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HAPPENINGS IN THE OLD LAND.

The Change of Sentiment in the North.

Lord Mayor of Belfast in a New Role—
Failure of the Crops Now Apparent—
A Coal Fund Projected—
Interesting Whistle-Blower—
Features of News.

DUBLIN, January 1st.—There is considerable interest felt not only here but all over Ireland over the present position of affairs in Belfast. The recent civic elections in that city have shown that the Catholics are numerically very strong and their rights so long abused by the Orange majority were bound to be respected. In a recent speech the Lord Mayor of Belfast declared that he was happy to state that a better spirit was becoming manifest in the capital of the North and that religious toleration was progressing. He himself believed that the time was at hand when the Protestant and Catholic elements of Belfast would be on a more friendly footing one with the other and all his efforts had been and would be directed to that end. He believed the Catholics of Belfast recognized this fact and in fact had done so when on several occasions they had invited him to be present at several of their important gatherings.

Clerical Changes.

The following clerical changes, made by the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, and M. Redmond, Bishop of Kildare, may be interesting to some of our readers:—Rev. T. M. Conrath, P. P. Mounungent, to be P. P., Slane; Rev. P. J. Smith, C. C. Clara, to be P. P., Mounungent; Rev. P. Briody, P. P., Slane, to be P. P., Kilkenny West; Rev. P. Ledwith, C. C., Delvin, to be Adm. Ordstown; Rev. J. Clavin, C. C. Moynalty, to be C. C., Delvin; Rev. P. Kelly, to be C. C., Moynalty; Rev. T. Scally, to be C. C., Collinstown; Rev. P. Geraghty, to be C. C. Kingscourt; Rev. L. Ryan, to be C. C. Beauparc; Rev. G. Buehanan, to be C. C. Athboy; Rev. M. Kelaghan, to be C. C. Skyrne; Rev. C. Cronin, C. C. Ordstown, to be C. C. Clara. His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following changes in his diocese:—Rev. P. O'Dea, C. C. Borrisokane, to be C. C., Doora; Rev. J. Maher, C. C. Newmarket-Fergus, to be C. C., Borrisokane; Rev. M. Houlihan, C. C. O'Callaghan's Mills, to be C. C., Newmarket-on-Fergus; appointment to O'Callaghan's Mills deferred.

Assuming Serious Proportions.

Every day the position of affairs brought about by the bad crops in Ireland is becoming more manifest and brings up more harrowing situations. Early last summer everything looked as if a bountiful harvest would cheer the hearts of our farmers all over Ireland. Most of the cereals promised abundantly and there was a double crop of hay on foot in several sections. But it pleased God to send us excessive rains, so that it was impossible to save even half the hay; the oats and other grain lay upon the fields "stooked" or "stacked" until they swelled and reprinted; the turf was in a great measure a failure, while as for the chief staff of the poor, the potato, the blight (which always comes with a certain heavy misty fog) spread its fell breath over vast districts as early as July, the tubers turned black in the ground, and there have already been two deaths from eating diseased potatoes reported.

Reminders of '98.

But all this instead of acting as a lever of pity with which to move the stoney hearts of the landlords is only giving them a fresh impetus to continue in the plans begun in black '98. The usual crop of evictions still increase and the Salisbury Government is assisting in the work with all the strength in its power. Like in '47, the Government shuts its eyes to the existing distress and the eminent danger of famine, but sends its soldiers along to enforce with their bayonets the civil writ of the bailiff. There were sorrowful hearts in many Irish homes this Christmas, and this year will see another large number of broken-hearted Irishmen driven to seek fresh homes in strange lands.

In Memory of a Great Irishman.

The Christian Brothers of Cork have held in their schoolrooms, last week, a grand conversation for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a technical school as a memorial of the illustrious Gerald Griffin, who died a member of the order and whose remains lie under a simple cross in the Brothers' cemetery in Cork. The affair was a success, but outside aid will be necessary to raise the funds for the enterprise to the proper amount to make the school a fact.

A Coal Fund for Dublin.

The Lord Mayor, last week, presided at a public meeting of citizens to discuss the formation of a coal fund for the distressed poor of Dublin on a basis similar to those already existing in many other cities of Ireland. Ultimately the following resolution was unanimously

adopted: That a Central Executive Committee be now formed, consisting of representative gentlemen from the leading charitable organizations, namely, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Distressed Protestants Society, and Room Keepers' Society, with one minister representing each religious denomination, who shall determine the time and amount of distribution of the coal, that the coal be delivered to the homes of the poor, and that the distribution be carried on in such a manner as the committee may devise." Already subscriptions to the fund to the amount of £225 have been sent in to the committee.

A Worthy Vice-Chancellor.

All the Castle officials are not, had as is evi- enced by a recent will case in which the Vice-Chancellor did his duty in face of the bigoted opposition of the Attorney-General. The facts of the case are these:—Many years ago a gentleman named Clancy left a sum, now amounting to over £7,000, in trust for four trustees, for such charities as they might think fit, and directed that the Catholic Bishop of Ferns, and the Parish Priest of his parish, should always be trustees of the fund. With the lapse of time all the original trustees, of whom only one was a layman, passed away, and last July the present Catholic Bishop of Ferns, Dr. Browne, and the Parish Priest of the parish of the testator, applied to be appointed new trustees under the will. This the Vice-Chancellor agreed to, and two further trustees were then nominated to bring the number up to the requirements of the will. A scheme was then submitted to the Court for the disposition of the fund. The trustees proposed that the money should be put out and expended on such charitable objects as the relief of poor schools in Wexford, in providing food for the poor children attending such schools, in repairing schools and churches, and in making some provision for the declining years of aged and infirm priests of the diocese, no longer able to work.

To this scheme the Attorney-General officially objected, and denied the right of the trustees to get any of the money on the ground that although the will prescribed that the Bishop of Ferns and the parish priest of the testator's parish were perpetual trustees, their successors had no power to propound any scheme, and that the money, in consequence, should pass over to the Board of Charitable Donations and Bequests, so that the Orangemen of Ulster might have just as much right to a pull on it as the Catholics of County Wexford. The Vice-Chancellor, however, refused to swallow this monstrous suggestion, and ordered the money to be paid out to the Catholic trustees for the benefit of the Catholic poor under the scheme which had been submitted to him; thereby showing that, whatever be his prepossessions, he is not a sufficiently ultra-Protestant for Dublin Castle.

Death of a Well-Known Priest.

The death is announced of a very estimable priest in the person of the Rev. Charles Farrelly, Parish Priest of Castlelara. He was one of the most esteemed priests in the whole of County Cavan, and was only forty-nine years of age when he called away, twenty-five of which he had spent in the priesthood. The intelligence of his death came like a shock to the diocese of which he had been such an excellent member.

Dedication of a New Church in Cork.

The new church at Wilton, Cork, built by the Community for African Missions, has just been dedicated by His Lordship Bishop O'Callaghan. The sacred edifice is situated in the south western section of the city, and is a strikingly pretty little structure. At the High Mass His Lordship the Bishop presided, the celebrant being Very Rev. Canon Fleming, P. P.; deacon, Rev. J. Minton, C. C.; sub-deacon, Rev. T. M. O'Callaghan, C. C. Mallow; master of ceremonies, Rev. J. Faby, C. C. The assistant at the Throne were Right Rev. Monsignor Maguire and Rev. Father Zimmerman.

Presentation to a Nurse.

The Royal Irish Constabulary stationed at the Phoenix Park have determined upon presenting a very handsome gold watch and chain, accompanied by a magnificently illuminated address, to Nurse Murtagh, of Stevens' Hospital, who has been in charge of the R. I. C. fever ward for many years, and whose zealous labours and unremitting attention to duty have earned for her the most profound respect and esteem of every member of the Constabulary by whom she is known.

It Happens in Derry Too.

At the last meeting of the Derry Council there was rather an exciting scene. The affair culminated in two members, who are Unionists, coming to blows. One of these gentlemen, it seems, came up and asked the other to strike him if he dared. His opponent came up, and in a moment they were struggling, with rather unpleasant consequences for one of the combatants, who was knocked down. The fall was a severe one, and in the tussle the Mayor's chair was pulled down. Ultimately a peacemaker intervened, and, after some delay, the business was proceeded with.

Queen Margherita is about to assist materially Italian science, by having an observatory built on the summit of Mont Rosa, 14,820 feet above the level of the sea. This observatory will be the loftiest in the world. The Queen will visit the new observatory next August, and will be present at its inauguration.

OUR ENGLISH BUDGET

The Wealth of Christmas Giving.

The Celestial Problem and the Powers— Many Notes Upon Interesting Subjects.

LONDON, 20th December, 1897.—London is Christmasing in its normal condition of fog, but fog has no terrors for the postman, and those welcome messengers are providing plenty of indoor occupation for the majority of the people, while the boxes and wickets at the head office and at the several city branches of the post office are pouring forth a wealth of mail matter that gladdens the hearts of thousands and is rich with good wishes and good things. It is said that the number of parcels received and despatched at the central office during the week was over a million and a half. Owing to insufficient, illegible and torn addresses, the cold cellars in the lost property department of the post office are taxed to their utmost with turkeys, poultry and game of very kind, from gobblers to pussants, to say nothing of venison. Amongst other unclaimed matter there is said to be already over 3,000 cases of whiskey, wines, liquors, cigars, etc., which, however, not being perishable, do not entail such certain loss as the perishable goods in the cold cellars. The number of letters sent and received has not yet been made public, but it will be found to be well up in the millions. Holly trimmings are seen on all sides, their bright berries glistening in the windows of all dwellings and shops, and giving a thoroughly Christmas look to all parts of the holiday metropolis. Young and old carry their button-hole holly sprigs; all is good humor. "Peace and good will" are the order of the day, and London social life is happy. Not quite so is London political, which sees or thinks it sees

AN OMINOUS CLOUDLET

in the far east, pregnant with far-reaching trouble for European powers. The ears of certain prominent officials are quick and sensitive to the most distant rumblings of war, and as they have a deep interest in encouraging political scares and sensations generally, the Chinese puzzle offers too good an opening to be allowed to pass without serving its purpose. Hence the countless rumors now afloat. The German Emperor made a sally exhibition of his oratorical powers at a "send off" dinner to his Imperial brother, and it is immediately interpreted by these sensation mongers to mean that the lust of empire is developing itself in the ambitious William, and that he has his eye and his heart upon the "Flowery Kingdom" with the hope of making it his eastern garden, or, failing that, that he will acquire a slice from the Celestiale for a "tea" garden. While there is much said and much written about all the possible outcome of the mysterious movements of the several European powers, people who take a common sense view of the situation ridicule the idea that any serious trouble will result, or that England will get an opportunity of firing a shot in Chinese waters, unless it be for target practice, and no Russian, German or French warship will offer itself to do service in that capacity.

The Award of the Sealing Commission.

The papers here generally pay little attention to the award of the Sealing Commission. The old charge against the States of acting in bad faith in regard to the damages, as first assessed, is abandoned, or, at any rate, has not been revived, the belief being general that Congress will promptly ratify the new award.

Jubilee Hospital Fund Not a Success.

The Prince of Wales has not met with the success he expected in his Jubilee Hospital Fund, the receipts falling over 80 per cent. below the amount anticipated. The stamps issued to all contributors do not appear to have worked the charm to any appreciable extent. Twenty pounds were one hundred was expected is not looked on generally as a satisfactory or encouraging realization.

Decorating St. Paul's.

The six saucer domes of the choir of Great St. Paul's are being decorated by Sir William Richmond, who will extend his work to the great dome of the Whispering Gallery.

Two Deaths in Leading Circles.

Death has claimed two victims, both of whom were well known, one being Lady Millis, the widow of the great painter, and the other Sir Frank Lockwood, who accompanied Lord Russell on his tour to the States and Canada last year. He was a great favorite with his professional brethren, was a leader in social circles and eminently popular in Parliament, where his wit and humor were proverbial.

The Government's Irish Policy.

It is hardly expected that the Government will act further than the tabling process with their proposed Irish Local Government Bill. The British Parliament, being an exceptionally weighty body, is, naturally, slow in its movements, and, as it is never in a hurry to advance Irish interests, no special effort

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The Celebration of the Centenary of '98

In Relation to the Present Generation— Some of the Results of the System of Teaching Geography.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

PHILADELPHIA, January 3, 1898.—There will be an opportunity during the year of 1898 for a great many who are ignorant of many facts in history to become well-informed and correct as to the real meaning of the reference to '98." All Catholics are not of Irish birth, but all Catholics, with the rest of the world, are desirous of "knowing all there is to know" therefore, the history of Ireland has a claim on our attention as history alone. It is much to be regretted that it is very little known by the world at large, and even the important epoch of '98" is but an unmeaning whisper to the inner consciousness of millions of those who have been reared in it during the whole of 1897, at least. The daily press has toiled with it, and during the week ending January 1st, a page of the Catholic Worker's was devoted to the subject of the centenary, with a list of the events of that time, but there still a great deal to be learned by the general reader. In nothing is so true that "familiarity breeds contempt" as in the course of a century the mind grows weary of the "old story" and those who are already interested and instructed are the only class which carefully reads and considers all that is written and published with the laudable intention of preparing the public for an interesting and remarkable commemoration. These who so entrance upon the scene was to later the thrill of excitement.

ECHOES FROM THE ETERNAL CITY.

All who have visited Rome know the value that is placed on Professor Lucimino's volumes of "Pagan" and "Christian Rome." These, as originally published, were bulky and too unwieldy to do duty as guide books, but being now condensed of all superfluous matter and languages they have been brought to perfect proportions and are greatly in favor with tourists. They contain most interesting and reliable details relative to the "Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome," its monuments, its walls, its bridges and its aqueducts, and are brought up to the present day. The average tourist finds it easy to follow the Professor's description of "The Rome of the Emperors," and is educated by it to appreciate the wonders that surround him on every side—an extract relative to portions seems interesting enough to copy. "Augustus" he says, "made porticoes popular. Under his reign the whole campus was covered with colonnades. They were designed so that citizens could walk in shelter from wind, rain, cold and heat. Towards the end of the Empire it became possible to walk under shelter from the region of the Fora to St. Peter's, a distance of two miles. This is not intended as a vert advertisement for the books referred to, as they are too eagerly sought for by all tourists to need any puffing, gratuitous or otherwise. They are quite as indispensable as Bradshaw's railway guide or the English and Italian conversation books which are a source of such amusement to bystanders who see the frantic efforts of Mr. or Mrs. Bill to converse with the waiter through the medium of "Italian made easy," or one of the many books found in the valise or pocket of the average English tourist.

Rome is very full of visitors, and the spirit of Christmas is making itself felt on every side. As it is not probable many will leave till the Feast of the Epiphany, which is supposed to close the Christmas season proper, the hotels, shop-keepers, commissionaires, cabmen, and last—though in Rome by no means the least, numerically—the beggars, are reaping a rich harvest.

Italians, or at any rate those of them who constitute the population of this city and its immediate surroundings, are by no means alarmed by all the sayings and writings in Germany, England and France about the Chinese trouble, and are quite satisfied the nations immediately interested shall settle it amongst themselves, and believing that there is no possibility of actual hostilities growing out of any of the questions thus far brought up. The German Emperor's volubility is inconsistent with sound thought or deep design; he is a wild talker and his motto should be "Verba non facta." As, however, the mission of his Imperial brother Prince Henry is to exact satisfaction for the treatment extended to the Jesuit Fathers, and as he has expressed his determination to protect the missionary in his religious labors, Catholics generally will sympathize with his intentions and await the results with interest.

The tax collector has called on the Vatican officials to pay the income tax and great indignation has naturally resulted; as those in the employ of Leo XIII. regard themselves Ministers of the reigning Sovereign they very properly refuse to acknowledge any liability. In 1894 the Cardinals living in Rome claimed a tax exemption as heirs to the Pontiff, but they lost their case because the right of succession to St. Peter's chair is not limited to the Sacred College, it being competent even for a layman to be Pope. Another somewhat similar case was lost by Comte Cechchini.

The Princess Adelaide de Bourbon Braganza, widow of Don Miguel, Infante of Portugal and Duke of Braganza, has entered the Benedictine Convent of St. Cecilia at Solesmes a cloistered order of the most rigid kind. She lives in the world seven children allied by marriage to the principal reigning houses of Europe. She received the special blessing of the Holy Father before entering.

At a recent bull-fight in Mexico, where men, women and children delight in the scenes of the bull-pit, a furious Spanish bull trampled the blood-thirsty occupants of the surrounding benches to a change of programme, and jumping the barricade, gored to death three of the admiring crowd and caused a general panic. He scared and scorched his tormentors, and gave them a full sized Roland for their many Oliviers.

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BEHOLDING TO ANY NAKED IDEA

are soon tired of any reference to it, and pass with an impatient glance of the eye article, anecdote or the mere statement of a fact. Instead of the "local items," which occupy more of our time than we would care to admit, it were well to find it to our advantage to read more carefully than we do the foreign news and the historical references and sketches. In the case of '98" there are some of us who would find out that for the results and follies of that time, at least the Catholics of Ireland were not alone responsible, that Wolfe Tone was not a Catholic, and that the movement for which men suffered and died (to the intense scorn, and, far more, to the intense admiration and lasting honor of their own generation and those which came after) was not instigated by the enemies of Protestant England. I am sure, from what I have seen and heard, that to learn these facts will be far more of a surprise to an educated American than an educated Irishman will believe. Therefore, I recommend that for the sake of true education, if for nothing else, there be a more careful and exact perusal of the coming current literature of 1898 than may seem necessary to the general public. There is an immense deal of Irish history that is not known even to lovers of history. It is beautiful and wonderful, chivalric and noble beyond compare. And I say it "from the outside" for I am not nearly so much of an Irishman as I am a Swallow, Scotch or English. Thus cosmopolitan by birth, I have been ever greatly of the story of every land, and I know from experience that it is hard to get into the depths of Irish history, and rather to walk apart from Irish companions. The small green island holds all she once draws within the circle of truth, but while interested in larger and more successful countries, those who could best appreciate an most nobly support her cause are carried beyond her and lost in the trackless ocean of past and present intrigues that belong to the East and the West—the Great Continents.

The Effect of American Maps.

It is amusing, by the way, to take note of the ignorance even those mighty divisions have of each other. And it is no less worthy of thought to consider the causes of much of the wide spread and ignorant contempt felt towards one portion of the earth's surface by the inhabitants of another. Did you ever think of the effect of an American geography and maps upon the child's view of Europe, Asia and Africa? Here are pages and pages of minute information regarding each State of the Union; here are exact and perfectly lettered maps of the railroads, the tiny branches of the principal rivers, of everything that can be marked off and set down,—all the United States. Over in the back of the volume there are a few pages—comparatively few—into which are crowded all that is thought "necessary" of the worlds within worlds of the older civilization, and the greater changes of the earth's surface in the three older divisions also called "Great." It cannot be helped, but as so much education goes no farther than this stage, is it any wonder that our young folks grow up gloriously inflated and utterly mistaken—or their mistakes are the mistakes of ignorance blind d by a false light. As a set off for such a state of intelligence here, I am reminded of an English view

Notes on Catholic News.

Sir Evelyn Wood, Adjutant-General of the British Army, is the first Catholic to hold that post since the Reformation.

A Splendid Christmas Present.

Made to the Holy Father. It is a case of gold set with ninety diamonds, all of which are flawless and it is bound in to match one another. The case which is the gift of several Catholic Societies in America, has been two months in making, and is a beautiful example of the art and taste of the Catholic Worker's. It is valued at over \$2,000.

Among the recent converts to the Roman Catholic Church, according to the record of such conversions compiled by the Pastoral Fathers of New York, are the following:

In England, the Hon. Albert E. Bingham, a son of the Earl of Bingham; the Hon. Mrs. Albert E. Bingham; Mrs. Herbert Rowbottom, wife of Herbert Rowbottom, of the British South Africa Company; Robert E. D. D., an Oxford graduate and editor of The Surrey Mirror; the Hon. Mrs. Moore Smith and the Viscountess Canterbury, sisters of the Earl of Oxford; in France, Mrs. Terry, formerly Miss Sanderson, the American opera singer.

The recent converts in this country include Dr. Greener, wife, and seven children, Scranton, Penn.; Miss Marion Gilmore, a graduate from Wellesley College; Dr. Luke R. Simpson, San Francisco; C. E. Allen and Frederick Long of Cleveland; Dr. Richard Ralls, San Francisco; Miss Beattie Livingston Webb, daughter of the Meriden Hospital, Meriden, Conn.; Clarence Whitaker, Colorado; Henry Augustine H. Boyer, formerly a Presbyterian minister in Chicago, now a student at St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers; the Rev. E. L. Buckley, former pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church, Newport, R. I. at present engaged in study in Europe for the Roman Catholic priesthood.

One of the most famous survivors of the Civil War in the United States died last week in the person of Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross in the United States. Father Corby died at Notre Dame, Ind., of pneumonia. He was born in Detroit in 1833; entered Notre Dame university in his 20th year and five years later became disciplinarian, the first of many important offices with which he was to be charged. He remained at Notre Dame until the outbreak of the war. In 1861 he was commissioned chaplain of the 88th New York regiment, in the Irish brigade commanded by Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher. Father Corby figured in one of the most impressive scenes of the war. It was just before Gettysburg. Father Corby mounted a huge rock to address the army. He held the soldiers remember that their country and the welfare of modern millions were at stake. Turning to the Irish brigade he said that cowardice was as mean as the sight of God as of man, and declared that the Church would refuse the sacraments to any one who should falter in his duty. By a common impulse the soldiers fell upon their knees, Protestant beside Catholic officers and privates, men of all creeds and men of no creed, while Father Corby pronounced a general absolution. Then they rose with hearts full of courage, and how they bore themselves in that awful fight is part of the world's history. It was in remembrance of the part borne by Father Corby in this battle that the flag of the Irish brigade was refused to the legislature of the state of New York and was sent instead to be hung on the walls of Notre Dame university.

The war over, Father Corby returned to Notre Dame, as did also six other priests from the university who had doffed the professor's gown for the blue uniform. Then followed a varied experience as pastor and missionary in various cities. In 1896 he was chosen superior of his order in the United States, and much of the remarkable development of Notre Dame university is due to his initiative and skilful management. Father Corby was chaplain of the Loyal Legion of Indiana, a position for which he was nominated by Gen. Lew Wallace at the last encampment. He was also the commander of the Grand Army of the Republic post No. 569 of Indiana, which was recently organized, and is composed entirely of priests and brothers of the Order of the Holy Cross at the university.

GREATER NEW YORK

Inauguration Festivities on New Year's Day.

Rapid Transit-The Klondyke Allies-Postal Receipts-Irish National Federation-Mr. John Redmond's Visit-The Growth of New York-Etc.

New York, Jan. 5 - Greater New York is just beginning to soberly consider business matters for 1898 after a jubilation of almost four days occupied in celebrating its birth.

The Civic Administration. Mayor Van Wyck lost no time in giving out his list of appointments when he had been congratulated in office yesterday.

Assistant Corporation Counsel - Theodore C. Conally, Albert F. Jenks, Charles B. Conroy, and William W. Ladd, Jr., from \$5,000 to \$7,500.

Police Commissioners - Bernard J. York, four years; Thomas L. Hamilton, (Rep.), three years; John B. Sexton, two years; William E. Phillips, (R. P.), one year, \$5,000 each.

Board of Public Improvements - Maurice F. Holahan, President, six years, \$8,000; William Dalton, Commissioner of Water Supply, six years, \$7,500; James P. Keating, Commissioner of Highways, six years, \$7,500; James M. Carney, Commissioner of Street Cleaning, six years, \$7,500.

Commissioner of Sewers - James Kane, six years, \$7,500. Commissioner of Public Buildings, Lighting, and Supplies - Henry S. Kearney, six years, \$7,500.

Commissioner of Bridges - John L. Shea, six years, \$7,500. Department of Parks - George C. Clancy, President and Commissioner in Boroughs of Manhattan and Richmond for four years; George V. Brower, Commissioner in Boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens for six years; August Moehs, Commissioner in Boroughs of the Bronx for two years, \$5,000 each.

Department of Buildings - Thomas J. Brady, President and Commissioner in Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx for six years; \$7,000; Daniel Ryan, Commissioner in Boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens for two years; \$5,000.

Department of Public Charities - John W. Keller, President and Commissioner in Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx for six years; \$7,500; Adolph Simis, Jr., Commissioner in Boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens for four years; \$7,500; James Feeny, Commissioner in Borough of Richmond for two years; \$2,500.

Commissioner of Correction - Francis J. Lantry, six years; \$7,500. Fire Commissioner - John J. Scannell, six years; \$7,500. Commissioner of Docks and Ferries - J. Sergeant Cram, four years; \$6,000; Peter F. Meyer, six years; \$5,000; Chas. F. Murphy, two years; \$5,000.

Department of Taxes and Assessments - Thomas L. Feitner, President, six years, \$8,000; Commissioners - Edward C. Sheehy, four years; Arthur C. Salmon, one year; Thomas J. Patterson, three years; William Grell, two years; \$6,000 each.

Department of Health - Nathan Straus, President and Commissioner for two years, \$7,500; and Commissioner, Dr. William T. Jenkins, six years, and Dr. B. Cooby, four years, at \$6,000 each.

Commissioner of Jurors for Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx - John Purcell, \$5,000. Commissioners of Accounts - John C. Hertle and Edward Owen; terms at will of Mayor; \$5,000 each.

Civil Service Commissioners - Charles H. Knox, Robert E. Deyo, and William N. Dyckman; no salary. Chief of Bureau of Municipal Statistics - John T. Nagle, four years, \$3,500.

Municipal Statistical Commissioners - Frederick A. Grube, Richard T. Wilson, Jr., Harry Payne Whitney, Jules G. Kugelman, Thornton N. Motley; six years each; no salary. Chamberlain - Patrick Keenan, four years, \$12,000.

Board of Assessors - Edward Cahill, Thomas A. Wilson, John Delmar, and Edward McCue; \$3,000 each.

First Time in Its History.

There was a solemn benediction of the new city in St. Patrick's Cathedral as the chimes of all the churches of the city marked the moment of its birth.

was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers Henry T. Newry and Thomas F. Murphy as deacon and sub deacon.

Rapid Transit in New York. One of the main topics agitating the people of New York just now is that of rapid transit. The scheme includes a tunnel from Battery Park to Harlem Bridge, and under it away into the mainland.

The Klondyke Allies. The New York Evening Post has the following editorial note in reference to the arrangement between the U. S. and Canadian Government in reference to the Klondyke.

New York Postal Receipts. This year's business at the New York Post office largely exceeds that of any previous year. The receipts from all sources were \$8,146,278.67, an increase of 44 per cent. over 1896.

Brooklyn Civic Appointments. The following is a list of Brooklyn appointments announced yesterday by Sheriff-elect Frank D. Creamer of Kings County: Under Sheriff, Hugh McLaughlin; Chief Clerk, William J. Bogenschuz; Equity Clerk, William J. McPhillamy; Warden, Richard Berger; Deputy Warden, John Wilson; Keepers, Martin Kane, Third District; Ed. J. Cleary, Fourth District; Edward Smith, Ninth District; Book keeper, Edward McGrath, Eighteenth District; Deputy Sheriff - Garrettson Morris, Seventh District; John J. Bradley, Fourteenth District; William Cunningham, Tenth District; and John P. Boudell, Eighteenth District.

Irish National Federation. At the last regular meeting of the City Council of the Irish National Federation of America, held in 47 West Forty-second street, the following officers were re-elected for the year 1898: President, Patrick Gallagher; vice-president, Henry Magee; treasurer, John McKee; secretary, Michael Fox; P. A. Moynahan, chairman of the executive committee.

Population of New York. The following is the growth of New York since its very earliest days:

Table with 4 columns: Year, Population, Year, Population. Rows include 1653, 1661, 1673, 1686, 1731, 1750, 1756, 1771, 1774, 1777, 1786, 1790, 1800, 1805, 1810, 1816, 1820, 1825.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., to Visit New York. Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., is on board the steamship Teutonic en route for New York, where, on the 9th instant, he will deliver an address to the Irishmen of New York on "The Men of '98." Robert Temple Emmet, a grand nephew of the great Irish patriot and martyr, will preside at the lecture.

A. O. H., DIVISION No. 5. ELECTION OF OFFICERS. At the regular meeting of Division No. 5, held in their hall, No. 480 Seignours Street, on the 16th ult., the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, by acclamation, viz.: President, Bro. Martin Phelan, J. P.; Vice-President, Bro. James McCarrey; Treasurer, Bro. Martin Hickey; Record-

ing-Secretary, Bro. James McNichol; Financial Secretary, Bro. J. J. McCarrey, Chairman of Standing Committee - Bro. Edward Farrell.

The Delegates to St. Patrick's League are - Bro. Edward Cavanagh, J. P., Bro. Martin Phelan, J. P., and Bro. James McCarrey.

The Division is newly formed and under the guidance of able and efficient officers, to further the interests of the organization in this city, we have no doubt of its becoming second to none in regard to numerical strength and financial prosperity.

The meeting of the above Division will be held in St. Anthony's Young Men's hall 329 S. Antoine Street, on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Writes the Catholics of Sheffield. A Dignified Method of Dealing With Calumniators of the Church and Its Institutions.

The following is the full text of a letter from the Duke of Norfolk to the Rev. Canon Gibson of Sheffield, an extract from which appeared in the last issue of the True Witness:

Norfolk House, St. James's Square, S. W., Dec. 11, 1897. My Dear Canon Gibson - I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter telling me that the Catholics in Sheffield propose to hold a meeting to protest against the calumnies against our priests and nuns which have been put forth in lectures delivered lately in Sheffield. You say also that a wish has been expressed that I should take part in this meeting.

BOUND TO IRELAND

Tribute to Our Edward Blake. His Services to the Cause in the Old Land Recognized.

It is not surprising that Mr. Edward Blake, M. P., should long to return to the service of his native country, in whose history he played for so long a leading part. It is natural that the Liberals of Canada should be eager to regain his political services. But those who know the man will readily understand the nice sense of honor which holds him bound, having enlisted for the stern and trying Irish campaign, to serve his time out faithfully and bravely even to the end.

MR. BLAKE IN HIS GREAT SPEECH RECENTLY DELIVERED AT STRATHROY, tells the history of his severance from Canadian politics, and recalls the fact that the policy which he then repudiated has since been repudiated by the party to which he belonged. They are now in power on a policy in absolute accordance with that which Mr. Blake then professed. We need not enter at all into the details of the fiscal policy of Canada or the merits of schemes of commercial reciprocity with the United States or with Great Britain. Nor is it needful to comment on Mr. Blake's masterly ex-

posure of the absurdities of the wild cat scheme of Mr. Chamberlain - rejected by Sir Wilfrid Laurier - which involved on the one hand a tax upon the necessities of life in Great Britain, and on the other the ruin of Canadian manufactures. On this subject it is only necessary to observe that Mr. Blake, than whom there is no more honest and earnest Irish Home Ruler, has proved himself in his whole Canadian career the wise and steadfast, self-sacrificing friend of the Empire which Home Rulers are accused of attempting to disrupt.

POWERFUL ADVOCACY THE UNSTIRING LABORS OF MR. BLAKE

in the Irish cause. In Parliament and out of it - in the old world and in the new - he has fought for Ireland with an untiring zeal and a disinterested singleness of purpose which Irish gratitude can but poorly recompense. His time, his ability, and his private fortune have been lavishly expended. Our columns today contain yet another illustration of the value of his advocacy in the substantial Canadian contribution of a thousand pounds to the treasury of the Irish Party, which disbursements have so depleted. With sorrow and something like amazement it must be confessed that Mr. Blake's splendid and single-minded ardor to Ireland have not secured from Irishmen the universal recognition which they deserve.

THE CLAY IS KING.

Tobacco Pipes Diagnosed. Medical Preference for the Good Old T. D. Over Wood - Objectionable Mouth-pieces.

The London Lancet, in referring to the different kinds of tobacco pipes, awards the palm to the sweet old T. D. Here is what it says:

If tobacco smoking is justifiable at all on hygienic grounds, it is generally conceded that the pipe is the least injurious means. But tobacco pipes differ considerably in material and shape, both of which must be important factors in determining the character of the smoke. Thus there is the clay, the meerschaum, and the various modern pipes, the briar, cherry, or myrtle. Next to the tobacco, therefore, which should always be pure and free from added flavoring, an expedient which is resorted to far too commonly nowadays, probably in many instances to cover an inferior quality of tobacco, the best kind of pipe is a point to be considered.

Even assuming that he is smoking good tobacco, the smoker knows how different in character the smoke is when drawn from a clay or a wooden bowl. There is probably a scientific explanation of this fact which must have some bearing on the noxious or innocuous character of the smoke associated with other products of combination. A soft clay is invariably cool smoking, because the acid oils obtained in the destructive distillation of the tobacco are absorbed instead of collecting in a little pool, which must eventually, either by the volatilization or by mechanical conveyance, reach the mouth. A particular pipe "smokes hot," not necessarily because the temperature of the smoke is high, but because it favors the passage by one of these means of the oils into the mouth. Meerschaum is another porous material.

Again, an old wooden pipe or briar, so dear to inveterate smokers, becomes "smooth smoking" because the pores of the wood widen and so absorb, as is the case with clay and meerschaum, a large proportion of the tobacco oils. Thus an old pipe "sweats," as it is termed - that



Many men feel with sickness just as a bear feels around a trap. A man doesn't like to own up that he is ill. He says "O, it amounts to nothing. I shall be all right to-morrow." But he isn't all right to-morrow nor the next day. Pretty soon the trap snaps to and he has some serious disease fastened on him.

The only sensible course is to keep away from the trap, and not allow sickness to get any hold on you. It is a frightful mistake to trifle with indigestion and bilious troubles, in the belief that they will cure themselves. On the contrary they drag the whole system down with them.

When the appetite and digestion are irregular it shows that the machinery of the body is out of order and is not doing its proper work; the blood-circulation is poorly supplied and is being gradually debased by bilious poisons.

The proper alternative for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive functions and the liver, and enables the blood-making organs to supply the abundance of pure blood, rich with the nutritious vital elements which build up healthy flesh and enduring strength.

In all impoverished and run-down conditions "Dr. Pierce's" is far better than "extracts" or "essences" of any kind. It creates genuine permanent strength. It does not make flabby fat but solid muscle. It is a perfect tonic for corpulent people.

A full account of its properties and marvelous effects in many so-called "hopeless" cases, verified by the patients' own signatures, is given in Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." This splendid volume will be sent free on receipt of one-cent stamps to pay cost of postage and mailing only. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. For a cloth-bound copy send 50 stamps.

USE ONLY

Finlayson's Linen Thread.

IT IS THE BEST

HOW TO SEE THE POINT AND PLACE IT. Punctuation without Rules of Grammar.

A book of 40 pages, which teaches punctuating rapidly by example. Many people who have studied English, Latin, and Greek Grammar are very careless and slovenly in punctuation. This book is indispensable to all writers. By mail 25 cents. LACONIC PUBLISHING CO., 123 Liberty St., N. Y.

The Cause of the Trouble. (From Brooklyn Life.) 'My wife had an awful headache last night, because I was so late.' 'Why, it wasn't unusual, was it?' 'Oh, no; but she happened to be in when I got home.'

Wasting Good Money. (From the Boston Traveller.) Charles Bragg - Y. S. Miss Bragg, it costs me ten thousand a year to smoke. 'Miss Bragg! - Oh, Mr. Bragg, don't think it's worth it?'

Pipes of special construction cannot be regarded with much favor, such as those which are said to be hygienic, and usually contain a so-called nicotine absorber. Those smokers who require such auxiliary attachments had better not smoke at all.

Fashion Fads.

Flannel petticoats are trimmed with bounces of white wash silk edged with lace. Colored velvet, flecked with gold tinsel, is used for vests collars and cuffs. A novelty in veiling is black spotted net lined with white net, slightly tinted with pink, which makes it very becoming.

The Humorous Side of Life.

All in the Name. (From the Boston Herald.) At a Boston restaurant the other day a middle-aged woman entered the place, and taking a seat at the counter, carefully scrutinized the bill of fare. She concluded to try an order of ice cream pudding, at 3 cents a plate. After it had been served she looked it over carefully, and calling the waitress back, said:

"Do you call this ice cream pudding?" "Yes, and it's very nice, too." "But where is the ice cream?" "Oh, that's only the name given that peculiar make of pudding. We're making a specialty of it. I'm sure you'll like it when you taste it."

"It seems to me that you ought to give ice cream with it, as long as you say it is ice cream pudding." "We don't give cottages with the cottage pudding," quickly replied the witty waitress. The retort threw the middle-aged woman into a convulsion of laughter, and she ordered a second plate.

Meal Time, All Time. (From the Eddyville Tale.) A countryman presented himself at the clerk's desk in a hotel, and, after having a room assigned to him, inquired at what hours meals were served. "Breakfast from 7 to 11, luncheon from 11 to 3 dinner from 3 to 8, supper from 8 to 11," recited the clerk, glibly. "Jersey!" ejaculated the countryman, with bulging eyes. "When am I going to get time to see the town?"

Two Laborers Meet. (From the Washington Evening Star.) They were very animated. The discussion was evidently a warm one, and the parties to it had attracted a number of listeners, who, though strangers to the participants, were evidently deeply interested.

"So you are a Knight of Labor, and believe in working only eight hours a day?" said one. "That's what I am," returned the other, with emphasis.

"Eight hours a day!" repeated the first, with fine scorn. "Why, there's no dignity in that amount of work. It's mere child's play. Look at me, I'm hardy and strong, am I not? I don't look like I'm overworked, do I? Well, what do I do? I work twenty-four hours every day, and every household in the city knows it. Yes, sir. When the sun is shining overhead I am diligently laboring, when evening comes I grow more active, and when night falls, then I get in my best licks and keep 'em up till the sun comes up again. Eight hours! Why, it's a mere bagatelle."

The other party looked dubious and crestfallen. At last he said: "Would you mind telling me who you are?" "M? Whv, everybody ought to know me. I'm a Washington Gas Company meter."

The Knight of Labor bowed low. "Pardon me," he said, "for not recognizing you, but the modesty of your claim deluded me into thinking you were some one else. I always believed that you put in thirty-six hours a day."

Hot Water Cure for a Neglected Spouse. (From the Chicago Record.) A colored woman went to the pastor of her church the other day, to complain of the conduct of her husband, who she said, was a low-down, worthless, trifling

After its ending to a long record of the delinquencies of her negligent spouse and her efforts to correct him, the minister said: "Have you worn any heating coils of fire upon his head?" "No," was the reply, "but I have had hot water."

Belts of all kinds and conditions are worn, but one of the prettiest lancers is the belt of finely tucked black satin or colored velvet. A very stylish finish for a cloth costume is one band of fur broadtail around the bottom, and a collar band covered with the fur. Velvet and lace complete your decoration, but no more fur.

Soft finished gloves are the fashionable kind for street wear. Castor and antelope skin are very desirable, and while gray and tan colors are popular, there is a dark rich mahogany shade which is very chic.

Colored silk moereen is a good substitute for the tulle silk petticoat, and it comes in pretty stripes, plaids and changeable effects. It is not cheap, however, but it is said to wear nearly three times as long as the tulle.

Camel's hair material is in fashion again, and it comes in all the new shades. Gowns for morning and travelling are made of this fabric, trimmed with fur or scalloped bands of the same, finished on the edge with a silk cord.

One of the latest things in hats is merely a large bow of black velvet, with a full aigrette in the centre. It is more like the Alstian bows of old than anything else, and very becoming to most faces. A jewelled ornament, with comb effect, may replace the aigrette.

One of the season's novelties in trimming cloth gowns is the machine stitching in patterns like the old-fashioned quilting. The cloth is padded underneath to give it the raised appearance, and the design covers the blouse bodice, decorates the sleeves, and usually extends entirely around the skirt.

Dressmakers and tailors have agreed that no costume is complete unless its skirt is accompanied by two or more waists. For example, every one of the best tailor dresses is made with a tight-fitting basque and skirt waist, that the wearer may alternate between the close and the easy body as she pleases, while the evening dresses are made with as many as three waists. One décolleté, one high in the throat and sleeves for receptions and small dinners, and one loose, lovely shirt, simple or ornate as desired.

The new mull of velvet is very large, and made with frilled ends and lined with satin or silk in some bright color. The latest fad is to make the sides dissimilar. For example, one side has five narrow frills of velvet, lined with silk and edged with a tiny puffing of the same bright color, overlapping one another like the ruffles on a gown, while the other side has only one gathered heading. Lace is the feature of nearly all the fancy muffs, and it is arranged in a knot with a fancy buckle on one side, or in frills at the ends to fall over the hands.

The subject of wraps is always interesting, and for morning use the very well-dressed women wear coats. Those who can afford smart fur coats of the highly extravagant broad tail, or rich Persian lamb, or slightly less costly Astrakhan, have blossomed forth in coat belts of imitation turquoise and but steel or mock amethysts set in oxidized silver. Against the dark fur these glitter splendidly. Less extravagant women wear about their waists black satin ribbons, heavily incrusts in jet, and in front catch the ribbon ends through very big steel buckles, she who cannot afford a fur or even a velvet coat trimmed with fur contents herself by chapping about the waist line of her pretty cloth jacket a narrow belt of green or red leather, bristling with sharp steel nail heads, or a girdle formed of a strip of velvet ribbon, on which are fastened rows of big sharp jet beads, and in front she uses her best large silver belt buckles.

Our subscribers are particularly requested to note the advertisements in the TRUE WITNESS, and, when making purchases, mention the paper.

The True Witness

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

† PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....JANUARY 8, 1898

WORK FOR THE LAITY.

Few laymen seem to realize that their duties as Catholics do not cease with regular attendance at Mass and the reception of the sacrament of Holy Communion at least once a year. They forget that they should be, in many respects, the auxiliaries of the clergy. Some of them help to build up fine churches; but when the edifices are finished they think that their work is done. Yet the building of the churches is but the beginning of a good work. These churches have to be filled with earnest and practical congregations, and a considerable amount of routine parish work has to be performed. Lukewarm brethren have to be aroused to a sense of their duties, and inspired with the true Catholic spirit. It is by studying their religion that Catholic laymen will obtain this zeal for the spread of our holy faith, and for the performance of all the other work which that implies. Each layman has, so to speak, an individual mission in this direction of expanding Catholic influence and making it a great power in the land.

FRENCH-CANADIAN FREEMASONS

In a letter published in another column a correspondent asks some pertinent questions with regard to the "Cours Unis" lodge of Freemasons in this city. Obviously the reason why the names of the officers elected annually are never published together with those of the other lodges is because nearly all of them are, nominally, Catholics, and hold positions in the public affairs of Montreal from which they would be driven by their indignant electors if it were known that they were members of this secret sect, which has been so repeatedly condemned by the Church. The day is perhaps not far distant when the names of the members of "Cours-Unis" Masonic lodge will be given to the French-Canadian public, who will in that event be astounded at the duplicity of many of their representatives. Those who have joined this sect have done so from a motive of personal gain, reaping their reward in the patronage they receive from wealthy Protestant Freemasons, engaged in various lines of business.

Regarding English Freemasons, we note that a contemporary characterizes as a desecration of the Protestant Cathedral of St. Paul, London, the fact that five thousand members of the craft attended the recent bi-centenary celebration of its erection. We say that, far from being a desecration, it was eminently appropriate that so large a number of the brethren should have been present. St. Paul's is almost the only religious pile of any note of which English Protestantism can boast that was not torn from Catholic owners and appropriated to the new diskernelled worship. It was built to replace the beautiful Gothic structure raised by Inigo Jones and destroyed in the great fire of 1686, and it is worthy of note by those who complain about St. Peter's in Rome being the fruit of general contributions of European Catholics that the money for building St. Paul's was levied off all the English counties, in some places by the gross compulsion of the Protestant squirearchy. St. Paul's cannot be regarded as a cathedral, in any strictly religious sense. It is a Freemason's edifice, built largely by Masonic subscriptions and the forced contributions of farmers, and it was right and proper that most of those who participated in the celebration should be people whose rites are semi-blasphemous and who are the banned enemies of the true Church of God.

REUNION OF IRISH NATIONALISTS

In Ireland the New Year has opened under circumstances which augur well for the restoration to the Nationalist ranks of that unity of action the lack of which has had such deplorable results for so long a period. The necessity of union must have been apparent to both

the leaders and the rank, and file from the beginning of the factious strife; but so blinded have many of them been by personal ambition and partisan passion that even now the influences which are working for harmony are far from being as strong as they should be. Still, it must be a matter for sincere rejoicing to all friends of the cause of self-government for Ireland that a movement towards reunion has already started. The event that gave rise to this movement, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the event which formed a happy pretext for the inauguration of this movement, was the publication in the London Times of the "authorized programme" drawn up by the general committee of the National Liberal Federation at its recent meeting in Derby. In this programme, which becomes now that of the whole Liberal party, the question of Home Rule for Ireland is, for the first time since Mr. Gladstone espoused it with all his customary ardor and enthusiasm, relegated to a minor position, being preceded by those relating to electoral reform and to the abolition of the House of Lords. Speaking on this subject Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., the leader of the Parliaments, stated that in his opinion Mr. John Dillon, M.P., "as representing the largest body of Nationalists," should put an end to the alliance which has existed between the National Party and the Liberals since 1886, when the late Mr. Parnell entered into it; and he went on to add these significant words: "What is essential is that the Irish people generally, those opposed to us as well as ourselves, should come to some understanding upon the question in the future. Let these men not imagine that because of the bitterness of the past we are unwilling to join hands with them on a sound policy in future." Here was a frank invitation to Mr. Dillon and his followers to let bygones be bygones, and to unite on a commonsense policy. The chairman of the Irish National Party lost no time in replying to the invitation. "I entirely agree," he proclaimed publicly, "with Mr. Redmond as to what he says is essential—that the people generally, and all of us who remain in Irish politics, should forget past bitterness, join hands, and come to a common understanding upon the question of future policy. If Mr. Redmond himself is really willing to act in the spirit of those words of his I do not believe there will be any difficulty in arriving at a common understanding as to policy among the Nationalists in Ireland."

It is scarcely to be believed that, after such overtures as these between the two chiefs, the parties which they lead will much longer remain separated. There will still remain the section led by Mr. Healy, it is true; but its members would be obliged by force of public opinion to cease their factious tactics and join the main body of Nationalists. The outlook for reunion, therefore, is full of hope, and that hope will, we trust, find fruition before the end of the year on which we have just entered.

MORALITY AND THE STAGE.

The stage has been the subject of more than the ordinary amount of adverse criticism of late. The Rev. Curé Troie, of Notre Dame Church, in this city, has exhorted his parishioners to abstain from going to theatres where plays which are immoral, or which are even of doubtful morality, are being represented in them. Catholics cannot be too careful in this respect; and they ought to be quick, moreover, to resent any allura that may be cast upon their religion in what may otherwise be an unexceptionable production. An opera which was recently presented in Montreal, and which bears the name of a character distinguished in Irish literature, has several of these blemishes. One is the passage in which a female character is made to say that if her lover was indifferent towards her she would "take the veil." Now, we protest against this assumption, so common with Protestants, that Catholic girls and women usually enter the religious life because of disappointed or unrequited love. If such a cause has created the motive in some cases, these cases are extremely exceptional.

In the pages of "Great Thoughts," Mr. Clement Scott, the leading dramatic critic in London, makes a very grave arraignment of the stage so far as those who play upon it are concerned. He declares positively that it is "almost impossible" for a woman to remain pure who adopts the stage as a profession; and he further expresses the opinion that there is no school on earth that is so bad for the formation of character, or that so readily, so quickly, and so inevitably brings out all that is worst in a man or woman, as the stage. These are sweeping statements, and yet Mr. Clement Scott—who, by-the-by, is a convert to the Church—has, as an author and a critic, been brought into closest contact for the past forty years with those who tread the boards. It is worthy of note that another distinguished convert—Mr. F. O. Burnand, editor of Punch, said much the same thing several years ago, and so deeply offended the great

comedian J. L. Toole, who had placed his daughter on the stage, that a friendship which had long existed was broken for ever. Yet Mr. Burnand, too, was, as a playwright, familiar with the subject on which he had written. Of course there are exceptions. Mr. Clement Scott admits this when he says it is "almost" impossible for an actress to be virtuous. But his assertion, taken in conjunction with that of Mr. Burnand, as to the general effect of the influence of the stage upon the morals of those who adopt it as a profession, must be accepted regretfully as being only too true.

GREATER NEW YORK.

The transformation of New York into Greater New York on New Year's Day was, when the magnitude of the interests involved in the change is concerned, the greatest civic event that has occurred on this continent. True, Chicago had already set an example of considerably enlarging its boundaries and its population; but its annexation of adjoining municipalities sinks into comparative insignificance when contrasted with that of the Empire City. By a stroke of the pen, as it were, New York has added to its population as many people as now comprise the total population of Chicago, and it has increased its area from 40 square miles to 320 square miles. The population of the "old" city of New York was, in round numbers, 2,000,000. Today, it is 3,400,000; while the population of the great western city is 1,488,000. New York is now the second city in the world in point of population. It is the first city in the world in point of social and scientific progress.

The lesson of the advancement and the enlargement of New York is not without its significance for the citizens of Montreal. Our city contains the elements of similarly marvellous progress. Its geographical position fits it to be in the future the leading port of this continent. Under enlightened administration, and fostered by wise and far-seeing federal assistance, the inauguration of Greater Montreal—a city comprising the whole island of that name—may be one of the events of the century which is speedily approaching.

MONSIGNOR CONATY'S JUBILEE.

Monsignor Conaty, the zealous and learned Rector of the great Catholic University at Washington, has just celebrated the silver jubilee of his priestly life. The professors and students held a notable demonstration in honor of the happy event, and presented him with a richly illuminated address from which a few extracts will no doubt be read with interest by the Irish Catholics of Montreal, who know him well and who hold him in affectionate esteem:

"You are the head of this important institution, called to the office by the episcopate of the country and by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. This alone is sufficient to explain why professors and students meet you to-night to congratulate you according to the custom of our country on the completion of twenty-five years' labor in the vineyard of the Lord. We know that it was your intention to celebrate this occasion in a private manner, and among the scenes of your former pastoral activity; but we feel at the same time that we constitute with you but a single family. We feel that all your thoughts and plans are for the upbuilding and perfection of this enterprise. We feel that you are toiling with singleness of purpose and sincerity of heart for the same ends as all the professors and all the students of this University—that is, the creation of a thoroughly equipped centre of all the higher studies in which the unvarying spirit, the genuine teachings of the glorious past of the Catholic Church shall receive the fullest recognition, and be presented in the forms best suited to the men of our time and our land. Your administration of the rectorship of the University has amply justified our hope and filled us with satisfaction that the work so nobly planned and so generously constructed will not suffer in your hands, but, on the contrary, be carried on in the spirit and according to the intentions of its founders and benefactors. We rejoice that we are able to blend to-day our joy over the long period of your service at the altar, in the confessional, in the pulpit, and in the public life of your native community with our joy at the successful completion of the first year of your rectorship."

It was in Montreal, as our readers are aware, that Monsignor Conaty finished his sacred studies; and it was here, too, that he was ordained to the priesthood. For this reason we regard him as being, in some sort, one of our own, and follow his brilliant career with sympathetic interest; and it is for this reason also that we rejoice with the professors and students of the Washington University, and with his former parishioners of Worcester, Mass., where he passed twenty-four out of twenty-five years of his fruitful ministry, upon so auspicious an occasion. And we join with them in the prayerful hope that he may long be spared to preside over the university which has been largely entrusted to use his own words, with "the destinies of the higher education of the Catholic clergy and laity of America."

We observe with great pleasure that a large number of Catholic newspapers published in the United States issued special Christmas numbers, which re-

flected the highest credit upon their conductors. Such enterprise on the part of our American contemporaries is a hopeful sign of the times.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Our Archbishop has been fortunate in the good impression he has created since his appointment. On every side, from Protestant and Catholic alike, we hear naught but kindly words. First impressions are not easily effaced. Mr. Bruchesi, whenever he has met the public, has made them feel that he is the right man in the right place. At the Catholic Sailors' Club, His Grace convinced the Jack Tars that in him they had a true friend and a fit successor of the fishermen who once cast their nets on the Sea of Galilee. At the meeting of the journalists he was the sympathetic, broad minded prelate, who knew the influence and value of the press, and was only solicitous to have that influence used to the best purpose. And at the Cathedral of St. James, on Wednesday last, after an interesting account of his voyage to Ireland and Rome, and his audience with the Holy Father, His Grace thus touched on the present situation:—

"Are we united as we should be? It seems to me, looking on you in this temple, that we are. But outside the impression is different. What is it that puts discord into hearts which should be united? It is self-love and a false idea of politics. If politics were kept in their place, if we had only in view the true good of the people, everything would soon be settled. The Pope and the bishops recognize that in a constitutional country, such as ours, it is impossible that all political parties should have the same opinion, because the day when they would be agreed would only be the eve of another disagreement. But while they may disagree on political questions, they should be united on religious questions. Why not put an end to this miserable party spirit which so blinds our people? Do you think that the clergy can intervene in a purely political question? Can you cite one instance in which the clergy has intervened in questions where religion was not concerned? But when a question concerns education, the clergy cannot be a disinterested party. The bishops have the spiritual direction of the faithful, and in questions of education the clergy is deeply interested. It is absolutely essential that our children should be instructed in all the religious matters on which depend their future welfare. His Holiness, Leo XIII, has spoken. He has given, in his message, the counsel which the faithful must follow. Let us hope that all Catholics will receive with respect and submission the dictates of the Holy Father. Let us hope also that Protestants will be glad to respect the rights which the Constitution has guaranteed to Catholics, and that the feelings excited in the past will disappear before the pacific words of Leo XIII. Let us all work together to hasten the day when there will be but one flock guided by the one Shepherd."

While no one can cavil at these words, it is quite evident that Mr. Bruchesi's path is not, by any means, going to be one of roses. He will have a great deal to do before he can educate the people of this Province to set aside party spirit, when higher and more sacred interests are at stake. His chief difficulty will be the selfish instincts of mere politicians who seek rather to take advantage of public opinion than to guide it. We have to-day the spectacle of a great political party, elected as a protest against the sins of former administrations, shaken by dissensions over the distribution of patronage, and we are on the eve of another effort to right the wrongs of the oppressed minority in Manitoba, which the Government pledged themselves to remove, but which still exist to darken what ought to be one of the brightest pages of our history.

In Mr. Bruchesi, however, the Catholics of Montreal feel they have a chief pastor who will do all that a zealous, accomplished and far-seeing spiritual guide can do to have the rights of their Church and the rights of conscience vindicated.

The administrators of our local clubs should take heart and not complain of the small debts they sometimes incur in connection with their organizations. The clubmen of New York are not so squeamish. The University Club of that city has placed a mortgage on its new premises for the sum of \$1,200,000, at 4 1/2 per cent., equal to an annual interest outlay of \$54,000. A big insurance company is quite delighted to have secured the loan. What is the matter with our clubs? Surely some of them, if they cannot get a mortgage on their property for that amount, could get one for a few dollars less.

A SUBSCRIBER from Cherry Valley, Ont., writes to us asking how it is that two pipers have been mentioned as having distinguished themselves at the famous charge of the Gordon Highlanders, at Dargal Ridge, and inquiring what is the nationality of both. There were two pipers amongst the Gordon Highlanders at the time of the charge, and like about forty per cent of the remainder of the "Highlanders," they are both Irish. As to the query in reference to Lord Charles Beresford, it should be stated that he holds no position in the British Government. He is, however, a Rear Admiral in the British Navy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

How are your good resolutions keeping? Don't forget all about them.

The trouble about a self-made man is that you can generally notice the crude handwork of the maker.

No man ever saw another man do anything without discovering that he could do it a great deal better himself.

A feminine observer says that if you walk straight up to your troubles they will turn out to be only half as large as they looked at a distance.

Again the "new woman." This time she appears in the role of a "motor-woman." Mrs. Mable Brierly, of Middletown, N.Y., has been given a position on the Middletown-Goshen Traction Co.'s line to run an electric car. She was given a thorough trial by the superintendent, and was declared to be as capable as a man.

We have received a copy of a new weekly publication called Le Mouvement Catholique, which is issued at Three Rivers, with the approbation of the Venerable Bishop Lafleche. There is plenty of work to be done in the field of endeavor which it has entered, and we hope it may abundantly succeed in attaining the high purpose at which it aims.

PROBABLY the most brilliant reception ever held at the Archiepiscopal Palace was that which took place on New Year's Day. The Catholics of the city seemed delighted that so early an opportunity was afforded of greeting His Grace, each personally, on his safe return to Montreal and on the distinction he enjoyed while absent of being in such frequent and close communion with the Holy Father.

It isn't every day that a plain everyday man suddenly acquires such power and control as that which is fallen to the lot of Mayor Van Wyck, of New York. He governs 306 square miles of territory, 3,337,798 people, with a staff of 50,000 employees, a salary list of \$30,000,000 and the expenditure of \$75,000,000 for the support of the city and the extension of its public improvements. That's not so bad for a plain man.

ATTENTION is drawn by the London Tablet to the interesting fact that the founders of three great religious orders were class-mates at St. Leonard's, Aix-la-Chapelle; being Clara Fey, who founded the Order of the Poor Child Jesus at Aix-la-Chapelle; Francisca Schervier, founder of the Poor Franciscanesses, also of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Pauline Von Mallinckrodt, who established the Order of the Sisters of Christian Charity, which has now 98 houses and 1215 Sisters in the United States.

The New Year's number of La Presse of this city was as remarkable as a journalistic feat as it was welcome as an evidence of good will towards its fellow-citizens of different nationalities and creeds. Its front page was taken up with polyglot greetings, those addressed to the Irish being in Gaelic; the English, in English; to the Germans, in German; to the Italians, in Italian, etc. It was a happy thought on the part of its proprietor, and was successfully carried out.

The Western Watchman, of St. Louis, Mo., edited by that doughty Catholic journalist, Father Phelan, puts the published summaries of the Pope's letter to the Canadian episcopate on the Manitoba school case in a nutshell, thus:—

"The Encyclical of the Holy Father on the Manitoba School Question has not yet reached this country; but from what we learn from the synopsis of the London papers, we can say that it is thoroughly in line with the attitude of this paper. Use the public schools if you must; have your own schools if you can."

THOSE seem to live longest in the affection of their fellow-men who in their wills remember the poor and the educational institutions of the communities in which they spent their days. Instances are constantly occurring to support this proposition, and it is always a pleasing duty to record such evidences of respectful gratitude. It is noticeable and regrettable, however, that Protestants are generally the subjects of these occasions. A recent illustration of large-hearted benevolence and public spirit was given at the annual dinner of the Alumni of the Massachusetts Institute, one being for \$300,000 and the other for \$700,000. It was further stated that, exclusive of and prior to these bequests, the amount donated to the Institution by its friends was \$1,889,642.

A CORRESPONDENT in the Weekly World, Chatham, Miramichi Co., N.B., who is described as "The Poet Pilgrim," and who signs himself "Wm. Joseph Garvey Cashin Hayes," in a long rambling letter protests against "the Irish, and Irish Canadians especially," taking part in the celebration of the centennial of 1798. His reason is that, England being "the servant of God," its

enterprises and operations as a great physical force in the interests of Christianity are evidently of Divine appointment." If Mr. Hayes will read the history of England's "physical force" in Ireland, especially in Cromwell's time and during the Penal Laws, he will see at once that his description of England's enterprises and operations is nothing short of blasphemy.

HON. JUDGE JETTE has accepted the high office of Lieutenant Governor of Quebec Province. While the Bar of Montreal will feel his loss, it will rebound to the general advantage of the Province, as never a more worthy gentleman was ever elevated to the high office which he will shortly assume.

THE Witness seems very anxious to have the encyclical letter in the Manitoba School Question read, and in almost every issue it has some reference to it. Let it possess its soul in patience. It, like a lot of its contemporaries, has wasted a lot of ink in idle speculation. That is one of the weak points of belonging to the separated Church. Catholics from the very beginning of the discussion had never any doubt as to the final result of the matter, nor indeed did they feel any anxiety about it. They can well afford to leave their interests in the hands of His Holiness Pope Leo, who as father of the faithful cannot err.

A PREMATURE obituary notice of Prince Bismarck appeared in an American paper, in connection with the report of his death, which gained currency on New Year's Day. The paper in question remarked on the coincidence of his death occurring just as Germany was on the eve of carrying out the ex-Chancellor's theory of "blood and iron." It said his death had "been long expected, and perhaps the great German died with a smile of content that he should not see the Empire he helped to found sink into contempt under the guidance of the insane ruler who dismissed him." "Friends and foes," the notice continued, "will both admit that in the death of Bismarck the world has lost one of its strong men, whose earnestness approached savagery, but who did what he set out to do, and built for Germany a name stronger than its ruler." Bismarck still lives, and the notice referred to must be regarded as an ante-mortem obituary, a copy of which should be mailed to the Prince.

A serious collision of authority has occurred between the Mayor of Mount Vernon, New York, and Judge Schaz of the same town. The Mayor and aldermen, it seems, provided a court room for the learned Judge in a large building of the city, and furnished it with every requisite from a luxurious arm chair to a fancy cuspidor. There was a rum shop in the building, and the man of law decided that rum and law could not be dispensed under the same roof, and the fact coming to the notice of the Mayor, he indignantly ordered the removal of all the furniture, it being city property. The judicial Schaz opposed the idea and showed fight, finally ordering the arrest of the Mayor for contempt of court. Great scandal and no little amusement have been caused by the struggle, physical as well as moral, which took place between the two dignitaries, who are graphically described as playing "tag of war" with an office chair. The Mayor finally got the better of the Judge, and His Honor apologising to His Worship, business was resumed and prisoners figure to-day where the Judge figured yesterday.

MONSIGNOR DOUTENVILLE, Coadjutor to His Lordship Mgr. Darden of New Westminster, B. C., is a guest at St. Peter's, the Home House of the Oblat Fathers in Canada. His Lordship is a graduate of Ottawa University, where he filled a professor's chair until 1889, when he was transferred by the head authorities in Paris to British Columbia. In August last he was consecrated Bishop, and is now the youngest Bishop in Canada. Mgr. Doutenville is a fluent English speaker, and before going to the Pacific Coast was often heard with appreciation in the Ottawa Churches. Bishop Doutenville has a great opinion of the resources of British Columbia and its climate. He says that there are 12,000 Catholics, of whom half are whites. British Columbia, he believes, is bound to prosper, and having an extended coast line is not the least of its advantages. His Lordship may preach to-morrow at Grand Mass at St. Patrick's Church; should his engagements permit. During his stay in Montreal His Lordship was visited by a number of the graduates of Ottawa College, resident in this city, amongst the number Mr. Justice Curran, and his eldest son, Mr. John P. Curran.

SPIDER-BITES AS CLAIMS UNDER ACCIDENT POLICIES.

Miss Ayer, of Chicago, while travelling from Atlanta to Norfolk, was bitten by a spider and disabled for some time as a result. She filed a claim for damages, which, though at first resisted, was settled on the 30th December for the full face of the claim.

Our Observer.

An American contemporary says:—Weyler says it is the aim of his life to lead an invading army into the United States. It would be bad for him and his army if the American people ever found it out.

NOTWITHSTANDING everything to the contrary and all the inflated cables sent out to the American press, it is delightful to note that from the most reliable sources itself, from the Vatican, comes the news that our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. has commenced the year 1898 in the best of health.

An exchange says: The preacher who refused a donation of \$50 from Tammany Hall for the poor of his congregation preferred that some should go hungry that he might exploit himself and his lam-holier than-thou pharisaism. Such stoney capering is ridiculous.

THE Buffalo Express prints a record of the lynchings in the United States reported in press despatches from June 8 to December 30. The total is 77. Of the victims, 51 were negro men, 22 white men, 3 Indians, and 1 white woman. The offences are: Assault on women and children, 36; murder, 22; robbery, 5; horse or mule stealing, 3; arson, 2; shielding men wanted by mobs, 2; giving evidence against whitecaps, 2; and one each for wife-beating, "general principles," being a negro school-teacher, teaching negroes music, revenge on a constable, besides one woman for unknown reasons.

One Mr. C. B. Buckley, of Springfield, Ohio, rejoices in the title of champion mail eater of the world, having finished sixty of those plump little birds in thirty days, or an average of two per diem, for which gastronomical feat he was awarded the sum of \$25. Dr. Tanner, his rival gorging, gave up at his forty eighth bird. Buckley is game to do the same thing again for \$1 per bird; he further offers the sporting bet of \$250 that he will eat nine fried rats within 18 days after he has finished his sixtieth quail, or will stake the same sum that he will eat six dozen hen-eggs at one sitting. Most people would rather board Mr. Buckley for a day than a week.

For pure unadulterated nerve a female of our community takes the prize without any competition. She purloined an article from a well known department store and came back the next day to have the article changed for some other goods, but this led to her undoing. In one of the departments of this store there was for sale a certain article, the only one of its kind, valued at \$4.50. A few days ago a well-dressed woman entered this department and went up to one of the clerks, showing an article and saying that she wished it changed for something else. The clerk was well posted on the stock and knew that there was one article similar in the department, but thought that it might have been sold when she was absent on the previous day. "What did you pay for that?" inquired the clerk. "\$1.75," answered the woman. Then the clerk opened a drawer and discovered that the article she had in view was not in stock, and inquiry of the other clerks revealed the fact that it had not been sold. A series of examinations rather shocked the woman and she began to have doubts as to where the article was bought, and finally was induced to leave the article and her name and address. She has not yet returned to claim the article, and there is a case of a shoplifter over-reaching herself.

There are widely diverging tastes amongst Catholics in the matter of Church music. On the continent of Europe, the Gregorian obtains generally, and has almost undisturbed sway. In England and Ireland, and it may be said, in all English-speaking communities, on both sides of the Atlantic, while "Plain Chant" is considered by all to be in best keeping with certain seasons and certain occasions, and is, admittedly, solemn and, at all times, inspiring, the master works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Gounod, Litz, and even the lighter creations of Farmer, Lambillotte and others, are considered not inappropriate and even more suited to the general character of church services, and are, undeniably, more in accord with the tastes of the masses. It is equally undeniable that what may be regarded as the more educated taste inclines to the Gregorian, or, "Plain Chant," and this is especially noticeable with converts, who, almost invariably, uphold the more solemn strains of what claims to be ecclesiastical, in contradistinction to secular, music. It is argued by those who advocate the high class music, that the very best efforts of human genius should be imparted into every effort to praise and glorify the Creator, whether they be those of the painter, the sculptor, the

architect or the musician, and that, upon this principle, the creations of a Mozart should go hand in hand with those of a Rubens or a Michael Angelo, lending the triumphs of their minds and hands to make His temples as attractive and, in every respect, as worthy of Him as the work of man can make them. Those who, thus, favor secular music, are not unmindful that the "Gregorian," or "Church music proper," is entitled to all the praise and preference its admirers bestow upon it. It has done, and is still doing, splendid duty, and the best admirer of Beethoven or Haydn would never consent to its withdrawal from the services of the Church. Lighter music can only be treated as a pleasing auxiliary to the older and more devotional Gregorian.

The more closely the question is studied the plainer does it become that in this city English speaking Catholics have long been, and are still being, discriminated against in a manner which should cause not only deep indignation but immediate agitation. For many years the Protestant charitable institutions have been receiving monetary grants from the Provincial Government that aggregate fifty times as much as those which are under English speaking Catholic management. Our readers will, we feel sure, read the following extract from the blue book entitled "The Public Accounts," for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1897, with as much surprise as we ourselves did:—

Table listing various institutions and their funding amounts, including Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Mackay Institute, and various schools.

Here is all the English-speaking Catholic institutions receive:

Table listing Catholic institutions and their funding amounts, including St. Patrick's Hospital, St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and St. Bridget's Asylum.

When it is borne in mind that the English-speaking Catholics in Montreal outnumber their Protestant fellow-citizens, and are, as a rule, more deserving recipients of Government aid for their charitable institutions owing to their lack of this world's wealth, the crying injustice of this wholesale discrimination will be apparent. The Montreal General Hospital authorities it should be stated, will not allow Catholics to act as nurses in that institution; and as to the Mackay Institute, which receives a much larger annual grant from the Provincial Government than all the English speaking Catholic charitable institutions put together, it is professionally, exclusively and distinctively a Protestant establishment; no Catholic boy or girl will be admitted to it on any consideration whatever.

A practical point in this connection would seem to be that English-speaking Catholics should divide up their charitable institutions into a large number of small ones, and then apply for a grant from each. That something must be done in the matter it is unnecessary to insist.

The Quebec Daily Telegraph, in a recent issue, says:—

"The bishops are called to meet at Montreal on the 4th January, probably to receive the full text of the Encyclical from Mgr. Bruchesi, and to discuss the new situation which it creates as regards the Manitoba question. So far so good. But we may say that we hope there is no truth in the current report that two prominent Bleu politicians, Hon. J. J. Ross and Hon. Mr. Desjardins, have been also invited to attend this meeting. The presence of party politicians at such a gathering would certainly appear very strange, especially in view of the fact that the Holy Father appeals, not merely to the Bleus to obtain full justice for the Manitoba Catholics, but to all Canadians without reference to creed or political color, and that the bishops are advised especially to be prudent. In fact, it is safe to say forthwith, and to say it emphatically, that any attempt to make a party question agitate out of this Manitoba trouble will most certainly prevent the laudable hope and aim of the Holy Father from being realized."

[The Telegraph will have realized by this time that there was no cause for the anxiety it expressed about two politicians being invited to take part in the deliberations of the Archbishop and Bishops on Tuesday last. Indeed it is surprising that any well informed journal should have given currency to such an utterly absurd idea. It is well known that neither bleus, rouges, or greens, or laymen of any color, no matter what their social, political or official status, would be invited to take part in the ecclesiastical councils of this or any Archdiocese, and it is essentially unbecomingly, to use the very mildest term, to hint that the present worthy incumbent of the Archbishop's office would compromise the character of his position by making such a wide departure from the beaten track.]

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH

The New Presbytery to be Occupied on Monday Next.

An Outline of the Beautiful Structure—It Reflects Credit on the Pastor and Parishioners—Mr. John S. Shea and the Choir Organization—Other Matters.

The magnificent new presbytery erected for the devoted and energetic Pastor of St. Gabriel's Parish, Rev. Wm. O'Meara, and his zealous assistant, Rev. Father Heffernan, will be occupied on Monday next. In a previous issue we have given our readers an outline of the character of the new parochial residence, but it will not be out of place to give a few more details of the structure, which reflects great credit upon all those interested. In an interview with the architect, Mr. J. A. Korch, we were able to secure the following facts:—

The building is of the American Renaissance style. The stone work above the base course is in Scotch masonry, for the first story. The sills, heads, reveals, quoins, etc., and the front entrance is in Credit Valley brown sand stone. The sides and part of front elevation being in Don Valley press bricks. The window trimmings are also in Credit Valley sandstone. The interior will be completed in most modern conveniences, the woodwork being finely finished in oak and cotton wood stained to match different woods such as mahogany, light and dark cherry and green satin wood. The entrance hall and staircase hall are of the Renaissance style; the arches are well and richly carved. The mantel piece in staircase hall is in oak, finished in green and gold. The opening in upper mantel is filled lead art glass, "The Annunciation." The columns between the hall and staircase hall are in marble, all the floors throughout the building being in red brick, oiled and polished. The plastering throughout the building is done in rock granite cement. The walls are all finished in oil colors. Lead glass panels in all doors facing halls. The plumbing work is of the very best, and all exposed pipes, etc., are nickel plated. The building is heated with twin hot water Buffalo boilers.

The following are the contractors:—Masonry—John G. Sullivan. Brickwork—A. Boyer & Co. Plastering—Carroll Bros. Painting and lead glass—H. O'Brien & Co. Heating and Roofing—Pelletier & Bros. Plastering—John Morrison & Co. Marble, Tile and Mosaic work—W. McNeil. Carpenter and Joiners—Paquet & Gauthier. St. Hyacinthe. Electric Wiring and Brass fixtures—Canada Electric Co.

Mr. John S. Shea, the official head of the choral organization of St. Gabriel's Parish, deserves great credit for the manner in which he has succeeded in bringing the musical corps under his direction to a place in the front rank of choirs of this city. The work of the choirs on Christmas and New Year's festivals was of a superior order.

Miss M. Byrne, the organist, is a painstaking worker, and deserves much praise for the able manner in which she assists the conductor.

Master J. Shea, the talented young son of Mr. John S. Shea, whose rapid rise in musical circles in Montreal has awakened the greatest interest in the midst of Irish Catholics, has gone on a trip to New York with his grandparents. Master Shea, who is only 13 years of age, has a future full of promise.

The Choir will hold their annual concert shortly. The director, Mr. J. S. Shea, is now arranging the preliminaries.

Rev. Father O'Meara congratulated the choir for their splendid rendition of Faconner's Mass, and Conductor Shea was made the recipient of many congratulations from the parishioners in the same direction.

A BOY BAPTIZING HIMSELF.

St. Augustine speaks of the soul as "naturally Christian." A remarkable instance of this natural longing for union with God through fulfilment of the law of Christ is recorded in the last issue of the American Ecclesiastical Review. A priest relates that one evening a lady called upon him, and though professing no religion asked to be baptized. The priest explained that unless she believed in the efficacy of the ceremony he could not perform it. "Could a person who is not baptized himself baptize me?" she queried. "Yes," was the reply. "But he must believe." "Yes," "That is right," she continued; "my boy died a Catholic. He baptized himself. Give me one of your books and I shall try to believe if I can." Then she told how her little boy feeling as if he were going to die begged that he might be baptized. She put him off with the remark that he was not about to die, and she sent away the Catholic nurse who had, she believed, influenced the child. A few days afterwards her little son asked for water, and when he got it, taking some with his feeble hand he put it on his forehead, saying, "I baptize myself in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The case was a decidedly touching one, and the editor of the American Ecclesiastical Review, answering the priest's request for information as to the validity of the baptism, observes that any person who should sincerely attempt to baptize himself in such an emergency would receive the grace of baptism, that is to say, salvation, not through the sacrament of faith, but through his faith in the Sacrament.

OUR ST. ANN'S RAMBLER.

The Entertainment in Aid of the Building Fund of the Mother House at Monkland.

Notes of the Doings of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society—Mr. P. Flannery Made Supreme Deputy of the C. M.B.A. for the Province—Gossip of the Civic Elections—Is Montreal to Have a Tammany Hall?

On Wednesday evening last, January the 5th, there was held a most enjoyable entertainment in St. Ann's Hall, on the corner of Ottawa and Young streets. The object of the affair was to raise a subscription in aid of the fund for the reconstruction of the Mother House of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame. The entertainment was given by the ex-pupils of the Congregation de Notre Dame, St. Ann's Academy, and never was there an occasion of the kind more successful both in brilliancy of execution or in point of audience.

It speaks well for the great Irish Catholic parish of St. Ann's that it sent its thousands to be present at so delightful an exhibition, and the artists who did their part on the stage were well worthy of the numerous ovations accorded their efforts.

Rev. Father Strubbe, the esteemed pastor of St. Ann's, was in the chair, and all the prominent members of the parish were present. The programme was a well selected one and was successful from start to finish. The overture was the "Vienna Grand March," in which there figured the Misses K. Hart, L. Donnelly and K. O'Neill. Mrs. J. Kenahan and Miss E. Kenahan sang a duet, "I Heard a Voice," which was loudly applauded. Miss R. Lonergan gave the recitation "Smiling the Rock," and the first part of the programme was concluded by a song by Miss Margie Phelan, entitled "Papa's Treasure."

One of the most interesting items of the evening followed, after a short intermission. It was an exhibition of drill by the junior pupils, and the evolutions and different movements were gone through with a poetry of motion and clockwork-like regularity that spoke volumes in praise of their instructors.

Professor W. Sullivan gave a pretty performance on the violin, after which the Misses M. Mahoney and A. Donnelly treated the audience to an instrumental duet. Then came the grand chorus and then more instrumental music by Miss M. Clancy and Miss M. A. McArthur. Miss Maggie Finn sang "The Last Sail," "St. Patrick at Tara" was a magnificent tableau. Professor Sullivan gave a bapto selection, and the grand finale closed one of the most delightful and successful entertainments ever held in St. Ann's Y. M. Hall.

The object, to raise funds in aid of the Mother House, was achieved, and the pupils of the congregation and the friends who aided them in their undertaking, have reason to congratulate themselves.

Mr. James Martin has now completed his work on his new play, "The Rebel of '88" and it is expected that the dramatic section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society will take up their respective parts early next week, for a preliminary reading and making of arrangements for the necessary costumes and stage-fittings. Prof. P. J. Shea, upon whom will fall the important task of arranging the musical features to accompany the production, is now busily engaged at his task, and it is whispered that the talented musician will surpass all his previous efforts in this direction.

The gossip in connection with the Municipal elections, which are to be held at the close of the present month, is becoming more interesting. Mr. Daniel Gallery and Ald. Bernard Connaughton, the latter now holding one of the civic chairs for the district, will, it is said, again cross swords. Mr. Gallery is confident of success, while Ald Connaughton seems to feel perfectly satisfied that he will be again placed at the head of the polls. The contest will be a lively one from present appearances, as Mr. Gallery has been personally canvassing the ward for sometime past.

So far there is to be no opponent for Ald. Thomas Kinella. There was some mention made of the name of ex Alderman Conroy some few weeks ago, but nothing is now heard to warrant expect-

Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out."

Mrs. J. G. Brown, Brantford, Ontario. "I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I could not be without it."

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Readers OF THE "True Witness"

ARE REQUESTED TO ATTEND

ALLAN'S CHEAP SALE

THIS WEEK.

EVERYTHING IN

Men's Clothing, Furnishings, Hats, Gloves, Boots, Etc.

All Reduced from 25 to 50 per cent.

657 to 665 Craig Street. : 2299 St. Catherine Street.

ation that that gentleman will again take up the cudgel, and don his war paint for the purpose of securing a place in the wigwam of the big braves at the City Hall.

For some months past there has been a great deal of talk about organizing a miniature Tammany organization in Montreal, and a well known young citizen, whose talents have often been called into requisition in the administration of civic and political matters during election time, stated recently that ere many moons such a movement would be organized. He spoke in glowing terms of the good results which would flow from such an undertaking. It would mean, said he, the consolidation of a certain section of the elect rate in many districts which has been exercised in numberless ways during the past few years.

Mr. P. FLANNERY, one of the best known residents of St. Ann's district in Montreal, and an enthusiastic worker in the cause of promoting the prosperity of Irish national, charitable and benevolent organizations, has been appointed Supreme Deputy of the C. M. B. A. for the Province of Quebec. Mr. Flannery's nomination is an excellent one, and is certain to bear good fruit, as he is highly esteemed by all classes.

OBITUARY.

Mr. William F. Casey.

It has seldom been our sad duty to record a death which brings up more cherished memories or excited more heartfelt sorrow than that of Mr. William F. Casey, which occurred on the 23rd ultimo. It was indeed a sad coincidence that this old year should close on the scenes of his death, and that the new year should open on the loss of his burial—but such was the will of He who does all for the best and it must be accepted as the one inevitable issue all must face and to which those who are left behind must bow with sorrowing hearts, it may be, but with hearts which in this case should be truly hopeful and even cheered by the knowledge that he for whom they mourn was prepared to meet His Maker and confidant of deserving His mercy and goodness. Those who knew him through all his days know that they were so spent as to assure him the reward of the just steward.

In all the relations of life he proved himself an exemplary citizen; and gained and retained the respect, confidence and good will of all who came in contact with him. At first engaged in business on his own private account he subsequently, in 1885, entered the Government employ, as an assistant in the Chief Gauger's office at the Port of Montreal, and by his ability, tact and industry rapidly rose to the highest position in that branch of the department, which he held till July 1895, when ill health, superinduced by the loss of his wife, who died four years ago—compelled him to resign. Mr. Casey was a devout member of St. Anthony's congregation, and identified himself with all the charitable societies and good works of that parish. In his earlier days he was an enthusiastic leader in all things connected with the parish choir of St. Ann's, and promoted its interests all through life, being possessed of great musical taste and ability. He was an exemplary member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and will be greatly missed from the ranks of those who had learned to look upon him as a model of piety and zeal. Mr. Casey leaves behind him two sons and a daughter—being Edward F. Casey, the popular choir-master of St. Anthony's, Thomas W. Casey, of the M. S. Railway Co., and Miss Mary J. Casey.—to each and all of whom the TRUE WITNESS extends its sincerest condolence in this, the hour of their severe trial.

The Bishop of Havana has been gathering authoritative reports of the deaths in Cuba for the last year. The priests of all the parishes report to him the number of persons who have died in their districts from famine, epidemics or war. The Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba has been collecting similar statistics, and up to this time they have found that 500,000 have died in Cuba in this short time. It is to be observed that the

status registered in the parishes are those only of persons buried according to law and the regulations of the Catholic Church. The practices assassinated by the Spanish troops, the Spanish and Cuban soldiers killed in battle, the thousands who have died in the country of smallpox, dysentery, beriberi and starvation are not included.

OTTAWA COLLEGE

The Scene of a Most Disastrous Fire.

East Wing Seriously Damaged—Loss Said to be Seventy-five Thousand Dollars—Fully Covered by Insurers.

The disaster which occurred to the University of Ottawa is deeply regretted by the Catholics of the Dominion, inasmuch as it most seriously interferes with the working of that important educational institution, independent of the loss and inconvenience it must entail upon the good Catholic Fathers and upon the students of the Seminary and C. H. Hoge.

In Montreal, which counts amongst its first and most respected citizens many who claim it as their "Alma Mater," special regard is felt for the good old University and earnest regret for the disaster which has befallen it. We feel every certainty that, "Poenix" like, it will rise from its ashes, brighter and more hopeful than ever, and proceed on its career with renewed life and vigor.

The fire, which occurred on Wednesday morning last, was first discovered in the dormitory of the University, which was located in the upper story. How it occurred it is impossible to say. All the students have been away for the Christmas and New Year's holidays, and the College does not open until Monday next. At present there are only the Seminary classes, or ecclesiastical. These students number 35 in all.

From the dormitory the fire extended downward to the second floor, on which is the seminary and chapel. Both these flats are entirely destroyed. All that is left are the walls.

The ground floor, in which were situated the rooms of Father Constantineau and Father Pallier, is badly damaged. The chapel is badly damaged. It is here that the greatest loss occurred.

The loss to the chapel alone is estimated at from \$45,000 to \$60,000. The entire loss is put at about \$65,000 or \$75,000. It is covered by insurance. All the insurance is said to be held by Montreal agents. The insurance on the whole building is \$245,000, divided as follows:—

- Quebec Fire Insurance Company, \$20,000; Agricultural Insurance Company, \$5,000; Phoenix Company, of London, \$5,000; North British and Mercantile, \$15,000; Connecticut Fire Insurance Company, \$5,000; Scottish Union and National Insurance Company, \$30,000; Insurance Company of North America, \$20,000; Phoenix Insurance Company of Hartford, \$10,000; London Assurance Company, \$20,000; Alliance Assurance Company, \$20,000; Northern Assurance Company, \$20,000; Guardian Assurance Company, \$30,000.

The Sisters of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum desire to thank the following kind friends for their useful presents to the orphans for Christmas:—Mr. Tamsey, 15 geese and 15 turkeys; Mr. Morley, 5 turkeys; Miss McGarvey 1 turkey and 1 goose; Mr. Burke, 2 turkeys; Mr. P. Wright, 1 turkey and 1 goose; Mrs. D. Furlong, 2 geese, lettuce and celery; Brown & Bros., 2 ducks and roast of beef; Mrs. McDonald, candies; Mr. P. A. Mulvey, 6 dozen ginger ale; Mr. Christie, 1 bbl. apples; Mr. Barry, 1 bbl. apples; Blouin, Desforges & Latourelle, candies; Mr. Jas. Parker, donation of meats; Tearnay Bros., 1 tin of tea; Lang Cracker Co., 3 boxes crackers; Miss Desmond, candies.

TWO WARNINGS.

Losing flesh is one and a hacking cough is another. If they come together the warning is a loud and hard one. Scott's Emulsion does some of its best work in just these cases. It prevents consumption.

Only a Scrap of Paper.

"Hello!" said Mr. Clinton, as he read his letters at the breakfast table, "why here's one from old MacPherson. He's coming back at last and wants to pay us a visit. Of course he shall—the sooner the better. Bless me, why its twenty years since I set eyes on the dear old fellow."

And he tossed the letter across to his wife.

When Mr. Clinton mentioned MacPherson's name Miss McNabb, his guest, gave a slight jump. It was almost imperceptible, but she felt herself jump, and there could be no doubt about it.

Is that Major MacPherson of the—th? she inquired, in an unnaturally natural voice, if the expression may be used.

"That's the man. I was at school with him—let me see; why, more than thirty years ago, and though I have seen and heard nothing of him we are sworn friends for life. Have you met him, then?" And Mr. Clinton cast a quick scrutinizing glance at poor Miss McNabb, who was making singularly guileless attempts to conceal her agitation.

"I rather think," she gasped out, "that he must be a man I used to see a good deal—at least, something—of once upon a time."

For a moment her host wrestled with temptation, but the desire to chaff finally got the better of him.

"Ha, ha!" he said; "I spy a romance."

"Oh, Mr. Clinton, how can you? I am sure my days for romance were over long ago."

Then Miss McNabb took a long sip of tea, being under the impression, apparently, that the large breakfast cup would conceal the color of her cheeks.

"That's all very well," pursued her tormentor; "you don't pull off like that. I spy a romance."

"Indeed—indeed, you are mistaken," said the poor lady, with an unwary earnestness. "I never—he never—we were friends, that is all."

"My dear Horace," struck in Mrs. Clinton with womanly tact, "are you aware that you are eating your egg with a teaspoon?"

"My excellent Maria," retorted "dear Horace," "the spoon makes no difference, I imagine, to the taste of the egg which is full of reminiscences of by-gone days."

And thereon he made an argument under cover of which Miss McNabb was happily dumb and gradually collected herself.

If ever there was a typical old maid it was Miss McNabb.

Yet, with all her fads, she was very lovable. Through very prim and proper, she took the liveliest interest in any romantic incident, and was always pleased to pose as one who possibly in a past age had become a connoisseur on such subjects.

She was extensively an aunt and fulfilled the duties of her position to perfection, mitigating her good advice and anxious care for the welfare of her nephews and nieces by many acts of more easily appreciated kindness. Her parochial good works were manifold, and the number of mothers, shop girls and young domestic servants who had benefited by her friendly counsel was prodigious.

By sundry hints and shakings of the head she led them to believe that she had been youthful and flighty once herself, and made the shocking disclosure of her past weakness with an ill-concealed relish.

After the conversation at the breakfast table already described, Miss McNabb's nerves were very much in evidence. Not that they were all in a flutter.

"I think perhaps I had better be off in a day or two," she remarked to Mrs. Clinton.

"Why?" answered her hostess, with feigned surprise. "We were hoping you would stay with us for at least a fortnight."

"But won't you want my room for another visitor? He is coming soon, I suppose?"

"The day after to-morrow, I hope. But there are plenty of spare bedrooms."

Now, Miss McNabb knew there were plenty of spare bedrooms, and Mrs. Clinton knew that she knew it; but Miss McNabb had got the information she burned to receive, and she actually thought her witness was not discovered. And yet she was not quite certain whether to stay or not to stay.

"I am not sure whether I ought to be absent from Sunday school for another Sunday," she remarked, presently.

"Rubbish," was the simple answer. "You stay here."

And then she thought perhaps it was her duty to stay and recruit her health, and her thoughts took a new direction.

Miss McNabb drove to town that afternoon and bought sundry articles that go to the adornment of women—some new trimming for her hat (she still wore a hat), a new comb for her hair, some lace for her evening dress and a new pair of evening shoes. Also, she had another bottle of medicine made up, explaining that she could not do without it, as she found the thundery weather rather upsetting. Whereat Mrs. Clinton smiled to herself and awaited developments with curiosity.

Two days afterward a carriage drove up to the door. There was a great removal of rugs as if it had been mid-winter; and then the cheerful sound of old, long-separated friends greeting in the hall.

Come along into the library, old boy," cried Mr. Clinton. "It's warmer there, but there isn't a fire, and the temperature is not under 90 degrees. Why, you don't look a scrap changed!"

This last remark was scarcely accurate. Though MacPherson's eye was as clear and as keen as ever, and his form still tall and upright, his appearance was middle-aged. His hair was thin

and had turned iron gray, and his face was thinner and sharper than when he had said good-bye to his friends twenty years before. His bearing was soldier-like and his equipment neat and careful, but years and responsibility had toned him down, and there was none of the spruce dressiness which had distinguished him in the young subaltern days, when the ladies had competed for the favor of his smiles.

Miss McNabb did not put in an appearance till tea time. Then she entered in a casual sort of a way, and with such remarkable composure that only her brightened color betrayed her inward agitation. But Mrs. Clinton's keen eyes noticed that she was dressed with quite unusual care, and there was an almost girlish prettiness about her face and manner that she had not perceived before during an intimacy of several years.

"Miss McNabb—Major MacPherson. Miss McNabb—tells me that she rather thinks you are an old acquaintance."

"Oh—ah—um! How do you do?" said the major, shaking hands with stiff courtesy and a most elaborate bow.

"How do you do?" said Miss McNabb. "Oh, is that my tea, Maria? Thank you so much."

Then the Major pulled his moustache and sat on the edge of his chair, while Miss McNabb nursed her tea cup on a sofa at the other side of the room.

Mrs. Clinton noticed that during that evening at dinner and in the drawing-room afterward her two guests said but little to one another. The major enlarged much on his Indian experiences, rolling out story after story of the most thrilling interest, but Miss McNabb was apparently an inattentive listener, and the major addressed himself almost entirely to his old school friend. And yet if Miss McNabb had been cross examined as to the details of those stories she could have repeated them almost by heart and had the major been forced by torture to make a confession, he would have had to admit that his sparkling narratives were not intended primarily for Mr. Clinton's ears.

Next morning was wet, and Miss McNabb discovered for the first time that the morning room was draughty—a fact which Mrs. Clinton would not be likely to notice under the circumstances, would not deny. The result was that the minister had to take her knitting into the library.

"I hope the gentlemen won't make an incursion," she said, "but if they do I can clear out."

"Oh Miss McNabb," she had not been seated there long in solitary state before the door opened, and she was alarmed by the appearance of both Mr. Clinton and Major MacPherson. She immediately entered upon a hurried explanation and apology.

"Quite so, quite so," said her host; "but we don't object to ladies' society, do we, eh, major?"

"Not at all," jerked out the major, and then he gave a dry little cough.

"Well, now I must be off for half an hour to interview that confounded gardener of mine. You will excuse me, won't you? If you want literature you will find it on the table; if you want to write, paper and pens are ready for your use; if you want charming conversation, I can cordially recommend Miss McNabb; if you are cold, pray ring for a fire."

So saying the good man vanished. When he was gone the major coughed dryly several times and began to wander aimlessly about the room, picking up first a book and then a paper.

For some time silence reigned in the room, the major to all appearances intent upon his paper, and Miss McNabb though most anxious for conversation, hoping that she might not have to begin it. After a while she tried, by clicking her needles very loud and fast, to remind him of her presence. But that expedient proved an utter failure.

Then she could stand it no longer. "Do you still suffer from toothache?" she asked, casually, "as you used to when—"

"Not often—not often now," answered the major. And then he added: "That was an excellent remedy you told me about."

"Ah!" replied the lady in a low voice, "you haven't forgotten that?"

"I have a long memory for some things," said the major, and then he went on reading.

"I often used to wonder, when you had gone away," Miss McNabb continued presently, with a little quiver in her voice, "whether you were still suffering."

"Not from toothache," said the major, rather gruffly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Miss McNabb, interrogatively.

"Not from toothache," and he went on reading.

Miss McNabb took some moments to ponder over this dark saying and to devise means for carrying on the conversation. But she was relieved from her difficulty by the major himself, for suddenly he dropped the newspaper on his knee, and carefully looking away from her, jerked out:

"Good old times those, weren't they?"

Miss McNabb responded with a little sigh, but the ice was broken, and in a few minutes the two were busily engaged in talking over reminiscences of

The germs of consumption are everywhere.

There is no way but to fight them.

If there is a history of weak lungs in the family, this fight must be constant and vigorous.

You must strike the disease, or it will strike you.

At the very first sign of failing health take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

See and get, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.



SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, outearly, done quickly, cleanly white.

Pure Soap did it **SURPRISE SOAP** with power to clean without too hard rubbing without injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE is the name. don't forget it.

PAIN PAST ENDURANCE.

G. W. COON HOPELESSLY CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

COULD NOT RAISE EITHER HAND OR FOOT AND HAD TO BE FED AND DRESSED—THE DOCTORS TOLD HIM A CURE WAS IMPOSSIBLE, YET HE ATTENDS TO HIS BUSINESS TO DAY.

From the Millbrook Reporter.

Rheumatism has claimed many victims and has probably caused more pain than any other ill affecting mankind. Among those who have been its victims few have suffered more than Mr. G. W. Coon, now proprietor of a flourishing bakery in Hampton, but a number of years a resident of Pontypool, when his severe illness occurred. To a reporter who interviewed him Mr. Coon gave the following particulars of his great suffering and ultimate cure:—

"Some seven or eight years ago," said Mr. Coon, "I felt a touch of rheumatism. At first I did not pay much attention to it, but as it was steadily growing worse I began to doctor for it, but to no effect. The trouble went from hand to wrist, until three years after the first symptoms had manifested themselves I became utterly helpless, and could do no more for myself than a young child. I could not lift my hands from my side, and my wife was obliged to cut my food and feed me when I felt like eating which was not often considering the torture I was undergoing. My hands were swollen out of shape, and for weeks were tightly bandaged. My legs and feet were also swollen, and I could not lift my feet two inches from the floor. I could not change my clothes and my wife had to dress and wash me. I never so thin that I looked more like a skeleton than anything else. The pain I suffered was almost past endurance and I got no rest either day or night. I doctored with many doctors, but they did me no good, and some of them told me it was not possible for me to get better. I believe I took besides almost everything that was recommended for rheumatism, but instead of getting better I was constantly getting worse, and I wished many a time that death would end my sufferings. One day Mr. Perrin, storekeeper at Pontypool gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. I did so somewhat reluctantly as I did not think any medicine could help me. However, I used the pills, then I got another box, and before they were gone I felt a trifling relief. Before a third box was finished there was no longer any doubt of the improvement they were making in my condition, and by the time I had used three boxes more I began to feel, in view of my former condition, that I was growing quite strong, and the pain was rapidly subsiding. From that out there was a steady improvement, and for the first time in long weary years I was free from pain, and once more able to take my place among the world's workers. I have not now the slightest pain, and I feel better than I felt for seven years previous to taking the pills. I thank God that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came in my way as I believe they saved my life, and here is ready to whatever they rescue me from in years of torture."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofula, urticaria, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry and excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by adding the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The mission of Hood Sarsaparilla is to cure disease, and thousands of testimonials prove it fulfills its mission well.

Benevolent old gentleman (pointing a moral to village school children)—Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and speak to you thus? Can any boy tell me?

Bright child (innocently)—Please, sir, 'praps yew loikes to 'ear yourself talk, sir!

Catholic Nurse Hospital Graduate.

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BRODIE & HARVIE'S

Self-Raising Flour

It is the best and the only genuine article. Housekeepers should ask for it, and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

former times, of picnics, walks and parties they had enjoyed together of people they had met and int. res. they had shared in the days when Miss McNabb had been admiringly one of the "belles" of the countryside, and many people had safely conjectured that young MacPherson was the most favored candidate for her hand.

The conversation went briskly forward and yet neither was quite at ease. There were one or two awkward pauses, during which the major pulled his moustache and Miss McNabb dropped stitches, and then they would resume their talk with a desperate plunge, as if they dreaded nothing so much as silence.

To tell the truth, there was one episode to which Miss McNabb hoped the major would allude, but to which he had not the remotest intention of making any reference whatever, unless she touched on it herself. So at last, after a somewhat prolonged pause, during which each had sought to find a subject for a new starting point for conversation, Miss McNabb plucked up courage to remark:

"Was it you who—who sent those flowers before that last ball?"

"There was a letter with them," said the major rather shortly, gazing into a remote corner of the room. "You knew the handwriting."

Miss McNabb stared and stared, and then she said, "I don't know."

"There wasn't any letter; indeed there was not," she pleaded. "And I don't like to wear them in case some one else—I mean."

And her voice broke down as she added, "And then you wouldn't dance with me at all!"

"No letter!" shouted the major. And jumping up he began rapidly to pace the room, while the memory of long years of mourning for false love rolled over his mind.

"No letter! Curse my boy! He must have dropped it out, and I didn't address it properly."

Then he stopped and looked long and silently at Miss McNabb. And as she sat there tearful and trembling, she seemed to him but little changed from the days when her bright face had won his life long devotion.

Had it, then, been all a gigantic mistake?

While he had moped and sulked at that miserable farewell ball, had she been wondering and sad, and loving him all that time and waiting for him to speak? And during all those long years of pining, and of vain struggling to forget, had the heart of the one woman he had ever loved been sore and desolate, hoping and waiting for his return? Yes, he knew all now. And all this misery, all these wasted years, because a helpless boy had dropped a slip of paper!

Now, the major was an experienced man, prompt to act in emergencies and gallant withal. The present situation was intolerable. Something must be done, and he must do it. A bright idea entered his mind. He looked around the room to see if there were any flowers in it. Nothing rewarded his gaze save three sunflowers in a vase on the writing table. But that was better than nothing.

Taking the smallest in his hand he gently approached Miss McNabb, whose head was bent low now, while the tears dropped fast upon her knitting.

"Elsie," he said very softly, "the letter contained these words: 'Wear these to night if you will be my wife!' Now we will call this the bouquet, and I offer it to you again."

And Miss McNabb slowly raised her face and smiled and took the sunflower. Then giving it one little kiss, she put it in her bosom and when a few minutes later, Mr. Clinton entered the room, he smiled out again like a hunted rabbit.

The major finds the climate much more tolerable now, makes political speeches of portentous length and is a devoted husband, and Mrs. MacPherson has given up dieting and her nerves trouble her no more.—The Monitor.

HOW TO BECOME A CENTENARIAN.

SIR JAMES SAWYER TELLS THE SECRET TO A BIRMINGHAM AUDIENCE.

Sir James Sawyer has been confiding the secret of longevity to a Birmingham audience. Here are the things necessary to long life:—

1. Eight hours sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults) Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy these cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition; and
19. Keep your temper.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Noire Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. Jan. 8 1898

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Out of town customers can shop very easily by mail if they only care to use the advantage of our mail order system. They get the benefit of the best buying experience, and the best money's worth.

No matter where you live you should know this store. Most people are learning every day how simple and economical shopping by mail is.

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Our Illustrated Winter Catalogue just published, containing one hundred and seventy pages, mailed free to any address in the world.

Good Bye MDCCCXCVII. Welcome MDCCCXCVIII.

JANUARY CHEAP SALE.

The greatest sale of its kind in Canada, held only once a year. Commencing Monday Morning, Jan. 3, 1898. Everything Reduced.

The principle set down by the management of The Big Store is to reduce everything in stock for our great January sale. No matter what you buy all month the price is sure to be considerably lower than at any ordinary time. This means a big loss to the firm, but

The Stock Must Be Sold. This means sweeping reductions throughout the store that will wash out buyers' mistakes, and clear out heaps of remnants and forgotten things. The power of clearing lies in the price. Read them:

JANUARY CHEAP SALE. Ladies' Jackets and Capes.

Extraordinary reductions on every Jacket and Cape (except fur-lined). **JANUARY CHEAP SALE. Ladies' Capes.**

Ladies' Cloth Capes cut full sweep, our regular price was \$25.25; sale price, \$3.57. Ladies' Beaver Cloth Capes in black and colors, richly finished and well made. Regular price, \$9.00, sale price, \$6.00. Ladies' Black Matabee Cloth Capes, handsomely lined silk, regular price, \$20; sale price, \$13.34.

JANUARY CHEAP SALE. Sheetings at Mill Prices.

72 inch Plain Grey Sheet—ing \$.19 \$.12 72 inch Bleached Sheetings23 .16 40 inch Pillow Cotton12 .08 36 inch Lonsdale Cambric11 .11

JANUARY CHEAP SALE. Ladies' New Cloth Jackets. made in the latest style, seams bound and through large horn buttons, regular price, \$7.50; sale price, \$2.10. Ladies' Rough Diagonal Tweed Jackets, well finished and special value at \$5.00; sale price \$3.34. Ladies' Black Beaver Cloth Jacket with deep Alaska sable fur collar, splendid finish and well made, regular price \$9.00; sale price, \$6.00.

JANUARY CHEAP SALE. Towels by the Thousand.

300 Dozen Bleached Cotton Towels regular 4 1/2 goods, sale price, 1 1/2c 220 Dozen Unbleached Linen Towels worth 5c each, sale price, 3 1/2c.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED.

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CANDIES and CHOCOLATES fresh daily from our own factory. THE DINING ROOM facing on Dominion Square is pronounced to be the finest of its kind in Canada. Come and see us.

The Down-Town Establishment carried on as usual in all its branches.

St. James Street, Tel. 903. St. Catherine Street, Tel. 3062.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Wood! Wood! Wood!

At the special request of our many customers we have decided to continue the great reduction in the price of our Kindling and Cord Wood for this month.

\$2.00 KINDLING WOOD LOADS, reduced to \$1.50

\$2.50 HARD WOOD LOADS, reduced to \$2.00

MIXED, (Hard and Soft) \$1.75.

Guaranteed the Largest Load in the City One of our beautiful Calendars given to every Customer.

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Inexpensive Dishes and How to Cook Them.

The Difference in Preparing Stews and Beefsteak.

'How tired one gets of singing the change on the same bills of fare,' writes a housekeeper; 'isn't there something beside the everlasting roasts and boils and sautes, that everybody grows so tired of eating. I am sure the constant wish of every member of my family, though it may not be expressed in my hearing, is, Oh, for something new to eat! I feel the need of it myself, and I want something that shall be at once delicate and economical. Is that quite an impossible combination?'

Indeed it is not. One of the best tests of a cook is the ability to give a good dish at a small cost. Almost any cook can insure you a successful dinner if a dollar of money is paid out—to be sure these are exceptions—but to take materials of moderate cost and produce a result at once tempting and satisfactory will, it requires something of an artistic touch.

The truth is, the inexpensive portions of meats are not valued at anything like their worth. It is almost paradoxical, and there are very few things of which the same can be said, but the nutritive value of meats, particularly of beef, is in inverse proportion to its market value. The steak and roast for which you pay the highest price, does not contain the strengthening or nourishing properties of the less expensive cuts. And still people, even those who can ill afford it, will continue to buy the highest priced meat, serving in the top-of-the-fashion that "the best is none too good," when in reality they do not know what "the best" is.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked on this subject of eating and it all shows the ignorance of the person who indulges in it. It is easier to cook these more expensive cuts, and less time has to be given to their preparation; that is why many housekeepers buy them, especially those who do much of their own cooking themselves. A great many women dislike to give any thought to what they will prepare; they prefer the haphazard method of food selection and cooking.

A prominent manufacturer once engaged a young lady to give a series of cooking lessons to the women in his district, most of whom were wives of the operatives, although his own wife and daughter and other women of means also attended the lectures. He thought in this way to inculcate thrifty habits among the wives of his employees, and he believed they would take more kindly to the lessons if the women of larger means learned the same lessons of economy and thrift. A most satisfactory series was given, teaching the women how to make soups and stews, using the less expensive cuts of meat. The women seemed interested in the lessons, but those who put the lessons in practice were the educated women, those who had learned the value of money through possession, rather than those who should have learned it through need of spending it wisely to make it go as far as it would. When asked why they didn't try the dishes at home they replied that it was too much work, they could do a steak quicker.

If you want a rest from the "everlasting roast and broil," why don't you make the variation by substituting occasionally a savory stew? Most men like them when they are well prepared, and if you wish a more impressive meal than a stew, you may call your dish a haricot, a ragout, a sauté, or a fricassée. But under whichever name it masquerades, it is always a stew. The best stews are made from the least expensive cuts of the meat, and the delicacy is obtained by care in cooking, and wisdom in seasoning. The latter is a most important point, and one that is not properly appreciated by the average cook and house-keeper, although it is a point that is constantly making itself better understood as cookery becomes more and more advanced toward the standpoint of a science or an art.

The success in seasoning rests with the ability to so use the flavors that there shall be as a result a pleasant blending, in which no one taste will be perceptible above another. The best assurance you can have of your success is to hear some one say: "It is perfectly delicious, but I can't tell what it tastes of." You know then that you have reached the point of perfection in the art of seasoning.

The process of stewing is a rather slow one, and should be carefully done. The object is to extract the juices from the meat, partially, enough to enrich the sauce in which it is served, but still to leave flavor and nutriment in the meat. The water in which the meat is cooked is to act as a solvent as well as a heat-conveyor. Instead of the meat itself surrounding and enveloping the juice, as it should when boiled, roasted, grilled—or broiled—and fried, it is demanded, instead, by this process, that the juices shall surround and envelope the meat. The cooking must be slowly done: the water should not be allowed to boil, but to gently simmer, as the rapid cooking would harden the meat, and render it tough and indigestible, rather than tender and easy of digestion. The water should be heated to boiling after it has been poured over the meat, the steam which arises taken off, the kettle down back where the water will simmer, and hold the juices or solution until the proper degree of tenderness is reached.

The coarser parts of meat are used for stews, because they are richer in juices and nourishing properties, and also because, in this way, they may be made especially palatable by addition of vegetables.

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The Liquor and Drug Habits.

A NEW TREATMENT

Which is Now Being Successfully Demonstrated in Montreal.

THE demonstration which has been going on for the past few months in Montreal of the "Dixon Cure" for the Liquor and Drug Habits, at the request of a number of the clergy and others interested in Temperance work, has proved to be such a pronounced success that those who have watched the results of Mr. Dixon's new treatment are more than surprised—they are simply astonished.

This new cure is a simple vegetable medicine compounded on scientific principles and was discovered by Mr. Dixon about seven years ago. After a great amount of patience and much careful experimenting he succeeded in perfecting his preparation and making it a permanent cure about two years ago and since that time he has cured hundreds of the most hopeless cases in all parts of the world many of whom were relapses from Old Cure Institutions. Moderate and immoderate drinkers and drug users who were cured two years ago are cured still and will remain so, in fact Mr. Dixon guarantees an absolute cure of the craving for liquor or drugs forever. This new cure does away with the objectionable hypodermic injection treatment and is the only physical cure for these habits known—it is perfect, safe and leaves only good after effects—it is a purely vegetable medicine—it is taken the same way as any ordinary medicine, it is pleasant to the taste and can be taken without the knowledge of the nearest friend and without any loss of time to business or other duties and gives pronounced benefit from the start. Mr. Dixon does not claim anything miraculous for his discovery, but the immediate results from taking his medicine are, to say the least, startling—viz: The entire disappearance of all desire or craving for intoxicating liquor or drugs, increased appetite for food, calm, restful sleep and a general benefit in every way physically and mentally. Mr. Dixon's new cure simply means that the most inveterate drinker or drug user can be permanently cured without any publicity, without loss of time from business or other duties and without any bad after effects and at a small cost. It is an up-to-date physical remedy and radical cure, and it has brought health, comfort and happiness to many homes where misery, despair and poverty formerly reigned.

In endorsement of the above read the following indisputable testimony given by some of the best known clergymen in Montreal, whose vouchers were they not absolutely true, could not be had for all the money in Canada.

MONTREAL, September 22, 1897.

Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON, 40 Park Avenue, City:

Dear Sir,—You ask for a statement of my case and the result of your treatment. I give it freely for the benefit of others. I had been drinking heavily for years, averaging about twenty-five drinks daily. Neglected my business on account of liquor, could not sleep at night, had no appetite for food, but all ambition, did not care for anything but drink. I also suffered very much with pains in my head and back. My memory was badly affected, also my eyesight. In fact I was a total wreck.

I took your treatment by the advice of Rev. Father Quinlivan, and I am glad that I did. From the third day after taking your medicine I lost all desire for drink and my pains left me. I slept soundly the third night and have every night since. Within a week I was feeling all right and eating heartily three times a day. Before commencing your treatment I weighed 168 pounds and at the end of twenty days I weighed 176, showing an increase in weight of 8 pounds.

My memory and eyesight are greatly improved, and I feel better in every way. I have now ambition and energy and can work better than I have been able to do for years. Nothing can ever tempt me to touch drink again. The desire is totally gone. Your medicine is pleasant to take and does all that you claim it will do. I would strongly advise all who have the misfortune to be drinkers to take your treatment.

Father Quinlivan's Testimony.

The writer of the above has been well known to me for years, and I can fully and conscientiously substantiate all he claims. His case appeared to be one of the most utterly hopeless to cure that ever came under my notice. All self-control and self-respect appeared entirely gone. Though an excellent worker when sober, his sole purpose in working appeared to be the earning of what would procure drink. I induced him to take Mr. Dixon's cure, and the results are correctly set forth in his letter. I am therefore anxious, fully believing in what is claimed for it by Mr. Dixon, to see this remedy brought to the notice of victims of the liquor habit, temperance workers and friends of humanity in general, who seek a means of relieving such victims.

The good points of the remedy, in my opinion, are the following:— First—It taken according to directions, it completely removes all craving for liquor in the short space of three days; its use for a longer time is intended only to build up the system.

Second—It leaves no bad after effects, but on the contrary, aids in every way the health of the patient, whilst freeing him of all desire for drink.

Fourth—Its very moderate cost places it within the reach of everyone. All other liquor cures I have yet heard of are very costly, operate slowly, are doubtful as to effect, and often impair the health and constitution of the patient.

I therefore look upon this remedy as a real boon, recommend it heartily to all concerned, and bespeak for it here in Montreal and elsewhere every success.

J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor of St. Patrick's, Montreal, Sept. 22, 1897.

MONTREAL, July 29, 1897.

Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON, City:

Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to be able to testify to the wonderful, I may say marvelous, effect of your medicine in my case. I commenced drinking intoxicants about thirty years ago, and since then was on the verge of the best and lost several first-class positions as a consequence. I provisionally fell into your hands and you have made me a new man. I have not the least craving for stimulants, but feel strong, healthy and vigorous, and have not felt as well for many years. I see everything in a clearer light, am now ambitious and full of energy, and can certainly say, truthfully, I attribute the change entirely to having taken your treatment.

I hope sincerely that other unfortunate like myself will help themselves by giving your treatment a trial, and I am certain, if they take your medicine faithfully, according to directions, they will never regret having done so. You may refer any one to me and I will more explicitly explain my case of periodical drinking.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,

Reverend Canon Dixon, Rector of St. Jude's, and Hon. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, vouchers for the above, as follows:

St. John's Rectory, 122 Falstaff Street, Montreal, Sept. 21, 1897.

Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON, 40 Park Avenue, City:

Dear Sir,—It affords me much pleasure to state that the above letter, written by a gentleman of great ability and well-known to me, was read to me by him six weeks after he had written it. I know, from personal knowledge, that what he has written is true. The man gives a good account of himself in his business. I am happy to add, that I spoke to the wife of another man to day about her husband, who was also treated by you, and we both were greatly of the opinion that if the said gentleman is managing, ably and soberly and without craving for strong drink, the business he is managing, it is because of your medicine. Hoping that many who are afflicted with the liquor habit may give your treatment a trial.

Yours truly, JAS. H. DIXON.

Father Strubbe's Testimony

MONTREAL, July 14th, 1897.

Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON: Dear Sir,—Since using your treatment all desire for liquor has gone. I have now not the least craving. I was run down so that my family were in despair of me. I had often tried hard to stop drinking of my own accord, but could not do it. I thought I could never get over the craving for liquor. But when I took your treatment I was the most surprised man you ever saw. Even with all your strong testimonials and all I was told by friends about your cure I could not believe it possible that anything could have the power to effect such a change in me as this has done. I now feel just as I did when I was a boy.

And the change in my home is worth ten years of my life. Instead of heart-broken and anxious faces there are now smiles and gladness. I tell you no pen can paint the picture so

THE ABOVE CERTIFICATES

are presented without any attempt in the direction of literary excellence and they are all genuine, as the letters of those vouching for their truth will prove. They are selected from hundreds of others in Mr. Dixon's possession. The parties live in Montreal and any interested enquirer can get their names and addresses with many others who have been cured by this treatment by applying to Mr. Dixon. The letters tell the plain homely truth and are the utterances of grateful hearts, and while they disclose a simple but awful story their simplicity and candor cannot fail to impress the most incredulous with the sterling worth of Mr. Dixon's new vegetable cure. Full particulars are sent in plain sealed envelope on application or Mr. Dixon will call if so requested.

All correspondence is held strictly confidential and all letters should be addressed THE DIXON CURE CO., 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, where Mr. Dixon, can be seen from 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 4 and 6 to 8 p.m.

tables. The remnants of a dinner may be used in this manner, the result being eminently satisfactory, not only from the cook's standpoint, who is naturally pleased when she has secured a culinary triumph, but from that of the turkify housewife also, who has achieved an economical success. The two stews most commonly in use are the beef stew and the Irish stew; by many cooks these two are confounded, but they are quite different in reality, for the Irish stew is made from mutton. This dish is called by the French cooks haricot of mutton. You can take your choice of titles. By either name it is equally savory. Whichever you decide to call it, that is the way you will make it.

Take four pounds from a breast of mutton, remove the skin and the fat, cut it in medium sized pieces, rather small than otherwise, and put into a deep saucepan, with two quarts of cold water, a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoon of white pepper, as much cayenne as you can take up on the point of a penknife, and a very little nutmeg. Set over the fire, and when it begins to boil skim carefully all the grease and other matter which arises to the top of the water; after it has been skimmed set the saucepan containing the stew back where it will merely simmer, and keep it at a steady heat. As soon as it is set back add two small carrots and two small turnips,

cut in dice, six small onions, peeled and sliced, three whole cloves, a clove of garlic, six peppercorns, two bay leaves, a sprig of thyme and a bunch of fresh parsley, the last three tied in a bunch. If a garlic may be omitted if you do not like the flavor, but the rule calls for its addition.

Simmer for nearly two hours. Peel eight potatoes and cut them in small pieces, parboil them to take out the peculiar acid flavor that is unpleasant to some people, and add them to the stew at the end of the two hours' cooking. Blend two tablespoonfuls of flour in a little cold water, and add to the stew to make the sauce of a proper consistency, stirring to make it smooth. Skim out the bunch of herbs and the garlic, and serve at once. The dish may be garnished with dumplings, or they may be served on a separate dish. You will make them by the following rule: Sift together one pint of flour, a tablespoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix them with milk into a dough that is just right to knead easily, taking care not to have it too stiff; it should be just so it can be handled. If the dough is too stiff the dumplings will be hard instead of light and puffy. Roll or pat the dough to a half inch thickness, then cut in small rounds and steam over a kettle of boiling water. You will use this

PUBLIC NOTICE

It is hereby given that, by judgment of the Superior Court, for the Province of Quebec, in the District of Montreal, on the twenty-seventh day of December, A.D. 1897, the undersigned, JOHN M. M. DUFF, of the City and District of Montreal, Chartered Accountant, has been appointed Curator to the vacant estate and succession of the late Walter Wood Dennis, in his lifetime of the City of Montreal, manufacturer.

J. M. M. DUFF, Curator, Room 52, Imperial Building, Place d'Armes, Montreal. 24-2

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, Superior Court, District of Montreal, No. 247.

Dans l'annuaire St. Amour, of the City and District of Montreal, with common assent to property of Napoleon Valade of the same place, defendant, this authorial order of the Court, has the day just filed an action against the said Valade, for separation from property.

BEAUCHAMP & BRUCHES, Avlys, for Plaintiff. Montreal, 18th December, 1897.

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MEN AND HORSES KILLED IN BATTLE

In regular battles the proportion of loss among men and horses is quite close, and in hand to hand combats of cavalry, as well as in sharp artillery engagements, for every man killed or wounded there is also a dumb warrior entitled to a place beside him on the roll of honor. The Light Brigade at Balaclava rode in 689 (not 600) strong and lost 224 men, but of the 600 horses, 350 were shot down by the Russian guns.

In the fierce charges of the German Uhlans and Cuirassiers at Vionville, Mars-la-Tour, in 1870, 1400 men and 1600 horses were killed and wounded. In the fierce artillery contest on the same field 780 men and over 1000 horses fell around the guns. At Gravelotte, soon after Mars-la-Tour, the artillery fighting was also terrible and 1300 horses were shot down around the batteries, though the loss of the artillery was less than 1,000—Our Animal Friends.

