

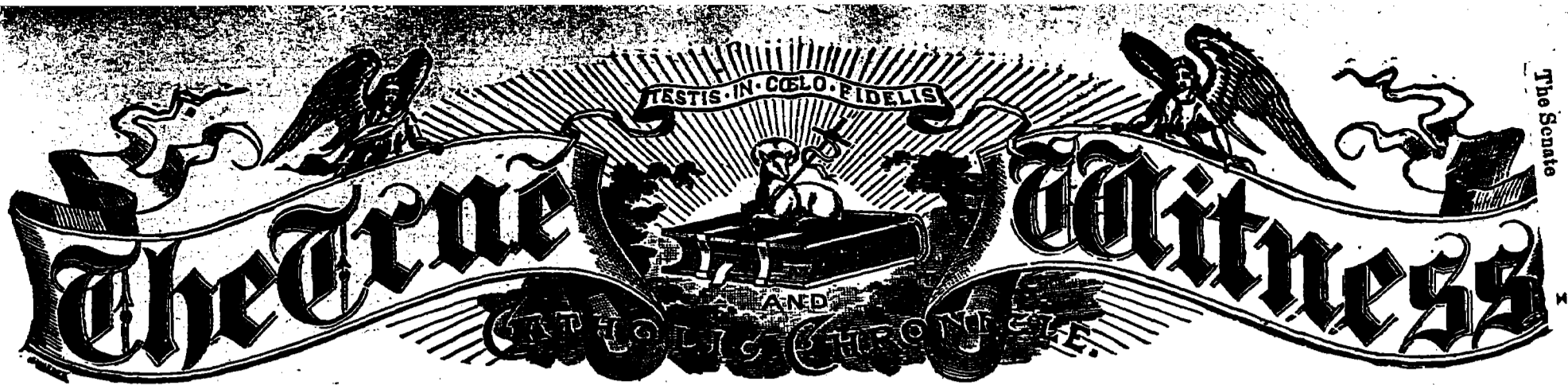
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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

We understand that the missions in Jamaica, W. I., are to be transferred to the American Jesuits. These missions were under the English branch of the Order, which section will take the South African missions. In November last Rev. William O'B. Pardow, Provincial of New York, visited Jamaica. This may tend to Americanize that island.

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DIPLOMATIC illness prevented the Queen of Italy from receiving Zola at the Quirinal. Mr. Billot, the French Ambassador, presented him, and King Humbert did the honors. Queen Marguerite has no fancy for immoral authors, and she by no means relishes filthy attacks upon Lourdes and places, persons and things sacred in general. She trusts in the Blessed Virgin to yet save Italy from ruin. The attack of influenza was brought on by the chill which Zola's iceberg presence imparted to the atmosphere. It disappeared with his departure.

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THE little Crown Prince of Siam is dead. He was sixteen last June and became Crown Prince in 1887. He was never a robust child but he was considered clever. He was very small, especially for such a long name as he bore—Somdetch Cowfa Maha Vajirunhis. What effect his early death will have on the prospects of Siam is more than we can tell; but this we know, that while the great western world may care little and perhaps not even pause to inquire who he was, his young life may have been of great importance to the peace and prosperity of the little Kingdom of Siam.

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MR. WILLIAM KELLY, our young and active canvasser and collector, will visit several sections of the city during the coming week. The TRUE WITNESS would request, most respectfully, of all upon whom he may call to receive him cordially and to do their utmost to encourage him in this department. It requires a great many hands to build up and carry on a newspaper, and like the wheels of a clock, they all are necessary to the perfect working of the organ. But all the wheels of a time-piece would be useless were there not some external hand with a strong key to wind up the whole affair; in the case of a newspaper that key is what the world calls "cash," and that hand is the public.

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A NEWFOUNDLAND correspondent wants us to tell him all about the origin of Orangeism, and its attitude towards the Catholic Church. It would be a very long story indeed were we to attempt a reply. The Society derives its name from William Prince of Orange—and not from the color of its regalia, or from the ornamental lily of July, as thousands of Orangemen suppose—and was formed in Ireland for the express purpose of propagating the extreme Protestantism of the conqueror of the Boyne. Its primary

object was the wiping out of "Pope and Popery, wooden shoes, and brass money," according to an original oath aimed at the adherents of James II. It gradually developed into an organization for the special persecution—collectively and individually—of all Roman Catholics. Of late years it has not carried its principles into execution, for the good reason that a more modern civilization would not tolerate its barbarism, and while it hates Catholicity none the less to-day, it is forced by circumstances over which it has no control, to hide its weapon under the cloak of its loyalty, and vegetate upon the memories of old time triumphs over the helpless victims, and upon the gloomy hopes of some undefined and future opportunity of paddling in Papist gore. But now that the old lion's teeth are rotten or gone, it serves no good purpose to insult his decrepitude, his roar is still loud, but not dangerous, and it need not startle any one.

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"LUTHER'S HOUSE IS FALLING," says a Berlin despatch. "The Lutherhaus (in Eisleben) and the Andreaskirche (St. Andrew's Church) threaten to fall in. The Lutherhaus is the house in which Martin Luther was born and in which he died." It is very peculiar that at the same time as Luther's material house is tottering, his religious edifice is crumbling. A house divided against itself can not stand. Time has shaken the timbers of the Lutherans—like all material things it is perishable; Time and Disunion have combined to shatter the edifice of his so-called religious Reformation—like all things human it could not be perpetual. Neither structure will be greatly missed; the world can exist most admirably without them.

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"H. L. B."—we do not know whether our correspondent is a man or a woman—would like to know "how any amount of education can change nature, for"—he (or she) continues, "the sun shines on the ignorant and the wise alike." We cannot say what gave rise to this queer inquiry; it may have been some remark of ours, in some editorial, which we cannot now recall, or it may have been the reading of some controversy upon the value of education. No matter! Let Carlyle reply: "An ox and a philosopher look out upon the same landscape, and the difference between the impression that it makes upon each one of them is the measure of the difference in the brain behind the eye."

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We have discovered by the bills for paper, the list of wages, the request for rent, the indicator on the gas meter, and several other similar reminders, that it actually requires money to run a newspaper, and particularly to improve it. Of course each subscriber's amount of indebtedness is very small, and may seem of little consequence; but still it would greatly help to meet a few of these necessary debts. We would gladly furnish all our readers with gratis literature

and free defense of their principles and interests, but unfortunately we cannot induce those who supply us to look upon matters in the same light. Consequently, although reluctantly, we are forced to remind all who are in arrears to devise some way to let us have the small amounts that are due. We don't like to dwell upon this question; we prefer more congenial subjects; but if we entirely neglect the necessary, we cannot possibly furnish the agreeable.

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IN referring to the murder of the woman at Kensington, a short time ago, an Italian organ, the Voce della Verita, calls it "Il misfatto di un deputato Orangista"—"the misdeed of an Orange representative." This is a mistake—it was not Colonel Saunderson, but his homicidal nephew who did the deed. While half the press of the English-speaking world has been trying to cover up all reports of a matter that might have reflected upon the lovely and humane character of the pious order, it is unfair that an Italian journal should visit the crimes of the nephew upon the more famous uncle. Poor Col. Saunderson will have enough to answer for without accusing him of murder. "Kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne" should suffice to gain notoriety for any one man. We protest against heaping all upon the same shoulders.

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IN opening that admirable and ever welcome magazine the "Ave Maria," we did the following translation of an "Italian Peasant's Prayer," by our esteemed friend, that rising and popular litterateur, Walter Lecky. It is delightfully sweet, and we almost suspect that the translator added to the beauty of the original by drawing upon his own delicate and brilliant fancy:

I hear thy sweet bells chime;  
It is the vesper time,  
Ave Maria.  
The day and work are done,  
The hour of rest is won,  
Ave Maria.  
The sun is setting nigh,  
And dark spreads o'er the sky,  
Ave Maria.  
In light or dark thou'lt be  
The same fair Queen to me,  
Ave Maria.  
I hear thy sweet bells chime;  
It is the vesper time,  
Ave Maria.  
I placed my life, my all,  
Obedient to thy call,  
Ave Maria.  
Be thou my shepherdess,  
And lead through storm and stress,  
Ave Maria.  
Until within the fold,  
Thy Jesus I behold,  
Ave Maria.

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WHILE we must admire and applaud the "age-of-consent" crusade that is being carried on in the United States to-day, and wish Helen H. Gardener, Frances E. Willard, Will Allen Drumgoole, Dr. A. H. Lewis, Dr. O. E. Janney, Aaron M. Powell, and Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of The Arena, all manner of success in securing a favorable change in the laws, on this subject, which disgrace the statutes of several states of the Union, still we are under the impression that more evil than good is done by the

plain, unvarnished and absolutely nude articles that are being published on the question in The Arena. It is a crying shame that a girl who is not of age, according to law, to dispose of or acquire property, is considered sufficiently old to legally barter her soul. But it is in private canvas, in the awakening of legislators to a sense of duty and of Christianity, that the remedy lies. By spreading broad-cast dissertations upon the subject, and painting in vivid colors and exact tracings, all the forms and surroundings of corrupt life, thousands are instructed in matters that can only injure them to know, and the delicacy of thousands is shocked by the very expressions used. It may be sensational—and it is with a vengeance—but it is not refining literature. Infuse more religion into the educational system, and the legislators as well as those for whom they legislate will see and feel the necessity of the great moral reforms in the law.

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WE have been asked if it is not possible that the Almighty has created, in His wrath, beings predestined to unending punishment. Not at all. It is the property of love to draw nigh to its object; hatred draws away from its object, which it only approaches to destroy. That which does not exist cannot be destroyed; consequently, that which is non-existent never could draw hatred to it. Hatred would say "were such an object to exist I would destroy it, therefore, let it continue non-existent." God being antecedent to all objects, in His mind alone could they have had existence before He created them. If He, then, drew near them, approached them, called them out of nothing, love alone could have actuated Him. Consequently the creation in general and of each particular object is inexplicable except as an act of love. It is more so than preservation or protection. God is, therefore, love in perpetual, universal and boundless action. If He could hate a creature to the extent of wishing to destroy it, He never would have called it out of nonentity, but would have left it in a non-existent state. So argued Dionysius of Athens, even when a Pagan; so argued he when he became the apostle of Gaul—St. Denis of France.

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NOT a bad plan for dealing with tramps has been devised by the Orange, N.J., Bureau of Associated Charities. It is interesting and might serve as a good hint for some of our own benevolent homes or refuges.

A wood yard will be opened. Before a man who applies for lodgings will get anything to eat or a bed he will have to do a certain amount of work in payment. After his work is done he will be taken to the shower bath, where an assistant will see that he is thoroughly washed. After he has had a good meal he will be sent to bed. While he is sleeping his clothing will be put into a steam vat and thoroughly disinfected and cleansed, so that when he has had a good breakfast the man may start out clean to look for work. The plan is expected to help the worthy and discourage tramps.

## SMITH VS. FROUDE.

In our last issue we referred to Goldwin Smith's exceptional article, in the December North American Review, in which he rakes the late James Anthony Froude in a most unmerciful manner. There are a few remarks made by the erudite professor that may prove of interest, and perhaps of great use, later on, and we purpose taking note of them this week. The more remarkable are they in as much as, they come from one who was never partial to Catholicity, and that they seem to have been wrung from him by the all-over-powering desire to find fault with the very faulty historian (?) Froude.

"In dealing with the case of Catherine of Aragon," says Goldwin Smith, "Froude constantly assumed that the Pope had power to grant a divorce, and ought to have exercised it in order to secure the succession of the Crown of England. But the Pope had no such power. Marriage, in the Roman Catholic Church, when solemnized between baptised persons and consummated, is indissoluble." Mr. Smith knowing this so well should be able to understand that no Catholic legislator is justified in voting for, or assisting in any way, the creation of a divorce law or a divorce bill. Yet with all his logic and good English, he can understand the attitude of the Catholic Church when it suits his purposes—such as in the severe criticism of Froude—but fails to carry his own arguments to their logical conclusion when a simple matter of legislation by a particular state arises.

After dealing most severely with the case of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, giving Froude a first class setting down for his opposition to Cardinal Pole, and pointing out that "Froude does not know the epoch or the men with whom he is dealing," Mr. Smith leaves this very important phrase for the consideration of his readers. "We should never have heard of the Protestantism of Henry VIII, if the Pope had consented to his marriage with Anne Boleyn." \* \* \* \* "There have been more sanguinary tyrants than Henry VIII.; there has never been one more brutal." Exactly! Had the Pope consented to violate the law which Christ left to St. Peter and his successors, in order to please the whim and gratify the passions of the royal monster, we never would have heard of the Protestantism that has been transmitted, in England, from that period to our own.

If Professor Smith were to try for ten years he could not write a more powerful defense of Rome and of the Pope, particularly in connection with the advent of Protestantism into England. The Pope could, by assisting in the performance of a crime, have retained a whole important country under the See of Rome; but when the balance held an Empire and the other the assertion of a religious truth—a principle—the infallible representative of Christ did not hesitate. Not one iota of the Church's dogma could be sacrificed, even for the sake of an earthly kingdom. In His own good time God will bring about the return of that kingdom to the fold, (and even in our century have giant strides been made in that direction), but nothing could repair the chaos that would follow the opposite course if a Pope of Rome could possibly take it. We are thankful to the Professor for the powerful argument he has, all unwittingly, advanced in favor of Papal infallibility, and in condemnation of the source of Protestantism in England.

But our object is to cull a few phrases to use as quotations hereafter—when

occasion requires, and not to comment, for actually comment is superfluous. There is, perhaps, no more beautiful figure in the history of England than that of Sir Thomas More. Few grand characters have been more abused, misrepresented and condemned than this great and holy man. Listen to Goldwin Smith in his criticism of Froude's diatribes against Sir Thomas More: "Yet more repulsive than the whitewashing of the tyrant is the systematic blackening, sometimes by adroit inuendo, of the characters of his victims. It is especially repulsive in the case of Sir Thomas More. To disarm our natural indignation at the foulest of judicial murders, More is painted as the most cruel of persecutors. More, like all men of his time, and most notably King Henry VIII., the author of the Six Bloody Articles, believed heresy to be a crime, wrote against it, tried to repress it, and, while he was chancellor, allowed the law to take its course. To some minor acts of personal severity he pleaded guilty. But to say that when he came into office 'the Smithfield fires recommenced,' is most unfair. Erasmus, who watched these events, asserted, in proof of More's humanity, that during his chancellorship not a single heretic had suffered death."

Here is another peculiar paragraph:—"Froude tries to create the impression that Fisher and More had done or said something disloyal, which rendered their execution inevitable, though very sad. They had neither done nor said anything whatsoever, but had simply declined to declare their assent to the Acts of Succession and Supremacy, the latter of which acknowledged an earthly sovereign as head of the Church, in the teeth of principles which Henry himself championed some years before. The suggestion that their convictions would have led them to join a Papal invasion of England is preposterous. This spectre of an armed Europe preparing to invade England and crush the Reformation is constantly conjured up by Froude to justify these murders. It is a creature of his fancy."

It is refreshing to find two such opponents—in the arena of history—cutting and lashing the Catholic Church, and when one has fallen, the other, to leave a lasting memorial of his opponent's inferiority to him, literally takes up the Catholic side of most important questions. Smith says again of Froude: "There is a disagreeable artfulness in the whole of the attack on the character of More." One of Froude's most brutal remarks was on the deaths of the Protestant Archbishop Allen and his chaplains in Ireland. Thus criticises Mr. Smith: "Fisher and More had no more to do with the murder of Archbishop Allen and his chaplains than with the murder of Abel, and were no more likely to approve one than the other. Their names are introduced merely for the purpose of creating a prejudice against them as victims of Henry VIII. This is not the duty of an historian."

How the late lamented Father Tom Burke would have enjoyed this article of the erratic professor. Who would imagine Goldwin Smith penning the following three paragraphs?

"All this judicial murdering of good men, and all the butchery and cruelty of which the reign was full, were necessary, according to Froude, for what? To purify and restore in its primitive and genuine form the religion of Jesus. What would Jesus have said to the execution of Fisher and More?"

"In spite of their literary merits, which are unquestionably great, the volumes comprising the reign of Henry VIII. must, as history, be laid aside.

This subject, so full of tragic and criminal interest, still waits for an historian."

"In the reign of Mary we have again to be somewhat on our guard against Froude's hatred of Cardinal Pole, whom he pursues with an implacable animosity which would hardly have been justified if the Cardinal had cheated him at cards. \* \* \* \* In the one case in which Froude can show Cardinal Pole intervening, it happens to be on the side of mercy."

We have not space to quote the Professor's defense of Mary, Queen of Scots, against the miserable and unmanly attacks of Froude. We have, however, given enough to show how fair Goldwin Smith can be, when he finds it convenient. Some other time we shall have occasion to contrast these remarks and criticisms with other peculiarly contradictory assertions and deductions of the same great English master upon those same questions. However, we must quote the closing paragraph of that exceptional article. "The gifts of pictorial and narrative power, of skill in painting character, of clear, of eloquent and graceful language, Froude had to a degree which places him in the first rank of literary artists. That which he had not in so abundant a measure was the gift of truth." Strange to say that times numberless have the same judgments been passed upon Goldwin Smith. The fact is, that in picturing Froude, he pictures Smith; they both rowed in the same boat, but fell out over the mastery of the vessel.

## THE PREMIER'S FUNERAL.

Perhaps in the annals of this century no such combination of exceptional circumstances took place to stamp with the seal of impressiveness the obsequies of any man, as what the whole Empire has just witnessed in the death, bringing home and funeral of the late Sir John Thompson. Here have we a striking illustration of those immortal lines, so oft quoted, and yet so constantly new, from Gray's undying "Elegy":

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Apart, however, from the last line, the departed Premier's life cannot be said to have awakened such thoughts; for truly the "boast of heraldry" he knew not; all honors were showered upon him, for merit, not transmitted by the accident of lineage; "the pomp of power" was not his, nor was it congenial to him; and "all that wealth e'er gave" was a life of toil without the reward of even a competency adequate to the position he occupied. To him may more truly apply that other verse from the same poem:

"The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation's eyes."

Elsewhere we give an account of the funeral at Halifax. We would advise our young readers to preserve it, for in years to come, when Canada has grown to be the buckle in the belt of the Empire that engirdles the world, when her population will have doubled, and her great men will be as numerous as those of other lands, the sons of another generation will tell their children of the extraordinary event that marked the closing of the brightest, if shortest, public career that, since confederation, added a chapter to our history. We now take our last farewell of Sir John Thompson; in future we can only speak of him as one of Canada's historic giants, one of her golden landmarks. But as Catholics we must remember that the duty of prayer for his soul is always present.

## POEMS AND LYRICS.

In this issue we publish the poem, "The Deathless Dead," written by Dr. J. K. Foran, on the occasion of the State funeral of the late Premier. This will be the last in the section of "Memorial Poems," in the volume which is now in press. This collection will cover about 350 pages and will contain about 140 poems. The edition will be splendidly bound, and no pains are being spared by the publishers, Messrs. D. & J. Sadler & Co., to make it one of the most attractive Canadian books of 1895. It will contain patriotic, descriptive, historical, memorial, religious, miscellaneous and humorous poems. A very large sale is expected, as the volume will suit both as an Easter gift and a school prize, as well as a valuable addition to any library.

THAT was a very sad and instructive scene which took place in Paris, on last Saturday, when Captain Alfred Dreyfus, in accordance with a sentence of the court martial, was publicly degraded. We all know that famous expression, "it is splendid, but not war;" in this case we could well reverse the expression, "it is military, but not humane." There is certainly a doubt as to Dreyfus' guilt; but in military tribunals there is no "benefit of the doubt." There is something cold and cruel in the programme of degradation. Behind him the memories of a promising career, around him the heartless vindictiveness of a mob that is proverbial for its fickleness—idolizing a man one day and tearing him to pieces the next,—before him a life-imprisonment in some isolated fortress. While we thoroughly understand that a nation must be protected against treason, yet justice might be satisfied in a more humane procedure. Will the example strike terror into others who might become traitors? If that is the reason for heaping so much ignominy upon one poor victim, then God help the nation whose soldiers or citizens are faithful through fear and not through love.

## THE SEE OF ST. BONIFACE.

FATHER LANGEVIN, O.M.I., SAID TO HAVE BEEN APPOINTED AS SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

The following despatch, dated New Year's Day, from Rome, has gone the rounds of the press:

"The Pope has appointed Father Langevin, of the Congregation of St. Mary Immaculate, to the Bishopric of St. Boniface, Manitoba, in succession to the late Archbishop Tache, who died during the summer."

Should this be true, we can heartily congratulate Father Langevin, the splendid Community of which he is a member, the diocese over which he is called upon to preside, and the Catholic Church in general throughout Canada.

Rev. Father Langevin is the son of Philippe Langevin, notary, and was born at St. Isidore, Laprairie county, nearly thirty-nine years ago. Father Langevin studied at the Montreal College, where he passed with high honors. He was a classmate of Father Therrien, of Mount St. Louis, and a warm friendship sprung up between them in their student days, which has continued up to the present. After completing his studies he remained at the Montreal College for two years, afterwards studying theology at the Grand Seminary. He next entered the novitiate of the Oblat Fathers at Lachine, where he made his vows. After a trip to France, he returned to Montreal and performed the duties of the priesthood at St. Peter's Church, Montreal, when he was transferred to Ottawa as Superior of the Seminary. He was then sent to Manitoba as Superior of the missions in the North-West, in which capacity he has visited all parts of the country, and made friends wherever he went, both among Catholics and Protestants. Father Langevin is a Doctor of Theology, is of a most charitable disposition and a fine speaker.

## MEDIÆVAL MEDICINE.

In a copy of the Humanitarian, a London monthly, Mr. Alfred Momerie has a peculiarly false article on the subject of "Mediæval Medicine." The theory laid down by Mr. Momerie amounts, in a few words, to this: it was only after the dawn of the seventeenth century that medical science became studied and actually practised. During all the past ages the Catholic Church, through her priests and monks, taught that it was an infringement on God's prerogatives to make use of human means to cure illness; that it was a great crime to practise medicine, for it was an invention of the devil; that the only means whereby man could legitimately escape the ills that flesh is heir to were prayer, miracles and relics. The priests strove thus to keep the people in ignorance in order to keep them in subjection, and the natural sciences were condemned because they were ruinous to the superstition by means of which the popular mind was enslaved. To illustrate this theory the author ridicules the intercession of the saints, scoffs at relics and apparitions, makes fun of miracles, laughs at the Agnus Dei, the beads, the scapular and similar objects of veneration. After a series of attacks upon the Church and her teachings he thanks heaven for the Reformation that freed mankind from the slavery of priestcraft and that gave to the world the great medical discoveries that have proved such a boon to the race.

In a few words the foregoing is a synopsis of that very extraordinary and audacious contribution, which is but a part of the un-Christian and materialistic articles of which the Humanitarian is made up. We are not as much surprised at the false statements and illogical reasoning of this infidel as we are at a magazine, in the light of the closing nineteenth century, attempting to court public favor with such weapons.

In the first place Mr. Momerie is not only mistaken, but he is evidently willfully and maliciously wrong. To say that the art of surgery or the practice of medicine only dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century is so absurd, so false, so childish, that it stamps the whole contribution with the seal of insincerity. In fact the writer must imagine that his readers are either fools or densely ignorant; in either case a poor compliment to those whom he addresses and whose sympathies and approval he seeks to gain. The fact is that medicine has been practiced as far back as the days of the early Greeks. Long before Protestantism was ever dreamed of; long before the Catholic Church was established by Jesus Christ; long before Romulus and Remus founded the city of Rome, on the banks of the Tiber; long before Alexander the Great marched to the conquest of the known world; when Grecian architecture was yet unknown; when Jerusalem was the center of civilization; when the pyramids of Egypt were young and the gardens of Babylon were in full bloom, there was a species of medical schools among the peoples of the earth. By degrees, like every other branch of human knowledge, like the arts and sciences, medicine became gradually more widely known. It is true that in the days of Christ the Saviour performed miracles, but by no means did He forbid the use of herbs and medicaments in the curing of the sick. These natural means of attaining a natural object He left to men; His were supernatural means, where He conferred the blessings of health and strength upon the stricken. Even so was it with the early apostles and the saints of the Church. At times, in order to prove

their divine mission and to inspire greater faith, they had recourse to supernatural means, such as miracles; but by no means did they disregard the ordinary human cures that lay in the bosom of nature and awaited the exercise of man's skill and knowledge to be brought into action. Throughout the Ages of Faith—by the enemies of the Church improperly called the Dark Ages—the science of medicine and the art of surgery were handed down from generation to generation. In the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, in Italy, Germany and France, we find some of the most wonderful masters in the great science of curing human ills, and the works that they left have been the basis of some of the most exhaustive writings that our more modern authors have given to the world.

Again, the theory of ignorance, due to the Church's action, is so false that the slightest knowledge of history will suffice to reduce it to dust. Throughout all those long centuries, when the cloud of barbarism hung over Europe; when each nation and each tribe was taught to keep its rights by the sword; when the spirit of chivalry was abroad; when the hordes of the North ravaged the cities of the world and reduced to ashes the monuments of art and the relics of learning; in the monasteries, in the convent cells, in the Church's treasure-house of science, all learning and knowledge took refuge and formed a safe asylum against the whirlwind of destruction that rushed over the continent. The very Bible itself was preserved, copied, transmitted from age to age by the religious clergy of the Church. The learning and acquirements of centuries were conserved by the ministers of Christ's establishment. While the columns of science were shattered and libraries were burned, the monks and priests, the hermits and fathers snatched every relic of knowledge from the debris around them and hid them away in the depths of their seclusion, there to be kept intact until a freer and more civilized age would permit them to be sent forth again in safety to the world. And for all this devotion to the cause of science and literature, of art and learning, the ingratitude of the puny infidels of this age attacks the Church and accuses her of being the mother of ignorance.

We would advise Mr. Momerie, when next he seeks to vent his spleen against Rome and her clergy, to be more careful as to his statements, to study up history a little more exactly, to have somewhat more of conscience when relating facts, to try and learn the first elements of argument before attempting a syllogism. We would also advise the Humanitarian to be a little more Christian. Its name indicates error, when its principles are purely humanitarian, and devoid of all spirituality, "humanum est errare." In fine, we do not hesitate to stigmatize the assertions of this writer as maliciously false, nor have we any hesitation in saying that the organ which published them is unhealthy. The day has gone past when the Catholic press was silent upon all these attacks. In a free country like Canada we have a right to express our views, to defend our Church and to assert her prerogatives, and we have no intention of allowing such slanderers to go unslashed.

As well might we accuse the Catholic Church of wanting to prevent human progress because she did not invent a trans-continental railway to carry Coure-Lion and his crusaders to the East, as to accuse her of fostering ignorance because she did not give the people of the middle ages all the improvements in medical science that this century has developed.

## INFALLIBILITY.

Reason and History Support the Dogma.

Perhaps you think it is impossible to believe in the infallibility of any human creature. I ask you, why is this impossible? You answer, because all men can err and do err. I reply if all men can err and do err, why should not the men who wrote the Holy Scriptures have erred also? You may say you believe that Almighty God protected them from error. Exactly, and that is the kind of claim we make for the Pope. We believe that the Pope has divine assistance which enables him to determine matters of faith and morals. You may think it ridiculous, but it may be true for all that. It is not more ridiculous that God should protect the Pope from error in faith and morals, than that God should protect St. Paul. The subject is a man in either case, and though every man be liable to error, it is not ridiculous to suppose that for a special purpose God might give to any man this divine assistance, as He gave the gifts of prophecy and inspiration to the men of old.

Remember, no Catholic believes that the Pope cannot sin. No Catholics believe that the Pope is infallible in *private life*. It is only when, as Supreme Pastor and Teacher of the Church, speaking to the whole Church, deciding questions of faith or morals, that we believe him divinely protected from error. The Pope as temporal sovereign has ruled over the States of the Church, but his infallibility "does not touch his decisions in temporal affairs." No Catholic holds that in every speech, conversation or writing the Pope is infallible.

After all, Protestants are in the same boat with Catholics over this. I once asked a Nonconformist Minister, "How is a man to find the truth amidst the present confusion of tongues?" He replied, "If a man takes the Scriptures and seeks the aid of the Holy Spirit, he will be directed into all truth." What is this but saying that every searcher after the light is infallible? Here is not one Pope, but millions. Here is infallibility all round! The only difficulty about the personal infallibility of everybody is, that hardly any two agree about anything, so that thousands of contrary opinions would all be infallibly true, and the Holy Spirit would be teaching one thing to one man and an opposite thing to another! Some people find it hard to believe consistent dogmas, but what would they say if they had to believe *inconsistent* ones? If you come to reckon up what is reasonable in such a matter as this, surely a system professing one faith, even though it does include the divine assistance of one man when disputes arise as to what is the one truth, is far more logical, and possible, than a battlefield of conflicting opinions where everybody claims to be right and no two people agree.

You will tell me that there is not a word in Holy Scripture about the infallibility of the Pope. I used to think so at one time, but the Bible is a large book, the Protestant often picks out what suits his arguments and ignores what supports the Catholic arguments. Let me call your attention to one or two points. Did it ever occur to you to consider the peculiar position given by our Lord to St. Peter?

[1] When our Lord received from His Apostles their declaration of faith in Him as the Son of God, it is Simon Peter who says "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Our Lord even changed Peter's name from Simon to Peter, which means a *Rock*, and said to him:—

"And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven."

These words have only one meaning. Christ built His Church upon St. Peter, and gave to him the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Explain the words otherwise, and you explain them away. You may say that St. Peter received no more than the rest of the Apostles, or any other Christian—yes, you may say so, but Christ says something else.

Our Lord said that St. Peter's confession of faith was no inspiration of flesh and blood, but of "the Father which is in heaven." To St. Peter Christ gave

the keys of His Divine Kingdom or Church, for St. Peter was to be the chief steward.

[2] After His Resurrection our Lord called upon St. Peter three times to declare his love, and each time commanded him to feed the sheep and lambs. There was to be the One Fold, and St. Peter was to be the chief shepherd on earth. Even when Jesus foretold that St. Peter would for the moment deny his Master, He assured him that He had specially prayed for him to the Father, and called upon him to confirm his brethren.

[3] In the lists of the Apostles given in the Gospels, St. Peter is always named first.

[4] In the Council at Jerusalem, when the Apostles chose to fill the place of Judas, it is Peter who opens the proceedings and gives directions for the undertaking.

The special prerogatives given by Jesus Christ to St. Peter are claimed to-day by his successors, the Popes of Rome. The word *Pope* means *Father*, and the Pope has always been regarded as the Father of the faithful in the Catholic Church.

This has been acknowledged by all the early Christian writers. Take these only:—

Tertullian [A. D. 195]:—"Was anything hidden from Peter, who is called the Rock whereon the Church was to be built?"

Origen [A. D. 216]:—"To Peter was the supreme power to feed the sheep delivered, and upon him, as on the earth, the Church was founded."

"Peter, upon whom the Church of Christ is built."

St. Cyprian [A. D. 248]:—"Peter, whom the Lord chose as first, and upon whom He built His Church."

"There is one Church, founded by the Lord Jesus Christ upon Peter, for the origin and purpose of unity."

St. Optatus [A. D. 370]:—"Thou canst not deny that thou knowest that in the city of Rome to Peter first the episcopal chair was given, in which sat the first of all the Apostles, Peter; . . . in which one chair *unity might be preserved by all*."

St. Ambrose [A. D. 385]:—"Peter's ship, which is the Church. That ship is not tossed about in which prudence sails, where unbelief is not, where faith blows. . . . For how could that be tossed about in which he presided, in whom is the foundation of the Church?"

St. Chrysostom [A. D. 387]:—"Peter the Head of the Apostles, the first in the Church . . . and when I name Peter I name that unbroken Rock, the firm Foundation."

St. Augustine [A. D. 430]:—"The Roman Church, in which the supremacy of the Apostolic See has always been in force."

I could fill a book with like quotations. You may say you do not care what the early Christians believed, but mark this: there are the words of Christ to Peter; you cannot get away from them, and the early Christian interpretation of them is more likely to be Apostolic than yours.

That Church has existed for more than eighteen hundred years. She has confronted atheism and heresy, has fostered education, and given to the world the highest human achievements in literature and art. She is an independent religious body that stands before kings and claims freedom of conscience for her children. What wonder if from the story of all these centuries the Protestant can unearth sinful acts and errors of judgment, on all matters outside of the realm of faith? What is the testimony of impartial Protestant writers as to the value of the Catholic Church in human history? Mr. Kinglake, in his *Eothen*, remarks:—

"The universal aptness of a religious system for all stages of civilization, and for all sorts and conditions of men, well befits its claim of Divine origin. She is of all nations and of all times, that wonderful Church of Rome."

The Protestant Dean Milman, speaking of the 5th century, wrote:—

"On the throne of Rome alone, of all the greater Sees, did religion maintain its majesty, its sanctity, its piety; and, if it demanded undue deference, the world would not be inclined rigidly to question pretensions supported as well by such singular and unimpeachable virtue."

Again:—"From the 6th century to the 14th, the Papal power was the great conservator of Christianity, of the best Christianity, perhaps, which those ages could receive, and it was of incalculable benefit to European civilization."—*San Francisco Monitor*.

# LAI D TO REST.

## Funeral of Sir John Thompson.

Most Imposing Ceremonies—Impressive Service in St. Mary's, Halifax—An Eloquent Funeral Oration by Archbishop O'Brien—Canada's and the Empire's Last Tribute to the Illustrious Dead.

So exceptional, so wonderful, was the demonstration, at Halifax, on the occasion of the late lamented Premier's obsequies, that we would gladly consecrate a whole issue to the account, but, unfortunately, our space will only permit of a hurried glance at a panorama of sadness such as, perhaps, was never before witnessed upon this continent. A whole nation, in truth a whole Empire, collected around the remains of a great and noble statesman, "spell-bound by the mighty dead."

HALIFAX, January 3.—For a walking funeral the weather is a very important consideration, and it was noted with general satisfaction that the morning was bright and clear. As the sun got up the air grew quite warm and a pleasanter day in winter for a procession could hardly be imagined. People were early stirring, the service in St. Mary's being fixed for 9.30.

At the centre of the altar rail lay the coffin, which had been removed from the Provincial building to the church just before dawn. The Queen's wreaths and that presented by Lord and Lady Aberdeen rested upon it, the others being arranged about the catafalque, which was of purple, with gold cord and tassels. The coffin was covered with a magnificent pall, the gift of Lord and Lady Aberdeen and in part the work of Lady Aberdeen and her daughter, Lady Marjorie, though most of it was done by the sisters at the convent of the Good Shepherd, Montreal. The pall is of white Irish poplin, lined with satin and bordered with gold fringe and cord, while a large gold cross runs the whole length. On each side of the coffin three candles were burning near the altar rail, and there were in addition two candelabra of six lights each. Within the altar rails was a place set apart and screened off with purple curtains for Lady Thompson and her near relatives, in which she could see and hear without been seen. On the other side of the sanctuary sat the Governor-General and the Lieutenant Governors of the provinces.

### THE MOURNERS.

Lady Thompson's family and the chief mourners arrived at the church about 9.30 and were admitted through the side chapel. The party included Lady Thompson, her two sons and two daughters, Mr. John Pugh (Lady Thompson's uncle) and his daughter, Mr. Joseph Osholm and Mrs. Osholm (sister of Lady Thompson), Sister Lena of the Sisters of Charity (also sister of Lady Thompson), Mr. D. Pottinger, superintendent of the Intercolonial Railway, cousin of the deceased (Sir John's mother being a sister to Mr. Pottinger's father), Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carten and Messrs. Crockett, relatives of Lady Thompson. Lord and Lady Aberdeen came up the centre aisle a few minutes afterwards and took their places, Lady Aberdeen occupying a seat in one of the front pews of the centre aisle along with Lady Tupper, Mrs. Dewdney and Mrs. and Miss Daly. The Governor General was closely followed by the members of the Government, who also sat well to the front of the centre aisle, the first two pews being reserved for relatives. All the ministers were present except Sir Mackenzie Bowell, whose cold did not allow him to leave the house; Sir Adolphe Caron and Mr. Angers, who were kept away by circumstances already explained. By this time the cathedral was crowded and must have presented an impressive spectacle to those sitting on the other side of the altar rail.

Archbishop O'Brien, assisted by two priests, presided on the throne. The celebrant of the Mass, Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish; assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Murphy, of St. Mary's; deacon, Rev. T. J. Daly, St. Joseph; sub-deacon, Rev. J.

G. O'Bryan, Montreal; acolytes, Rev. Dr. Campbell, Rev. M. Carrol, St. Mary's; censor bearer, Rev. Dr. Foley, St. Mary's; master of ceremonies, Rev. J. B. Moriarty, St. Mary's.

The following were also present in the sanctuary in their robes: Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa; Archbishop Bégin, Quebec; Bishop Sweeney, St. John; Bishop McDonnell, Alexandria; Bishop Blais, Rimouski; Bishop McDonald, Charlottetown; Bishop Howley, St. John's, Nfld., and about fifty priests, thirty coming from the diocese of Antigonish alone. The music was impressive in its subdued solemnity, the sounds being somewhat deadened by the heavy folds hanging from the roof and walls.

### THE SERMON.

After the Kyrie and Dies Irae, the Archbishop ascended the pulpit and delivered the sermon:

"Having then convened with you from my youth until this day, behold here I am. Speak first before the Lord and before His anointed whether I have taken any man's ox or ass. If I have wronged any man, if I have oppressed any man, if I have taken a bribe at any man's hand and I will despise it this day and will restore it to you, and they said: Thou hast not wronged us, nor oppressed us, nor taken aught at any man's hand."—Samuel, ch. xii., v. 2, 3 and 4.

Before the remains of the honored dead are borne home to their last resting

man may be placed the more fierce is the light which surrounds his actions and the more unparring the censure to which his conduct is subjected. What might have been hidden from the masses of the Jewish people in the days of Samuel is impossible of concealment from the public of to-day. Yet, were the people of this great Dominion to be called upon to answer to the challenge of the dead Premier to speak of him before the Lord and before his anointed they would be obliged to answer "Thou has not wronged us nor oppressed us, nor taken aught at any man's hand." Official integrity can have no higher credentials than this, nor need it desire a more infallible vindication.

### A UNIQUE CAREER.

It is a matter for legitimate congratulation that in the public life of this Dominion we can point to a career which has summed up and embodied all the best attributes of official purity and unbending uprightness; that whilst vast interests were in his keeping and many subtle influences at work to render him untrue to the common weal, still no duty was neglected, no obligation to the public shirked, and the hands which had wielded almost unlimited power were found free from wrongdoing, from oppres-

by which a corrupt public man sometimes treads his way successfully to ambition and distinction. The manner of his success, then, claims our admiration and affords a measure by which to gauge character. It points out also to young men the one sure and honorable road to public distinction, as well as the one way of combining worldly success with personal integrity.

### HE WAS A GREAT MAN.

Can the word great be legitimately applied to Sir John Thompson in any or all of the various parts which he so honorably fulfilled? As a pleader his success was so marked that his services were eagerly sought in all cases of great moment. As a judge his summing up of cases was noted for its method and impartialities; his decisions were ever clear and satisfactory. His speeches were masterpieces of clear, logical reasoning, and attained the conviction of all fair minded men. They have that quality of sincerity of appeal to the higher nature of man with a masterly grouping of arguments which will insure their immortality in the literature of our country. As an envoy of Canada, whether at Washington, or Paris, or London, he impressed all with whom he came in contact as a man of superior abilities and one possessed of a miraculous grasp of the intricacies of every question discussed. In view of all this varied and continuous success, both at home and abroad, we are but expressing a legitimate conclusion, and not the exaggeration of funeral eulogy, by claiming for him, in many things, at least, the application of great.

### ANOTHER ASPECT OF HIS LIFE.

But there is another and a higher aspect of the life of the late Premier which, on this occasion, and in a place of this kind, is deserving of serious consideration. Splendid as were the intellectual gifts and endowments of mind, of themselves they would never have enabled him to win and to retain the esteem and admiration of so many. It was the spiritual element of his nature which developed and expanded his intellectual attainments, gave consistency to his actions, strength and vigor to his reasoning. Both in public and private, at all times and under all circumstances, he fulfilled with regularity and exactness, not merely the essential duties of his religion, but likewise many of those which a busy man might well be excused for thinking supererogatory. This faithful discharge of his religious duties brought him into daily and close intercourse with his Creator, detaching his mind from the love of material things, causing him to see the emptiness of worldly honor and applause, and making him realize that a good name is better than riches and the fear of God preferable to the acquirement of unjust triumphs.

### EVIDENCES OF HIS SINCERITY.

How faithful he was to the practices of devotion which he deemed profitable to the soul can be gathered in an unmistakable manner from what was found on him after death. Amongst other things was a small picture of his Saviour, a crucifix and a set of rosary beads. Be it borne in mind that he could not have foreseen his death at Windsor castle, consequently even his most bitter adversary cannot accuse him of posing for the occasion. Such tokens of pious practices, of the utility of which we shall not here treat, but in which he fully believed, were ever on his person. He had gone to Windsor castle at the command of his earthly sovereign, whilst bending his knee to her and swearing fidelity to her throne, with a heart filled with the spirit of true loyalty, he wore pressed to that same heart the image of his Heavenly King, both as a reminder of the homage which he owed Him and as a conservation of the service of his soul to the Eternal King. He was to dine with his Queen and then remain for the night in her historic Windsor castle. He would offer to her every sign of respectful allegiance and ready service, but when he should have retired from her presence he was prepared to salute the Queen of Heaven and to commend himself to her care by devoutly reciting the beads in her honor. Have we not here a striking example of the fulfilment of the command: "Fear God and honor the king." The faithful wife and loving children and sorrowing relatives must bear not only their full share of the public bereavement, but also a bitter personal loss, the extent of which can be known save by themselves alone.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN, OF HALIFAX, N. S.

place, it is meet some words should be spoken in this sacred edifice to tell of life and hope amidst the sadness and gloom that encompass around about.

Our sorrow is not as that of those who mourn without hope. For we know that our friends, though dead to the world, live before God; and although their bodies may be left to moulder in the tomb, we ever hear the consoling words of our Saviour spoken near the little town of Bethany, "Thy father shall rise again." Though there be hope in our sorrow, the sorrow itself is profound and universal. For an individual loss, the regret is sincere, though it be confined within a narrow circle. When a nation mourns we may be sure that the loss is a national one.

### HIS INTEGRITY.

Public men live now more than ever in the full light that is cast around them from a hundred sources which did not exist in past ages. They cannot hide themselves behind the throne of their sovereign and screen their character beneath the cloak of office. Our age respects no curtains drawn before the sanctuary of the Council of the King; hence the acts of a high public official are as open to the criticism of the people as those of the village headle. Indeed, the more exalted the station in which a

man is placed the more fierce is the light which surrounds his actions and the more unparring the censure to which his conduct is subjected. What might have been hidden from the masses of the Jewish people in the days of Samuel is impossible of concealment from the public of to-day. Yet, were the people of this great Dominion to be called upon to answer to the challenge of the dead Premier to speak of him before the Lord and before his anointed they would be obliged to answer "Thou has not wronged us nor oppressed us, nor taken aught at any man's hand." Official integrity can have no higher credentials than this, nor need it desire a more infallible vindication.

### SIR JOHN'S RISE.

From the modest position of an humble citizen he rose rapidly from one height to another of public importance until finally he reached the highest office in the gift of the nation. Again, none will deny, that at each successive stage of his upward course he acquitted himself in a manner satisfactory to the public, and gave a guarantee that to whatever further heights of national importance he might attain he could be found equal to their responsibilities. But mere outward success is no criterion nor measure of real greatness. This latter must be gauged rather by the manner of attainment than by the attainment itself. How then did the late Premier rise to the lofty eminence in which he was stricken by the hand of death? It was not by the aid of the outward accidents of wealth, of birth; much less was it by an unworthy pandering to the passions and prejudices of the people, or by the employment of cunning arts and devices,

Though soon to be borne from their sight their hearts shall not be bereft of hope, for the God whom he loved and served will whisper to their souls: "Thy husband, thy father, thy brother, shall arise." In this sure hope we commit to the earth his mortal remains, and as we pray for the speedy entrance of his soul into the eternal joys of heaven, let us not forget to pray for his family that they may be comforted and sustained, and for our country, that it may be the fruitful mother of many such sons as the late Right Honorable Sir John Thompson.

At the conclusion of the Mass the choir sang the hymn, "Now the Laborer's Task is O'er," selected by Lord Aberdeen, who had it printed on an In Memoriam card for the use of the congregation.

Owing to the excellent arrangements made, the procession fell into line without confusion, and was set in motion a few minutes after the service in the cathedral was over. Many of those who went to the cemetery had not been able to gain admission to the church, and met at their appointed places while the service was going on. The procession started amidst the tolling of bells and the booming of guns from the forts in the following order:—

Chief Marshal Major A. P. Sherwood, commissioner of Dominion police.  
Squad of Halifax police.  
Band of the 66th Battalion.  
Firing party in command of Lieut. Harrington.

Band of H.M.S. Blenheim, followed by forty marines under Capt. Saumarez.  
Two hundred blue jackets in command of Lieut. Hunter.

Fourteen midshipmen.  
Band of St. Patrick's Charitable Irish society and 100 members.  
Representatives of Royal Military college.

Barristers' Society of Halifax, fifty strong.

Floral offering of the mayor and corporation of Halifax, carried by four police sergeants.

Mayor Keefe, of Halifax, and the members of the city council.  
Council of Dartmouth.

The Halifax school board.  
Board of health.  
Commissioners of the Common.

City officials.  
The Antigonish (Conservative Association and citizens, 200 strong.

Dominion police, under Sergt. Slade.  
Floral tributes.

The Senate and members of the faculty of Dalhousie college.  
The officiating clergymen and other clergymen, visiting and local.

Floral tribute of Cabinet ministers.  
The funeral car, with the following pall bearers walking alongside:—

Hon. Geo. Foster Sir O. H. Tupper  
Sir Frank Smith Hon. J. A. Ouimet  
Hon. J. C. Patterson Hon. W. B. Ives

His Excellency the Governor General.  
His Excellency's staff, Capt. Urquhart and Mr. Gordon, A.D.C.

Lieut-General Montgomery Moore, commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's forces in Canada.

Imperial military staff, Col. North, adjutant-general, and Major Smith, A.D.C.

Lieutenant-Governors of provinces:  
Lieutenant-Governor Daly, Nova Scotia.

Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau, Quebec.

Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, Ontario.

Lieutenant-Governor Howlan, Prince Edward Island.

Lieutenant-Governor Dawdney, British Columbia.

Their Honors' staffs.

Archbishops, bishops and other representatives of religious bodies:—  
Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa.

Bishop Howley, St. John's, Nfld.  
Bishop McDonald, Prince Edward Island.

Bishop Cameron, Antigonish.  
His Lordship Bishop Courtney, of Nova Scotia.

The Bishop of Quebec.  
Dr. Clark.

Dr. Carman, general superintendent Methodist Church of Canada.  
Rev. Dr. Saunders.

Dr. Morrison, moderator of presbytery of the Maritime provinces.  
Rabbi Veld, of Montreal.

Rev. Dr. Ryckman, president Montreal Methodist Conference.  
Chief Justice Sullivan, of Prince Edward Island; Chief Justice McDonald.

Members of the Privy Council not of the Cabinet.

Members of the Government not of the Privy Council.  
Secretaries of ministers.

Major-General Herbert, commanding the Canadian militia, and Captain Poe, B.N., commanding H.M.S. Blenheim; Major Buchan.

Capt. Streatfield and Capt. Bliss, A.D.C.'s.

Chiefs John Noel and Isaac Saac of the Miqmaq Indians, in national costume.

Members of the Senate of the Dominion of Canada.

Judges of Superior and county courts.  
Fifty seven members of the House of Commons.

Speakers and members of the Legislative Councils.

Speakers and members of the Legislative Assemblies.

Non-officiating clergy.  
The civic service and deputy heads of provincial departments.

Intercolonial Railway deputation.  
Canadian Pacific Railway, Grand Trunk Railway, Dominion Atlantic Railway.

Board of Trade.  
Montreal Harbor Commissioners.  
Cable and Telegraph deputations.

Sir John A. Macdonald Club, Montreal  
—Donald McMaster, Q.C., and D. A. McCaskill.

letters. The mourners passed through this to the vault and stood on a low platform of boards put up to protect the surrounding graves. A few concluding sentences were sung by the priest's and choir in attendance, the coffin and grave were sprinkled with holy water and incensed, the body was lowered into the vault and the wreaths placed round it under guard and then all was over. The Dead Marches which had accompanied the procession on its way to the cemetery changed to lively airs as the soldiers marched off to the barracks and the mourners and the marines and blue-jackets to their ships. Some of the late Premier's colleagues took a last look at the coffin, and then the gates were thrown open to the vast crowd which had been looking on through the iron bars all round the cemetery for some hours past. All day the cemetery and Cathedral were crowded with eager but respectful sightseers, but to the last excellent order was maintained. Lady Thompson paid a visit to the grave in the course of the afternoon.

IN ROME.

ENGLISH AND CANADIAN RESIDENTS HAVE A MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Rome, Jan. 3.—The English colonists of this city united with their American



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CAMERON, OF ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Junior Conservative Club, Montreal—Col. Henshaw and M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C.

Albany Club, Toronto—C. H. Ritchie, president; John Foy, Toronto, and Capt. Murray, St. Catharines.

Hamilton Liberal-Conservative Association—John Milne, president; Frank Fitzgerald.

Municipality of Westmorland, N.B., represented by Councillor Dr. E. T. Gaudet, of St. Joseph, N.B., and Hon. A. D. Richard.

Municipality of Northumberland, N.B., represented by D. G. Smith, warden of Chatham, N.B.

Nova Scotia Institute of Science—President, George Lawson, Secretary A. McKay and ten members.

Nova Scotia Historical Society—President H. M. R. chey, Secretary F. Blake Crofton and 25 members.

St. Mary's Young Men's T. A. and B. Society—President, James Brown; secretary, Fred Smith—75 members.

Young Men's Christian Association—John Burgoyne, president; F. Bell, secretary.

Young Men's Literary Association—John Delaney, president; John Monaghan, marshal.

North British Society—Dr. McKay, secretary.

Band—27 pieces and Bandmaster Hanson.

Citizens on foot.

A great arch in black and gold has been erected over the cemetery gate bearing the single word "Pax" in large

brethren to-day in a special funeral service in honor of the late Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada. At the same time that the real funeral was taking place in Halifax, N.S., these sympathetic obsequies were being conducted by the representatives of the two great English-speaking nations, and attended by the Mayor of Rome and other municipal dignitaries. Even the common people gave respectful homage, and all seemed desirous of expressing utmost respect to the memory of the dead Premier. The three Protestant churches of Rome were decked with mourning emblems out of respect for the late Canadian statesman.

MOTHER KATHERINE DREXEL.

On last Wednesday Mother Katherine Drexel made her final vows as a religious in the community which she founded for the special work of evangelizing the Indians and negroes of the United States. Archbishop Ryan officiated at the service, which took place at the Convent of the Blessed Sacrament near this city. Mother Katherine is a daughter of the late Francis A. Drexel, of the banking house of Drexel & Company.—Philadelphia paper.

A jury at Huntsville, Ala., awarded the widow of Robert Ross a verdict for \$16,000 damages against the Western Union Telegraph Company for failing to deliver to Ross a telegram warning him that an attempt would be made to kill him.

THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

On the occasion of the State Funeral, commenced in England and terminated in Canada, of the late Sir John S. D. Thompson, P. C., K.C.M.G., Premier of the Dominion.

In the presence of our Monarch, almost at her feet to die!  
When his sun of life was flashing in the zenith of its sky:  
When the earthly path of glory, with successful feet was trod;  
Thus to pass from out a palace through the palace-gates of God!  
While the murmurs of his triumph through historic Windsor ring.  
Comes an angel, swiftly rushing, on his dark, electric wing;  
Like a lightning flash that spirit, with his mandate, came and fled:  
But the giant oak was shattered—lo! the honored one was dead!

Royal tributes out of number scattered on his glorious bier;  
Garland, wreath and fond inscription, kindly word, and sigh, and tear.  
Curfew-bell and half mast standard, warlike pageant, solemn state.  
'Midst which Queenly eyes are watching as they bear him thro' the gate.  
London in its great confusion, with its rush and crush of men,  
Pauses for a breathless moment at the tolling of "Big Ben,"  
While the heart of all the Empire seems to beat in muffled tone,  
As the news of death is spreading round the world, from zone to zone.

In the temple lighted tapers, and the incense-perfumed air.  
As the Church, in sombre greatness, offers up the requiem prayer.  
With his crucifix beside him, with his rosary by his side—  
Rests he near the sacred altar, in regalia as he died.  
Meanwhile forth an order goeth to Great Britain's iron fleet,  
Her leviathans, awaiting at Gibraltar's granite feet;  
See, the Blenheim weighs her anchor, and 'midst Biscay's breaker foam,  
Swiftly cleaves her giant pathway, as she heads her prow for home.

Not the conqu'ring Roman galleys; not the gilded prows of Greece;  
Not the argosies triumphant, bearing home the "Golden Fleece";  
Not that vessel surging France-ward, from St. Helen's lonely rock;  
Not the proudest British warships, thunderbrimmed for battle's shock;  
Not thy caravels, Columbus, seeking out the Western world,  
Sped upon more solemn mission, or with sadder flags unfurled  
Black and moving sarcophagus, plunging o'er Atlantic's breast,  
The transformed Blenheim carries the dead Premier home to rest.

When, at eve, the fiery chargers of the sun have stooped to drink,  
And the pallid moon is hanging on horizon's dizzy brink,  
O'er the vastness of the ocean the Almighty seems to bend,  
And to watch the funeral vessel as the shades of night descend.  
Loudly through the steel-clad rigging how the wailing tempest raves,  
As a billion stars are gazing on the wilderness of waves;  
Like the phantom ship of story, with its hull of deepest black,  
Swiftly speeds the throbbing monster on its phosphorescent track.

Meanwhile thousands are awaiting, in the silence deep of grief,—  
Canada's great breast is heaving, anxious for the grand relief  
When the flood of her affection, like a pent-up lake, may burst,  
And, in gathering strength and volume, swell around the one she nurs'd;  
Eyes are fixed upon the signals, eyes are straining, where afar,  
By the blue horizon's circle must appear the man-of-war.  
"On the first noon of the New Year"—the command that England gave;  
On that day, as flashed the noon gun, dropped the anchor in the wave.

Prelates, warriors, statesmen gather, from all sections of the land;  
'Round that bier a nation's greatest, with her humblest, weeping stand;  
From the Governor and Consort to the lowliest peasant, all  
In procession, speechless, breathless, through the Legislative Hall.  
Creeds are blending, strife forgotten, manly tears are freely shed,  
As the thousands surge in silence past the casket of the dead.  
Glorious tribute, from Atlantic to Pacific's lordly wave,  
Come the garland-gifts of sorrow for the Premier's hallowed grave.

In St. Mary's what a concourse, as the sombre drappings fall  
In profusion and in richness, o'er the gorgeous funeral pall  
While the Dies Ira rises, in a vast, harmonic swell,  
From the steeples of the nation comes the universal knell.  
Acolytes are moving slowly, thurifers their censers swing,  
Loudly peals the deep-ton'd organ, solemnly the prelates sing;  
Words of praise come from the pulpit ere the Church's rites are done.  
"Dust to dust"—the nation weepeth o'er her dead, but deathless son.

Once again the martial music breaks upon the winter's air,  
As the vast procession forms 'round the sacred House of Prayer.  
Funeral march, reversed arms, muffled drums and steady pace,  
As the "deathless dead" is borne to his last, long resting-place.  
Let us pray that his example may be cherished with his name;  
He is now beyond the clangor of ambition, strife or fame,  
Rest his ashes, as he'd wish it, 'neath his lov'd Canadian sod;  
Rest his soul, in joy's eternal, in the mansion bright of God!  
Montreal, January 3, 1895. J. K. FORAN.

THE LATE FATHER DAWSON.

A SKETCH OF HIS ACTIVE AND USEFUL LIFE.

One of the Most Popular and Universally Beloved Priests in Canada; a Splendid Litterateur; a Saintly Man.

In our last issue we had only time to say a few words about the death of the Very Reverend Æneas Macdonell Dawson, D.D., V.G., whose somewhat sudden death took place on Saturday, 29th December last. The following sketch is from the Ottawa Free Press:

He was born at Red Haven, Banffshire, Scotland, on July 30th, 1810, and was consequently in his eighty-fifth year.

For many years there has been no more familiar figure about the city than Father Dawson. Known far and near for his readiness to engage in any Christian work without drawing very closely the lines of distinction between creeds differing from his own, honored and respected by all, taking an active part so far as his advanced years would permit, right up to the very last, it was his lot to be, probably more than any other man of his time, the friend of Roman Catholic and Protestant alike.

Had he lived until April next, it would have been the 60th anniversary of his ordination in the priesthood, and this was an event he looked forward to.

A NOBLE CHARACTER.

Probably nothing can place on record the general appreciation of his liberality of thought better than the address which was presented to him on December 2nd, 1890. "Friends of all religious beliefs take especial delight," it said, "in coming together for the purpose of giving expression to the feeling of regard and attachment which they entertain towards you as a Christian minister and as a fellow-citizen." The occasion of this presentation, which took place in the city hall, will be yet fresh in the memory of many citizens. It was when, in response to the request of the wide circle of friends, his Lordship Bishop Macdonnell, of Alexandria, was pleased to appoint Father Dawson the honorary vicar general of the new Scotch diocese of Alexandria. This address was accompanied by a costly set of furs and a purse containing \$400, and was subscribed to by Protestants as well as Catholics. While always laboring zealously for the advancement of the interests of his own church, the reverend gentleman had so lived as to be on terms of the most perfect harmony with members of all other denominations. His claims to the honor of being Vicar General of the diocese were fully acknowledged by Bishop Macdonnell. As a poet, lecturer and historian, the reverend father had given to the world many thoughts of value and on various occasions had received public recognition of his able services. He was an LL.D. of Queen's university, while Laval university conferred upon him the degree of doctor of letters, and shortly afterwards the Ottawa university awarded him the same distinction; he was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and at the recent annual convocation of Queen's university, was called upon to deliver the baccalaureate sermon, an address which was widely commented upon.

HIS EARLY HISTORY.

Of his history and life work in the old and new worlds a whole volume might be written. It has fallen to few men to have had the experience which was his. One of seven sons, descended from parents who traced their ancestry back to the early history of Scotland, the reverend gentleman, when but sixteen years of age, studied at the French capital, and together with other youths of his class, as was the custom of the time, served as a page of honor to King Charles X of France. In 1830 the revolution upset the educational institutions of Paris, and eventually he returned to Scotland in 1835, there completing his studies, and being ordained to the priesthood on the 2nd of April in that year, he was appointed to the parish of Dumfries. Mission work was the branch to which he most inclined, and to him is credited the organization of several missions in Scotland and England which have brought large numbers within the rescuing influence of the church. For nearly twenty years he labored on those lines, until in 1852 he accepted the in-

vitiation of His Lordship the Bishop of Alexandria and came out to Canada. First at Quebec for a short period, and afterwards at Toronto, he was one of the clergymen of these dioceses.

Consequently others of his family came also, and taking some land at Goodwood, four miles from Richmond village, they settled there. After a few years the family moved down to Jockvale, where at the present time an aged brother and sister still reside.

LIFE IN OTTAWA.

Father Dawson was appointed to the parish of Upper Town and many will yet remember having heard him preach in the "St. Andrew's church"—so called out of courtesy to the Scotch Catholics—which stood on Sparks street until two years ago, when the last vestige of it was removed. For five years he remained there. Later on the parish of Long Island, and later still, that of Osgoode, was the field of his faithful ministrations. Among other honors which have been bestowed upon him, it may be noticed that he was duly appointed Roman Catholic chaplain to Her Majesty's forces when the regular soldiers made Bytown their headquarters, and two years ago he was chosen chaplain of St. Andrew's society. For many years he was president of the society for the prevention of cruelty, and until within a year he might be found presiding at its monthly meetings, always ready to aid by his experience what many might have considered as a matter of small importance to men as busy as he.

PIUS IX. AND HIS TIMES.

The reverend gentleman was a classical scholar of the highest order. Although his work in the ministry was at all times arduous, he devoted his leisure moments to literature. Of the numerous writings on various subjects, both in prose and poetry, he is best known by his history of the Catholics of Scotland, and Pius IX. and his time. These two works alone have been everywhere received as standard authorities upon these matters, the latter especially being acknowledged as the most complete in existence. Father Dawson was a well read man; he kept up with the times, and was able to talk in a manner which always commanded attention and reverence.

Of late years it has been his delight to celebrate mass at the congregation of Notre Dame (Gloucester street convent); he did so on Christmas morning, and it was while coming from there to his lodgings that he caught the cold which brought about his death. The sisters and pupils of this congregation feel his death to be to each a personal loss. To the reverend fathers and students of the Ottawa university he was well known, and Rev. Father Murphy, who happened to call upon him Saturday afternoon, was present when the aged patriarch passed peacefully away to his well earned reward.

WAS IT REALITY?

A Visit from the Demon of Intemperance.

Temperance lecturers and advocates, in their exhortations to those whom they wish to convert, have always two models to hold up in illustration of their arguments—the teetotaler and the drunkard. By exhibiting those characters in contrast, they impress their audience with the veracity of their assertions, and thus attain their object to a great extent.

But they seem to forget that sandwiched between these extremes of humanity is another class on whom they might exercise their influence with greater effect than on confirmed drunkards, and to this class belongs the "moderate drinker." I say a greater effect, because it is with extraordinary difficulty that the drunkard can be reformed, as habitual drinking has become to him a second nature, whereas the moderate drinker may be easily rescued from his errors. These reformers also forget that the drunkards of this year were the moderate drinkers of last year, and that the moderate drinkers of to-day will be drunkards a year hence.

The moderate drinker of our large towns and cities is, generally speaking, a "good fellow" imbued with a fair proportion of respectability, and will look with contempt on a poor unfortunate man who has gone beyond the bounds of reformation. Rather should it be a

warning to him to desist from his habit, lest that unfortunate man's fate should be his own in a short time.

I would respectfully say to those excellent reformers: "Strike at the root of the evil—moderate drinking—and you will dispel the evil itself. No man ever became a drunkard at once, moderate drinking was his stepping stone. Cast that stepping-stone into the waves, and the wretched coast of drunkenness can never be reached."

I was led into these reflections by a story which was told me a few nights since by one who was a moderate drinker. This young man, now a staunch teetotaler, was converted from his habit in a supernatural way, and I shall give his wonderful experience in his own words:—

"You know," said he, "that I was never a drunkard. At the same time I must confess that I was accustomed to drink often, but moderately. By degrees I became fond of drink, and could not, as I thought, enjoy myself without a few bottles of stout or ale every night. Besides this, when in any trouble or difficulty, I used to endeavor to drown my sorrows in the brandy bottle. On these occasions I found that the state of my mind was ten times worse when the effects of the "fiery liquid" had disappeared; in fact I was so often so mentally tortured after the exhilaration produced by drink that I actually contemplated suicide.

"Well, one night, about six months ago, being involved in family disputes, I resorted to my usual antidote, and remained sitting in my bedroom until midnight imbibing pretty freely. About that hour I felt drowsy, and dozed away on my chair. I could not have been long asleep when I woke feeling very chilly. Of course my first impulse was to reach for the bottle, and I took a good drink. I then rubbed my eyes, and opened them pretty wide, to find that my light was extinguished. Now, I was aware I had not slept long, and I knew my candle could not be exhausted in a short time, so I felt anxious about the matter. However, I attempted to light it again, but found to my astonishment and indignation that every lucifer match which I struck was damp, and would not ignite. With an imprecation on the innocent lucifers I tumbled into bed, and was again about entering the land of 'Nod' when I became conscious of the presence of somebody, or rather something. It is remarkable that even when in total darkness we become instinctively conscious of the presence of another being. This was my feeling, and, as I am not by any means superstitious, I looked out, when, to my sorrow, I discerned a hideous figure bending over me.

"Though all around was dark, the figure was enveloped in a sort of unearthly light, but I cannot describe more than the head, for the eyes had a strange fascination for me. Try how I might, I should gaze into those huge prominent bloodshot eyes that, as I thought, pierced my very soul. Flaming, sparkling, penetrating, they held mine in a sort of mesmeric influence.

"Though my eyes did not, or could not move, I knew the head was of an enormous size, and the cheeks puffed and bloated.

"I cannot say how many seconds this lasted, but at length by a supreme effort I turned my gaze from the horrible figure and buried myself in the bedclothes.

"Of course I could not sleep, but by degrees it occurred to me that perhaps after all it was a delusion or a dream, and after a lapse of half an hour I ventured to look again, and saw nothing.

"The first thing I did was to reach for the bottle, and I took a long pull. I got out of bed and tried the lucifers again. To my agreeable surprise the first one I struck caught fire, so I lighted the candle. I took up Tom Hood's Wit and Humor, and in a few minutes was actually convinced that I was only the victim of some frightful hallucination. After another half hour or so I put out the light and immediately went to sleep.

"Next morning when I awoke I took a 'refresher' from the bottle, laughed at my strange dream, dressed, and went to business as usual. During the day I did not even recall my experience of the previous night.

"In the evening, after business, I had a few bottles of beer, as usual, and went home to find the family disputes before referred to, instead of being, as I hoped, in a state of settlement, or at least abeyance, more intricate and unsettled than

ever. As myself was chiefly concerned, I silently ate my supper and left the house in indignation.

At eleven I returned, not forgetting to arm myself against my mental struggle with the brandy bottle. I indulged to a greater extent than on the previous night, partly on account of my mind being more unbinged, and partly to prevent another encounter with my nocturnal visitor. In this latter object, however, I was disappointed, for another visit was paid. I need only tell you that it occurred exactly as before, with this difference—that a strong impression of the reality of that horrible figure was instilled in this instance.

"Next day I certainly felt troubled over the matter, and went home from business with a rather melancholy air. My parents noticed the change, but attributed it to the aforesaid family disagreements, and on that account were more lenient towards me. I retired with the bottle, but this third night's experience was more interesting, as it was, and I shall never believe otherwise, reality itself.

"The figure appeared as on the two previous nights, but its eyes were more flaming and bloodshot. On this occasion, too, while my eyes were held in influence, the revolting head bent over me until it almost touched my face. It then, with a mouth reaching, as I thought, from ear to ear, hissed, rather than spoke, mine! mine! mine!—each repetition of the word increasing in emphasis.

"You can imagine how I felt better than I can describe. Huge beads of perspiration were rolling down my face. I was certain the monster was going to seize and take me down to hell, for it smelt strongly of brimstone, and flames of fire began to issue from its mouth, nostrils and ears. Soon, however, I was aware of a new light in the room quite different from that which surrounded my enemy. I looked towards it, and saw that it proceeded from a beautiful and angelic figure, which was standing behind the demon.

"This figure looked appealingly and pathetically on me, at the same time unrolling a scrip which it held in its hand. Raising this scrip over the head of the monster, I saw printed thereon in large letters:—THE DEMON OF INTemperance!

"The monster, turning round to see what had diverted my attention, beheld the angelic form, and, with a piercing shriek, disappeared. The beautiful figure, casting on me a lingering, imploring look, gradually faded from my sight.

"The incident was so impressive and appropriate, that I shall never doubt its reality.

"After a few minutes' thought, I saw how my moderate drinking would end, so I got out of bed, went on my knees, and there and then promised God never to taste intoxicating drink again. This promise I renewed subsequently at the tribunal of Penance. I have faithfully kept it to the present time and with God's help will do so in the future. If ever I am tempted to break it that night's experience will be a powerful and effective incentive to resist the temptation."

This was my friend's story. "Do you think time will erase the reality of the wonderful incidents of that night?" said I.

"No," said he, "until my dying day I will believe that my guardian angel interposed on that never-to-be-forgotten night to save me from the drunkard's fate. Should my story become known some may laugh at me, some may say, it was the effects of the brandy; but I believe, and ever will believe, that it was a reality.—W. J. M. C., in Cork Examiner.

A VOTE OF THANKS.

At the last general meeting of St. Anthony's C.Y.M.S. a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to Misses Marie Hollinshead, M. Drumm, N. M. Andrew, M. O'Malley and Mabel Appleton, and Messrs. Frank Feron, C. M. Hockley, M. A. Phelan, James Cardiff, Thomas Matthews, Percy Evans, W. Hammall, E. C. Eaton, J. P. McNally, L. O'Brien, W. P. Doyle, H. Corcoran, M. T. Cullen, W. Wall and J. Bulger, who kindly took part in their musical and dramatic entertainment which took place on the 6th Dec., 1894, in the basement of St. Anthony's Church, which undoubtedly was a grand success in every way.

## THE JESUITS IN FACT

LECTURE OF REV. M. P. DOWLING AT THE OPENING OF THE GESU.

Work of the Order in the Past—The Heroism of Its Missionaries in all Parts of the World—An Answer to Its Calumniators.

[Milwaukee Catholic Citizen]

Every seat in the Church of the Gesu was filled Sunday night, and all the available standing room was occupied to hear the sacred concert and the lecture by Father Dowling.

It is estimated that over 1,800 people were in the Church. They were certainly well repaid for their attendance. The chief attraction of the evening was Father Dowling's lecture on "The Jesuit in Fact and Fiction."

In opening his discourse the lecturer referred to the numerous lies, forgeries and pernicious doctrines which are heaped upon the shoulders of the Jesuits, and to the readiness of the public mind to seize upon and devour with avidity any tale or story, however preposterous, relating to the Jesuits. As a refutation of these falsehoods the lecturer then took up

## A HISTORY OF THE ORDER

from its foundation. Tracing the course of the life of its founder, St. Ignatius Loyola, from the day when as a Spanish soldier he fell wounded on the walls of Pampeluna, he followed him in all his early struggles. Driven from city to city he still persevered and we see this man of the world, this soldier of countless campaigns, sitting among children learning the rudiments of the Latin tongue, unmindful of the scoffs of the younger students. Was it not something wonderful and beyond human power that this uncouth, unpolished and uneducated soldier should formulate a system that even the modern world looks upon with wonder and classes its author among the profoundest thinkers the world has seen.

## THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES.

Continuing Father Dowling traced the history of the order after it was firmly established, the heroic work of St. Francis Xavier and the numberless other Jesuit martyrs and missionaries in the east, and the terrible persecutions of the society in England.

Turning to America the lecturer pictured the course of the Jesuit missionaries in the exploration of this continent, the heroic work of Father Breboef and companions, and glowingly described the sufferings of Father Jogues, the pathetic incident of his journey to France, and his return to America to meet what he knew was certain death. Referring to Marquette Father Dowling said:

## "GREAT AND GLORIOUS MARQUETTE!

What record of missionary zeal in North America would be complete without the mention of thy name; in a city which has honored itself by dedicating a college to thy memory, in whose shadow we stand; in a state which has carved a niche to thy fame in the national capital? Great explorer with a soul of fire, who planted the cross wherever he rested, even for a single hour; leader of a veritable brood of eagles, who penetrated into the wilderness further in proportion as they heard the ringing notes of civilization behind them; whose unknown graves lie scattered in solitary places in this vast continent. Feeble and broken health, countless hostile nations, danger of cruel death at the hands of the fierce Dakotas, nothing could daunt this apostolic discoverer. Two thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven miles traversed in a frail canoe, amidst perils and hardships and the wild solitude of nature, up and down a river never seen by a white man, and around which so much mystery and solemn grandeur, romantic fables and dim traditions still hang, even for the savage, tell of the intrepidity of the missionary. This is the tribute of Marquette to civilization and to religion."

## WHAT IS A JESUIT?

Continuing the lecturer said: "Four points characteristic of the society will best give an idea of what a Jesuit is: 1, the spirit he imbibes in the spiritual exercises; 2, the obedience required by the constitutions; 3, the apostolic works upon the missions; 4, the doctrines attributed to the society."

"What, then, is a Jesuit in fact? A man who, of his own free choice, makes

certain sacrifices, accepts certain duties of rule, takes vows consecrated by the solemn approval of the church. What is more legitimate from a human point of view? What more clearly lawful use can a citizen make of his liberty? What right of others does he violate if he chooses to leave his family, live in community, wear uncouth garments, rise at half past 4 in the morning and do sundry other things which the world considers supremely foolish?"

## SOME CHARGES ANSWERED.

Father Dowling then proceeded to take up some of the charges made against the society. With reference to the old story that the end justifies the means, he cited how in Frankfort and Berlin, Germany, a standing offer had been made by the Jesuit Fathers to submit the so called evidence which is adduced to prove this fallacy, to the faculties of the Protestant universities of either Bonn or Heidelberg, and how it had been taken up but once, and then dismissed by the tribunal for lack of sufficient evidence. Again more recently in the city of Buffalo, Bishop Coxe, an Episcopalian clergyman, had been making similar charges, and the rector of Canisius College offered to donate \$1,000 to any charity he might designate, if the reverend gentlemen would prove his assertions, but he failed to do so. Father Dowling refuted the stories of Pascal and other writers about the order and continued:

## FALSEHOODS DENOUNCED.

"What have we to answer to the innumerable charges heaped up against us? Do we content ourselves with the technical defense that they have not been proved? No; we do not merely challenge proof of the allegations; but we take the higher ground and say that the historical charges are atrociously false; that they are the product of malevolent minds deliberately engaged in a campaign of conscious falsehood, of deliberate, dishonest, mean, villainous misrepresentation; in other words, that they are, for the most part, downright, thumping, able-bodied lies.

"For the loyal Catholic no other defense of the society is necessary than to remind him that it was founded with the sanction of the Holy See, that it was approved by ten Pontiffs, that it flourished always under Papal protection, that though suppressed it was never condemned, that after experience of the loss caused by its extinction the Pope called it to life in answer to the earnest supplication and with the applause of the Catholic world."

## ROMAN NOTES.

His eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of state to the Holy See, celebrated on December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the twelfth anniversary of his episcopal consecration.

The Pope, through the Patriarch Youssef, has forwarded an autograph letter to the Sultan of Turkey giving the decision of the recent conference and asking the Sultan to favor a union of the Churches.

We congratulate the Swiss Confederation on having chosen as President of the Federal Assembly at Berne for 1895, M. Zemp, of Lucerne, the straightforward advanced Catholic ever elected to the office as a Swiss Guard.

It is said that the Pope's encyclical in regard to the Apostolic Delegation in the United States will be published shortly. It will be translated into English and other languages.

Cardinal Oreglia as Protector has presented to His Holiness the members composing the Directing Council of the Pontifical Academy of Archaeology. His Eminence thanked the Pontiff for the kindly interest he had taken in their labors, and the Holy Father gratefully made acknowledgment, and accepted their filial homage.

Cardinal Vaszary has convoked a conference of the Hungarian Bishops to deliberate on the policy to be adopted in view of the adoption of the laws concerning obligatory civil marriage, the removal of the custody of the registers from the clergy to the administration, and the religion of the offspring of mixed marriages. The magnates still adhere to their programme of action. They object to the reception of the Jewish cult and the liberty of worship—that is, the official recognition of the right to profess no faith. The latter has provoked resistance, even among certain Liberal Protestants.

## SOME OF THE SETTLER'S DIFFICULTIES.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR,—It has been suggested to me by one of my correspondents if I were to give by illustration an idea of the draw-backs, and difficulties attending a new settler's life in Muskoka, outsiders would more easily be able to grapple with their chances of success and see their way to a comfortable home in the future before migrating. I do not, nor shall I advocate migration into those parts without the intending settler coming first to verify for himself. To give in detail the daily life of a pioneer settler such as would suit a newly-arrived immigrant, would occupy more space than you could well afford to give to the subject. But to save time and space, according to different circumstances I shall briefly touch upon the difficulties that might come in the settler's way along the line of progress before he is settled in a permanent home. So far my letters have been more or less directed to a certain class—the grown up families of settlers in the front or elsewhere, who are from experience conversant with a Canadian settler's life, sober, active and industrious, and to whom a pioneer's life in this vast district is the only novelty. To such as those I shall always consider it a pleasure to give any information by way of details or illustrations, combined with their own past experience, so as to enable them to form a judgment regarding Muskoka, as a future home. For a more thorough understanding, and in order to have intending settlers prepared to contend with any difficulties they might meet with in the course of settlement, I shall classify as follows:—

- 1st—The settler with a young family and little capital.
- 2nd—The settler with a grown family and little capital.
- 3rd—The settler with a young family and a few hundred dollars.
- 4th—The settler with a grown family and a few hundred dollars.
- 5th—The single man.

To begin with number 1. Say he starts for Muskoka early in the spring, and on arriving, he at once secures a lot. If he takes his family with him he must at once rent a small house in some village, say at the rate of three or four dollars a month. Not having much money, he must obtain work. Having housed his family, he seeks employment, on the colonization road, in the saw-mills, on the railway or wherever best suits him; having succeeded he works away for three or four months, and coming on the fall, turns his steps towards his lot—here he begins to realize that his first trouble commences. If a neighbour is within easy reach of his lot, as likely there will be, he may secure accommodations for his family till he has cleared an acre or two and erected a house suitable to live in. Then he removes in his family. Once he arrives at this stage, he begins to feel himself secure. The tardy or hasty progress thus far depends on the kind of men engaged in the work, and on the economy he uses in devoting his time and little means to the best advantage. A ready plan is to exchange labor with some near settler, working turn about, a few days or a week with each other. By this means he avoids monotony, and each has the benefit of the other's help, which is of very great advantage. Another plan and one which works well, is the "getting up a raising bee." The settler having prepared the logs and material for his house, when all is ready, calls in the assistance of the surrounding neighbours, who gladly lend a helping hand to encourage the new settler. In this way when all is prepared, it is only a matter of a day or so when the settler is in possession of a house, logged and shingled, and in every respect as good as his neighbour's. The difficulties in his advancement thus far, will be aggravated or lessened according to the position of his lot. If his lot is near a road, they will be comparatively light; if far remote from any road or settler, they will be greatly increased. But if manfully borne, the settler eventually has his reward, for if his lot is well chosen, every year brings more settlers in; there is more statute labour; colonization roads are opened up; the country around him becomes settled, until he finds his home originally far back in the woods surrounded by neighbours, and situated on a good road, with direct communication

with the outside world, affording every opportunity of carrying his produce to market. Perhaps, beyond his most sanguine expectations he might see some day the iron horse thundering along by his very door. Look, for instance at Kearney, (that now beautiful village situated about five miles from Emsdale. Did the pioneers ten years ago who settled there in the backwoods ever dream to have connections with the outside world by means of a railway? Yet by this time next year they will see passing through their thriving village, close by our beautiful little church, within all probability a station there, to accommodate them. Here we have a nice congregation of about twenty-five families, and in the vicinity suitable farms can be had capable of containing as many more. But to come to the point.

No. 2 will have the same experience, with this difference: No. 1 has no help, his family being too young, the family of No. 2 are grown up, therefore he has a better chance, as he has their assistance; he progresses faster with his clearing; he finds himself in a short time on the road to success, and, if he can spare them, some members of the family can be out to work obtaining funds to meet the household expenses until he gets properly started. He may begin as No. 1 did, in the spring, and chop and log and clear his farm, and if early enough, he can put in a crop of potatoes, turnips, etc., and then he may go out to work again; if not his sons can. His attention is particularly directed towards his farm; his clearing becomes larger; he has a few head of stock, he begins to feel that his farm already is almost self supporting, his reward is obtained; he has a comfortable home for himself and family.

Class No. 3.—This settler's mode of proceeding will differ very much from class No. 1 and No. 2. His having sufficient means will enable him to make a good beginning. He has a choice to make, and probably he would rather buy a lot partly cleared, or take possession of a derelict farm on which there might be a barn, perhaps a house already built; then proceed as No. 1 and No. 2, to clear up a new farm. Men of No. 3 class generally prefer to buy, if they can, a farm with twenty, thirty or forty acres of a clearing, because having some means, it would be only waste of time and money to settle on a wild lot when they could procure, at a reasonable figure, a farm sufficiently cultivated to be stocked right away, and produce crops which in a short time would repay the price given for the farm. By judicious management No. 3 will not be compelled to go out to work, but will be able to spend all his time and labor on his own land. Therefore, there is a moral certainty of his succeeding, for the man that can remain on his lot—and he will always find enough work to do—is on the way to prosperity, and if success does not crown his efforts it will be his own fault. The man who is forced to be away from his lot a great portion of his time, for the purpose of supporting his family, is sure to neglect his clearing, and has an uphill game to fight. This is one reason why I do not address myself to any particular class exclusively.

Class No. 4 has all the chances of No. 3, and in addition has the help of his grown up sons, consequently is the best of all classes and the steady and industrious cannot help succeeding. He has money enough to give himself a start, he knows the value of land, and secures a farm which he feels is well worth the money he paid for it; he cultivates it and stocks it; he is a farmer from past experience, and loves his work; he puts his hand to the plough with a will, and has his sons to help him; every year finds him becoming more independent, and going down the bill of life he looks back with pride and satisfaction to the beginning of his labors now brought to a successful termination. This is the class of men we wish to see settling down in Muskoka, as well as class No. 2 and No. 3. They are of inestimable value, and introduce new vigor into a settlement, and have scarcely any obstacles to overcome compared to what the old pioneers had to encounter when hewing for themselves homes in the wilderness. Class No. 5 cannot see much hardships, capital or no capital; his responsibilities are no burden to him, and he finds it very easy to shift for himself; if adapted to farming he has every chance to succeed.

Yours truly,

T. F. FLEMING, Priest.

Bracebridge, Muskoka, Dec. 11, 1894.



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All business communications to be addressed to C. A. McDONNELL, Managing Director THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. Co.



WEDNESDAY, ..... JANUARY 9, 1895.

THE SHAMROCK TROPHIES.

On Saturday evening, the 19th January instant, the Academy of Music will be the scene of a grand celebration. The occasion will be the presenting of the trophies won by the Shamrocks during the season of 1894. It is scarcely necessary that we should make any lengthy appeal to the citizens of Montreal to unite in making this an event long to be remembered in the annals of our city. Irrespective of creed, race, or other distinction, all are proud of the magnificent success of the Shamrocks during the year just expired, and the members of the different societies and clubs, as well as the individual citizens, should vie with each other in their efforts to make that a real triumphal night for the victors.

When the Capitals succeeded so admirably, a year ago, the City of Ottawa turned out in a most enthusiastic manner to do them honor, and the presenting of the championship trophy was an evidence of the universal pride that the prowess of the club had awakened in the breasts of its members' fellow-citizens. Not only have the people of Montreal one season of victory to place to the credit of the Shamrocks, but, looking back over the past decade or more, we find the "Boys in Green" almost constantly in the foremost place of the first rank. We are naturally proud of our young country in general, and of this great commercial metropolis in particular; we love to recount the deeds of glory, the achievements on the field of Mars, in the arena of letters, in the sphere of industry and commerce, that our citizens, past and present, have gained. Equally so is it regarding those who have held aloft the standard of victory in the great national game of Canada—Lacrosse. The cultivation of the physical powers, in a proper and reasonable degree, the invigorating of a rising generation by healthy and enthusiastic contests, the building up of the manhood of a country, are objects that can be truly ranked as patriotic and are aims that deserve the encouragement and applause of the whole Dominion. The occasion for a proper display of appreciation of all that has been done in this direction, by our young men, is at hand, and we trust that the enthusiasm that will fill the Academy of Music on that night will serve as a recompense for past endeavors to uphold the honor and glory of our city upon the field of contest, as well as an encouragement for the future—for the season that will open in the spring.

There is also a movement on foot to supplement the trophies with a racket to

be presented to each member of the team. While the trophies belong to the team it seems but reasonable that each particular member, who contributed to the victories, should possess some token that would remain as an heirloom in his family. We are confident that this additional mark of appreciation will meet with universal favor and will be a complete success. We may add that the ceremonies of presenting the trophies will be greatly enhanced by the participation therein of several of Montreal's most popular singers and musicians—both ladies and gentlemen. The mayor and many of the most prominent citizens will be present, and it is expected that their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen will add, by their presence, a grand feature to the evening's celebration. All know how deeply interested both Lord and Lady Aberdeen are, and have always been, in everything that might tend, in any way, toward the advancement and prosperity of Canada and the Canadian people; no one ignores the debt of gratitude that the Irish people owe to this exceptionally noble couple; and we are sure that the mere mention of their presence on that occasion will suffice to crown the entertainment with the imperishable laurels of success.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January is an exceptionally fine number. The illustrations are very good and numerous, while the subject-matter of the articles is certainly up to, if not above, the regular high standard. We must certainly congratulate the new editor upon his success with the first issue of 1895.

MADAME DE NAVARRO, better known as Mary Anderson, the one time great actress, seems never to have regretted the step she took in leaving the stage for the quiet joys of a home. The late Cardinal Manning warmly approved of the course taken by this gifted lady. What a splendid example! On the stage she was a model Catholic, and her faith and goodness she carried into the domestic circle. Many a young girl has she directed by showing how inferior are the footlights to the firelight on the peaceful hearth.

AFTER eight years of difficulties, at last the famous Dr. McGlynn, former pastor of St. Stephen's church, has been restored to full connection with the Archdiocese of New York. He is to take charge of St. Mary's church, Newburg. It is pleasant to know that so much unpleasantness is over. We wish Dr. McGlynn all manner of success in his new pastoral sphere, and we can heartily congratulate him upon the sincere manner in which he adhered to the Faith during the years of trial. "Order is heaven's first law," and obedience in the Church of God will always bring its own reward.

THAT was a most delicate and, at the same time, exceptional compliment and honor conferred by the Holy Father upon His Lordship Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, when he exchanged pectoral crosses with the Canadian prelate. While the great Pontiff possesses the cross which Mgr. Emard offered for a special blessing, and which the Pope so greatly admired, the Bishop of Valleyfield carries a cross that once adorned the breast of the immortal Leo XIII. Were our words not too feeble we would attempt to congratulate the good Bishop and his diocese on this wonderful mark of paternal solicitude on the part of the Vicar of Christ; but we will confine ourselves to the expression of the fond hope that the gifted and noble head of the new diocese of Valleyfield may be

granted many long years of life and strength to wear the Pope's cross, and under its inspiration to carry on the great work that he has so splendidly commenced.

HERE is a report of the midnight ceremonies in the Church of the Messiah, Boston, which took place last Christmas. After describing the blessing of a new chalice and paten, we find the following description of the sacred vessels and account of the services—it is certainly worthy of careful perusal:

"The chalice is rich in decoration, in the Florentine style in repoussé and applied work. It is 16 inches high and is set with diamonds, emeralds, carbuncles, symbolizing the blood of Christ, amethysts, topazes and pearls. Its bowl has medallions of the first eucharists. The stem, half way between the base and the cup, swells into a cube, the four faces of which are ornamented with diamonds. The jewels are superb. Several jewels were contributed by intimate friends, but the greater number were given by the mother of Rev. G. S. Richards, in memory of her husband and son. Upon the base is a fine representation of the crucifixion, and here the largest jewels are superbly set with pearls. The paten bears the Agnus Dei.

At the midnight communion there were present a good sized congregation. The services began promptly at 12 o'clock, the choir entering the church at that time, singing as the processional "Oh, Come, All ye Faithful." Fr. Richards acted as celebrant, with Fr. Brent as assistant."

What on earth keeps these people in the portico of Catholicity? Why do they not walk in at once?

A MAGNIFICENT CELEBRATION.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY TO CELEBRATE THEIR TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

On Sunday, the 20th January, instant, the officers and members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society will commence a regular carnival celebration of the tenth anniversary of the foundation of their Society. Since 1885 wonderful is the progress that has been made by this most admirable association. Any one who has frequented their hall, or attended their concerts must have noticed the great and beneficial results of united action, of harmony of spirit, of unity of aim, of emulation and encouragement, that have sprung from the organization. Well may they celebrate their anniversary; they have everything to be proud of; a finer body of young Catholics does not exist in Canada.

The programme prepared is a most elaborate one, and every item thereof has a special attractiveness peculiar to itself. We would ask that our readers carefully consider the following chain of events, that, during four days, will occupy the attention and arouse the zeal and enthusiasm of St. Ann's Young Men and of all their friends.

On Sunday morning, the 20th, at 8 o'clock, the members will march in a body to the church, where, as becomes a Catholic organization, they will commence their festivals by the richest and greatest of all banquets—a general communion. That evening, at 6 30 o'clock, they will again go in a body to the church, and there His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal will give Pontifical Benediction. A sermon, for the occasion, will be preached by the eloquent Father D. J. O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, Vt.

On Monday evening, the 21st, at the usual hour, a literary and dramatic entertainment will be given in St. Ann's Hall. The Rev. Father O'Sullivan will deliver a lecture. This, in itself, should be an attraction of sufficient strength to draw a vast number to the hall. The lecture will be followed by a lively drama, in one act, entitled "The Accepted Warning, or A Dream of Blighted Youth," by the author of "More Sinned Against Than Sinning." It is needless that we should comment upon the histrionic talent of the St. Ann's Young Men; they have so often proved their superior abilities that all who have seen them on the stage require no comment from us; and all who have not seen them act should go and learn for themselves what a fund of entertainment they possess.

On Tuesday evening, the 22nd, in the Amusement rooms of the St. Ann's Hall, will take place a series

of competitive games, to the victors in which valuable prizes will be given. The games include, amongst others, Billiards, Pool, Checkers, Euchre, &c., &c. This will be what we might call a social gathering, to which, however, all the friends of the society are invited.

On Wednesday evening, the 23rd, at 8 o'clock, a grand banquet for the members of the society and their friends will be given. This will close the series of events that are to mark the tenth year of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society's existence. We not only hope that the whole programme will be carried out most successfully and that a host of our citizens will attend, but also that the society may go on prospering from year to year, as it has done during the past decade, and when the 20th anniversary shall be celebrated, not one of all who participate in this year's rejoicings will be absent from the scene.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MISS ANNIE ROWAN.

Scarcely had the joyous Christmas bells ushered in the greatest of festivals when the beautiful soul of Annie Rowan, a bright young girl of fourteen summers, was wafted to Heaven by white-winged angels to share in the delights of the Christmas above. After an illness of a few months, accepted with calm resignation to God's holy will, she passed away peacefully unto the enjoyment of that happiness which her life of angelic innocence had justly won for her. Never before had death crossed the threshold of that cheerful home made pleasant and attractive by the beloved one whose dear soul is now with God. Legitimate tears fall over her early grave,—bereaved parents, but may God sanctify your grief until the day comes when your sorrow will be changed into joy eternal. The remains were brought to Rawdon to be interred in the family lot.

The deceased has a sister and two aunts, religious of the Order of St. Ann.

Through all pain at times she'd smile,  
A smile of heavenly birth;  
And when the angels called her home,  
She smiled farewell to earth.

Heaven retaineth now our treasure,  
Earth the only casket keeps;  
And the sunbeams love to linger  
Where our angel sister sleeps.

THE CANADIAN ALBUM.

MEN OF CANADA; OR, SUCCESS BY EXAMPLE.

Short, accurate and ably written biographies, exceptionally fine portraits of the leading men of Canada, in every profession and walk of life, constitute the contents of the three magnificent volumes of the Rev. Dr. William Cochrane's splendid work on the "Men of Canada." There is yet a fourth volume to appear, and no pains are being spared to make it as brilliant as those which have been sent out. Messrs. Bradley, Garretson & Co., of Brantford, Ont., deserve the highest praise for the admirable manner in which the work is issued. "The execution of the portraits and typography, the quality of the paper and binding, and the design of all its details, leave little, if any, room for criticism." The energy displayed in carrying to a success this most useful work challenges the admiration of the public. We doubt if any work that has heretofore been published in Canada, contains more practical information concerning the people of our country. The whole work is unique of its kind, and as a ready and reliable reference for business men, authors, editors, or professional men, it is invaluable, while, at the same time, it is an ornament to any library.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Once more the Centre or Catholic party holds the balance of power in the German Parliament.

Cardinals Gibbons and Vaughan are expected to arrive in Rome in time to attend the next consistory, which is to be held in March.

Rev. Matthias Brown, a Passionist Father, died in St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J., on Thursday, Nov. 18th. He was chaplain at the county almshouse and penitentiary for the last seven years. May he rest in peace.

In San Francisco last week a new house of the Paulist Order, the second to be established, and the only one in the world outside of the mother house in New York, was opened. Rev. Edward B. Brady is the superior of the new community.

C. M. B. A.

**SYMPATHY OF BRANCH 1, QUE. C.**  
 To the family of the late Edward McCall:—Dear Friends,—The secretary of Branch No. 1 is authorized to earnestly assure you that it was with regret indeed that they learned of the death of their late esteemed brother, Edward M. Call, and that as the sad news still continues to reach others of our members for the first time, they, too, are equally pained, and they all now desire their secretary to convey to you the sincere sympathy of the whole Branch in your sad bereavement. And in doing so, we humbly pray that God, in His infinite wisdom, has called home to Himself our late comrade, at this joyous season, only to grant him a more happy Christmas in heaven than this earth could possibly afford him. Again, we pray that God may be pleased to bless you all with strength and patience to bear up in your sad affliction, and with Christian fortitude to humbly submit to His divine will. We sincerely hope that our little tribute of condolence may serve, in some measure, to assist in giving you consolation in your great sorrow. The charter of our Branch will be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, in memory of our late brother. We now together exclaim:—

Good-bye brother, farewell,  
 Your demise gives us pain;  
 May your soul in glory dwell,  
 And death be to you a gain.

"Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord!  
 And let perpetual light shine on him."

Respectfully and fraternally yours,  
 F. C. LAWLOB, Secretary.

**ST. ANTHONY'S BRANCH, NO. 50.**

At the last regular meeting of this branch the following officers were installed by Chancellor T. P. Tansey, assisted by Chancellor P. Doyle:—

President, T. J. O'Neill; 1st vice, F. Langan; 2nd vice, M. Polan; recording secretary, F. McCabe; assistant recording secretary, L. N. Charlebois; financial secretary, W. P. Doyle; treasurer, M. Neher; marshal, P. Sheehan; guard, P. Keogh. Trustees—H. Brady and W. Smith.

Complimentary addresses were delivered by Chancellor T. P. Tansey and Chancellor P. Doyle.

After the installation, the president called upon the officers and members to help in spreading the organization, which was doing so much good, and urged upon the members the necessity of attending the meetings as much as possible, as this was the only way in which a proper interest could be taken and with continued efforts of officers and members the branch should have a large membership in such a prosperous parish as St. Anthony's.

**ELECTION OF OFFICERS AT SMITH'S FALLS, ONT.**

The following is a list of the officers elected, for 1895, in Branch 81, C M B A., Smith's Falls:—Spiritual adviser, Rev. M. J. Stanton, P.P.; chancellor, John Meagher; president, Dan. Halpin; first vice president, John Malloy; second vice president, D. F. Woods; recording secretary, P. Delaney; asst. secretary, Wm. Edgeworth; financial secretary, Thos. Cushing; treasurer, Jas. Rielly; marshal, P. McNulty; guard, Lewis Bennett; board of trustees, J. Meagher, Wm. Edgeworth, Maurice Reedy; elected for two years, M. Ryan, Thomas Salmon.

**CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.**

His Grace Archbishop Fabre has just made the following appointments: Vice-Chancellor M. Cousineau becomes Titular Canon at the Cathedral; Rev. Abbe Nantel, superior of the Ste. Therese seminary, and Rev. Abbe F. X. Leclaire, of the St. Jean de Dieu asylum, are appointed honorary canons at the Cathedral; the Rev. Abbes Perron and Dauth have received the title of chaplains.

**ST. GABRIEL'S.**

The basement of St. Gabriel's new church was opened on Sunday last, Jan. 6th. In the morning High Mass was celebrated and in the evening there was a grand celebration of the 22nd anniversary of St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. Society. There were present delegates from the various sister societies. An eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Auhl of New Jersey. Benediction was given by the Rev. Father Bancart, C.S.B., parish priest of St. Ann's.

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**ENGLISH POLITICS.**

**RUMORS AND DENIALS OF RUMORS.**

London, Jan. 7.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a rumor to the effect that Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Liberal leader in the House of Commons, has resigned, and that a dissolution of parliament is imminent. It is believed, however, that this report is based on the fact that the Postmaster-General, Mr. Arnold Morley, and the President of the Local Government Board, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, both of whom are Cabinet Ministers, have been summoned from Monte Carlo, where they had just arrived, in order to attend a cabinet council, which is to be held here on Thursday next.

**THE REPORT DENIED.**

The Westminster Gazette authoritatively denies the Pall Mall Gazette's report that Sir William Harcourt has resigned, and states that no question has arisen which could lend the slightest color to the rumor. The Press Association is now informed, officially, that there is no foundation whatever for the report that Sir William Harcourt has resigned, or that a dissolution of parliament is imminent. The cabinet council which has been called for Thursday has no reference to any such contingency, nor has Lord Rosebery's visit to the Queen this afternoon any bearing on the subject. It is the intention of the Government to proceed steadily with legislative work during the coming session.

**HOME RULE.**

**A SIGNIFICANT LEADER BY THE LONDON DAILY NEWS.**

LONDON, Jan. 7.—The London Daily News, the organ of the Rosebery Government, has an important leader on the prospects of Home Rule.

"Ireland," says this doubtless politically inspired writer, "must occupy an important place in the coming session Ireland has hitherto got nothing from the Parliament of 1892. The Liberal party is bound by every consideration of honor and justice to uphold the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone; but, indeed, duty and expediency point the same way.

"Many who entered the House of Commons for the first time, two and a half years ago, coldly convinced by dry argument of the necessity for Irish Home Rule, have been turned by experience into home rulers of a type at once practical and enthusiastic. The idea that Home Rule means the dismemberment of the Empire has been abandoned to speakers and writers who have neither responsibility nor self-respect.

"The only questions left are how is it to be done, and who is to do it. The Irish Home Rule bill is at the stage where Parliamentary reform had reached after the rejection of Lord Russell's reform bill in 1866."

A priest who has just returned to Constantinople from Van, in Armenia, has told an interviewer that, notwithstanding every effort on his part, he has been unable to discover the cause of the recent massacre of Armenians. In his opinion the number of victims is at least

two thousand, and he believes the regular troops were the actual murderers and violators.

The Papal consistory it appears has been postponed until next March.

**GRAND RECEPTION**

—AND—  
**PRESENTATION OF TROPHIES**  
 —TO THE—

**Senior Shamrock Lacrosse CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, SATURDAY, 19th JANUARY.**

The following well known Musical Talent will appear on the occasion:—

Miss Hollingshead, Prof. James Wilson, Prof. Wm. Sullivan, John J. Rowan, Charles J. Hamelin, Frank Feron, James Doherty, and A. T. Rice.

Prices—\$1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c. Sale of Reserved Seats at Nordheimer's, St. James street. Admission tickets at the usual places.

**WANTED MEN AND WOMEN**

**TO SELL THE LIFE AND WORK OF Rt. Hon. SIR JOHN THOMPSON.**

This splendid book entitled "Life and Work of Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson, P.C., K.C.M.G., Q.C., Prime Minister of Canada," by I. Castall Hopkins, with copious illustrations, is now on press. It gives an account of Sir John's early life and struggles. His rapid rise to fame and position. His great work for Canada. His brilliant abilities and achievements. His noble services to the Empire and loyalty to the Crown. His conscientious devotion to duty and high religious character. His distinguished place as a Parliamentary debater, orator, and statesman. His leading speeches upon public questions. His last days and dramatic death. Thousands in Canada are waiting for this truly great book. We want agents to introduce it everywhere. A live man or woman can coin money with it for the next three months for Canada as stirred as never before. Will send handsome full bound Prospectus for the nominal sum of 35 cents. Retail full cloth \$1.75. Leather, full gilt edges, \$2.50. Any intelligent person can sell this book. Send for outfit to-day with your choice of territory.

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**VIRGINIA FARM**  
 700 Acres for \$15,000. Good Land. Large quantity timber, well watered, large orchard, new d. mill, 8 rooms and bath; large barn, tenant's house and other outbuildings. Write for free catalogue.  
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**CASTOR FLUID**  
 Registered; a delightfully refreshing PREPARATION for the Hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle. HENRY E. GRAY, Chemist, 129 St. Lawrence street.

**CLEARING SALE**

**PHIOR TO STOCK TAKING.**  
 Anything and Everything Must Go  
**SPECIAL PRICES!**  
**SPECIAL DISCOUNTS!**

Keep your eyes on our space in the daily papers. Opportunities every day for securing choice articles at bottom prices. For this sale we have a few dozen of

**THE ROYAL FORT,**  
 And a few dozen only.  
 Regular Price - \$25 per dozen  
 Reduced Price - 20

It must be understood that this reduced price is for ready money only. For this sale we have a few dozen of  
**1815 SHERRY.**

The very Finest Superior Rich Pale Sherry and a few dozen only.  
 Regular Price - \$25 per dozen  
 Reduced Price - 20

It must also be understood that this reduced price is for ready money only. Here is an opportunity to secure a dozen or more each of the Very Finest Port and the Very Finest Sherry ever imported and offered for sale in Canada.  
**FRASER, VIGER & CO.**

**Ogilvie's Patent Hungarian Flour**  
 Each  
 Barrels ..... \$4 25  
 Half-Barrels ..... 2 25  
 25 lb. Bags ..... 0 80  
 Delivered to any part of the city.  
**FRASER, VIGER & CO.**

**CROWN JEWEL FLOUR.**  
 Each  
 Barrels ..... \$5 50  
 Half-Barrels ..... 3 20  
 25 lb. Bags ..... 0 75  
 Delivered to any part of the city.  
**FRASER, VIGER & CO.**

**FIVE ROSES FLOUR.**  
 Each  
 Barrels ..... \$4 25  
 Half-Barrels ..... 2 25  
 25 lb. Bags ..... 0 80  
 Delivered in any part of the city  
**FRASER, VIGER & CO.**

**SNIDER'S TOMATO SOUP.**  
 In Full Weight 3 lb. Cans.  
 35 cents per can. \$1.00 per dozen.  
**SNIDER'S TOMATO KETCHUP,** 85c per pint bottle, \$4 per dozen pint bottles; 20c per half-pint bottle, \$2.25 per dozen.  
**SNIDER'S CHILI SAUCE** 35c per bottle, \$3.75 per dozen.  
**FRASER, VIGER CO.**

**"TOWN TALK" LUNCH OYSTERS.**  
 Finest Select Baltimbre Oysters, 15 cents per can, \$5.00 per dozen  
**FRASER, VIGER & CO.**

**QUININE TONIC QUININE TONIC.**  
 Jewsbury & Brown's Manchester, England, Quinine Tonic, in cylinders, \$1.50 per dozen; in 6 dozen cases, \$1.30 per dozen.  
**FRASER, VIGER & CO.**

**CREAM CORN, CREAM SUCCOTASH, CREAM LIMA BEANS.**

The Finest Packed in the State of Maine. Webb's Cream Sugar Corn, 20c per tin, \$2.00 per dozen.  
 Webb's Cream Succotash, 20c per tin, \$2.00 per dozen.  
 Webb's Cream Lima Beans, 20c per tin, \$2.00 per dozen.  
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**FOOD FOR DIABETICS, Dyspeptics**

Gluten Flour—In 10 lb. sacks.  
 Gluten Flour for Dyspepsia, Debility and mild cases of Diabetes is an invaluable tonic and waste repairing flour.  
 Special Diabetic Food—In 10 lb. sacks.  
 It is a flour for severe cases of Diabetes. As a Dyspeptic and Diabetic Flour the Special Diabetic Food is unequalled.  
 Barley Crystals—In 4 lb. sealed tins.  
 The new unrivalled sanitary food. Prepared from the heart of the barley kernel.  
 Decorticated Wheat Meal—In 10 lb. bags.  
 For brown bread and muffins. Contains all the wheat but the woody husks.

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 The Nordheimer Building.



**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Masonry Burlington Bridge," will be received until Thursday, the 10th day of January, 1895, for the construction of the Pivot Pier and Abutments of a Swing Bridge over the Burlington Channel, near the city of Hamilton, Ontario, according to plans and a specification to be seen at the Custom House, Hamilton, at the office of the Resident Engineer, 36 Toronto street, Toronto, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.  
 An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of two thousand dollars (\$2,000.00) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.  
 The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
**E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.**  
 Department of Public Works,  
 Ottawa, 18th Dec. 1894.

## A SKETCH.

## An Afternoon in the Deer-Hunter's Camp.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

It had all along been understood that we were to go some day to the camp, and at last we are on the way,—my friend, Mrs. M—, her two children and myself. A servant attends us carrying a lunch-basket. Spot, one of the hounds, comes, too, for this morning after putting a deer into the water, he deserted his companion dogs, making for home, and Mrs. M— decided to bring him back. Sturdy little K— trudges along over the two miles of mountainous road, leading Spot, and occasionally having Spot lead him.

It is a rocky road path, rather, and we pick our steps carefully as we walk on between the tall slim poplars, on which a few tiny golden leaves are twinkling gaily, reckless of their approaching end. We hear only the occasional whizz of a partridge's wing, or the shrill chirrup of some merry little red squirrel, as it frolics up among the tree's branches.

At last, we have come to the top of a hill and between the almost bare branches of the trees, we catch glimpses of the bright waters of Lake Bouillon (on the Mattawa river) lying beneath, set in a rugged frame of dark mountains and gleaming jewel-like in the sunlight. Here the path goes down the hill with a quick descent, and is covered with little stones that slip and twirl under one's feet, almost making us take a quick descent as well. It terminates on a tiny landing-place, where a canoe has been left for us, and where the servant is to leave us, to return again in the evening. For a few minutes the getting across is a puzzling question, but finally we decide that Mrs. M— shall first take over the children and then return for me and Spot. Soon the canoe, under my friend's skilful guidance, is gliding easily away from the shore, and I am left alone, seated on a huge grey boulder on the edge of the lake. I gaze slowly around and try to realize the beauty of the place—the purple mountains—the bright blue waters of the lake, whose calmness the little canoe has disturbed, leaving behind it, as it glides on an ever widening expanse of dancing ripples, the soft murmuring of the water as it comes up and kisses the shore beneath my feet, and over all the golden haze of a most perfect day in the Indian summer. The air is filled with an "impalpable golden glory." Over the water comes the soft swishing sound of the paddle's strokes, mingled with the children's voices, and I spend a delicious quarter of an hour of *dolce far niente*. I watch dreamingly the shadows of the hills and the pine trees in the water and feel gratefully the soft caress of the breeze on my face—a delightful zephyr that must surely have stolen away from Aeolus, and, lured by the beauty of the day, wandered into chill October, bringing on its breath a sweet sense of summer. My brain is a confusion of sweet impressions, and my mind is only clean on one thing—how very, very fair nature is to-day. When a thought does strike me it is that the one thing needful to fill myself of enjoyment is, that the hounds, running somewhere on the opposite mountains, might come near enough for me to hear them "giving tongue," and perhaps see a nimble deer bounding down the hill-side to the lake. But now, my friend has returned, and not confident of our ability to keep Spot in the canoe, we leave him tied to the trunk of a tree.

The hunters are all out "watoning," Mrs. M— tells me, and a couple of weary hounds are in possession of the camp. As we pass swiftly over the water, we can feel its pulsing through the birchen sides of our canoe, and we think of how little there is between us and the bright smiling water. When we have landed and pulled up our little craft "high and dry," we proceed to the camp by a narrow winding path. We come upon it in a miniature glen—a delightfully sheltered spot with tall birches and cedars, and still taller pines on all sides.

There are their sleeping tents, the one for provisions and the one for the hounds, and in the centre, the fire-place—the heart of it all—with log seats on three sides. A massive blackened stump is the cupboard-in-chief for pots and

panes; a cleverly contrived shelf, built on the convenient trunk of two little birches, serves the same purpose. Piled up in a sort of order on one of the seats are the tin plates and cups, and up on the cupboard a high pot containing a few cold potatoes looks loftily down upon a lowly frying-pan, in which we are delighted to see a bit of deer's liver, firmly imbedded in the surrounding grease. This is a pleasant sight for us, as it foretells venison for our supper—something we had hardly dared hope for, as up to this they had not succeeded in taking down a deer, though out some days. We peeped into the hounds' tent, and Sport, thumping his tail joyously on the ground and clanking his chain, rolls over and over, quite delighted at our appearance. He turns his tired feet up to us, red and swollen from his long runs over the sharp rocks, and instantly we are all compassion, kneeling down to examine them. My friend spies a bottle of oil or ointment of some sort in a corner of the tent and we conclude that it is for rubbing the dogs' feet. We sniff at it and half decide on applying it to Sport's, but then it smells suspiciously like coal oil, so we content ourselves with rubbing them softly.

A pretty little brown partridge dog is chained up with tall-tale partridge feathers and the lovely crested head of a blue-jay before him.

But how shall we occupy ourselves until the hunter's return? We look on all sides and suddenly Mrs. M— decides that gathering fuel would be the most acceptable service we can make them, as there is not sufficient wood in to make a good blaze. We take the axe with us and cut little dry limbs and branches for kindling wood; growing more daring we attack a higher fallen cedar with an ardour that would be creditable even to Mr. Gladstone. We soon have quite a presentable pile and then we go up the slope behind the camp with its crowning grove of pines. We stray along the "run-a-ways" gathering such quantities of cones—for cones, great and small, of all the different shapes, are strewn thickly over the ground, and the calm air is filled with the balmy breath of the pines.

When we return we are rather silent, but presently our silence is broken, for in the distance away back of the pine-topped hill we hear the hounds "giving tongue." We remain perfectly still, almost holding our breath—perhaps the deer may come down near us! And loud and louder we hear the deep baying of the hounds. How thrilling it is! They are surely near the hill; it has become so distinct that prolonged "woo, woo-o," and the ringing echo that the mountains send back. Now they are on the very brow of the hill, up among the pines, and soon we shall see the pretty panting creature come bounding past us to the water. But, alas, for human expectations! Just as our hopes have reached the highest pitch, as our imagination already sees the red sides and dainty head,—we become aware that the deer has swerved from its former path and struck off down the side of the lake. We listen until the last faint echo of the hound's baying has died away in the distance. But the silence in its intensity has become painful to the children; they look wistfully up, longing for us to break it, and so with a little shock of disappointment, we make ourselves talk and forget that perverse deer.

We wonder aimlessly around, gathering mosses and stray strips of birch bark. The sound of several shots fired in quick succession reaches us and we imagine them the death-knell of the deer that disappointed us so sorely. Soft foot-falls on the dead leaves announce someone's approach and in a few minutes my brother comes to us up the path from the landing. He is rather a weary-looking hunter, for he has seen nothing all day, and that last deer had quite disgusted him—he was so confident it was going to "take to the water" on his "watch" (the one nearest camp), but he consoled himself with the thought that some of the hunters on the lake below had "taken it down," as he also heard the shots. He had been detailed off to come in at four o'clock to get the night's wood and our little pile is quite a pleasant surprise for him. But to our great dismay, he coolly informs us that our treasured cedar is no good for it makes too many cinders, and "the lad don't care for that sort of flavouring." I think, somehow, he made the same mistake himself, and "the lads," perhaps, objected rather forcibly to it. But we

comforted ourselves, as anyway it will make a good blaze before the cooking commences.

He takes us down a path to a little clear spot and here suspended by two tiny hoofs, is a young deer, the result of the morning's sport. Its large glassy eyes look reproachfully up at us from the pretty hanging head, but as we turn with lively anticipation to a climb-up the large mountain behind us, we quickly forget their reproach.

Our little cavalier remains with my brother to help (?) him; but our girlie comes with us.

We pass the hill with the pine grove, lingering for a little beneath the fragrant pines, and then strike bravely out for the next hill. A little steep climbing over rocks, and old brushwood and fallen logs, and we are on its summit. Before us is a patch of faded brown sweet-fern, brightened up here and there by some sturdy little willow-oak, whose red and brown leaves are glowing in the sun's rays. We tramp steadily on through it, but suddenly it ends—and several feet beneath us, between rugged gray walls, runs a little mountain stream. In its narrow course, the water comes swirling down, tumbling headlong over the small stones and running cheerily around the great ones, gurgling and babbling—the noisiest, maddest little brook I have ever seen. It is in a great rush, this merry little mountain-torrent, to swell the Mattawa with its diminutive volumes of water. But we must find some means of crossing it. A little lower down the stream, a fallen birch spans the chasms, and this natural bridge, when we have tested its soundness, serves us very nicely.

Three more hills lie ahead of us, and sheer on the top of the highest stands a tall dead pine, its dark withered branches stretched forlornly out against the bright blue sky. This is to be our goal. We stop on the next hill to look around.

On all sides the horizon is broken by the rounded outlines of the many mountains, and five lakes, five of our own bright Canadian lakes, nestle lovingly at the feet of their giant guardians. There is perfect silence everywhere in the sweet calm of the departing day. Over in the western sky, the sun is setting, and the lofty cloud-Alps are fringed and flecked with gold, that, each moment, grows deeper and richer, becoming at last glowing and fiery, with everywhere dashes of radiant crimson. In the East, phantom turrets and towers of a tender pink lie motionless on the violet sky, while the darkening waters of the lake reflect the West's glory and tremble and quiver in tiny golden ripples. Even the dark mountain sides put on a gayer front and become a burning gold-red as though streams of liquid fire had been poured over them. We are conscious of a faint realization of God's great glory and power, and we are silent, but beautiful, restful thoughts come surging in upon us, thoughts that for lack of means of expression must always remain unvoiced. A small white church stands on the brow of one of the smaller hills, and the sun's last rays linger lovingly on the bright cross that, thrown up against the glorious Eastern sky, mutely invites our thoughts heavenward.

We turn slowly away from the beautiful scene, for two hills yet remain and still the bare arms of the lonely old pine beckon to us. Our little woman looks somewhat tired, so we leave her standing at the edge of the belt of pines. Very often in our ascent we turn to look at her, the tiny figure in the bright red frock. Only six is our little woman, but she did not murmur when the sharp branches of the sweet-fern brushed roughly across her face, and she now waits fearlessly on the lonely hill-top. Brave little woman!

At last, the highest peak is reached; we pause for breath at the foot of the old pine. The sweet solemn afterglow has replaced the gorgeously-coloured cloud-banks; the mountains throw sombre black shadows on the gray lakes; the evening star shines out bright and clear—

"The hills grow dark;  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending."

One last lingering look we take of the mountains, the lakes, the simple white church, and far beneath, at the tiny wreath of smoke curling up between the tree-tops; then we start down the mountain, for the smoke has made us think of the coming supper and our appetite for it. The little one awaits us, and down we all go merrily, at a much faster rate than when ascending—it is always so easy going down hill.

As we near the base of the mountain, we see a canoe swiftly crossing the lake; some one is going for Spot. When we reach the camp, we find my brother alone, getting pots and pans in readiness for the cooking. He tells us that Mr. M—, my friend's husband, and another have been in, but have gone across for Spot. They return in a few minutes with the dog, and as it is getting late, they must get up the meal themselves. The cook is not in yet; he is an experienced hunter and trapper, and a splendid cook, they say, and is quite an addition to the party.

One cuts the bacon that the venison is to be fried in; another gets some of the choicest steak; the tea and potatoes are got ready, and so they work, wondering what is keeping the other three. They hope that the bringing home of the deer is part of the cause for the delay, and then, perhaps, "Bob" is trying to collect the dogs. They have a particular desire to see "Bob" turn up, for they have not overmuch love for the trouble of clothing.

We, the guests, sit around on the log seats, watching the cones burn, and the bark curl up and blaze brightly. A torch is lighted and placed on a pole at one end of the camp, and Mrs. M— takes up a long strip of bark, lights it, and holds it over her head, still further brightening up the place. It is a pretty sight—the white tents, gleaming ghostly in the flickering light; the blazing, crackling fire throwing a red glow over us, and the dark figures of the men, as they move noiselessly around in their long red moccasins. The surrounding trees tower black and grim above us, their tops lost in the darkness of the night and their blackness and grimness heightened by the eerie scene below.

At last we hear a faint "hallo" and then a loud one, and we know the truants have returned. They answer from camp, and soon we hear the bustle of their arrival at the landing place.

Coming softly up, they exchange merry "Good-evenings" with us, put away rifles and shot bags and hounds, and seat themselves around to tell the story of the day. Quite exultingly Mr. M— tells about the deer that is lying down at the landing, and we are all very much interested as he lives his sport over again.

But we are all hungry, and the long-delayed meal is ready. What a jolly meal it is, and how well the venison tastes! Venison shall always be connected in my mind with this merry, unconventional meal around the bright camp fire.

With what gusto the tired hunters eat, and, shall I say it, how much we all eat! Little K— is like Tom Brown, after that memorable breakfast at the old inn, on his first trip to Rugby—"his skin was as tight as a drum."

Supper over, we collect our wraps and bid a regretful adieu to the pleasant camp and its occupants. By the gleam of the lantern we see the graceful deer lying with limbs stiffly out-stretched on its bed of fallen leaves, and then we get into the canoe, one of the gentleman accompanying us. A last good night and we stood out from the shore across the water. Very swiftly we glide along, skimming over the surface like some fleet swallow. It is very dark and we can with difficulty discern the outlines of the mountains that loom darkly on all sides. We do not talk much; silently and swiftly we move on, like something in a dream. It almost appears a dream to us; it is not like the every day life we live. One could almost imagine themselves back in the pre-historic days of this picturesque spot—it has changed so little—and as we try to image it up, the loud, shrill shriek of a locomotive breaks in on one's imaginings and spoils them all—they did not have "iron horses" in those days—and the mountains take up the shriek and repeat it, and fling it from peak to peak until the air appears to vibrate with the one mighty roar; then it grows fainter and fainter and at last dies softly out.

When we have landed the servant, who has been waiting, tells us, with a half-anxious glance over his shoulder into the darkness of the woods, besides him: "I heard something rattle, a chain in there." He said it in such an awe-struck tone, that I was in hopes of there turning up something weird, something out of the common, as a *finale* to our day's experiences. But Mr. D—'s voice dispels this idea. "O Bob, has a minx-trap set in there." ("Bob" is the trap-over in the camp.) We all follow

him into the trap and Mr. D— takes out the little captive; he puts an end to its existence with several smart blows from a stick on the pretty brown creature's head. Don't think us hard-hearted; we all turned away our heads, but we examine it afterwards—from a distance—as a minx has very sharp teeth, and it might not be quite dead. Such a soft furry little thing, and when Mrs. M— has told us that she has received a price list of minx capes, and that they are as valuable as those made of seal we think it even prettier and softer.

We go back to the landing place and the minx is placed on a log. "Bob," "Bob," shouts Mr. D— and "Bob," "Bob," the mountaineers throw derisively back, for Bob does not hear. "Bob," again, and now "halloo" comes distinctly across the water to us. "Here's a minx for you." "All right," and then we are stumbling along the dark path, the lantern just lighting it up sufficiently to show us when we have stepped into a little pool in a hollow of the path, or some other equally pleasant place, and now we are home, and soon in dream-land, climbing mountains, deer-stalking, trapping impossible animals and performing many other impossible things, nearly as much so as it has been to put into words the pleasure of our trip to the hunters' camp. KATHARINE.

SEEMS LIKE A MIRACLE.

MARVELOUS CURE OF A BOY AT ST. ANN'S SHRINE.

James Lannon, says the New York World, has made a votive offering of his spectacles to St. Ann, at whose shrine in East Seventy-sixth street he says he recovered his sight.

James is only 8 years old and lives with his parents at No. 522 West Fifty-sixth street. He is a bright, handsome lad and full of fun. Although his eyes were crossed and his vision so dim that he could scarcely see without glasses, he was never absent from any game gotten up by his playmates. It was while engaged in sport of this kind last August that a neighbor's son threw a stone which struck "Jimmy's" spectacles, shattering one of them and driving the splinters into his left eye.

Crying with pain and bleeding, the boy ran to his father, who carried him in his arms as fast as he could to Roosevelt Hospital, in West Fifty-ninth street. There a few bits of glass were removed from the eye, but a third piece was lodged back of the pupil, and the child has taken to the Eye and Ear Hospital, on Park avenue, near Forty-first street, to have an operation performed for the removal of that. The operation, which was performed by Dr. Johnson, involved the cutting away of a portion of the iris, and disclosed the fact that the eye's anterior chamber was entirely destroyed.

THE SURGEON'S VERDICT.

For four weeks James remained at the hospital, receiving all the care that so serious a case demanded. But with all the applications and nursing and bandaging Dr. Johnson declared that nothing could save the sight unless another operation was performed, and then the result would be extremely doubtful. The wound itself was, indeed, healing nicely and nearly all the pain was gone when, on September 23, Dr. Johnson declared that the vision could be saved by nothing but an operation.

Mrs. Lannon, "Jimmy's" mother, was frantic with grief and dread. It happened that while in this plight she was visited by Mrs. Donovan, of Forty-eighth street, who lives near the southeast corner of Tenth avenue. "Why don't you take the boy to St. Ann's?" asked Mrs. Donovan. "I had neuralgia ever since I was a little girl and I was never a day without it until the relic of St. Ann was applied to my head. And I haven't had a moment's pain there since."

That settled it. Mrs. Lannon got leave to take her boy out of the hospital, promising to return him the following day. That was Sunday. Straight to St. Jean Baptiste's Church, in East Seventy-sixth street, they went, and there, at St. Ann's shrine, near the altar, the boy and his mother knelt and prayed, while the Rev. Father Tetreau touched the boy's wounded, sightless eye with the relic.

COULD SEE AGAIN.

"Mother, I can see again!" suddenly exclaimed "Jimmy." "I see better now than ever before."

Three days later, when Mrs. Lannon took her boy to the hospital, the physi-

cians were amazed and could scarcely understand, Mrs. Lannon says, how so sudden a change could have taken place. Not only was the vision restored, but the "squint" was also gone, and when Dr. Johnson asked "Jimmy" why he didn't continue to wear the spectacles that had been given him before he went from the hospital the boy said:

"Oh, I gave them to St. Ann because she made me see so well that I didn't need them any longer."

The relic at St. Jean Baptiste's French Church is a bone cut from St. Ann's wrist.

It is said to have wrought many miraculous cures, the most recent being, the nuns of the "congregation" who have charge of it say, the restoration of sight in the case of Emille Galvez, who came from Guatemala to have the relic applied, and the healing of nine-year-old Marguerita McManus, of No. 371 Hoyt street, Brooklyn, who had been scalded almost to death.

Dr. W. R. Thompson, who was in charge of the Eye and Ear Hospital, last night said that although the case was a remarkable one in many ways, the cure was probably due to natural causes and could be satisfactorily explained on scientific grounds. He admitted, however, that it was strange that the restoration of vision should have concurred with the removal of the "squint" and the sudden stopping of the flow of tears.

CONDEMNED.

THE ODDFELLOWS, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS AND SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Three secret orders well known in this country—the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and the Sons of Temperance—have been placed under the ban by the Catholic Church.

This action on the part of the Church is the result of the council of the Archbishops of the United States, held in Chicago on September 12, 1893. There the relations between the Church and the secret societies was carefully discussed, and at the conclusion documents were forwarded to the Pope recommending the action against the three orders in question, whose principles were held to be of a decidedly anti-Christian tendency.

The Pope, upon receipt of these papers, laid them before a conference of the Cardinals, and the indorsement of the American prelate's action resulted and the Pope fixed his seal to a decree of condemnation.

This decree was forwarded to Mgr. Satolli for promulgation in this country, where the interdicted orders exist. It was in the form of a letter in Latin to the Archbishops and Bishops in the United States, who in turn were to notify the priests who would communicate it to their parishioners.

There has long been an unanimous opinion held by the prelates against the Masons, whose members the Catholic Church has long refused to retain or receive in her communion.

Vicar-General Farley, of New York, admitted the truth of the reports.

"The Odd Fellows, the Sons of Temperance and the Knights of Pythias have been interdicted," he said. "The decree of condemnation will at once be promulgated throughout the Church, both from the pulpits and by the press.

"As to the reasons for this action it is a delicate matter to talk upon, and it is sufficient to say that they were condemned because the Archbishops evidently held that they were antagonistic to the Church."

It forbids all Catholics for the future to join the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows or the Sons of Temperance, these being officially considered as coming under the decree against secret societies of Masonic origin or affiliations. Catholics who had, pending this decision, become members of these societies, were to be admonished to withdraw from them. If they refused they were to be denied the sacraments until they gave up their membership.

The edict was transmitted to the hierarchy of the United States through the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli. They were admonished to promulgate the decree at once to the clergy and laity of their respective dioceses.

The condemnation of the three societies is universal, and applies with equal force to Catholics all over the world.

A dispatch from Washington states that the report of his communication on the subject of secret societies was shown

House Full of Steam!

A big fire, heavy lifting, hard work is the usual way of doing the wash . . . . .



There is an easier and cleaner way. **A TEA KETTLE** will give all the hot water required when **Surprise Soap** is used according to the directions on the wrapper. It does away with boiling or scalding the clothes and all that mess and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner, washed in this way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap on wash day, why don't you?

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THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

to Mgr. Satolli there. He said that some of the statements therein were "inexact," he would decline to discuss the matter."

ROME'S MARTYRED NUN.

SAD TRAGEDY WILL HAVE A GOOD EFFECT ON THE UNREGENERATE ROMANS.

The famous hospital of Santo Spirito is to have continued infamous notoriety in these sad months of its existence. The assassin of Sister Agostina is to be brought to trial soon, her father being plaintiff. By means of the Syndic or Mayor of Pazzaglia, her native place, he has asked Barzilai to undertake the case. The trial promises, therefore, to be in every respect a proces celebre. Meantime the odor of her martyr sanctity remains to hallow the city. It is a strong power in the regeneration of those Romans who are now disillusioned after a wild career of State secularism and its consequent corruption.

Yesterday morning the committee of St. Peter's parish celebrated a Solemn Requiem in the Basilica of San Lorenzo in Damaso. An inscription put up over the door ran thus:

TO SISTER AGOSTINA, of the Institute of St. Vincent de Paul, the Parochial Committee of St. Peter's on the Vatican offers Solemn Honors on the thirtieth day after her immolation as an Immaculate Victim of Charity.

The Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Degiovanni, canon of the church, and an oration by Father Rondina, S.J. The church was crowded with representatives of Catholic Rome, of its societies and of its social classes.—Philadelphia Catholic Times Correspondent.

CANDLEMAS DAY!

Headquarters for Church Candles.

Pure Bees' Wax Candles.

The manufacturers have, after twenty-eight years experience, succeeded in producing a PERFECTLY PURE MOULDED BEES' WAX CANDLE, which for evenness, finish and extraordinary burning qualities they defy competition. GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE, being made from SELECTED BEES' WAX, CLEAR AND UNADULTERATED.

The Candles are symmetrical and burn with a bright steady flame, while our Ornamented Candles cannot be excelled for beauty.

Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8 to the lb. . . . . 45c. per lb. Neatly packed in 6 lb. paper boxes, and 36 lb. wooden boxes.

Second Quality . . . . . 30c. per lb.

Wax Tapers.

Made in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 16 and 20 to the lb. Approved Quality . . . . . 45c. per lb. Medium " . . . . . 40c. " Common " . . . . . 30c. " Strongly made Wax Tapers in 6, 8 and 10 to the lb. . . . . 35c. "

Stearic Acid Wax Candles.

Made of pure Stearic Wax only, and exceed all others in hardness, whiteness, beauty of finish and brilliancy of light.

Made in 4 and 6 to the lb. . . . . 18c. per lb.

Paraffine Wax Candles.

Six to the lb., 9 inches long . . . . . 14c. per lb.

Paschal Candles.

We would respectfully draw the attention of the Reverend Clergy to the superiority of our Paschal Candles, unequalled for beauty of finish, compactness and great burning qualities.

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15 lbs. each, plain 50c. per lb. decorated. 80c. per lb.

**D. & J. SADLER & CO.** Importers of Church Ornaments, Statuary, Vestments and Religious Articles, 1869 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.



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BRODIE & HARVIE'S

Self-Raising Flour

IS THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.



From the Use of Cigarettes. 7

Wilmington, N. C., March 7, 1892.  
I hereby certify that my son became epileptic from the use of cigarettes, etc., and would have falling fits as often as 4 times a day. After using all medicines given by doctors in this city without any benefit I commenced the use of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and after only a few doses the fits left him and he improved otherwise in health.  
There are many here who can testify to my son's condition and I am willing to prove to all who wish to know what Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done for my son, and I cannot say too much in praise of it.

Edward Murfin.  
Dayton, O., September 8, '91.  
I have tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic on a great number of sufferers, and found that in each instance it afforded relief.

REV. C. S. KEMPER,  
Chaplain, Ohio National Military Home.

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.  
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

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49 S. Franklin Street  
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$5.  
In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 118 St. Lawrence street.

**AN IMPORTANT JUDGMENT.**

**THE COTTOLENE TRADE-MARK.**

An important and interesting trade-mark suit, which has been before the courts for some time, has recently reached a decision in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, Judge Townsend presiding. As the decision has a wide application, and contains numerous interesting references, with a full presentation of the law as applied to trade-marks, we give the decision in full, believing it will prove of interest to our readers:

This is a bill in equity for an injunction against the infringement of complainant's trade-mark "Cottolene" by the use of the word "Cottoleo."

The complainant began the manufacture of the article and devised and registered the word "Cottolene" as a trade-mark, in 1887. It obtained a large and increasing business. In May, 1892, its sales amounted to a million pounds a month.

"Cottolene" is a substitute for lard. It is composed of cotton seed oil and the product of beef fat. Beef fat or suet, under heat and pressure, yields two products, oleo-stearine and oleomargarine. The former is a solid, and is used in the manufacture of lard. The latter is a liquid, and is used in the manufacture of butter.

In this case, the defendant, in rejecting the plaintiff's marks, and in coining a name which conveys to the eye and ear an imitation of defendant's trade-mark, seems to indicate a design to impose his article upon the public as that of the complainant, or at least to obtain the substantial benefit of complainant's trade-mark.

It is well settled that the inventor of an arbitrary or fanciful name may apply it to an article manufactured by him to distinguish his manufacture from that of others, and that the subsequent use of such word by the public to denote the article does not deprive the originator of such word of his exclusive right to its use. *Selschow vs. Baker*, 93 N.Y. 59; *Ausable Horse Nail Co. vs. Essex Horse Nail Co.*, 32 F.R. 74; *Celluloid Mfg Co. vs. Read*, 47 F.R. 712.

Neither does the fact that the defendant sold under its own name; and made no attempt other than by the use of the word "Cottoleo" to palm off his goods as those of the complainant, constitute a defense. *Roberts vs. Shepron*, 18 O. G. 1277, and cases there quoted. *Sawyer vs. Horn*, 1 F. R. 24; *Hier vs. Abrahams*, 82 N.Y., 319; *Battle vs. Finlay*, 45 F. R., 796.

It seems to be the law that when manufacturers have educated the public to ask for a certain article by its trade-mark name, they have acquired the right to insist that products manufactured by others shall not be given to the public under that name. It is just that it should be so for the benefit derived from such name can only be obtained by faithful service in furnishing articles of recognized value. Moreover, if the trade-

mark might be adopted by others, inferior articles might then be produced and sold under it; and thereby the value to manufacturers of the reputation of the name used by them as a trade-mark would be destroyed.

There will be the usual decree for an injunction and an accounting." — *Oil Paint and Drug Reporter*.

**TRADE AND COMMERCE.**

**FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.**

**Flour.**—We quote:  
Patent Spring.....\$3.75 @ 8.90  
Ontario Patent.....3.20 @ 8.40  
Manitoba Patents.....3.25 @ 8.90  
Straight Roller.....2.90 @ 8.10  
Extra.....2.65 @ 2.80  
Superfine.....2.40 @ 2.60  
City Strong Bakers.....3.75—  
Manitoba Bakers.....8.50 @ 2.75  
Ontario bags—extra.....1.30 @ 1.35  
Straight Rollers.....1.50 @ 1.55

**Oatmeal.**—We quote jobbing prices as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Standard, \$3.60 to \$3.75. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.80 to \$1.85, and standard at \$1.60 to \$1.75. Pot barley \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.76 in bags, and split peas \$3.50 to \$3.60.

**Bran, etc.**—Sales of Ontario at \$15.75 to \$16.00, quotations ranging from \$15.75 to \$16.25. Shorts are quoted at \$17.00 to \$18.00, and Moultrie at \$20.50 to \$22.00 as to grade.

**Wheat.**—Last sales were reported at 66c cash for No 1 hard Fort William. Car lots in the West have sold at 78c and at North Bay 82c is quoted.

**Corn.**—Market rules quiet at 64c duty paid, and 57c to 58c in bond.

**Peas.**—The market is easier in the West at 53c in the Stratford district per 60 lbs.

**Oats.**—At 36c per 34 lbs for No. 2. A lot was offered at 35c.

**Barley.**—Malting barley placed at 51c to 53c, and feed barley at 48c.

**Malt.**—At 65c to 75c as to quality and quantity.

**Rye.**—Prices quoted nominal at 51c to 52c.

**Buckwheat.**—The market is quiet at 44c.

**Seeds.**—Timothy prices are purely nominal at \$2.25 to \$2.50. Alsike is easy at \$5.25 to \$5.50, and red clover \$8.00 to \$8.50.

**PROVISIONS.**

**Pork, Lard, &c.**—We quote prices as follows:—

Canadashortcut pork, per bbl....\$15.00 @ 16.00  
Canada short cut, thin, per bbl....14.00 @ 14.50  
Extra choice beef, per bbl....10.50 @ 11.00  
Hams, per lb.....9c @ 10c  
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....8c @ 9c  
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....7c @ 8c  
Bacon, per lb.....10c @ 11c  
Shoulders, per lb.....8c @ 9c

**Dressed Hogs.**—Ten cars were offered from Western points at \$5.00 f.o.b., equal to \$5.85 laid down here. Of course, small jobbing lots bring about \$5.40 to \$5.50.

**DAIRY PRODUCK.**

**Butter.**—We quote prices as follows:—

Creamery, finest fall.....21c to 22c  
Creamery, early made.....18c to 19c  
Eastern Townships dairy.....16c to 20c  
Western.....14c to 16c

Add 1c to 2c per lb to above prices for single tubs of selected.

**Roll Butter.**—We quote 16c to 17c. A lot of inferior rolls, in which were large chunks like tubs, quartered, sold at 15c.

**Cheese.**—Some grades are quoted at 9c to 9c. The cable remains steady at 60s 6d.

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

**Eggs.**—Lined are selling at 12c to 13c, and this causes the market to drag. Montreal lined sell at from 13c to 14c, and good held fresh fall stock bring from 14c to 15c.

**Game.**—Venison carcasses are quoted at 75c to 80c, and saddies at 7c to 9c. Partridge 50c to 55c for No. 1 and 30c for No. 2.

**Honey.**—Extracted old at 4c to 5c per lb. New 7c to 9c per lb in tins as to quality. Comb honey 10c to 13c.

**Baled Hay.**—No. 2 shipping hay \$6.00 to \$7.00 in round lots; and No. 1 straight Timothy scarce at \$8.50 to \$9.00. At country points \$5.00 to \$8.00 are the ruling rates f.o.b. as to position.

**Beans.**—Good to choice hand-picked from \$1.30 to \$1.45 per bushel, and poor to fair \$1.10 to \$1.20.

**Hops.**—At 6c to 8c as to quality.

**Dressed Poultry.**—Sales of turkeys in cases and barrels have sold at 8c, to 9c, choice fresh killed birds bringing 9c, but stock that is the least discolored has to be worked off at 7c to 8c, a lot of 3 large cases being placed as low as 7c. Chickens have sold at 6c to 6c for fine stock, while less desirable lots have been worked off at 5c to 5c. Geese range from 5c to 8c and 7c to 8c as to quality.

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**JANUARY CLEARING SALE.**

During this month every article in stock is REDUCED and the reductions are genuine, ranging from ten to seventy-five per cent on actual sale prices in

**GENTS' FURNISHING TWEEDS, FLANNELS AND FLANNELETTES.**

The inducements offered were so encouraging. Prices were never so low. Discounts ranging from ten to seventy five per cent reduction all through the stock.

Men's White Shirts, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50  
Boys' " " 75c, \$1.00  
Men's Flannel Shirts, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50  
Boys' Flannel Shirts, 75c upwards.  
Men's Braces, 15c, 20c, 25c upwards.  
Boys' Braces, 9c, 10c, 12c, 15c  
Men and Boys Collars, all styles  
Men and Boys' Ties in all styles

All our Tweeds and Coatings greatly reduced.

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50 Pairs Brown Tweed and Serge Pants, for Boys from 2 1/2 years up to 10 years, from 60c up to \$1.00,

And a few Boys Reefers left over to clear at \$1.25 each.

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**FRUITS, Etc.**

**Apples.**—Sales being reported very slow at \$2.00 to \$2.50 per barrel.

**Oranges.**—We quote: Floridas 12cs \$2.75, 15cs \$3. to \$3.25, 17cs \$3.50, and 20cs \$3.50 to \$3.75.

**Lemons.**—We quote \$2.50 to \$3.50 per box, some extra fancy bringing higher prices.

**Pine Apples.**—Ready sale at 25c each.

**Pears.**—We quote California \$2 to \$2.25 per box, and Canadian pears at \$3.00 to \$4.00 per barrel.

**Cranberries.**—Have been made at \$18 to \$14 per barrel. Frozen stock is also very scarce at \$3 to \$5 per barrel.

**Grapes.**—We quote \$5.00 to \$5.50 per keg for ordinary stock, and \$6.00 to \$6.50 for heavy weights.

**Dates.**—Are meeting with ready sale at 4c to 6c per pound.

**Cocconuts.**—At \$4 per hundred.

**Potatoes.**—We quote 53c on track here, 60c by the load, and 65c in small jobbing lots.

**Onions.**—Canadian onions, sales reported slow at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per barrel, while the few crates of Spanish onions that are in the market are selling at \$1.00 per crate.

**Nuts.**—We quote prices as follows: Grenoble Walnuts, 13c to 14c; Tarragona Almonds, 12c to 13c per lb; filberts, 7c to 8c; Brazil, 11c; pecan, small 10c, medium 13c, extra 15c; peanuts roasted, 7c to 8c, raw 6c to 8c.

**FISH AND OILS.**

**Salt Fish.**—Dry cod is nominally quoted at \$4.00 to \$4.25. Green cod \$4.00 to \$4.25. Labrador herring \$4.00 to \$4.50 and shore \$3.50 to \$3.75. Salmon \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$13.50 to \$14.00 for No. 1 large. British Columbia \$9 to \$10.

**Oils.**—Cod oil remains steady: Gaspe 30c to 31c, and Newfoundland in round quantities at 32c to 33c. Jobbing lots are 32c to 33c for Gaspe and 34c to 35c for Newfoundland. Steam refined seal oil 31c to 32c in round lots and 34c to 35c in jobbing lots. Cod liver oil at 60c to 70c.

**RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA.**

**COMBINATION OF TROUBLES WHICH MADE LIFE MISERABLE**

MR. ELI JOYCE RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THESE TROUBLES—COULD NOT RETAIN FOOD AND WAS THOUGHT TO BE BEYOND HOPE OF CURE—BUT RELIEF CAME AND HE IS NOW A WELL MAN.

From the Coatlook, Que., Observer.

The readers of the Observer have become familiar with the remarkable cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through their recital in these columns, as taken from other reputable newspapers. It is now our purpose to tell them of a cure, hardly short of miraculous, which was effected on a person with whom many of our readers are acquainted. We refer to Mr. Eli Joyce, formerly of Dixville, but now living at Averil, Vt. A few days ago we saw Mr. Joyce and asked him about his recovery. He stated that for four or five years he had been afflicted with rheumatism and dyspepsia. He was laid up and unable to do anything on an average four months in a year, and was constantly growing worse, although treated by good physicians and trying numerous remedies recommended. A year ago last August he was taken seriously ill while at his sister's, Mrs. Dolloff, of Dixville. He could not retain anything on his stomach and the physicians who attended him were powerless in improving his condition. One of them stated that he had cancer of the stomach and could not live long. It was while in this precarious condition that he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long was able to retain food on his stomach. His pain gradually became less and in six weeks time he was back to his home in Averil, feeling that he had obtained a new lease of life. He continued taking the Pink Pills for some time longer and gained so much in health and strength that he is now able to do the hardest kind of a day's work, and he frankly gives Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit for his rejuvenated condition, and says he believes their timely use saved his life. The Observer has verified his story through several of his neighbors, who say that it was thought that he was at the point of death when he began the use of Pink Pills. The fact when we mentioned his case to one of the doctors who had attended him he said he supposed he was dead long ago. When such strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merit of Pink Pills it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all troubles arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

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

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## House and Household.

### USEFUL RECIPES.

#### COCOANUT PYRAMIDS.

Whip the whites of five eggs as for icing, add one pound of powdered sugar while doing this, until it will stand alone, then beat in one cup of grated cocoanut. Shape into pyramids upon a dish and serve.

#### CRANBERRY SEASON NOW.

Mrs. Rorer's recipe for cranberry cream calls for a pint of cranberries, which must be put in a saucepan with about a teaspoonful of water, just enough to keep them from scorching. Cover the saucepan, as soon as the cranberries pop press them through a colander. Add one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of gelatine that has been allowed to stand for half an hour covered with four tablespoonfuls of water. Now stand the pan holding the mixture of berries, sugar and gelatine in another pan of cracked ice, stir till it begins to thicken, then stir in a pint of thick cream, turn in a mould and stand away to harden.

#### ORANGE STRAWS.

Take the peel of oranges and throw in to cold water, boiling until the peel is tender. Use plenty of water and change after an hour's boiling, as the water grows very bitter. Throw the peel into a colander to drain, and when cool cut into long narrow strips with scissors. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar, put in a pound of orange peel and boil twenty-five minutes. Take the strips from the syrup with a fork and place upon plates to dry in the tin oven or near a stove. It may require two days for the "straws" to dry sufficiently to pack in boxes.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Warm milk used as a wash at night makes hard, coarse or rough skin soft.

Roast or boil a lemon; fill it, while hot, with sugar, and eat it at bedtime as hot as it can be borne. This will break up a cold.

One of the best ways to clean or polish a stove is to add a little turpentine to the blacking, just enough to wet it or soften it. It remains on the stove longer and looks brighter than when wet with water.

Waxed paper should be kept on hand to be wrapped about sandwiches and cakes carried for the school luncheon, both for the sake of daintiness and also to keep it from drying.

Serge sofa blankets are warm and comfortable for winter use. They may be ornamented with an outline of applique design, and have an ornamental edge in wool crochet. The lining may be of satine, silesia or lining silk.

Madras gingham squares are liked for covering pillows that are in constant use, as they can be washed, and even boiled, without changing the colors. The part intended for the center of the square comes in irregular stripes of dark blue

and rose color, in sage and rose, and in gayer colorings. The covers are made with wide frills.

Zinc bathtubs and all copper and tin kitchen utensils can be kept in pristine brightness by occasionally washing them with a hot solution of salt and vinegar. They must be very thoroughly rinsed in clear hot water immediately after the vinegar application.

#### MISS McDONNELL'S SCHOOL.

Santa Claus has been visiting at number 675 LaGauchetiers street. Miss McDonnell, principal of the academy for boys and girls, has received from a generous source—an honorable member of the Council of Public Instruction—a beautiful edition of McGee's History of Ireland, and several medals, as well as other articles, for the pupils. Added to these precious gifts, the school-rooms and hall were fully renovated by Mr. Grace, the popular decorator of University street; but what augments the value of the renovation is that Mr. Grace did it *gratis*, as a Christmas gift to the establishment. We are sure that both the lady principal and all the pupils will remember that generous act, and we trust that the year 1895 may be one of unlimited success for Miss McDonnell and her flourishing academy.

#### A THOUGHTFUL ACT.

An honorable member of the Council of Public Instruction made a most handsome Christmas present to our popular and universally esteemed friend Miss Cronin, principal of the academy at 237 St. Antoine street. Most decidedly if any person deserves the greeting of all friends of education, on these festive occasions, it is Miss Cronin. For years she has labored most successfully in the good field of her choice, and we only echo the sentiments of all her pupils and countless friends in wishing her and her academy a most prosperous New Year.



"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard." This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which as we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

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the new vegetable shortening and you will be surprised at the delightful and healthful results. It is without unpleasant odor, unpleasant flavor or unpleasant results. With *COTTOLENE* in your kitchen, the young, the delicate and the dyspeptic can all enjoy the regular family bill of fare.

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YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

BLUFF HARRY AND THE COBBLER

King Henry the Eighth, of England, was a very wicked prince, and apt to behave in a tyrannical manner. However, he was distinguished by some social qualities, which caused the common people to call him Bluff Harry. The following is related of him:

It was the custom of this monarch, as it was with the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, to walk about in disguise among his subjects, for the purpose of seeing how the laws were observed, and how the constables and watchmen performed their duty. One night, King Henry had been down in the eastern part of London, which is a portion of that city resembling the North End of Boston. He was on his return through the street called the Strand, toward the palace of Whitehall. The day was just breaking, and the street was very still, when he heard a cobbler whistling, inside his shop. The king was desirous of seeing a cobbler who rose so early to work, so he kicked against one of the stones of the pavement, and knocked off the heel of his shoe.

He then rapped at the shop door. "Who's there?" said the cobbler. "A customer," answered the king. "Come in," said the cobbler. So the king went in. "What do you want?" asked the cobbler. "Can you mend my shoe?" said the king. "Yes," answered the cobbler. "Sit down, and I'll do your job." So the king borrowed an old shoe of the cobbler, and put it on, while his own was mending.

After they had held a little talk together, the king felt pleased with the good humor of his companion, and resolved to carry out the adventure a little further. So said he, "Cobbler, is there any ale-house in the neighborhood, where I could get a cup of drink?" "Yes," said the cobbler, "right over the way." "Very well," said the king, "I'll step over there, and when my shoe is done, you may bring it to me."

So the king went over to the ale-house, and ordered a pot of beer. By and by in came the cobbler, with the shoe. "What's to pay?" demanded the king. "Two pence," said the cobbler. The king looked at the work, and saw it was well done. "Thou art a very honest fellow," said he; "here is three-pence for thy pains. Come, sit down and let us drink a health to the king."

"With all my heart," said the cobbler. So they sat down together, and drank and sang songs. The cobbler being in a merry mood, "What's your name, good man?" asked he of the king. "Harry Tudor," was the reply. "Where do you live," says the cobbler. "I live at court," said the king. "I suppose you keep shop there," said the cobbler. "No," says the king, "I keep house, and I should like to see you there." The cobbler had no notion who it was to whom he was talking; but he was delighted with the thought of seeing the court. So he thanked the king, and told him he was one of the most civil fellows he had ever seen, and that he would be sure to pay him a visit. So they parted.

Some time afterwards the cobbler, having a leisure day, thought of performing the promise he had made to his companion. So he made his wife bring him a clean shirt, comb his head, and brush up his Sunday clothes, telling her he was going to court. The cobbler's wife supposed that one of the king's servants had bespoken a new pair of shoes, and she was in great joy at the thought of her husband's having got such a rare piece of custom. So she dressed him up as fine as she was able.

The cobbler went up the street till he got to Whitehall, where he entered the door of the king's palace, staring at everything with his eyes wide open. At length he spied a man who appeared to be an officer of the palace. "Mr. Officer," says he, "does Harry Tudor live here?" Now, the king had given orders that, if anyone made such an inquiry, he should be brought immediately into the royal presence. When the officer was first accosted by the cobbler, he was going to kick him out the door; but, suddenly recollecting the king's order, he made a low bow to the cobbler, and replied, "Yes, sir; please to walk this way." The cobbler was amazed at the politeness of this personage, and said to himself, "Well, I guess Harry Tudor is pretty well known here."

So the officer went along and the cobbler followed him through rooms,

and galleries and halls, full of servants and officers and courtiers, all dressed in the richest court fashions. The cobbler almost stared the eyes out of his head, for he had never seen such magnificence before, in all his life. "Honest fellow," said he to the officer, "where are you going?"—"To Harry Tudor," answered the officer. So saying, he conducted him into the guard-chamber, which was full of people, even more magnificently dressed than those whom he had first seen.

The cobbler could hardly believe his eyes. "Good Mr. Gentlemen Officer," said he, "where are we?"—"This is Harry Tudor's house," replied he "and these are Harry Tudor's men."—"You have certainly made a mistake," said the cobbler. "The Harry I mean is a plain, merry, honest fellow, and none of your butterfly folks: we drank a pot of beer together, and I mended his shoe." While the poor cobbler was saying this, the officer ushered him into the royal presence.

The king was sitting in state, in his grand presence-room, with his great lords and dignitaries around him. "May it please your majesty," said the officer, "here is one inquiring for Harry Tudor." The poor cobbler hearing this, was frightened almost out of his wits, for he believed he had committed something like high treason. He turned and ran for his life; but, not minding which way he was going, ran against everybody in his way, knocking down a dozen great lords. At length, he tumbled heels over head down a flight of stairs and was caught and carried back to the king.

"Well, honest fellow," said the king, "what dost thou here?"—"May it please your majesty's grace and excellency," replied he, "I am a poor cobbler, and came here to see one Harry Tudor, an honest fellow. I mended his shoe, and he invited me to come and see him."—"Well," said the king, "be not afraid; look well about you, perhaps he is here." So the cobbler got off his knees, and began staring about him. But he saw nobody that looked liked Harry Tudor; and as for the king, his dress so disguised him that he escaped all suspicion. Seeing the cobbler's perplexity, the king was highly diverted; but keeping his countenance, he said to his yeoman of the guard, "Here, take this honest cobbler down into the cellar, and let him drink my health. I will send Harry Tudor to him presently."

So the cobbler went down into the cellar, where they set a mug of beer before him. He had not been there long before the king came to him, dressed the same as when he mended his shoe. The cobbler knew him at once, and was overjoyed to see his old friend. "Aha! honest Harry," said he, "I am right glad to see thee again. Do you know what a scrape I have just got into? When I enquired for you, they carried me to the king, and frightened me out of my five senses."

"Never mind," said the king; "now I have found you we will be merry again." "So we will, honest Harry," replied the cobbler, and thereupon they fell to chatting and singing songs, and were as merry as grigs.

In the midst of their merriment, the door of the cellar flew open, and in came the nobles, wearing their rich apparel. They all took off their hats, and stood in profound reverence before the cobbler and his companion, who sat upon three-legged stools, drinking beer. The cobbler was now in greater amazement than ever, till, looking more earnestly in the face of Harry Tudor, he discovered him to be the king whom he had seen in the present chamber. He immediately fell on his knees, and exclaimed, "Please your majesty, I am an honest cobbler, and meant no harm in the world."

"No," said the king, "and you shall receive no harm. Stand up, honest cobbler." So the king introduced the cobbler to the acquaintance of his courtiers, and they all made merry together. When the night was pretty well advanced, the cobbler begged leave to go home, as his wife was waiting for him. So the king dismissed him with a handsome present and promised him, moreover, that he should cobble shoes for him as long as he lived.

HANDSOME FEATURES.

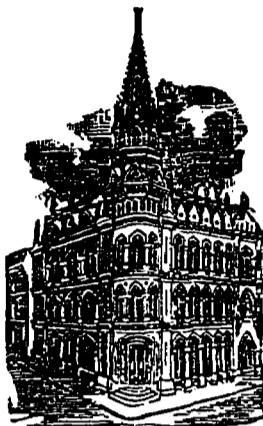
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Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

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This is an infallible remedy. It is actually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA, For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

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533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

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Scores of Heckston  
People.

Terrible Condition of  
Mr. John Irvine.

FRIENDS EXPECTED HIM TO DIE.

Medical Men did not Under-  
stand His Case.

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MADE A PERMANENT  
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ance and glad, welcome news for the  
sick and those whom physicians cannot  
cure.

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ville Co., Ont., writes as follows:—

"Three years ago I had a severe attack  
of 'la grippe,' which left me in a very  
weak and debilitated condition. The  
next autumn I had another attack which  
left me in a very bad state. My health  
was nearly wrecked, I had no strength,  
and felt tired all the time. I was so  
weak that my legs would not support  
my body, and I have often fallen to the  
ground when trying to attend to my  
work both in the field and in my barn,  
and would be compelled to lie wherever  
I had fallen, until I could muster suffi-  
cient strength to rise.

My appetite was all gone, and when I  
would try to eat, in order to gain  
strength, I would suffer untold misery  
for hours. It seemed to me that I was  
slowly starving to death.

I tried different doctors, but did not  
derive any benefit from their treatment.  
My friends thought I was going to die,  
and I verily believe I would have died  
had I not tried your Paine's Celery Com-  
pound. I bought six bottles, and can  
conscientiously say I received more  
benefit from it than I ever dreamed of;  
it was worth more to me than one hun-  
dred dollars worth of medicines from the  
doctors. I began to improve in health  
before I had finished the first bottle;  
and to-day I am completely restored to  
health. I can do as good a day's work  
as I ever could, can now eat any kind of  
food without experiencing trouble after-  
ward, and can sleep as well as when I  
was a boy.

"I have not had to use any of the  
Compound for months, which convinces  
me that the cure is permanent. I feel it  
my duty to let every sufferer know what  
Paine's Celery Compound has done for  
me, and it seems impossible for me to  
say all I should in its favor. My wife,  
who has been a sufferer for years with  
chronic rheumatism, was greatly benefi-  
ted by the use of your medicine. I  
send you this testimony unsolicited."

## MAGAZINES.

### THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The opening article of the North  
American Review for January is by  
Albert D. Vandam, author of "An  
Englishman in Paris," and deals with  
"The Influence of the Napoleonic  
Legend," being the first of a series of  
twelve chapters on the "Personal His-  
tory of the Second Empire," which will  
appear in the Review during 1895.

These articles will form a historical work  
of unsurpassed importance, being full of  
information drawn from sources hitherto  
inaccessible and will throw a flood of  
new light on the chequered career of  
Napoleon III. and the influences which  
led to the collapse of his empire. Under  
the title of "What Paul Bourget Thinks  
of Us," Mark Twain contributes an  
amusing rejoinder to M. Bourget's re-  
cently published impressions of the  
United States. Ex-Speaker Read con-  
tributes a vigorous article on "Historic  
Political Upheavals." A timely article  
on "The Future of Gold," and one on  
the "Young Czar and his Advisers," add  
to this issue's interest. Among the  
short articles published in this issue  
are: "The Ideal Free Public Library  
Building," by E. C. Hovey; "Working  
Class Tenements in London," by Edward  
Porritt; "The Love of Scandal," by  
Oliver S. Jones; "Are we all Descen-  
dants of the Conqueror?" by George  
Clarke, and "Italian Women of the  
Fifteenth Century," by Cerea.

### THE ARENA.

The Arena opens the new year in its  
January issue with a bill of fare that  
shows no falling off in the skill with  
which various interests are always com-  
bined within the covers of this well-  
edited magazine. The number is espe-  
cially likely to attract wide attention  
on account of the publication of a re-  
markable symposium on the Age of Con-  
sent Laws in the United States, in which  
eight of the leading writers whose names  
are connected with the movement for  
Social Purity are represented. They are  
Aaron M. Powell, the editor of The Phil-  
anthropist, the organ of the Social Purity  
League; Helen H. Gardener, the well-  
known novelist; Frances E. Willard, Rev.  
A. H. Lewis, D. D.; Dr. O. Edward Janney,  
M. D.; Will Allen Dromgoole, the story  
writer of Tennessee life; and Dr. Emily  
Blackwell, of New York. Rev. W. H.  
Savage contributes to the popular series  
on The Religion of the Poets, an interest-  
ing paper on "The Religion of Longfel-  
low's Poetry." Virchand B. Gandhi,  
who, as the representative of the Jain  
community of India, created such a fa-  
vorable impression at the World's Parlia-  
ment of Religions, contributes an article  
examining the claims of the Christian  
missions in India, which will startle  
those who have generously sub-  
scribed to convert the heathen in  
foreign lands. B. O. Flower, the  
Editor of the review, contributes two  
papers on widely divergent themes.  
One is an analysis of the Factors in Im-  
morality in Legislation and the other  
deals with The Time of Sir Thomas  
More, the Reformation and some Re-  
formers. Helen H. Gardener in "Our  
Little Neighbor in the East" discusses  
the war in the East and its social and  
other causes in Japan. It is illustrated  
with pictures by Japanese artists sent  
direct from Japanese friends of the au-  
thor. W. D. McCrackan, A.M., writes  
on "Politics as a Career." James G.  
Clark believes that the present social in-  
stability is working for a new and better  
industrial order that will change the  
political history of the world. Walter  
Blackburn Harle is represented by  
a short story of New York street  
life, between midnight and dawn, called  
"A Drama in Tatters." Adeline Knapp,  
a brilliant young San Francisco journal-  
ist, contributes another realistic social  
story called "The Dignity of Labor." Rev.  
Frank M. Goodchild writes a strong  
paper on "The Sweating System in Phil-  
adelphia, in which he deals with facts  
as they have come under his observation  
in his pastoral work. "Charity Old and  
New," is ably dealt with by Rev. H. C.  
Vrooman, and Prof. Thomas E. Will,  
A. M., furnishes a valuable bibliography  
for students who wish to read up the sub-  
ject with scientific thoroughness. The  
literary Causerie, or end-paper, for  
the month deals with "Transcendental-  
ism—Old and New," and makes enter-  
taining reading. Altogether a fine num-  
ber.

Why did the fly fly? Because the  
spider spied her.

Visitor: Can you tell me where Mr.  
Greencorn's cottage is? Country Youth:  
I can for a penny. Visitor: Here it is;  
now where is it? Country Youth: It's  
burnt down.

Native to stranger: We have always a  
west wind here. Stranger: But the wind  
now is from the east. Native: Oh, that's  
the west wind coming back, you know.  
Stranger: Ah!

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Do you cough? Are you troubled with Bronchitis,  
Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, etc.?

Read what the

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SAY

And you will know what you should use  
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"I certify that I have prescribed  
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"XIR for affections of the throat and  
"lungs and that I am perfectly satis-  
"fied with its use. I recommend it  
"therefore cordially to Physicians  
"for diseases of the respiratory  
"organs."  
V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V.C.M.  
Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

"I can recommend PECTORAL  
"BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the compo-  
"sition of which has been made  
"known to me, as an excellent re-  
"medy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bron-  
"chitis or Colds with no fever."  
L. J. V. CLAIBOUX, M. D.  
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.  
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"Having been made acquainted  
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"RAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think  
"it my duty to recommend it as an

"excellent remedy for Lung Affec-  
"tions in general."

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

"I have used your ELIXIR and  
"find it excellent for BRONCHIAL  
"DISEASES. I intend employing  
"it in my practice in preference to  
"all other preparations, because it  
"always gives perfect satisfaction"

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

"I have used with success the  
"PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR  
"in the different cases for which it  
"is recommended and it is with  
"pleasure that I recommend it to  
"the public."

Z. LAROCHE, M. D.  
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. } Superior Court.  
District of Montreal. } No. 1581.  
Dame Georgiana Corriveau, wife of Narcisse  
Vermette, Manufacturer, of the City and Dis-  
trict of Montreal, duly authorized to sue.  
Plaintiff, vs. Narcisse Vermette, of the same  
place, Defendant.  
An action of separation of property has been  
instituted this day.  
Montreal, 5th December, 1894.  
VILLENEUVE,  
FONTAINE & LABELLE,  
Attorneys of the Plaintiff.  
23-5

**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 also for other purposes pertaining to the  
same.  
Montreal, 19th December, 1894.  
BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER  
Attorneys of the Society "L'Alliance Na-  
tionale." 23-9

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**FURS,**  
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—AT—  
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at prices that defy all competition. Over-  
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fashionable Furs. Capes, Collars and  
Cuffs for Ladies and Gentlemen, in Otter,  
Beaver, etc.  
Musk Ox Sleigh Robes, Black Bear,  
Rock Mountain Goat, etc.  
**O. A. WILLIE,**  
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- Ladies' Black Jackets.....\$ 2.80
  - Ladies' Colored Jackets..... 3 75
  - Ladies' Opera Capes..... 3 15
  - Ladies' Ulsters..... 5 60
  - Ladies' Winter Capes..... 3 50
  - Ladies' Russian Circulars..... 7 60
  - Ladies' Fur Lined Cloaks..... 6 25
  - Ladies' Fur Lined Cape..... 8 00
  - Ladies' Silk Lined Cloak..... 7 80
  - Misses' Black Jackets..... 2 95
  - Misses' Colored Jackets..... 2 80
  - Ladies' Golf Capes..... 4 85
  - Ladies' Opera Cloaks..... 10 50
  - Children's Winter Mantles..... 2 25
  - Misses' Winter Mantles..... 8 00
- S. CARSLY.

### Fur Goods.

- Ladies' Greenland Seal Capes..\$10.25
  - Ladies' Baltic Seal Caps..... 8 44
  - Ladies' Astrachan Capes..... 27 00
  - Ladies' Nutria Muffs..... 3 25
  - Ladies' Japanese Sable Muffs.. 3 75
  - Ladies' Nutria Storm Collars... 4 50
  - Ladies' Baltic Seal Muffs..... 2 75
  - Ladies' Black Coney Muffs..... 65
  - Ladies' Fur Bag Muffs..... 4 40
  - Ladies' Fur Gauntlets..... 5 85
  - Ladies' Fur Neck Ruffs..... 2 95
  - Children's Fur Coats..... 5 20
  - Children's Fur Caps..... 52
  - Children's Fur Boas..... 25
  - Children's Fur Muffs..... 88
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- Men's Silk Mufflers, \$1.45 to \$3.85.
  - Men's Cashmere Mufflers, 35c.
  - Men's Underwear, 50c to \$10 suit.
  - Men's Pyjama Suits, \$2 to \$6 suit.
  - Men's Flannel Night Shirts, \$2 to \$3.35.
  - Men's Cotton Night Shirts, 75c to \$1.50.
  - Men's Flannel Day Shirts, \$1.25 to \$2.25.
  - Men's White Dress Shirts, 75c to \$1.75 each.
  - Men's Bath Gowns, \$2.75 each.
  - Men's Four Ply Collars, \$1.00 to \$2.40 dozen.
  - Men's Four-Ply Cuffs, \$1.65 to \$3.25 dozen.
  - Men's Lined Winter Gloves, 80c to \$2.10 pair.
  - Men's Knitted Wool Gloves, 24c to \$2.10 pair.
  - Men's Fur Lined Gloves, \$2.00 to \$4.85.
  - Men's Elastic Braces, 25c to \$1.00 pair.
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  - Double Width Costume Cloth, 33c yard.
  - Double Width Evening Goods, 35c yard.
  - Double Width Black Serges, 35c yard.
  - Double Width Black Costume Cloths, 80c yard.
  - Double Width Black Fancy Goods, 48c yard.
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