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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIS week we have no end of questions to answer. We will do our best to satisfy all our friends; but we admit that some of them send us "ticklers"—they would be good examiners on a matriculation board. We begin with "Levis Irish Lad." The story, by J. J. Morin, entitled "An Irish Stew," extracts of which appear in the Aberdeen Catholic Herald, is a very miserable attempt at caricature of the Irish peasants. Rather is it an attempt to imitate Carleton's "Sketches and Traits of the Irish Peasantry." However, it lacks both the originality and literary finish of Carleton's work, while it is far more vulgar than his very worst pencillings. If we are to judge the story by the extracts given we must at once condemn it as a very false, unrefined and unrefining piece of composition.

Now for our Montreal "Subscriber." There are four questions to be answered. First: The pugilist to whom you refer is, or ought to be, an Irish Catholic. He is certainly Irish; as to his Catholicity, we cannot speak. His parents were Catholic, but whether he is a practical or a nominal Catholic, or whether he professes any faith, is more than we are able to tell. His career does not indicate a very great degree of spiritual life; his ambition seems to be in the line of hammering and disfiguring human bodies, rather than saving or elevating human souls.

SECOND QUESTION: The Irish have certainly contributed very much to the English stage, as authors, actors and managers. We have not a list of them at hand, but during the last hundred and fifty years there have been, from time to time, most successful managers, popular actors, and great composers, whose Irish birth or origin did not check them in their upward careers. Almost in our own day the name of Barry Sullivan, John McCullough, Maud Brennan, Rose Coghlan, Miss Murray, Tyrone Power, Managers McDonnell and Duffy leap forth and claim attention. But it was in Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester and London that the theatres of the past tell the stories of Irish genius and success. Like stars upon the sky of the past—and genuine "stars" were they—glitter the names of Sheridan, Farquhar, Mossop, Fitzhenry, Quin, Barry, Maolin, Clive, Lewis, Cooke, Congrave and Jordan. It was of them that Charles Phillips wrote in his poem, "The Emerald Isle,"

"See, see the vision passing by,
See how it glows upon the sky,
A grand, eternal galaxy."

THIRD QUESTION: We cannot tell the exact circumstances under which "The Boys of Wexford" was written. Wexford itself is famed for the most brutal massacre in the annals of Irish suffering, and the memory of the scenes around the market cross of Wexford has imparted a

lervent spirit of patriotism to the Wexford boys. We read and hear of the Limerick women, the men of Galway, and the man for Galway, the Tipperary lads, the Wexford boys; probably the poet drew his inspiration and at the same time the title of his song from the reading of and pondering over the history of that city, or county.

FOURTH QUESTION: "Who was Sheridan?" "Subscriber" evidently refers to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the wit, the sage, author, actor, orator, and gifted but eccentric child of circumstances. It cannot be General Phil. Sheridan of whom our friend inquires. The famous Sheridan, of other days, was an Irishman, an able delineator of character; a theatrical manager whose successes were varied; an author whose dramas have sufficed to immortalize him; an actor who won the applause of all London and was for years the idol of the metropolis; a wit, whose brilliancy cast all his contemporaries into comparative shade; and an orator whose triumphs in the House of Commons can be ranked with those of Shiel, Burke and O'Connell. It was of him that Phillips sings:

"And does not he—Oh! write the name,
In characters of living flame—
Does not Sheridan refuse
The gift of every stranger-muse,
Bringing, with filial love, to thee,
The glories of his poverty?
Still showing others wisdom's way,
Still led himself, by wit, astray;
Of contradictions, so combin'd,
With views so brilliant, yet so blind,
That, in him, error looks like truth,
Folly is reason, age is youth."

"LEVIS IRISH LAD" asks for a verdict upon the origin of the coat of arms of Glasgow. The account to which he refers is correct, as far as anything mythical can be so designated. The story of the "Ring in the Salmon," is not unlike many other heraldic traditions that have passed into popular belief, simply because all record of the true history perished with the events supposed to be commemorated. As in many other instances, especially since the sixteenth century revolt, interested propagators of new creeds sought to cast ridicule upon the Church and impute evil to her Saints by the means of inventing stories to fit the accidental designs upon well-known coats-of-arms. In Dr. Dollinger's "Fables respecting the Popes," there are several examples given; and we see that the stories were gradually built up, piece by piece, on the basis of the legends or heraldic signs, until they became fixed in the minds of the people. The letters on an odd stone found in Rome gave color to the story of Pope Joan; a wild romance is given in explanation of the column on the Arms of the Italian house of Colonna; on the great porch of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, is the figure of a boy holding his wounded leg, the story told is that the architect, who was jealous of an apprentice's talents, killed the boy by casting him from the scaffolding. It is not likely that the same architect would immortalize his murder-

ous deed by such a piece of art. Little faith can be placed in these "stories" or "legends." That of the "Ring and the Salmon" was evidently invented long after the coat-of-arms was adopted by Glasgow.

"AMICUS" wants information about "the example of Perry." We suppose he refers to that sad event which took place at the Hartford Hospital on the eighteenth of this month. Wilbert Perry was considered the brightest scholar that, in twenty-five years, Yale University had sent out. In 1883 he was elected representative of Hartford to the General Assembly. There he contracted a habit from which he was unable to free himself. Since his election he gradually sank down to a common drunkard. On a bitter night, during the recent cold snap, he wandered about the streets drunk and fell exhausted in a vacant lot. Both his hands and feet were frozen, when he was found. He was carried to the hospital where he died.

THE general opinion regarding Edgar Allan Poe—the most original of American poets—is that he drank himself to death and that the end came suddenly in the height of a protracted period of dissipation. Such, however, is not the case. Poe was very much reformed and had been leading a very exemplary life for some time prior to his early death. He was preparing to get married when he happened to be captured by a gang of election fiends. With two or three others he was drugged and taken from one polling booth to another and made to vote in some other person's name. The dose they gave him was more than necessary for their purpose, and when they found that they were carrying "a living corpse" around, they took fright and abandoned him in a back street. He was found, taken to the hospital, where he died during the night. Poe was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary men that our century produced; certainly he was a poet of the greatest originality, and his "Bells," his "Raven," and his stories will live as long as American literature lasts.

Now for a very practical question: "When is your Souvenir Number to appear?" Our St. Patrick's Day Souvenir Number will be ready on the eleventh of March, one week before the "day we celebrate." Thus all our friends who wish to have copies to present or send off for St. Patrick's Day will have a whole week to make their purchases. We desire to repeat that this number is a new departure; it in no way will interfere with our regular weekly issues, nor with the accounts of the celebration in Montreal on the national festival. It is to be an artistic and literary gem. The cover alone will be worth double the price of the number; it is a finished work of art and one that tells a history in its lines and colors. We have limited the edition, and any person anxious to secure one or more

copies would do well to send in orders without delay. The copies will be posted in specially prepared tubes, so that there will be no risk of injuring the illustrations. Samples of the cover may be seen in all the newsdealers' windows or at our office.

A FRIEND expressed some surprise that in our last issue we should have spoken so frankly regarding our charitable institutions and their unfortunate lack of accommodations. We feel that it is our duty to point out such drawbacks, for unless provision be made against them, we will yet have a very hard battle to fight. Scarcely was our last issue published when a most astounding case occurred. On the 18th instant two persons called at the Hotel Dieu to have a friend taken in. In order to accommodate them and their sick friend, an old woman, of over ninety, Eugenie Brouillette, who had been an inmate of the asylum, was removed. She was carted around town for a whole day in quest of some refuge. At the Providence there was no room for her; at the Fulham street Asile there was no room for her; taken back to the Hotel Dieu she would not be received—it mattered not what became of her:

"Rattle her bones over the stones,
She's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Down to the City Hall she is carried; nothing can be done for her there; before the magistrate she is brought, and all he can do is to send her to prison. Had she no friends? Had she outlived all who had any interest in her? Had she secured what she expected to be a refuge in her last days, only to find it ruthlessly taken from her? Had she means? Had she ever any means? Questions we cannot answer, but truly did she illustrate the words of Tom Hood:

"Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none."

We repeat our question of last week: where is the Christian charity and vaunted benevolence of our city? God protect you, friend, from ever being dependent upon either.

THE Liverpool Catholic Times remarks that few are aware that there is a vessel built especially to carry pilgrims from Marseilles to the Holy Land and to bring them back. It is named Notre Dame de Salut, and it belongs to the Fathers of the Assumption, who have been so conspicuously instrumental in sending pilgrims to Palestine. The vessel has not been inaptly described as a "floating cathedral," for it is so constructed as to provide in the largest sense for the offices of religion as well as for the bodily comfort of the pilgrims.

WE are always delighted to welcome a new contemporary. This week it is The Nation, of San Francisco, that we hail. We wish The Nation all manner of prosperity and we trust that it will do as much good in California as its great namesake accomplished in Ireland.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

What Rights Has the Civil Government in Regard to the Education of Children.

The modern State claims the right to regulate and to superintend the education of children; it collects taxes for schools, it disburses this money, it builds schools; it examines the teachers and in many countries compels parents to send their children to school. We have become so accustomed to this state of affairs that it almost seems absurd to ask the question: has the State a right to take the education of its citizens into its own hands? It sometimes happens that a family, through several generations, occupies a tract of land to which it has no legal title; when the original deeds are examined, it is often found that the land does not belong to that family at all, although through the long term of years it held it, its proprietorship never was questioned. In like manner it may be found, if we examine the title under which the State claims education as its domain, that it has no legal title to it, but simply holds it by usurpation.

Before there was a State there were individuals, families, communities. For the purpose of mutual protection it became necessary for communities to form an association which we call State. For the sake of order and of advancing the general welfare, the individuals and families had to yield to a limitation of their rights. What rights has the individual according to the law of nature? It has two kinds of rights: inherent and acquired.

INHERENT RIGHTS ARE:

The right to existence, life and health, the right to intellectual and moral development, the right to good reputation. These rights are inherent in the person, inalienable, not transferable to the State. An acquired right is the right to the fruits of one's own work and to property in general. This right is in its very nature transferable. Therefore, the State may be called upon to regulate matters pertaining to property in as far as the public welfare demands it. But from this lawful interference on the part of the State in relation to property only very superficial reasoning could draw the inference that the State had also a right to limit inherent rights, especially the right of individuals to a personal existence and the multiplied existence in their offspring. Since these individuals are not owned by the State, since father and mother own themselves, it follows that the State cannot own their children (as the Spartans claimed with whom the Pantheists of our day agree.) The children belong to the parents, hence, their education belongs to them; they cannot, however, be deprived even by their parents of their inherent rights. Hence, the State, formed for the protection of God-given rights, although it cannot claim the children as its own, has a right to protect their natural rights, should these be endangered by parents. Therefore, if parents were to starve their children or imperil their health and growth by sending them too young to work in factories the State would be obliged to intervene. In the same manner the State would have a right to interfere, if parents would deprive their children of that intellectual and moral development to which they have a natural right. The State would have a right to supply the want, if it could do so. On the rights, then, which children have in regard to their education depends the right of the State to enact a law of

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

It is self-evident that children have no right to everything which might be useful to them, but only to what is necessary for them. Therefore, parents are obliged only to secure them the necessary development of the intellect; the children must be taught to reason. Reasoning is acquired by intercourse with intelligent people: nothing else but this intercourse is required for the child to learn the law of cause and effect, what things are, what produces them, what

they are for. This intercourse can be artificially increased by reading, which brings us into contact with minds remote from us in time and space, widens the field of our knowledge and sharpens our reason. Before the art of printing was invented, before books were in general use, being obtainable but by few, people were just as intelligent as they are now. Among the great generals, artists, mechanics of old, the great majority could neither read nor write. Prudence, sagacity, even wisdom, not to speak of technical skill, are found—not exceptionally—amongst nations with whom our book-learning is an absolutely unknown article. If, then, the development of the intellect does not depend on those accomplishments which are generally called education, the child has no natural right to them, be they ever so useful.

It may be objected that, while this education is not absolutely necessary, it is relatively so, considering the circumstances under which we have to fight the battle of life. Being entitled to life and health, the child has a right to learn how to make a living; brought up without any education, it is condemned to a life of want and poverty. Therefore, the State has a right to secure to the child a school education.

WE ANSWER:

Mechanical skill and good handiwork, by which the majority of people earn their living, and a good living, have nothing whatever to do with book-learning. The father who gives his son a trade secures for him a better living than many parents who send their children to a high school. While it may be deplored that school education is often neglected, it is still more deplorable that so many children grow up to be loafers and paupers, because, on account of their superior education, they consider themselves above hard labor and are unable to find the desired gentlemanly light employment. And a girl, deficient in school education, who learns how to cook a good meal, is trained in needlework and housekeeping, makes a better wife than the highly accomplished young lady who has read all the classics, can draw and paint and play the piano, but, when it comes to preparing salad, thinks she must wash it with perfumed soap.

In vindication of compulsory education, some claim that it is necessary for a man as citizen, because without it he cannot enlighten himself by reading newspapers about the affairs of the State, and thus form an opinion about the platforms and candidates of the different parties. What else is talked at the time of an election but politics—politics till we grow sick of it. There is plenty of information to be obtained by hearing, and probably one who is not prejudiced and biased by his favorite paper votes more intelligently and independently after comparing in his own mind the pros and cons just on account of not being guided by one paper.

THE NECESSITY OF STATE INTERFERENCE is held by some on the ground that without a general school education the State cannot flourish and would present a contemptible appearance. But the masses are sufficiently enlightened to understand the advantages of school training so as to be anxious to give it to their children. In the American Union, some States have a law of compulsory education; others have not. Do the latter, now, favorably compare with the former? The class of people who have not ambition enough to educate their children is numerically, and, in proportion, so small, and stands so far in the background, that the general appearance of the country does not suffer from their presence. Sometimes the degree of civilization is measured by the quantity of soap a country uses, since cleanliness is next to godliness. Could the fact that some families live in dirt justify the State in enacting a law obliging every family to use a certain amount in order to save the reputation of the country?

What we have said suffices to prove that there exists neither an absolute nor a relative necessity of school education as far as intellectual development is concerned. We must see whether such a necessity exists in regard to that moral development which is absolutely necessary for each individual and of paramount importance for the safety and welfare of the State. An immoral life is a cursed existence, and the spread of immorality is a danger and disgrace for every community and the State at large.

Since, now, the State must protect the natural rights of each citizen, and itself, by the right of self-preservation, has it, then, not the right, and is it not even obliged, to supply the moral training of the child, when the parents neglect to give it such? We are inclined to answer affirmatively; unfortunately we cannot do so logically, for the simple reason that

THERE EXISTS NO RELATIONSHIP

between civil government as such and the fundamental principles of morality. The child learns what is good and what is evil, what it must do and what it must avoid, before the dawn of reason, by the example and words of the parents. Obedience, the feeling of shame, truthfulness, peaceableness, unselfishness, honesty, kindness, are acquired by the child before it attains the use of reason. If the parents set a bad example and neglect to direct the child properly, its heart becomes like a neglected garden, full of weeds. Can the State, by school-education, pull out these weeds and sow and make grow the seeds of righteousness? There is no doubt that a good teacher can improve the manners of the neglected child. But manners are not morality. With polite manners and intellectual culture moral depravity can go hand in hand. A moral man is one who subdues his animal inclinations and brings them under the control of his higher, spiritual nature; one who practices charity toward his neighbor and respects his rights as he wishes his own respected; one who reveres his parents and is never wanting in tokens of filial affection; one who loves God and submits to and does His will. A merely outward compliance with moral laws, such as the State might enforce, does not make a moral character. The hands of a clock may be so turned as to indicate the correct time, but that does not make the clock a good time-keeper. The regulating must be done in the inner works. The will of man must be braced by powerful motives to do good and avoid evil regardless of worldly loss or gain, of blame or fame. Only religion can supply these motives in teaching us that

CHRIST IS A DIVINE TEACHER,

whose laws bind in conscience; that this life is but the beginning of our existence and shapes our eternal destiny; that there is reward and punishment for our free acts, etc. How can the modern State, divorced from religion, teach religion in its schools? By a happy inconsistency people who have no religion may, in practice, observe the laws of Christian morality; but without religion the principles of morality cannot be taught. A mere civil government can be a moral trainer only by its penal code, by threatening fines, incarceration or death.

But by a school-education the State offers the means for self-instruction in religion! One, anxious to be instructed in religion, can go to church and hear the word of God, and every clergyman will be glad to give even private instructions. Young people brought up without religion do not make use of the knowledge acquired in schools for the study of religion. They read novels, newspapers and periodicals, books which ridicule religion, but not religious works. The smattering of sciences they have received emboldens them to look down upon religion, on faith in revelation and miracles, as a thing good for illiterate people and fools, but not for the enlightened class of society. Our civilization is brilliant on the surface but rotten within.

Even if the State cannot give a moral training, it might seem that a law of compulsory education would help the cause of morality by keeping children from the streets, where they learn nothing but vulgarity. The demoralizing effect of playing on the streets depends entirely on the company the child is in. If parents are careful in choosing good playmates for their children, there may be even less danger of their learning immorality on the streets than there would be

AT SCHOOL,

where carefully brought up children are thrown together with children who have bad manners or are even immoral, children with whom the parents would not allow theirs to associate were it in their power. The change for the worse in the moral life of a child frequently dates from the day it was sent to school. For this very reason some parents prefer to instruct their children at home in the

rudiments, and although this teaching may be far inferior to school education, it has the advantage of keeping the little ones out of the foul air so often infesting schoolrooms and of not overstraining their mental capacities so frequent in our schools, where there is no end to the variety of studies to the great detriment of the children's physical development.

That the State separated from religion cannot be an educator in morality, we have proved. But it will be objected that the whole argumentation has no force, if the major premise, that no religion can be taught in State schools, is not true, and it may be asserted that it is not true where the State supports both Catholic and Protestant schools. Are our Protestant schools really religious schools? There are many different Protestant denominations; therefore, only such religious principles can be taught in their common schools in which they all agree, and all such principles on which they disagree must be left out of the religious programme. Now, they do not agree on the divinity of Christ, nor on the doctrine of hell, nor on the liberty of the human will. (Luther *eg* says man is like a horse; if God rides him he must take the good road, and when the devil rides him, he cannot help taking the bad one.)

If Christ is not God, His law is not divine, not binding; if there is no punishment for the transgressor of the law, the law has no sanction; if man is not free he is not responsible for his action, and all backbone is taken out of morality. The reading of the Bible and the singing of hymns cannot be considered sufficient to supply a child with the neglected necessary moral training. Hence, as far as Protestant schools are concerned, the State cannot claim that in them it provides the fundamental religious principles on which morality is based. Hence, in regard to Protestants, it cannot claim the right of compelling children to come to its schools on the plea of imbuing them with moral principles. Since our laws must be general for all classes, it follows that the State cannot enact a law of compulsory education for Catholics either.

Where the State superintends both Catholic and Protestant schools, it may be placed in the ridiculous position of being obliged to choose the mode of religious training for children, while itself is not affiliated to any particular religion, namely, in cases where parents who have no religion, and are so rude as not to favor any particular school, neglect to give their children a religious moral training. If the State must supply what the parents neglect, to which school must it send the children?

To sum up, the State, separated from the Church, cannot claim the education of children as its own province. To the parents to whom the children belong, belongs, also, their education. They may educate them at home,

IF THEY CHOOSE TO DO SO,

or several families may combine to provide a school for them. If there are parents who cannot pay their share of the expenses of the school, the community (not the State) has a right to assist them financially, as it also assists poor people who are unable to take care of a sick member of their family by providing hospitals. (Hospitals and schools we do not intend to place on a par, because the community is fully able to take charge of a patient, while it cannot, as we have seen, be an educator.) In one word, the State, has no divine right to enact a law compelling parents (or guardians) to send their children to school.

Would a law of compulsory education, if the State had a right to make one, be beneficial?

People who are anxious to give their children a school-education need not be compelled to do so. If parents are qualified and have the time to instruct their children at home, it would be useless cruelty to take their little ones away from their home and place them under the care of a stranger who is not better qualified.

In the case of parents who are not anxious to give their children a school education, the law would have little effect, since it is very easy to find a thousand excuses for not complying with it—the school is too far away; the streets, the roads, are too bad; walking through the snow the children will get their feet wet; they have no shoes, no good clothes, they are too delicate, cannot stand the cold, nor the bad air in the school, etc., etc. Children of such par-

ents come irregularly, do not study at home and become a bother to the teacher.

A LAW OF COMPULSORY EDUCATION

is advocated by some on the ground that without a school education superintended by the State the homogeneous character and mental uniformity of a nation is impossible; the State ought to be one in itself, and a unity of thought ought to exist among its citizens; if each family would take charge of the education of its children, or if several families would combine to run a school their own way, the result would be an absence of this unity or uniformity. A law of compulsory education, if complied with, could not possibly effect a unity in regard to philosophy, nor religion, nor politics, nor anything at all. People who think do not choose for their thinking a groove directed by the State; everyone thinks for himself in his own way.

But how can we make sure of the competency of teachers, unless the State superintends education? What is the State? Are the legislators and officials, elected by the people to manage the business affairs of the commonwealth, the sole proprietors of brains? Do not the people possess judgment enough to make sure of the capacity of teachers without any direction from those men whom they have chosen as servants of the public?

There have been, and there are, well conducted schools over which the State does not exercise any paternal surveillance. Where, then, is the usefulness of State superintendence of education?

ANTI-HEGEL.

THE NEW PULPIT.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—The above is the heading of a remarkable paper published in the Star of February 9, copied from the North American Review. This production, the work of Rev. H. B. Haweis, rector of St. James, London, advocates a complete revolution in the subject-matter of preaching, and relegates all dogmatic teaching to the topmost shelf as worthless rubbish. Throughout the whole length and breadth of the article the idea predominates that the contemplated remodelling of the Protestant pulpit can be justified on scriptural grounds. For example: "The old order changeth, making place for the new; he taketh away the old that he may establish the new." Elsewhere he remarks: "The Christianity of the Apostles is no longer quite Christ. The fathers are not quite apostolic. The schoolmen are far away from the fathers, etc. That there may be a change from better to worse and vice versa is undeniable." "Luther," the rev. gentleman tells us, "breaks with the Pope;" and now it may be assumed that a change takes place for the better. Luther set up a "New Pulpit" on the very lines chalked out by our author; he discarded certain dogmas as "superannuated nonsense," but stuck to justification by faith, in a sense peculiar to himself, with bull-dog tenacity. His New Pulpit "was in touch with the life of that period;" to borrow the rev. gentleman's expression, "it was up to date." It could sanction the breaking of solemn vows, and give permission—as it did to the Landgrave of Hesse—to commit adultery. To ensure a full house he could amuse his audience by calling the Pope, "the ass over the way," with other indelicate imbecilities with which his Table-Talk is replete. "Now," says the Rev. Mr. Haweis, "we are on the point of breaking with Luther, if we have not already done so; with Calvin we have quite broken." From this it appears, that though in touch with their own respective times, Luther and Calvin were not up to the mark of the present day. A clean sweep must be made of the superannuated rubbish which those two worthies left behind. Before proceeding to discuss the new provender about to be thrown in armfuls from the New Pulpit hay-loft, it will not be out of place to quote the commission intrusted by Christ to his apostles: "To teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things: whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo! I am with you all days." What were the great truths that the Apostles were so emphatically enjoined to teach by no less a personage than the Man God? The Rev. Rector of St. James, London, will answer that important question, in the following extract:—
"A great deal of superannuated nonsense is talked about preaching the Gos-

pel. I never yet knew an able minister, who could fill his church, who was not denounced by the Ass over the way, whose church was empty, for not preaching the Gospel. There is only one way of preaching the Gospel as Christ preached it, and that is to make teaching cling close to, deal with, and control current life. It was indeed a New Pulpit with not much of Moses or the prophets left in it. The following were the topics of the Divine Teacher:—The relations of a clever swindler and his employer; a woman plying her broom diligently; a clamorous widow worrying a police magistrate; the children in the street playing their vulgar little games and singing their vulgar little songs; the process of digestion; the weather; the secrets of fishing; the occupations of Hodge; the art of making bread and bottling wine."

Imagine, if you can, the Apostles salting forth to overthrow idolatry, and bring all nations under subjection to Christ, armed with the above-mentioned soap bubble artillery. Yet such appear to be the New Pulpit tactics for drawing the masses to church for the worship of God. I think it is Horace that says:—*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.* (It is difficult to talk interestingly on trite or familiar topics.) Men of the calibre of the late Rev. H. W. Beecher are occasionally to be met with, who possess the art, or tact, to surround a very simple subject with interest, and who have no occasion to complain of empty pews, though you never see them occupied by the poor workingman, the artisan or the seamstress. But celebrated New Pulpit orators of this stamp, who know their own worth, and their capability for filling empty pews, stipulate, as a rule, for a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. Probably there are among them who would consider themselves underpaid with ten or twenty thousand dollars a year. Such abnormal salaries, however, need excite no surprise, when we take into account the high figure at which some New Pulpit pews are rented. The worship of God is admitted on all hands to be the prime object in view in going to church. To go with no other intent than to be gratified with the eloquence or wit of the preacher,—to go when the right man is in the right place, and remain at home when a clergyman of inferior talent happens to occupy the pulpit,—this, in my opinion, is to worship man rather than the Almighty.

There is another "church over the way," that is never heard to complain of empty pews. The preacher may be, and very often is, an eloquent expounder of the word of God; for it must be remembered that eloquence is a rare gift and beyond the reach of the majority. "*Orator ut poeta nascitur non fit.*" But whether he be eloquent or plain-spoken,—whether the music be high-toned or solemn Gregorian,—whether with or without either music or discourse, the pews are never empty when required to be occupied. A recollection of personal experience on this very subject now occurs to me, which I will endeavor to relate as briefly as possible, hoping it will not exceed the limits assigned to prosy correspondents.

In the winter of '85-'86, my first in Canada, a fellow-boarder was laid up with some disease of which I forget the name,—but that is immaterial. Observing him one day to be suffering more than usual, and fancying there might be something on his mind calculated to aggravate the malady, I suggested to him that a visit from his minister might prove beneficial. If he said the word, I was ready to go and fetch him. But he thankfully declined the offer. Would he, I continued, object to have Father Richard recommend him to God in the Mass? To this he consented. I called in consequence on the reverend gentleman, who was at that period one of the only two English-speaking priests in Montreal, and who at one time had been a Methodist minister. He cheerfully acceded to my request. Being desirous to assist at the service, I inquired at what hour the Mass would take place. He answered: "I always say the first Mass at 4 in the morning." Being a profound sleeper, I had certain misgivings as to the probability of awaking in due time. Fortunately these misgivings were unfounded. At 3.30 I was en route to the church of Notre Dame. The night was bitterly cold and dark, the more so as Montreal, at that time, was wholly innocent of street lamps. I wended my way along Well-

ington and McGill, which, with the exception of a few stragglers bearing lanterns—probably returning home from some midnight revel—were completely deserted. Nearing Notre Dame street, the lights became more frequent, and appeared to be advancing in still greater numbers from the opposite direction. They all, however, converged at the parish church. On entering the vast edifice, which I had innocently expected to share all alone with the priest and his assistant, I was surprised to find every pew in the centre aisle duly occupied; and, what I considered still more wonderful, not a few blind men accompanied by boys of tender age, were seated near the vestibule. The Mass commenced; at its conclusion the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was recited, and the crowd dispersed in silence to make way for another throng later on. What could have induced so large a gathering of both sexes—young and old, rich and poor, to quit their warm beds and sally forth on such a cold morning, and at so early an hour? Was it to hear some rich strain of heavenly melody, the loud pealing of the organ, or the impassioned eloquence of some noted preacher? Nothing of the sort. They had come to offer to the Eternal Father, in union with the Christian priest, the thrice holy Victim of the Christian altar.

A. G. G.

ROMAN NEWS ITEMS.

The next consistory will be held at the close of this month or the beginning of March.

According to the Courier de Bruxelles, the Holy Father is about to address an important document to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines and the Belgian Bishops.

Baron Nicotera, a distinguished Mason, at one time minister under Victor Emanuel, and later under King Humbert, and a revolutionist all his life, died recently, reconciled to God and the Church.

Through the death of Cardinal Desprez, His Eminence Cardinal Mertel has become the *doyen* of the Sacred College. Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, is the youngest member of that body.

The Pope recently received the well-known Dominican, Father Didon, who in the course of a conversation told His Holiness that M. Felix Faure, as president of the republic, was an excellent choice for the Catholics.

The head house of the Capuchins has proposed to the Italian Government to purchase its ancient convent on the Piazza Barberini and establish there a college for the missions of Africa and the east, but the government's demands have been too high, and so far terms have not been arranged.

The Holy Father has abandoned, for the present at least, the idea of addressing a letter to the English clergymen of the Established Church on their return to Rome. His interviews with Cardinal Vaughan, who recently arrived in Rome, are thought to have led to the change in the Pope's plans.

His Holiness continues to be in the enjoyment of unexceptionally good health, considering his advanced age and the harshness of the weather. The Encyclical to the American Bishops has been published, and states that the Episcopal Councils, aided by the spirit of tolerance and justice of the American laws, assure the development of Catholic institutions.

The diplomatic body in Paris has waited on the new President, when the Dean of the worthies, the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Ferrata, read an address of congratulation, winding up as follows:

In the name of Felix Faure, which recalls a whole life of honor and labour, France saw the promise and the guarantee of a long future of security, prosperity, and peace. Those hopes are too closely in accord with the aspirations of all Governments, and with the general interests of civilization, for us not to feel the necessity of associating ourselves with them.

The Nuncio concluded by giving token of his personal good wishes and of the sympathies of the Powers who were represented. This leads us to have higher hopes of the President than were previously entertained. M. Faure, in acknowledging the congratulations, said he would devote himself to the maintenance of internal peace and the good relations of France with other nations. It is to be hoped he was in earnest, but these promises are not always serious.

THAT LAST LOOK OF NAPOLEON I.

("I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when to my astonishment I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said: "Ushant? Cape Ushant?" I replied, "yes, Sire!" and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed: it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours!"—*Memoirs of an Aristocrat*, by a *Midshipman of the Bellerophon*.)

At length the dread hour that his genius foretold,
Has come, like a spell, 'twixt his fame and the tomb;
The curtain that hangs o'er the past is uproll'd,
And he takes a last glimpse thro' the twilight of doom!
O'er the spec that is fading afar in the sea,
Grand visions of glory have wheeled into sight;
The glittering of Power o'er the graves of the free,
The flashing of swords 'round the foot-stool of Might!
The Present has fled—he is now with the Past!
Enjoy thy great visions—this one is the last!

Like a star that is shot from the regions of night,
He beholds the wild flash of his meteor fame;
It blazes an hour in the realms of light,
Then sinks to the gloom whence so lately it came.
An Island its birth-place, an Island its grave,
Its life 'midst sulphureous rollings of war;—
Around it the noble, the wise and the brave,
Like planets, revolve 'round a central star.
That system is broken—and scattered its light;
There is darkness to-day 'round the foot-stool of Might!

The Bavarian is swept from the tottering bridge,
The sword flashes out that is never to yield;
The cheer of Marengo is heard on the ridge,
As the "legions" rush down to the corpse-strewn field:
The sands of the desert are scattered in air,
The dead and the dying are heaped by the Nile,
And centuries look down, with the glance of despair,
From the dark-frowning top of the pyramid's pile!
The sun has gone down in Egypt's dark night;
There's a trophy to lay at the foot-stool of Might!

The Powers of old Europe are marshalled again,
O'er the Village of Austerlitz rises the sun;
Ere the evening has come they are stark on the plain,
And the field, by that hero, in glory, is won.
A year passes on—and, by Olmutz' bright tents,
The armies of Europe unite for an hour;
Over Jena their banners are scattered in rents,
And the Genius of War has affirmed his power.
Through thy aisles, Notre Dame, are the splendours of light;
Te Deums ascend from the foot-stool of Might!

The Ozar of the Russias, that despot of iron,
On a raft, receives peace from the terror of earth,
His bayonets the Bear of the snow-land environ.
In the womb of what future his glory had birth!
They bow to his word, as the trees to the blast,
They harken in fear, who are potent in war;
He has humbled them all, from the first to the last,
And has chained their strong limbs to his thundering car.
Both Heaven and Earth are as naught in his sight;
Immutable seems now the foot-stool of Might!

The star has now reached its bright zenith of fame;
It may flash, for a while, o'er an awe-stricken world;
But alas! for the fuel to feed such a flame!
Soon, soon from that height must the victor be hurled,
From thy rocks Torres Vedras the knell has rung out;
Salamanca has spoken in accents of fire:
Badajos proclaims from her craggy redoubt,
That the day of his triumph is soon to expire.
There's a gathering of clouds like the on-coming night,
There are fragments detached from the foot-stool of Might!

In the cries of the victims that fell on the field,
The moans from Vincennes' deep dungeons ascend;
And he who could conquer, but never would yield,
Is forced for a moment in spirit to bend.
'Tis noon—it is June—'tis the day of the Lord,—
On a Belgian hill is a gorgeous review;
Thy huts, Quatre Bras, have heard that famed word,
That ordered the charge o'er thy squares, Waterloo.
The last stroke has fallen and vanished the light,
There are ruins and gloom 'round the foot-stool of Might!

The spec in the ocean has sunk from his view,
He closes his field-glass and turns from the prow;
He has hoped his last hope, no more to renew
The flushing of joy on his marble-like brow.
His glory is gone, like a dream of the night,
His name may survive in the annals of fame;
But shadows shall blend with the glory of light,
And curses, with blessings, be heaped on his name.
Thus vanish forever the thrones of Might,
That rest not their strength on the pillars of Right!

J. K. FORAN.

Montreal, February, 1855.

(N.B.—The above poem, which is somewhat timely, in view of the Napoleonic revival wave that has recently made a noise on the sea of literature, will be embodied in Dr. Foran's volume of "Lyrics and Poems," now in the press, and which will be on the market in about two weeks.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Our post office box heretofore has been No. 1758; in future all communications should be addressed to our new box—post office box 1188. We trust that special note of this change will be taken by all who have communications to address to THE TRUE WITNESS.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know if Mass can be celebrated after twelve o'clock, noon. At any hour the priest, vested with sacerdotal powers, can perform the consecration; but no priest is allowed to do so except within the prescribed hours. The Mass must be commenced in time to allow of the consecration taking place before noon; the remaining portion of the Mass may be continued even after that hour, as is often the case. On Christmas Eve, the first Mass must be commenced at a sufficiently late hour to allow midnight to be passed before the consecration is reached. Often non-Catholics make the great mistake of reporting Masses that were said to have been celebrated in the evening or night. In a word, a priest can, by virtue of his power, consecrate at any time; but he may not do so, except under the prescribed and canonical regulations, under pain of sin.

At the town of Manfaubt, in Upper Egypt, a place containing eighteen thousand inhabitants, the Coptic priests, under the French missionary, Father Lamnant, have a splendid school for Catholic children. In that region, since England secured control, the Protestant element preponderates, as far as influence goes, and is deadly in its opposition to Catholicity. So much the greater the credit due the missionaries.

AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR CHAPLEAU EXTOLS THE JESUIT SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

His Honor, Lieut.-Governor Chapleau visited St. Mary's College on Saturday. He was received by the cadets of the College, who awaited him at the door. They presented a splendid appearance and their commandant was congratulated by His Honor. The Jesuit Fathers also warmly welcomed the Lieut.-Governor, and he was conducted to the Academic Hall of the College. Amongst those present were: Judge De Lorimier, Judge Guimet, Deputy Recorder Bourgain, Chevalier Brolet, Dr. Mount, Mr. de Bellefeuille, Q.C., Senator Desjardine, Ex-Lieut.-Governor Royal and Judge Marcoux Doherty. Rev. Father Renaud, Provincial of the Society of Jesus, was also present.

Mr. Arthur Laramee presented an address of welcome. In reply, the Lieut.-Governor spoke of the pleasure afforded him to visit the Jesuit College. He paid a tribute to the Fathers, who spend their life teaching the youth of our community; he spoke of their past, which he termed glorious, and he maintained that the past alone is sufficient to inspire every one with confidence for their future. The speaker referred to such Jesuit Fathers as Lallement and Brebeuf, who came to this country in 1625; he also spoke of the College of Quebec, founded in 1686.

On July 28th, 1658, Governor d'Argenson visited that College, and on that occasion the students of the College played a tragedy in the Algonquin and the Huron languages for the delectation of the Governor. Lieut.-Governor Chapleau said that it also afforded him great pleasure to be present at the drama which the students of to-day were about to play on the occasion of his visit. He also availed himself of the opportunity to publicly compliment the cadets, and he was gratified to notice that attention is paid to the physical development of the students as well as to their mental development. He spoke of many of the great men who had been students of the Jesuit Colleges. They occupy some of the highest places which their countries can give them; they do credit to the Bench, to the Bar, to religion and to the State. His Honor also spoke of some of

the great Jesuit Colleges of Europe and America, and he held that Canadians should be proud of St. Mary's.

He then made an allusion to the great social questions, which are of burning interest to the community to-day. The Jesuit Fathers teach the true relationship of the individual to the family and to the State. He maintained that if more attention were paid to logic many difficulties would be solved. But that science is almost totally ignored. Logic, as taught at St. Mary's, avoids many errors. It hinders the oppression of the conscience of members of the community, and it teaches men to leave to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, and to leave to the Church what belongs to the Church. In speaking of the principles which should actuate every man, His Honor paid a tribute to the late Sir John Thompson. He offered him to the students as a model of virtue and of energy, who always adhered to true principles.

After the reply the students played "Les Fils de Ganelon," a drama in four acts and in verse. It was very well played and reflects credit on the students and their professors. It was also greatly enjoyed by the large audience, which was composed of the elite of Montreal's French society. Amongst those who distinguished themselves in the cast were: C. Champoux, A. Laramee, L. Hamel, R. de Lorimier, E. Desaulniers, T. Rinfret, J. Decarie, D. Gray, R. Masson, L. Hurtubise, A. Chausse and H. Ranger.

The orchestra of the Church of the Gesu played some excellent music. Messrs. R. Masson and G. Comte also sang. After the performance His Honor gave the students a grand conge, which was received with great applause.

THE "PLURIBUS" AT BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, QUE.

On Wednesday evening, February 20, the members of St. Patrick's Academy of Bourget College presented to a distinguished audience of clergymen and laity a dramatic and musical entertainment. The "Pluribus" is a new historical drama in five acts, and is based upon one of the many daring attempts of Irish political prisoners to escape from the old-time convict centres of West Australia. It is a play that has only to be well presented to be well received by even the most critical, for in it are many finely drawn characters, playing into one another's hands in the formation of a whole that for its unity and general excellence stands well up in the front rank of college plays.

The hero of the play, Arthur Bradwell, sentenced for life, succeeds in overpowering the brutal keeper of the prison, Col. Dobson, and in company with a guard who assists him, Larry Dowd, sails in an American whaler, the "Pluribus," for Massachusetts. Bradwell and Dowd, pursued by the cruel Dobson and his kind but unwilling assistant, Mr. Swift, find themselves after some weeks, owing to stress of weather, in Halifax harbor, where the skipper of the whaler, Captain Meeker, kindly and thoughtlessly invites two pretended Americans to come on board his ship. The polite and courteous two are no other than the pursuing Dobson and his aide. The unsuspecting Captain gets a hint of the true state of affairs from Caddie, the cabin boy, and after a bitter war of words with his two would-be guests is forced to set sail for "the grand old shores of Massachusetts," bringing along with him the scoundrel Dobson, who finds himself foiled in his attempt to take Bradwell and Dowd, and who has just given vent to his useless rage by nailing a writ of embargo to the mast of the "Pluribus." A week follows on the rocks of "Bizzard's Cliff," in the identical place in which Dobson had twenty years before sunk his own vessel with all on board to gain a heavy insurance placed upon it. The murdered ones come up out of their watery graves, to seek vengeance in the death of Dobson, and so his two intended victims, Bradwell and Dowd, are left to work out their future in America.

Mr. Allen Fortin, as Bradwell, won the sympathy and admiration of the house in the very opening and was applauded to the echo at frequent intervals. Mr. Henry Durocher, as Larry Dowd, was a worthy associate of Bradwell; while Mr. Louis Lauzon merited well the hatred and opprobrium which were heaped upon him as Colonel Dobson; and the high praise which everyone accorded him on his true interpretation of the character.

Mr. Charles Durocher, as Mr. Swift, presented a fine example of the modest and courageous friend of the oppressed and afflicted; while Mr. Royal Winters, as Captain Meeker, won the hearty applause of the audience several times. Mr. James Lynch, who, as Crazy Jim, was kicked to death by Dobson in the second act, caused many tears to flow in sympathy with him. Among others deserving special mention were Messrs. L. Roach, P. Robillard, P. Quesnel, and Christopher MacKay, the Cabin Boy.

The costumes were very well suited to the piece, and the scenery and stage effects very pleasing and natural. The play proper was followed by a short farce, in which Mr. W. McEwen, as Chops, and Messrs. P. Quesnel and A. Matte produced many bursts of laughter.

Between the acts, and at different intervals, the college band, orchestra and choir enlivened the proceedings by a good rendition of several choice selections. Everything was brought to a close by a tableau vivant, in which St. Patrick was represented receiving a crown from the hands of the guardian angels of the Irish people.

The members of St. Patrick's Academy are indeed to be congratulated on the success which they achieved.

X. Y. Z.

MISSION FOR YOUNG LADIES AT ST. PATRICK'S.

The Mission for young ladies at St. Patrick's Church was brought to a close on Sunday evening with the Papal Benediction and a final sermon by the Rev. Father Klauer. The Mission has been one of the most successful in the history of St. Patrick's Church, and the Rev. Father Klauer complimented the young women on their perseverance in attending all the services during the week. The sermon on Sunday evening was on the subject of perseverance; the preacher urged them to persevere in the work they had begun. A large number of the young women joined the League of the Sacred Heart. At Benediction the altar was illuminated with special lights, and together with the altar of the Sacred Heart that had been temporarily erected formed an exceedingly beautiful sight.

ROSEBERY SUSTAINED.

SIR HENRY JAMES' MOTION WAS A FAILURE.

LONDON, February 21.—In the House of Commons to-day Mr. Balfour was not present and efforts were made to postpone consideration of Sir Henry James' motion. Sir William Harcourt was approached on the subject and flatly refused to delay matters, the Government, he said, desiring an immediate discussion of the House upon the question.

Sir Henry James introduced his motion to adjourn the House for the purpose of calling attention to the Indian cotton duties. In support of the motion he said there had always been a feeling in Lancashire that an import duty in India was a dead weight to the trade. He then proceeded to review the history of Indian tariffs since an early period of the present century.

Sir Henry James, continuing, said that since 1882, when the Indian import duties were abolished, her markets had remained open. Under the free markets India's trade had gone on increasing, driving Lancashire out and into the markets of Japan and China. The new duty which had been levied upon cotton would further embarrass Lancashire. The Government, he said, had been influenced by the agitation of the Anglo-Indian officials; not so much in favor of India as against Lancashire. It was an agitation against a trade which had lost more through the fall in the price of the rupee than any other interest in the country. These officials had misled the Secretary of State for India, who, no doubt, had the best intentions, but had not consulted the practical merchants and manufacturers. The result was that the home trade had been ignored. The duties imposed in India had dislocated the Lancashire trade. The counteraction excise duty, which had been imposed in India, had proved to be really no protection to British producers, while it had created intense dissatisfaction in India.

Mr. Henry H. Fowler, Secretary of State for India, said that before Sir Henry James charged him with having sacrificed the interests of England to those of India he ought to have obtained better proof of the correctness of anything he

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had mentioned in his speech. The censure of India in regard to the excise duty was equally severe with the censure of Lancashire. Both had accused him of sacrificing their interests, India's to Lancashire, and the latter's to India. One was wrong. He had done what he thought was justice to both. A serious financial difficulty existed in India, and a large deficit must be faced. Therefore when the import duty was proposed, in fairness to both countries, it was met with an off-setting excise duty.

Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Salisbury cabinet, advised the House to think twice what effect the decision about to be made would have in India. He felt, he said, that there had not been sufficient co-operation between India and the home Government. The debate ought to be followed by an earnest and persistent effort to bring Lancashire and Indian opinions closer. If the difference were only one of tariffs a compromise certainly could be obtained.

Sir William Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer, said the Government would not hesitate for a moment to support the decision required by the best interests of India, regardless of the effect upon the Liberal party. He could only regret that the House had been forced in this matter to consider a motion rendering it necessary to assume the chance of a party vote. The Government were ready to meet the issue fairly and squarely without delay. If defeated, they would feel that there was no cause for which they could fall more worthily. It would be a pity, however, if the vote should leave on the minds of the people of India the lasting impression that they could not hope for justice from England.

In the division Sir Henry James' motion was defeated by a vote of 304 to 109.

A contemporary lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes taking fire. One of them is "to keep as cool as possible."

"I understand you bought a dog to keep burglars away?" "Yes." "You are not troubled any more at night, then?" "I suppose?" "Only by the dog."

OBITUARY.

THE LATE EDWARD TOBIN.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of Mr. Edward Tobin, one of the most prominent of our young Irish fellow-citizens, and most active in the cause of propagating the principles of national literary societies in this city. Deceased was one of the most energetic and most able of the founders of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association, which was formed nearly a quarter of a century ago. While many of his associates, who assisted in the work of its organization, have, through various causes, dropped out of the ranks of its active workers, he remained steadfastly at his post, participating in the debates at all its meetings, and entering with zeal and enthusiasm into all its undertakings up to the hour of the brief illness which terminated in his death. Mr. Tobin, like many others of his young Irish companions at the time, only received an ordinary education, but it served the purpose, it opened up the resources and possibilities of what study and patient toil could achieve, as well as inspired him with the noble ideal that the school-room, however complete its curriculum may be, is only the probationary arena where the first training is received that will strengthen the mind and arouse greater enthusiasm for future achievements. Acting under that impulse, as was evident by many references which Mr. Tobin made in heated debates and addresses, during his lifetime, in the rooms of the Association, he started out in the work with a few companions to launch the new project of forming an organization which is now known as the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. Mr. Tobin was president of that Association for two terms, as well as having, more or less, been in active harness in various offices during the whole period of his membership. He was also a member of the A.O.U.W., and took an active interest in its welfare, because with him it was not enough to cherish a principle—it must be put into active practice. During his lifetime he was a temperate, yet outspoken, supporter of the claims of his fellow-workman, not in a vain and pugnacious manner, but with all the decorum and sincerity that carries conviction, and impressed the listener that he was standing in the presence of one whose faith and devotion was of no mean order. Mr. Tobin, at the time of his death, was engaged in the hardware business, and had he been spared, he was destined to achieve the same measure of success that marked his career in other spheres. He was a splendid type of a self-made man, honest and true as steel, his word was his bond. He was highly respected amongst the rising generation, as was evidenced by the magnificent attendance of young Irishmen who followed the funeral cortege on Sunday last.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. D. O'Shaughnessy, Hugh Brady, D. Gallery, James Downs, M. Foran, John Hughes, Jos. O'Brien and James McCarrey, all members of the Y. I. L. & B. A., and comrades of the deceased almost since the foundation of that organization. The chief mourners were his nephew, Mr. J. Penfold, and Messrs. Thomas Mulcair, John Mulcair and John Drew.

The deceased leaves a widow and four children to mourn his loss, to whom we offer our heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of their bereavement.—R.I.P.

THE LATE MR. PATRICK BRENNAN.

On the morning of the 25th February instant, in his sixty-fourth year, one of Montreal's most highly respected and universally popular citizens, in the person of Mr. Patrick Brennan, of St. Etienne street, Point St. Charles, departed this life. For years Mr. Brennan was engaged on the Lachine Canal, until overcome by physical ailment he was compelled to retire from active work. During his long and useful career the deceased was a most faithful adherent to duty, a generous friend, a fond husband and an indulgent parent. He was of that category of men to whom Davis refers, when he wrote that "they quietly and unostentatiously moved like a soul in the bosom of society." He had gained for himself a most honorable reputation, which heritage he transmitted unscathed to those whom he leaves behind him. Of the relatives left to mourn his loss, and comparatively early demise, are his bereaved widow, his sister, Mrs. M. P. Ryan; his step-sister, Mrs. J. J. Curran, and four

sons and three daughters. Of his children, Mr. P. J. Brennan is at present connected with a banking institution in Texas; Mr. Wm. Brennan is one of Montreal's popular citizens; Mrs. P. Shea is the wife of one of our most widely and favorably known fellow-townsmen. There are also two boys at college and two girls at home. The funeral takes place this morning at 9 o'clock, to St. Ann's Church, and thence to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The TRUE WITNESS extends its deep sympathy to all the sorrowing relatives and numerous friends of the deceased, and joins in the prayers of the Church he loved so well in begging of the Almighty to grant him eternal rest and the reward due the faithful child of that Church.

THE LATE MR. J. M'CARTHY.

Again it is our painful duty to announce the death of one of the promising young men of St. Gabriel's, in the person of Mr. Jeremiah McCarthy, which sad event took place at his father's residence, Chateaugay street, on Tuesday, the 11th instant. During the course of the winter deceased contracted a severe cold, and although he battled manfully against the enemy, still he was eventually conquered, and, amidst the general grief of his numerous friends and the tears of his relatives, sank to rest in the sleep that must eventually come to all. He was an exemplary young man, much beloved and esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. His funeral was very largely attended, and the floral offerings were varied and beautiful. The best tribute to his memory is a prayer that his young soul may enjoy eternal happiness.

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE'S LETTER

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF KINGSTON.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
February 12th, 1895.

DEAR ARCHBISHOP CLEARY,—I have to thank you most sincerely, on behalf of my colleagues as well as on my own account, for the very handsome draft I have received, representing the balance of the collection in Your Grace's diocese in aid of the Irish Parliamentary Fund, and I hope you will convey our best thanks to those who have, by their efforts and sacrifices, aided you in accomplishing this result.

I have transmitted your draft, with the covering letter, to the proper quarter, with the request that they should be published and acknowledged.

It is my most earnest desire that we should, each and all of us, take to heart Your Grace's weighty counsel and wise advice; and you may rest assured that, to the utmost extent of my feeble powers, I will continue to strive for this result.

I am glad to know that our friends in Your Grace's diocese have seen this truth, not fully apprehended everywhere, that the existence of the unhappy difficulties to which you allude furnishes no ground for refusing to assist the party, and that any such refusals are, in truth, encouragements to the pursuit of the course you deplore.

I was obliged by public business to leave for this country in October last, and I know not when I can return. Thus I have been prevented from making any personal effort to renew the interest of our Canadian friends in the cause.

Will Your Grace permit me to avail myself of this auspicious occasion to say for their information that our needs are urgent, that the election cannot possibly be long delayed, and I hope (notwithstanding the difficulties, financial and other, which I regretfully acknowledge) that the Irish-Canadians who did so much in '93 and '94, may act in a spirit worthy of themselves in '95.

With my grateful acknowledgments of Your Grace's too kind allusion to myself, believe me, dear Archbishop Cleary, faithfully yours,

EDWARD BLAKE.
His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston,
The Palace, Kingston,
Ontario, Canada.

TENNESSEE MINSTRELS.

One of the jolliest, funniest shows of the season was the exhibition of the Tennessee minstrels, in St. Ann's Hall, last night and Monday night. The "niggers" scored a great triumph, and St. Ann's Young Men put another feather in their caps as amateur actors.

THE TRUE WITNESS

SPECIAL

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91 YEARS OLD.

DEATH OF MOST REV. DR. KIRBY.

HE WAS A GREAT IRISHMAN AND FOR YEARS WAS RECTOR OF THE IRISH COLLEGE AT ROME.

One who was probably the oldest Bishop in the Catholic Church, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, has just passed away. Gravis annis et honoribus, the Most Rev. Tobias Kirby, titular Archbishop of Ephesus, and for many years rector of the Irish College, Rome, who died on Sunday evening in the Eternal City, was one of the most venerable and venerated personages among the numerous distinguished ecclesiastics in the metropolis of Christendom. Held in special esteem by the Sovereign Pontiff and by his Brother Bishops, a patriarchal prelate, whose length of years far exceeded that of many of the aged churchmen among whom he lived and moved, he was well known in both hemispheres. A typical Irishman, in whom the simple piety of the olden time was associated with a strong and deep affection for the land of his birth, with whom faith and patriotism were always inseparable, he was beloved by his countrymen, who regarded him as personifying their undying attachment to faith and fatherland and their traditional faith to the See of Peter. Born in Tallow, County Waterford, on Jan. 1, 1804, the son of pious parents, whose fidelity to the faith of their fathers had been tried and tempered in the furnace heat of persecution, he himself grew up from youth to early manhood at an epoch when the shadow of the penal laws still fell upon the country, when Protestant ascendancy was rampant, and the adherents of the ancient creed were politically and socially ostracised. Little wonder then, that his patriotism, the direct outgrowth of Catholicism, first asserted itself when O'Connell came upon the scene, and by means as pacific as they were powerful led to a triumphant issue the bloodless struggle for Catholic emancipation, and, later on, when the repeal movement drew into its ranks men of all classes, who believed that in the restoration of the Irish Parliament lay the best guarantee for the prosperity of Ireland and the consolidating of the home empire, he drew himself with characteristic wholeheartedness into it. "Those who remember only the grave, gentle old president of the Irish College, whose manners, we are told, were subtly suggestive of Cardinal Newman, will find it hard," says an Irish contemporary, "to credit the suggestion that in O'Connell's train of brilliant platform orators there was none more spirited or inspiring than young Kirby."

Very early in life he gave evidence of a vocation to the priesthood, but difficulties retarded the accomplishment of his desires. Irish Catholics then who had not much means, like his parents, did not enjoy the same educational facilities they have since acquired, and besides he was constrained to earn his living by engaging in business. It was not until he was thirty that he overcame these difficulties and had acquired sufficient education to commence ecclesiastical studies at the College of St. Apollinaris in Rome. While pursuing his course of studies in this college, he joined the society of St. Paul, of which the chief function was to encourage and assist its members in the development of literary culture. In this society he soon reached a high position. In talents and acquirements he had but one rival, a brilliant student some years younger than himself. A specially keen interest was felt in the competition for the prize of the society, which was to be awarded for the best original essay. By universal consent there were only two competitors with a chance of success. When the award was made it was found that the name of Thomas Kirby was second on the list. His successful rival was Gioacchino Peci, now Pope Leo XIII. The intimacy that then sprang up between the two was broken only by the death of the Archbishop of Ephesus. On his accession the Pope remembered the incident of the essay half a century before, and by his express command Dr. Kirby was then induced to give his composition for the first time to the public. Some time after the completion of his sacerdotal studies, and shortly after his ordination, he was appointed a professor in the Irish College, a position he filled for twelve years; and many of the Irish clergy who had been under his training

gratefully remember their indebtedness to him. Early in the forties he was appointed to the Vice-Rectorship. In the revolution of 1848, when the Pope had to fly from Rome, Dr. Cullen was appointed Rector of the Propaganda with the object of protecting its personal property from pillage, a mission which he successfully accomplished. The new position and onerous duties of Dr. Cullen practically left the entire control of the Irish College in the hands of Dr. Kirby, and when in 1850 Dr. Cullen was transferred to the archdiocese of Armagh, Dr. Kirby was formally appointed to the position of Rector of the College, which he filled with such credit for so many years. For a long time he held the post of Papal Chamberlain, and was a great favorite at the Vatican, his unostentatious piety and sound sense having won for him special recognition from the Curia. On May 13, 1881, he was nominated Titular Archbishop of Ephesus. His life work was the forming of the Irish priests who made their studies in the Irish College, and that work he did with thoroughness and zeal. He did not write much, but his book of "Meditations" is still in the hands of the faithful, and is in special favor among ecclesiastics.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

TWO TELLING SPEECHES.

Strong Welsh Sentiment for Irish Home Rule.

In support of the resolution declaring that Home Rule holds the foremost place in the Liberal programme, which was passed at Cardiff, on Thursday last, Mr. C. P. Scott and Mr. Lloyd George spoke. In the course of his speech Mr. Scott said:—

For what had they been struggling during the last eight years? For what had they fought election after election? For what purpose did their great leader devote his splendid powers towards the close of an arduous life, if it was not to promote the policy of Home Rule? And why should the Liberal Party change that policy now? Surely all the reasons that prevailed with them two years ago prevailed with them still. This was not a question of sentiment—it was not even a question of loyalty to their old leader or of good faith to the people of Ireland—it was a question of hard fact, and of the government of Ireland in such a manner that contentment might be given to a great section of the United Kingdom. If the Liberal party were not prepared to nail the green flag to the mast and to stand to their guns there would be nothing for it but to go back to the old and exploded policy of coercion, which he trusted they had once and for all set aside. Home Rule they declared by their resolution to be first not only in their policy but also in their programme. By that they meant the programme not merely of a session. Something else would be first in the programme of next session, but they were determined that, so soon as they had power to carry any great and controversial measure to which the Tory party of the House of Lords—which was the tool of the Tory party—were uncompromisingly opposed, they would carry Home Rule. Home Rule, it might be said, was a vague phrase. It might mean much or it might mean little; but this resolution did not leave much doubt as to the Home Rule meant by the members of that conference. Did they mean an emasculated and attenuated Home Rule? Did they mean county councils, or, perhaps, provincial councils? They might go to Birmingham for that. Mr. Chamberlain would be delighted to give as much, and if that was all the Liberal party wanted they had only to come to terms with that gentleman; but they meant something more. They meant to satisfy the National demand of Ireland, and to satisfy the National sentiment of the country. They meant nothing less than the policy for which they had fought for the last nine years, and for which they were prepared to fight nine years more—ay, and, if necessary, for ninety years more. By Home Rule they did not mean any new-fangled policy of Federal Home Rule. They were there as practical men and not as closet politicians. The Home Rule spoken of in the resolution then was the Home Rule they knew. He did not say it was precisely the Home Rule embodied in the bill that had been carried through the House of Commons. He did not say

that the Home Rule Bill of 1893 would be produced again exactly as they knew it. If they offered them anything, it would be better and more satisfactory to them and to every part of the United Kingdom. That was a policy that was worth fighting for, that was worth some effort and some sacrifice. One obstacle only stood in the way—the obstacle that stood in the way of other things that were near to the hearts of the people. He would beg of them, in the words of the resolution, to remove that obstacle, and to press forward at all cost and with undiminished energy to the triumph of this as of their other aspirations.

Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., seconded the resolution, and said no one could do so with a clearer conscience than a Welsh representative. The Welsh people were prepared as a country, by a majority more striking than that of Ireland itself, to accord the foremost position to Home Rule for Ireland at a time when the Home Rule Party could offer them nothing in return but companionship in defeat, and they were not likely to abandon the cause now when the Irish Party were acceding to the Welsh representatives the foremost position to a Welsh bill in the next Parliament. They were told they were about to abandon Home Rule, and, by the same authority, that they had already abandoned it. He would not dwell on the insinuation of perfidy that this charge conveyed against the Liberal Party, because they were accustomed to be told that they were willing to rob millionaires, brewers, and even parsons—and other much worse charges. He was thinking more of the aspersion on the honor of Great Britain. In 1892 a majority of the people of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, and something not far short of one-half of the people of England, declared that justice required the concession of Home Rule to Ireland as the first step of the incoming Government. That was only two years ago, and now they were told that they had gone back upon it simply, it appeared, because an obstacle had been interposed in the shape of a rickety old institution known as the House of Lords. The House of Lords had thrown Home Rule out, and at once 3,000,000 of people had dropped it in consequence. Three nations and a half cowered at one crack of a lordly whip. What a picture of British pluck! Yet this picture was drawn by that class of artists whose specialty it was to paint in glowing colors the British lion rampant. If it were true then all he could say was that it beat even the Chinese record of cowardice. So far from the House of Lords being and obstacle, for his part he thought it was an incitement to proceed. Home Rule had brought them face to face with an old enemy of the people. In former times the House of Lords had a habit of shirking the fight and of lying down to avoid punishment, but Home Rule had had the luck to induce the Peers at last to stand up. It would not be the fault of Wales if they were not soon knocked down altogether. When they were deciding this great issue between the Peers and the people, he was glad it would be on the question of the right of the people to govern themselves. He knew no question that so clearly distinguished the leading characteristics of the two parties as this of Home Rule. On the one hand they had Toryism and its wishes, and its dependence; on the other hand they had Liberalism and its manly self-reliance. The Tories would give the Irish people everything but freedom. Their policy was essentially one of chains. The fetters might be of different metal. Yesterday they were of iron, to-morrow they might be of brass or gold. Liberalism meant that power should be given to the people to work out their own salvation. That was the Liberal policy, and by it what the Irish people might lose in cash they would gain all the more in character. Liberals did not want to see Ireland an eternal suppliant on the steps of the British throne. They said to Ireland as to Wales and to England, "We want to develop a nation, not of beggars, but of men." Self-government was not merely the means of obtaining the rights of a people, it was in itself the noblest of all political rights. Unionists might lavish British money on Ireland, might make every Irish peasant the lord over his own home, might build harbors on every coast, might fill those harbors with the finest fishing fleets in the world, might construct railways and tram-roads across every bog in Ireland, and they might

pave those roads, if they would, with British gold; but still the greatest grievance of all would remain unredressed as long as they closed against the people of Ireland that pathway of self-government which would be open to every free, manly, or self-respecting nation.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

C. O. F.

ST. GABRIEL COURT OF FORESTERS NO. 185, SIDE BANK DEGREE.

Last night was a gala night with above Degree Court, being the first event of this kind held by them. Four candidates were initiated into this all-important Degree. It may here be stated that they are now in a position to confer this Degree on any member of the Order. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:—P. Shea, G.H.R.; J. Colfer, G.P.H.R.; M. McGoldrick, G.V.H.R.; M. Healy, G.H.P.; L. McMullin, G.H.G.; P. Cantwell, G.H.S.; J. Shea, G.H.T.; J. Lennon, G.H.I.S.

This Court meets in the basement of the new St. Gabriel Church, corner Centre and Laprairie Streets, every alternate Monday.

A CATHOLIC LORD.

LORD ACTON MADE A PROFESSOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—Lord Acton has been appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge to succeed the late Prof. Seeley. Lord Acton is sixty-one years old. Between 1860 and 1876 he edited two reviews and a weekly newspaper. He took a conspicuous part in the discussion resulting from the declaration of Papal infallibility and for his loyalty to Dr. Dollinger, of the "Old Catholic" party, was made Ph. D. in 1872 by the Munich University. He is regarded as the leader of the Liberal Roman Catholics of England.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL MATTERS.

The regular meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners was held last week. The Rev. Canon Bruchesi presided, the other Commissioners present being Rev. J. N. Leclero, Rev. J. Quinlivan, Dr. L. E. Desjardins and Dr. M. T. Brennan. The committee on the school for small children, in their report, recommended an annual grant of \$600 to the school. The report of the special committee on the Boys' School of Our Lady of Good Counsel stated that the building was in great need of repairs. The Commissioners gave instructions for the preparation of a plan of the city, showing the location of the various schools under the Board. The president reported that the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Attorney-General had approved the course adopted by the Board in the case of the St. Louis School. The School Committee were instructed to visit various schools and to report as to whether they were necessary to the localities in which they were situated and as to their sanitary condition.

The trial balance for the month of January was laid on the table and the Commissioners adjourned till the first Tuesday in March.

MIXED MARRIAGES IN HUNGARY.

BUDA PESTH, February 18.—The Pope has issued an order, which has been promulgated here, declaring that the offspring of mixed marriages shall be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. This conflicts with the Hungarian marriage law, which gives the parents of children born of such unions, the choice of the faith in which they shall be reared.

THE POPE'S PROTEST.

LONDON, February 18.—A despatch from Rome to the Chronicle says that the Pope has sent a protest to the Russian minister against the arrest of thirty Roman Catholic priests in Poland, who are accused of anti-dynastic tendencies

Steel knives, which are not in general use, may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda, one part water to four parts of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel and keep in a dry place.

WORDS OF FAREWELL.

Impressive Ceremonies at St. Stephens Church, South Framingham.

From the Framingham Tribune we take the following account of the impressive scenes on the departure, from that parish of Rev. Father Cullen and his curates, Rev. Fathers Salmon and Lyons. To numbers of our readers the events described will prove of interest, as most of them are well acquainted with the rev. gentlemen referred to in the report.

At 11 a.m. solemn High Mass was celebrated at St. Stephen's church in South Framingham, the auditorium being well filled with people, among the number being some representatives of the other Christian churches of the town. In the Mass, Rev. Fr. Cullen was celebrant and was assisted by Rev. Fr. Salmon as deacon, Rev. Fr. Lyons as sub-deacon, and Edw. Canning as master of ceremonies. During the service, Rev. Fr. Cullen took occasion, in accordance with his annual custom, to render to the church a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the past year. At the conclusion of this statement, he took occasion to say a few words of farewell to his people, preferring to do this, rather than to trust himself to any long farewell sermon during which his feelings might overcome him.

After explaining to his parishioners that poor health and some church duties devolving upon him, outside of his regular parish work, caused a change to seem advisable, he stated that he had accepted charge of the parish at Watertown, not without great regret at leaving his parish in Framingham, where he had labored so pleasantly for over eighteen years, and for whose growth he had labored all these years. He was reminded in leaving, and as a new pastor came over the church, of the words of the apostle Paul in one of his epistles. There was contention as to who was the greater, Paul or Apollos, and Paul rebuked the people by saying to them, "Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase"; so, no matter who presided over the church, its growth and power must come from God. He bespoke for his successor the heartiest of welcome and support, and bade his people an affectionate good-bye, asking God's blessing upon them.

At the close of the morning service the sanctuary boys, numbering twenty-five, gathered about Father Cullen, and Edward Canning, in their behalf, presented him with a purse of gold, a token of their esteem, which was accepted in fitting words by the recipient.

At 3 p.m. Fr. Cullen met the children, in the session of the Sunday school, and said good bye to them. Fr. Cullen has always taken a great interest in the children and their welfare, and will be missed by the little ones, as well as by their elders.

At the solemn high vespers, Fr. Cullen was celebrant, Fr. P. B. Murphy, of St. George's church, Saxonville, deacon, Fr. Lyons, sub-deacon, and Fr. Salmon, master of ceremonies. At an intermission in the service, near its close, Peter N. Everett stepped within the sanctuary railing, and, in behalf of Fr. Cullen's parishioners, presented him with a very fine testimonial address and, in conclusion, with a purse of \$815, as a token of the esteem and regard in which he is held by them. Mr. Everett spoke as follows:—

"Rev. and Dear Father:

Great sorrow, like great joy, always imposes silence; in the presence of unexpected pleasure, and in the face of sad bereavement the heart beats in muffled tones, while the tongue finds difficulty in expressing the sentiments that throng the breast. The news of your well-deserved promotion, dearly beloved pastor, brought joy to our souls; but the knowledge that the change necessitated a separation from us, cast a cloud over the sunshine. Therefore the mingled feelings of happiness in your prospects bright, and of sorrow at the irreparable loss your flock must sustain, are too strong for expression; we consequently beg to be allowed to tell in silent communion with God the prayers for your future, and the outpourings of our gratitude for all you have done for us and for this splendid parish. Deeds speak louder than words, and we wish that the future years may prove, in our remembrance of you, how truly we appreciated your goodness, your sacrifices, your labors, your words of encouragement and your glorious example. Although

the light of your presence will smile upon another congregation you will be perpetually present with us. You need no monument to recall to our minds all you have done as priest, as friend, and as citizen. All sections of our community, rich and poor, will see in the church, the rising and educated generation, the memorials of your work, and all will bless you from their innermost hearts, and pray that God may grant you long years of strength, to carry on the noble mission which is yours on earth. And yet we cannot but allow our farewell address to mention the fact that sincere, honest and deep sorrow is ours; the sorrow of children who have lost their best friend, in a dear parent.

You will, then, permit us to be silent, to kneel at your feet and receive your fatherly blessing, upon us, upon our children whom you so dearly love, upon our church which is, under God, your handiwork, and upon our homes and hearths, where your name will forever be a household word. In turn we can only promise that, in presence of the altar, whereon so often you have offered the holy sacrifice for us, our prayers, like incense, shall ascend to heaven, begging that the Almighty may shower down his choicest graces upon you, strew your path with blessings untold, and prepare for you, in His great glory, the crown that is promised to every 'good and faithful servant.'

And now, reverend dear father, permit me, on behalf of your people, to present you with this testimonial of their regard and esteem for you."

In accepting the gift from his parishioners, Rev. Fr. Cullen spoke briefly, saying, in substance:

"Dear Mr. Everett and dear friends:

I would, indeed, be very ungrateful if I did not say something in reply to this very complimentary address, and in acceptance of this very fine gift, though I cannot lay claim to all the goodness which has been attributed to me. I thank you all very heartily for this gift and this address. I should be very sorry indeed, as I left this parish, if there was not some sorrow because of my departure. I should feel then that my eighteen years' work among you had been in vain I can only say further, as I bid you good-bye, that I wish you all joy and prosperity on this earth, and, in the hereafter, life eternal."

Before his departure Rev. Fr. Cullen introduced Rev. Fr. Heffernan to some of his principal parishioners and others. The new pastor will celebrate his first Mass at St. Stephen's next Sabbath morning, and will be assisted by Rev. Fr. Lyons, who remains in Framingham a short time.

In referring to Father Cullen's work the Tribune says:

Since coming to South Framingham, he has had charge of the erection of St. Stephen's church and parochial residence, has seen nine years' service on the school board, four as chairman; also trustee of the Framingham savings bank, public library and hospital corporation. Beloved within and without his parish, all regret his departure.

With Fr. Cullen disappears another familiar figure whose loss will be felt, Rev. John J. Salmon, who has, since coming to South Framingham in December, two years ago, become greatly respected and beloved by the people of the church. Assisting Fr. Cullen in his parochial duties, he has labored earnestly and faithfully, in a manner prompted by his many years of labor in the priesthood. Before coming to South Framingham, Fr. Salmon was very popular in Montreal, first as pastor at St. Gabriel's and again of St. Mary's churches. It is with sincere regret that he leaves South Framingham. He accompanies Fr. Cullen to Watertown.

Rev. Fr. Lyons stops in South Framingham a short time, to assist Rev. Fr. Heffernan in taking up the work, where Fr. Cullen lays it down. Afterwards he will probably enjoy a vacation, on account of poor health. He, too, has been a popular curate, and his departure will also be a source of regret. It is seldom that a parish suffers so heavily at one time, in the loss of three priests, so esteemed as these three have been.

OPEN AS DAY.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

THE IRISH PEOPLE SICK OF DISSENSIONS.

THE SPIRIT OF NATIONALISM AND REFORM IN ULSTER.

A great meeting of Nationalists was held at Mayobridge, County Down, Ire., on Sunday, January 27, at which the Rev. Henry O'Neill, P.P., Warrenpoint, presided, and addresses were made by Messrs. John Dillon, M.P., and Michael McCartan, M.P.

"It was to be regretted," said the reverend chairman, "that there should be even the shadow of an excuse for those rumors of dissension of which the enemies of Ireland made so much. The voice of the people was being heard in meetings like the one he now addressed and that voice was growing in volume, in intensity, and in distinctness, proclaiming that while the freest discussion as to proper methods of action must be allowed in the councils of party, the great principles of unity must be maintained. The Irish members must stand together shoulder to shoulder as one man, as in those days when by their union, their discipline, and their self-sacrifice they achieved so marvellous things for the National cause. But if the Irish people had a right to require this from their representatives, the representatives had a right to expect from the people a generous and an unwavering confidence."

John Dillon opened his address with the appended tribute to two distinguished Protestant Nationalists—both Ulstermen—of an earlier day, and heartily endorsed Father O'Neill's sentiments above given.

Said Mr. Dillon:—
"It is many a long year since I used to live in this country, or near here, as the guest of one of the noblest Irish Nationalists that it has ever been my fate to be acquainted with, and that was John Martin, a man who, although he belonged to a different religion from most of those who are around this platform to-day, typified in his person some of the noblest traditions of Irish Nationality, and, as I know well, for I often lived in the house with him, and went around the country with him, I don't believe that there ever was a man more beloved by the Catholic Nationalists of Down. Here in this district, which I cannot help always regarding since boyhood as one of the sacred districts in the history of Irish Nationality—here in this district grew up from boyhood two men whose names will be honored in Ireland as long as an Irish Nationalist lives on the soil of this country—John Mitchel and John Martin, men who will always be remembered as proving that the Presbyterians of Ulster can be as good Nationalists as any of the Catholics of Ireland, men whose names and whose careers will be always remembered by the Nationalists of Ireland as a proof of the absurdity, of the cruel injustice, of those charges which are made by some men who call themselves Unionists to-day—namely, when they say, as they are accustomed to say, that in a Nationalist, self-governed Ireland their lives would not be safe.

A Voice—They will be safe.
Mr. Dillon—I remember those old days, and I will venture to say that there were no two men living who had more influence with their Catholic fellow countrymen than John Martin and John Mitchel, because they were true to Ireland, and because they loved justice, and there was not a Catholic constituency in Ireland from the south of Cork to the north of Antrim who would not have been proud to have them for their representatives. Therefore it is that I regard this district as a kind of Mecca for Irish nationality, a district which is holy and sacred and dear to every true Nationalist throughout the world, consecrated by the fact that in this immediate neighborhood there grew up these two heroes of Irish Nationality. I am proud to see around this platform to-day so great a crowd of the men of Down, showing that there never was a time when the spirit of nationality and the spirit of reform was more vigorous in the hearts of the people of Ulster than it is at the present hour. Now, I have been a great deal throughout the province of Ulster during the last few weeks. I have spoken in different districts and in many parts of Ulster, and I say with absolute confidence, and I defy anybody to contradict me, that there never was a time during the last fifteen years when the spirit of Nationalism and of the demand for reform in the land laws was more vigorous or more universal than it is at the present moment. Before I

address myself to the main question for which this meeting was summoned to-day, I cannot avoid saying a word or two in reference to the speech to which we have all just listened with such pleasure from Father O'Neill, the president of this meeting; and I will say that the first feeling in my mind when I heard the words of eloquence which fell from the lips of Father O'Neill was this—what a splendid member of Parliament was spoiled in Father O'Neill. I suppose Father O'Neill will think me rather irreverent, but it is only natural for every man to be anxious for help in his own particular walk in life, and I have never heard the true principles and the only principles of Irish Nationality put with greater eloquence, put with greater force than they fell from the lips of Father O'Neill to-day. And I say that there is not a Nationalist around this platform to-day who can help feeling proud to hear an Irish priest endowed with such eloquence declaring the true principles and the only principles upon which it is possible to vindicate the Irish cause and to carry it to a triumphant victory.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895

LENT.

Once more the Lenten season is at hand. To-day the ashes are sprinkled upon the heads of the faithful and those impressive words are pronounced: "memento homo quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris:" "remember man that dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." This is the time of penance and mortification. To prepare for his public mission Christ retired and spent forty days in the wilderness, where He fasted and prayed. The great event of Easter is approaching and in imitation of her Divine Founder the Church ordains that for forty days the faithful should practise mortification and in humility and penance prepare for the celebration of the glorious day of Resurrection. There is something peculiarly impressive about the ceremonies of the Catholic Church—whether they tend to awaken sentiments of awe or delight—and there is an appropriateness in each of them that bespeaks the perfection of the Institution founded by Divinity. The warning words of the priest on Ash Wednesday and the solemn significance of the act of placing ashes upon the forehead, tend to awaken serious thoughts in the Christian. We learn at the altar rail that we are but dust and that the day is not very distant—much nearer than we may imagine—when back into dust we shall crumble. With that awful truth before us, the entry upon the season of sacrifice and mortification marks a most important period in our short careers.

Having felt, in all its truthfulness, that death is certain, the mind pauses in dread before that other fact—the uncertainty of the hour, place and manner of our exit from life. Perhaps this is to be a last Ash Wednesday for many of our readers; most positively for a few their last Lent commences to-day. It is impossible to tell how many of us and

which of us shall be dust again; when Ash Wednesday, 1896, dawns upon the world. Consequently it is wisdom to seize the opportunity that now presents itself; it may be the last.

In olden times the fasting, the mortifications, the sacrifice of Christians during the Lenten season were so severe that even the reading of them almost makes one feel inclined to believe that the accounts are exaggerated. In our age the prescribed penances are comparatively insignificant. According to circumstances the members of the hierarchy modify and change the rules and obligations of Lent in order to suit the health, the condition and the requirements of each individual. In times of epidemic the fast, and often the abstinence may be dispensed with. In fact the modern Lent is very easy of observance; and yet there are hundreds who complain of the severity of the Church's laws, and seek to avoid, by every imaginable excuse, the proper fulfilment of the few simple regulations that are imposed. It would be profitable for such Catholics were they to meditate seriously upon the words of the priest, when imposing the ashes on the heads of the people. A person finds it difficult to abstain from flesh meat, or to follow the rules of fasting, during a period of forty days; let us suppose that this is the last Ash Wednesday, the last Lent for that person; how very much more satisfactory would be the "returning to dust" when the soul would have a few sacrifices and voluntary penances to present before God! But, apart from the ordinary fasts and abstinences of the Lenten season there are many other acts of mortification and of merit which can be heaped up to one's credit in the treasury house of God. There are extra prayers to be said, special visits to the Church that can be made, fits of temper that may be curbed, evil thoughts to be banished, hot words to be left unsaid, cruel slanders to leave unuttered, and the creating of enmities to be avoided; there are also many extra acts of virtue to perform. There are charities to be given, soft words of consolation to be spoken, kind deeds to be performed, generous and holy thoughts to entertain. In fact there are a hundred and one ways in which a good Catholic can help to keep Lent. The will is all that is required; the opportunity is not wanting, nor is the capability. If you cannot fast, at least you can refrain from cursing, or lying, or slandering others, or using immoral language; if you cannot abstain, there is nothing to prevent you from saying a few extra prayers, or from omitting to give offence to the feelings of others. In a word the Catholic, who wishes to follow the example of the One who fasted during the forty days, can make Lent a season of countless blessings and graces, and even should it be his last one on earth, he can turn it into an autumn harvest of richest return.

LAST week we published a letter from "English Catholic"—whoever he is—in which the writer took the editor of the TRUE WITNESS severely to task on the question of education amongst the working classes of England. We have no objection to our anonymous correspondent airing his views, but we do not relish his slight-of-hand style of misrepresenting what we write. Amongst other things he wrote: "there being few Englishmen who cannot give, from memory, the leading facts in the history of their country, from the time of the ancient Druids until the present time, not forgetting William the Conqueror, who, by the way, was not a Saxon King, as we are led to infer by the article in question." (The italics

are ours). Either "English Catholic" did not read our article carefully, or else he is one of these small-minded critics who make it their business to distort meanings and cast reflections by insinuation. What we wrote was this: "Find us the Irish lad that has never heard of Brian Boru or Sarsfield; find us the Englishman, in the back streets or rural districts, who can talk intelligently about William the Conqueror or HAROLD the last of the Saxon Kings." Any school boy could see that in each case we pick out, at haphazard, two prominent names in the histories of the respective countries. Moreover, it requires a very short-sighted person not to notice that we mention the name of the last Saxon King, and there is a disjunctive between him and William. "English Catholic" would do well to complete his own education before defending the standard amongst his rural countrymen. If he turns up his Bulwer he may enjoy a pleasant hour in the company of that same Harold, and if he consults Dr. Whalley he may learn the meaning of argument by false insinuation.

WOMAN IN RELIGION.

In the report of the last session of the Women's National Council at Washington we find the following: "Mrs. E. B. Chenry, of Maine, a delegate of the National Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, opened a discussion on Mrs. Stevenson's paper. She was loudly applauded when she said that as men had formed the religious creeds she did not see why women should follow in these creeds. Lady Henry Somerset made some brief remarks, in which she criticized Protestant Christianity in eliminating women from its doctrines, and she maintained that so long as the Virgin Mary was not recognized, so long would women not be recognized. Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickenson, of New York, leader of the King's Daughter's and Sons, also made some reference to the Virgin Mary, and this prompted President Sewall to remark to her audience that the fraternal delegate of the women of the Catholic Church would be present at the sessions before the triennial closed."

There is to us something very significant in these remarks. We have long wondered how pious Protestant mothers, good Protestant daughters, noble Protestant women could so coolly and contentedly accept teachings that are more or less insulting to the brightest creature that ever came forth from the Creator's hand. We have countless times felt astonished that persons who seem so anxious to preserve the respect that is due their sex and are so jealous of female prerogatives could submit, in silence, to the great wrongs perpetrated by professed Christians against the model *par excellence* of womanhood. Is there a virtue to be cherished, a grandeur of mind to be admired, a splendor of soul to be acknowledged, they are found all-concentrated in the individuality of the Blessed Virgin. We say Blessed, because according to St. Luke, according to the very Protestant Bible, according to that wonderful hymn of humility and grandeur, "all generations shall call" her "Blessed." How then can a Christian woman—be she Catholic or Protestant—deliberately protest against the words of that same Sacred Scripture and refuse to the one who carried the Saviour of the world the title which belongs to her by every acknowledged right? There is not a woman in the world that would silently and meekly submit to the loss of one title that was her due, or to the neglect of, or disregard for, the courtesy that her rank or sex demanded.

And yet millions of high-minded women can pass through life without once protesting against the teachings of creeds in which the model of all women is cast aside, ignored and even reviled.

That the Eternal God, looking out from his abode of glory, and deigning to send down His Son,—the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity—to work out man's salvation, should have chosen a woman to become the immediate instrument of that redemption, is, in itself alone, a tribute to Mary, and through her to all women, the like of which could not be conceived or appreciated by any being other than the Omnipotent. That she should be stainless, as befitting the abode of the Saviour, should suffice to so exalt her in the minds of men that next only to the Divine One could she be considered. Through the Immaculate Virgin of Nazareth womanhood has been raised to the loftiest eminence to which God's power could exalt it. In her, and in her life, every Christian mother has the noblest and truest and safest example. To her can every mother point when directing the footsteps, moulding the heart and forming the character of her daughter. It seems to us that a woman should feel a glow of pride in looking up to that Queen of Angels and in claiming, through her, the rank and dignity which the Almighty gave to every member of her sex.

It was through the instrumentality of Mary that the head of the serpent was crushed, that "the Word was made flesh," that humanity was given a Redeemer; so will it be through the instrumentality of good women that the erring world will be brought back to the straight path of Truth and to the one and only fold of the Divine Founder of Christianity. In the Catholic Church alone is Mary "called Blessed," is she honored as her Son would have her honored, is she given all the merit and credit that are her due; in the Catholic Church alone are the laws protecting the woman uncompromising, is marriage indissoluble, is maternity sacred, is the union of wedlock a sacrament. And the women, who to-day see the ravages that loose divorce laws, secular marriage, State unions of wives and husbands, are causing, who notice the infidelity to the altar vows, the innocent sufferers in the offspring of unhallowed marriage, the domestic misery, the shattered hopes, the broken hearts, the quenched firesides, the degradation and worse than immoral licence on all sides, must soon arise in their just indignation, for the sake of self-preservation, and demand that men, legislators and teachers, cease crushing the lives and aspirations of the female world, cease the paganism of reducing women to the level of an instrument of male pleasure or of male convenience. Let the women of the world remember that until they demand that the respect due to the Mother of God be paid her, they need not expect for themselves the respect that they seek and cherish.

On the question of an Episcopalian Metropolitan for the United States, the Boston Republican has the following:

"The Episcopalians are somewhat divided on the question whether or not they shall have an archbishop for their church, with his residence at the national capital. It seems that the question cannot be finally decided before 1898, so that there is plenty of time ahead for a full discussion of it. It looks as if Bishop Potter of New York, in case it is decided to have an Episcopalian metropolitan, will be promoted to the new dignity. After he gets the rank, in case he ever does, the Episcopalians may begin agitating for a still higher ecclesiastical authority, that of a cardinal, perhaps, or, maybe, even a Pope."

INFALLIBILITY.

This is a question of such vital importance that to properly deal with it a volume would be necessary. About a year ago we wrote an editorial upon the subject of Infallibility, in which we strove to present, in a couple of columns, the whole series of arguments in support of the dogma. Of course our statement was necessarily very general and very incomplete. Since then, from different sources, we received letters asking explanations, in detail, of the points advanced. Were we to attempt replying to the countless questions that have poured in upon us during the past three years, we would require to either engage a half-dozen of secretaries and a special theologian, or else to give up entirely the writing of THE TRUE WITNESS editorials. There is a limit to every capacity, no matter how elastic it may be. But, on the question of "Infallibility," we have determined to combine the two tasks, and reply to those who have deemed us worthy of their inquiring letters, by giving our answers in editorial form. This will necessitate a number of short articles on the subject. In order to assist persons who are anxious to go deeper into the arguments, we will state that we purpose following the plan of Rev. Daniel Lyons' admirable work, "Christianity and Infallibility—Both or Neither;" and while not confining ourselves to that masterly exposition, still we will quote at times from its pages—according as the case may demand. What has principally stimulated us to undertake these articles is the fact that not a few of our correspondents are Protestants and of them two are clergymen.

That we may be the better understood, and more easily followed, we will now state what we purpose answering: Firstly, we will deal with "What Infallibility is NOT;" secondly, with "What Infallibility really is;" thirdly, with "The Origin of Infallibility;" fourthly, with "The Object of Infallibility;" fifthly, "In what capacity is the Pope infallible;" sixthly, "In what matters;" and seventhly, "Under what conditions." Although the scope of the work above referred to far exceeds these limits, still, in consideration of our being obliged to examine and quote from numerous other volumes on the subject, we do not wish to go beyond the seven headings thus drawn up. In this issue we will content ourselves with pointing out "What Infallibility is Not."

Either there is an Infallible Witness, Guardian and Interpreter of Christianity, as given by Christ to the Apostles, and, through them, to the world, or else there is no such Infallible representative of Divine authority. By all it is conceded that the greater part of the teachings of Christianity outstrip the powers of human reason, and are consequently of a domain unexplored and unexplorable, as far as the human and finite mind is concerned. Did Christ appoint and give powers to an Infallible Witness, Guardian and Interpreter of those truths, or did He not? If He did, there is an end to all controversy; all private interpretation that does not fully accord with that infallible interpretation is absolutely false. If He did not, there is no certainty in Christianity, and all the creeds and fragments of creeds that have arisen, that exist and that may yet arise, are but so many Babel tongues clamoring in discord, becoming more and more confused as the ages pass, and destined to end in ignorance of truth and in a chaotic mass of errors. So if there is no Infallible guide, there is no certainty, no fulcrum, no lever, in a word, no Christianity.

Before stating what Infallibility really

is, we wish to point out what it is not. E. A. Proctor, in his ninth volume on "Knowledge," says that the doctrine, "as commonly understood, is, of course, preposterous on the face of it. But the common mistakes about the doctrine are themselves preposterous." Exactly! It is the "mistakes" regarding Infallibility that render the doctrine apparently "preposterous" to all who do not understand it. Here are a few of those "preposterous mistakes." Dr. Draper, in his "History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science," says "Infallibility means Omniscience." Prof. Schulte says it is "Omnipotence." Prof. Geffken calls it the Pope arrogating to himself "a divine nature." In "Eirenicon," Dr. Pusey says, "an accurate writer, recently returned from Rome, had the impression that some of the 'extreme' Ultramontanes, if they do not say so in so many words, imply a quasi-hypostatic union of the Holy Ghost with each successive Pope." In Macmillan's Magazine, December, 1874, a writer says that the Pope claims to be "the Incarnation and Visible Word of God." Cardinal Newman, in his "Apologia," quotes Kingsley as saying, "Infallibility means that the Pope of Rome had the power of creating right and wrong; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality depended upon his setting his seal to a bit of parchment." Again, Dr. Draper says "infallibility enables the Pope to accomplish all things by miracle, if need be." Janus in "The Pope and the Council" says that Infallibility means Inspiration. Dr. Littledale tells us that by reason of Infallibility "all the decisions of the Pope on faith and morals are divinely inspired; being so, they become so much more Holy Scripture." He adds that it enables the Pope to "at any time modify or alter the old belief, just as a Parliament of Queen Victoria may repeal any statute of a former reign." Cardinal Hergenrother, in "the Catholic Church and Christian State," quotes Prof. Schulte as saying that by virtue of Infallibility "the Pope might in one day abolish all the established dogmas of the Church." On the seventeenth page of his "Vatican Decrees" Gladstone holds that its "reach" is absolutely "as wide as it may please the Pope, or those who may prompt the Pope, to make it."

Here are a few of the many "preposterous mistakes" that non-Catholics make, and in consequence of which they conclude that the dogma itself is irrational. It is not the dogma, but the false ideas of it that are at fault. In our next issue we will concisely tell what Infallibility really is; suffice for the present to say that it is not what the above writers imagine it to be. In his work, "Is Life Worth Living?" Mr. W. H. Mallock says: "To sum up: if we would obtain a true view of the general character of Catholicism we must begin by making a clean sweep of all the views that, as outsiders, we have been taught to entertain about her. Let honest inquirers do this to the best of their power, and their views will undergo an unlooked for change."

Until our non-Catholic friends lay aside all their preconceived and fanciful notions regarding Catholic doctrine, and are prepared to come down, with unbiased minds, to a logical study of the Church's teachings, they are totally unfit to grasp the first link in that unbroken chain of reasoning which extends from the throne of Leo XIII. back to the scene of the Last Supper. Each dogma of the Church is a link therein, and they are all so joined that no one can be ignorant without a breaking of the whole system.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

Did any of our readers ever reflect on the fact that the reading of light literature is a disease—that the literature itself is a drug, an opiate? Yet such is the case. Hence the care that should be exercised in placing books in the hands of young people. To some—the thoughtless—our convent-teachers are considered too severe, too old-fashioned, too scrupulous, when they refuse to allow young girls to read even very praise-worthy stories. To our mind these teachers cannot be too cautious. Experience has taught the evident working of that appetite once it is aroused into activity. Let us take an example.

Here is a young girl in school who is allowed—for the sake of improving or style of composition, or for any other reason—to read, during portion of the day certain very innocent and very well written stories. There is no harm in that, provided the desired result, and none other, were to follow. But a story is ever more interesting than a text book of history, geography or mathematics. The hour when she may return to her story is longed for, and gradually an indifference, if not a distaste, for the other and more important studies is created. In the inverse ratio of that distaste arguments the appetite for reading. Soon these innocent stories lose their charm, something more sensational is required to satisfy the craving. Books are smuggled in, hidden away, and pored over in hours snatched by stealth from duty. Vacation comes, and the girl's first anxiety is to secure novels of a more or less dangerous class. Whether the parents are vigilant or not the books can be procured and read. If the pupil is a day-scholar, so much the worse; the hours, at home, that should be given to study and preparation for class are spent in the wild regions of romance.

Stronger and stronger grows the desire, the yearning for sensational, unreal, mental food. It is exactly like the opium habit. Part of a grain; then a grain; then two, three, four grains; finally long intervals of stupor, wild visions, fantastic scenes; and the accompanying weaknesses of system, failing of physical energy, breaking up of the constitution—at last a poor shattered human wreck.

Go into the world of young ladies to-day and what do you find? The educated girl, the one who has left school and is at home quietly awaiting the chance of a draw in life's lottery to come, spending her days and nights in the realms of romance. She is the one who prides in being called the "book-worm" of the house. There is not a standard novel she has not read; nor is there a sensational, blood and thunder, divorce and-suicide sheet she has not perused. She "whiles away her time," she lets the hours of life go past while lulled into semi-unconsciousness of the realities around her and stifled with the opiate of bad, or, at least, noxious literature. Long into the night she sits up gloating over the fascinating pages; wearing out her eyes, her strength, her mind. She lives neither for this world nor for the next. As far as this world is concerned, she has no thought of its stern reality, of its miseries, its trials, its obligations, its duties; and as to the next world she is entirely oblivious of its claims upon the time and conduct of the one who has a soul to save. She is equally unprepared for both. She is a physical and mental wreck. To all appearance her frame is strong and perhaps beautiful, her mind is bright and captivating; but let either summons come, and she is totally unprepared to answer.

If a good man turns up who is ready

to give her a home she is as unfit to marry him as would be an Eastern Odalisque. She knows nothing of real life; she wants a hero, a Monte Cristo, or some such fantastic creature for a husband. The man, who has been seeking a wife, a helpmate, a companion, finds that he has a dreaming-doll, a fragment of humanity that must be pampered and tended like a hot-house exotic. He is not her ideal; he is a vulgar, money-making person. She wants a prince, or some character famed in the annals of adventure—a clever detective, or even a good Paul Clifford might be her fancy. In a word, she is unprepared for the duties of her station in life. And if that other summons should come, and the voice of the Great Master should call her away to a scene still more real, she is totally unfit to appear before Him. If for every "idle word" an account must be rendered, what a fearful reckoning for hundreds of idle hours! When the poor, frail, timid soul stands alone before the Infinite—in the inexpressible silence and awfulness of the Eternal surroundings—what avail all the days, the nights, the years spent in the company of lovers, false wives, betraying husbands, misers, spendthrifts, murderers, robbers, divorced men and women? What use all those fairy castles and baseless visions of unattainable and ever sinful enjoyments?

It is a crying sin to train a child in the ways of immorality; it is a deadly crime to help the creation of a thirst for liquor in the young; it is an actual murder to assist in forming a craving for opiates in the human being. Is it less a wrong to so instruct, so educate, so cultivate the mind and heart of a young person that the result above mentioned is inevitable? We do not think that these teachers can ever be too careful in regard to the material given the pupils to read. The young girl will have ample time and more than ample opportunity in after years to drink in the delicious—too often poisonous—draughts of light literature; the school days are already too few to be squandered in more or less useless reading.

AN UNCALLED-FOR ATTACK.

At a recent political meeting in Sohmer Park, Mr. Devlin, M.P., of Ottawa County, made a very unjustifiable attack upon Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General. The general verdict is that such tactics, used by one Irish-Catholic towards another, are deserving of condemnation.

"Good goods are done up in small parcels." We have just received a neat little volume entitled "The Christian Woman in Philanthropy"; a study of the past and present, by Helena T. Goessmann. There are sixty-two pages in the book and it is sold at twenty-five cents per single copy. The address is P.O. Box 577, Amherst, Mass. This is apparently the first number of a series. For reading circles, literary clubs, sodalities, or organizations of women active in self-improvement, this booklet is of the greatest interest. It would be difficult to give a full appreciation of it in an editorial note; suffice to say that based upon the life and glorious example of Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, a number of most instructive and healthy lessons are given to the Christian woman of our day. Although the title would suggest a non-Catholic work, still this is deeply and solidly Catholic in every acceptance of the term. We were delighted with the apt historical examples and the ease with which the reader is carried from the past to the present. We will anxiously await the promised numbers that are to follow.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

THORPE CASTLE.

BY ROBERT B. MAY.

Author of "At Rest," "Kindly Light," &c.

To-day the traveller returns. Sitting alone in my own room I can hear the distant hum of preparation. Domestic are flitting about in excited but cheerful toil.

Of all the household, I, only, seem to have no part or share in the general activity. And yet, for how many weeks past has the coming of this same event been counted up on little fingers for my own especial benefit. Little heads have drooped o'er slates and books only to be raised in winsome glee. "Oh, Miss Grace, we cannot work, you know, for brother Fred is coming home so soon." And then they fall to question me about this great, big brother they never, as yet, have seen. Dear hearts, easy enough to answer them. Their part is such a very, very little way backward on the scroll of time. While as for me—shall I tell you something about myself—my present position, and why this usually quiet household seems to have turned suddenly wild with joy.

For twenty years I have been governess and trusted companion in this family. Twenty years ago I came here a poor, ambitious girl, ready to fight the world, of which I had read so much and knew so little, my only weapons health and education. You don't want the old and oft repeated history, (alas, how trite it is) of family reverses; how the daughter of the late Senior in the banking firm of — had to "go governing." Neither would you care to hear about my first experiences. Picture, if you can, the day of my arrival here. How well do I remember. It was Christmas Eve. I had travelled all day, and was not sorry to hear my journey would soon be at an end. The directions given, and which I had repeatedly studied, were simple and plain. I was to take the morning express from Euston station as far as Rugby, then I was to change on to the Shropshire main line, which would take me to my destination, a little wayside station called "Thorpe Castle." This, I was given to understand, was a stopping place used only by, and for the accommodation of, the residents of the great house, which was also known by the same name. This being my future home, I read that instructions had been given to "flag" the train, and that the guard would see myself and baggage safely deposited. Also, that the carriage would be there to meet me.

I have omitted all reference to my future duties, neither have I told you how many, or what age were my future pupils. Truth to tell, I was then as much in ignorance as you are now. My final letter of engagement merely stated I was required only as a companion, that accomplishments were needed rather than sterner studies, and I was assured that my position would commend itself in every way to a lady of culture. The salary mentioned was—or so it appeared to me, enormous—so what could I do but accept, thankful, indeed, that Providence had found me a haven of rest at last.

So, behold me, as I alight from the train, a duly appointed unit in the household of Sir Frederick Westmore.

The little station was fairly smothered in a mass of Christmas decorations, holly and fir and mistletoe; the snow glinting brightly on the dark green leaves. Of course, I was the only passenger to arrive, and, being expected, was received with much kindly ceremony by the old man in charge, who appeared to be porter, station-master and everything in one. I afterwards became well acquainted with this original—his name was Salt—and a true and loyal old soul he proved to be.

"Oh, yes, Miss, Sir Frederick's own man is here, with the greys."

He's just been around for the foot-warmer, which her ladyship told him by no means to neglect. Maybe you won't mind sitting down awhile. Its dreadful lonesome coming so far a night like this. And if I might make bold to offer you some tea—and you wouldn't mind drinking from the can. You see, miss, me and my missis we keep the lodge gates on the main drive, and I look after this place when there's any train to stop, which is but seldom, except when the master or young master go to town. "Now, that's

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bearty," he continued as I drank, "I do say nobody can beat my missis at brewing tea. Why, master Fred—he often comes down and sits with us to have me splice a fishing-rod or mend a bat, and says he always "Now, Missis Salt, where's that cup of tea, and, no matter what's the time, it's there to be had. It aint so sociable-like as beer, maybe, but I do think as the man as invented tea made it for us old folks."

Here the coachman came to say that all was ready for the start. So, in a few moments off we drove, Salt having locked up the little station, seated by the driver on the box. The greys, nothing loath, whirled us rapidly away. We continued on, I should think, for about an hour and then, with a magnificent sweep along the snow clad country road, came to the lodge-gates. These were quickly opened by Mrs. Salt, after a loud nullo from the old man, who told her, as we slowly passed through, that he had me in charge, and would see me safely to the end, as in duty bound. I rather think, however, that Christmas cheer, and the knowledge that he would not be sent empty away, influenced this doughty resolve. Presently he called out, turning round as he did so, "Look, Miss, there's the house, yonder, right through the trees. That's a view that, to my mind, can't be beat in all England, summer nor winter. Don't drive so fast, Thomas, lad, let the lady see all." It was, indeed, a splendid sight, the very perfection of landscape gardening aiding nature in bold and vigorous design. Just now, the effect was almost weird. A thin mantle of snow covered all around, and the ornamental shrubs dotted here and there, in many instances trimmed to fantastic shapes, seemed like sculptured subjects of beasts and birds taken from mythology. Of purpose, too, the drive followed a winding course and new vistas were constantly disclosed.

One such turn caused me to cry out in admiration. We were passing through a dense bank of holly which walled us in, for some distance, on either side. This, however, came to an end and branched off towards the left hand, forming a by-path which gradually widened into a crescent of considerable extent.

Placed in the centre, and in the midst of what, in summer time, must have been a perfect mass of foliage and flowers, appeared a tiny building of pure white marble, so beautifully and so smoothly carved that even the very snow kissed it only in passing to the ground. On graceful columns, supported from the roof, arose the figure of some winged celestial being holding aloft the emblem of all Christian faith. This little gem could not be lightly passed. I sought the check cord, and the carriage stopped. I gazed long and in silence, and then, in reverent tone, I asked the question on my lips. "Oh, that, Miss, that's my lady's chapel."

We pushed on more rapidly now, and shortly Mr. Salt resumed his comments by the way. "There's a heap of company to-night and lots of fun for young and old. The Missis, my lady, she don't think much of parties like, but then there's Master Fred,—and he fifteen this blessed night. And the Doctor's three

daughters, skittish young things they be,—why, bless you, nobody can deny a romp under the mistletoe at such a time. Then there be Professor Weed, and his two sons,—he's great at finding out the insides of flowers. He and Master spend hours pulling things out of the ground by the roots. And there's Miss Twiggins, my wife says she's a lady of uncertain age, but I say her age is very certain. And plenty more. Parson Jones, he be here now, and so be Father Darrell,—oil and wine I call 'em. Well, well, there's room for all, and the more the merrier."

"But the young gentleman's sisters?" I query, "Master Fred's sisters?"

"Beg pardon, Miss, what's that you say? His sisters? Bless if he has any. He's the only chick or child of the house this very minute."

We were getting very close to home now. Who, on earth, then, had I come to teach?

With a splendid dash and clatter we drew up at the handsome porch. The door instantly opened, and down the steps there ran a troupe of laughing boys and girls. Noisily they came, regardless of the drifting snow which played around uncovered heads. Bounding in advance, making straight for the carriage door, and standing there long before old Salt could scramble down,—his hand upon the sill—his face framed in the window sash—his eyes flashing like stars through the crystal frost,—I say, there stood the handsomest, bonniest boy I think I had ever seen.

With a gentle courtesy he helped me to alight, and then with words of welcome echoed by the merry crowd, and surrounded by them all, we passed into the house.

Thus, in such happy, joyous fashion came I here just twenty years ago.

II.

It was not until some time after the Christmas festivities and the guests, with one or two exceptions, had taken their departure that I found an opportunity to talk seriously to Lady Westmore in regard to my position.

You may imagine my surprise when I found how truly peculiar it was.

The actual family consisted solely of Sir Frederick, his wife and son. Short as my stay had been, the latter already confirmed my first favorable impressions. He it was who had introduced me to his friends, the younger guests, and taken me around the quaint old place, and shown me many rare and curious things. Our intimacy promised to mature in sincere friendship, although, perhaps, a youth of fifteen must appear very much of a boy to a young lady nearly nineteen.

Frederick was, however, tall for his age, and, thanks to tutors, well advanced in all branches of study. He was a manly boy; fond of out-door sports. And then, too, I think that never having had a sister he clung the more to me. A singular trait in the character of one so young was an almost exaggerated sense of what constituted a true point of honour. This refined mentality, so to speak, developed in disaster later on; otherwise this little history would never have been told.

But my first consideration, at this time, was to interview my lady. Kind chance opened the way sooner than I expected. I think I mentioned there were still several guests remaining with us. Among them were Professor Weed and Miss Twiggins, the same people previously spoken of by old Salt. The lady had attached herself to me in return for my kindly endeavour to make her comfortable with the other guests. This was no easy matter, with an elderly spinster on one hand and a company of much younger people on the other. But, happy thought, there was the Professor. So I introduced the pair with most satisfactory results. They discovered that they held many opinions in common, and by good fortune their hobbies trotted them off in opposite directions. Well, as I was passing the morning room, I met Miss Twiggins coming out in a state of (not unusual) distress. "Oh, my dear Miss Hope, you are the very one I want to see. Do you know, the Professor and I have just finished a game of chess, and I won, and he's gone out in a great rage, my dear. So I began to put the men away, and one of the pawns dropped on the floor, and there was darling little Woppy frisking about the room, and when I searched I could not find the piece at all,—and I do believe the little love has swallowed it. He's under the sofa now rolling over and over. Do, please, run to Lady Westmore and ask her what is best to be done. And the Professor wants the return game this afternoon, and if there's a pawn short—oh, my dear, ask for mustard and water vs. anything!" I sped away to lady Westmore's private room and knocked upon the door. On entering I found Sir Frederick and his wife in close conversation.

Ever since my arrival Sir Frederick had treated me with grave kindness. He was a fine, well preserved man of about thirty six years, and seemed always to have an air of self-repression which, somehow, sat not ungracefully upon him. He rose and offered me a chair, himself standing with his arm upon the mantelpiece, looking down upon his wife's face. For a moment there was silence, then her ladyship spoke. "My dear Miss Hope, if, as I presume, you have sought this interview, be assured we have been most anxious to meet you, and were, even now, consulting to that end."

"Let us, in the first place," continued Sir Frederick, speaking instead of his wife, "let us, in the first place, crave your pardon for bringing you here without imparting the full nature of the duties proposed. My dear young lady, 'necessity knows no law'—except that which money can buy. We have the money, and, alas, the necessity exists. You must already have noticed two singular circumstances in relation to ourselves. The one, that at the recent Christmas parties not a single blood relation representing either side of this house was present. The other, our unhappy division of Sabbath observance. Myself, successor to a good old name famous in history of Church and State, worshipping God apart from wife and son. I will not burden you with details, but let me say upon myself alone must fall the blame. I married a Catholic lady, and I married in direct opposition to my family. I was told I had trampled under foot the best traditions of our race and I was, henceforth, cut off and disowned. Amid such distressing recriminations (for be assured I was not slow to assert my own free will) came this gentle lady to share my lot in life. For her sweet sake what sacrifice did I not endure. I was disinherited, at least so far as could be done, and all family correspondence closed with my unworthy self, as it seemed to me, for ever.

Neither the title nor this place could be taken from me. A certain income in my own right, together with my wife's jointure, which she freely placed at my disposal, enabled me to maintain the estate as it is to-day.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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 A few doors west of Napoleon Road,
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RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Mgr. Cleret, Bishop of Laval, has passed away at the age of forty-nine. He has been a Bishop since 1889.

The German Emperor has bestowed the distinction of the Prussian Red Eagle on Cardinal Kopp and Cardinal Kremenetz.

The novitiate of the Oblate Fathers at Lowell, Mass., was destroyed by fire February 7. Loss \$18,000, fully insured.

Last month Miss Sidebotham, sister of the Member of Parliament for the Hyde division of Cheshire, was received into the Church.

Cardinal Desprez of Toulouse was styled "the Cardinal of Sacred Heart." His last years were devoted to the spread of that devotion.

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

Cardinal Gibbons remitted a debt of \$10,000 which St. Augustine's Church, Washington, owed him. The only condition required is that the congregation shall raise \$2,500 by subscription.

An important congress of Catholic workmen is announced to take place in Paris soon after Pentecost. Mr. Leon Hamel is taking an active part in preparing for this event.

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor of the Annunciation Church, Paulina street and Wabansia avenue, Chicago, took place last week.

Prince von Lowenstein has addressed a circular to the Catholics of Germany requesting them to take a worthy part in celebrating the centenary of the Holy House of Loretto. In May next there will be a national German pilgrimage to Loretto.

It is stated that the monks of the Great St. Bernard have engaged one hundred and fifty workmen for this year to build a new and larger hospice, as the Acosta-Martigny Pass is becoming constantly more used, and is much frequented even in winter.

Marshal Canrobert, the grand old veteran of the Second Empire who recently passed away, was throughout life an unassuming and practical Catholic. He received on his death-bed all the rites of the Church at the hands of the cure of St. Pierre de Chaillot.

The French Government acknowledges its obligations to Pere Roblet, a Jesuit missionary, who has labored at Madagascar for the past twenty-five years. It has been found that the only map of any use for the approaching French expedition to Madagascar are those designed by the indefatigable missionary.

The Catholic University of Louvain has suffered a severe loss in the sudden death of Professor Bernard Jungmann, dean of the faculty of theology, the author of so many admirable text-books of theology, ecclesiastical history, and pathology, which are in use all over the Catholic world, and certainly one of the ablest of the Louvain staff.

Extraordinary things are taking place in these days which millions of people who believe that they are posted up in the latest news are wholly ignorant of. How few, for example, are aware that there is a vessel built especially to carry pilgrims from Marseilles to the Holy Land and to bring them back. It is named "Notre Dame de Salut," and it belongs to the Fathers of the Assumption, who have been so conspicuously instrumental in sending pilgrims to Palestine.

NIAGARA AND THE CONVENT OF LORETTO.

I had never seen Niagara. Accustomed to travel so far from home—in fulfillment of business engagements, none of which had carried me thither, I have often sighed, and, to some degree, felt ashamed that I had never looked upon this, the greatest wonder of its kind. Fortunately, during a brief sojourn in Buffalo, I found the opportunity I had long desired.

I felt compensated for the long delay by the good luck of looking from the verandas and cupola of the Convent of Loretto, situate on the promontory im-

mediately above the Falls on the Ontario side. I said to myself—late as I am among the millions who have gazed upon this majestic work of the Creator, comparatively few of those had the fortune of a view from the Convent of Loretto.

The recollection of one of these must be ever associated with the other in mind. Impressive indeed was the contrast. Below, the ever-rushing, tumultuous, wrathful waters. Above, the peaceful cloister, whose indwellers, women separated from this world, some young, others middle-aged and old, are devoted, not only with resignation, but with cheerful eagerness, now to instruction of the young, and now to meditations and prayers preparatory to the exalted estate reserved for such as they are.

I thought, how fit is such a place for the purposes for which it was instituted. Herein young girls, in the midst of the very best discipline in the study of books, and the principles of innocent deportment, get the benefit of contemplating earthly forces in their mightiest, sublimest activity, and in this while, must be led more easily toward comprehension and adoration of the Almighty.

An hour spent at this Convent, so well appointed in every particular, conducted by women evidently well-born and well trained for the behest of their vocation, whose pupils showed results of care discreet and judicious, was an hour to be often recalled with pleasure and thankfulness.—Richard Malcolm Johnston, in the Rainbow.

AN ENCYCLICAL.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on the Propagation of the Faith.

The following Encyclical, in which His Holiness Leo XIII. earnestly recommends the work of the Propagation of the Faith to all Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops of the world, bears date Rome, December 24, 1894:

To Our Venerable Brethren, Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic World, in Grace and Communion with the Apostolic See, Pope Leo XIII.:

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.—To bring the name of Christ to the peoples of the earth and to daily extend His Kingdom more and more amongst all nations, and to draw into the bosom of the Church both those who are separated from it and those who are hostile to its teachings, this, as every one understands, is, beyond question, one of the most sacred of the duties of the sublime charge entrusted to Us. Consequently, acting under the inspiration of apostolic charity, We have long made it the object of Our solicitous thought. We have never ceased to regard with favor and to multiply the Holy Missions which shed the light of Christianity amongst people wandering in the night of error. We did so especially by Our Encyclical *Sancta Dei Civitas*, given in the third year of Our Pontificate, the one aim of which was to increase the love and generosity of Catholics for the illustrious work of the Propagation of the Faith. In the Encyclical just mentioned We were pleased to exalt by Our heartfelt recommendations a work of which the modest beginnings were followed by developments at once rapid and wonderful, which Our illustrious predecessors, Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX., have covered with praise and spiritual favors, a work, in fine, which had given to the missions of the entire world such efficacious aid, and which promised still more abundant help for the future. Our words have, thank God, had the most happy results. The generosity of the faithful responded to the earnest appeal of the bishops, and during the last few years the work of the Propagation of the Faith has made enormous strides. Today, however, more urgent needs demand from Catholics an increase of zeal and generosity, and from you, Venerable Brethren, all your intelligent activity.

As you are already aware from Our Apostolic Letter *Præclara*, published last June, We believe We are but carrying out the designs of Divine Providence in again and again calling the people of the whole world to the unity of the Christian Faith. It would be the fullest realization of Our vows if it should be given to Us to hasten the arrival of the time promised by God when "there will be but one fold and one shepherd." Our Apostolic Letters on the necessity of

preserving and defending the discipline of the Eastern Churches have led you to understand, Venerable Brethren, with what special love Our thoughts turn to the past and its illustrious and venerable Churches. You are further aware of this affection by the position which We have taken up after Our Conference with the Patriarchs of these nations. At the same time we are far from concealing from Ourselves the difficulties in the way of this design, and Our own powerlessness to overcome them. This is why We have with unbounded confidence placed all Our hope and the success of Our efforts in God. His wisdom it was which inspired Us with the thought and inaugurated its realization; His sovereign bounty will assuredly furnish the strength and the means to fully accomplish it. Our earnest prayer ceaselessly implores Him to grant this grace, and We at once exhort the faithful to join their supplications to Ours. It is none the less necessary to supplement the help from on High, which we so confidently solicit by human aid, and We shall, as far as in Us lies, leave nothing undone to seek and point out all the means necessary to obtain the desired result.

To bring back to the one true Fold all the Eastern Churches separated from it nothing is more essential at the outset, as you, Venerable Brethren, well know, than to recruit from amongst the Easterns themselves a numerous clergy recommended by doctrine and sanctity, and capable of inspiring others with a desire for reunion. In the second place to establish as many institutions as possible in which Catholic science and discipline should be taught and harmonized with the peculiar genius of the nation. It is, therefore, very opportune to establish, wherever advantageous, special houses for the education of clerical youths, and colleges proportioned in number to the importance of the population, in order that every ceremony can be performed with dignity, and that by the diffusion of their best books all the faithful may be instructed in the knowledge of their national religion. The realization of these and cognate projects will involve, as you readily understand, great expense while the Oriental Churches, as you can also believe, are unable to meet by themselves; and it is not possible for Us, in view of the difficulties of Our actual position, to subscribe there towards as liberally as We should desire. It remains, therefore, to make an appeal within the limits of moderation for the greatest share of these necessary outlays for the prosecution of the work which We have just outlined, and the aim of which coincides exactly with that which is nearest to Our hearts. However, in order not to injure in any way the Apostolic Missions by entrenching on any share of their resources, the faithful cannot be too often impressed with the necessity of enlarging their donations in view of Our needs. It is only fair to recommend also the similar work of the Ecoles d'Orient, the directors of which have also undertaken to apply the greatest portion of the alms which they receive to the same object.

For all these reasons, Venerable Brethren, We make a special claim on your co-operation, not doubting that you, who have with so constant a zeal aided Us and worked for the promotion by every means of the cause of religion and the Church, will not give Us effective aid. Do everything in your power, therefore, to advance as much as possible amongst the faithful entrusted to your charge the Association of the Propagation of the Faith. We are, in fact, certain that a much larger number of the faithful would gladly give their names, and, according to their means, generously subscribe, if from your instructions they understand clearly how able a work it is; how abundant are the spiritual graces attached to it, and what advantages the cause of Christianity may in the present day legitimately expect from it.

And certainly Catholics will be profoundly touched when they learn that nothing could be more agreeable to Us or more useful to the Church than that they should zealously vie with one another in collecting the necessary resources for bringing to a successful issue the projects We have formed for the good of the Eastern Churches. May God, whose glory is only concerned in the diffusion of the Christian name and the unity of the Faith and spiritual government of the Church, deign in his goodness to bless your desires to look with favor on Our undertaking,

and as a pledge of the most precious Heavenly favors, We grant in all affection Our Apostolic Benediction to you, Venerable Brethren, to your clergy and your people.

FUNERAL OF FATHER GARIN.

At Lowell, Mass., on the 20th February, the funeral of Father Garin, O.M.I., took place, and was the most notable event in the history of the Roman Catholics of that city. Rev. Daniel O'Riordan, O.M.I., of Boston, and Father Murphy, of Lowell, each delivered a eulogy, and Very Rev. Father Lefebvre, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblate Order in Canada, spoke in French. The procession to the grave was the largest in the history of the city, nearly the whole adult French population being in line. The burial was in the new cemetery in Chelmsford, the establishment of which during the past year was one of the prominent acts in behalf of the French population of the city in Father Garin's life.



A Reverend has Refreshing Sleep After Hard Study.

ELWOOD, IND., March 6, 1891.
I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous and restless nights after hard study; it gave me refreshing sleep and great relief. I also ordered it for another person who suffered from nervousness and it did him much good.

REV. B. BIEGEL,
DELHI, OHIO, Feb. 1891.

A young man 28 years old who is subject to a rush of blood to the head, especially at the time of the full moon, and he at such times raves and is out of his mind, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic helps him every time, so says

REV. WM. SCHOLL,
LOWELL, OHIO, July 8, 1890.

I had epileptic fits for about four years, two every week, when Rev. J. Kampmeyer recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; since using it I have had none. It is the best epileptic medicine I have ever used and I have used many.

ADAM CRAMER.

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

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
49 S. Franklin Street.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.
Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.
In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 118 St. Lawrence street.

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Cakes and Pastry, fresh daily.
Candies in great variety.
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210 St. James Street, Room 5.
Job Printing at The True Witness Office.

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

A DISEASE LONG HELD BY PHYSICIANS TO BE INCURABLE.

ITS HORRORS ARE THOSE OF A LIVING DEATH—THE VICTIM HELPLESS, HIS TORTURE INTENSE—LOSES CONTROL OF BOWELS AND BLADDER AND IS A SOURCE OF CONSTANT WORRY TO FAMILY AND FRIENDS—A REMEDY FOR THE DISEASE DISCOVERED.

Mr. James McLean, a resident of Lefroy, Simcoe County, Ont., is known to every man, woman and child for miles around the vicinity of his home, and all know of the long years during which his condition has been that of a living death.

"In the year 1880 I was thrown from a scaffold, falling on my back on a stone pile. I was badly hurt and narrowly escaped death. Plasters and liniments were applied, and I seemed to get somewhat better. But the apparent improvement was short lived. My feet began to get unusually cold, and nothing that could be done would warm them. The trouble then spread to my legs, and from the waist down I was attacked with shooting pains flying along the nerves in thousands, and causing the most terrible torture for days and nights at a time. I could get no relief save from the injections of morphine. Six physicians treated me at different times, but appeared only to faintly understand my trouble, and could do nothing for my relief. Some of the doctors declared my trouble was rheumatism, but two of them said it was a disease of the spinal cord, that the trouble would get worse and that sooner or later my arms would become affected. This prediction proved true. My left hand dropped at the wrist joint and hung dead and cold, and I had no more control of it than if the hand were not on me. Fly blisters and electricity were resorted to without avail. My stomach was next attacked with a burning, aching, nauseating pain, causing the most distressing vomiting, and I often thought I would not see morning. I have vomited almost continually for thirty-six hours, and nothing but morphine or chloroform could deaden the anguish I suffered. But worse trouble was in store for me. I lost control of my bowels and water, and my condition became most horrible, necessitating constantly the greatest care and watchfulness. I was now suffering from the top of my head to the point of my toes. I saw double, and had to keep my eyes fixed steadily on the ground to make a step at all, and the moment I raised my eyes I would stagger and fall if I were not grasping something. I could not take a single step in the dark. For nine long years I suffered all the horrors of a living death. In 1889 I was admitted to the Toronto General Hospital, where I was treated for four months. I was told that my trouble was locomotor ataxia, and incurable, and I returned home no better. After returning home I had further medical treatment, but with no better results than before. Finally I was given the following certificate of incurability:

CHURCHILL, July 27th, 1893.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that James McLean has a disease of the spinal cord (incurable) that renders him unfit to obtain a living. A. T. LITTLE, M.D.

About this time I was strongly urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and oh how I wish I had known of this great remedy years ago! What anguish and torture I would have been spared! Soon after beginning the use of Pink Pills I found myself improving. The pains left me and I was able to discontinue the use of the morphine. I regained control of both bowels and bladder and gradually a feeling of life returned to my legs and arms. I can now walk without the aid of either crutches or sticks and can take long strides. My stomach trouble has all left me, and I can eat as heartily as ever in my life. My friends, who never expected to see me about again, are astonished at the wonders Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought in me. When I began the use of the pills my weight was reduced to 136 pounds, and it has

medicine. My wife also joins me in thanks, and says it was a happy day for her when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as since then she has been able to get rest at night which she had not done for so many years before. I hope Heaven may direct this into the hands of some other poor sufferer, who may find, as I did, release from a living death through your great life-saving remedy. Yours very gratefully.

JAMES McLEAN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. With men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink,) and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CHICKEN SHORTCAKE.

Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one pint of flour. Run into it a half cup of butter; add one cup of sweet milk. Bake quickly. Have prepared the remnants of a chicken, heated with the gravy, seasoned well. Pour over the shortcake. Serve at once.

GLACE FRUITS AND NUTS.

Take two pounds of sugar—A thoroughly crushed—and pour one-third of a quart of water with it, letting it stand for some hours. Add one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar, well dissolved. Cook in a deep pan until your syrup is thick. Have your nuts blanched and your fruit ready. You can use whole Malaga grapes, but halve cherries or apricots neatly so that the stones may be removed. Tiny bits or slices of oranges and pineapples are nice. Dip them in the syrup, and when thoroughly covered remove them on at a time with a fork and drop them on a tray to cool.

SARATOGA POTATOES.

After paring six large potatoes, slice them very thin and put them into three quarts of water. Let them stand all night in a cold place—in the ice chest if possible. In the morning pour off the water and put in some that is fresh, as well as a large piece of ice. When the potatoes are brittle, drain about a pint of them, and, putting them into a frying basket, lower them into a kettle one-third full of boiling fat. Cook for ten minutes, lifting them with a spoon from the bottom of the pan two or three times while they are frying. Drain the potatoes well and turn them into a dish lined with soft brown paper. Continue cooking the potatoes in this way until all are done.

AN UNRIVALLED FLAVOR.

Mrs. Rorer uses cocoanut water in a novel way in a salad dressing, for which she claims "an unrivalled flavor." Cut the nice, tender and the white parts of celery as for any salad, and put them in a bowl. Grate a cocoanut and put it in a pint of water, let it stand until the water is cold, then with your hand squeeze the cocoanut in the water; then press the pulp out and throw it away. Strain the milky water through cheesecloth, and let it stand until cold and a cream rises on top. Just before sending your celery to the table, scatter over it a tablespoonful of grated onion and a trifle of fresh red pepper, or a dash of cayenne and a half a teaspoonful of salt. Skim the cream from the top of the cocoanut milk and put over the celery, then add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Nervous people should not eat fat food. X should be coated with fat.

With the fat should be combined grain foods and vegetables for strength and fruits to keep up a healthful consistency of the blood.

Cold water is the salvation of the complexion. It strengthens the skin by stimulating circulation, and renders it almost proof against chaps and eruptions. When the skin needs cleaning, warm water is absolutely necessary.

Digestion is accelerated by cheerfulness, it is true, but this does not occur till the close of the meal, nor till the fluids are absorbed, or solidified, as in the case of milk.

In sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose and never with the mouth wide open.

Sleep is the rest of a tired, nervous system and the time of its recuperation.

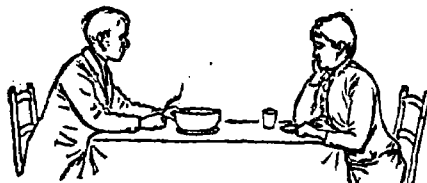
A quart of wheat contains more nutriment than a bushel of cucumbers.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

Rapid eating is slow suicide.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report of relief given for the week ending Sunday, February 24:—Males, 499; females, 65; total, 564. Nationality—Irish, 335; French Canadian, 145; English 56; Scotch and other nationalities, 28. Religion—Catholics, 487; Protestants, 77; total, 564. Donations were given to 564 persons.



A Frugal Meal.

It's house-cleaning time. Every one tired and cross; every thing out of place and wrong end foremost. No time to fool away in cooking; no fire, probably; no appetite, perhaps; no comfort, certainly.

No Pearline—that's the cause of it. A little Pearline, when you're cleaning house, makes the whole thing smooth and easy. With anything about the house that isn't hurt by water, you can save time and hard work by using Pearline. You won't have to use that rub, rub, rub, in getting the dirt off. And that saves other things, your paint, for instance.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. 318 - JAMES PYLE, New York

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LOUGHBOROUGH, Eng., the Premier

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of the day, have made all the important Bells in England for many years. Catalogues and all information from JAS. T. SCANLAN, Board of Trade Building, Montreal. 35-G

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is the most essential thing for buyers to consider when making purchases

BEFORE

you buy Spring Clothing, we would ask an inspection of our new and superior stock, it is unexcelled either in quality or

PRICE

We never recommend any article unless we know that the quality will justify the price.

ALWAYS

remember that quality should come first. Price should always be a secondary consideration, where quality is desired; if you want to buy where the motto is faithfully adhered to, you should always purchase your clothing at

KENNEDY'S

31 St. Lawrence Street.

THE WELSH CHURCH.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT BILL INTRODUCED IN THE BRITISH COMMONS.

LONDON, February 25.—In the House of Commons, to-day, Mr. Sidney Buxton, under colonial secretary, said, in answer to a question on the subject, that a bill to enable the Australian colonies to make preferential treaties of commerce with Canada and other British colonies had been introduced in the House of Lords on February 21.

Home Secretary Asquith moved the first reading of the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales bill. Mr. Asquith said that the bill proposed that the church should cease to be established in Wales and Monmouth in January, 1897; that provision be made for the formation of a representative body made up from the clergy and that power should be given them to legislate on ecclesiastical matters; that the churches should be transferred to this body and the glebes to the parish, district, and town councils, and that other property vested in the church be placed in the hands of a commission of clergymen, who should receive their present emoluments during their lives, the income from the remainder of the property to be used in the erection and maintenance of hospitals, dispensaries and convalescent homes; to provide nurses for the sick poor, for laborers' dwellings allotments, and for technical and higher education. The opponents of the bill, he said, might accuse them of attempting to secularize religious funds, but the Government held that the purposes mentioned were truly religious and that there would be no profanation of a fund dedicated to pious uses in applying it to the relief of the suffering. The bill was conceived in an honest desire to satisfy the genuine demand of a vast majority of the Welsh people with the least possible detriment to the interests of the church.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Conservative for West Bristol, answered Mr. Asquith with great energy. He characterized as sheer political cant the Home Secretary's remarks as to the appropriation of church property for charitable uses. The Government proposals, he said, were without precedent in English history, and would be resented by English men and women.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

WHAT MAMMA SAID TO PAPA.

I didn't mean to be listening; but then I wasn't asleep, and how could I help hearing what mamma said to papa? She didn't speak loud, but leaned close to papa as if she feared her voice might wake me, but every word she said went straight into my ears. So you see I couldn't help it.

And what did mamma say? Oh, that's just what I'm going to tell you. I would have been fast asleep in a minute more when I heard mamma, who was talking to papa, say, "Hattie," and in a moment I was wide awake. I'm Hattie, you see.

Then I listened, for how could I help it? and this is what mamma said as she leaned close to papa and talked to him: "She was so patient and kind with her little cousins. She let them have her playthings, and when Lulu let one of her dollies fall and a hand got broken off, she behaved just like a little lady."

"How?" asked papa. And mamma said: "Of course poor little Lulu was very sorry when she saw the broken hand. Her eyes were full of tears as she exclaimed in a frightened voice, 'Oh, what have I done?' It was a sore trial for Hattie; I could see it in her face. But in an instant she controlled herself, and, putting her arm around Lulu, said softly and kindly, 'Never mind, dear, it was an accident.' Then, as she picked up the broken hand and looked at it, she added cheerily, 'All right, it can be easily mended. Mamma will do it so nicely that you will hardly be able to tell where it was broken.'

"Then Lulu kissed her and looked at her gratefully, saying, as she did so, 'I am so sorry, Cousin Hattie.' "Don't let it trouble you a minute," Hattie replied. "Accidents will happen. You are not the only who lets things fall. I do it almost every day."

"Then they were all happy, and things went on nicely for a good while. But children soon get tired of one play and another and like to be changing and it often happens that they differ about their plays. One wants this play and one wants that, and most children find it hard to give up their own desires to please others.

"So it happened that Fanny wanted to play blind man's bluff, and Lily said she didn't like it and was tired anyhow. Then Fanny lost temper and said an ugly word to her sister, at which Lily got angry in turn, and spoke back harshly. It seemed as if a good angel told Hattie just what to do. She was between the angry sisters just in a moment with an arm around each.

"Oh don't! don't!" she said in a sorrowful but tender voice. "We're all tired of playing, I guess. I am. Did I ever show you the beautiful little Swiss cottages and farmyard Uncle Ned brought home for me last winter?"

"No! no! no!" cried they all, forgetting in an instant the trouble caused between them. And then they all went up to Hattie's room, and I heard no more of them for half an hour.

"It was so sweet and good in our Hattie," mother went on, "and made me feel so pleasant and thankful. If she had been cross and selfish and inconsiderate of her cousins, how differently the day would have been spent for them and for us all. They were better and happier for their visit, and our daughter, in entertaining them, showed herself to be a little lady."

"That was all I heard, but it made me feel so good. I hope I am not proud because I did well and was praised for it. I'll not try to be, for pride spoils everything, I've heard mamma say."—Catholic Record.

AT HOME, Feb. 14, 1895.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have had the pleasure of reading THE TRUE WITNESS, and take delight in the very interesting stories and letters of the Children's Column. But for the last few weeks I have missed the bright letters. What has happened? Is it that the editor has so much valuable matter that he has not space for the letters just now? I am just going to test the matter by sending a few lines myself. I see, in the Angelus, letters from Ottawa, describing the great carnival; why not some of our writers give a description of it in THE TRUE WITNESS. I have received by express "The Life of General Philip Sheridan,"



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LASTS LONGEST GOES FARTHEST. 180 READ the directions on the wrapper.

See This Dress?

Surprise Soap Washed it.

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

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

Thousands use it. Why don't you?

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

CHEAP FURNITURE SALE.

We have an immense stock, which we are bound to reduce at once. We will allow a discount of 20 per cent on all cash sales, and even 33 1/3 per cent on some lines of Upholstered goods ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. Purchasers can depend on getting bargains. Furniture stored FREE till May.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 652 CRAIG STREET.

which a subscriber to Donohoe's Magazine may receive by paying the subscription price and fifty cents extra. General Sheridan has many traits of character; some stories of him I will relate in my next letter.

YOUR VALENTINE.

THE FUTURE OF IRISH MUSIC.

"Irish music is about the only thing Irish that has been unstintedly praised by Ireland's greatest enemies. No two men ever wrote more venomously about Ireland than Cambrens and Froude; no two men ever slandered her worse; and if we are to judge by their writings, no two men ever hated her more; but even they had to acknowledge the supreme beauty of her music. But it may be asked how does it happen, if Celtic music is so beautiful, that so few play it? This question is easy to answer, but its solution will not be very complimentary to our countrymen, or to mankind in general. The truth is that the masses, especially that class of them who are cultivators and practitioners of music, are in Ireland, as in every other country, very much the slaves of fashion. Celtic or Irish music is not fashionable, and that amply accounts for the state in which it is in Ireland at present. What needs to be done is to make it fashionable. This can be done when those who are known as the better classes take the matter in hand; but unless they take it in hand Irish music never will, and never can, occupy the position to which its marvellous beauty entitles it.

"It is hard to believe that people in general care for what is called 'scientific music.' Those who patronize it are not the masses, they are mostly slaves to fashion, and are afraid to speak their minds. Those who heard 'The Last Rose of Summer' for the first time in Berlin had been hearing scientific music for the greater part of their lives, but all they had ever heard of it touches them not as they were touched by that simple Irish air. The Berlin incident furnishes us with another proof of how greatly music depends on fashion. 'The Last Rose of Summer' is absolutely the only one of the Irish airs that may be said to be universally known all over the civilized world; and why? Because it was the air that Titens happened to sing, and the one that caused such excitement among the great in one of the great capitals of Europe. There are, according to the best judges of music, at least a dozen or more Irish airs equal if not superior to 'The Last Rose of Summer,' but they have not been applauded by the great, and consequently they remain almost unknown. If it was the worst of the melodies that had been so applauded in Berlin it would be now as popular and as universally known as 'The Last Rose of Summer.'"

"That which is known as scientific music is the great enemy with which lyric music like ours has to contend. Scientific music would never have got its present hold on humanity were it not for the glamor of fashion that has so long surrounded it. The patronage of the great, the pomp and scenery of the opera, and alas! the want of candor among mankind generally, has caused countless thousands to say they enjoyed what their ears disliked. It cannot be denied that some parts of some pieces of scientific music are very beautiful; but it is not so much the sounds of which music is composed that give it its charm, as the agreement or concord of these sounds with one another. When the eye is charmed by a beautiful statue it is not the separate features that give it its special charm; it is its ensemble, its altogetherness. What would be thought of the statue of the Apollo Belvidere if it were broken into twenty pieces and thrown in a heap at our feet?"

We might recognize the beauty of the separate members, but the eye could not see it as

stood on the pedestal in all its symmetrical beauty. The beauty in scientific music as compared with lyric is marred by the want of symmetry or concord. The symmetry and concord of Celtic music are its chief charms; the ear takes them in without an effort. Just as the eye takes in without an effort all the glories of a perfect piece of statuary, Shakespeare has given us a definition of what music consists; he employs only five words; never, perhaps, was so perfect a definition given so briefly. He calls music 'a concord of sweet sounds.' Scientific music may have sweet sounds, but it is certainly wanting in concord.

"However rapidly the world may be progressing in many ways, it is not progressing in the arts of poetry and music. Homer and Shakespeare have never been equalled; and if a modern music doctor were to get all the kingdoms of the earth in this life, and the kingdom of heaven after death, he couldn't produce a melody equal to 'Blame Not the Bard' or 'The Colin.' Those immortal airs were produced on one knows by whom or when, but certainly very long before music was written, and before music doctors commenced to manufacture it by line and rule. All the science and training it is possible to give a human being won't make a musician of him, unless he is born one.

"Celtic music is the indigenous music of Ireland and Scotland; that of Wales, perhaps, is included. But while the lyric music of Wales is very beautiful, it seems hardly to belong to the same genus as that of Ireland and Scotland. Welsh music seems rather more modern than that of the other Celtic countries; whether it is or not, must be left to others to decide, for I do not feel myself able to speak with certainty. It is, however, very curious how in lyric music the Celt should have so far excelled all other races. The Celt is an Aryan; there is no marked ethnological difference between him and the natives of most European countries. The true explanation of the cause of the beauty of Celtic music seems to be found in geography rather than in race. Geographically, Ireland is one of the most peculiarly situated countries in the world. Not far from the Arctic Circle, yet with a climate almost as mild as that of Italy, it is swept by the wind of a mighty ocean, is full of rivers, has a fertile soil and a mild climate, and as a consequence abounds with song birds, bees, and winged insects that fill its summer air with music. It is a land where the wind blows more than in, perhaps, any other part of the world. Its song birds are more numerous, if not in variety at least in kind, than those of most other countries; and it is said with louder and clearer notes. It is a land whose rocky coasts give out an almost eternal cadence of ocean music. The social condition of ancient Ireland must also be taken into consideration, if we wish to know all that has contributed to the excellence of Irish music. It was not a land of cities, or even of towns, in the modern sense of the words. Almost the entire population may be said to have been rural.

"If the two societies already mentioned—the Irish Literary Society and the Gaelic League—would unite in an effort to get up, say, two Celtic music concerts in the year, they can surely make them successful; one any time in November, to be called the Fais Samhna, or November festival; the other on the 23rd of May, on the birthday of Thomas Moore, to be called the Fais Bealtaine, or May Festival.

"It is to be hoped that the earnest and really national part of the citizens of Dublin will take the matter of getting up these Celtic music festivals into immediate consideration."—T. O. Russell, in Dublin Freeman.

JOHN WATSON,

15 years at 53 St. Sulpice Street. Informs his friends and past customers, that he is now carrying on business at 2174 ST. CATHERINE ST., Art Association Building, Opposite H. Morgan & Co., east corner. SILVER WARE of every description. Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Spoons and Forks. Clocks, Lamps, Onyx Tables, Jewelry at moderate prices. All at the lowest prices in the city. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.

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Perfects the organism and preserves life. "Tis invaluable," says Dr. Walsh, Toronto. A cat food just received direct from S. King in P.Q. Get supplied at once. A trial will convince the most sceptical. St. Leon Mineral Water Depot, 54 Victoria Sq.

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WM. GAMBLE, Fine Custom Boot and Shoe Maker. Hand-Sewn \$4, \$4 50, \$5, to Order. Repairing Neatly and Cheaply Done. 748 Dorchester Street.

School Teachers Beware!

A Profession Not Overpaid that has Many Dangers.

BADLY VENTILATED SCHOOLS AND CONTACT WITH DISEASE.

Paine's Celery Compound Cleanses the Blood and Keeps up Strength and Vitality.

It Banishes Languor, Despondency and Irritability.

The majority of our public school teachers, male and female, have many dangers to face in a profession that is never overpaid.

Many teachers are suffering to-day from maladies and disease contracted in crowded and badly ventilated school buildings; the seeds of fatal troubles are taken into the system from imperfect drainage, and contact with children who carry infectious diseases from their homes.

At this moment hundreds of school teachers are invalids, or go about the performance of their duties in a half-dead way. Nervous troubles are prevalent, amongst teachers; headache, dyspepsia, languor, irritability and despondency are common troubles, and make life truly miserable.

The school teachers' friend and life-giver, Paine's Celery Compound, has done a wondrous work in the ranks of the afflicted ones. During the year 1894 scores of cases have come before our notice, of sick and suffering ones having been restored to new life, energy and activity through the use of nature's wonderful medicine.

Paine's Celery Compound has been a true blessing to every teacher who used it. The great medicine has done its work promptly and efficaciously. It always begins its operations at the great nerve centres; it cleanses and purifies the blood, and takes all impurities from the system; it strengthens every digestive organ, and builds up the entire system. Every school teacher in the land, male and female, should use Paine's Celery Compound if sound health and perfect bodily strength is desired.

ANTI-JESUIT LAWS REPEALED.

BERLIN, Feb. 21.—In the Reichstag yesterday the resolution to repeal the laws banishing Jesuits passed its third reading without debate. The Conservatives, Imperialists and National-Liberals opposed the resolution. The Centre (Clericals) loudly cheered its adoption.

WAR ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—A circular has been issued at the instance of Archbishop Corrigan, to be read from the pulpits of all the Roman Catholic churches in this city, next Sunday, forbidding Roman Catholics to become identified

with the Sons of Temperance, Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows, and declaring that members of the Church who remain in these societies cannot receive the sacrament.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The Canadian Magazine for February is an excellent number. Richly varied in fiction and more substantial reading, and well illustrated, it maintains the high reputation it has deservedly acquired. Barlow Cumberland tells entertainingly, in an illustrated article entitled "Manitoba Revista," his experiences and impressions on a second visit to the Prairie Province. Col. Cotton and others write ably of the Royal Military College at Kingston. A. F. Hunter, in another illustrated article, describes some of the stirring events of which North Simcoe was the scene during the war of 1812. Allan Douglas Brodie, in an illustrated article on "Canadian Short Story Writers," gives a glimpse of several of the best writers of fiction Canada possesses. "False Insurance Methods," by Dr. John Ferguson, is a contribution likely to engage the attention of life insurance men generally, and especially of members of many fraternal societies. "Some Unpublished Letters of the Late Earl of Lytton," by George Stewart, will attract notice in many quarters. Felix Volkovsky, a Siberian Exile, writes on "the new Tzar," and his recent Manifesto, and throws additional light on affairs in Russia. Other articles on "Modern Royal Authors," by Eugene Davis; and Mrs. Trail, by Hampden Burnham; Kepple Strange, by Prof. Gwillim, Elgin Myers, Q. C., and Mrs. Ourzon, furnish excellent fiction, and "Seranus" and others poems of merit. The Magazine is published by the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto. \$2.50 per annum, single copies 25 cents.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR, GRAIN, ETC.

Flour.—We quote:
 Patent Spring.....\$3.65 @ 3.90
 Winter Patent..... 3.50 @ 3.65
 Manitoba Patents..... 0.00 @ 0.00
 Straight Roller..... 2.85 @ 3.00
 Extra..... 2.80 @ 2.70
 Superfine..... 2.35 @ 2.40
 City Strong Bakers..... 3.65 @ 3.75
 Manitoba Bakers..... 3.40 @ 3.75
 Ontario Bakers..... 1.30 @ 1.85
 Straight Rollers..... 1.45 @ 1.50

Oatmeal.—We quote:—Rolled and granulated, \$3.85 to \$4.00; Standard, \$3.50 to \$3.90. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.85 to \$1.97, and standard at \$1.75 to \$1.80. Pot barley \$2.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.50 to \$3.60.

Bran, etc.—We quote Ontario in car lots \$18.00 and Manitoba \$17.00. Shorts are steady at \$18.00 to \$18.50 and Mouillee at \$20.00 to \$22.00 as to grade.

Wheat.—In the West a few scattered sales of car lots of red and white winter are reported to millers at 58c. No. 1 Manitoba hard is quoted at 78c to 79c delivered at points west of Toronto. The Chicago market which declined on Monday to 5 1/2c May has since advanced to 5 3/4c.

Corn.—At Eastern points at equal to 57c here on track.

Peas.—Here the market is quiet and steady at 88c to 70c per 66 lbs.

Oats.—No. 2 white oats are scarce and wanted, with sales of car lots in store at 38c to 39c per 48 lbs. No. 2 mixed have sold at 35c to 36c. The market is firm, but holders are losing no opportunity to place them.

Rye.—Market quiet at 52c to 53c.

Buckwheat.—At 44c to 45c.

Malt.—The market is steady at 70c to 75c.

Barley.—No. 1 bright is held firmly at 60c, with business at 57c to 60c to Montreal brewers. A lot of feed barley was sold at 48c, and we quote 48c to 50c.

Seeds.—We quote timothy prices here \$3.15 to \$3.25 per bushel. Red clover is steady at 11c to 12c. Alsike 11c to 12c, and mammoth clover 11c to 12c.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote as follows:—
 Canadashort out pork, per bbl. \$14.50 @ 15.50
 Canada short out, thin, per bbl. 13.50 @ 14.00
 Mess Pork, American, new, per bbl. 00.00 @ 00.00
 Extra plate beef, per bbl. 10.50 @ 11.00
 Hams, per lb. 9 @ 10c
 Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 8 1/2 @ 9c
 Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 6 1/2 @ 7c
 Bacon, per lb. 10 @ 11c
 Shoulders, per lb. 8 @ 8 1/2c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—
 Creamery, finest winter..... 20c to 21c
 Creamery, early made..... 18c to 19c
 Eastern Townships dairy..... 14c to 16c
 Western..... 10c to 14c
 Rolled Butter.—There is a good demand for fresh roll butter which sells readily at 14c to 14 1/2c.

Cheese.—Sales are reported of finest stock at 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c, which shows a decline from last week. There have also been sales in the West at 8 1/2c to 9c.

Dressed Hogs.—Sales have been made at \$5.40 to \$5.50 per 100 lbs., one lot of choice bright lean hogs selling at \$5.60.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—The market here is strong with sales of Montreal limed at 14c to 15c, the inside figure for round lots. Fresh laid stock has sold at 24c to 26c; but the receipts of such nearby lots are small. Nearly all the old stock is worked off.

"We always fry ours in Cottolene."

Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Saratoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc.

Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried

Cottolene

and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave it a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's

why we always fry ours in Cottolene.



Sold in 3 and 5 lb. pails, by all grocers. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

Honey.—Extracted old 4c to 5c per lb New 7c to 9c per lb in tins as to quality. Comb honey 10c to 13c. A lot of extracted said to be very fine was sold at 8c.
 Maple Products.—Sales of old maple syrup have been made at 65c to 70c. Old sugar has also sold at 6c to 6 1/2c in boxes and cases.
 Baled Hay.—No. 2 shipping hay \$6.50 in round lots, and No. 1 straight Timothy \$7.50 to \$8.00. At country points \$5.00 to \$5.50 f.o.b. as to position.
 Beans.—Good to choice hand-picked nominal at \$1.20 to \$1.45 per bushel, and poor to fair \$1.10 to \$1.20.
 Tallow.—Rough tallow sold at 5c to 6c.
 Hops.—\$2.00 per bale, or less than 1c per lb.
 Dressed Poultry.—Turkeys sold at 8c per lb. in cases; we hear of very little doing.

FRUITS, ETC.

Apples.—We quote \$3.50 to \$4.00 per barrel. Dried Apples.—Prices are firm at 5c to 6c per lb.
 Evaporated Apples.—Command good sales at 6c to 7c per lb.
 Oranges.—We quote: Valencia 420s \$3.75 to \$4.00, 714s \$5.00; Florida 128s \$3.25 to \$3.50, 150s \$3.75 to \$4.00, 178s and 200s \$4.25 to \$4.50. California Navels \$3.25 to \$4.00 as to size, and seedlings \$3.25.
 Lemons.—At \$2.50 to \$3.00 per box.
 Pears.—California pears are in fair demand at \$2 per box.
 Pine Apples.—At 15c to 25c each.
 Cranberries.—There is no change in cranberries, \$8 to \$10 per for frozen Canadian berries, and \$5.00 per box for Cape Cod berries, and \$15 to \$18 per barrel.
 Grapes.—Stocks of Almeria grapes are very light, and under fair demand sales are reported at \$6 to \$7.50 per keg.
 Dates.—Continue to command poor sales at 4c to 4 1/2c per lb.
 Potatoes.—Potatoes on track are selling at 55c per bag of 90 lbs. Jobbing lots 63c by the load and 65c in smaller quantities.
 Onions.—Onions are still booming at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per barrel.

FISH AND OILS.

Salt Fish.—A fair Lenten demand is reported for green cod, No. 1 large being quoted at \$8.00 to \$8.50 and large draft at \$7.00 to \$7.50. We quote:—Dry cod \$4.50 to \$4.75, and green cod, No. 1, \$4.25 to \$4.50. Labrador herring \$4.00 to \$4.25, and shore \$3.50 to \$3.75. Salmon \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$12.50 to \$13.50 for No. 1 large. British Columbia salmon \$10.
 Canned Fish.—We quote:—Lobsters \$5.75 to \$6.00, and Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4.00 per case.
 Oils.—Steam refined seal sold at 85c net cash, and we quote 87c to 88c for small lots. Newfoundland cod oil 85c to 87c and 88c for Gaspe. Cod liver oil 65c to 75c.
 Fresh Fish.—Newfoundland frozen herring 80c to 90c per 100 and New Brunswick at 80c per 100. Tommycods 75c to 80c per bbl. Cod and haddock 8c to 4c. Lake fish 8c to 7c for white fish, and 5c for pickrel. Fresh salmon 14c.

Horseshoer.

C. McKiernan, HORSESHOER,

(15 years' experience in Montreal.)

No. 5 HERMINE ST., Montreal.

All horses personally attended to. Interfering, Lamé and Trotting Horses made a specialty.

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 Nationale."
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Bedsteads.

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Any Size or Pattern

IMPORTED to order.

JAMES HUTTON & CO.

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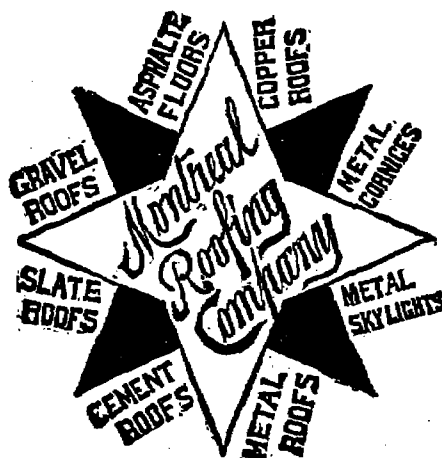
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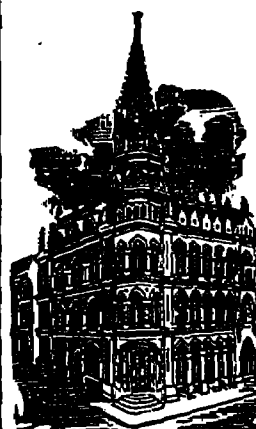
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In addition to the facilities the College affords for an education in Military Subjects the course of instruction is such as to afford thoroughly practical, scientific and apt training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.
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Department of Militia and Defence, 1895.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Trent Canal," will be received at this Office on Saturday, 23rd March, 1895, for construction of about six and a half miles of the Peterboro' and Lakefield Division.
Plans and specifications of the work to be done at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, or at the Superintending Engineer's Office, Peterboro', where forms of tenders may be obtained on and after Monday, 18th February, 1895.
In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same, and, further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$7,500 to accompany the tender; this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for work at the rates and on the terms set in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
By order,
J. H. BALDERSON
Secretary
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 15th February, 1895.