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The Senate

FESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS

The Catholic Times

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XLIV., NO. 24.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1895

PRICE 5 CENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DURING the past two weeks circumstances obliged us to consecrate our first page to lengthy articles; and, indeed, we never were so often informed of the delight that many of our readers took in these short paragraphs or editorial notes. We, therefore, come back to them with greater pleasure, since we have learned, by such a number of appreciative remarks, that they are relished by our readers.

THE Cathedral of Mexico has been so damaged by earthquakes that it has to be closed for repairs. After all we are fortunate in Canada; "free from the pestilence that infects and the earthquake that convulses less favored regions." Still some Canadians do not seem to properly appreciate their country. Very unpatriotic and unobservant the men who cannot see that we live in the freest of all lands—not one excepted—and in the safest and happiest country in the world.

RECENTLY a very historical and well-known personage died, in the person of Mr. Renandean d'Arc, a descendant in direct line of Pierre d'Arc, brother of the famous Joan d'Arc. He was known to all British tourists who travelled to Paris by way of Newhaven and Dieppe. He had been for years station master at Rouen. It was, indeed, a suitable town for a relative of the Maid of Orleans to live in; around and about him were scenes constantly suggestive of historic memories that naturally were dear to the old man.

OUR attitude upon the school question seems to have met with general approval, not only in Montreal, but throughout the whole Province. By the correspondence of last week and that of this week, which we publish, it will be seen that this matter affects more sections of the country than one. The fact is that the whole system is radically bad, and that the only cure lies in a complete and entire change, legislative, administrative and executive. The evils and abuses are so numerous that it would require a column to enumerate them; and they produce pernicious results in the country districts as well as in the large city. There has been too much of what is called in England "a one man power," a solitary orb, with a few satellites may fill a space on the night sky, but it does not represent the constellated canopy above us. Not only in the method of distributing the tax funds are there wrongs done; but in the very legislation that constitutes the educational officials, in the appointment of inspectors, in the reports made and accepted, in the treatment of teachers, both here and throughout the Province, and especially in the dangerous yet silent power that is driving our children out of our schools, and daily sending them to non-Catholic institutions. Ah! there is a better account to be rendered some day, not only to the

public, but especially to God. As a Catholic journal we cannot, we dare not, accept the responsibility of silence; if no person else sees the danger we are in duty bound to point it out; if some are careless of the religious future of the young generation, we are not. This is merely a key-note—we have the gamut before us.

"WHOM the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." Poor Zola, having attempted to scale the heights of fame by his abominable diatribes entitled "Lourdes," has succeeded in becoming ignominiously notorious—and nothing more. Several times has he tried to enter the circle of the French Academy; once he received as many as fourteen votes. His last effort proved a miserable failure, for he did not get even one vote; so, if we may paraphrase Piron in a premature epitaph:

"C'est Zola, qui ne put rien,
Pas même académicien."

But worse still, his recent unpatriotic conduct in Rome has called down upon his head the enmity of all France; his spurious popularity has forever vanished, and he has the honor of being the most despised and best hated man in his native land to-day. Such the punishment that has overtaken him, even in the hour of his impious success. On the walls of his future are written, in legible characters, the condemnation of Baltazar. Even France, irreligious as its great men may be, considers there is a limit beyond which audacity becomes crime and impurity treason.

LAST WEEK we referred to Rev. Father Doyle's address before the Union Theological Seminary, one of the most prominent Protestant establishments of higher education in America. In speaking of his lecture to a New York reporter, the eloquent Paulist said:

"I was particularly glad to have the opportunity to address the students of the Union Theological Seminary, because I believe that Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen should come together on common ground whenever it is possible. Intolerance, I think, springs from the fact that we don't know each other well enough. Ignorance of each other's teachings and want of appreciation of each other's motives have generated religious misunderstandings and antipathies."

To this he added:
"And if I have contributed one mite to the better understanding between Catholics and Protestants, to the closing of the breach which has unfortunately existed between the adherents of the two faiths, I shall feel as amply repaid as I now feel grateful and encouraged."

It appears that the almost forgotten Mr. Chiniquy is abroad dragging his coat in the mire and defying any one to step upon it. In other words he is "looking for fight." It might be a sign of bravery or of moral courage to pick up the gauntlet cast down by some valliant knight; but it would be an evidence of great folly and small spirit to seriously consider the roaring challenge of an un-

tamed animal. Intellectually speaking this little seeker after notoriety cannot be considered otherwise; his writings savor more of the degrading spirit that lowers man than of the refining influence that elevates him; while his ignorance of the very Church that he claimed to know so much about—as displayed in recent remarks of his—places him beyond the pale of all rational argument. However, we can defy him to what should be easier for him than the upholding of his unfortunate cause; we challenge him, or any body else, to point out one grand idea, one noble sentiment, one elevating thought in any or all of his writings since the day he was forced to abandon the Catholic Church. There is a fair test of the man's worth. Show us one sentence that he has pronounced or written that can be considered a quotation, or that is calculated to live even for an hour after it is penned or spoken. The most remarkable passages that might be cited would so grate on the moral sentiments of Protestant and Catholic alike that they could not be transmitted from mother to child leaving aside, then, all question of religion, from a mere human, a mere literary, a mere scientific point of view, point us out one single expression of his that is charged with the virtuous magnetism which attract men to higher realms. We leave this standard to our readers; by it they can measure the mental calibre of the man.

THE Rev. John MacLaughlin's famous work, "Is one Religion as Good as Another" has now reached its 40th thousand edition. This is something wonderful considering it is not a very large volume and is sold in stiff paper cover at six pence and in cloth at one shilling and six pence. It has the approval of His Holiness and of Cardinals Manning, Newman, Moran, and Gibbons, as well as the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Kingdom, the Colonies and the United States. The American Catholic Quarterly Review says:

"This unpretentious and modest, but able little book, is emphatically a 'Tract for the Times.' Its plan is highly judicious, and its arguments are plain, direct and solid."

The Catholic Times says of it:

"We find chapter succeeding chapter, as link follows link in a chain of thought, starting from the basis of carefully stated premises, and ending in the full expression of an indisputable conclusion."

In fact so universal is the Catholic press in its recommendations of this work that we would like to see it in all our families.

We have been asked the meaning of the three Masses on Christmas day. This is a custom that dates back to early ages. In ancient times Mass was often said twice and three times on solemn feasts. The Pope said two Masses on SS. Peter and Paul's day, one in the Vatican and the other in the Basilica of St. Paul. At Easter two Masses were

also said; one at midnight of the Resurrection, the other at the usual hour in the morning. On Holy Thursday three Masses were said; one for the reconciling of penitents, one for the consecration of oils and one for the feast itself. Up to the time of Charlemagne two Masses were said in Gaul at Christmas; after his time a third was added. Under St. Gregory the Great (590-604), the practice was held in Rome; so it is older than the sixth century. At Rome, after the Diocletian persecution, a noble lady, Apollonia, built a church for the body of her friend, St. Anastasia, who had been martyred. This was the "Statio ad S. Anastasiam," and her feast being on the 25th December, the difficulty of keeping her "station," without robbing the great feast of its two Masses, was solved by interposing a Mass between the two for the birth of Christ. Thus there was one at midnight, the hour of Our Lord's birth; one at sunrise (*in aurora*), and one in the morning. Thus originated the pious custom.

THE funeral of our late Premier promises to be one of the grandest, if not the very grandest, ever seen in Canada. This coming home of the illustrious dead, across the Atlantic, on a man-of-war; the pageant from Windsor to London; the funeral from London to Portsmouth; the ocean voyage from England to Canada; and finally the magnificence of the obsequies about to take place at Halifax, have no parallel in history—except, perhaps, the transferring of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France and the extraordinary national ceremonies amidst which the casket was conveyed to the Invalides. Twenty odd years ago another Canadian statesman died in London and his body was taken home, when Montreal was the scene of a most exceptional and magnificent display of National grief—the great departed was Sir George E. Cartier. This second trans-Atlantic funeral of a Canadian statesman is still more imposing in the tragic and exceptional circumstances that surround it.

ELSEWHERE we publish an account of the somewhat unexpected death of the venerable Monsignor Rooney, V.G., and pastor of St. Mary's Church, Toronto. The universally beloved and holy priest was in his seventy-second year. For almost half a century he had labored in the two-fold cause of Faith and Education, and no truer and nobler priest ever performed the sacred duties of his ministry in Canada. Hundreds of our readers will read with deep regret the news of his death, and the account of his useful and holy life which we publish will be of interest not only to all who were acquainted with him personally, but even to thousands who only knew of him, of his countless charities, his great heart, and his saintly life. With deep sorrow we record the death of Mgr. Rooney, and from the depths of our soul we join the Church in the solemn prayer that he may enjoy the reward of "the good and faithful servant."

THE EPIPHANY.

Sunday next, the sixth of January, is the feast of the Epiphany, the commemoration of the adoration of the Infant Saviour, by the Magi, or Wise Men of the East. It is sometimes called Little Christmas, also it is known as *Le Jour des Rois*. After that of Christmas it is the most important link in that chain of wonderful events that marked the dawn of redemption. Let us reflect for a few moments upon the meaning of the Epiphany!

The blackness of night hangs over space: the gray of the breaking day intrudes upon the darkness, and in the East a solitary star, more glorious than all its twinkling companions, grows pale in the flush of the dawn that flings its crimson and gold along the horizon and fringes the robes of departing Night. Soon the herald rays of an approaching day shoot their glories high into the heavens, and as the great round sun wheels its red disk above the line between earth and sky, the morning star disappears in the vault above, its sheen is lost in the resplendent beams of the day-god. It is thus in the natural order, it is so in the spiritual sphere, and in the wonderful harmony of the religious domain the same phenomena are apparent.

The clouds of paganism had hung over the world, the dark night of infidelity, barbarism and ignorance had lasted four thousand years. Like planets upon the night sky of antiquity the prophets, the patriarchs, and the chosen leaders of God's people shed a faint and distant gleam. But the time was rapidly approaching when a new dispensation was to commence. The gray dawn of approaching Salvation was giving way to the first flash of Redemption's day, when the Star of the Morning of Truth appeared in the Orient and pointed with its beams toward the little villages of Judea over which the glorious Orb of Divinity was about to rise.

"We beheld His Star in the East and have come to adore Him," said the Kings, these wise men, from the different ends of the earth. They represented in their three different races all the human family. The one was the descendant of Chem, the second of Ham, and the third of Japeth. They were of the white, the yellow and black divisions of the family of man. They came from different lands, and they were the exponents of all that the old world had of great and of good. They were kings or leaders in their respective countries; they were wealthy beyond all their fellow-countrymen; they were virtuous to a most remarkable degree; they were humble as the lowliest. One came from the classic shores of Greece, where art and science had adorned the civilization of the world and left models for the imitation and examples for the practice of untold generations yet to be. A second hailed from the home of the Mongolian, where laws as old as the memory of man had taught of a Supreme Being and the duties of the creature to the Creator. And a third came forth from that dark and mysterious continent whose burning heart throbs still in its fevered breast, far away from the reach of human progress, but on whose confines stand the imperishable monuments, "from the summit of which forty centuries look down" upon the world and tell to the beings of our day that they were old when yet the race was in its infancy and the mists of fable surrounded its existence.

Thus were not only the different branches of the human family, but also the three known continents, represented in that most glorious of all pilgrimages

to the shrine of the Divine Infant. The wealth, the wisdom, the power, the goodness of this world travelled with them to pay homage to the Son of God made man for the universal redemption of His creatures.

On the confines of a burning desert they met and immediately the Star of the Saviour appeared above the horizon and glittered upon their path. Forward they moved into the wilderness of sand, and they dreaded not the trip, for their faith was unshaken and they knew that the light before them—like the fiery pillar of captive Israel—would infallibly conduct them to the land of promise, to the most sacred spot on earth's broad face; the place where the Expected of nations was to be born King of the Jews. It mattered not that miles of dreary, sky-bound wastes extended between one oasis and another, it mattered not that the dread simoon might at any moment sweep down upon them and bury them in the ocean of sand, it mattered not that the fitful and deceptive mirage might arise at any point to lead them astray; the Star shone before them and they followed. And great was their reward, for they crossed the desert in safety, they avoided all the perils of such a wonderful journey, and, at the proper time, they descended the road that leads to Jerusalem. Yonder, beyond the blue hills and jagged rocks that rise from out the valley of the Jordan, lay the city of David, and toward it moved the Star that they had seen in the East. Still inspired by an inextinguishable faith they followed the luminary: At last, over the cave where the Messiah lay, the orb of miraculous splendor paused, and drawing in all its diverging rays, it concentrated them upon the place where the King of Heaven reposed.

It was only then that the Magi knew that they had found the One for whom they sought. Going in they adored; and, after returning thanks to God, they presented Him with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Gold representing the wealth of earth, which all belongs to Him, and which men should ever lay at His feet as a token of their submission to His holy will; frankincense representing sacrifice, as a mark of their faith in His Divinity, which alone can claim such adoration from man; myrrh representing sufferings, such as He was about to undergo, and the sufferings of humanity that are ever sanctified by being placed at the feet of the Saviour. Thus was it that these three men, in their nationalities, their countries, their races, their journey, their adoration and their gifts stand forth upon the background of the past and serve as models whereby all future generations should act, in order that the Founder of Christianity may receive the meed that is His and which each of His creatures owes Him.

Over the face of the world is the human family scattered, and the Son of God became man for the redemption of all, without exception. The different races of men are all bound to turn their steps in the direction of Bethlehem. The wealthy and the gifted as well as the indigent and the lowly are upon an equal footing in presence of the Divine. Standing on the confines of the great desert of life we all are obliged to start out and to face the countless dangers that surround the path we must follow. There may be, here and there, a resting place along the way, but it is uncertain, and under its shade trees and beside its fountains we are not allowed to tarry. The simoons of passions and sin sweep in endless cyclones over the surface of the years before us; it is almost impossible to escape them. There is no map

upon the face of the desert, and no landmarks to guide our footsteps. But, as for the Magi of Old, the Star of Faith shines brightly upon the horizon before us. By following it through all the perils of that journey, it will most certainly conduct us to the land of our promise, to the gates of the "celestial Jerusalem," to the Bethlehem of our existence—the place where the loving Saviour awaits us all.

But there is another lesson to be drawn from the Wise Men. We must come with gifts, according to our Faith. We must lay at His feet all the prosperity, the joy, the health, the happiness, and the wealth that He has bestowed upon us—for all belongs to Him, and tomorrow He can take what to-day He gives; we must place before Him all our offerings in the way of a tribute to His Divinity, and constantly immolate ourselves at His shrine in a sacrifice that cannot be other than acceptable; we must deposit at His Crib the burden of our sorrows, our sufferings, our poverty, our privations, our crosses and our miseries, in order that He may direct the Recording Angel to mark them to our credit in the indelible Book of Life. Such is the way in which we should celebrate the Feast of Sunday, the 6th instant, the grand Festival of the Epiphany.

At the very dawning of the New Year we find the Infant God giving the first evidence of His mission—"not to destroy the law but to fulfil it"—as He submits to the customs and enactments of the State. He who is above all law was the first to preach obedience to legal authority, by performing, to the last letter, the code of the people. Taking this grand lesson to heart and properly reflecting upon the significance of the "Adoration of the Magi," it must necessarily follow that our future lives will be governed by their precepts and examples, and the consequence must be that the Star which we beheld, upon our path, at the beginning of our years, shall conduct us securely to the Adored of all ages.

ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

The literary genius of the ancient Irish, and its influence on the modern world, receives the following tribute from the *Quarterly Review*, a periodical in which anything of the kind would hardly be looked for:

"The Celtic tree, the oak which bears within it a heart of fire, is not dead. Ossian himself, coming with ancient harp from the fairy mound, and playing the melodies which still breathe in the under-world, has held our moderns captive. Nothing now touches the finest chords in poetry unless it has some reminiscence of the days that are no more. It is not Virgilian but Celtic pathos which has stolen into our enchanted cup, brimming over with the wine of the gods. As the foreground of civilized life becomes a battle-ground, with squadrons of misery in their rags and tatters thronging to it, the high distant light grows, as by some law of compensation, more transparent and aerial; the fine colors of sunset, as delicate as any dream, mount up and take their station in the sky.

For the times are changing, and never was there an age when the poet, seeking inspiration among the "grassy barrows of the happier dead," might find it more easily. * * * In this grass-grown Celtic literature, why should he not find the inspiring loneliness that will enable him to breathe and muse? The land of memories with the purple hills, its changing April sky, and the mists which have entangled in their folds a golden gleam, is surely Innisfall, overspread with magic forests from the beginning, and keeping still as a fringe for its enchanted lakes the arbutus and the rowan trees. Its ancient stones have carved upon them the Ogham writing; they whisper of gods and heroes in a speech hard to be understood, so long has it passed from the minds of men. As the poet looks around him in that solitude, he will catch a glimpse of forms that, like

the glorious clouds that forever haunt Nigara, rise up and turn to shapes of loveliness, melting in the sunlight while he watches them. Afar off, from the fairy hill, come in faintest breathings the music which has enthralled the bardic poets, from Ossian down to Carolan, and which Moore, though he could not speak their language, has married to verse as spiritual and light-moving as if Finvara himself had chanted it. And remote, as in sullen pride, from these trooping elves with their raiment of silk and their fantastic merriment, the lonely but more awful spirits of the waste have set their dwelling—the Leannan Sidhe, who has driven the poet insane with love of her, and the monsters of the brook or the glen lying in wait until mortals shall venture nigh to them. Yet more distant, in a glimmering dawn, appear but as clouds on the horizon those that ruled as gods in Erin, strange, doubtful lineaments, uncertain if of the sky or the nether deeps. Their names survive—the rest is conjecture and mere oblivion.

But, unlike the countries of to-day which are covered over with Hebrew, Hellenic and Roman institutions, so that the primitive life has been hidden away as in a palimpsest, this island neither banished nor ceased to believe in its Druids, magicians and elemental tribes. Its faith was large enough, or else so childlike, that it could accept in all its fullness the doctrine that life is everywhere, and that matter, how lowly soever we deem it, has the power to influence the spirit for good or evil—*plena omnia Jovis*. Strict science throws out many a shining thread in the direction of this old theology. But the poet? How can he sing at all, unless, in some fine sense, he gives to the universe a life that is more than allegory and symbol? It is for him in his brave solitude to confront our narrow-chested existence of the cities; to reveal the true son-god, who is man caught up to a glory not his own; and by the wisdom which has in its permitted degree learned the secret of eternal things, to take from the strength of the crowd its rudeness, and to set forth in his mystic song the beauty of a life at one with nature."

EUGENE KELLY.

DEATH OF ONE OF NEW YORK'S FOREMOST CATHOLIC CITIZENS.

Eugene Kelly, the well known banker, and one of the wealthiest and most prominent Catholic laymen in this country, died at his home in New York City on Wednesday. He was stricken with paralysis last week and his advanced-age made hopes of recovery doubtful from the first. Mr. Kelly was in his 87th year at the time of his death. He was born in Trellick, county Tyrone, Ireland, in 1807, and came to this country at the age of 20. His first position was that of a clerk in Donnelly Bros' dry goods store. He next tried gold mining in 1849, and later started the San Francisco banking house of Donohue, Kelly & Ralston. During the war he moved his business to New York, and lost considerable sums of money in Southern loans. In spite of this, however, he amassed money at a great rate, until, when he retired from active business a few years ago, he was reputed to be worth between \$12,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

Mr. Kelly also took a deep interest in Catholic affairs and the Irish movement. He was one of the oldest trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral and of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, and Catholic Protector, and was active in nearly all the New York Catholic charities. He was one of the founders of the Catholic University, to which he gave \$50,000. In politics he was always a strong Democrat; but, although his name has often been suggested for a number of high offices the only one he would ever accept was that of Commissioner of Education—an unsalaried office in which he served several terms. He was one of the first to welcome Parnell to this country and his interest in the Irish cause is shown by his gift of \$50,000 to the Parliamentary fund when the party was in deep straits. Some years ago the Pope conferred on him the honorary appointment of "Comeris de Cape et d'Espes" in his household for his gifts to the Church.

The Boston Transcript kept a record of football accidents during the last season, of about seven weeks. Three players were killed, one was paralyzed, one became insane and nearly fifty others were injured, some seriously.

"POOR IRELAND."

There is a monthly published in London, Eng., entitled "Regions Beyond." It is the official organ of the "Balolo Mission to the Upper Congo." The editor is Mr. H. Grattan Guinness, a very patriotic Irish name combined with a very world-renowned, if not quite as patriotic, an Irish cognomen.

In the September and October number of this "Regions Beyond" magazine, Mr. H. Grattan Guinness publishes an article entitled "Poor Ireland," in which that great writer displays as much historical ignorance as want of common sense, and as much untruthfulness as lack of literary delicacy. The spirit of Grattan must surely have come in conflict with the spirit of Guinness' "Stout," in the composition of the Balolo editor when he undertook to pen that wonderful effusion. He and his magazine are certainly from "Regions Beyond" the confines of civilization; they savor very much of the Upper Congo; they illustrate Dickens' Mrs. Jellyby and her eccentric mission work to a nicety. Now why Mr. H. Grattan Guinness should undertake to write about "Poor Ireland" for the benefit of the Balolo, Upper Congo people, is more than we can tell. Decidedly it is not to display his knowledge of Irish history—for he evidently knows less about it than do the savages of Victoria, Nianza, or the natives of Masailand; it is not to cast any new light upon the problems that have awakened the research of modern historians regarding the early story of Ireland—for he certainly has about as much idea of the subject as have the half-naked tribes that look up in awe at the terrors of Kilmanjaro.

It appears that this Mr. Guinness is not the brewer of Dublin stout porter; but that he is a stout porter of another class in the East London section of civilization. Out of those depths, and with one eye fixed on Balolo, Upper Congo, and the other winking at the credulous readers of the "Regions Beyond," Mr. Guinness cries aloud "Poor Ireland." As a rule, a man who pretends to write something new about that ancient and historic country, does not deem it necessary to impress upon his readers that he actually knows where Ireland is. But Mr. Guinness takes great pains to locate the Island. Probably he has as misty an idea of Ireland as he has of Balolo, and certainly he knows as much, from actual observation and travel, of the one as he does of the other—and that is not saying much.

He begins by stating that Ireland is "on the edge of the Atlantic, a remote island separated by two seas from Europe." Now if the island is on the European "edge of the Atlantic" it certainly cannot be very "remote." But as Mr. H. Grattan (God save the mark!) Guinness, has probably never gone outside the East end of London, both Ireland and the Upper Congo are equally remote as far as he is concerned. After this bit of geographical information the erudite writer proceeds to lament that "Poor Ireland" "never had the advantage of being conquered by the great civilizing Roman Empire." He forgets, or perhaps is not aware that the Irish had schools of learning and were highly civilized, while the conquering Romans were skivering the painted savages that lived in the woods of Britain. He claims that the "terrible Danes did some good when they settled, against the will of the wild natives, on certain spots around the coast and built Dublin, Wexford, Waterford and Limerick." It is a wonder that the shade of Brian the Brave did not arise to haunt the dreams of Mr. Guinness, when he invented these

fine fables—but probably the hero of Clontarf felt that in driving the Raven of the North from Ireland's shore he had done his share, and that little danger was to be expected from this historical vulture of the East End.

Mr. Guinness complains that "ignorance, immorality and barbarism" destroyed the effects of St. Patrick's work. Thank heaven, he, at least, admits that St. Patrick was the bearer of Christianity to Ireland; nor does he claim any Protestantism for the Patron of Erin. He talks of "ignorance" in a land that was, according to Dr. Johnston, "the quiet home of sanctity and learning;" he speaks of "immorality" in a land whose history inspired Moore with that melody "Rich and Rare;" he mentions "barbarism" in connection with a people whom Macaulay admits "were for ages the civilized of Europe." Poor Grattan Guinness!

There is, however, one great truth in that very unfounded article; he says: "The so called conquest of Ireland by England which followed, was no conquest at all, but a settlement of certain Anglo-Norman families in the country at the time of Henry Second." Decidedly it was no conquest; nor was Ireland ever conquered by Roman, Dane, Saxon, Anglo-Norman or any other race. And it is this fact that makes Mr. Guinness so vexed with the Irish, and that calls forth his Balolo Upper-Congo missionary sympathies for "Poor Ireland." God help him, for he certainly will never do much in this enlightened age, as an historian, to help himself.

We have not space nor patience to go over the long rigmarole of nonsense about the Pope and Henry II., the priests and their ignorance, the Roman Church and its usurpations. There is a glowing picture of the cruelty of the Irish natives, "the St. Bartholomew massacre," as he calls it, "of all the Protestants, the mild and yet potent interference of that good man Cromwell, the fatal union of Ireland to the Popish James II., and finally the people kept in ignorance, the prey of the priests, the abode of superstition," the country now "an untidy, weed-grown, back garden of more prosperous England."

Why does Mr. H. Grattan Guinness undertake to thus dive into "Regions Beyond" his depth and attempt to speak of "Poor Ireland?" Upon what does he base his knowledge? Listen: "Why do we speak these things? Because some of our number have lately re visited poor Ireland, and have seen afresh with their own eyes its actual condition." Now that is more than Mr. Guinness can boast, for what he pretends to have seen, he saw not with his own, but with other peoples' eyes.

It would be amusing, if not so serious a subject, to read the frothings of this Balolo Upper Congo, East End, Regions Beyond the jump-off end of Creation, preacher, teacher, or whatever he is, attempting to show that he knows something about Ireland. If we mistake not this is the gentleman who, about 1862 or 1863, landed at the mouth of the Shannon, got off at Limerick, and while publicly abusing the Blessed Virgin, in the middle of Newtown-Perry, was made to get out by the Thomond gate, far quicker than did the "peaceful" soldiers of England fly before the sword of Sarsfield before those same walls. That Mr. Guinness shook the dust of Ireland from his shoes and never stopped his flight until safely landed amongst the slums of Spitalfields. If he is not the same man, then the resemblance is so striking that we are sure they must be twins.

Well! we have said enough to properly advertise the "Regions Beyond," and to

bring the Balolo Upper Congo, East End, "Poor Ireland" mission work of Mr. H. Grattan Guinness before our readers. We trust that the immortal Grattan will not find his eternal repose disturbed by the use being made of his great name, and we are confident that Dublin stout will not be improved by the historical brewing of this other Guinness.

Welcome to T. D. Sullivan.

The following are the verses read by Dr. O'Hagan at the Sullivan lecture delivered in Toronto:

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome,
T. D. Sullivan!
From the land our fathers trod, strong in faith
and loved by God;
Where the shamrock dreams of morn,
Where each patriot son was born,
And the hope of freedom's day
Lights with torch the darkest way—
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome
to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

We have watched your loved career,
Sealed it with an exile's tear;
Pledg'd our faith to Erin's Cause,
To her love and life and laws;
To each cabin in the vale,
Stung by sorrow, rent with wail,
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome
to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where freedom's rays ne'er set,
"Deep in Canadian woods we've met;"
And with a hearty three times three
We'll toast old Ireland's liberty;
Till high above each hill and dell
Your patriot words will ring and swell,
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome
to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

For though the centuries stretch behind
Maim'd by chains that chafe and blind,
We have brought to our bright shore
A "caed mille failthe" at the door—
A love that lives through every year,
Survives the grave's immortal tear,
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome
to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

O, the joy to meet you here,
Hear your words of hope and cheer;
Learn the gains along the line,
Fire our souls with patriot wine,
List to one who loves the Gael
And weaves his life in song and tale,
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome
to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

You bring to us a strength of years
Spent in love and hope and fears,
Where O'Connell toiled and planned
To break the chains that bound his land;
Where strong soul'd and stern Parnell
Led his band of patriots well,
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome
to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

"God Save Ireland," was your song;
It swept from shore to shore along;
It echo'd o'er the exiled dead
Pillow'd in the deep sea's bed;
It link'd our lives with those above
Who died for Erin's cause and love,
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome
to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where grows the Maple Tree—
Type of life and liberty—
We'll spread a banquet rich and wide
And toast the brave and good who died,
Sing your songs of joy and cheer
That link our hopes from year to year,
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome
to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome,
T. D. Sullivan!
Bright the message that you bring,
Sweet the joyous songs you sing;
Every word we'll greet with cheers
Born of love through ripening years,
Poet, patriot, statesman strong,
Welcome with your gift of song!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

C. M. B. A.

The following are the officers of St. John's Branch No. 89 C.M.B.A., of Perth, Ont., for the term 1895:—Spiritual adviser, Father Duffus; chancellor, Bro. Jno. O'Loughlin; president, Bro. Jas. Hartney; first vice-president, Bro. Wm. Farrell; second vice-president, Bro. Thos. Noonan; recording secretary, Bro. J. H. Kehoe; assistant secretary, Bro. T. E. Burns; financial secretary, Bro. E. E. Young; treasurer, Bro. Jno. McCann; marshal, Bro. Geo. Farrell; guard, Bro. P. J. Furlong; trustees, Bros. Jas. Lally, D. Hudson, Jno. McCann, Jno. Doyle and Thos. Noonan.

President Cleveland has issued an order extending the Civil Service rules to all storekeepers, gaugers and clerks in the Internal Revenue service. The order affects 2,471 employees.

The Secretary of State of Texas says that a number of Kentucky corporations have forfeited their rights to do business in that State by failing to pay the tax on franchises imposed by the State law.

NOTRE DAME HOSPITAL.

THE ANNUAL DINNER GIVEN TO THE PATIENTS.

The annual dinner to the sick at Notre Dame Hospital came off at one o'clock Thursday afternoon last, and as usual was a success. It partook of more than ordinary interest through the presence of the Governor General and Lady Aberdeen and His Grace Archbishop Fabre. The elite of French Canadian ladies who are lady patronesses of the institution were present in large numbers and were attired in the becoming costume of the hospital. The halls and wards were suitably decorated with emblems of various kinds, while tables heavily laden with most recherche viands and other delicacies were to be seen on every hand. It was a gala day for the unfortunate inmate, who appeared cheerful.

The lady patronesses left nothing undone to make the event a memorable one. Archbishop Fabre, when he arrived, was accompanied by Rev. Canon Bruchesi, Rev. Abbes Marre and Laurier. Lady Aberdeen arrived some time later accompanied by an A.D.C. and was received by Madame Thibaudan, the President of the Lady Patronesses and was given a cordial reception. Her Excellency donned the costume of the Hospital and renewed acquaintance with the ladies. His Excellency arrived later and was given an enthusiastic reception, the ladies singing "God save the Queen," as he entered. Her Excellency, in her becoming costume, took part in the reception. The distinguished visitors inspected the hospital and expressed themselves delighted. Mgr. Fabre pronounced the benediction and did the carving, while the ladies, with Lady Aberdeen at their head, served the meal. Among the medical staff present were Doctors Lachapelle, Rotot, Broseau, Ethier, Brennan and Mercier. Among other gentlemen were Senator Thibaudan, Dr. Geo. Villeneuve, and among the ladies were Mesdames Allard, Taschereau, Dugas, Laberge, Tabb, Manguais, Cartier, Parent, Villeneuve, Hubert, Fitzpatrick, J. D. Rolland, David Laclaire, R. Masson, Pelletier, H. Provost, Baigro, Drouin, Mercier, Mlle. Rotot, J. G. Milloy, B. J. Coghlin, Miss Irwin, Miss Tavernier and Miss Mercier.

THE WORLD AROUND.

The Chinese generals who surrendered Port Arthur have been called to Peking. Their heads are in danger.

A week ago the Japanese were within 85 miles of Peking. They are meeting with little opposition in their march.

The Treasury stock of gold was reduced \$4,875,000 by withdrawals Friday. Engagements for shipment to Europe aggregate \$3,800,000.

Joseph Zemp, now vice President, has been elected President of the Federal Council for 1895. M. Zemp is one of the leaders of the Catholic party in Switzerland.

Pension Agent Van Leuven pleaded guilty at Dubuque, Ia., of pension frauds, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$4,000.

The two men tried at Memphis for the lynching of six negroes at Millington have been acquitted, and the prosecution against the other eleven has been dropped.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has been prorogued by the King. Further arrests in connection with the bank scandals are expected, and troops have been summoned to re-enforce the garrison in Rome.

The Journal of St. Petersburg publishes a communication from the Porte absolutely denying that any unarmed persons were killed in Armenia. On the contrary, it is said, the utmost kindness was shown to the revolutionists. It is believed in St. Petersburg that the Armenian complaints probably have been much exaggerated.

Emperor William has added 100,000 marks to Chancellor Prince Hohenlohe's salary to cover the financial loss which he suffered by giving up the Governorship of Alsace-Lorraine. As the Chancellor is a rich man, who is not even remotely dependent upon his salary, the Emperor's action is criticized. It will be discussed in the Reichstag, and the increase will not be paid unless voted by the Deputies.

THE YEAR 1895.

This is the last time, in 1894, that we shall have an opportunity of addressing our many readers and the friends of THE TRUE WITNESS in general. Before we bury the year that is now passing, and on the verge of the one that comes to replace it, we would like to dwell for a few moments upon a subject that cannot fail to interest every person.

In glancing back over 1894, while there is much for which we should be grateful, still there are many things that were they to be done over, might not be performed in the same way as that in which they have been. There have at times arisen very unpleasant incidents that had for result rather the estrangement than the conciliation of people. In Canada, this young and glorious land, where so many races blend in the formation of a magnificent country, where so many denominations exist, and where political divisions are necessary, it would be well were we all to learn the grand precept of toleration and to put it into daily practice.

No matter how proud we may be of our respective origins, how confident we may be in the truth of our respective creeds, or how positive we may be in the superiority of our respective politics, still no man should run away with the idea that he is entirely independent of his neighbors. Divine Providence has so arranged matters that we must all live and labor together, respect each other, and seek mutual assistance, as an assurance of success. At the beginning of a New Year many good resolutions are formed, and, amongst others, we would request of all our readers to start out, in 1895, with the determination of being tolerant and kind towards every section of the community, both individually and collectively.

If we desire that others should respect our opinions, we must commence by respecting theirs. We may think them in error, but we should understand that they may honestly have the same opinion of us. This year should be one of emulation and not rivalry. Emulation creates admiration and friendship; rivalry engenders hatred and misguided enmities. Harmony springs from the former; disunion from the latter. As with individuals, so with nationalities—each has its shortcomings as well as its perfections. It should be our duty here in Canada to bury in the Atlantic the divisions and animosities of the old world, and to seek to cull all the good qualities and grand characteristics of each race, and to combine them—like the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist—in one magnificent and new masterpiece, in which all the graces and none of the deformities of each model may be found.

There is no subject so prolific in division as the most important of all—*religion*. It is well known that for over forty years our paper has been the special organ of Catholicity in this Province and that we hold it to be our mission to propagate, in as far as our humble means will permit, the grand truths and immutable dogmas of our Faith. But we understand full well that others, who do not agree with us, feel equally that they have a duty to perform in upholding the tenets of their creeds and in striving to spread abroad the principles upon which they rely for salvation. It too often happens that zealous persons fly into an ungovernable passion whenever a question of religious controversy arises. This is an indication of more earnestness than Christianity. If a man feels confident, and actually knows, that his Faith is Divine, that he holds the Truth, that he is on the safe side, he has no need of ex-

citement, much less of acrimony. If he is right, all the attacks or denials of the world cannot affect that right; and if he is wrong, all the thunder of his sarcasm or the vindictiveness of his sarcasm cannot remove that wrong. He only proves that he is not certain of his position when he flies to vituperation or makes use of insult. In fact, by so doing he is casting great discredit upon all that he holds sacred and would have others revere. We must remember that, if we kneel at different shrines, we all adore the same God, and the same God commanded us all—without distinction—to love one another. There is nothing to be gained by abusing individuals, much less creeds. Fair argument, logical expression, solid reasoning, are the only justifiable weapons; and added to these earnest prayer.

We hold that we are sincere in our Faith; we feel capable of explaining it and justifying every precept of our Church. But we must grant that others may be equally sincere; that by their lights, the circumstances that surround them, and the atmosphere in which they have lived, they honestly believe what they teach—and as an evidence we find them putting their teachings into practice. We may be appointed to show them examples, to strive to instruct them in that which they do not rightly understand; but we have never been appointed to judge them. That privilege and that power are reserved by the Eternal, and we cannot intrude upon His prerogatives.

Let us, then, bury in the blizzard snows of expiring '94 all those hard feelings, religious bickerings and enmity-creating divisions of the past. No man was ever converted to a Faith by abuse; it is example, precept and logical conviction alone that can persuade. Let us be tolerant on all sides and we will be the instruments of a much desired reign of peace amongst the conflicting elements of our country.

What we say regarding religious opinions applies still more to political differences. If there is one thing more insane than another it is the spectacle of a man making enemies for himself amongst his neighbors and bringing discord into a circle of harmony, for the sake of some political ideal or theory. The country will not turn in its progress to please his notions, while he is creating troubles and worries for himself that could easily be avoided. His party will go on irrespective of his enthusiasm, but his friends, whom he should cultivate, may become his opponents. In a word, it would be well if those out and out, fanatically inclined politicians, on either side, were to learn that they sacrifice peace and happiness to their admiration for some man or their zeal for some party. If each one would reflect calmly, he would see that the public can get on without him, but his family cannot. "Charity," as well as zeal, "should commence at home." Yet this need not prevent a man from having his political convictions, voting according to his conscience, and doing his duty to his country. All we ask is that political differences be not allowed to create enmities in private nor to interfere with the claims of those who depend upon their parents, husbands or brothers for support and happiness.

May 1895 be, for all, a year of peace and happiness, is our fervent and hopeful wish.

THEY say that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody some good." The fearful blizzard that struck Montreal on last Thursday brought joy to the hearts of hundreds of men who had been vainly seeking for work and whose distress has been most pitiful. In that sense the

storm was a blessing. Better evidence we could not have of the wisdom of Almighty in the arrangement of the nature and its variations. Some complain of the weather,—but they are the very people who are least affected thereby and who are best situated to resist its inclemency. They forget, however, that there are thousands of others whose very existence depends upon such dispensations. We should therefore thank God for the storms and the cold as well as for the beautiful spring or the warm summer.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

THE STUDENTS OF MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE

Give a Grand Musical, Dramatic and Military Entertainment for the Parents of the Pupils and Friends of the House—Presentation of a Magnificent Flag.

Despite the terrific storm of last Thursday the immense hall of the Mount Saint Louis Institute was filled to its utmost capacity, in the afternoon, by the parents of the pupils and by hundreds of the warm friends of the institution. The programme was varied, and all the performers acquitted themselves admirably. The French comedy and the English recitations were well rendered. The "Overture," by the M. S. L. band, was a lively march entitled "Marcha Legeria," from Vanpoucke. It was rendered in splendid style. Mr. H. Fitzgibbon then entertained the audience with a well-delivered piece of declamation. The M. S. L. orchestra exhibited fine musical training in the rendering of "Silver-Bell," by Sephelegrell. The infantry and cavalry sword exercises by the cadets elicited the loudest of applause, and reflected creditably upon the instructors and pupils.

This was followed by two very ably delivered pieces of recitations, one by Mr. E. Cummings, and the other by Mr. F. Tansey. There was a real indication of good elocutionary powers in these young men. Mr. Tansey is evidently possessed of that fire and enthusiasm which goes to make up the effective speaker. The clarinet solo, "La Piuie d'Or," by Mr. F. Naud, showed that Mr. Vanpoucke's pupil takes after his master and is a credit to him. The comedy bouffonne, "Les Brigands Invisibles," was a laugh-creating piece in one act. All the actors did extra well and deserved the highly appreciative applause of all present. The Orchestra once more delighted the audience with the rendering of Boettger's "Eureka," which was followed by two admirable declamations, one by Mr. Peacock, the other by Mr. Gulliver. It would be difficult to criticise either one or the other, as both—each in a different style of delivery—were models of elocution. Mr. A. Tasse's violin solo was encored most heartily. It was a charming piece of instrumental performance. The composition, "Chanson Polonaise," was from Mr. Tasse's famous professor, Mr. O. Martel. The whole was a credit to the professor and composer, as well as to the pupil and executionist.

The feature of the entertainment was the fancy drill exercise by the cadets of the institution. This performance elicited great applause, owing to the precision of the difficult movements. At the close of the military performance Mrs. Moore, on behalf of the English lady patronesses of the college, presented the cadets with a beautiful flag of the most exquisite design.

In a well-worded speech in English, Captain Pelletier responded. It was graceful and military, indicating a good command of the language, and that special eloquence so effective in a commander. At the request of the Reverend Director, Hon. Mr. Curran delivered an excellent address, in the course of which he praised the commander of the cadets for his able speech, and the cadets for their grand display. He referred to the emblems on the new standard, the maple, the rose, the thistle and the shamrock, and he invited all the students to try well the motto *Virtute et Scientia*,

to imitate the virtues of the different races there represented and to learn all the sciences taught in the institution, in order to prepare for the battle of life. It was a happy, a timely and an eloquent speech, and was received with an applause that told how highly it was appreciated.

The entertainment closed with the playing, by the band, of "St. Patrick's Day," "Vive la Canadienne," and "God Save the Queen."

THE LATE SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

RESOLUTIONS FROM ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVES.

The members of the St. Patrick's Society met at their hall, 223 McGill Street, on Monday evening, the 24th December, to pass resolutions of regret at the death of Sir John Thompson and sympathy with his bereaved family. The president, the Hon. James McShane, occupied the chair, and made a short speech, full of touching references to the dead statesman and the personal kindness of the Queen. Dr. Kennedy referred to the interest which Sir John had always taken in the affairs of the Irish Canadians, and moved the following resolution:

That the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal has learned with inexpressible sorrow of the death of the Rt. Hon. Sir John S. Thompson, P.O., K.C.M.G., Q.C., Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, whose life and personal virtues have been so universally acknowledged, whose great services to the state have been everywhere recognized, and whose eminent career will perpetuate his name as a distinguished son of Canada, an illustrious descendant of the Irish race and a statesman worthy of the Empire.

Mr. George Murphy seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Mr. B. Campbell moved:

That a copy of the above resolution be forwarded to Lady Thompson, with the assurance that the society treasures with pride the recollection that her late husband, amidst all the cares and worries of his exalted position, imposed upon himself the task of delivering an address for the benefit of their charitable fund at the annual celebration of St. Patrick's Day, 1892, for which the members of the society will be ever grateful, and they assure Lady Thompson that they deeply sympathize with her and her family in the irreparable loss they have sustained.

This was seconded by Mr. John Hoolahan and also carried without dissent.

Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q. C., president of the Junior Conservative Club, will represent that organization at Halifax upon the occasion of Sir John Thompson's funeral. Mr. Quinn will be accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Fred. Henshaw, past president of the Club. All the railways are arranging special cheap excursions to Halifax, good from December 31 to January 3. The Intercolonial have already announced their price, which will be \$6.75 from Levis.

CATHOLIC PROTECTION AND RESCUE SOCIETY.

The Rev. Father Godts, C.S.S.R., presided at a meeting of ladies held in St. Ann's presbytery, on Wednesday afternoon. The object of this meeting was to form a committee, the members of which will visit the girls brought out from England by the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society and placed in situations throughout the city. The ladies forming the committee are:

President—Miss L. Doherty, 24 St. Famille street; Miss A. Doherty, 24 St. Famille street; Miss Murphy, 836 Dorchester street; Miss Amy Murphy, 836 Dorchester street; Miss H. Kavanagh, 627 Sherbrooke street; Miss E. Kennedy, 25 Murray street; Miss N. Enright, 55 Young street; Mrs. T. C. Collins, 813 Palace street; Mrs. Thos. Lane, 243 Richmond street; Mrs. Alphonse Provost, Richmond street.

At the close of the meeting the ladies visited the home on St. Thomas street, where they were warmly received by the matron, Miss A. Brennan, and spent a pleasant hour with the bright-eyed little inmates, who sang many pretty Christmas carols, and gave an exhibition of calisthenic exercises, all of which were greatly appreciated.

On Christmas day, Miss Brennan entertained at dinner a number of boys and girls, sent to Montreal by the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society. The day was spent in playing various games and at night took place the distribution of the *goodies* of a well-laden Christmas Tree.

Any one wishing to join in this good work may call on the matron, at the Home, or send his address to Rev. Father Godts, to the President or Secretary, M. L. L'Esperance, 68 McCord st.

MONSIGNOR ROONEY DEAD.

HE PASSED AWAY ON THURSDAY MORNING.

Seventy-two Years of Age; Born in Armagh, Ireland; Came to Canada Fifty-three Years Ago; A Sketch of a Grand and Noble Career.

It is thus the Empire gives the account of Mgr. Rooney's death: Although the veteran priest has been ailing for three years past, and was at the point of death a year ago, his sudden demise this morning will be a shock to the people of the Roman Catholic faith of the city.

On Saturday last the aged prelate visited His Grace Archbishop Walsh at his residence on Sherbourne street, and paid his respects to the head of the church in Toronto. He had his medical adviser's permission to make the trip, and returned to his residence during the afternoon, evidently much brightened by the interview with his Grace. That night Rev. Father Rooney's strength failed him, and one sinking spell followed another until death.

Father Rooney was a whole-souled Irishman, whose great heart found a charitable word for everybody, and whose work among the poor of the city will be greatly remembered by the thousands who have shared his mite.

AN INCIDENT BEFORE DEATH.

Ill unto death as he was on Christmas morning, he desired to give his blessing to all who called upon him. A lady of his parish told last evening of a pathetic scene she witnessed at his bedside on the afternoon of Christmas day. A poor woman who has been kept for years from starvation by the deceased was kneeling at his bedside and asked his blessing. Turning to her he held his hands above her head and pronounced the benediction, after which he said, "It will not be long before I shall make your wants known personally to God."

REV. FATHER ROONEY'S CAREER.

Francis Patrick Rooney was born in the county of Armagh, Ireland, where he received his classical education in the diocesan seminary. About the time he was finishing it was commonly reported that Father Dowd, who was well known in that part of the country, was to be appointed coadjutor bishop of Toronto. This determined Father Rooney to come to Canada, and writing Bishop de Charbonnel he received a letter in reply which was a most cordial invitation. Father Rooney reached this city in July, 1853. When St. Michael's College opened the following September he entered upon his theological course, and became prefect of studies. He continued in the college as professor until after his ordination as priest, which took place August 30, 1857. He remained in the college for a year, combining with his duties as professor that of parish priest of St. Basil's. The following summer he was appointed pastor of St. Paul's. This parish was at that time in a state of excitement and anger. It required prudence and firmness to adjust matters. Father Rooney, notwithstanding his inexperience, acted with such caution and determination that in a short time he had the satisfaction of reigning over a peaceful and united people. For 12 years he labored at St. Paul's earnestly, zealously and successfully. When he took charge of the parish there was no presbytery; he built a large one, which stands to-day. He provided for the spiritual wants of the people in repairing and decorating the church, in establishing new schools and enlarging old ones, and equipping all at his own personal expense.

WHAT HE DID FOR SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

At this time the separate schools were in their infancy; the means at their disposal for their sustentation were very limited. It was largely owing to the efforts of Father Rooney, who purchased school sites and erected school houses, that the separate schools of Toronto were brought out of the swaddling clothes of poverty, weakness and inefficiency and placed in the satisfactory position they occupy to-day. Father Rooney's influence was soon felt. He had secured not only the hearts of his own people, but also the respect and confidence of the many Protestants in the city who knew him. Archbishop Lynch ap-

pointed him vicar-general in 1867, an appointment which met with universal approval. When Archbishop Lynch died, Vicar-General Rooney was appointed co-administrator of the diocese with the late lamented Father Laurent. This appointment was made at Rome and lasted until Archbishop Walsh was inducted to his high office. In 1870 Vicar-General Rooney was appointed parish priest of St. Mary's, where it was thought necessary that a brilliant executive mind should dominate. He found the parish disunited and its finances in bad shape. The first fruit of his labor in the new field was the building of St. Helen's church at Brockton. A presbytery for St. Mary's was next erected. He next purchased land at the corner of Bloor and Bathurst streets, where a school was soon erected. Mass is said in this building every Sunday. Following in quick succession came several separate schools in the parish, until at last the parish is one of the most flourishing in the province. All this is to a large extent due to the zeal and prudence of Father Rooney, who watched and fostered it for the past twenty-three years. Last year he was signally honored when he was created a noble of the church, with the title of Monsignor, conferred by His Holiness the Pope. Beloved by all who knew him, he died leaving his name inseparably connected with the history of the Catholic Church in Toronto during the past forty years. In the parishes where he had served his name is a household word, and for many years to come he will be remembered as a holy priest, a noble man and a true friend to the poor and needy.

SIR JOHN'S FUNERAL.

ALL ARRANGEMENTS PERFECTED.

The Order of the State Funeral at Halifax—Draping of the Legislative Council Chamber—Their Excellencies' Tribute.

Halifax, N.S., Dec. 27.—The following order was issued by the military authorities to-day.

Headquarters, Halifax, N.S., Dec. 27. H.M.S. Blenheim, with the remains of the late Premier of the Dominion on board, being due here Monday, 31st. inst., the officer commanding the Royal Artillery will be prepared to fire 15 minute guns as vessel approaches the harbor, five from MacNab's Island, five from York Redoubt and five from George's Island, which last will be fired by Halifax Garrison Artillery under Royal Artillery supervision. When the ship anchors the staff officer will proceed on board at once and receive the report of the Captain for the Lieutenant-General. On being landed at Ordnance Yard the remains will be received by a guard of honor of three officers, 100 rank and file, King's Regiment, and will be at once placed on a gun-carriage in charge of Royal Artillery, which will then proceed direct to Provincial building, guard of honor filing off right and left of gun-carriage, which will be preceded by band playing Dead March. At the Provincial building the remains will be moved from the gun-carriage by 12 selected non-commissioned officers of the Garrison, under Garrison Sergt.-Major, and handed over to the civil authorities. The above arrangements are published subject to modification. Details for funeral will be made known hereafter. By command, (Signed) DUDLEY NORTH, Colonel.

The draping of the interior of the Legislative Council Chamber is nearing completion. The whole interior is covered with black, relieved with purple about the doors and windows. Silver trimmings are yet to be added. A double row of incandescent lamps have been placed over the main doorway. While the body lies in state in the catafalque erected just opposite the main doorway, the public will enter through one of the two small doorways and pass out through the other. There will be a railing erected from the doors down the centre of the stairway and cut the main hallway to the door. To avoid crushing people wishing to view the remains will be required to enter on one side of the rail and leave on the other.

The following, it is thought, will be the order of the funeral, although ar-

rangements are not yet officially completed, and the order may be subjected to some changes:

- Squad of Police.
- Band 66th P.L.F.
- Company 66th P.L.F.
- Blue Jackets from H.M.S. Blenheim.
- Charitable Irish Society.
- Barristers Societies, N.S., and other Societies.
- Senate and Faculty Dalhousie College.
- Council City Halifax.
- Liberal-Conservative Association, Antigonish
- Floral Tributes.
- Deputation from Department of Justice, Ottawa.
- Officiating Clergy.
- Cabinet Ministers' Floral Tribute.
- Pall Bearers.
- Funeral Car.
- Ministers' Crown.
- Chief Mourners and Relatives.
- Governor-General and Staff.
- General Montgomery Moore and Staff.
- Lieutenant-Governors Provinces.
- Archbishops and Bishops.
- The Speaker of the Senate.
- Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.
- Chief Justices of Courts of Law and Equity.
- Members of the Privy Council not of the Cabinet.
- Solicitor-General and Comptrollers of Customs and Inland Revenue.
- General Officers Army and Militia.
- Members of the Senate.
- Speaker of the House of Commons.
- Puisne Judges of the Supreme Court of Canada.
- Puisne Judges of Courts of Law and Equity.
- Members of the House of Commons.
- Members of the Provincial Executive Councils.
- Speakers of the Provincial Legislative Councils.
- Members of the Provincial Legislative Councils.
- Speakers of the Provincial Legislative Assemblies.
- Members of the Provincial Legislative Assemblies.
- Naval and Military Officers.
- Non-officiating clergy.
- Band 63rd Rifles.
- Company of 63rd Rifles.
- Foreign consuls and representatives.
- Deputy Ministers.
- Intercolonial Railway deputation.
- Grand Trunk Railway deputation.
- Canadian Pacific Railway deputation.
- Warden and Council Halifax County.
- Representatives Press.
- Town and Municipal Council and deputation of citizens of Antigonish.
- North British Society.
- St. George's Society.
- Mayors and Councils from cities and towns, precedence from west.
- Deputations of Boards of Trade, precedence from west.
- N.S. Historical Society.
- N.S. Institute of Natural Science.
- Representatives and Officers of the Maritime Penitentiary.
- Young Men's Literary Association.
- Political organizations, precedence from west.
- Band, Citizens.
- Guard of Honor will consist of one from King's Regiment and one from the Militia, probably the 68th Princess Louise Fusiliers.

The rest of the forces, both regular and local, will line the streets through which the funeral will pass. It has been arranged that Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, will officiate at the funeral service at St. Mary's Cathedral and Archbishop O'Brien will preach.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES' TRIBUTES.

The pall which Their Excellencies have ordered for use at the late Sir John Thompson's funeral is completed. It is simple and rich, with very little ornamentation. It is made of the finest sheenest white Irish poplin, thirteen feet long by eight broad. The cross extends from one end to the other, and is of dense cloth of gold; the cross is outlined with gold cord which Her Excellency and Lady Marjorie have sewed on personally. The pall is bordered with gold fringe and tassels. Probably the only wreath on the coffin will be the one from Her Majesty the Queen. The maple wreath from Their Excellencies will be at the foot of the coffin; the wreath from the Ministers in the shape of a crown will be carried by four men.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION:

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—This vexed question appears to affect not only the people of Montreal, but those of the whole Province of Quebec, as is evident from the many correspondents who contribute weekly to THE TRUE WITNESS. Some of these able contributors lay particular stress and draw public attention to the way in which "Diplomas" are awarded to parties seeking the responsible position of teachers, having passed a preliminary examination.

Now, Mr. Editor, with your kind permission, I would wish to offer a few remarks, and in doing so it is not my intention to enter into minute detail on the subject, or in any wise, even by insinuation, wound the tender susceptibilities of the most effeminate, or ruffle the tranquility which seems to pervade a certain section of the community. But to begin. Is the holding a "Diploma" a sufficient guarantee of a duly qualified teacher?

Certainly not. It only goes to show that that person made a certain percentage in certain subjects at an examination before perhaps a Board of examiners, and no more. A diploma does not prove that the holder is capable of imparting knowledge, of inculcating sound moral principles, and of moulding the minds of the youths committed to the care of such persons. To my mind a diploma is a crying evil, and one that should be remedied in order to arrive at the point of those ambitious of having a good sound educational system established not only in a secular, but also religious point of view. Again, we have it stated, that the market is crowded with incompetent and incapable teachers. Could it be otherwise?—in face of the fact of the miserable pittance doled out to them by a Board of irresponsible school commissioners, not representing the views, the wishes, or the aspirations of the taxpayers. What talented young man would enter the field of such narrow enterprise, with no hope of promotion, no increase of revenue, no inducement to still further develop the latent talents which lie smouldering in his bosom? It is reasonable to expect that attention would be turned to something more congenial and less laborious than giving their youthful days without any hope of the future save a shattered constitution, and, in all probability, poverty and a premature grave.

Therefore, if I be allowed to offer a suggestion to those interested in so far as the education of the rising generation is concerned, remodel the school-board and have it elective, representative of the people; establish a regular increasing scale of salary, increasing according to merit, proficiency, and competency; and finally, the office of Inspector to be thrown open to competition before a properly constituted tribunal; in a word, by competitive examination. And again, establish a central training school for those aspiring to the important office of teacher, for the purpose of testing their competency, and infusing into their minds the respect due to the great and vital principles of Truth and Honesty.

J. O'S. B.

165 Ottawa St., Montreal.

COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—I agree with almost everything Mr. McClosky, of Chelsea, says, in your issue of this week, concerning the ease with which postulant's are made school teachers by means of a farce.

I was, and I am, perhaps, now, the only examiner on the Board for the County of Ottawa, whose natural tongue is English. The secretary receives notice one month in advance from all aspirants. He might, it seems, give the members of the Board a week's notice of the meetings for examinations, for there are not always applicants. As a matter of fact, I have generally received my notices through the mail two or three hours after the time fixed for the ordeal; and as I live eight miles from the rendezvous, and have generally to fix my appointments a few days ahead, you may well imagine that I am conspicuously absent, and Mr. Secretary, who hails from the South of France, alone decides upon the qualifications in Anglo-Saxon of those who come before him.

The same gentleman is School Inspector. (You remember the old joke of the teacher in Massam, whose school was still held up as an actual model by the inspector four years after her death.) In his reports to the Government he persistently protests against the absence of the commissioners during his perfunctory visits.

As chairman, during eight years, of the Aylmer School Board, I can fearlessly assert the Inspector never condescended to give any notice of his trap door apparitions to our commissioners, unless happening casually to meet one of the unfortunates on the way, he would bend himself to the withering remark that the commissioners would be expected next day at nine a.m. to meet Pantagruel.

THOS. P. FORAN.

Aylmer, 27 December, 1894.

At High Mass yesterday, the Rev. Father Quinlivan spoke powerfully on the subject of drink; he said it was responsible for a large proportion of the poverty that existed in the parish and asked the parishioners to make every effort to abstain from it during the coming year.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROTESTANTISM

By TIMOTHY P. HOLLAND, '96, in Ottawa University "Owl"

There are crises in the world's history when the minds of men seem but to await the falling of a spark to break out into a fearful explosion. That such a crisis was reached at the time of the religious movement of the XVI. century, and that the revolution that followed and spread so rapidly was the effect of vicious principles, itself a sedition, and not a legitimate reform capable of correcting existing abuses in the Church, it is the attempt of this brief summary to show.

There are four principal accounts of this movement. By Protestants the so-called reformation is considered the birthday of liberty of thought and conscience, the burning of the bonds of "superstition" and thralldom of the mind for untrammelled liberty of thought and independence of private judgment. Among Catholics some assign as its cause the disappointment of Luther in the matter of indulgences and his spiteful rebellion in consequence, aggravated by the refusal of the Pope to recognize Henry VIII's divorce. Others make these only the occasion, proposing as a more patent cause the general repugnance to spiritual authority and a spirit of independence of at least two centuries growth. The other contingent, of which Dr. Brownson is the chief exponent, allowing the efficiency of the causes mentioned, lay more stress upon the odiousness to German nations of submission to a foreign authority so Romanic as the Church then was. The Protestant view we disprove, on the grounds that it was not the rise of liberty but license, a freedom resulting in slavery more abject by far than submission to the restraint of lawful authority, without which society could not exist. Of the three views held by Catholics, the last most nearly covers the ground, as it comprehends the others and adds a third cause which must have played an important part in producing conditions favorable for the inception of the movement. A momentary event, such as Luther's matter of indulgences or Henry's divorce, could not have brought on such convulsions in European society, whose system was supported by the traditions of so many centuries, had there not been a disposition of popular feeling favorable for its reception; and we shall see that these events were "but sparks falling upon materials already disposed for combustion."

About the beginning of the XIV century, Europe was a spiritual commonwealth of nations with a single head; an entire continent embracing many separate powers, all reverencing and obeying as sovereign, the successor of Peter "the depository and interpreter of Christian law." The nations of Christianity were the members of one head, and held common principles; they all obeyed the Church, which was their conscience, and held the same standards of right and wrong. And although this sovereignty had suffered many severe shocks, it had thus far triumphed, for men were yet Christians at heart and recognized the voice of God in the voice of the Church; indifferentism had not yet effected the separation of religion from every-day realities.

This order of things is soon to end. The spiritual dominion heretofore voluntarily obeyed by the nations begins to be replaced by material force, developing into the modern system of balance of power. A spirit of independence arises among the princes, a desire of independence which does not brook restraint. We will endeavor to sum up in the fewest possible words the cause of it:

In the first place the times were immoral; licentiousness was becoming rife and the natural repugnance to authority in a prince already powerful would urge him to reject the only authority which stood between him and the gratification of his passions. Again, the papal power in consequence of its wide radiation had bishops or legates at every court who were often the subject of large benefices making them temporal princes as well as spiritual directors. So, when the bishops were very severe in matters of discipline, submission to them was rather suggestive of subjection to foreign temporal power; on the other hand, when they were the creatures of the prince, put under obligation to him by

benefices, they exercised no authority over him. In either case it created a contempt for authority. Moreover, the spread of pagan ideas gave birth to a desire of returning to the Roman form of government of pagan days. Caesarism became popular, especially in the Southern nations. Princes became impatient of papal rule; disrespect for his authority among the people was encouraged, the encouragers well knowing that if the authority of the Church were rejected they had a grip on their subjects which no power on earth could loose. The riches accumulated by the clergy and religious orders by their own industry and the generosity of the people were coveted by profligate princes.

Among Christian nations there were two distinct groups—the Romanic comprising the southern nations, and the Germanic the northern. The former being the elder in Christianity had infused more of its principles of government into the administration of Church government, which was in fact officered chiefly by Romanic clergy. Now, antagonism between Rome and Germany is older than Christianity itself; it dates back to ante-Cæsarean times. This repugnance to Romanic rule was in the case of the Northern states an incentive to that spirit of independence which resulted in the rejection of spiritual authority.

Such were some of the agents of Protestantism among the nations. If we descend from rulers to people we will discover like influences at work here. To the revival of pagan literature, which took place at this time, can be traced a great deal of the change of attitude. After the diffusion of Greek and Roman literature, Europe abandoned itself to a base adulation of everything Greek or Roman. True science gave way to erudition; pagan sentiments, instead of being compared with the great truths of Christianity, were adopted unchallenged. In fine, paganism became the fashion; as an instance of its abnormal influence, the Blessed Virgin was spoken of as "deesse" and our Saviour as the "Son of Jupiter." All the licentiousness of pagan authors was sown and bore fruit many fold. From the steady growth of healthy sober thought, not suppressed but directed by the censorship of the Church, the human mind broke away into a license of thought only to grow wild.

There were three incidents in the two centuries preceding the reformation which stand out as more prominent stepping stones to that event than the gradual influences we have been considering. The first of these was the scandal committed by Philip the Fair of France. At the beginning of the XIV century, Pope Boniface VIII, having been insulted by Philip, published a bull in which he fearlessly denounced Phillip for his cruel wars against Christian nations and the exorbitant taxation of his subjects. In this action the Pope never dreamed of opposition; he acted on the precedent of the papal power by which he was to censure the powerful of the earth as well as the weak, and to protect subjects from the unjust oppression of their sovereigns. But here he had not reckoned with the man he was chastising. The time had come when Christ's vicar was no longer supreme. Philip resented, raised a sedition against the Pope, seized his person at Anagni and confiscated his court. This sacrilege, though shocking to popular feeling at the time, and heartily denounced by succeeding Popes, was nevertheless a fatal stroke at the spiritual supremacy of the Holy See and cherished in the minds of the laity a growing disregard for it.

The second event was the heresy of Wycliffe in England. This was a start along the line which Luther was to pursue a little later; he was but the forerunner of Luther. Disappointed in an appointment of the Pope his anger turned against him and he soon began a regular heresy. His doctrine was pure Presbyterianism; the Pope was denied to be the head of the Church Militant; Church dignitaries were superfluous, priests and deacons could perform all functions. A doctrine so agreeable to the general spirit of insubordination did

not fail to become eminently popular and to strengthen the trend of popular feeling.

The scandal of Philip the Fair was intimately connected with the rise of a subsequent one, known as the Great Western Schism. Philip wormed his seditious influence into the councils of the Church, and procured the removal of the Holy See to Avignon. During its residence here, French influence gained domination in the papal court, which showed itself not until the papal residence was again transferred to Rome. On the death of Gregory XI, the Romans, fearing another translation to Avignon, demanded and obtained a Roman pontiff. All the cardinals swore allegiance to Urban VI, and kept it without protest for three months, when they suddenly withdrew to Avignon, deposed Urban, and elected an anti-pope, Clement VII. Then began the Great Western Schism, which wrought more evils to the Church than any she had previously suffered, and made the breach still greater ones to follow. For thirty-nine years the history of the Church is but a repetition of vain endeavours at reconciliation, of denunciations and anathemas hurled at one another by the rival claimants to the papal succession, of corresponding strife among people and powers, out of sympathy for the different opponents. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the havoc made by this state of things: the head of the Church, uncertain amidst the rivalry of several claimants; prelates and pastors absorbed in religious controversy, their flocks uncared for; the faithful in doubt, bewildered by the apparent loss of unity in the one invisible Church; morals becoming corrupt, and none to check their decay. Such was the situation of affairs produced by this unfortunate occurrence. Could any conditions be more favorable for an insurrection against all authority, when the people were demoralized by such influences?

The direct consequence of the Great Schism was the loosening of the bonds of ecclesiastical discipline consequent thereon; for all its evils were multiplied many times through the corruption and unfaithfulness of the clergy itself. Never, perhaps, has there been an epoch in the history of Christianity, in which the clergy have fallen into such laxity. Monastic orders which were rich enough to support themselves without the manual labor of the members, fell into luxury. Over the benefices donated by princes, were placed creatures of the princes, wholly unfit for the charge, and fatal to the discipline of the religious. The extensive temporal possessions of many ecclesiastics rendered their relations with the people rather temporal than spiritual, and thereby loosened respect and confidence in them. And so it happened that just when the faithful were most in need of earnest, steadfast pastors to guide them through a concurrence of evil influences, the pastors themselves were most unfaithful.

Such, then, was the field which Luther found already prepared for his work of destruction. The bonds of spiritual authority loosened; minds and hearts perverted by a spirit of insubordination, rebellion and licentiousness, and exposed to any danger which chance may bring. Of these twenty centuries of Christianity, no moment ever offered such a favorable opportunity for the propagation of such tenets. He urged rebellion to a people impatient of authority; he promised license to a people who sought riddance of the only restraint between them and the gratification of evil passions. "The fuel was disposed for combustion," he applied the spark, and soon all Europe was enveloped in the conflagration.

Causes which gave rise to Protestantism were naturally potent as well in spreading the same. But in addition to those which generated, were several great events, whose remarkable coincidence with the rise of Protestantism is often misconstrued as consequent thereon. The revival of letters so disastrous to morals, gave, nevertheless, a new impulse to the human mind, and created an eagerness for new ideas. By the discovery of America unknown paths were opened to the ambition of adventurers and the extension of commerce. The invention of printing furnished a medium of rapid interchange of thought between different countries, while the introduction of the use of firearms, as Darrae says, "changed the ancient mode of warfare, thus multiplying in every quar-

ter of Europe those bands of mercenary troops, ready to sell their blood to the highest bidder;" and this was an item of importance, since the new heresy chose material force to oblige its adoption. All these advantages were seized upon and made instruments of its propagation, and very effectual they proved to be.

We have spoken frequently of abuses in the Church, and perhaps it would be well to explain this term. When we say the Church needed reform we mean its individual members. As the expression of the Word of God on earth, pronouncing on matters of faith and discipline, the Church is, *ipso facto*, incapable of error. But in matters of Church government, which depends upon human judgment, and is subject to human weakness, the Church is fallible; in this sense the Church means the individuals comprising its visible body.

This so-called reformation was not, as has been shown, a reformation, but a rebellion against the highest authority on earth, generated by vicious principles, and resulting in a concession to human passion. That it was a return to the primitive Church, and that the Catholic Church had departed from the path of the True Church is illogical, since it supposes the impossible case of a time when the True Church did not exist on earth.

It is beyond the intention of this imperfect retrospect to go into a minute examination of the effects of this religious movement. The nature of its effects directly on society we pass by; but this much we do aver, that it proved the preservation of the Church itself. The aspect of such a large adherence of the faithful torn from the bosom of the Mother Church and involved in error is indeed not conciliating, but, on the other hand, when we realize that it was indirectly the means of bringing about a much needed reform in the Church, we must pronounce it an agency for good. It arose at a time when the Church was distracted by a great schism, confused by internal strife; when people and clergy were softened and demoralized; when the general tone of religion was very low and faith fast cooling. The Church was badly in need of reform, and nothing short of a great suffering could purge it. Purgation came in the form of Protestantism, recalled the ministry to a sense of duty, hastened the reform of abuses and purified faith and morals by its persecution. Nor is the glory of the Church dimmed in the least by all her trials. That in such demoralization as preceded the Reformation, and amidst such storms as assailed her during the spread of Protestantism, the Church should still rise unchanged and triumphant, still glorying in her many saints, is the most incontestable testimony of her Divine mission, and of the presence in her of the Holy Spirit of God.

Russia has placed an order with a firm at Bethlehem, Pa., for 12,000 tons of armor-plate for the Czar's new battle-ships.

WANTED MEN AND WOMEN

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

This splendid book entitled "Life and Work of Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson, P.C. K.C.M.G., Q.C., Prime Minister of Canada," by I. Castall Hopkins, with copious illustrations, is now on press. It gives an account of Sir John's early life and struggles. His rapid rise to fame and position. His great work for Canada. His brilliant abilities and achievements. His noble services to the Empire and loyalty to the Crown. His conscientious devotion to duty and high religious character. His distinguished place as a Parliamentary debater, orator, and statesman. His leading speeches upon public questions. His last days and dramatic death. Thousands in Canada are waiting for this truly great book. We want agents to introduce it everywhere. A live man or woman can coin money with it for the next three months for Canada is stirred as never before. Will send handsome full bound Prospectus for the nominal sum of 85 cents. Retail full cloth \$1.75. Leather, full gilt edges, \$2.50. Any intelligent person can sell this book. Send for outfit to-day with your choice of territory.

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The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.
(LIMITED)

At No. 761 Craig St., Montreal, Canada.

J. K. FORAN, LIT. D., LL.B., EDITOR

SUBSCRIPTION : RATES

City, \$1.50; country, \$1.00. If not paid in advance \$1.50 (country) and \$2 (city) will be charged. Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

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



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1895.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Sincerely and heartily to all our friends and readers do we wish a truly "Happy New Year."

In a few hours 1894 will be no more; the dead year will be wrapped in its shroud of snow, and the great gulf of the Past will have swallowed up all its deeds and events. Before many more revolutions of the hour hand, on the dial of time, a young, bright, innocent year, all beautiful in the white baptismal robes that nature has prepared for her, will come tripping over the hills, scattering on all sides fair promises and great hopes. At this season we always experience a twilight feeling—half sadness and half joy—clouds of the past and sunbeams of the future; it is a feeling of holy regret for the year that is no more, and yet a feeling of not unalloyed pleasure in presence of the year that approaches. How appropriate the touching lines of the Poet Priest! At the close of each year they come to us like friends we have ever loved but who have long been absent:

Let the New Year sing
At the Old Year's grave;
Will the New Year bring
What the Old Year gave?

Ah! The Stranger-year trips over the snows;
And his brow is wreathed with many a rose;
But how many thorns do the roses conceal
Which the roses, when withered, shall soon reveal?

Let the New Year smile
When the Old Year dies;
In how short a while
Shall the smiles be sighs?

Yea! Stranger-year, thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,
But, dearer than thou—in his shroud of snows—
Is the furrowed face of the Year that goes.

Yea! Bright New Year,
O'er all the earth,
With song and cheer,
They will hail thy birth;

They will trust thy words in a single hour,
They will love thy face, they will laud thy power;
For the New has charms which the Old has not,
And the Stranger's face makes the Friend's got."

Before we bury old 1894, and before we join in the jubilation over the advent of young 1895, let us take a hurried glance at the twelve months just elapsed. The new year may be pregnant with great events, but important indeed were many of those that mark the path of yester-year. Each individual can look back and count many smiles and many tears. Not one of us but has felt some amount of happiness and experienced a share of pain during the year that is gone. In every household in the land there have been changes—some perhaps very slight, others very marked. There are to-night many little cribs, in cosy nurseries, that, a year ago, were

not in their present places; there are many little mounds to-night up in "God's Acre," that a year ago did not exist. There are seats around the family board this year that were not there when 1894 dawned; there are vacant chairs by many a hearth-fire this evening that were filled with beloved forms twelve months ago. Faces that were weary and sad at the birth of 1894 wear smiles of contentment as the year expires; faces that were aglow with hope and joy last New Year's Day are worn with sorrow's wrinkles and beam with no glow of pleasure as 1895 draws near. The world constantly changes, and yet life is ever the same great blending of bitter and sweet, of shade and light.

Looking beyond the family circle, and out upon the great world, we behold wonderful events that dot the record of the year that is going. There have been rumors of war, but with the exception of the Korean struggle between Japan and China, peace has reigned in all parts of the earth. But of the potentates, rulers, men of genius that marked the closing decade of our century, not a few passed off the stage of mortal activity during 1894. The Angel of Death struck in many different ways; on the streets of Lyons the assassin's dagger laid low President Carnot, one of the greatest men that the present French Republic has produced, while Alexander, the peace-loving Czar of Russia, went forth amidst the quiet of a summer resort, and with the eyes of Europe looking on. Of the men who for over three-quarters of a century held the attention of the world, and who walked the flowery paths of literature, the last of a memorable band, in the person of Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, stepped off the scene. Of the more modern writers known to fame, the end of the year beheld the end of the novelist Robert L. Stevenson. Between those two quite a number of others, more or less generally known, have passed over to the great majority.

In Canada three conspicuous figures have vanished; four men, who, each in his own sphere did great things and claimed the attention of the public in very different, but each in a marked degree. The first to go was the late Archbishop Tache, the pioneer prelate of St. Boniface, the great and gifted churchman whose services as missionary and as a patriot have left an ineffaceable imprint on the pages of Canada's history, and particularly that part which concerns the great North-West. The second—taken almost suddenly in the hour when his labors were to be rewarded by a well-earned rest—was the late Honorable C. F. Fraser, the leading Irish Catholic statesman of Ontario. The third was the late Hon. Honore Mercier, the ex-Premier of Quebec, and the man who played, perhaps, the most conspicuous and important part in the drama of our Provincial history, since Confederation. The fourth—and last—was the late Sir John Thompson, who died crowned with the brightest laurels of earthly triumph, and at the very foot of the throne. As yet his obsequies have not taken place, and the shock of that national calamity is too fresh even now in its effects to require any elaboration upon that most sorrowful of misfortunes.

But if the dying year saw great changes it has also left many of the most important and most conspicuous individuals of our age to mourn over its tomb and to welcome in its youthful successor. It is wonderful how impartial the old spectre with the scythe has always been! Rich and poor, great and lowly, old and young, are all the same to him; the weed and the stalk of grain

must both go down when they stand in the swath that he intends cutting. There are, however, in every age and in every land a small number of towering personages whose forms arise like the pines on the mountain and appear conspicuously against the sky of the past, even when all the forest around them is laid low. Of these there are a few that will attract the attention of 1895 as they have challenged the fear, respect, admiration, love or some other sentiment of 1894. Iron-framed, strong-willed Bismarck, with his stubborn adherence to obsolete methods and his love of a power that has forever left him; grand, energetic, high-souled Gladstone, with his desire to see justice done to an injured people before his eagle spirit soars to its reward; and finally, the glorious, sublime, and inimitable form of Leo XIII. pouring forth his mandates of wisdom and truth to the listening nations of the world. But we must check this review or we may be drawn into a subject that as far exceeds our powers, at present, of adequately treating as does the year that is going exceed the moment in which we write.

Turning, then, from 1894 before bidding the old year a fond adieu, let us thank Providence for all the blessings, the graces, the temporal and spiritual gifts that we received and enjoyed during those twelve months. Not one of us can say that he has not been the recipient of some boon and the participator in some joy; and as all that we have of good comes directly from God, let us be grateful to the Giver and return Him our thanks for His bounty during the year that goes! Welcome, now, to 1895! May it bring us all fresh hopes, new joys, abundant blessings; may its record be one undimmed by any great calamity; may universal peace reign throughout its stay; may the Angel of Death be sparing of our friends; may the trials of the Church and of the Holy Father be reduced and, if possible, effaced forever; may the smiles chase away the frowns; may the joys outnumber the sorrows; and may each and all our readers participate fully in the happiness of the New Year, and may there not be a vacant chair at any of their firesides, when old Father Time comes to ring the knell of 1895 and the christening chime for 1896!

Such is our sincere and fervent prayer. In the year to come we also wish to see union and tranquility reign; we desire that all foolish differences, that only tend to darken life, be drowned in the stream of true and honest tolerance; we trust that a harmony and mutual understanding may exist between the different races and different creeds that go to make up our Canadian population. And, if our desires are realized, as we trust they may be, we will see this country advanced one more giant stride along the highway of national prosperity, and approach one station nearer to the goal of destiny; the position of Queen of this new world, home of good principles and shrine of the civilization of true Christianity. Once more, to all, "A Happy New Year," and we will add "many happy returns of the same."

THAT LIBEL BILL.

The Newspaper Libel Bill was discussed in Committee on Friday last, in the Quebec Legislature. While Messrs. Taillon, Pelletier, Casgrain, Fitzpatrick and Stephens argued the merits and demerits of the bill in a most intelligent manner, Messrs. Auge, Martineau and Lussier let loose upon newspapers in general, attacking editors, reporters and every person connected with the press. But happily the press was so well de-

fended by the other speakers that the diatribes of the angry gentlemen fell flat. What troubled them the most was clause 8 and paragraph 11, which runs thus:

"The plaintiff shall recover actual damages only if it appears on the trial of the action that the article was published in good faith, that there was a reasonable ground to believe that the same was for the public good, that it did not involve a criminal charge, that the publication took place in mistake or apprehension of the facts, and that a full and fair retraction of any statement therein alleged to be erroneous was published either in the next regular issue of the newspaper, or other newspaper aforesaid, or in any regular issue thereof, published within three days after the receipt of such notice, and was so published in as conspicuous a place and type as was the article complained of."

Could anything be fairer than this clause? If any one of the gentlemen, who are so hard on the press, were to happen by accident to say an unkind word of another person, or to knock up against him on the street, he would like to be pardoned, when he had fully retracted his words or else excused himself for the unintentional act which caused his neighbor a certain degree of annoyance.

As a rule newspapers do not publish injurious articles intentionally, nor do editors make it their business to hurt the feelings or to damage the reputations of people. There are times when the press is obliged, as a duty which it owes to the public which supports it, to protect that public against evils of all classes. In so doing an accidental mistake may be made, and the best evidence of good faith and absence of vindictiveness is the retraction or rectification.

But the very gentlemen who would be the most anxious for pardon in case they committed an error, are the most desirous of having the press retract, set matters right and then be punished even as if there had never been an apology. And the very gentlemen who are loudest in their denunciations of the press are the most anxious to court the influence and good will of that same press whenever they have an election to run, or some other object, important to themselves, to gain.

Well, the press can get on without the potent aid of such critics. Most certainly the clause above quoted is just in every acceptance of the term, and it would be an evil day for Canada, socially, morally, politically and religiously, were the press to be muzzled, or to exist under a semi-coercion, with the constant menace of a libel law that would virtually put an end to fair and necessary criticism of public men and public events. There is a difference between the freedom of the press and license; there is a still greater difference between a fairly governed and a shackled press.

A RUMOR became current—we know not how—that recently Prince Bismarck had asked for a Catholic theologian to explain to him several points of doctrine which he did not understand. It is said that the Archbishop sent him two priests—a Redemptorist and a Jesuit. What truth there is in the story we cannot tell, but certainly it would be a strange spectacle to find the Iron Chancellor conferring with a member of the Jesuit Order. Still just as extraordinary things have taken place. While there is life there is hope.

The grand raffle of the piano donated by C. W. Lindsay to the Rosary table at the St. Patrick's bazaar, in June last, will take place in the Catholic Young Men's hall, Monday evening, January 7. All the holders of tickets will look forward to the great event. Piano tickets may be had at St. Patrick's presbytery.

REV. FATHER DAWSON, D.D.

Just as our issue is going to press, we learn of the death of the Reverend Father Aeneas McDonald Dawson, D.D., of Ottawa. We regret exceedingly that the few moments at our disposal will not permit of a notice worthy the learned, saintly and popular priest whose battle of life has just ended. Father Dawson was a gifted and noble-hearted Scotchman, and for years had been Chaplain of St. Andrew's Society at the Capital. So popular was he amongst all sections of the community that he was called in a friendly way "the Protestant Priest." His familiar form will be much missed on the streets of Ottawa, his smiling face will no longer be seen at all the great festive gatherings—religious or national.

As a rule, Dr. Dawson was to be found every day in the Parliament Library, going over volumes of history and preparing articles and poems for publication. Up to the very end his ready, facile and truly elevating pen was busy with inspiring verse and lofty prose. The pages of "The Owl," the Ottawa University Magazine, contain some of Dr. Dawson's latest, and by no means least important, productions.

For some years Dr. Dawson resided on Gloucester street and said Mass at the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame. He was ordained in 1835, and although we do not exactly know his age at the time of death, he could not have been less than eighty years old. The late William McD. Dawson and the ex-member for Algoma, Mr. Simon E. Dawson, were brothers of the lamented priest.

The last time the writer met Dr. Dawson was at the University of Ottawa annual commencement in June last. He then looked as healthy, in as good spirits, and as full of kindly greetings for his host of acquaintances, as upon any occasion for the last thirty years. Dr. Dawson did very much toward the cementing of the different religious elements in Ottawa, and when the degree of Doctor was conferred upon him he was congratulated by the whole population, irrespective of rank, nationality or creed.

Once more we deeply regret not having time for this issue to tell the story of that good and learned priest. But his name will long live in the annals of the capital, his works will tell his worth to future generations, and we shall have a fitting opportunity, before long, of paying the tribute that personal and intimate friendship as well as general gratitude demand. "God's rest to the soul of the Priest of Perth," wrote McGee thirty years ago; to the lamented Priest who has now gone to his reward, we repeat that prayer from our inmost soul.

At the unveiling of Edmund Burke's statue, in Bristol, last October, Lord Rosebery delivered an address that is worthy a place in a collection of the finest oratorical efforts of our day. He called Burke one of the greatest of modern orators, and said that the erection of the statue was an act of reparation, because Bristol, 114 years ago, rejected Burke on account of his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation and of justice to his native land—Ireland. With the following peroration did Lord Rosebery conclude that splendid tribute to the genius and worth of the great statesman:—

"And what of the man himself?" asked Lord Rosebery. "Is he a shadow? No, gentlemen, in my opinion he is the one figure of that time that is likely never to be a shadow. He burns on the historic canvas as the other figures fade, by his speeches, which, as I have said, were read and not listened to. He will

be remembered as long as there are readers, when other orators on whose lips parliaments and people hung have disappeared with the tongues that spoke and the ears that heard them. Day by day the powerful ministers, whom he could not persuade, the great nobles, whom he had to inspire and prompt, the sublime statesmen, who could not forsooth put him in their Cabinet, wax dimmer and less whilst he looks stronger and larger. Their fame rests on bills and speeches, ephemeral bills and ephemeral speeches, but his is built on a stronger and broader foundation, built on high political wisdom, like some noble old castle or abbey, which, whilst it stands, is a monument and beacon to men, which even in its decay furnishes a landmark to posterity."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

CELEBRATION OF THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

The greatest day of the Church's rejoicing is Christmas day, and to usher in this grand anniversary the Catholic Church dons in her services all the magnificence that appertains to her service of joy. The music of the midnight Mass of Christmas eve is always sweet, powerful and impressive, and it is no wonder that large bodies of Protestants look forward to the grand annual midnight ceremony as eagerly as do we ourselves. And though they have not the grace of true belief in the ceremony performed, they cannot experience a grander, holier sensation than that which fills their souls on these occasions. What situation can be more edifying and holier than to kneel amid the spreading aroma of ascending incense, to feed the eye on the multifarious dazzling and mellow flood of altar lights—to sit and drink in the organ's rolling harmonies, handed down from music's greatest masters, that peal and thunder and swell and shoot like celestial voices glorifying God. If, as Protestants say, they can experience such sensations as these, how much grander, loftier, holier and noble must be the feelings of those who, behind the gorgeous ceremonies of the Church perceive and faithfully believe the glorious miracle of Christ's transubstantiation! It would be impossible to enumerate the special music given at each separate church in the city. The English-speaking parishes this year executed music far more difficult than is their wont, but everything went easily and successfully.

St. Ann's choir was ably augmented by the boys of St. Ann's school. The boys of St. Ann's are already well known by their abilities, and on Tuesday they did full justice to their musical reputations. Master Frank McCrory sang the "Adeste Fideles" with excellent voice and taste. The soloists were Messrs. J. Morgan, T. C. Emblem, W. Murphy, H. Cleland, A. Higgins, M. Mullarkey, Ed. Quinn and E. Finn. The orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Oathcart Wallace, did excellent service. "The March" at the conclusion of the Mass, composed by the organist, Mr. P. J. Shea, was played with brilliancy.

At St. Anthony's Church the music was especially fine. The Rev. Father Donnelly has had a new choir in training for some months, and on Tuesday they made their first attempt at a Grand Mass. The result was a distinct success, the more so as Riga's Mass is an exceedingly difficult one to do full justice to.

At St. Mary's Church, Concone's Mass was brilliantly executed; the soloists were C. J. Hamlin, J. B. Paquette, J. Ransom, J. Phelan, A. Allard and M. Quinn; leader of orchestra, Prof. Sullivan; director and organist, Prof. J. Wilson.

More than 150 voices took part in the singing of the midnight Mass at the Gesù; the choir was assisted by a full orchestra.

Altogether, the music this year was finer in the English-speaking churches than on any previous Christmas Eve, and the large crowd of Protestants who flocked to the various churches is a distinct tribute to its quality, from a worldly point of view.

OBITUARY.

REV. MADAME JORDAN.

It is with sincere sympathy that we record the death of the Rev. Madame Jordan, a member of the Sacred Heart Community. The sad event took place in the convent at Chicago, on the 22nd December. The deceased lady had spent 25 years of religious life, and had

earned a high reputation for sanctity and devotion to duty. She was the third daughter of the late John Jordan, Esq., assistant Surveyor of Her Majesty's Customs at Montreal, and a sister of our esteemed fellow-citizen J. A. Jordan, Esq., of the Customs Department. With deep sympathy for the deceased relatives and friends, we pray with them that her soul may rest in peace.

THE LATE MR. JOHN POWER.

On the feast of the Assumption, last August, the parish of St. Columban was in mourning for the loss of one of its oldest and most respected inhabitants, in the person of Mr. John Power, who on the 12th of that month, in his 84th year, had departed to his reward. He was a native of the County of Wexford, Ireland, and came to this country in 1828. He was a devout Catholic and a most patriotic Irishman; he loved

the land of his birth and he served the land of his adoption. A kind father and good husband, he was an example to all his neighbors and was esteemed and honored by all who knew him. He leaves a widow, five sons and two daughters to lament his loss, and we join with them in the prayer that his reward may be great.

C. M. B. A.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected at a recent meeting of Branch 132, Halifax, N.S.:—President, Joseph A. Chisholm; vice-president, W. J. Butler; 2nd vice-president, D. B. O'Brien; recording secretary, N. Metzler; assistant recording secretary, W. J. Finlay; financial secretary, D. T. Lyvagh; treasurer, W. J. Phelan.

1,000 LBS. N. Y. COFFEE

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1,000 lbs. English Breakfast Tea

At 35 Cents per lb.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Fine English Breakfast Teas. Finest Breakfast Coffees (Fresh Roasted and Ground every day by electric power.)

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

AND NOW FOR

Supplies for New Year's Day.

What Old King Christmas is to the British-Canadian, LE JOUR DE L'AN is to the French-Canadian.

We propose to assist all to the proper enjoyment of the day.

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Finest Quality of LIQUEURS

Finest Port Wines in wood and bottle.

Finest Sherry Wines in wood and bottle.

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Fine Old Liqueur Scotch Whiskies,

Rare Old Brandies,

Fine Old Irish Whiskies,

Fine Old Rye Whiskies.

Seagram's '83, Walker's Club and Imperial and Gooderham & Worts.

Ales and Stout,

Imported and Domestic.

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Still and Sparkling.

Red and White Bordeaux Wines, etc., etc., etc.

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TRUFFLES DU PERIGORD

(PREMIER CHOIX)

The Bonfils Truffles in small tins.

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Armour's Pickled Meats.

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—ALSO—

Armour's Star Hams and Armour's Star Boneless Breakfast Bacon.

Fresh supplies of one and all.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

POLAND WATER.

50 cases, 100 dozen half-gallon bottles, fresh stock, received into store yesterday direct from the celebrated Poland Mineral Springs.

We offer Poland Water, in half-gallon glass bottles, at 50c per bottle, \$5.50 per dozen.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA WATER.

We are also just in receipt of another 50 cases, 50 dozen half-gallon bottles of Londonderry Lithia Spring Water, which we offer at 60c per bottle, \$6.50 per case of one dozen half-gallon bottles.

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IMPORTERS, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,

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MISSION OF THE LILIES.

By COLUMBA CARROLL.

"What beautiful lilies!" exclaimed May Norris, as she opened the door of her friend, Blanche Glenn's, elegant room and saw on the table a bunch of those pure white flowers. "Where did you get them, Blanche? They are my favorites of all the flower kingdom, because they are dear St. Joseph's lilies."

May picked up one of the sacred blossoms to admire it, saying, "These are the first I have seen this year. Oh, how I love them!"

Blanche came from her retreat in the sunny window, holding out both hands to her friend. They are indeed lovely dear May. Clive sent them to me and I am going to wear them to-night. I wanted lilies-of-the-valley, but could not get them, so he sent me these. Some of them are very small and they look lovely with my pink. I was just wishing you would come and put the flowers in the neck of my new dress. I will show it to you. But what flowers are you going to wear, May? Violets, I hope."

May's face changed a little. She cast her eyes down for a moment, then quickly looked up with a smile and said, "I am not going to wear any flowers, Blanche."

"Not going to wear any! Why, every one will have on flowers to-night, and besides—" seeing May's serious expression Blanche suddenly stopped and, putting both arms around her friend, said sweetly, "Did Fred forget to send you flowers, dear? Then you shall have some of mine. This lily looks lovely in your hair," holding the white blossom against May's sunny tresses. "I wish my hair were like yours instead of brown."

"Thank you, Blanche; I shall not need your flowers. Fred did send me beautiful roses."

"He will feel hurt if you do not wear them to-night."

"No, he will not, for I am not going," May said laughingly.

"Not going, May. Why, have you and Fred fallen out? Come tell me all about it, and then make up, for you must go."

"O Blanche! you are all wrong, so I will have to tell you. First, the flowers are in a place that it will please Fred to have them. If it did not please him—well I should not care to please him myself. They are on St. Joseph's Altar, dear, and to-morrow will be his feast day. That is the reason I'm not going to Garland's to-night."

"Well, May Norris!" Blanche exclaimed, greatly provoked. "I thought you had gotten over those foolish notions of yours; I don't see why that should keep you from enjoying yourself. What Joseph do you mean, anyhow—Joseph the husband of Mary?"

"Do not be disrespectful, Blanche. I mean St. Joseph, the spouse of the Blessed Virgin and foster-father of Our Lord. Now I must be going. Let me take one more look at those lovely lilies. They are not too beautiful for you, dear friend, but too sacred for the ball-room."

"I think you might stay and help me dress," Blanche said crossly.

"I would like to, but mother is not well and she will expect me home early."

"Well, if you will go, May, wait one moment; I will get you the book I promised. It is on papa's desk." Blanche left the room, and May took up her friend's Bible from the table near her, turning the leaves slowly as she sat thinking. Suddenly her face brightened as her eyes fell upon these words:—

"And for raiment why are you solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin. Yet I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these." Looking round she found a pencil and marked these two verses in the sixth chapter of Matthew, and laid the book open upon the table.

Blanche soon returned, bringing the volume. She handed it to May, saying: "I think you are real mean not to go to-night."

"That is because you do not understand my motive, dear. Do not part with me in anger. See, the sun is going down. I will run away while you are smiling on me. Good-night!"

May hurried from the room, down the broad stairway, and into the soft twilight.

The sun was fast sinking, but the west was all aglow with crimson and gold, and a gentle wind was blowing.

She drew a scarf over her head and shoulders and began to climb the hill for home. It was already late in the month of March, but the eighteenth was the first mild day. May loitered a little to enjoy the balmy air without and the warm beatings of her heart within. Presently she looked up. Bright eyes, blushes, and smiles improve a pretty face. Fred Holland was at the top of the hill and coming towards her.

"I am sorry about Blanche; I intended to tell her the secret," May said, as she pulled off her glove, and held out a little hand, on which a tiny diamond glittered, to Fred, who gently held it in his own a moment, and they slowly, very slowly wandered home.

CHAPTER II.

Blanche Glenn was the only remaining child of Dr. Glenn, first physician in the village of Seaton. Blanche was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters, all of whom lay side by side in the town cemetery. She was the life and joy of her old father, whose heart was full of gentleness and love for his motherless child, and whose purse, like the magic lamp, was always being emptied for her and yet was always full. The sweet simplicity of Blanche's character outshone the glittering attractions of her wealth and beauty, but the tender blossoms of heaven born virtue planted in her heart drooped sadly for want of the care and cultivation which religion alone can give. Indulged in every girlish freak and fancy, surrounded by luxuries, commanding admiration; although a Protestant herself, Blanche's dearest friend, May Norris, was a Catholic, and a poor girl whose father had lately died, leaving nothing to his family but the old homestead.

Therefore it became necessary for May and her older brothers to obtain employment, that they might keep the family together in their old home. May had spent her last school year at a convent of the Sisters of St. Francis, from which she had graduated, winning high honours and carrying away golden lessons of virtue and piety that kept her heart brave and happy, and illuminated her sweet face with holy joy. Every one loved May, and none the less now that she was the school-mistress of the village, for there was a smile and a kind word on her lips for every one. How could she have enemies?

By teaching she soon earned enough to pay the tax on the house, and now that her brothers were succeeding she was able to lay aside a little for her own use.

But to return to Blanche. As soon as May left her on the evening of the Garland entertainment, she sat down in a great arm-chair by the window, pouting like a spoiled child. "It takes all the pleasure from the evening not to have May go," she thought. "I wish I had not promised. Everyone will be disappointed if she is not there. I wonder why she don't go? Oh, yes! I remember; because to-morrow will be St. Joseph's day. Well, she's very good to give him her flowers and stay at home in his honour, which is more than I would do. I wonder how she can do it? Raving over my lilies, too, just because they are named after him. I'm sure I don't care much for them, or for Olive who sent them, or for the party—for anything in fact. I wish my dear mother had lived, if only long enough, to teach me to be good and useful. Papa thinks I am good; I know I am not. May is good, and useful too. She helps to support her mother, and although she has so little, she is always doing something for others, and everyone loves her. But for me no one cares—only May and papa; and I don't see why they should either. I am so useless, so selfish, so discontented; though I have everything I wish for. What good have I done in all my life? And yet I must have been made for something better than foolish, worldly pleasures. There is nothing in them after all. There is a void in my heart, a longing for something, I don't know what—perhaps for God, perhaps for prayer. Alas! I do

not know how to pray." And tears gathered in the full brown eyes as Blanche raised a pleading face to the starlit sky, but they closed sadly and her head dropped heavily on her arm. "I have not a friend there," she cried, with an aching heart. The storm-waves of her grief beat high, but above the tempest that raged in her bosom she heard a gentle voice crying "Save me, Lord, or I perish!" She sank upon her knees and the winds grew calm.

Silver moonbeams streamed in at the windows and shed a soft light over the kneeling figure of a young girl with wavy brown hair, and the face—ah! the face was hidden to all but God; and a voice of angel sweetness whispered consolation to her soul. "Look to God, dear child," it said, "he is your friend and mine. I am St. Joseph; I will help you; pray to God; he will guide you, guard you, love you, and teach you to love him."

"I will try, dear saint," she cried, "with my whole heart. I will, I will!"

The silver timepiece on the mantel chimed seven, and a voice from the hall called "Blanche, where are you, dear!"

"I am here, father," she answered, running to the door. "I am going out, but will soon be ready; then I will come down."

"I don't want to go, but I've promised," she mused with a happy face, "and I am not going to begin by disappointing. But the lilies—they are indeed too sacred for me; I belong to St. Joseph now, and he shall have them. But Clive—well, I will wear one for his sake, but it will be the last time."

Blanche lighted the candles on the table, and the open Bible attracted her attention. The pencil-marks she knew to be Mary's, and she read the verses. "And for raiment why are you solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they labour not, neither do they spin; yet I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these."

Blanche closed the book, but the words appeared still before her mind. "I will send the lilies to May," Blanche resolved, "and in the morning she will put them on the altar for me." Blanche called her maid, and the flowers were sent with a note.

"Now I must dress quickly," she said; "they will call for me at eight." The new pink dress was put on in a rather careless manner—something unusual for Blanche—the brown hair was caught loosely back, and a single white lily, half hidden in folds of pink, nestled on her bosom. Not a jewel marred the simplicity of her costume, but she never looked lovelier, was never more unconsciously of her charms. True happiness lit up her face, and everyone remarked her sweetness and affability, but not one attributed the change in her manner to the modest flower she wore.

And May—where was she on this same evening? Her cozy little parlour looked cheerful, indeed, in the warm firelight; but what made the little flames peep in and disappear like mischievous children? Ah! Fred was there alone with May. Shall we peep, too? No; let us go in honestly with the maid, who is just entering with the box of lilies Blanche has sent.

There is nothing very remarkable to be seen except that May and Fred look unusually happy. The room itself shows signs of careful dressing. Graceful loops in the muslin curtains, dainty ornaments, and fresh flowers betray May's tasteful arrangement.

Imagine her surprise to receive from Blanche the lilies she had so much admired! The note, too, puzzled her. "What could have induced her friend to part with flowers, and offer them so generously to St. Joseph?"

But, being ever watchful for manifestations of God's will, she ceased to wonder and said, "It is St. Joseph's work!"

"Yes, St. Joseph's work and yours, May," Fred said tenderly, anxious to hear all the circumstances.

"Oh! no! not mine, Fred; though I do pray hard for Blanche. I will tell you about it. And just think, she wants to go to Mass with me in the morning!"

"Quite natural she should want to go with you, May; so do I," Fred said.

"Well, you can't go with me this time, Fred. I must see to Blanche; but be sure you are there."

CHAPTER III.

St. Joseph's day dawned bright and beautiful, and found May on her way to church. With light tread and a happy

heart she hastened up the avenue to Blanche's door. "What will her father think if I ring the bell at this hour?" May said; but there was no need of fear, for Blanche appeared in the doorway and ran to meet her friend.

"The last Mass bell is ringing," May said; and the girls hurried on to the little church not far distant, scarcely speaking all the way, so deeply were both impressed with the goodness of God in choosing them for a heavenly manifestation of his love.

"You must lay them on the altar, Blanche," May whispered when they reached the door, and she took the bunch of lilies from its box. They passed up the aisle, and Blanche laid her offering at St. Joseph's feet. Respectfully kneeling and with bowed head she prayed, impressed by the beauty of the services. She could not yet understand the meaning of all, but in her heart a holy sacrifice of self she offered, which God alone could see and understand.

The "Mission of the Lilies" was effected. They brought the chosen child of God to St. Joseph, and he became her guide in the narrow path that leads to joys eternal. A good work, thus mercifully begun, divine grace and love completed in a wonderful manner.

Blanche's sudden conversion filled her with fervor and happiness, and while the world looked on in wonder, and the faithful said prayers of thanksgiving, she received the first Sacrament of the church, and, pure from the font of baptism, knelt at the table of Divine Love; then, choosing the name of Joseph, she was confirmed a soldier of Christ.

Thus the glorious season of the Resurrection and the sweet month of May did not pass without a special blessing for this favoured child of the Patriarch Saint.

But the little apostle who converted Blanche—did grace and love forget her? Indeed, no; though Providence had planned for her courageous soul a life in the world, where very brave soldiers are needed to overcome temptation and sin.

June arrived and found May Norris as beautiful as the morning. In the presence of Blanche and Clive she stood before the altar and pledged her girlish love to Fred. A wreath of bridal roses graced her brow, shedding fragrance around her and tinging the future with roseate hue.

Ah! 'twill fade, sweet girl; and where your roses now shed a blooming reflection there will be clouds, dark clouds, that may chase away the sunshine of happiness. They say often, while brightness lasts, "Thy will be done"; and when adversity comes, as it surely must, how pleasing to Heaven it will be if, with bowed head and an aching heart, you still cry "O God! Thy will be done."

Days and months passed, but ere another June, with its train of sunny days, had unbarred the golden gates of summer, another bride in purest white robes knelt before a lowly altar. 'Twas a bride of Heaven, a Spouse of the Lamb. Pure as the lily she wore—seemed the happiness in her soul. In a firm, clear voice she pronounced the sacred vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The white veil was placed upon her head, and she was no longer Blanche Glenn, but Sister Marie Joseph, a daughter of St. Francis de Sales.

Thus did God seal this remarkable conversion with a stamp of divine love, and thus the destinies of these two friends crossed each other. God knows best! He called the weaker to labour and pray in his vineyard, out of temptation's way, but the other must carry a heavier cross to Calvary's heights, and none but the all-just God can know which shall wear the brighter crown in the eternal city.—*Irish Catholic.*

HANDSOME FEATURES.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

FLOUR!

Best Hiawatha Flour,

\$3.95 a Barrel.

Best Creamery Butter.....28c per lb.

Choice Dairy Butter.....20c per lb.

OPEN EVENINGS.

J. L. GREVIER, 809 St. James Street

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Amongst the occupants of the archiepiscopal See of Milan have been forty canonized saints.

The Papal Consistory, which was to have been held shortly, has been postponed until March.

Prince Hohenlohe is the first Catholic to be not only Chancellor of Germany but Premier of Prussia.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood December 27th, in Notre Dame.

The University of Notre Dame has issued a neat calendar for 1895. The next term of this great institution will open January 4.

The Holy Father is said to astonish those about him by his activity and energy. His health was never better than it is at present.

Rev. Dr. Burke, lately assistant pastor of Our Lady of Good Counsel Church, New York, has been placed in charge of the Rosendale parish in Ulster County, New York.

The funeral of the late Count Ferdinand de Lesseps took place last Saturday in the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, outside of Paris. The church was crowded.

A Catholic Congress held at Stuhlweissenburg, Hungary, last month, was attended by over 15,000 citizens and peasants. The resolutions requested the king to refuse assent to the ecclesiastical bills.

Princess Louise, sister of King Christian IX., of Denmark, and aunt of the dowager czarina of Russia, the king of Greece and the princess of Wales, is dead. She was 74 years of age, and was appointed abbess of the Convent of Itehoe, Holstein, in 1860, and died in that institution.

A despatch from Rome brings this information: "In connection with the reunion of the Eastern and Western churches the Pope is preparing a constitution, presumably the one recording the decisions of the recent conference. Among its provisions will be one to determine the functions of the later missionaries in the East."

Converts are coming into the Catholic Church steadily in all parts of the United States. For instance, last year, in the remote, sparsely settled and poorly equipped diocese of Jamestown, North Dakota, which has only about 40 priests to cover the whole State, there were 101 adult converts baptized. How the clergy found time from their ministry to their Catholic flocks to instruct these neophytes is a wonder, although Bishop Shanly is a host in himself and his priests have his spirit of zeal.

The will of Rev. Father Andrew J. Clancy was filed for probate in New York. The estate is valued at \$10,000. After several small bequests the residue of the estate is left in trust, his mother to receive the income, or, if necessary for her support, the principal. At her death \$1,000 each is given to St. Joseph's Seminary and to the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin; \$500 each to the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis in charge of St. Joseph's Hospital, the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis in charge of St. Francis' Hospital, the Little Sisters of the Assumption and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The residue goes to St. Joseph's Seminary.

IRISHMEN DON'T NEED DRINK.

YET, FATHER McSWEENEY SAYS, THEY HAVE THE GREATEST NEED OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

As a preparation for the Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which is to be held in New York in August next, the Catholic temperance societies of that city met last Sunday night in St. Brigid's Church in Avenue B. The Rev. Dr. P. F. McSweeney welcomed the delegates and said:

"The mistake has been made of ascribing to this gathering an object of a semi-political nature. Now, while every good Catholic would like to see the liquor stores closed, still, we feel that it is not well to force people to be good.

Our object is to persuade men to join temperance societies.

"I have been thirty-two years on the mission, and have come to the conclusion that drink is the most dreadful evil the city of New York has to contend with to-day, and especially among our people. When I say our people I mean among Catholics generally and the Irish especially.

"If there is a race on the face of God's earth that has no need for stimulants it is the Irish. God has so made them that they do not need it. Irishmen never throw themselves into the river because of adversity, unless it be in a fit of delirium tremens. They are like a rubber ball; the harder you throw them down the higher they will bound."

The Rev. A. P. Doyle said that the National Union now had 60,000 members enrolled in 728 societies. The next meeting will be held on the first Sunday in January in the Church of the Sacred Heart, in West Fifty-first street.

SCOTTISH CATHOLICITY.

With many, an idea prevails that he who claims the "Land of the crag and glen" as his birth-place, has little in common with Catholicity, or if fortunate enough to possess the faith, holds it but lightly or indifferently. In fact, the word Scotch calls up in certain minds visions of John Knox, Jennie Geddes and a host of other erratic celebrities of the so-called reformation of the Church in Scotland.

Owing to the conspiracy of silence on the part of historians, the majority of people know very little of the glorious history of Catholic Scotland prior to the advent of the vulgar founder of Presbyterianism; yet ancient Scotia could boast of schools, colleges, monasteries and other seats of learning second to none in Europe.

Scottish saints and martyrs were raised to the altars of Holy Church. St. Margaret of Scotland is held in reverence throughout the Christian world as a model queen and saint. Even as far back as the days of the famous Emperor Charlemagne missionary zeal was characteristic of the Scottish priesthood. It is related that one day when the great Conqueror was but a boy, while hunting in the Black Forest of Germany, he was accidentally separated from his attendants, and in the hope of meeting them he penetrated into the depths of the forest, and when nearly exhausted he came upon a chapel or hermitage erected by a Scottish monk. The young prince, in lieu of a better offering, reverently placed his jewelled cap at the feet of the statue of Our Lady, promising to return and have erected a shrine more worthy of her honor. He did so, and until this day may be seen "The Hermitage of Our Lady," which owes its origin to the pious zeal of an humble Scottish religieuse.

According to legendary lore the thistle was chosen as the National emblem in honor of the Blessed Virgin. During the flight into Egypt the Holy Family rested by the wayside when a band of robbers were seen approaching, and would have molested the travellers had not the thistles that grew at their feet raised their heads and spread their leaves, forming a veritable thicket which screened the holy wayfarers from observation, "and," continues this quaint old legend, "therefore, was chosen her blessed thistle in her honor and to remind the Scots to be ever ready to defend innocence and virtue even as the thistle defended Jesus and Mary from the prying eyes of the wicked highwaymen."

It has been said that the people of Scotland were only too eager to renounce the Faith, and this fable has been told over and over again, until by its very persistence it has gained a semblance of truth, much desired by those who would thus veil the misdoings of the reformers.

The Reformation was not a question of faith, but of sacrilege and robbery, the outcome of the greed of the minions of Henry the Eighth, who pillaged and burned the monasteries and churches over the heads of the faithful.

Hold the faith lightly! Many of the fairest spots under Auld Scotia's skies have been crimsoned with the life blood of the martyr. Parted with the faith eagerly! The death of Mary Stuart, the beautiful and unfortunate Scottish Queen, is sufficient to refute this calumny. Had she abjured the Ancient Faith, she would have preserved to herself not only her life, but her crown and kingdom, yet the



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might of all England arrayed against her was futile to shake her allegiance to the See of Peter, and in the cold gray dawn of a February morning she sealed her belief in Catholic truth, when her queenly head rolled from the scaffold.

Hold the faith with indifference! Oh! no, rather like her sister, England, she wandered not from her Bread, it was stolen from her.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Glasgow, in an address before the First National Council of Scotland, after the restoration of the Hierarchy, says:

"The people were unwilling to be deprived of their faith. A hard struggle they made, but in vain. In August, 1660, the Catholic religion was proscribed by the Parliament, and as far as Parliament could do it, the Pope's jurisdiction was abolished. To say or hear Mass was made a criminal offence; on the first occasion to be punished with confiscation of goods, on the second with banishment, and on the third with death."

The faithful were reduced to much the same straits as their English co-religionists under Elizabeth, or as Irish Catholics under the penal laws. Among the many shifts they were put to to evade their savage pursuers, the coast population were often driven to take to their boats and put to sea, where, under favor of the midnight, the faithful pastor offered Mass upon a raft. Surely the people who could resort to such measures rather than forego the exercise of their faith must have been devoted to it.

The attachment of the people to the old faith was unmistakably shown. Paisley Abbey was set on fire in 1561 by the Earl of Arran, and the Earl of Glencairn, who were deputed by the Lords of the Secret Council. But the people of Paisley continued firm in their adherence to the old faith. When the preachers of the new doctrines came to Paisley, they were refused admittance to the Church, and the people staked the doors against them.

Henry VIII. endeavored both by open invasion and domestic treachery to establish the Reformation in Scotland. In 1535 he labored to convert his nephew to the new religion; in 1542 he sent an army of 20,000 men to Scotland; he corrupted the nobles from their allegiance; and must be considered as the father of the Reformation in Scotland.

To go back to Bannockburn, a modern historian tells us that before the engagement the Scots knelt to pray, but with characteristic one-sidedness, he omits to say that the prayer of this grand Catholic army was the "Ave Maria" followed by the singing of "The Magnificat." Imagine thirty thousand men on the eve of battle chanting the Magnificat. Is it any wonder that victory rested on the banners of the brave Scots.

Any one who has seen a Highland regiment at Mass, has witnessed a scene never to be forgotten. The strong earnest faces of the soldiers, their fervor, the sheen of the tartans, the flash of the swords, as they salute Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Oh! he would be cold indeed who could look on without emotion or entertain for an instant the thought that the Scotch were indifferent Catholics. Since the restoration of the Hierarchy the increase of Catholicity in Scotland has been simply marvellous. Convents, schools and colleges have sprung up as if by magic, thus showing

the world how more than willing her people are to return to the true faith. During Scotland's long dark night of Protestantism her sons clung to the banner of the Cross, although with the majority it was not from a religious but from a national sentiment. So when the light of faith once more shines on this glorious country of the North, may she not attribute her happiness to the intercession of her Patron, St. Andrew, and of these countries to whom faith was brought by Scottish missionaries, none will rejoice more than Erin, whose generous heart has every reason to warm to the Tartan, for amongst the many illustrious names that grace the annals of Bonnie Scotland one shines out glorious, resplendent, that of the great apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, who, according to tradition, was a zealous enthusiastic Scottish Catholic.

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WHY I AM A CATHOLIC.

A MASTERLY EXPOSITION OF CHURCH TENETS.

BY HON. WM. A. BYRNE, OF COVINGTON, Ky.

The following was delivered before a Protestant audience in the Unity Club lecture hall, Covington, Ky., a couple of weeks ago:—

The Rev. E. A. Coll, pastor of Unity Church, welcomed the representatives of the Catholic religion, and expressed the pleasure he felt to hear an explanation of its doctrines. He then introduced Archbishop Elder, who, after courteously thanking the members of the Unity Club for their invitation, explained how the Catholic Church is always grateful for an opportunity to make known to all men her sacred truths.

In answering the question that had been several times asked, why a layman instead of a priest had been chosen to give this lecture before a non-Catholic society, the Archbishop said the reasons were three fold. First of all, because we had one close at hand, in every way qualified to do the work; secondly, because laymen do not often have an occasion to make an address on subjects of this kind; thirdly, because a layman, moving every day in the midst of persons not Catholic, are acquainted with their thoughts, their objections, their views about religion, their questions on points that interest them most, and therefore has a special qualification to present these things in a manner to draw attention, and to satisfy inquiries. He then introduced Mr. Byrne. The lecture lasted fully two hours, and was received with marked attention.

In the beginning, Mr. Byrne stated, any Catholic child who had made its first Communion was prepared to give adequate reasons for the faith he professed. With the infidel, the lecturer said, he had nothing to do. The infidel is a poor, helpless creature who does not see, or seeing, does not understand, who does not recognize that he has a soul, but is content to be evolved from a monkey and return to earth again. If the infidel were to remain silent he might merit our sympathy, but when he speaks out his convictions the Christian nature revolts from him, he shocks their human sensibilities and their souls. The fact of the existence of God being accepted, the thought that presents itself to our minds is "What does God expect of me?" To the Catholic, the answer is to believe and practice the doctrines of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

"I am a Catholic," said Mr. Byrne, "because the Catholic Church is the church founded by Jesus Christ. I know that God established the Catholic Church and I know that Luther and King Henry and Wesley are founders of churches which are not Catholic, but protest against the Catholic Church." There is no change in Catholic doctrine. Occasionally a doctrine or tenet is defined, but that doctrine or tenet always existed. As the Gospel was preached by Jesus Christ and His Apostles, so it is preached at the present day by the Catholic Church.

"Belief in the Real Presence, belief in Purgatory, in confession, and the power of the priest to retain or forgive sins, the resurrection of the body, are traceable to the Church in the time of the Apostles, and from then to the present day, in every hour of the day, and every day of the year, down through the centuries in an unbroken line, these doctrines existed and exist in the Holy Roman Catholic Church alone." The church founded by God must be the true church, and that church cannot err. By this it was not to be understood that Popes, Bishops and priests cannot sin. The church holds that it cannot err in matters of faith or morals.

"I am a Catholic because the Catholic Church is the only one which can interpret the word of God in the Bible with certainty. The Bible is the inspired word of God, but it is not the whole of the Catholic faith. The Catholic accepts the Bible, but it is also interpreted for the faithful. The Church is teacher in respect to it; the Catholic Church is one thing, the Bible another. Christ was preaching and so were His Apostles before the existence of the New Testa-

ment. And the Church which existed with Christ and His Apostles, before the New Testament, and continues, as I have shown, to the present, must be the only true church, and the churches which hold the Bible, and the Bible only, to be the rule of faith, cannot be true or reliable. Besides, these churches are not even consistent with their professions, for we know the Bible enjoins acts which they do not perform. I need not state that creeds which take their religion from the Bible only do not agree with each other, do not interpret alike; neither is it necessary to say that individuals that claim the right of interpretation according to their private judgment do not agree with each other.

"God sent as teachers the Apostles, who taught the truth; the Apostles were human and could not live among men forever, but God said He would be with them all days, even to the end of the world; and so we must believe Him to be with their successors, and that He still protects the Church from error as he did in the days of old. If therefore, the Church was not the infallible interpreter of the Bible the Church might err. The Church has existed unchanged through all ages. Cities and kingdoms, and nations, have passed away, and only a brief record on history's page shows that they ever were; but the Catholic Church has come down through succeeding ages, unchanged and unchanging. The Catholic finds his church the same the world over. People, condition, color, climate, language, peace, wars, do not affect it. It is the same priest, the same ceremony, the same altar, the same sacrifice, the same language, the same God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the same sacraments for every Catholic in every land in every day and night, now and for the last nineteen hundred years.

"I am a Catholic," he concluded, "because I love liberty. The Catholic Church has ever been the friend of the oppressed, and has ever been the ablest champion of liberty; has ever been found to stand between arbitrary power, or tyranny, and the people. Did not the Catholic Barons wring from King John the corner-stone of constitutional government, the Magna Charta? Not only Catholic residents of their country, but Catholic foreigners, fought for our independence. Truthfully and

proudly does Cardinal Gibbons say, 'American patriots without number the Church has nursed in her bosom, a traitor never.' And further back in our history we find Catholic Maryland passing laws for the protection of her citizens against religious bigotry, and opening her gates to the persecuted of other creeds.

The Catholic Church cannot countenance error, but it is not, and never was, and never will be, intolerant to an honest conviction. No other church has so distinguished itself in the cause of human liberty, religious, political or civil, as has the Catholic Church.

"The Catholic Church is not, and cannot be, tied to, or circumscribed by any government or state or country, and she is, therefore, free to perform her grand mission on earth. She needs no particular government, but while the benign influence of free government helps the growth of all institutions, it helps, also, the Catholic growth. But the mission of the Church is not political, or merely human, but divine. Its mission is to teach the nations all truth, whatever their form of government; to bring man to God, which means rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's. The Catholic religion itself binds the faithful to respect all the rights, religious and other, of their fellow-men. To be a good Catholic is tantamount with being a good citizen. When you know the Catholic Church you will love her, because she is beautiful, because she is true, because she is good."

At the close of the lecture the Archbishop congratulated Mr. Byrne most warmly, and expressed greatest satisfaction with the lucid and fine explanation of the Catholic doctrine. Mr. Byrne was formerly city collector of Covington. At present he is practicing law, and bids fair to add another and great name to old Kentucky's long list of great lawyers.—*Catholic Columbian.*

A COMEDY.

Quite a large audience assembled in St. Mary's hall, Bleury street, last evening, and for a couple of hours or more thoroughly appreciated "A Trip to Paris," a four act comedy, which was presented by the students of St. Mary's college. The several characters were well portrayed and showed a careful study on the part of each of the role with which he had been entrusted. Those who contributed to the evening's enjoyment were Messrs. A. Laramee, R. de Lorimier, V. Lefebvre, R. Masson, Jos. Archambault, E. Morel, T. Viau, L. Robert, L. Hurtubise, E. Beaulieu, E. Brais, Ls. Hurtubise, G. Mollieur, E. Chollette, Arthur Doray, R. Masson and G. Comte.

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THE TURKEY DRESSING.

Take pieces of dry bread and pour a very little boiling water over them; cover closely and let stand until soft. Add lumps of butter, three finely-mashed potatoes, pepper, salt, sage and two well beaten eggs. Another omits the potatoes and egg, and claims that the boiling water will make the dressing "soggy," and it is doubtless a better plan to moisten the dry bread with milk or the liquid from the oysters. An onion, chopped fine, will improve the flavor, unless one is opposed to it, and other flavors in the way of herbs may be added according to taste; pepper, salt and plenty of butter are always required, and a quart of oysters added will make a delicious dressing.

BONED TURKEY.

If your skill or that of your butcher compass it, a boned turkey is a most delicate dish. Place inside of it a small boned fowl and fill the interstices with sausage meat or any preferred dressing. When you carve cut the slices quiet through. I should prefer a well seasoned bread-dressing for filling the body of the fowl, and boiled chestnuts with melted butter for filling the spaces in the body of the turkey. A celery stuffing is excellent and made by mixing a puree of boiled and mashed celery with the bread crumbs, and three-quarters of an hour before the bird is done his body is festooned with home-made, country, link sausages, turned every few minutes so that they shall be as delicious a brown as the turkey itself. A wild turkey is a great delicacy if you can procure one that is not too old.

CHRISTMAS COOKIES.

The good New-Amsterdam housewives always made cookies for Christmas and the New Year. These were a sort of raised cake, not over sweet, and filled with caraway seeds. They are oblong in shape and quite similar to the cake now sold at this season by bakers in New York, Albany and other cities of Dutch origin.

The recipe for Christmas cookies here is an English one, and contains fruit and citron. The cakes are prepared in large quantities, as they will keep a long time.

Beat to a cream three pounds of butter, add three and a half pounds of sugar, nine eggs, a quart of lukewarm milk and six pounds of flour. Beat the batter well and put in two cupsfuls of yeast. Let the mass rise over night, and in the morning add four and a half pounds of raisins, chopped fine, one pound of citron and grated nutmeg. Let the cookies then continue to rise till the next afternoon, when they should be thoroughly light. Roll them out something less than half an inch thick, and cut them in the form desired with a cookie cutter. They are very pretty cut in the shape of diamonds and hearts. By the time all the cookies have been rolled and cut out those first out will have risen enough to be baked. Bake them in a moderately hot oven for about fifteen minutes, and continue to bake them in the order in which they have been cut. They are very nice with a soft-boiled icing.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Men of position—Dancing-masters.

When you have failed in all else you can still give advice.

It's funny, but a speaking countenance is most expressive when the mouth is shut.

Extract from a Novel—"She sat there like a marble statue and smiled coldly, as only the marble can smile."

Carleton: How did you enjoy yourself at Mrs. Hamilton's last night? Montauk: First rate; there wasn't a song or recitation sprung on us during the entire evening.

"But what can you do, young man? Haven't you some special talent or taste—some bent as they say?" Applicant dubiously: "N-no, not that I can think of—except that I am a little bow-legged."

A Sensible Woman

She's putting the washboard where it'll do some good. She has suffered with it long enough; broken her back over it, rubbed the clothes to pieces on it, wasted half her time with it.

But now she knows better. Now she's using Pearlina.

There's no more hard work, no more ruinous rubbing, but there's washing that's easy and economical and safe.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back. 312 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

A VICTORIA CO. MIRACLE.

THE STORY OF AN EX-REEVE OF CARDEN TOWNSHIP.

SEVENTEEN YEARS OF INTENSE SUFFERING FROM RHEUMATISM—LOCAL PHYSICIANS AND TREATMENT IN TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL FAILED TO HELP HIM—HOW HE WAS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND ACTIVITY.

From the Lindsay Post.

There are few men better known in Victoria county than Mr. Richard Fitzgerald, who was one of the first settlers of the township of Carden. He was elected to the honorable position of reeve of that township for twelve successive years, and filled the position with so much acceptance to the people that he was pressed to continue in office for a longer time, but was compelled to decline the honor. It therefore goes without saying that Mr. Fitzgerald is not only known to all the residents of the township, but that his word is considered by those who know him to be as good as his bond, and that upon anything he may say the most implicit confidence may be placed.

When young, a stronger or more hearty man could not be found, but possessed of an iron constitution, he did what too many are prone to do, neglected his health, and exposed himself to all sorts of weather, often in the pursuit of his calling as a farmer being wet to the skin for hours at a time. A little over seventeen years ago he found that he had contracted rheumatism of a muscular form, and each succeeding day found him in a worse condition. He applied to the local doctors in his neighborhood, but received no relief, and was then induced by them to apply for admission to the general hospital at Toronto for treatment, and was in that institution for several months, until he became disheartened at the want of success attending his treatment and returned home, as was thought, to die. By this time the muscles of his body had become so contracted that he could not straighten his limbs, and was forced to spend the greater part of his time in bed, and when able to get around at all it was only with the aid of a stout pair of crutches. When he attempted to raise to his feet his legs would crack at the knees like sticks of wood, caused, as the doctors told him, by the fluid in the joints being completely dried up. He was constipated to a fearful degree. When he retired at night there was not sufficient blood in his veins to keep him from feeling intensely cold, and in order to keep him warm his daughter knitted him woolen leggings and lined them with soft wool. Several times his family, a portion of whom reside in Michigan, were summoned home to see their father for the last time, as he was thought to be on his death bed. Finally, after suffering as much bodily pain as would

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Thanking our numerous customers and the public in general for their kind encouragement during the past year, we wish them one and all A HAPPY NEW YEAR, and solicit their usual liberal patronage during 1895.

NOVELTIES FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

- Initial Silk Handkerchiefs 25c, 35c, 50c
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- Linon, Lawn and Muslin Handkerchiefs in all styles.
- 5 Stud Lacing Gloves, only 95c.
- 7 " " " worth \$1.50 for \$1.00.
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- Fleece Lined Silk Gloves, with Kid Tips, 95c for 65.
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- " Made-up Ties in Fancy Boxes, 50c each.
- " Fancy Mufflers, 45c, 50c, 60c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00.
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have killed an ordinary man, and at a time when he had not set his foot on the ground for a year, he was induced by his son to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, as he had heard of the many remarkable cures made by that remedy. It was after much persuasion that he was induced to give them a trial, as he had then spent a small fortune in medicines and different modes of treatment under which he had steadily grown worse, and he had despaired of finding anything that would help him. At last he began the use of the Pink Pills and had not taken them long before he began to notice a decided improvement in his condition. Continuing their use he found he could get around much better than he had been able to do at any time for many years, and after a still further use of Pink Pills he was entirely relieved from all rheumatic pains, and is now a wonder to himself and all who knew him. Mr. Fitzgerald is now 70 years of age, is able to walk to Kirkfield every day, and is enjoying better health than he has had since he was first affected.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

M. August Burdeau, president of the French Deputies, died last week at the age of forty-three.

FATHER DONNELLY'S FEAST.

Thursday was the Rev. Father Donnelly's feast day. The Rev. Father entertained at dinner a few friends in a quiet way; the clergy present were:—Father O'Donnell, St. Mary's; Father O'Mara, St. Gabriel's, and Father Heffernan.

WHO IS LIKELY TO BECOME INSANE?

Ask anyone who is most likely to become insane. The answer will be the actor, the bookkeeper, the lawyer, the scientist, the writer, men who labor with their brains early and late.

Who would suppose that the reverse of all this is true. That the man who most uses his brain keeps it in better order? That the housewife leads the list in number of the insane? That next in order is the domestic servant? That next is the common unskilled laborer?

Yet that is what is shown by the statistics of the insane ward of the St. Louis Poorhouse in a recent report.

Of 748 insane patients, 128 were housewives and 45 female housekeepers, while female domestic servants numbered 97. Of no occupation there were 88; of unknown occupation 88, and unskilled laborers 88. Seamstresses numbered 16, dressmakers 8, carpenters 12.

On the other hand there were but two bookkeepers, one cabinetmaker, one tuggist, one engineer, one lithographer, two printers, one postal clerk, one telegraph operator, one student and one actress.

The statistician and moralist might draw a lesson here. How many of these housewives lost their reason because of neglect and cruelty? What had poor wages, arduous physical toil and insufficient food to do with these 83 laborers losing their wits? What effect had poor pay, hard work, cross words and lack of that sympathy woman's nature demands in sending all these poor servant girls, laundresses and seamstresses to the madhouse?

Wife: I'm tired to death—been having the baby's photograph taken by the instantaneous process. Husband: How long did it take? Wife: About four hours.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. Pamphlet free. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & 2 1/2.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Masonry Burlington Bridge," will be received until Thursday, the 10th day of January, 1895, for the construction of the Pivot Pier and Abutments of a Swing Bridge over the Burlington Channel, near the city of Hamilton, Ontario, according to plans and a specification to be seen at the Custom House, Hamilton, at the office of the Resident Engineer, 38 Toronto street, Toronto, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of two thousand dollars (\$2,000.00) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. E. F. E. ROY, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 18th Dec., 1894. 24-2

ON THE DARK ROAD!

A St. John, N.B., Lady Who was Nearing the Grave.

SHE DECLARES THAT PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND SAVED HER.

The case of Mrs. William Irvine, of St. John, N.B., was a sad one, and caused her family and friends great anxiety for a time. Overwork, watching, loss of sleep and intense agony from kidney trouble made life almost unbearable. Effort after effort with medicines and doctors' prescriptions proved futile. The grave and its terrors were becoming more realistic, and death's hand seemed to be firmly fastened on the victim of disease.

There flashed a bright inspiration,—Paine's Celery Compound!—a thought of a medicine that had wrought wonders for others. The marvellous life-giving medicine was used, and the results are briefly set forth in Mrs. Irvine's letter as follows:—

"I think it a great pleasure as well as a duty to put on record what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I have been troubled for the last ten years with kidney complaint, and have tried a great many preparations and doctors' prescriptions, but—with little or no benefit.

For the last six months I have had a great strain upon my system from night-watching and overwork. I was breaking down; my friends said, "I was going fast to death." I resolved to try your Paine's Celery Compound and used four bottles. My kidney trouble disappeared; nervousness and sleeplessness are troubles of the past, and my general health is greatly improved. In a word, I am cured; and I wish you to publish this so that the world can read it.

MAGAZINES.

The December number of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart is not so much a "Christmas" number as a golden jubilee finale. The frontispiece is a portrait of St. Francis Xavier, and the opening article a "Golden Jubilee Sonnet." The "Cradle of the Apostleship" (which was Vals) is followed by "From Vals to Toulouse" and "The Patron of the Apostleship," St. Francis Xavier, "The Home of the Apostleship," General Intentions for December, with the Reader, Notes from Head Centres, Director's Review, etc., all most seasonable and worthy the subject. "Round Christmas Footlights," one of Father Finn's strong and sensible stories, and "Gloria in Excelsis," a beautiful poem by P. J. Coleman, constitute the distinctive Christmas literature of a publication which has always the spirit of Christ. The illustrations are many and fine.

The Notre Dame Scholastic in recent issues claims attention and commendation. The papers are really of marked interest, and show that a Catholic college produces (in this case, at all events) men who are well read, capable of thought, and able to send forth their conclusions. In the October number there is an article on "The Sonnets of Wordsworth and Keats," by E. J. Murphy, which adds greatly to the pleasure of those who read and love both those well-known poets. The selections with which the criticisms are pointed are admirably selected, each word a jewel. The November number contains a paper on "Thomas Nelson's Page," by James A. M. Kee; another on "The Fractarian Movement," by Arthur P. Hudson; one on "Byron's Graphic Description," by Michael J. J. J.

Ney, and one on "Froude as a Historian," by J. G. E.—all of them beyond the average "college" papers in grace and ease of expression, in good taste and judgment. Dr. Maurice F. Egan contributes to both numbers, having an article on "A French Canadian Poet" in the October number, and furnishing a poem "In Memory of the Very Rev. Edward Sorin" to the November number, which is in some sense a memorial to Father Sorin. "Three Sonnets," by Daniel V. Casey, Richard S. Slevin, and Arthur W. Stace, with two verses entitled "Thy Task is Done," by William P. Burns, refer to the departed whom they so revered at Notre Dame, and to whom they owe so much. Evidently the "staff" of Notre Dame Scholastic has ambitions and labors to fulfil them.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in holiday attire is most inviting. The color and design of their "Christmas Number" cover are both in excellent taste, and the contents covered is "full and plenty." "A National Mausoleum," by Michael J. Dwyer, sets forth clearly and sensibly the advantages to us of a gathering place for our honored and now far scattered dead. "Christmastide in Arcadia," by the Rev. Alphonsus B. Parker, is a glimpse of a cold, yet bright Christmas season. "Reform," by Ambrose Beavan, is a sonnet with a world of truth in its closing verse.

"Reform the man, the State itself will mend." "A Life-Time Lover," by Katherine C. Conway, "The Changing Sea," by D. O'Kelly Branden, "The Struggle," by Theodore Sydney Vaughan, "Fra Girolamo," by Cola, "Home," by Charles French, "Mujery's Christmas Story," by Florence May Alt, "Requiescat in Pace," Harold W. Lovett "To the Coliseum," the Rev. P. A. Wright, S.M., and "Why Fear to Die?" by Denis B. Cashman, is a long list of poems for one month, and Donahoe's poems have been well chosen of late. "Reminiscences of Doctor Holmes," by Winfield S. Nevins, are the best and only new ones called forth by the death of the lamented and dear old man whose friendly face has so long been familiar to readers. "The Pulpit," by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, and "Thomas a'Becket," by the Rev. M. E. Twomey, are fine proofs of what the Catholic clergy do for our periodicals, and the portraits in many of the articles are each one (there are fifty-four in the number) worth double the cost of the volume. The lighter articles are good, particularly the story "A Victim of Progress," by Frank H. Smith. "A Chapter of Connecticut History," by D. A. Reidy, is most interesting. In short, Donahoe's for December is a thoroughly good number, a long "step up." The "Women's Department" contains an article of Mrs. M. M. Halvey in answer to that question, "Shall I be a Saleswoman?" of the vexing question, "What Shall I do to Succeed?" Mrs. Halvey's advice is always good. "Modern Chivalry," by Mary F. Nixon, is a dainty little truth in verse. Then there are the children's department, the Editorial matter, Books and Reviews, the Catholic Question Box, the Index, and pages of advertisements. If the New Year number improves on the Old Year's farewell, it will be a thing "of infinite promise."

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THE SUBJECT OF WASTING.

SOME OF ITS PHASES AND HOW THEY ARE CURED.

The Wasting of a Consumptive and the Wasting of Babies and Children—Scrofula, Anaemia and Other Forms of Illness Discussed—Coughs and Colds Reveal a Weakened Condition.

In the obituary notices of the late Prof. Hermann von Helmholtz, the German scientist, were references to one of his earlier works "On the Consumption of Tissue During Muscular Action." In this work Prof. Helmholtz set the theory forth as an established fact that wherever there is muscular action there is also a wasting, or rather a consumption of tissue.

The body is constantly changing. There is wasting going on all the time. Food is designed to counteract this wasting, and if the organs of the body are in a healthy state food does its work in nourishment. But the digestive and vital organs get out of tune every once in a while, so that an extra nourishment, one that is concentrated and easy of assimilation, is needed in order to keep up a normal condition of health.

If this extra nourishment is not taken the wasting which goes on incessantly soon impairs health. One of the first signs of a weakened, poorly-nourished body is taking cold easily. Colds are such common things that people are very apt to neglect them. They do not know that the cold reveals a weakened condition, but after taking cold several times they find it harder work to recover the semblance of health again.

The common way to cure a cold or a cough is to take some household specific, or when a person feels run down in health he thinks he needs a tonic or stimulant.

The truth is, however, ordinary specifics and tonics or stimulants, for coughs and colds, afford only temporary relief. They are merely superficial means of relieving the local trouble, but they do not give the nourishment necessary to strengthen the system and overcome the wasting tendencies.

It is because Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy tissue, enriches the blood, and gives vital strength that physicians give it such unqualified endorsement. Scott's Emulsion is quick to relieve inflammation of Throat and Lungs, and its power to cure the most stubborn cough is unquestioned. But this is only part of its work. Scott's Emulsion makes the system able to ward off disease and other ailments.

This subject of wasting is almost inexhaustible. Scrofula results in a wasting of the vital elements of the blood, and Anaemia is simply no blood at all. Consumption is probably the worst form of wasting. In all of the early stages of this disease Scott's Emulsion will effect a cure. It requires time to recover after a patient is once into Consumption, but there are numerous cases where Scott's Emulsion has cured persons who had got so far that they raised quantities of blood.

The wasting tendencies of babies and children are known to too many unhappy parents. There does not in thousands of instances seem to be any cause for their growing thin, but as a matter of fact their food does not nourish them and the babies and children do not thrive. The babies are weak and children seem to grow only one way.

Now it costs only 50 cents to try Scott's Emulsion, and you will find that it will do more for your baby or your child than all the rest of the nourishment taken. Scott's Emulsion makes babies fat and children robust and healthy. It takes away the thin, haggard look in the pinched faces of so many children.

Another one of the many uses of Scott's Emulsion is the way it helps mothers who are nursing babies. It gives them strength and makes their milk rich with the principles of food all babies need.

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Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

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

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D. Lavaltrie, December 26th, 1895.

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

I know several persons who have for some years used Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, as it was in youth, makes it surpassingly soft and glossy, and stimulates at the same time its growth. Knowing the principle ingredients of Robson's Restorer, I understand perfectly why this preparation is so superior to other similar preparations. In fact the substance to which I allude is known to exercise in a high degree an emollient and softening influence on the hair. It is also highly nutritive for the hair, adapted to promote its growth, and to greatly prolong its vitality. I therefore confidently recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons whose hair is prematurely gray and who wish to remove this sign of approaching old age.

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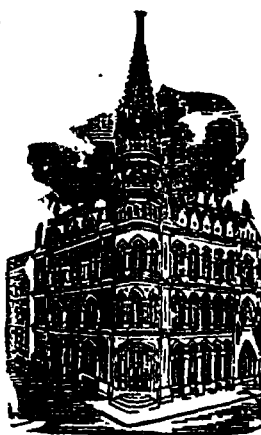
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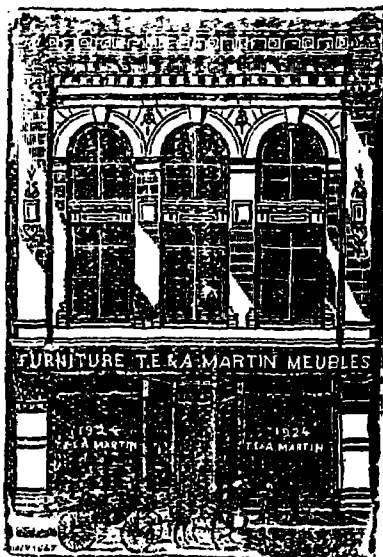
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