrocks praised, listen to Irish melodies, and be deprived of an opportunity of relieving his great weariness by anything more enlivening than his own mental anticipation of the semi-humorous, quasi-sarcastic report he was preparing for Monday's Herald.

"WHERE do the Bibles go?" The Ceylon Catholic Messenger states that the British and Foreign Bible Society is instrumental in the publication every year of nearly four million Bibles in 304 different languages. This would give 356,000,000 for the 89 years of the society's existence. The estimated population of the globe being 1,450,000,000, if you deduct the 400,000,000 Catholics and Mahomedans who would not accept the Protestant Bible you have 1,050,000,000 left; so every third person on the globe should be in possession of a Protestant Bible! Still the society goes on turning them out at the rate of four million per year. A good, well-bound Bible ought to last at least thirty or forty years. Even allowing for wear and tear, the question still remains pertinent: "where do the Bibles go?" The Sacred Heart Review recently reviewed this interesting question.

THE Rev. C. E. Amaron has been out again upon the subject of French-Canadian evangelization in this Province. The paper which he read, on the 14th instant, before the Ministerial Association, is one that merits some attention. Of course it is highly uncomplimentary to his fellow countrymen, but that might be expected. The French-Canadian people can live, even after Mr. Amaron's judgments upon them. In one thing Mr. Amaron differs from Dr. Chiniquy—the former makes no pretence of patriotism such as the latter claims. Chiniquy is a patriot, a worshipper of Chamber, a ver-bose rebel against the British, while at the same time he invokes England as the Protestant protector of religious rights. Mr. Amaron is more consistent, if equally bigoted and false in his methods of presenting his case. This week we have neither space nor time to deal with his last attack upon Catholicity in Quebec, but his words will keep—they are printed—and we shall have an early opportunity of giving our readers a little of the truth regarding the question of French-Canadian evangelization.

SOME person took the trouble to send us a copy, dated 1891, of a filthy and blasphemous sheet called the "Progressive Thinker." We have had a cart-load of such literature, and it came in handy for lighting the fires during the long months of winter. But even sheets that deliberately strive to stuff readers with all species of lies about Catholicity and Catholics, sometimes attempt to be humorous. Of course such minds cannot conceive anything witty without that it be either blasphemous

or obscene. Here, however, is a sample of their style of religious propaganda: "Our Father, who art in the Vatican, infallible be thy name. Thy temporal kingdom come,—thy will be done in Europe and America as it is done in Ireland. Give us this day our tithes and titles, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive all who penitentially pay unto us. Lead us not into ecumenical councils, but deliver us from thinking, for thine are the keys, the craier and the tiara, popes without end. Amen." What a mighty religion that must be which has to depend for its defense upon such masterly arguments as the foregoing! It is a pity, however, that, in order to be funny, they should be obliged to ridicule the sublime Prayer in the Garden.

WITH the first issue of 1895 the Sacred Heart Review—Boston—came out in a changed form. Its pages are increased from sixteen to twenty. The type is new and the whole appearance is very attractive. To the already interesting and deeply instructive departments have been added special editorial articles from distinguished writers and foreign correspondence. The editor says: "We lay the New Review before our readers with confidence and pride." And so well he may. It is no wonder that the publishers and writers of that publication should have confidence in it, when the same can be said of all its readers. And to give the reading world such a splendid Catholic paper is a cause of legitimate pride for all concerned.

A TIMELY PETITION.

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, }
Ottawa, Jan. 10, 1895. }

To His Excellency the Governor-General in Council:

MAY I PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—We, the undersigned Catholics of the Dominion of Canada, and loyal subjects of Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, respectfully beg permission to state the following:—

That during the session of the Dominion Parliament of 1894 a petition asking for the redress of the grievances, of which the Catholics of the Canadian North West complain, in the matter of education, and signed by His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, and by all the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada, was presented to His Excellency the Governor-General in Council and to the members of the Senate and to the members of the House of Commons.

In language full of dignity and truth, the Canadian Episcopacy exposed clearly the rights of the Catholics, their duties as well as their grievances. It showed how the Catholics of Manitoba, after having enjoyed until the year 1890, the right of bringing up their children and having them educated in schools kept according to their religious convictions, they were disposed of in an unjust and arbitrary manner. It showed how their situation had been gradually aggravated by time and by the effect of new laws. It drew attention to the severe blows likewise dealt at the rights of the Catholics in the North West by the ordinances of 1892, which deprived the Catholic schools of their liberty of action and special character. Then, establishing with the authority that belongs to it and with the science by which it is distinguished, the doctrine of the Catholic Church in the matter of education, it mentioned that parents have at the same time, the right and the duty, both by natural and divine law, of giving their children a Christian education according to their Catholic belief. It recalled, also, that the exercise of this right and the free fulfillment of those obligations, had been guaranteed to the Catholics of the Canadian North West, by promise the most solemn, which they did not hesitate to violate in order to impose upon our co-religionists the vexatious laws, opposed to justice and to all legitimate liberties, which to-day plunge the whole country into the most deplorable dissensions. As the petition of our Bishops truthfully declared, the Catholics in the Dominion resent the injustice done to their brethren of the North West, and we, here reiterate their forcible statements and their requests desiring to confirm in a signal manner the truth of their words that pastor and flock are but one, and that together they are determined to reclaim their rights by all the constitutional means in their power. Our pastors have constituted themselves the enlightened interpreter of those rights, we shall be the devoted champions of them. Therefore, we protest against the fallacious and disloyal reply of the Manitoba Government, dated the 28th of October, 1894, to the order of His Excellency the Governor-General in Council, dated July 25th, 1894; and, adapting the conclusions, etc., of the petition of their Lordships the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada, with them and like them, we humbly pray for the redress of the grievances of the Catholics of Manitoba and the North West, by the disallowance of the law of 1894, and by all other constitutional means, according to law, in regard to those laws and ordinances concerning which this prerogative of disallowance can no longer be exercised, and your petitioners will ever pray until justice be done them.

Converts are coming into the Catholic Church steadily in all parts of the United States.

STEVENSON ON DAMIEN.

One of the Finest Works of the Dead Novelist.

His Excoriation of the Bigoted Missionary Hyde and His Glorious Picture of Father Damien's Life and Death Among the Lepers of Molokai.

It was a remarkable coincidence that on the very day on which the death of Robert Louis Stevenson was announced the news came that a statue of Father Damien had been erected at Louvain, Belgium. Stevenson wrote many admirable works, which have greatly enriched English literature, but he has given nothing finer to the world than his letter to Rev. C. M. Hyde in regard to the latter's scurrilous attack upon the great Jesuit martyr. It deserves to live forever, as well because it is one of the finest specimens extant of vigorous satirical English as because it records the life work of a great modern saint. We cannot forbear reproducing the letter here, for we know it will be a treat to every Catholic reader. It was written to Rev. C. M. Hyde, in February, 1890, and is as follows:—

SIR,—It may probably occur to you that we have met, and visited and conversed—on my side, with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offenses which justly divide friends, far more acquaintances. Your letter to Rev. H. B. Gage is a document which, in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving; if you had sat up to nurse my father when he lay dying, would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude. You know enough, doubtless, of the process of canonization to be aware that 100 years after the death of Damien there will appear a man charged with the painful office of

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

After that noble brother of mine, and of all frail clay, shall have lain a century at rest, one shall accuse, one defend him. The circumstance is unusual that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer, should be a member of a sect immediately rival, and should make use to take upon himself his ugly office ere the bones are cold; unusual, and of a taste which I shall leave my readers free to qualify; unusual, and to me inspiring. If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed in their true colors to the public eye.

To do this properly, I must begin by quoting you at large; I shall then proceed to criticize your utterances from several points of view, divine and human in the course of which I shall attempt to draw again and with more specification, the character of the dead saint whom it has pleased you to vilify; so much being done, I shall say farewell to you forever.

Honolulu, Aug 2, 1889.

Rev. H. B. Gage—Dear Brother: In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who knew the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he were a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, hard drinking and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai but went there without orders; did not stay at the leper settlement before he became one himself, but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided.

Others have done much for the lepers, our own ministers, the government physicians, etc., but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life. Yours, etc.

C. M. HYDE.

To deal fitly with a letter so extraordinary I must draw at the outset my private knowledge of the signatory and his sect. It may offend others; scarcely you, who have been so busy to collect, so bold to publish gossip of your rivals. And this is, perhaps, the moment when I may best explain to you the character of what you are to read: I conceive you as a man quite beyond and below the reticences of civility; with what measure you mete, with that shall it be measured you again; with you at last I rejoice to feel the button off the foil and to plunge home. And if in aught that I shall say I should offend others, your colleagues, whom I respect and remember with affection, I can but offer them my regret; I am not free, I am inspired by the consideration of interests far more large; and such pain as can be inflicted by anything from me must be, indeed, trifling when compared with the pain with which they read your letter. It is not the hangman, but the criminal, that brings dishonor on the house.

You belong, sir, to a sect—I believe my sect, and that in which my ancestors labored—which has enjoyed, and partly failed to utilize, an exceptional advantage in the islands of Hawaii. The first missionaries came; they found the

land already self-purged of its old and bloody faith; they were embraced, almost on their arrival, with enthusiasm; what troubles they supported came far more from whites than from Hawaiians; and to these last they stood (in a rough figure) in the shoes of God. This is not the place to enter into the degree or causes of their failure, such as it is. One element alone is pertinent, and must here be plainly dealt with. In the course of their evangelical calling, they—or too many of them—grew rich. It may be news to you that the houses of the missionaries are a cause of mocking on the streets of Honolulu. It will at least be news to you that when I returned your civil visit, the driver of my cab commented on the size, the taste and the comfort of your home. It would have been news certainly to myself had anyone told me that afternoon that I should live to drag such a matter into print. But you see, sir, how you

DEGRADE BETTER MEN

to your own level and it is needful that those who are to judge betwixt you and me, betwixt Damien and the devil's advocate, should understand your letter to have been penned in a house which could raise, and that very justly, the envy and the comments of the passers-by. I think (to employ a phrase of yours, which I admire) it "should be attributed" to you that you have never visited the scene of Damien's life and death. If you had, and recalled it, and looked about your pleasant room, even your pen, perhaps, would have been stayed.

Your sect (and, remember, as far as any sect avows me, it is mine) has not done ill in a worldly sense in the Hawaiian kingdom. When calamity befell their innocent parishioners, when leprosy descended and took root in the Eight Islands, a quid pro quo was to be looked for. To that prosperous mission, and to you, as one of its adornments, God has sent at last an opportunity. I know I am touching here upon a nerve acutely sensitive. I know that others of your colleagues look back on the inertia of your church, and the intrusive and decisionerousness of Damien, with something almost to be called remorse. I am sure it is so with yourself; I am persuaded your letter was inspired by a certain envy, not essentially ignoble, and the one human trait to be espied in that performance. You were thinking of the lost chance, the past day; of that which should have been conceived and was not; of the service due not rendered. Time was, said the voice in your ear, in your pleasant room, as you sat raging and writing; and if the words written were base beyond parallel, the rage, I am happy to repeat—it is the only compliment I shall pay you—the rage was almost virtuous. But, sir, when we have failed, and another has succeeded; when we have stood by, and another has stepped in; when we

SIT AND GROW BULKY

in our charming mansions, and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle, under the eye of God, and succors the afflicted and consoles the dying, and is himself afflicted in his turn, and dies upon the field of honor, the battle cannot be retrieved as your unhappy irritation has suggested. It is a lost battle, and lost forever. One thing remained to you in your defeat, some rags of the common order; and those we have made haste to cast away.

Common honor, not the honor of having done anything right, but the honor of not having done aught conspicuously foul; the honor of the inert; that was what remained to you. We are not all expected to be Damiens; a man may conceive his duty more narrowly; he may love his comforts better, and none will cast a stone at him for that. But will a gentleman of your reverend profession allow me an example from the fields of gallantry? When two gentlemen compete for the favor of a lady, and the one succeeds and the other is rejected, and (as will sometimes happen) matter damaging to the successful rival's credit reaches the ear of the defeated, it is held by plain men of no pretensions that his mouth is, in the circumstances, also necessarily closed. Your church and Damien's were in Hawaii upon a rivalry to do well—to help, to edify, to set divine examples. You having (in one huge instance) failed and Damien succeeded, I marvel it should not have occurred to you that you were doomed to silence; that when you had been outstripped in that high rivalry, and sat inglorious in the midst of your well-being, in your pleasant room—and Damien,



SURPRISE SOAP

LASTS LONGEST GOES FARTHEST.

See This Dress?

Surprise Soap Washed it.

And will wash any washable material without injury to the color or material—it is harmless yet effective.

White goods are made whiter and colored goods brighter by the use of Surprise Soap.

Thousands use it. Why don't you?

Use Surprise on washday for all kinds of goods without Boiling or Scalding.

180 READ the directions on the wrapper.

crowned with glories and horrors, toiled and rotted in that pigstye of his under the cliffs at Kalawao—you, the elect, who would not, were the last man on earth to collect and propagate gossip on the volunteer who would and did.

I think I see you—for I try to see you in the flesh as I write these sentences—I think I see you leap at the word "pigstye," a hyperbolic expression at the best. "He had no hand in the reforms," he was "a coarse, dirty man"—these were your own words, and you may think it possible that I am come to support you with fresh evidence. In a sense, it is even so. Damien has been too much depicted with a conventional halo and conventional features; so drawn by men who, perhaps, had not the eye to remark or the pen to express the individual; or who, perhaps, were only blinded and silenced by generous admiration, such as I partly envy for myself—such as you, if your soul were enlightened, would envy on your bended knees. It is the least defect of such a method of portraiture that it makes the path easy for the devil's advocate, and leaves for the misuse of the slanderer a considerable field of truth. For the truth that is suppressed by friends is the readiest weapon of the enemy. The world, in your despite, may, perhaps, owe you something, if your letter be the means of substituting once for all a wax abstraction. For, if that world at all remember you on the day when

DAMIEN OF MOLOKAI SHALL BE NAMED SAINT,

it will be in virtue of one work—your letter to Rev. H. B. Gage.

You may ask on what authority I speak. It was my inclement destiny to become acquainted, not with Damien, but with Dr. Hyde. When I visited the Lazaretto Damien was already in his resting place. But such information as I have gathered on the spot in conversation with those who knew him well and long; some, indeed, who reversed his memory, but others who had sparred and wrangled with him, who beheld him with small respect, and through whose unprepared and scarcely partial communications the plain, human features of the man shone on me convincingly. These gave me what knowledge I possess, and I learned it in that scene where it could be most completely and sensitively understood—Kalawao, which you have never visited, about which you have never so much as endeavored to inform yourself; for, brief as your letter is, you have found the means to stumble into that confession. "Less than one-half of the island," you say, "is devoted to the lepers." Molokai—"Molokai ahina," the "gray," lofty and most desolate island—along all its northern side plunges a front of precipice into a sea of unusual profundity. This range of cliff is from east to west, the true end and frontier of the island. Only in one spot there projects into the ocean a certain triangular and rugged down, grassy, stony, windy and rising in the midst into a hill with a dead crater, the whole bearing to the cliff that overhangs it somewhat the same relation as a bracket to a wall. With this hint you will now be able to pick out the leper station on a map; you will be able to

judge how much of Molokai is thus cut off between the surf and precipice, whether less than a half or less than a quarter, or a fifth, or a tenth—or, say, a twentieth; and the next time you burst into print you will be in a position to share with us the issue of your calculations.

I imagine you to be one of those persons who talk with cheerfulness of that place where oxen and walruses could not drag you to behold. You who do not even know its situation on the map, probably, denounce sensational descriptions, stretching the while your limbs in your pleasant parlor on Beretania street. When I was pulled ashore there one early morning, there sat with me in the boat two sisters, bidding farewell (in humble imitation of Damien) to the lights and joys of human life. One of these wept silently; I could not withhold myself from joining her. Had you been there, it is my belief that nature would have triumphed even in you; and as the boat drew but a little nearer, and you beheld the stairs crowded with abominable deformations of our common manhood, and saw yourself landing in the midst of such a population as only now and then surrounds us in the horror of a nightmare—what a haggard eye would you have rolled over your reluctant shoulder toward the house on Beretania street! Had you gone on; had you found every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital and seen the butt ends of human beings lying there almost unrecognizable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering, you would have understood that life in the lazaretto is an ordeal from which the nerves of a man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the brightness of the sun; you would have felt it was (even to-day) a pitiful place to visit and

A HELL TO DWELL IN.

It is not the fear of possible infection. That seems a little thing when compared with the pain, the pity and the disgust of the visitor's surroundings, and the atmosphere of affliction, disease and physical disgrace in which he breathes. I do not think I am a man more than usually timid; but I never recall the days and nights I spent upon that island promontory (eight days and seven nights) without heartfelt thankfulness that I am somewhere else. I find in my diary that I speak of my stay as "a grinding experience." I have once jotted in the margin, "Harrowing is the word," and when the Mokoi bore me at last toward the outer world, I kept repeating to myself, with a new conception of their pregnancy, those simple words of the song:

"'Tis the most distressful country That ever yet was seen."

And observe: That which I saw and suffered from was a settlement purged, bettered, beautified; the new village built, the hospital and the Bishop Home excellently arranged; the sisters, the doctor and the missionaries, all indefatigable in their noble tasks. It was a different place when Damien came there, and made his great renunciation, and slept that first night under a tree amid his rotting brethren, alone with pestilence, and looking forward (with what courage, with what pitiful sinkings of dread, God only knows) to a lifetime of distressing sores and stumps.

You will say, perhaps, I am too sensitive, that sights as painful abound in cancer hospitals, and are confronted daily by doctors and nurses. I have long learned to admire and envy the doctors and the nurses. But there is no cancer hospital so large and populous as Kalawao and Kalaupapa; and, in such a matter, every fresh case, like every inch of length in the pipe of an organ, deepens the note of the impression; for what daunts the onlooker is that monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded. Lastly, no doctor or nurse is called upon to enter once for all the doors of that gehenna; they do not say farewell, they need not abandon hope on its sad threshold; they but go for a time to their high calling, and can look forward as they go to relief, to recreation and to rest. But Damien shut to with his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre. * * * I take it that you are one of those who have an eye for faults and failures; that you take a pleasure to find and publish them, and that, having found them, you forget the overruling virtues and the real success, which had alone introduced them to your knowledge. It is a dangerous frame of mind. That you may understand how dangerous, and into what a situation it has already brought you, we will (if you please) go hand in hand through the different phrases of your letter, and candidly examine each from the point of view of its truth, its appositeness and its charity.

"Damien was coarse."
It is very possible. You make us sorry for the lepers, who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father. But you, who were so refined, why were you not there to cheer them with the lights of culture? Or may I remind you that we have some reason to doubt if John the Baptist were genteel; and, in the case of Peter, on whose career you doubtless dwell approvingly in the pulpit, no doubt at all that he was a "coarse, headstrong" fisherman. Yet even in our Protestant Bibles Peter is called saint.

"Damien was dirty."
He was. Think of the poor lepers annoyed with this dirty comrade! But the clean Dr. Hyde was at his food in a fine house.

DAMIEN WAS HEADSTRONG.

I believe you are right again; and I thank God for his strong head and heart.

"Damien was bigoted."
I am not fond of bigots myself, because they are not fond of me. But what is meant by bigotry, that we should regard it as a blemish in a priest? Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a peasant or child; as I would I could suppose that you do. For this I wonder at him some way off, and had that been his only character should have avoided him in life. But the point of interest in Damien which has caused him to be so much talked about, and made him at last the subject of your pen and mine, was that, in him, his bigotry, his intense and narrow faith, wrought potentially for good, and strengthened him to be one of the world's heroes and exemplars.

"Damien was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders."
Is this a misreading, or do you really mean the words for blame? I have heard Christ, in the pulpits of our church, held up for imitation on the ground that His sacrifice was voluntary. Does Dr. Hyde think otherwise?

"Damien did not stay at the settlement," etc.
It is true he was allowed many indulgences. Am I to understand that you blame the father for profiting by these or the officers for granting them? In either case it is a mighty Spartan standard to issue from the house on Beretania street; and I am convinced you will find yourself with few supporters.

"Damien had no hand in the reforms," etc.
I think even you will admit that I have already been frank in my description of the man I am defending; but before I take you up upon this head I will be franker still, and tell you that perhaps nowhere in the world can a man taste a more pleasurable sense of contrast than when he passes from Damien's "Chinatown" at Kalawao, to the beautiful Bishop Home at Kalaupapa. * * * I tell you that, to a mind not prejudiced by jealousy, all the reforms of lazaretto, and even those which he most vigorously opposed, are properly the work of Damien. They are the work of his

necessity; they are what his heroism provoked from the reluctant and the careless. Many were before him in the field; Mr. Myer, for instance, of whose faithful work we hear too little; there have been many since; and some had more worldly wisdom, though none had more devotion, than our saint. Before his day even you will confess that they had effected little. It was his part, by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needed; pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money; it brought (best individual addition of them) the sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalawao. If ever a man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. There is not a clean cup or towel in the Bishop Home but dirty Damien washed them.—Boston Republic.

AN OLD MONTREALER.

PROF. M'GUIRK HIGHLY PRAISED IN NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

We clip the following from the New Britain Record, and we are confident that hundreds of Montrealers will be glad to read it. We all regretted the departure of Prof. McGuirk from our city, and we all rejoice in his success abroad. May it ever be so with him, wherever he goes:—

"The Catholic Church always celebrates Christmas with impressive services, and the music is given especial attention at the feast of joy and gladness. This was the case at St. Mary's Church, where Prof. McGuirk had made extensive preparations and arranged a programme of unusual excellence. He has worked hard for several weeks, and the merit of the musical rendition produced yesterday placed him in the highest class of musicians, as teacher, organist, and conductor. He has been here but a short time and has organized his choir, with few exceptions, from new and untrained singers who have not devoted much of their time to music. It is one thing to take a select number of singers, who read music, and train them to sing, and quite another thing to take singers who have not had a musical education and produce such good results. But the merit of ability is all the more pronounced, and the praise should be the greater. It would be no extraordinary thing if a body of trained singers accomplished even better results than those of yesterday, but it seemed hardly possible to accomplish so much under existing circumstances.

"All who were present at the services speak highly in praise of the professor and of the music, and there were many musical people present from the other churches in the city.

"The principal services were at 10 30 in the forenoon, and 7 30 in the evening, at both of which the orchestra took part. The instrumental and chorus work was splendid, the chorus being strong, accurate and in good time. The different voice parts were marked and well sustained, and, with the instruments, blended into fine tones, modulated and accentuated accurately, producing music that was pleasant to hear.

"The singing at all the services was good and it must have been a pleasure to the pastor of the church, and a source of just pride to the people, as well as to Prof. McGuirk. The choirs are deserving of much credit, and showed what they are capable of with good training and their own natural ability. The musicians took a big interest, worked conscientiously and did remarkably well, as they had but one rehearsal.

"Prof. McGuirk presided at the organ and conducted, a task which generally occupies the attention of two skillful musicians. The members of the orchestra are especially warm in their praise of his work and ability.

The marches by the organ and orchestra were well executed.

"It was a rare treat to music lovers, and it is hoped that there will be more frequent occasions of this kind, and that Prof. McGuirk will continue the good work. He is a thorough musician, and New Britain is fortunate in having him here, so Hartford musicians say, and we think New Britain people appreciate him as fully as much as Hartford people do, and are well pleased to have him



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with pale or sallow complexions, or suffering from skin eruptions, or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. All of the stages of Emaciation, and a general decline of health, are speedily cured.



takes away the pale, haggard look that comes with General Debility. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, creates healthy flesh and brings back strength and vitality. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption and Wasting Diseases of Children. Send for our pamphlet. Mailed FREE. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

PREPARATIONS TO CELEBRATE THE 17TH MARCH.

The great wheel of time turn steadily round and bring back to our minds, year after year, the anniversaries of great men and great events. The golden spoke in that great wheel for the Irish race throughout the world is now almost within view; the one that strikes upon their sensibilities, that brings with it a thrill of enthusiasm to the heart of every Irishman and son of an Irishman—St. Patrick's Day. The preparations for this year's celebration in Montreal have already begun, and present indications predict a most successful celebration for the illustrious, immortal and time-honored patron of Ireland, St. Patrick. St. Patrick's Society, the mother society of Montreal, and the one on whose shoulders rests the dignity, honor and glory of the Irish race, have not forgotten to lead the way, their zeal intensified by a keen sense of the responsibility they assume, and encouraged by some of the leading Irishmen of Montreal, with the Hon. James McShane at their head. In addition to the morning parade, they are preparing a grand celebration for St. Patrick's night, to be held in the great hall of the Monument Nationale, St. Lawrence street. This hall has been secured for St. Patrick's Society every St. Patrick's night for an indefinite period. The programme for the night is now almost ready for the press and will surpass the memorable concert given last year in the same hall, on March 17, as some new attractions never before seen in Montreal on St. Patrick's night will be given. Among those already engaged are Miss Hollinshed, Mrs. Villeneuve (Alice Crompton), Miss Faulkner, Miss McAndrew, Miss Terrault, Messrs. Kelly, McLeod, Rowan, Trainor, Murray, Egan, and four Irish jig dancers, with the Irish piper, Mr. O'Brien. The St. Cecile orchestra, composed of twenty-four young ladies, have also been secured and are preparing some splendid national airs. St. Patrick's choir, under the direction of Prof. Fowler, have also been secured and will give four choruses and the National Anthem, besides some solos, duets and quartettes from the members. The anticipations at present are that this year will surpass anything yet undertaken by any Irish society in the City of Montreal.

A HANDSOME PUBLICATION.

In every well regulated business, printer's ink—judiciously distributed—has a prominent place, and the most successful men in all branches of the trade find that the increase or decrease of business depends largely on the quantity and quality of the advertising. It is necessary, however, to have a good thing to talk about before discussing it with the public, but with the genuineness of the article assured, the magnitude of the sales depends to a very great extent on the manner in which it is placed before the people. The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, of Brockville, are among the most original advertisers of the day, and as a result their business is increasing rapidly. Their latest publication setting forth the excellence of their preparations, particularly Pink Pills, is very handsome and decidedly unique. The first page of

the cover contains portraits of representatives of four generations of Royalty—Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Baby Prince Edward of York, while the last page bears a fac-simile of a package of the wonderful blood builder and nerve tonic. A copy of this handsome pamphlet will be mailed free to any of our readers who will send their address (plainly written) on a post card to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. M. H. BRENNAN.

On Friday last death visited the home of one of Montreal's best known and most popular labor men, and summoned to his reward the soul of Mr. M. Brennan. After several months' illness, borne with great resignation, the end came, and amidst his sorrowing family and friends the deceased passed quietly into eternity. The funeral, which took place on Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock, was most largely attended. The Ancient Order of Hibernians were present in a body; also the Knights of Labor, of which organization Mr. Brennan had been, for several years, a most active member. He was the founder of River Front Assembly and represented that body in District Assembly No. 18. He also sat in the Central Trades and Labor Council and the Dominion Trades and Labor Council. Universa regret has been felt at the death of Mr. Brennan, and we desire, while extending to his bereaved widow the expression of our condolence, to join in the prayer that he may rest in peace.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES DONNELLY.

Last week we had the painful duty of condoling with Rev. Father O'Donnell, of St. Mary's, on the death of his dearly beloved mother; this week we regret to find that the same hand of death has placed its icy clutch upon the lamented and universally esteemed father of another of Montreal's popular and revered clergymen—Rev. Father Donnelly of St. Anthony's.

The late Mr. Charles Donnelly was born in Antrim, Ireland, seventy-two years ago, and came to Canada in 1843. He was an energetic and most devoted citizen, an upright man, a good husband, a fond father, and a sincere and zealous Catholic. By profession Mr. Donnelly was a mechanical engineer and acted in that capacity for the Canada Peat Fuel Company. He was also, for several years, in the Dominion Board of Works. He was a member of the Prince of Wales Rifles. His career was one long and uninterrupted example that his contemporaries could imitate with profit, and those who survive him might emulate with benefit to themselves and to the country. He leaves a family of six children to lament his loss—three daughters and three sons—among whom is the kindly Pastor of St. Anthony's.

The funeral took place on the 18th instant to St. Gabriel's Church, of which deceased was a warden. The remains of the good and lamented citizen were accompanied by a large concourse of people, assembled from the different parishes of the city, St. Gabriel's, St. Anthony's, St. Mary's and others. The Requiem service was held in the church that he loved so well, and the celebrant was the Parish Priest, Rev. Father O'Meara, assisted by Rev. Father Devlin, S.J., as deacon, and Rev. Father Casey as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary amongst others were noticed Rev. Fathers Quinlivan, Callaghan, Lonergan, Schmidt, S.J., Heffernan, Shea, Morin, Brady, O'Donnell, Brophy and Pelletier.

In expressing our sincere sympathy with Rev. Father Donnelly and all the members of the family, in the hour of their sorrow, we are confident that in no better way could we prove our sentiments or please those who regret so keenly the loss of a noble father, than by joining in the Church's consoling prayer, that his soul may rest in eternal peace.

THE LATE MRS. JOHN BRODRICK.

We regret to be called upon to announce the death of Mrs. John Brodrick, who departed this life on Wednesday, 18th January, and whose largely attended funeral took place on Friday last, the 18th inst. Mrs. Brodrick was a sister of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. P. McGoldrick, and mother of two of Montreal's best known, most popular and charitable ladies—Mrs. James McOrory and Mrs. W. J. Scullion. The lamented lady was looked up to with esteem and affection by her large circle of acquaintance, and in her death her children and relatives sustain a sad loss. May she rest in peace, and enjoy the unending reward of her good, useful and virtuous life, is our sincere hope and prayer.

THE FUNERAL OF MRS. PETER O'DONNELL.

The funeral of Mrs. Peter O'Donnell, mother of Father O'Donnell of St. Mary's parish, took place on Thursday last at St. Antoine Abbe. There was a large attendance of clergy and citizens of Montreal, including the Rev. Fathers Brady, O'Meara, Casey, Shea, Auhe, Lonergan and Heffernan.

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CATHOLIC PROTECTION AND RESCUE SOCIETY.

This Society desires to give an account of its stewardship at the close of its first year for the information of its numerous friends in Montreal and elsewhere throughout Canada.

The number of children consigned to the Society during the year 1894, was 118. These were received as follows:—From Liverpool, 43 boys and 57 girls; from Salford, 11 boys and 14 girls; from London, 17 boys. The children from Liverpool and Salford were between the ages of five and fourteen years, and the children from London between the ages of ten and fourteen. Of these children there only remain six small boys at the Home, the remaining 122 children having been comfortably placed; of those seventeen have been placed in the city of Montreal and ninety-five in the country. The directors of the Society think the country more suitable for children than the city; besides those the Society looks after twenty-four children in the city and thirty-eight in the country, who were placed before the formation of the Society. There are two boys at the college at Joliette and one at St. Lin, whose education is being looked after by the parish priests of those places.

The financial part of the business is not particularly successful, although, thanks to their numerous friends, the society is not by any means in straitened circumstances. The expenses are as follows:

Furnishing Home.....	\$ 518 04
House rent, food, wages, etc.....	589 64
Boys' clothing, shoes, etc.....	78 38
Extra expenses, returning children....	90 50
	\$1,256 56

And the receipts:—

Donations, Europe and Continent.....	\$ 248 70
Donations, City of Montreal.....	587 50
Salford children.....	182 75
Liverpool children.....	592 00
	\$1,250 95

Leaving a small debt of..... \$ 5 51

Since then the society has received a donation of \$5 from Mr. James Lowe, of No. 985 Cadieux street, this city. The society is particularly deserving of assistance from the charitable disposed, as in no instance does the Home refuse to receive any child, boy or girl, under the age of sixteen years, and afford them a shelter until they can procure a situation. Servant girls out of employment are also sheltered when they have no home or friends. The management of the Home is under the control of the Rev. F. Gods and the St. Ann's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, to any of whom donations in aid of this very deserving charity may be sent, and will be thankfully acknowledged.

The St. Ann's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society also desires to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations, for the relief of the poor of St. Ann's parish:—City and District Savings Bank, \$200; Hon. Senator Murphy, \$50; Mr. James Rodgers, \$5; Mr. James Kavanagh \$5; Mr. Patrick McDermott, \$5; Mr. J. E. Brails, \$2.

For which, on behalf of the poor, they desire to express their most sincere thanks. P. O'REILLY, Secretary.

The ladies of the committee have charge of fifty-four girls throughout the city. Some are nicely adopted and well educated; most of them are in service; all are doing well and very happy. Should it not be so the visiting ladies will have matters settled or the child removed. Here are a few instances of the work done during the last year: A girl was frequently visited in Notre Dame Hospital. As she liked better to go to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, she was conveyed thither, and died in peace. A girl in danger was sent home to her married sister, her passage paid. A young girl was taken from the Good Shepherd and placed with a lady. A girl of sixteen was sent from the country; she liked to be with the Sisters and went to the Good Shepherd; she refused a situation and preferred to stay. Three girls, in danger for their faith or morality, were removed. Only one girl was reported to be ill treated; nothing was spared to remove the child; she was placed in a very good family. Two girls were prepared for their First Communion and made it before leaving the home. The general report about the children is that their little defects are only those faults common to the generality of children, and unless imposed upon or overworked, show more readiness and obedience than many parents can expect of their own children. The lists of application are open now for the children in the Spring.

"How many ladies have you invited?" "Twenty five." "But I thought you were going to invite 50?" "But consider the fashion in sleeves."

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A situation as good plain Cook, apply at 52 St. Bernard St.

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ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

ST. GABRIEL'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year by the above society:—President and director, Rev. W. O'Meara, P.P.; first vice-president, John Lynch; secretary, James Burns; rec. secretary, Wm. Ford; financial secretary, Edward Bolger; treasurer, Patrick Polan; grand marshal, M. McCarthy; assistant marshals, Henry McGee, Luke Cave; librarian, J. A. McGee.

W. FORD, Rec. Sec. Jany. 14th, 1895.

Mr. Guaher (a self-satisfied bore)—"I can just tell what the people are thinking of me." Miss Pert—"Indeed! How very unpleasant it must be for you."

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS

ADVERTISEMENT.

JANUARY CLEARING SALE.

The Tale of the Shirt

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MANY ARE FICTION.

Our story of the Best Shirt in town is founded on last year's great success in the Shirt trade.

OUR OWN MAKE SHIRT has held its own against all comers.

THERE IS NO DOUBT

Our 75 cent White Dress Shirt is as good as the best one dollar shirt in town, it is made of good substantial cotton with genuine linen front and hand and fits like a glove. During the balance of our

JANUARY CLEARING SALE we will sell them for 68c nett. or 6 for \$4.00 only.

Full Dress Shirt made of Horricks No. 2 cotton, open back or front, regular price \$1.50, sale price \$1.35.

GREAT SHIRT SALE

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FLOUR! Best Hiawatha Flour, \$3.95 a Barrel. Best Creamery Butter.....23c per lb. Choice Dairy Butter.....20c per lb. OPEN EVENINGS. J. L. GREVIER, 809 St. James Street

C. M. B. A.

BRANCH 26, ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The regular meeting of the above branch, which was held at Glenora Hall last evening, was very largely attended. The chair was occupied by President Reynolds, and amongst those present were President Martin, Vice President Payette, and Trustees H. Martin, of Branch 226; Bro. A. D. McGillis, J. H. Feeley, J. A. Hartenstein, R. Coogan, B. Campbell, J. A. McDonald, T. Kavanagh, Thomas Fitzgerald, John Murphy, Thos. T. Flynn, T. R. Stevens, H. Martin, Jos. Gould, W. Selby, James Rylands, H. King, Owen Tansey, J. Connaughton, A. Merzies, L. E. Simoneau, J. J. Costigan, B. Tansey, A. Brogan, N.P., Thomas Smallshire, J. H. Sullivan, John Hoolahan, T. J. Finn, H. J. Ward, J. G. Thurgood, Joseph O'Toole, James Callahan, J. E. Shortall and M. Sharkey.

The meeting was opened in due form, after which the secretary presented his reports, which were adopted. Fin-secretary Feeley presented his quarterly report, which gave in detail the receipts for the year, as also the standing of each member. Treasurer A. D. McGuire presented his annual report, which was also a detailed statement, and showed the branch to be in a most flourishing condition financially and otherwise. The finance committee's report was also read. Several applications were read and referred to the board of trustees. The usual routine business having been transacted Chancellor T. J. Finn, assisted by Chancellor Martin, installed the following as office-bearers for the ensuing year: Spiritual adviser, Rev. Martin Callaghan, of St. Patrick's; chancellor, P. Reynolds; president, A. D. McGillis; first vice-president, H. J. Ward; second vice-president, A. Brogan, N.P.; secretary, James J. Costigan; assistant-secretary, T. Kavanagh; treasurer, J. E. Shortall; financial secretary, John H. Feeley; marshal, James Milloy; guard, James Callahan; trustees, Brothers D. J. McGillis, L. E. Simoneau, J. G. Thurgood, Jos. Gould and Thos. T. Flynn.

After the installation President McGillis, on assuming the chair, made a few happy remarks thanking the members for the honor which they had conferred upon him. He would do his best during the incoming year to show his appreciation of that honor and his best efforts would be used to promote the interests of the branch. Association Chancellor Finn moved a vote of thanks to the retiring officers for their valuable services to the branch. The motion was seconded by Bro. J. Hoolahan and was carried by a standing vote. Ex-President Reynolds briefly replied to the motion. President Martin made a short address, congratulating Branch 26 on the progress it had made during the past year, and judging from the efficient staff of officers which had just been installed he felt that the branch was in good hands and its future prosperity enhanced. Vice-President Payette also made a few happy remarks, which were heartily applauded. Short addresses were also made by Brothers Shortall, Feeley, Costigan, Milloy and others. The regular order of business was next proceeded with, after which the meeting was brought to a close.

Branch 26 was founded in 1838, and is the parent branch of the C.M.B.A. in the Province of Quebec and includes in its ranks many well known and prominent persons, such as His Lordship Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield; Hon. J. J. Curran, solicitor-general; Drs. Palardy, O'Connor, and many others.

The branch will hold an open meeting on Monday, January 28th, at which addresses on the association will be given, as also a select programme of vocal and instrumental music.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS—BRANCH 54.

The annual installation of officers of Branch 54, C. M. B. A., was held in their hall, 1113 Notre Dame street, the installing officer being Grand Deputy Finn, assisted by Chancellor Purcell. The following are the names of the gentlemen who are to hold office during the coming year:—Rev. director, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell; president, Cornelius O'Brien; first vice president, Geo. Patingale; second vice-president, Francis Leighthead; recording secretary, Francis D. Daly; assistant recording secretary, J. Weir; financial secretary, Jos. J. Maguire; treasurer, Thomas McDonnell; marshal, Thomas Murney; guard, P. Brady; trustees, A. Purcell, E. O. Dowd, J. Cuddy, Jas. McDavitt and Thomas

Kane. The event of the evening was a surprise to the recipient, as well as a genuine gratification to all present. The worthy treasurer, Mr. T. McDonnell, was presented with a magnificent portrait of himself, handsomely framed. Grand Deputy Finn congratulated the branch on their appreciation of so good an officer, and certainly gave an address in every way worthy of the occasion. President O'Brien followed in his genial style, and the worthy treasurer responded in a most appreciative and feeling manner.

BRANCH 1, INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.

The last meeting of Branch 1, Quebec C. C., was largely attended to witness the installation of officers for the next term, which was performed by Grand President P. O'Reilly, assisted by Supreme Deputy J. P. Nugent. Chancellor P. Flannery and Bro. M. Cuddy, of Branch 9 (St. Mary's) were present. The officers elect are: Chancellor, Wm. J. Kerr (retiring president); President, W. J. Innes; First Vice-President, J. Lippin; Second Vice-President, Jas. McLaughlin; Recording Secretary, F. C. Lawlor; Assistant Recording Secretary, T. F. McGrail; Financial Secretary, W. J. Scullion; Treasurer, T. J. White; Marshal, P. Connolly; Guard, S. McKenna; Trustees, P. Morninge, J. Kenehan, J. Tierney, P. F. McCaffrey, L. Edmond; Auditors, J. Rourke, P. F. McCaffrey, W. J. Kerr; Business Committee, Supreme Deputy J. P. Nugent, Grand Deputy J. Meek, Chancellor J. L. Jensen.

C. M. B. A. INVITATION.

The members of Branches 132 and 160, Halifax, N.S., beg to intimate to the members of the C.M.B.A., throughout Canada, that any member visiting Halifax will find a welcome in their rooms, Anderson's building, corner Duke and Barrington streets. 27 3

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Thos. H. Cannon and Theo. B. Thiele, of Chicago, High Chief Ranger and High Secretary of the above Order, will arrive in this city during the coming week, to hold a conference with the officers of the Order. There are now ten thousand members of this grand Order in Canada, among which are many of our leading clergymen. There are thirty-five courts in Montreal with three thousand members. Mr. Thiele, the High Secretary, will be here on Thursday (to-morrow), on the invitation of some members and friends, to take part in the annual drive of the "Pecatorial Coons."

PERSONAL.

Mr. H. D. M. Gee, formerly advertising agent for the TRUE WITNESS, and recently of the Herald, has taken the management of one of the largest clothing and men's furnishing emporium in Canada—J. H. Blumenthal and sons, corner of Craig and Bleury streets. Judging from Mr. McGee's great energy and success in the past we anticipate that he will bring the establishment under his management to a foremost rank in the business arena of our province. We certainly wish him all manner of prosperity and are confident that his zealous and courteous system of doing business will win for him countless friends in the new branch which he has undertaken.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

ST MARY'S COURT, 164, C. O. F.

At a regular meeting of St. Mary's Court, No. 164, C.O.F., held in their hall, January 17th, 1895, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas,—It has pleased Almighty God to call to rest the mother of our esteemed and respected Chaplain and Brother Forester, the Rev. P. F. O'Donnell;

Resolved,—That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this Court and that a copy be sent to our bereaved Chaplain, the Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, P. F., and also to the Catholic Forester, True Witness and Daily Star for publication.

Committee. { JOHN J. RYAN, C.R.,
JAMES MOULEY, V.C.R.,
P. J. SEXTON, R.S.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY

A special meeting of St. Mary's C. Y. Men's Society was convened on Tuesday evening, to pass resolutions of condolence with Rev. Father O'Donnell on the death of his mother.

The meeting being called to order, the Chairman put the following motion:

Resolved,—That we offer up our next monthly Communion for the repose of deceased's soul.

Resolved,—That these resolutions be spread on the records of the Society, that they be printed in the True Witness and Monthly Calendar, and a copy be sent to Rev. Father O'Donnell and family.

EMERALD COURT NO. 378, C. O. F.

We, the members of Emerald Court, No. 378, in regular meeting, wish to express our sympathy to our reverend and worthy brother, P. F. O'Donnell, pastor of St. Mary's, in the loss he has sustained by the death of his beloved mother; therefore, be it

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our records, and a copy sent to our reverend and worthy brothers, and a copy given to the press for publication.

Committee. { PATRICK REILLEY, C.R.,
JOHN E. BRENNAN, T.,
WM. L. MCINTOSH, R.S.

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

At a special meeting of St. Anthony's C. Y. Men's Society, held Sunday, 20th Inst., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved,—That in the death of the beloved father of our Spiritual Director, Rev. J. E. Donnelly, we recognize the mysterious and all-wise dispensation of Almighty God, to whom we all owe life, and to whom we must again yield the life He gave. May God's smile dispel the shadows which now hang so dark in their home and bless the memory of he who is gone.

Resolved,—That these resolutions be embodied in the minutes; that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, to Rev. J. E. Donnelly, and one to THE TRUE WITNESS for publication.

BRANCH 132, C. M. B. A., HALIFAX, N.S.

At the regular meeting of Branch 132, Catholic Mutual Association, held this evening, the following resolution, moved by 1st vice-president W. J. Butler, seconded by chancellor Bro. James R. Cragg, was passed unanimously by standing vote:

Resolved,—That this Branch desires to place upon record its deep sympathy with Bro. Power and his family, in the irreparable loss they have sustained in the death of one who was not only the kind and devoted head of the family, but was also an upright, conscientious and indefatigable upholder of Catholic in-

terests in the many important and high public positions in which he had been so many times placed by the suffrages of his fellow citizens.

His rectitude, urbanity and Christian life have left behind him in the hearts of the people a memory that will not soon be effaced, and which must afford some solace to those from whom he has been severed by the relentless hand of Death.

Resolved,—That this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Branch, and that a copy be sent to Brother Power, and to the official organs of the C. M. B. A. for publication.

(Signed) { JOSEPH A. CHISHOLM, Pres.
NOBERT TUEZLER,
Rec. Sec. Hr. 132 C.M.B.A.,
Halifax, N.S., Jan. 15, 1895.

THE LATE MR CHARLES KELLY.

At a meeting of the St. Gabriel Fire and Drum Band, held on the 13th Inst., the following preamble and resolution on the death of Mr. Charles Kelly was unanimously adopted:

Resolved,—That a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of this band, and published in THE TRUE WITNESS, and a copy tendered to the relatives of the deceased.

Committee. { J. M. LAMONT,
WM. ORT N.,
JAS. C. CONNOR.

DIED.

O'CONNELL—At her residence, corner McCord and William streets, on January 18th, of pneumonia, Elizabeth Ferguson, widow of the late Thos. O'Connell.

DONNELLY—In this city, on the 17th Inst., at the age of 73 years, Charles Donnelly, employee of the Dominion Board of Works, and father of the Pastor of St. Anthony's Church. Deceased was a native of the County Antrim, Ireland. May he rest in peace.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S
ADVERTISEMENT.

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We are offering some specially large inducements in our Linen Department.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING:

Hemstitched Table Cloths and Napkins, beautiful goods to be cleared at

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2000 yards of very fine Table Damasks, 70, 72 and 74 inches wide. Prices \$1.20, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.25, all at

33 1/2 p.c. Discount.

20 dozen of very nice 1/2 bleached Table Napkins, (24 in.) Prices \$1.75 and \$2.00 per doz., at

33 1/2 p.c. Discount.

100 Handsome Bureau and Side-board covers in plain white and colored, all at

20 p.c. Discount.

A lot of splendid Table Cloth and Napkins in Bleached Linen, all marked at

20 p.c. Discount.

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CLINTON H. MENEELY, Genl. Manager
Troy, N.Y., and New York City,
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SUPERIOR CHURCH BELLS.

Send your soiled Linen to the

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And have it returned to you laundered as they ONLY can do it, and at Prices that are always the lowest.

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RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Newark diocese claims a gain of 7,000 persons during the past year.

Archbishop Chapelle, of Sante Fe, has fully recovered from his recent illness.

The troubles in the Lincoln diocese have been settled, the bishop having been sustained.

Archbishop Hennessy has made the parish schools of the Cathedral of Dubuque free.

A monument to Father Damien, the lepers' friend, was unveiled recently in Louvain amid the great rejoicing of the people.

His Holiness has addressed an autograph letter to the Sultan on the occasion of forwarding the encyclical on Oriental matters.

If the Archbishop of Santiago is made a Cardinal, as rumor now says is probable, he will be the first Cardinal in South America.

The energetic Father Biaschelli, of Italy, chief of the Missioners of the Precious Blood, is organizing a league against bad newspapers.

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Misa Helen de Barlet, daughter of M de Barlet, premier of the Belgian Cabinet, has taken the habit as a sister of the Sacred Heart.

Rev. Patrick Cronin, Buffalo, distinguished priest-editor, has been confined to his home the past week, owing to a severe and dangerous cold.

A manuscript of the Book of Ecclesiastes in characters, indicating a very early date, has been discovered at Tolosa. It is attributed to St. Jerome.

The Ave Maria announces that it will publish during the coming year a posthumous work by that lamented Catholic historian, Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

On Christmas Day in New York a thief gained admittance to St. Michael's Hospital on the pretense that he was a gamman, and stole \$500 from Father O'Connor's room.

The Very Rev. Father Martinet, Assistant General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, died recently at Bordeaux in his sixty-sixth year. He visited Liverpool last year.

Professor Filippo Costaggini, the successor of Brumidi as fresco decorator of the national capitol, has painted a life-size portrait of Monsignor Satolli, which is said to be a work of art.

The Mayor of Scheestadt, Alsace-Lorraine, and three parish priests, it is reported, have been summoned to appear before a correctional tribunal for having organized a Catholic association.

If current reports are to be relied upon, Bishop Matz of Denver is not going to escape from the responsibilities of his position as easily as he hoped. It is now stated that there is very little likelihood of his resignation being accepted.

According to the latest available returns, the Catholic native population of Corea amounts to 22,419. The "Almanach de Gotha" and the "Statesman's Year Book" give the number of the Protestant natives as only 300.

Last year the priests of Foreign Missions, whose headquarters are in Paris, baptized 32,482 adult Pagans and 176,064 children. They have 3,800 missionary stations and have charge of regions in which there are millions and millions of heathens.

Mgr. Ruilewski, the Polish Bishop of Rielee, has been summoned by Russia to give up his episcopal functions, because a vigorous protest of the Bishop against the interference of the Government with the episcopal seminary had some effect in Poland.

Among those who were drowned in the recent wreck of the Union Company's steamship Waiarapa, off the coast of New Zealand, was the Rev. Father Seraphin, O.P. The reverend gentleman, whose name in the world was Neal McIvor, was born at Dunlay, County

Antrim, on December 23, 1866. He entered the Passionist Novitiate at Broadway, Worcestershire, England, in 1836, Within five years Bishop Becker, of Savannah, Ga., has organized a third colored sisterhood, known as the Sisters of St. Francis. Already they number five, who are in charge of an orphanage in that city.

and was professed as a religious the following year. He studied for the priesthood at St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, near Liverpool, and at St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate-hill, London. His superiors sent him out to Australia in 1892.

Father Rossignoli, who has escaped from Omdurman, has been able to confirm the rumor of a prospective attack on Kassala. Should the Italians repulse the dervishes, the fate of the Khalifa is, according to Father Rossignoli, sealed.

The late Sister Emeliana, Superioress of St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, will be succeeded in that office by Sister Mary Stephen, who for some time has been head of the schools of the Sisters of Charity at Yonkers. She is a woman of marked executive ability.

At the hospital of Codogna in Italy the crucifix has been restored by the administration to the beds of the sick. What a horror that the emblem of man's redemption should have to be legally allowed a place beside the suffering, in Italy of all countries, and that its restoration should be hailed with a cry of joy.

When?

Your husband will notice a great improvement in your cooking, when

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Your house will not be filled with the odor of hot lard, when

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Your doctor will lose some of his Dyspepsia cases, when

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SUDDEN CHILLS & COLDS. AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF AN ATTACK TAKE A TEASPOONFUL OF 'PERRY DAVIS'

PAINKILLER AND THE CURE IS MORE SUDDEN THAN THE CHILL. J. K. MACDONALD, Practical HOUSE and STEAMBOAT BUILDER, general MACHINIST, Blacksmith, Locksmith, etc.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Always the Desired Effect. Baxter Springs, Kan., Nov., 1892. I have suffered a great deal from sleeplessness for three or four years.

Baraga, Mich., Jan. 8, 1892. I have recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to many and they all unanimously praised it.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc. Flour.—We quote: Patent Spring.....\$3.75 @ \$3.90 Ontario Patent.....3.20 @ 3.40 Manitoba Patents.....3.75 @ 3.90

Wheat.—No. 1 hard Manitoba has been sold to millers at 78c to 79c. Wheat in Ontario is reported scarce, with sales at Western points at 67c to 68c for red and white winter.

Corn.—Market quiet at 63c to 64c duty paid, and 58c to 57c in bond. Peas.—A small lot of peas in store was sold at 68c per 60 lbs, and we quote 63c to 64c.

PORK, LARD, &c.—We quote as follows:—Canadashort cut pork, per bbl.....\$14.50 @ 15.50 Canada short cut, thin, per bbl.....13.50 @ 14.00

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—Creamery, finest fall.....20c to 22c Creamery, early made.....10c to 13c

COUNTRY PRODUCE. Eggs.—Western sells at 10c to 11c, one lot being sold as low as 9c. Choice Montreal Hmed are quoted at 12c to 13c.

Dressed Poultry.—Sales of turkeys at 8c to 9c for choice, while stock discolored sells at 7c to 7 1/2c. Chickens 5c to 7c. Geese 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c and ducks 7c to 8c.

FRUITS, Etc. Apples.—Sales are reported very slow at \$2.00 to \$2.50 per barrel. Dried Apples.—There is only a very moderate demand at 5c to 6c.

Oranges.—A few small lots of Valencia oranges have arrived and are selling at \$1.25 per box of 420s and \$3.25 for 71s, and we quote Florida oranges (unfrozen) 123s \$3.75, 150s \$4.25 to \$4.50, 176s and 200s \$4.50 to \$4.75, (frozen stock) \$2.50 to \$3.50 per box.

Lemons.—Lemons at \$2.50 to \$3.50 per box. Pine Apples.—Pine apples at 15c to 25c each. Pears.—California pears are in fair demand at \$2 to \$2.25 per box, but Canadian pears are uncalled for at \$3.00 to \$4.00 per barrel.

Onions.—Canadian onions are only in fair demand at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per barrel, and Spanish \$1.00 per crate. Nuts.—We quote Grenoble Walnuts, 13c to 14c per lb; Tarragona Almonds, 12c to 13c; filberts, 7c to 8c; Brazil, 11c; pecans, small 10c, medium 13c, extra 15c; peanuts, roasted 7c to 8c; raw 6c to 8c; shelled walnuts 2c to 2 1/2c per lb.

FISH AND OILS. Salt Fish.—Dry cod \$4.25 to \$4.50, and green cod \$4.00 to \$4.25. Labrador herring \$1.00 to \$1.25, and shore \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Oil.—Cod oil is steady: Gaspe 32c to 33c, and Newfoundland in round quantities at 34c to 35c. Jobbing lots are 33c to 34c for Gaspe and 35c to 36c for Newfoundland.

Public Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that the "Alliance Nationale," a body politic and corporate, incorporated by virtue of the Provincial Statute of Quebec, 56 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 a so for other purposes pertaining to the same.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. 1794 Notre Dame Street, MANUFACTURERS OF STERLING SILVER AND FINE ELECTRO-PLATED WARE. WM. ROGERS' Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Holiday Presents at prices to suit everybody. Call and see. 1794 Notre Dame St.

MONTREAL Business College Established 1864. —CORNER— Victoria Square and Craig St. Is one of the Largest, Best Equipped & Patronized Commercial Educational Institutions in America.

A WOMAN'S RESCUE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM PARIS STATION.

SUFFERED FOR SIX YEARS FROM NERVOUS HEADACHES DIZZINESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY—PHYSICIANS AND MANY REMEDIES FAILED TO HELP HER—HOW RELIEF AND CURE WAS AT LAST FOUND.

From the Paris, Ont., Review.

So many remarkable stories are published of people who have been almost brought back to life, that the public might almost be excused if they were a trifle skeptical. So far, however, as those relating to cures brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are concerned there appears to be no reason to doubt their entire truthfulness. The cases reported are carefully investigated and vouched for by newspapers that would discredit themselves were they to distort facts that can be easily investigated by any of their readers. Besides, there are but few localities in the Dominion where this grand healer of the sick has not made itself felt, and the people having proof of its virtues near at home, are quite prepared to accept the statements made as to the results following the use of Pink Pills in other localities.

The Review has heard of much good accomplished by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this locality, but has recently learned of a case at Paris Station which is of sufficient importance to give the full details for the benefit it may prove to others. The case alluded to is that of Mrs. E. H. Skinner, who is esteemed by a wide circle of acquaintances. To a representative of the Review Mrs. Skinner said she had been for a long time a great sufferer. Her blood had become thin and watery, bringing about a weakness amounting almost to a collapse. There were numerous distressing symptoms, such as dizziness, severe headaches, palpitation of the heart, etc. "I have been ill," said Mrs. Skinner to the Review, "for about six years, and you can form an idea of what I suffered during that time. I had the advice and treatment of some excellent physicians, but without any benefit. I may say that during the six years I was ill I was treated by four different doctors in Brantford and one in Paris, but they seemed not to be able to do anything for me. When the physicians failed I tried many different widely-advised remedies, but with no better results. All this, you will readily understand, cost a great deal of money, and as I derived no benefit, it is not to be wondered that I was completely discouraged. I found myself continually growing weaker, and hardly able to go about, and had almost given up all hope of becoming better. And yet one never wholly despairs, for seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so strongly recommended in the press I determined to try them, and you can see by my condition to-day how much reason I have to be thankful that I did so. I had not been taking Pink Pills long when for the first time in six years I found myself improving. Gradually the troubles that had made my life miserable disappeared, new blood appeared to be coursing through my veins, and I am again a healthy woman, and have no hesitation in saying that I believe I owe not only my recovery but my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Mrs. Skinner said her husband was also much run down with hard work, but after using Pink Pills feels like a new man.

The statements made by Mrs. Skinner prove the unequalled merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as there are thousands of women throughout the country similarly troubled, her story of renewed health will point to them the remedy which will prove equally efficacious in their cases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are also a specific in cases of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, the after effects of a grippe, etc. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. They are sold only in boxes, the 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, Brookville, Ontario, or Schenectady, N. Y.

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If you want to Drink the best **COFFEE** possible

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BAKING POWDER,

"The Cook's Favorite,"

Use no other, Ladies, and be happy.

WHAT IS



It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. **ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER** is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality. — Numerous and very flattering testimonials from well known PHYSICIANS and other citizens of good standing testify to the marvelous efficacy of **ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER**. Lack of space allows us to reproduce only the two following:

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth, a substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view. This is a proof that the manufacturer of Robson's Restorer is above all anxious to produce an article of real value, regardless of the expense necessary to attain this end. It is with pleasure that I recommend Robson's Restorer in preference to all other preparations of that nature.

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.
Lavaltrie, December 29th, 1886.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Félix de Valois.

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