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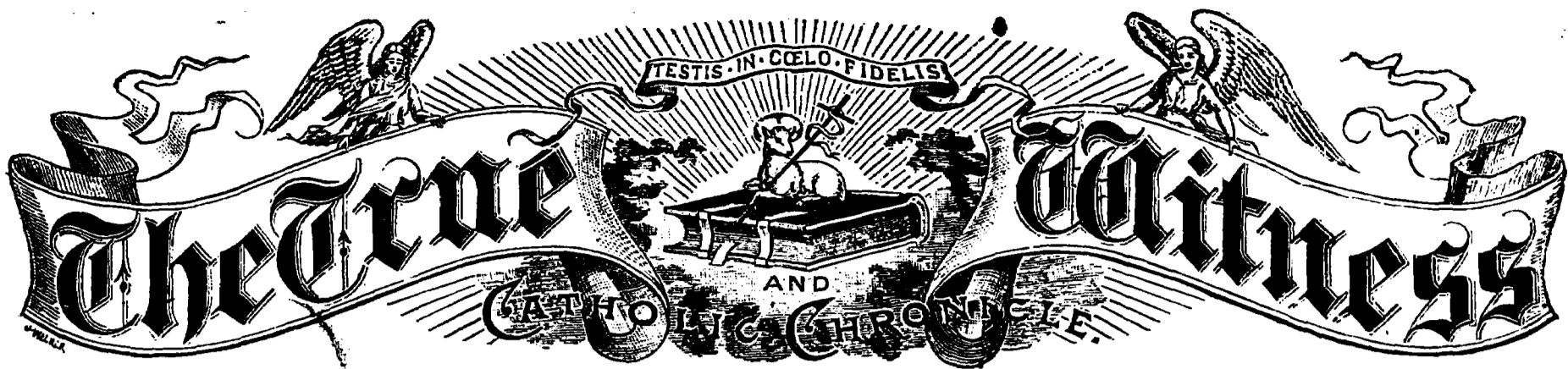
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We continue this week the controversy between Chiniquy of fifty years ago and Chiniquy of to-day. We notice that a great deal of interest is taken, by our readers, in this little pamphlet. It is really admirable to see how cleverly the famous apostate confounded every argument that he has spent half a century, since, in advancing against the Church of Christ. To-day he would scarcely call Luther and Calvin "monsters of impurity;" the term would apply too obviously to himself.

Absence serves to teach us the value of a friend, so is it with those who have become our companions for a while by means of their writings. During two or three weeks past we have been so overcrowded with matter for our reading columns, that we were obliged to let Walter Lecky's admirable essays stand upon the galley. Although we regret exceedingly this unavoidable interruption in their publication, yet we are pleased to learn how highly these contributions are prized by our readers. We have received numbers of letters asking us when they would be continued. We can tell our readers that we have quite a bundle of them on hand, and that they may expect many more interesting and instructive columns from the same source.

The editor of a Catholic journal is not a living encyclopædia. However, some people think that he should be able to answer all kinds of questions upon every imaginable subject. We have received letters asking for information upon points that the writers should have submitted to their lawyers, or their doctors, or their parish priests. Above all upon certain questions of church discipline it would be preferable, and much surer, if the enquiring persons would submit their difficulties to their pastor, or even their bishop. Last week one gentleman wrote us asking if Catholics were permitted to go to the C. Y. M. S. halls on Dominion Square, and if "it would be out of the way to join in their prayer meetings if asked to do so by them." As to the first point, we know of no regulation that would prevent a Catholic going to the gymnasium or recreation halls of the C.Y.M.S. It would be preferable to join some Catholic society and attend that association's hall. But as to the second point there is no doubt at all about it. It is not only "out of the way," but is prohibited by the Church. As a Catholic you have no right nor permission to join in their prayer meetings, nor in any other non-Catholic religious services. You might as well ask us if it would be out of the way to become a Protestant if you were asked or invited by a Minister.

The Daily Witness' Ottawa correspondent has, for a second time this year, spoken of the TRUE WITNESS as "Mr. Curran's personal organ." We suppose it is on account of our editorial of last week, in which we spoke strongly in favor of an Irish Catholic from this Province being

admitted into the Dominion Cabinet. The Witness evidently cannot understand a journal advocating a principle and asking to have that principle established through the medium of the most eligible person, without that the one whose cause it espouses has control of its actions and words. We did not give the party in power the majority it has, it was the people of Canada that did so; we did not elect Mr. Curran for Montreal Centre, it was the electors that did so; he happens to be the only eligible Irish Catholic from this province, and through him we want to have the principle established that we have a right to representation in the Cabinet. Were the Grit party in power in Ottawa, and had Mr. Curran's opponent been returned at the last election, we would have demanded the same for him, even though his claims on account of services were much inferior. And to-morrow, were there a change of Government, we would ask the same for the most eligible Irish Catholic in the Liberal ranks. But we can say emphatically that the TRUE WITNESS is not Mr. Curran's, nor any other man's organ; it is the organ of the Irish Catholics in general of this province, and when their interests are at stake it is not afraid to speak out and with no uncertain sound. Mr. Curran has no more, individually, to do with the TRUE WITNESS, than he has to do with the New York Herald, and he inspires its articles less than he does those of the Witness; were Mr. Curran not in the question our course would be the same, but had he never existed the Witness would not have had to pen retractions.

In the *Canadien* of Thursday last, Mr. Israel Tarte tells his French-Canadian readers that Mr. J. J. Curran is the most bigotted enemy of their race in the country. We beg to apply to Mr. Tarte's remark the words which he used to Mr. Curran, in the House of Commons two years ago, when Mr. Curran slapped his face for it—it is a falsehood and he knows it to be such. We have only to read Mr. Curran's speeches in and out of Parliament, during the last ten years, to judge of the great admiration and sincere affection he has for our French-Canadian fellow-country men. But who is this Sour Israel that dares attempt to fan up and constantly keep alive every ember of national prejudice? Did Mr. Tarte ever say a kind word, or write an honest friendly line, or even do the slightest generous or gracious act when his English-speaking or Irish fellow-countrymen were in question? Never! What has he ever done for his own countrymen? A rabid, bluest of the ultra-blue Tories, he wormed himself into every secret, until a time came when he could play public accuser, grand inquisitor, and general informer; then a red-handed, reddest of the rouge party, he panders to the men he fought for half a lifetime, and he is watching a chance to gain additional notoriety by some fresh scandal that he may unearth. Let the Liberals beware of him! Nothing is too high or too low for his arrows. The Bench on

the one hand and the political currectionist on the other. Give Israel notoriety and he is ready to play the political acrobat—or rather mountebank to any audience. If he is capable of it, let him be less nationally prejudiced and he will not expose himself to the making of such self-evident false statements.

Some few days ago the *Witness* passed a very wise and truthful remark. Leaving aside the many "buts" and "howevers," by which it was followed, we take the words as they stand. "If the Pope can, in his assumed role of arbiter of the powers, bring about the disarmament of the five great nations of Continental Europe, he will be one of the greatest benefactors of the race." The *Witness* is right; and whether the Sovereign Pontiff succeeds or not, in this matter, as in every other one, he was and is undeniably a benefactor of the whole human race. The century will close much happier and much more brilliantly for Leo XIII. having lived and reigned.

The following is told in a letter to the *New York World* from a doctor who was a witness of the touching incident:

Here is a true story, one of many thousands that could be told by any physician whose experience has led him to the hospitals. A poor "soiled dove" lay dying in the smallpox hospital at North Brother Island. She had been born and bred a Catholic, but had fallen away from all religion, all self-respect, all decency. Nevertheless, some lingering sparks of her old self still remained amid the dreary ashes of her degradation. For though she had refused, even with blasphemy, the ministrations of a priest, she one night begged that a Sister of Mercy might be admitted to her bedside. The sister came. The dying girl gazed up into the calm, kindly face of the nun, and as she read nothing there save utter pity, she whispered with piteous eagerness, "Sister, won't you kiss me?" And the holy woman threw her arms around that other, whose body was as loathsome with disease as her soul was leprous with sin, and kissed her, and that other, weeping, begged to be held, and was so held for an hour, and when the nun at last sought gently to disengage the clinging arms she found that they were the arms of a corpse. The woman had died in her embrace.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, received the following cablegram on the 21st November last:

"Irish Parliamentary party unanimously resolved heartfelt thanks be expressed to National Federation of America for timely contributions received through organization at moment of supreme necessity. Dr. Fox out by next steamer on behalf of Irish party."
"JUSTIN MCCARTHY."

Some person signing himself "Ambrose," writes to the *Daily Witness* of the 2d December, to proclaim himself a subscriber of our esteemed contemporary, and to accuse the priests of St. Patrick's of having caused the discontinuance of English sermons in the evenings at the Gesu, and to paint the Archbishop as being under the thumb of the Sulpicians, on account of some hundred thousand dollars received by him, from that Order, for his Cathedral. We do not know who "Ambrose" is, but decidedly he has very little of the virtues of St. Ambrose about him. In the first place, his connection with the *Witness*, his seeking that channel to vent his grievances against a Catholic bishop, and his terms "impartial and classical," applied to the preaching of Catholic priests, indicate that he is not a Catholic. Or, if he pretends to be one, he is not a Catholic according to the spirit of the Church; or, if he happens

to be in accord with that spirit, it is because that his ignorance of Catholicity excuses him. However, we hold he is a non-Catholic. "The job was put up" is at once an evidence of his vulgarity, (especially in speaking of religious matters), and the rest of the phrase is false. We would ask him to read a letter published last week in these columns, signed "English Catholic." As far as the priests of one parish causing the members of an Order to stop preaching in their own church, or regulate their sermons one way or the other, it is another evidence that "Ambrose" is either a Protestant, or very ignorant of Catholic discipline. As to men who have seventy thousand dollars debt on their own church giving the Archbishop one hundred thousand, and His Grace being influenced thereby, we have nothing to say. It is too absurd—as is the whole letter.

The week before last we published a letter signed "J. A. J." on the subject of the Federal Civil Service Pension fund, in which the writer pointed out how many officials die after contributing for 10, 15 or 20 years to that fund, without deriving any benefit therefrom, and leaving widows and children unprovided for, as the law makes no provision for them. It is very easy, as the writer points out, for men drawing large salaries to lay aside something for their wives and children; but it is otherwise with men who have to clothe, feed and educated large families upon six or seven hundred dollars per year. We reproduce one paragraph of "J.A.J.'s" letter and we will come back upon the subject again. "Grant to the widows the pension which the husbands would be entitled to at their death for a period extending from five years and more according to average; the average of the time which pensioners draw pension could be a basis for settling the widows' pensions." Here is a subject that deserves considerable attention, and affects a sufficient number of citizens to warrant its being agitated.

It is now wonderful how many of the denominations, are trying to join the word "Catholic" to the names of their sects. Yet, as on all other questions, no two agree upon the meaning of the term "Catholic." The Archdeacon of London states that the word could only be applied to what had been held "always, everywhere, by all!" But he interprets this as applying to Russians, Greeks, and Anglicans. Mr. Long, a Glasgow Orangeman, says:—"to me salvation outside of the Catholic Church is as unthinkable as the safety of the contemporaries of Noah outside of the Ark." But he supposes the Catholic Church includes all, from the time of Abel to the present day, who are of the elect. This means simply that if a person were born to be of the elect, he would be of the elect. Now, why cannot these people take the word Catholic in the ordinary meaning of the word? It would be more easy and more correct than to be beating about the bush to find some construction or definition that would enable them to use the word Catholic without being Catholic

CHINIQUY VS. CHINIQUY.

HE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO AND HE OF TO-DAY.

A Methodist Preacher Confounded and Convicted of Ignorance and Falseness by the Notorious Apostate.

Translated from the French.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Mr. Roussy tells us that our Lord was opposed to the *false traditions* of men; but is the Church less opposed to these *false human traditions*, or does she condemn them less than Her Lord and Master did? When Mr. Roussy says, *all that is necessary to be believed and practiced is written in the Gospel*, and that it is not necessary to believe in those truths taught by tradition; when, in a word, Mr. Roussy says the Catholic dogma of Tradition is not to be found in Holy Writ, he simply shows either his bad faith or his ignorance. Here is a Bible which comes from Mr. Roussy himself. Well, in the second epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, listen to what the Holy Apostle writes (chap. ii. v. 15): "Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the *traditions* which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle." Here St. Paul tells us that what comes to us by means of the *unwritten word*, that is to say, by *tradition*, has the same authority as what he wrote in his epistle. Is it not then, something more than effrontery in Mr. Roussy, to dare to tell us to our face that tradition is not spoken of in the Holy Scriptures.

Again, in chap. iii. v. 6. of the same Epistle, St. Paul says: "Now we command you, brethren, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the *tradition* which he received of us."

In the second Epistle to St. Timothy (chap. ii. v. 1 and 2), St. Paul contradicts in advance the absurd assertion of Mr. Roussy, which maintains that all the truths and doctrines of Jesus Christ are written, and that there are none which reach us by tradition. These words are clear and precise: "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."

Really, Mr. Chairman, when Mr. Roussy told us that all is written in the sacred books, and that there was nothing about tradition there, he had either lost his memory or he supposed us so ignorant as not to be able to read the Epistles of St. Paul.

Mr. Roussy has been truly unhappy in the choice he has made of his texts, for the purpose of proving that each individual is obliged to read Sacred Scripture, and has a right to interpret it in his own way. He has cited the text in which Moses directs that we should observe the law of God. And that is precisely what we wish all to do. Yes, would that all the world should meditate on the law of God—now one of these laws, one of His commandments the most absolute is this: "Hear the Church, and he that will not hear the Church must be regarded as a heathen and a publican."

He next cited Joshua; now, Joshua was the leader, the great chieftain of his people; he was a man visibly chosen and inspired by God to conduct his brethren into the promised land; nothing could be more natural than that he should be bound to read and meditate on the Sacred Writings, to instruct himself and to instruct others. And exactly in the same manner the Catholic Church directs all those whom God has chosen as leaders of His people. She commands them to study and to frequently read the Sacred Scriptures.

This good Mr. Roussy has cited for us the book of Nehemiah; but I believe it must have been absence of mind on his part. For the text which he has quoted proves exactly the opposite of what he had promised us. Mr. Roussy had promised us, you all know, to show that each individual person ought to have his Bible and read it for himself, to do so, he quotes a text which informs us that not one single man or woman had a Bible, except the priests. "And Ezra the priest brought the law . . . and he read therein before all the people." You see,

Mr. Chairman, that this Ezra was no better than a Popish priest. Instead of distributing Bibles round by thousands, to everybody, as does the bold Mr. Roussy, he keeps the sacred volume in his own hands, and contents himself with reading and explaining it to the people, exactly as Mr. Girouard, your cure, does every Sunday.

As to the text from Isaiah; it proves that there is something else besides the *written law*, for God wishes that we should observe the *testimony* as well.

Our Lord advises the *unbelieving Jews* to search the Scriptures; but He certainly did not mean this as the only, or even as the best means to know Him, for these Jews would have done far better, according to Jesus Christ Himself, to have believed His word and His works (John. v., 24, 36, 38). The reading of the Bible, wrongly interpreted, was perdition to the Jews, as it is to the Protestants of to-day. It was with the Bible in hand, that the Jews declared that Jesus Christ was an impostor, and according to the law he ought to be crucified.

But, Mr. Chairman, I wish to refute Mr. Roussy by his own mouth and prove to him, by his own words, that he is astray and misleads others, when he tells them that in religion they should admit only what can be proved by precise texts from the Bible. I wish to make him admit that it is an absolute necessity to have recourse to tradition; and even to an infallible tradition, under pain of not being a Christian. I shall therefore request Mr. Roussy to reply to my questions. And you, gentlemen, the secretaries, write down precisely the gentleman's answers; and you, my good friends, (speaking to the people) listen with great attention to the avowals I am about to draw from him.

Since you say, Mr. Roussy, that we ought to admit nothing in religious matters, except what can be clearly proved by a text from the Bible, will you show us the text that proves that St. Mark wrote the Gospel, and that he was inspired by the Holy Ghost, when he wrote his Gospel?

Mr. Roussy.—(Rising with an air of assurance)—Nothing is easier, sir; here are the very words of the Saviour, in St. Matthew (chap. xxviii. v. 19 and 20) "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Mr. CHINIQUY.—Mr. Roussy will have the kindness to say to whom these words were addressed by the Divine Saviour?

Mr. Roussy.—Jesus Christ addressed these words to His Apostles.

Mr. CHINIQUY.—The secretaries will have the kindness to write that the words which Mr. Roussy has quoted refer only to the Apostles. Now, Mr. Roussy, will you tell us if St. Mark was an Apostle?

Mr. Roussy.—Yes, sir, St. Mark was an Apostle.

Mr. CHINIQUY.—The secretaries will please write that Mr. Roussy maintains that St. Mark was an Apostle.

Mr. Roussy.—(Precipitately)—No, no, sir, St. Mark was not an Apostle.

Mr. CHINIQUY.—Write, gentlemen, that Mr. Roussy declares that St. Mark was not an Apostle.

Well, Mr. Roussy, since St. Mark was not an Apostle, and since the text you have quoted refers only to the Apostles, that text has then, according to your statement, nothing to do with St. Mark.

Mr. Roussy.—No, sir, I was mistaken, and I admit that the text quoted does not refer to St. Mark.

Mr. CHINIQUY.—Very well, Mr. Roussy, then I repeat my question, before this respectable assembly. Show us a precise text from the Bible, which proves that St. Mark was inspired by God to write the Gospel.

Mr. Roussy rises, and commences turning over the pages of his book. He is pale, he trembles, he perspires profusely, he takes more than ten minutes to search. A gloomy silence reigns, only a few feeble murmurs of "He is caught" are heard. But silence is imposed. At last the audience becoming impatient, commence to speak: "Come on, Mr. Roussy, what are you doing now?" The gentleman appears more and more disconcerted; he replies in a trembling voice: "Gentlemen, I beg of you to be patient, I admit I am in very close quarters."

These words were followed by a general burst of laughter. Mr. Chiniquy says to him: "You will find yourself in closer quarters in a minute, sir." At last after

having searched in vain for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Roussy sits down, or rather falls into his seat, and says in a pitiful voice: "I am not able to find the text asked."

MR. CHINIQUY.—Gentlemen, have the kindness to write that Mr. Roussy declares himself unable to find a text from Holy Scripture, to prove that St. Mark was inspired by God to write the Gospel.

Another little question, Mr. Roussy: since according to your religion, one should only believe as true, what can be proved by a text from the Holy Bible, will you find for us the text that proves that St. Luke, who was no more an Apostle than St. Mark, was inspired by God to write the Gospel?

Mr. Roussy once more rises, but his face and whole appearance indicate a man completely broken up. He searches again, for five or six minutes; then allowing himself to fall back into his chair, exclaims, "I am not able."

MR. CHINIQUY.—Gentlemen, will you, if you please, write that Mr. Roussy declares he is not able to find a text in his Bible to prove that St. Luke wrote the Gospel. Then addressing Mr. Roussy: Very well, sir, since you declare you are not able to find a word in the Holy Bible to assure you that St. Mark and St. Luke wrote the Gospels that bear their names, how do you know that it was they who wrote these Gospels? Then, turning towards the audience, Mr. Chiniquy says, smiling: "Listen well to his reply." A gloomy silence ensues for an instant.

Mr. Roussy.—We prove that St. Mark and St. Luke wrote the Gospels by the miracles they wrought.

MR. CHINIQUY.—Very well, show me a text from the Gospel where it states that St. Mark and St. Luke wrought miracles.

Mr. Roussy, rising slowly, admits that he is not able; he murmurs some unintelligible words, then with an embarrassment which he cannot conceal: "You ask me, sir, how it is known that St. Mark and St. Luke wrote their Gospels; but, sir, that is only known by the testimony of the early Christians."

At these words nothing is heard but exclamations of joy and the clapping of hands. "He is convicted by his own words; he is caught in his own trap," cried the crowd.

MR. CHINIQUY.—Yes, my friends, he is taken at his own words, and as you say, "caught in his own trap;" he is forced to have recourse to the testimony of the early Christians, that is to the Tradition of the Church, to prove the very first of Gospel truths, the existence of the Gospel itself. He is then forced to admit that he deceived you just now, when he told you everything was to be found written in the Bible, and that anything that could not be proved by some text ought to be rejected.

Mr. Roussy.—I am not caught. It is you, Mr. Chiniquy, who have been caught in your own trap; it is you who are convicted, for you are not able to show us what the Church is, and what authority it has.

Mr. CHINIQUY.—Since Mr. Roussy does not know what the Church is, I shall have the pleasure of telling him. The early Christians being divided on certain practices, followed the advice of our Lord, and appealed to the Church of their day, and this is what took place:—(Acts of the Apostles chap. xv. v. 6)

"And the apostles and ancients came together to consider of this matter. And when there was much disputing Peter rising up said to them: My brethren you know that in former days God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the Gospel, and believe." After Peter, Barnabas and Paul were heard. Then James speaks in his turn; but it was only to confirm what Peter had said. Finally, the deliberation being finished, they wrote these solemn words: "For it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us, to decide in such a manner the question that you have raised."

There, Mr. Roussy, that is what the Church is. That is how she spoke 1900 years ago, and that is how she speaks still, and how she will speak to the end of time; for she can never perish, seeing that Jesus Christ has said: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her." It is this infallible Church which tells me, a Catholic, as she told it 1900 years ago: "St. Mark and St. Luke were inspired by God to write their Gospels," and I am certain she speaks the truth, for it is the Holy Ghost who enlightens her. This Church, according to St. Paul, (1 Timothy, c. iii. v. 15) "Is the pillar and ground of the truth." This Church, outside of which their is nothing but

falsehood and error, has been called *Catholic* by the Apostles, and no other church can ever bear this grand name. This Catholic Church, to which I have the happiness to belong, is also called *Apostolic*, because it is united with the Apostles by an unbroken chain of priests, bishops and Popes, who obtain their power, by incontestable titles, from them. This Catholic and Apostolic Church is also called *Roman*, because it was at Rome that its Founder amongst men, (St. Peter) shed his blood, and there where he deposited, for his successors the keys of Heaven, which neither demons nor heretics nor infidels can ever deprive her of. "Thou art Peter and on this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. (St. Math., ch. xvi. v. 16, 19.)

When I, a Catholic, take the Bible in my hands, I am as certain that it is the word of God, as I am certain that there is a God in Heaven, because it is the Catholic Church (the pillar and ground of the truth) which tells me so. When I read the Gospel, I read it only with a full and complete submission to the interpretation which the Church gives me, whose voice I am obliged to hear under pain of being treated by God "as a heathen and publican" (St. Mat., ch. xviii. v. 17). And when I read this Holy Gospel I call to mind the words of St. Peter (2 Peter, ch. III. v. 15 and 16), "As also our most dear brother Paul, according to the wisdom given to him, hath written to you, as also in all his epistles, speaking in them of these things; in which are some things hard to be understood, which the *unlearned and unstable* wrest, as also the other Scriptures, to their own perdition."

In reading the Holy Scriptures, I call to mind that I am but a poor ignorant man, and that if I depend upon my feeble understanding, I shall very soon go astray; therefore I am careful to understand what I read in the sense that the Church has always taught. For if I am bound to believe that the Church is infallible, when she tells me that St. Mark and St. Luke were inspired by the Holy Ghost to write their Gospels, although I do not find a word in the Bible, according to Mr. Roussy's admission, to prove this truth, I am bound to believe that she is in like manner guided by the Holy Ghost, in the interpretation of the Scriptures, which sacred treasure she alone has preserved for me infallibly.

I have admitted to you, Mr. Chairman, that I am but an ignorant man, and that for this reason I am in need of an infallible guide in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. I have no intention of insulting, nor of wounding Mr. Roussy in any manner, but I tell you that I believe him just as ignorant as I am, and I believe that he belongs to that class of men of whom St. Peter speaks, when he says, the *unlearned* do not understand the Holy Scriptures, and wrest them in a false sense to their own perdition.

In spite of my ignorance and my weakness, I am assured that I shall not go astray in the reading of the Scriptures, since I have for my guide "the Church, the pillar and ground of the truth," and take for my interpreter, that Church to whom my adorable Saviour has said:—"The gates of hell shall not prevail against her." But I am curious to know how Mr. Roussy, who is also a poor ignorant man, can be assured of finding his salvation in the reading of the Bible, when the prince of the Apostles assures us that the ignorant find in it their ruin.

To be continued.

That Pale Face.

For Nervous Prostration and Anaemia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

No matter what subject you talk on, my friend Bilkins has the matter at his fingers' ends. Is that so? Yes, he's deaf and dumb.

"I am convinced of the merit of Hood Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses"—this is what many people say.

A paper engaged a reporter to travel and send by wire all important news. The reporter was a novice, and sent the following important news to his paper: "A judge is down shooting here." The editor telegraphed back: "Let yourself to him for a target."

The well known strengthening properties of Iron, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nervine, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

ALLEGED SUMMARY OF GLADSTONE'S MEASURE.

The Complete Plan of the Premier Outlined in a Very Lucid Manner—The Details May be Called Authentic.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Probably the most interesting piece of news that has transpired for a long time in connection with the future of Irish Home Rule has been made public.

It is a complete outline of the plan Mr. Gladstone proposes to offer to the British House of Commons as a solution of the problem of Ireland's self-government which has confronted the English Government for so long.

The details, as they are presented, may be accepted as authentic. They are Mr. Gladstone's ideas, and he will submit them in the Home Rule Bill which he is now framing.

This assurance comes through an autograph letter written by a gentleman who is very close to Gladstone.

The plan and the arguments to sustain it are as follows:—

The right of Ireland to Home Rule has been admitted by all political parties, and is, indeed, based upon the fundamental principle of the British Constitution.

But what is right may not always be expedient. This is the only ground of opposition to Home Rule—that is to say, only in the event of specific allegations of expediency being disposed of by the particular measure of Home Rule proposed.

The allegations of in expediency of Home Rule for Ireland are as follows:—

1. Ulster—It is contended that a Parliament, elected from the whole of Ireland, would dominate Ulster in an intolerable manner.

2. Catholicism—It is contended that an Irish Parliament will be the tool of a Roman Catholic hierarchy, and will be intolerable to the Protestants of Ireland.

3. Landlordism—It is contended that an Irish Parliament will confiscate the property of the large landowners, a class that includes many Englishmen and English corporations.

4. Imperial safety—It is contended that an Irish Parliament will mean the creation of a hostile and dangerous enemy on the very coast of England.

5. The purse—It is contended that any contribution by Ireland to the Imperial Exchequer will be regarded as intolerable tribute.

6. Minor questions—It is contended that the inter-relations of Ireland and Great Britain have become so complex and innumerable by the long continued fusion of families, of business affairs between the two countries, that it will surpass the art of man to dissect the nations in any just and practicable a manner.

That these are serious difficulties must be conceded by every calm observer; that they are insuperable is not so manifest.

Indeed, it appears possible to frame a measure of Home Rule that will surmount them all.

THE PLAN IN DETAIL.

For example, let the measure make of Ireland a dominion divided into four provinces, viz.: Ulster, Munster, Connaught and Leinster.

Let each province have its own House of Representatives, elected by manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts, and let each House of Representatives elect a number (proportioned to the population of the province) of life senators to meet in Dublin and there constitute an Irish Senate.

Let each province have a Governor, appointed by the Crown, and let the Governor of Leinster be also the President of the Irish Senate.

Let all the acts of a provincial Parliament or of the Irish Senate be subject to the veto of the Governor, until passed a second time by some stipulated considerable majority, and let each Governor have the power of dissolving and convoking the provincial Parliament.

Let each provincial Parliament have the full power of the Government of an American State, and let the Irish Senate have the full powers of the United States Federal Government, with the following limitations:—

A. No armed forces, fortresses, arsenals or ships of war to be created or main-

tained, other than such as may be appointed by the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland.

B. No relations with foreign powers to be established except as arranged by the Imperial Parliament.

C. No taxes to be imposed upon commerce between Ireland and any other British country.

D.—No legislation by either Senate or provincial Parliament to take place in violation of personal liberty, or personal freedom, or religious belief and thought, or in confiscation of private property.

E.—The constitutional or otherwise of any legislation, whether by the Irish Senate or any provincial Parliament, to be subject to the adjudication of the judicial committee of the Privy Council.

F.—The sovereignty of the Crown to be maintained, and any decision of the Crown in council to be enforced by warrant addressed to the Governor of a province.

Let Ireland be represented in the Imperial Parliament by, say 80 members, 20 being elected by the people of each province.

This measure of Home Rule would dispose of before-mentioned objections thus:—

1. Ulster—No domination by the remainder of Ireland would exist.

2. Catholicism—No Roman Catholic domination would exist in Ulster, and the ascendancy of Protestantism in that province would act as a salutary check upon hostility in Leinster, Connaught and Munster, partly by emulation in prosperity and peace, and partly by the fear of retaliation.

3. Landlordism—Sheer confiscation would be disallowed by the judicial committee of the privy council. Virtual confiscation, terrorism, boycotting, etc., if allowed by any provincial law, would, when attempted to be justified by citation of such law, lead to an appeal to the judicial committee, and if really in contravention of the Constitution of the Provincial Government, that is, as limited by the aforesaid declaration of personal rights, would be disallowed.

4. Imperial safety—Even if Leinster, Connaught and Munster were hostile to England they would remain unarmed, and would, moreover, have to reckon with Ulster.

5. The purse—If on the occasion of each budget of the Imperial Parliament, an Irish contribution were included among the revenue items, this would be a matter of discussion, and would be voted upon by the Irish members with the rest. It would assume the form of an ordinary tax sanctioned by Ireland, and would not be included in the budget of the Irish Senate. It would not necessarily be a fixed amount or even a fixed quota.

Minor questions—The objection upon this head is a vague generality. Specific cases will be more difficult to deal with than they are found to be in the case of the colonies.

OBITUARY.

JAMES LYONS, LACOLLE.

It is our painful duty, this week to record the death of one of Lacolle's best known and most respected young men, in the person of James Lyons, third son of Michael Lyons, Esq. The news of his almost sudden demise was a shock to the whole community, for it was known only to a few of his relatives that he was seriously ill, and the many heartfelt expressions of deep regret, which the sad report elicited, evinced the high esteem in which he was held by all. The deceased, who has left a sorrowing void in a loving family, went to Philadelphia about six years ago. After a prolonged absence he returned home and spent a most enjoyable visit among his relations and friends. He then went to Chicago, where he secured a very responsible position. The future appeared bright and full of promise. His sterling qualities and refined manners endeared him to all and won for him a host of friends. When stricken down with the fever, he was removed to the hospital where, after having fourteen hemorrhages in quick succession, he yielded up his soul to his Creator. James Lyons was a joy in a happy home and a model beloved by all his companions. His body was brought to Lacolle by Mr. William Lyons, of Albany, N.Y., a brother of the deceased. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Friday, the 2nd inst., to the parish church of Lacolle, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul by Rev. James Loneragan, P.P. of St. Bridget's, and cousin of the deceased, with Rev. Jos. Casey, of St. Gabriel's, and Rev. M.L. Shea, of St. Mary's, as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. R-v. Father Charrette, P.P. of Lacolle, and Rev. Father Fobres, occupied seats in the sanctuary. After Mass the funeral cortege wound its way towards the cemetery, and there found the path leading to the family plot, where the form of him whom in life we had known so well, had been placed in the grave. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrowing parents and family.—R.F.P.

St. Gabriel Church Bazaar.

St. Gabriel's Catholic church at Point St. Charles will open their bazaar on the ninth instant. It will be held in the new church, which is sufficiently advanced in construction for this purpose.

Le Caron.

There is considerable talk, now a days, about the notorious spy, informer and general traitor known as "Le Caron." We have not much to say about this detestable character; however, we reproduce the very pertinent remarks of the London Universe, upon the subject of a proposed volume of the *mouchard's* experiences. The Universe treats him as he deserves:

The name and profession of spy are abhorrent to us. Yet "Major Le Caron" is proud of them, and is anxious to make money out of his own disreputable avocation. This fellow was originally a draper's assistant at Colchester, and figured under the name of Thomas Beach. Subsequently he became "Le Caron," and changed his nationality to French and his calling to *mouchard*, a prying secret political agent. His habit was to join the Fenian society and to betray its secrets for lucre. He has found a London publisher to bring out a volume of his experiences. We have not read the book, nor do we propose reading it. We have something better to occupy our leisure. But Michael Davitt (and he is an authority) avers that it is an attempt to base a mass of flimsy charges upon a small substratum of simple facts. This genius of deceit made a great deal of a sealed packet with which he was entrusted by John Devoy in the United States to convey to Messrs. Patrick Egan and John O'Leary in Paris. Here is a copy of this tremendous mis-liv:

"Palmer House, Chicago, March 31st, 1881.—"Patrick Egan, Esq.—Dear Friend.—This will introduce to you a friend of mine, Dr. Le "Caron, of Braidwood, Ill., who is going to spend a few months in Europe. Although a "Frenchman, he is a member of the Land "League, and has always been a good Irish "man, barring the bull. I want him to make "your acquaintance, and as he treated Davitt "well when in his town, I know you will show "him any kindness in your power. Remem-"brance to all friends.—Yours truly, JOHN DEVROY.

It gratifies us to learn that Mr. J. J. O'Killy has taken an action for libel against "Le Caron," and that the despicable volume has been withdrawn from sale pending the issue of trial. Need we say that the sympathy of honest Irishmen is on the side of the gallant gentleman who has set himself the task of vindicating his own character and exposing the mean trafficker in "treasons, stratagems, and spies." Irishmen may have their petty political differences, but these are healed in presence of catiffs whose affections are as dark as Erebus.

Came Into Contact With An Electric Car.

The Rev. Bro. Stephen, Principal of Mount St. Louis College, was Sunday afternoon driving up University street, when, just as the cab reached St. Catherine street, an electric car approached. The driver of the cab, J. Leroux, being of the opinion that he could get over in front of the car, urged his horse on, but his calculations were upset, for the big car came crash into his vehicle and sent it to one side, while Bro. Stephen was thrown out a distance of about twenty feet. It was a close call, but no serious damage was done. Bro. Stephen was able to attend to his college duties this morning.

A BIRD STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS

One Sunday morning Dame Redbreast Resolved on building her home nest, And bustling forth with cheerful lay, Had gathered moss and sticks and hay, Until they hung 'mid branches twining, And back along the downy lining, Which mother birds so much admire And tender nestlings' needs require.

While looking round with eager eyes Beneath my window, she spies Some scarlet yarn among the roses, Which whistling wind to her discloses; She sweetly sings, "If these were mine How nice and soft my nest to line!" But, oh, alas! the cruel thorn Laughed all her efforts quite to scorn.

She called her mate with tone severe, He bustling came. With efforts queer He sought to aid his worthy wife; But all in vain their wordly strife; On languid wing they sailed away, The pair but now so glad and gay.

I quickly to the window drew And softly up the sash I threw. I loosened the threads, broke them in two, Then out of sight again withdrew, And thought, "Will she 'Try, try again' As sweetly sing the old refrain?" Ah, yes! they come and quickly bear The threads they covet through the air— And as they sped on sweeping wing They sang the song that conquerors sing.

Otto Farmer.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—Dismiss your doubts, let none be longer oppressed with the notion that his malady is incurable till these purifying Pills have had a fair trial. When ordinary preparations have failed, these Pills have been used with the utmost marked success. A course of this admirable medicine clears the blood from all impurities, and improves its quality. The whole system is thus benefited through the usual channels without reduction of strength, shock to the nerves, or any other inconvenience; in fact, health is removed by natural means. For curing diseases of the throat, windpipe, and chest these Pills have pre-eminently established a world-wide fame, and in complaints of the stomach, liver, and kidneys they are equally efficacious. They are composed of rare balsams, without a single grain of mercury or any other deleterious substance.

She: Ah, marriage confers such peace of mind. He: Yes, I know most married men are for ever getting it from their wives. She: What pray? He: Piece of mind.

SATISFACTION is guaranteed to every consumer of **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla. One hundred doses in every bottle. No other does this.

Down in Texas.

We quote the foil wing from a letter of Dr. Johnson, Protestant Bishop of Western Texas, to the Church press of England. "Our young Americans are not disposed at this time to enter the ministry as secular life offers what seems to them so many more attractions. It seems to them a helpless effort to build up the Church in this new country, but those of us who have witnessed its growth know that its time will come when people grow tired of the vagaries of modern Protestantism." The Liverpool Catholic Times, adds to this: "Every year great numbers of Catholic young men are ordained priests in the United Kingdom for service in every quarter of the globe, including Texas itself. They go without prospect of a large income or of promotion. It is surely a serious and significant fact that young Englishmen and Americans will not make the same sacrifice for Episcopal Protestantism."

It would seem that in a new and "wild country," as it is called, like Texas, there is very little zeal amongst the aspirants to Protestant orders; they don't relish a life of labor and small worldly profit. In striking contrast to all this stands out the Catholic Church and its Texas missionaries. It is but the other day we received from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brennan of Dallas, Texas, a copy of his admirable lecture upon the "Middle Ages." A few weeks previous, we received a copy of his essays on different subjects religious, social and national; every week we receive a copy of a newspaper published in his diocese and edited by Vicar-General Coffey; it is a charming little publication and has recently been increased in size; weekly we read of the efforts made by Bishop Brennan and his assistant priests in the field of Catholic labor in Texas. These papers, lectures, pamphlets are educating the people; the young members of the clergy live in the closest intimacy with mountain and prairie life; they are ever on the road carrying consolation to the sick or dying; here and there on their endless works of mercy. The Catholic Church is making giant strides in Texas, and such men as Bishop Brennan, with youth, courage and devotion, are pushing forward, with the torch of enlightenment in one hand and the cross, symbol of Faith, in the other. What a contrast! But there is no wonder, the Protestant Church, or rather churches, have a human mission; the Catholic Church has a divine one.

MAGAZINES.

THE CENTURY.

The November Century is the first number of the forty-fifth volume of the twenty-third year of this magazine, which will be serving the general reader with its pages of literature, science, art, and history, as well as the most interesting and up-to-date news of the world. The editorial staff consists of the following: Editor, Richard D. Wood; Managing Editor, Charles W. Brewster; Business Editor, Charles W. Brewster; Correspondents, George W. Cable, and others. The magazine is published by the Century Company, 250 Broadway, New York.

MR. HOWELL'S FUTURE PLANS.

While Mr. Howell will not, during 1884, confine his literary work to any single periodical, it may be authoritatively announced that he has entered into a contract with the Ladies Home Journal with his most important work for some time to come. The first issue of this magazine, which is a very interesting and useful one, is now published. The second issue will be published on the 15th of the month.

Teacher—I hope your daughter will be fond of gymnastics.

Mr. Clovertop—Now, we have always been powerful plain livers at home; but she likes most anything that's good to eat, you'll find.

If you happen to run across a rattlesnake press the button. The snake will do the rest.

Children who lisp in numbers are not necessarily poets. They may be repeating the multiplication table.

TEMPERANCE.

FATHER McCALLEN'S QUESTIONS.

Burning Words and Eloquent Appeals for Sobriety.

Nearly two thousand persons took part on Sunday evening, 27th ult., in the annual temperance demonstration of the St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society in St. Patrick's Church.

There is a demon, began the speaker, ravaging the land, as well in the bright light of noonday as in the darker hours of the night, spreading ruin and desolation in his path; entering homes in which had reigned peace, joy, content and comfort, and causing discord, sorrow, misery and want; dragging man from the high throne on which his maker had placed him a king, down below the level of brute creation; inflicting on society, evils so numerous, that our asylums are crowded with orphans, our hospitals with sick, our homes with human wrecks, our night refuges with homeless tramps, our prisons with criminals and our streets with beggars; striking right and left, and with each new blow inflicting some new wound, now on the rich, now on the poor; respecting neither gifts of mind nor strength of body, nor qualities of heart, nor beauty of soul; counting his victims by thousands, and yet always seeking to add to their number, and always succeeding in the effort.

THIS DEMON IS DRINK.

In presence of such ruin and desolation caused by this enemy of God and man, and with the warning of the inspired words still echoing in our ears:—"Let him that thinketh himself to stand, take heed lest he fall," it will be useful for us to ask ourselves, and to answer some few practical questions.

Is there any one here present, who is willing that a day shall come when we will deserve to be called a drunkard, and to actually be such with time wasted, health shattered, name tainted, reputation destroyed, will weakened, reason lost, purse emptied, vice encouraged, virtue banished, soul ruined, and the body consigned to a drunkard's grave?

Is there a family in this city willing that the paradise of home should be turned into a veritable hell? Willing to allow this great enemy, drink, to enter in and take possession, begetting discord, sorrow, hate, vice, poverty, misery, filling the home with oaths and blasphemies, robbing its members of paternal, maternal and filial love, and bequeathing

A CURSE, NOT A BLESSING,

to generations unborn? Is society at large willing to allow this same enemy to injure legitimate trade, destroy material prosperity, impose new burdens of taxation for the support of the insane, the poor and the convict, ruin morals and leave a foul blot on the name of our fair city?

There can be but one answer to this first question. As individuals, as members of the family, and as worthy citizens of Montreal, we pray God to save us from such ruin and desolation.

Second question: Is there no fear that this ruin and desolation which has fallen upon so many other individuals, and upon so many other homes may not fall on us and ours? Let those who stand sober men and women to-day, "take heed lest they fall."

As individuals, should we not fear and allow our fear to suggest precautions? What will preserve us if we trifle with strong drink? Our virtue? The cedars of Lebanon have fallen. Our mighty intellect? Greater geniuses than we have gone down into dishonored graves. Wealth? Millionaires have become beggars. Robust constitutions? Some men's city for drink seems to counter to all the laws that govern alcohol. But wait. The giant oak that weathers many a

storm only plunges deeper into the earth, when it does fall; and so with the capacious drinker, when he does fall he buries himself in the earth,

A PHYSICAL WRECK

of once noble, powerful manhood. I met a man a few weeks ago and a friend said to me:—"That man has health for three men; but how he abuses it!" Three days later the same friend paid the drunkard a visit and found the giant lying as helpless and almost as immovable as a log on the floor. Where, I ask, is our warrant that we can play with fire and not get burned; touch pitch and not get soiled; drag our bodies and not get poisoned; love the danger and not perish in it? "Let him who thinketh himself to stand take heed lest he fall."

Such are the risks—now a third and last question;

IS THERE A REMEDY?

Only one that is infallible—the total abstinence pledge. But admitting man's evil inclinations, inert will, the power of the enemies that attack or allure him to drink, the pledge cannot be faithfully kept unless we pray, unless we approach the sacraments, unless we avoid the occasions that may have led us, most certainly have led others, to intoxication. Our temperance society because it increases our strength, affords us the counsel and example of fellow abstainers, and because of its religious character, will prove a powerful aid in enabling us to preserve the pledge of total abstinence.

Father McCallen concluded his practical discourse by a powerful appeal to all those present to take the warning of the apostle, "to take heed lest they fall," and to so surround themselves with precaution against the liquor habit, that both individuals and families would be blessed by the angel of sobriety, and Montreal be thus helped to remove in part, if not entirely efface the foul blot that stains the fair name of so many of its citizens.

Besides a numerous delegation from St. Ann's and St. Gabriel's Temperance Societies, there were present the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society attached to St. Patrick's, and in the sanctuary, besides the clergy of the church, the Rev. Father Rioux, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's, and the Rev. Father Casey of St. Gabriel's. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded this most successful religious demonstration.

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.

Changes and Improvements to be Made.

Last Sunday at St. Patrick's Church was a day of more than ordinary interest to the members of the choir, because it was made the occasion to introduce an important reform in its organization that is calculated not only to increase its efficiency, but also to make it a powerful auxiliary of our religion. During a period of many months, the Rev. Father Quinlivan pastor of St. Patrick's has been considering the advisability of securing the services of a number of the leading soloists and trained choristers from amongst the ranks of our church choirs in this city.

The result of his deliberations with the enterprising organist of St. Patrick's, Prof. J. A. Fowler, who is in warm sympathy with the undertaking, was made known last week when the arrangements were completed, and four soloists and chorus leaders were engaged and entered upon their duties at Grand Mass.

During a period of more than two generations the choir of St. Patrick's has been a voluntary one, recruited from the ranks of the young parishioners, who, in the fulness of their enthusiasm, labored during a decade in their turn and retired to give place to others, but in those days the parish of St. Patrick's recognized no limits, and its territory was the island of Montreal, consequently the population from which the choristers were chosen was greater.

Then came the era of the division of parishes and the eastern and western districts of the city established their churches, congregations and choirs and as a result the field of operation for St. Patrick's was restricted. Within recent years the choir has usually attended the Grand Mass service, but a desire on the part of the pastor and organist to introduce the same measure of uniformity in the Vespers and evening offices as characterize the morning Mass, was one of the chief causes which led to the institution of the new system. While the old members of St. Patrick's choir are a zealous and painstaking association of young men, earnestly desirous of giving

up their time and talents to the honor and glory of their Holy religion, it would be, however, too great a tax upon their leisure to ask them to attend three services and the attendant rehearsals, for the study of chants and hymns.

The new order is receiving the approbation of the older members judging by the measure of appreciation they manifested after Mass on Sunday through having listened to the beautiful rendition "Rorate" by one of the tenor soloists. Although the piece was in the words of choristers "plain chant" under the careful interpretation of an artist its beauty and melody was soul inspiring.

The choir are now engaged in rehearsal of Prof. J. A. Fowler's new musical mass to which we referred sometime ago in these columns and with the valuable assistance of the new contingent of trained singers the esteemed director of the choir is about to achieve a triumph for the religion of which he is such an ardent supporter, for the Church with which he is associated, and for himself in reward for that true spirit of noble enterprise which never falters in its devotion to the cause of his faith and his profession.

Inspired by such sublime motives he devoted his leisure hours, snatched from the onerous demands of his calling, to the accomplishment of the ideal task of writing a powerful musical service in a language which is known throughout every part of civilization.

Father Quinlivan is to be congratulated upon the degree of courage he has evinced in assuming the expenditure attached to such a reform as is now inaugurated in the choir—and we are convinced that the parishioners will appreciate his efforts and give him that generous and unstinted measure of cooperation which has always characterized their actions in the past.

Prof. Fowler's Mass, referred to, will be sung for the first time on Christmas Eve with full orchestral accompaniment.

HOME RULE.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Stirring Addresses at the Meeting Last Week in St. Patrick's Hall—A Subscription List Opened and Funds Raised for the Cause.

The following report is from the Star. St. Patrick's Parish has again come to the front in the way of raising Hon. Edward Blake in his efforts to obtain Home Rule for Ireland. A meeting was held in St. Patrick's Hall, St. Alexander street, on Tuesday night, the 29th November, and it was fairly well attended. A number of ladies were present.

The Hon. Senator Murphy was called to the chair. He thought this was a suitable time to make this rally in favor of Home Rule. In the Imperial Parliament the Hon. Mr. Blake would plead the cause of Home Rule and tell them how Canadians governed themselves.

Mr. Hefferman, the secretary, read letters of regret from Mayor McShane, Ald. Cunningham and James, who said they were heartily in sympathy with the movement.

Mr. Ryan, president of the Catholic Young Men's Society, spoke. At the present time his society, he said, was not in a position to give the aid they would like to. He promised that they would give a concert at the beginning of January and the proceeds would be handed over in aid of Home Rule.

Mr. Kavanagh considered it a waste of time to speak on Home Rule to an Irish audience. They were all Home Rulers. There was no reason why Ireland should not govern itself. It was a compliment to Canada that the Hon. M. Blake should have been called to the Imperial Parliament. The Irish were opposed by men who had more money than they knew what to do with: Tories were proverbially so. Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., on stepping upon the platform received a warm welcome. He referred very kindly to the long and earnest services which the chairman had rendered to the cause of Home Rule. He spoke of the late Mr. Parnell's labors and he was grieved that disaster had overtaken such a career. He trusted before long to see the Parnellites and McCarthysites show a united front to the world. Goldwin Smith might talk against Canada, but they never knew of an Irishman getting up on

the platform and speaking against the constitution of Canada. Those who spoke about Home Rule as likely to dismember the Empire spoke dishonestly. Gladstone and his friends were willing to aid them at the risk of their political existence, while his opponents say they will not give them Home Rule. Let them stand side by side with Mr. Gladstone. They wanted protection for the minority, the spirit of giving among the Irish to the cause of Home Rule was not dead nor dying.

Dr. Hingston received a cordial greeting. He made a few sensible remarks. The demand of the Irish was a legitimate one to be allowed to govern all domestic questions. It meant a close relation and not separation from Great Britain. He denied that the Irish were disloyal. A subscription list was then opened, and about \$300 subscribed.

THE TRUE WITNESS will publish the names of the subscribers to the fund; beginning next week and continuing on week after week till the list is closed.

Sometimes persons complain, from country districts, that they do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly, or on time. We can assure our subscribers that each one's paper is duly posted in Montreal, and if there are numbers that have been missed or that have gone astray, we would advise our readers to make enquiry at their local post office, and to find out whether or not the persons responsible for the mails are in fault. It often happens so.

MUSIC.—Songs: The Lone Grave; Picture of my baby on the wall; Truth and absence; They can't call you know, by Jones, a fine topical song, different from the one of same title by Scheffarth. Any Wedschu, or We'll meet again, high class song. The old tin dipper on the wall; Little Maggie Magee. Also, Piano pieces: Edden Rod Riddle; New Society Jersey; Partners for Life, waltz quadrille; Northern Star, Waltz Lancers; West Side, 31st Lancers. All of above 10c each, 10c mail. Also the famous Cupid's Greeting Waltzes and Reception Waltzes, 2c each, and Piusini's new rendering of Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, Lead, kindly Light, 25c. W. STREET, 21 Beury.



EVERY SKIN, SCALP, & BLOOD DISEASE Cured by Cuticura. VERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, itching, humbling, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to old age attest their wonderful, unailing and incomparable efficacy. Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c. RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of this Society for the Election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year and other Matters of Importance, will be held at the Richelieu Hotel, St. Vincent street, in this city, on WEDNESDAY, the Twenty-first of December instant, at Eleven a.m. By order,

W. BRODIE, Sec.-Treas. Montreal, 1st Dec., 1892.

Kelly's Songster No. 44.

CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SONGS:

- My sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.
In the house the didn't know the way.
When the moon does shine.
On the Bowery—The Kelly Cure.
The Garden and the Lamb.
O'Brien's Hare Bouquet.
The Knicker-Bocker and the Shoe.
Milly and I and the Bury (Parody).
Very Quiltly—By Jove Jack.
The Sullivan's orbert F.ight (Comic).
The Cuck o' club Accidently Done.
The Naugty Naughty Men.
The Girl in the serps' line Dance.
Thy Lands—my Lands (Parody).
The Golden Wedding.
The Hymn His 'ot or 'ang.
Since Nulle Went Away.
The Tailor Tried to Catch Her.
I Dreamt that I Was Dreaming (Parody).
The Female Aeronaunt.

Kelly's Songster can be had at all newsdealers or mailed on receipt of two three cent stamps. P. KELLY, Song Publisher, 164 Antoine street, Montreal, Que.

CANADA'S NEW MINISTRY.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CABINET.

Hon. Mr. Bowell and Hon. Mr. Angers will sit in the Senate—Hon. Mr. Curran, Solicitor-General of Canada.

The task entrusted to Sir John Thompson by the Governor-General a week ago has been completed, and yesterday Sir John submitted to His Excellency the following list of the new ministry, the members of which will be sworn in to-day:

Sir John S. D. Thompson, Premier and first Minister of Justice and Attorney-General of Canada.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Sir Adolphe P. Caron, Postmaster-General.

Hon. John Costigan, Secretary of State.

Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Finance.

Hon. J. G. Haggart, Minister of Railways.

Hon. J. A. Ouimet, Minister of Public Works.

Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia and Defence.

Hon. Thomas M. Daly, Minister of the Interior.

Hon. R. Angers, Minister of Agriculture.

Hon. W. B. Ives, President of the Privy Council.

Hon. Frank Smith, Minister without Portfolio.

Hon. John Carling, Minister without Portfolio.

Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor General.

Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, Comptroller of Customs.

Hon. J. F. Wood, Comptroller of Inland Revenue.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell will sit in the Senate in place of the late Senator Alexander, and Hon. Mr. Angers will represent Layalliere division in the same House.

DECEMBER ANNIVERSARIES.

HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, born Dec. 29, 1809. The close of the year, or to speak more definitely, the 29th of December, will be also the close of Mr. Gladstone's 83rd year, a length of life not often allowed to the sons of Adam.

Mr. Gladstone is, by universal consent, one of the most remarkable men of the age. Remarkable, not only in his marvellous intellectual and physical vigor, sustained and employed in full activity at a period of life when most men are anxiously seeking quiet and rest; but also, in the political progressiveness, and broad liberality, which are the grandest characteristics of this truly Grand Old Man, as he approaches nearer to the hour when the inevitable debt of nature must be paid.

Gladstone began public life a half century ago, parliamentary stripling of twenty-five years though he was, an adherent of the old Tory school of British politics. English Toryism of those days (it is not much better now), was typical of everything that was narrow, autocratic, and unprogressive. Doubt, of, and contempt for, the masses of the people, marked the Tory's every public utterance and act, while a pampered aristocracy was his political idol, and the dearest object of his fond solicitude.

To-day, Gladstone is the acknowledged leader of the most advanced, nay more, revolutionary, political party that ever sat upon the Benches of the British House of Commons. Truly a great change of opinion in a single life time, but what an honorable, what a noble change!

Somebody once said that manly acknowledgment of error is an infallible sign of intellectual greatness. Judged by such a standard, few living men are more entitled to be called great than William Ewart Gladstone.

Clad at any periods of his eventful life with serious and weighty responsibilities, entrusted frequently with public offices, the occupancy of which involved immense political patronage and social prominence and power, Gladstone has erred and erred grievously. But even his errors were honorable, for they bore the impress of honesty and conviction, and those who were the sufferers thereby were often forced to look beyond the passing blunder, and admire the man.

In a speech in an election campaign in the city of Liverpool, some years ago,

Mr. Gladstone gave vent to an utterance, which may be said to form the key to his whole character, and explain the almost continuous advancement in political thought which has so strongly marked his career. "While I have been in public life," said the great Englishman, "I have always tried to make the command of the police officer on his beat, my political watch word: I have always tried to Move On." He can make the claim with truth. He has moved on, and moved on with amazing rapidity, when one looks back along the long lane of political progress he has traversed, since the first day he "caught the speaker's eye" in the House of Commons.

But it is not alone in political character that Mr. Gladstone is great. He is, happily, great also in the grand simplicity of his Christian life, and his belief in God. It is so fashionable in later years for men of intellect and prominence to indulge in lofty sneers at religion, and

and relatives of Branch 26 C. M. B. A. The Branch was largely represented and the church was most appropriately decorated for the occasion.

DEATH OF CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

The Great Apostle of Africa Gone to His Rest.

(From the Philadelphia Catholic Standard.)

By the death of the illustrious French Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage and Algeria, and Primate of Africa, Rome loses one of her most devoted sons and Christian civilization an intrepid and fearless apostle.

Cardinal Lavigerie was one of those great men who are raised up once in a generation or a century to do a special work for the glory of God and his fellow-men. From the time he left the parental roof to take up his studies side by side with the notorious Renan, in



HON. J. J. CURRAN, Solicitor-General of Canada.

reject it altogether, as something too utterly old womanish for men of "great minds" to accept; that it is indeed consoling to find a man of Gladstone's mental calibre bowing his giant intellect submissively and reverently, to the teachings of Christ, and practising, so far as his lights permit him, with a childlike simplicity that is delightful, the lessons which that teaching conveys.

In his long life of public usefulness, Mr. Gladstone has accomplished much for down-trodden humanity, whenever his political influence was potent. Greece, Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, Egypt, have at some time, all been made debtors to the great English statesman; and for his own countrymen he has done enough to merit a place in their undying affections.

But he carries awhile, to let Fame place another laurel upon an already nobly bedecked brow. Standing almost in sight of the portals of the tomb, he utters a call to his countrymen, to do Justice to Ireland, and thus wipe from England's escutcheon a dark and crimson stain. His countrymen may heed the call, or hearing, may disregard it. The greatest task of Gladstone's life may never be completed, but he will have Ireland's gratitude.

Whatever be the outcome of the present struggle, be Ireland's future gloomy, or be it bright, it can never be forgotten the first English statesman who was great enough, and courageous enough, to tell his countrymen the true story of Ireland, the true story of their misgovernment of her, the first to ask for the undoing of a great and heinous wrong, was he whose name will be on every one's lip, wherever the English language is spoken, as the year draws near its close—William Ewart Gladstone.—In Catholic School and Home Magazine.

Requiem Mass.

As was announced on Sunday, in St. Patrick's Church, Monday morning, at 7.30 o'clock, a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted for the repose of the souls of the deceased members and departed friends

the Little Seminary of St. Nicholas, thence through his brilliant career in the various theological institutions to which he became attached, until called by his countrymen to be the almoner of their charity among the survivors of the Christian martyrs in the East in 1859-60; and all through his subsequent career, whether in the Episcopal chair of Nancy, or as Archbishop of Algiers for upwards of twenty-six years, by his devotion to duty, his steadfastness of purpose and the beauty and simplicity of his daily life, he gave evidence to the world that he was a holy and courageous man "sent" by his Master to execute a divine command.

His visit to a foreign land in response to the appeal of charity probably first opened to his gaze the field of duty to which he had been assigned by Divine Providence, and fixed in his ardent and resolute soul the determination to labor without ceasing among and in behalf of his unfortunate brethren in the East.

The success of Cardinal Lavigerie's labors in behalf of the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock is now a matter of history. The sympathy he ever felt for the African slave, and his efforts to destroy the traffic in human flesh, have excited the admiration of the world and endeared him to every friend of human liberty.

We can conclude this brief notice of his death in no more fitting manner than by quoting the epitaph written by himself and inscribed on the wall of the Cathedral of Carthage, which is to be his tomb:

Here Rests in Peace, In the Hope of the Infinite Mercy, He Who Was CHARLES MARTIAL ALLEMAND-LAVIGERIE, Cardinal, Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Carthage and Algeria, Primate of Africa, And Who Now is Dust. Pray for Him.

BIRTH.

DOONAN—At West Shefford, November 25, the wife of Mr. Frank H. Doonan of a daughter.

C. M. B. A.

Mr. O. K. Fraser, Grand President, in Town.

On Saturday last the Grand President of the C.M.B.A., was in Montreal. He called on Mr. Curran, Q.C., M.P., and states that the latter gentleman has consented to take charge of the Bill in reference to the Dominion Act of incorporation. Mr. Fraser says that he fancied everything, regarding permanent harmony in the C.M.B.A., far more promising than he had anticipated, and that a large majority of the Quebec Province branches have notified the Grand Council of Canada of their intention to remain as they are, and have already applied for new Beneficiary certificates. The indications from all quarters are that the C.M.B.A. will have an unprecedented boom in Canada this year.

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

(From the Catholic School and Home Magazine.)

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, Dec. 3, 1505-1552. This Apostle of the Indies was born in Spain, in 1505. He became the associate of St. Ignatius of Loyola, while at the University of Paris, when he felt himself impelled to give his life to God in religion. He was one of the seven who assisted St. Ignatius in the formation of the Society of Jesus. He went into India and Japan and preached the Gospel for twelve years in those countries. He died on the island of Sancian while laboring to bring the faith of China. His body was carried to Goa, in Hindoostan, where it was buried among the people to whom he preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

ST. BARBARA, V. M., 303, Dec. 5. Born in Nicomedia, of parents who were idolaters, this young woman studied the Christian religion and unknown to her parents was baptized. As soon as her father heard of it, he became enraged and led her before the Governor who ordered her to be tortured and her head to be cut off. Her last prayer was that all who loved her name and remembered her death might obtain the grace of the last sacraments, and a heavenly voice replied, "My daughter, your prayer is heard." It is for this reason that St. Barbara is specially invoked by all who desire to be saved from a sudden and unprepared death.

ST. NICHOLAS, C., 342, Dec. 6. This great patron of children and sailors, familiarly known as the "Good St. Nick," was a native of Lycia, in Asia, and was remarkable for his sanctity, preserving through his life the simple virtues of a child. He became a monk, and then Archbishop of Myra, where he died in 342. One of his most important duties was the instruction of little children, and his devotion to them won their affection. St. Nicholas is the special patron of the Russian nation, and was always popular in England, as may be judged from the many Churches dedicated in his honor. His charity to the poor was so great that it is thought that this trait is the origin of gifts which have been supposed to have been given by "Good St. Nick."

ST. AMBROSE, B., and D., 340-397, Dec. 7.—This great Doctor of the early Christian Church was born at Treve, in 340. After his studies in Rome, he was appointed prefect of Armlia, and resided in Milan. He was chosen Bishop of Milan and showed great courage in rebuking the Emperor Theodosius for his crime, on account of which he forbade him to enter the Church until he had done penance, which he humbly did. St. Ambrose instructed and baptized the great St. Augustine, and on that occasion composed the famous hymn *Te Deum*. St. Ambrose died April 4, 397.

ST. LUCY, V. M., 304, Dec. 13. Born in the city of Syracuse, in Sicily, St. Lucy was instructed by her Christian mother in the faith of Christ. In her childhood she had vowed herself to God in holy purity. At fourteen years of age she was sought after by a rich pagan youth, who asked her to marry him. When he found she was a Christian, he denounced her to the governor, who commanded her to be placed among bad people in order to be corrupted; but God protected her so that it was impossible to carry her to the place chosen for her. The Governor, in a rage, ordered a servant to pierce her throat with the point of his sword, and this youthful maiden gave her pure life for the faith.

IRISH NEWS.

Father Ward, son of the late Mr. Martin Ward, of Castlebar, has been ordained at Paris, and has joined the Order of Priests of the Holy Ghost.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Landowners' Association, in Dublin, on Nov. 11, it was decided to recommend the landlords to withdraw from the proceedings of the commission. Resolutions to this effect and describing the inquiry as "one sided and partisan," were carried.

All the tenants on the property of Robert Kerr McBride, of Hamburg, Germany, which is situated at Duncourney and Baluncurrag, near Midleton, have completed negotiations with their landlord for the purchase of their holdings under the Land Purchase Act. The terms agreed on are sixteen and a half years' purchase on the rental, which is a moderate one.

The Sisters of Mercy have been installed in the quarters erected for the their accomodation in the Dundalk Workhouse, and have taken up the duties of nurses of the sick poor in the union infirmary. Archbishop Logue blessed the undertaking by celebrating Mass in the chapel of the workhouse, to which the nuns' apartments are attached. At the same time he consecrated the new altar erected there.

An eviction at the suit of Penrose Fitzgerald, M.P., of Corkbeg, occurred on Nov. 8, near Castlemartyr. The sheriff's representatives arrived at Mogeely station at 11 o'clock from Cork, and were met by a large force of constabulary from the surrounding districts. On the way the police were supplemented by extra forces. The tenant evicted was James McCarthy of Lisquinlan, who owed £191, one year's rent. No resistance was offered.

Wm. William Naugle, who was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude in 1880 for shooting at Mr. Dudgeon, a land agent, near Longford, was released from Mountjoy prison the 10th ult. He has been in bad health, having spent fifteen weeks in the hospital. The condition of his release was that he should go direct to America, where his mother and friends are. He had nearly four years yet to serve according to the rules. His release is the result of a petition to the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Houghton.

John Harkin, who, under bankruptcy proceedings, was lately evicted from his house in Brocknagh, Stranorlar, has again got possession of his home. On the 7th ult., two constables, who, with Harkin, were left in the house for the night, were inveigled out by a large number of the latter's friends and sympathizers, who reinstated the tenant, put back his belongings in the house, and shut out the constables. It is said that Harkin's reinstatement is intended as a popular protest against the establishment of a police station, for which his house is wanted. A police protection party was lately withdrawn from the district, but a force of sixty was sent there again on November 8. Numerous arrests are expected to be made, and great excitement prevails.

Lord Leconfield has granted to the tenants on his estate in the Kildysart district a reduction of 15 per cent. on rents due. Capt. J. Scott has given a rent reduction of 25 per cent. to the tenants on his property in the same district, and has in most instances wiped off all arrears. The representatives of the late Rev. G. Ross Lewin, of Thorpeburne, Northumberland, have allowed the tenants of the Rosshill and Ceolspeen estates a liberal reduction. Negotiations are being proceeded with between the representatives of the late Col. Charles White, formerly M.P. for Tipperary, owners of the Cahercon estate, Kildysart, and the tenants thereon, with a view to a sale of the property to the latter under the Land Purchase Act. Mr. R. W. C. Reeves, D.L., of Kilmile, has made to the tenants on his estate a reduction of 25 per cent. and wiped out all rent arrears.

At the meeting of the town commissioners of Letterkenny on Nov. 11, on the motion of Mr. P. Carroll, it was unanimously Resolved "That, in view of the impending distress, consequent on the badness and failure of the crops, and the almost total unsaleableness of stock, the Government be asked for a free grant for relief works for the congested districts about Letterkenny." Among other things, the resolution stated that, in the opinion of the commissioners, the

IN A DAY.



LAWRENCE, KANS., U. S. A., Aug. 9, 1888. George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using ST. JACOBS OIL. He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

work best adapted for giving immediate relief, and the one which would confer incalculable and lasting advantages hereafter, would be the straightening, widening and deepening of the River Swilly, so as to make it into a steamship canal from its estuary to near Letterkenny, about three miles. Letterkenny would thereby be brought into direct cheap and expeditious steam communication with the commercial seaports of Great Britain.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY. Grand Dramatic Entertainment.

A very large and appreciative audience was that which was assembled in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, on Tuesday evening, 29th November, when the St. Ann's Young Men's Society inaugurated their series of attractions for the winter season with a dramatic entertainment by the dramatic section of the society. "The Malediction," a drama in three acts, was the piece selected for the occasion. The cast of characters was as follows:—

- Don Vasco de Gomez, ... Thos. F. Sullivan
A Spanish Nobleman.
Don Alonso, Son of Don Vasco, ... W. E. Finn
Don Lopez, Friend of Alonso, ... M. J. O'Brien
Tarik, Lieutenant to the Caliph, ... T. M. Jones
Pedro, A Peasant, ... Martin J. Whitty
Pedrillo, ... John J. Gethings
Fabricio, ... M. C. Mullarky
Ibrahim, A Rich Mahomedan, John Hanrahan
Mendoza, A Spanish Officer, ... W. C. Clancy
Marletto, ... D. J. O'Neil
Basilio, ... Jno. J. McGinn
Sancho, ... A. Thompson
Virgilio, ... Jas. McGinn
Juanino, Slave of Ibrahim, J. J. Gummarsell
Abdallah, Mahomedan Jailer, Thos. P. Conway
Jirmibechlich, A Turkish Slave, F. W. Legallec
Spanish Soldiers, Mahomedan Soldiers, Peasants, etc.

The entertainment was a pleasurable surprise in many respects; the play itself was most interesting from the rise of the curtain in the first act to the close of the third; the several new actors in the cast acquitted themselves remarkably well, while the "old reliables," whose presence is always looked for with pleasure by the society's numerous patrons, added another score to their long list of successes.

Mr. W. E. Finn's interpretation of the difficult character of Don Alonso was most creditable indeed, and bore evidence of careful and conscientious study on his part. Mr. Finn has been one of the most familiar faces at the society's entertainments for years past, and it has been remarked that one of the characteristic features of his acting is that he enters into the spirit of the character assigned to him with great earnestness, and a sincere desire to portray it in a natural and unaffected manner, which accounts for the very high position he has attained on the amateur stage. Another "coming man" is Mr. Thos. T. Sullivan, who, we understand, made his third appearance on the stage on this occasion. His impersonation of Don Vasco de Gomez was almost perfect, and it is doubtful if a professional could have done more justice to the part. Mr. Sullivan is the happy possessor of a clear, resonant voice, which, combined with his fine presence and unaffected manner in which he goes through his part, stamps him at once as one of our best amateurs. Mr. John J. Gethings as Pedrillo was the "funny man" of the evening. His peculiar manner and many unfortunate trials, together with his Munchausen tales of bravery created an end of amusement. Messrs. T. M. Jones, M. J. O'Brien, John Hanrahan and W. P. Clancy performed their parts in a very acceptable manner, while the remainder of the cast did remarkably well for beginners.

The play was well staged, the scenery very fine and the costumes rich and most appropriate. The entertainment concluded with an amusing farce, "Bachelor's Quarters" in which the following took part:—

- Blinky, a Printer, ... John J. Gummarsell
Squinty, a Hatter, ... John J. Morgan
Bouncer, Proprietor, ... B. T. Nelrbo

Between the acts the society's band rendered several choice selections, which were much appreciated. Judging from the talent displayed the society should experience no difficulty in organizing a first class orchestra among the members, which would add another attractive feature to their entertainments.

We noticed with pleasure the improvements in the concert hall, as well as in the society's meeting, recreation and gymnasium halls; the whole has been tastefully painted and decorated presenting a most attractive appearance.

In the course of his remarks before the curtain rose, the president, Mr. P. J. O'Brien, explained the advantages to be gained by becoming members of the society, and he extended a cordial invitation to all well-disposed young men to join their ranks. He stated that the society was in a flourishing condition and had nearly four hundred on the roll, which is a very gratifying showing indeed. We wish this popular society continued prosperity, and trust its membership will grow and its sphere of usefulness extend until it has enrolled under its banner all the young men of St. Ann's parish.

Every description of Job Printing done at THE TRUE WITNESS office.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Are School Teachers of the Present Generation an Improvement on Teachers of the Past Generation?

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—Your interesting articles on "Corporal punishment" in schools and colleges, and the various ordeals through which you have gone in that line yourself, remind me forcibly of the days of "Nicholas Nickleby," so intimately portrayed by the pen of the immortal Dickens. It is but a slight compliment to say that your articles on that and kindred subjects have been fruitful of much good. The TRUE WITNESS is now looked up to as the best educational organ on the continent. Still there may be points of disagreement between yourself and your readers. This is not to be wondered at when we take into consideration the various details in the nature and scope of education. That degrading school punishments are dying, in fact have died a natural death; is patent to all whose connections are not dead with the class-room, is an easy, an idle life; and that the man who embraces it, however equivocal his character and his pretensions to knowledge is sure of his salary when due, is the curse of the noblest of all professions. The inducements thus hold out have given shelter within the teaching fold to as many vagaries of human nature, as there are secretaries to be found within the Christian fold. It is nothing new to meet with men calling themselves teachers, just let loose from the handles of the plough; others who graduated in, and became bankrupt in some village green grocery; others who cast aside the frock for the good of religion, and Luther-like, took unto themselves helpmates; others who pushed their fortunes through the instrumentality of membership in an excommunicated society; others whose wild boy hood were not proof against the glittering shilling, flying ribbons and oily tongue of the recruiting sergeant; and still others whose professional brains could not "take out salt for their potatoes" in them thoroughly, and you will find that mental answer to them, will open to you a new field of experience, worth more to you than many winter's night schooling.

Montreal, 21st Nov. 1892.

What is the Matter With Our Irish Teachers?

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—I would like to know if the teachers of our Irish Catholic parochial schools ever realize the fact that it would be a good idea to teach our little Irishmen how to respect their clergy, especially in these days, when an Irish boy never thinks of taking off his hat when he meets a priest on the street. A few days ago, as I was going along St. Antoine street, near Guy, I met the pupils of Belmont school in ranks—they were all Irish boys (at least most of them were), and out of the sixty which I counted, only ten knew enough to salute. I then went on till I met those of the Bishop's Academy, and out of about forty of the Irish boys of that institution, only five raised their hats. Yesterday I met the boys of St. Patrick's English quarter, and eight of them, I am glad to say, knew how to salute a man wearing a cassock—but only eight. Therefore, you see, there is plenty of room in those three schools for improvement with regard to clerical respect. Since those boys do not respect their priests, how in the world do they act with their teachers? I am sure I would not like to stand in a room for five hours every day teaching such lads, but such talk as this is useless; let us come to the point. We all know that it is the fault of the teachers if the boys do not respect their priests, for "such masters such pupils"; the boys are what the teachers make them. Not long ago I met a secular teacher of one of our city Irish schools, and because he wore a starched white shirt, a pair of kid gloves and a silk hat, he thought himself too high to salute a poor man with a faded cassock. So when the teachers themselves show disrespect for us, what can we expect from their young followers. Let our teachers first of all show the example, and then they can point out to the boys the manner in which they are to respect their priests, and should they (the teachers) not be capable of thus training their young charge, let them step aside and make room for better and more able men, for we want teachers in our Irish schools, not ignorant dudes like the person whom I had the displeasure of meeting some days ago.

November 30, 1892. P. J. D., Cleric.

Immoral Placards.

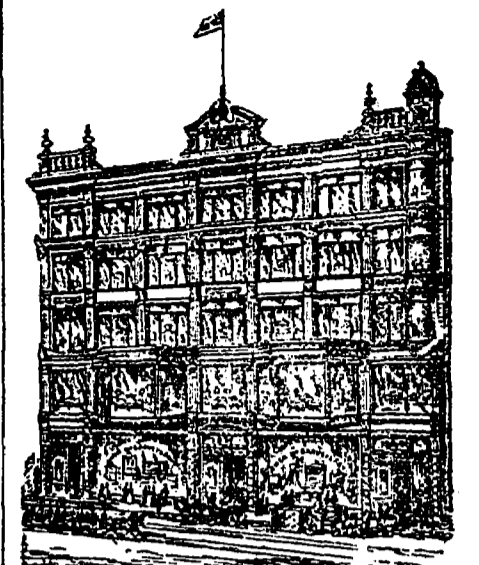
To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—Will you tell me, must not the actresses of the London Gaiety Girls shudder when they see them eyes, their representations I mean, almost naked on the walls of the City of Montreal, during a Canadian winter, and appreciate the comfort of the Theatre Royal where they exhibit themselves appearing in the most wanton and voluptuous attitudes to their patrons' edification. I want to know, Mr. Editor, and to hear what you have to say about such placards and exhibitions in our good city, and also what our sage City Fathers think on these scandalous proceedings and why they are permitted. Awaiting, with much expectation, our reply,

JULIA.

Montreal, Dec. 5th, 1892. [We have already spoken very forcibly and very plainly upon this subject. If our correspondent will kindly refer to our columns of last June, we think she will find that we made appeals to the authorities to see that these

abominations be forbidden. However, we thank the writer of the above for her timely letter, and we will take occasion again to call the attention of the Civic powers to these vulgar, pernicious and unchristian pictures.—Ed. T. W.]



SPECIAL NOTICE!

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Back, both Marble Tops, \$55; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make. We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.

As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we cannot guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line, and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

Large Sales and Small Profits. OWEN M'GARVEY & SON, 1849, 1851 & 1853 NOTRE DAME STREET.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ORATION

Delivered by Rev. Joseph Quinn, Ancient Missionary of Canada and the United States on the 17th of March, 1892.

Before an Immense and Very Refined Audience of Seven Different Nationalities.

The eloquent orator electrified his audience from the commencement of his superb and magnificent discourse. The multitude grew patriotically enthusiastic as the orator waxed passionate in the profound discriminating historical thought of the theme, and wild applause greeted him throughout, as his splendid voice sonorously concluded a passionate appeal to the glory of Ireland or the weird lamentation of her multiplied injustices and national wrongs. It was a unique discourse, and one long to be remembered, as well for its historical quaintness as for the learning of the reverend orator. It was a peerless speech and one to be long recorded; unique and original in its composition, such a discourse should not be left pass by into oblivion. Hence at the urgent request of many friends, the rev. author has reluctantly consented to have this marvellous production of genius impressed in pamphlet form, and thus perpetuated to future generations as an enduring tribute to the genius and eloquence of its renowned author. We hope the public will regard this production in its true light, and give to it the serious contemplation that such a profound production necessarily calls for. The author is not a volatile writer, he swings a trenchant pen; he is not a trivial thinker, but a profound one. Therefore the perusal of this little pamphlet will require more than ordinary intelligence and historical discrimination. That this work may be a source of intellectual pleasure, usefulness to other, and contribute to the glory of God, which the rev. author would feign have it be, is the sincere hope of him who has the distinguished honor of introducing to the public gaze this paragon of historical learning and varied profound erudition, the Rev. Joseph Quinn, Ancient Missionary of Canada and the United States.

Now Ready in Pamphlet Form REV. JOSEPH QUINN'S DISCOURSE

"THE FAITH OF THE IRISH NATION," Delivered on the 17th March, 1892.

Sanctioned by the Late Vicar General Marechal, and Dedicated to the Archbishop of Montreal.

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RELIGIOUS NEWS.

On the 10th prox, the "cardinal" consistory will be held. It is said that thirteen will be raised to the cardinalate.

The degree of master of theology was conferred on Tuesday, October 25, on the Very Rev. Reginald Walsh, of Dublin, a member of the Order of Preachers.

The French Catholics in Bridgeport, Ct. have now raised almost a sufficient amount of money to erect the new church contemplated. The structure will probably be located in the West end.

M. Rodrigues, the Catholic president of Costa Rica, in Central America, since the 8th of May, 1890, has resolved to establish religious education in all the public schools in his government.

The distinguished French Benedictine, Rev. Dom Piolin, died recently at the Abbey of St. Peter Solesmes, in the 76th year of his age, and the 51st of his monastic profession. His chief work was the "History of the Church of Le Mans."

San Antonio, Texas, still preserves the Spanish language in her cathedral, the language of the followers of Columbus, although not the language of the country of his birth. In this respect she is one of the three remaining cities that do so, the others being Santa Fe, N.M., and Los Angeles, Cal.

An inmate of an Armenian convent in Jerusalem died a short time ago at the age of 115 years. The official announcement of her death includes the remarkable statement that she entered the convent at the age of 17, and from that time until her decease, a period of 98 years, was never outside the convent walls.

The population of the American Continent is thus classified religiously: North America—The United States, Catholics, 13,000,000, non-Catholics, 50,000,000. British possessions, Catholics, 2,000,000, non-Catholics, 3,000,000. Mexico, Catholics, 12,000,000. Central America and the West Indies, Catholics, 5,000,000; South America, Catholics, 24,000,000. Totals, Catholics, 56,000,800; non-Catholics, 53,000,060.

The remains of the soldiers—French and German—who perished during the siege of Strasbourg have been collected in the cemetery of St. Urban and piously laid to rest in peaceful congregation. Prayers were said over the spot where hutes are buried by Catholic and Protestant military chaplains, and the bands of the garrison played appropriate sombre and sacred airs. Thus in the grave, where there is no strife, a lesson is inculcated which should have been instilled in life.

The care with which the Catholic Church provides for the selection of fit persons for places of trust and responsibility in her orders is well illustrated by the election of a commissary-general for School Sisters of Notre Dame, vice Mother Catharine, deceased. Such an election was held by representatives of this sisterhood last week at Milwaukee, but before their choice goes into effect it has to be approved by the general of the society, resident in Munich, and then approved by the cardinal protector at Rome.

It is stated that there are more priests, monks and nuns in Jerusalem in proportion to the population than any other city in the world. They belong to every nation of Europe, and many of Asia, and are of every creed, form of worship and dress. The Roman Catholic Church nuns attract a great deal of attention, and receive the attention of all classes by their modest deportment and the general services that they render to all; but there are also quite a number of Protestant sisters, earnest, devoted Christian women from England and Germany, engaged on every hand in doing good.

NEWS FROM ROME.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

The customary Requiem Mass for the souls of Pontifical soldiers deceased was celebrated on the 11th instant in the Church of St. Michael the Archangel in the Via Porta Castello, at Rome.

The Holy Father has received in private audience M. Cambon, Ambassador of France at Constantinople. Among the subjects treated of was the protectorate of the Catholic Church in the East.

His Holiness has received in private audience His Excellency General Velez, Minister from Colombia to the Holy See, on his return from a short leave.

SURPRISE SOAP

While the best for all household uses, has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

158 St. Clair Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

Likewise there have been received at the Vatican within the past few days Count Moltke Hvitfeldt, Danish Minister at Paris, and Mgr. Papiri, Bishop of Macerata.

Among recent receptions at the Vatican were Mgr. Du Rousseaux, Bishop of Tournay; Mgr. de Luca, Bishop of St. Marc and Bisignano; Mgr. Gordon, Bishop of Leeds; and Mgr. Farley, Vicar-General of New York.

Rumors still go their rounds concerning the Consistory, which, it is now alleged, will not be held before February next, perhaps not before March. A certain nomination is that of Mgr. Mocenni, actually substitute for the Secretary of State. He will be created Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces as well as Cardinal.

At the request of the Holy Father the Trappists of Belgium have accepted the task of founding a mission in the Free State of Congo, which has undertaken to furnish the necessary expenses. Leopold II. was at the bottom of the suggestion. Those who go forth on this heroic duty are religious from Westmalle, near Antwerp, and Achel. If the enterprise succeeds a penitential colony will be finally attached to it.

Mgr. Verius, who lately had an audience of the Pope, was seized with serious illness at Ollegio in Piedmont, and succumbed to the attack. In his last moments he was surrounded by missionaries of the Sacred Heart, who had hurried expressly to his bedside from Rome. His death will be an immense loss for New Guinea, where he was a veritable apostle. His obsequies were presided over on Tuesday by the Bishop of Novara.—R.I.P.

THOSE CONTESTED SEATS.

Mr. Davitt's Danger.

LONDON, December 3.—The Parnellites were jubilant when they succeeded in having Mr. Fullum, the anti-Parnellite, who was elected to represent South Meath in Parliament, deprived of his seat, and there is a prospect that they will have further cause for joy in the case of Mr. Michael Davitt, against whose return from North Meath a petition has been presented. As in the case of Mr. Fullum, clerical intimidation in favor of Mr. Davitt is charged. It is expected that the judges, after unseating Mr. Davitt, will report Bishop Nulty, of Meath, and several priests of that diocese, to Parliament as guilty of intimidation. It has been stated that Mr. Davitt desires to resign his seat and to stand again for election without priestly assistance, but under the charge of undue clerical influence he would not be allowed to accept the stewardship of the Children Hundreds. Should the election petition judges send to Parliament a presentment against Bishop Nulty and the priests, who are accused, the Irish executive would have no alternative but to prosecute them. The Irish Catholic bishops have already decided to convene a meeting to discuss the situation as bearing on future political manifestos which it is likely will be more carefully worded than those heretofore issued by bishops. The Worcestershire election petition has been rejected with costs against the petitioners, who are Liberals.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

Polling clerk: You make a cross against the candidate you wish to vote for. Intelligent voter: No, I don't. I was eddicated, I was, an' I can write my name with any one of 'em.

Retreat at St. Mary's.

A retreat was opened Sunday evening in the church of Our Lady of Good Council by the Rev. Father McMenamin, formerly of London diocese and who is about to enter the Society of Jesus, for the young ladies of the parish. All the available space of the church was filled by ladies who listened with devout attention to the eloquent and impressive sermon. This is the first time in St. Mary's that a retreat exclusively for the Children of Mary has been given, and the large number present showed how highly this favor, procured for them by Rev. Father O'Donnell, was appreciated. The ceremonies concluded with Benediction given by Rev. Father Shea. The choir, consisting of the ladies of the sodality, is under the supervision of Miss Brennan, who has already made a record as an accomplished organist.

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Dr. Wood's Norway, Pine Syrup, the modern successful cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat and all pulmonary complaints, is made from the best pectoral herbs and barks by the most skillful and scientific methods, and cannot fail to give prompt relief.

A joker says an expeditious mode of getting up a row is to carry a long ladder on your shoulder in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few minutes turn round to see if anybody is making faces at you.

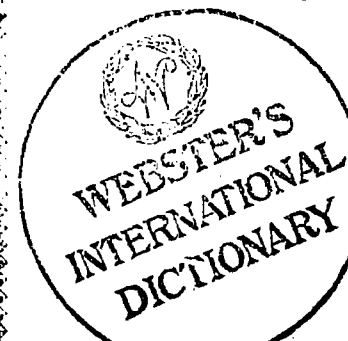
STOMACH ACHE—We all know what it is! We acquired a perfect knowledge of the "Pep" in our youth, after a raid on things we were expressly forbidden to touch. Our mother gave us Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER then, and, strange to say, no other remedy has been discovered to this day to equal it. Old popular price, 25c. for Big New Bottle.

A short time since a Mr. Knott was tried for a violation of the law. The verdict was: "We find the defendant Knott guilty." The judge was at a loss whether to sentence or not.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Back-ache Plasters.

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Children's Reefer Jackets, trimmed Black Imitation Lamb, half price, \$2.10 for \$1.05, and so on, according to size.
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HALF PRICE.

Several lines of Ladies' Jackets, Dolmans, Capes and Ulsters, all reduced to half price.

LADIES' JACKETS, \$5.00 for \$2.50.
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WEDNESDAY.....DECEMBER 7, 1892

OUR SCHOOL GIRLS.

When last we spoke of the girls—and consequently of their teachers—we laid down some simple rules about their physical training, rules that must suggest themselves to all experienced ladies who have the care of young pupils of the fair sex. On that point we have gone about as far as our position would warrant. It is for those to whom the remarks were directed to put them into practice. Now for the gymnasium of the mind: the intellectual culture of girls: the complete education, combining the necessary, the useful and the ornamental. We will begin with the necessary, and in so doing draw the oft-repeated distinction between *instruction* and *education*. Both must go together: both should commence with the earliest years and should be continued on to the close of the highest course. In what lies the difference between the two?

Instruction consists in the imparting to the youth acquired knowledge, in every branch, from the A B C of the child up to the woven mathematics of the graduate's class. Education consists in the training of both mind and body to healthy action, the moulding of the aspirations and desires, the regulating of the heart. A young lady may be endowed with every imaginable talent and have received all the instruction that it is possible for others to impart, and yet be uneducated. Her manners may be either vulgar or what is generally styled *stuck up*, (one is as repulsive as the other); her feelings may be most unladylike and indelicate: her heart may be tainted with the microbes of evil that float through the atmosphere of irreligion and indifferentism. In a word, she is not a gentlewoman, despite her knowledge, and her very knowledge only serves to make her more contemptible in the eyes of all thinking people—the dress fits her but illy, and helps the more to display the deformity of her character and disposition. On the other hand, a young lady may be a most charming person, refined, elegant, good-natured, shedding blessings on all sides, and bringing happiness into every circle where she moves; and yet she may not have received the tenth part of the instruction that the person just described possesses. How is it so? Because she has been well trained, well brought up, well educated: her feelings have been refined, her sentiments exalted, her heart perfected, and she knows that grand rule that indicates both the lady and the gentleman, "to never do or say aught that might hurt the most sensitive feelings of any one." Her future is assured, although she may lack the many ornamental acquirements of her more brilliant, but less admired and much less beloved companions.

It should, therefore, be the aim of every convent or academy, and espe-

cially of the directresses, to blend together these two important elements—instruction with education, the soul and the body of a finished course: By uniting them in the same girl they cannot but send her forth a model for imitation and an example to be emulated. Keeping ever before the eye this union of these two important factors, the absence of any one of which will leave the work only half complete, we will speak of the three elements in a regular course of studies—the necessary, the useful, and the ornamental. For this week we have just a word to say about the absolutely necessary.

Without that portion of the curriculum the other two are impossible. The necessary, in the line of instruction, consists of the rudiments upon which all that is to follow must be built. These elements cannot be too carefully implanted in the mind. Later on, like the rules of grammar with the older men of the world, the pupil may not recall them in detail, but they have been so thoroughly engrafted upon the faculties that they become, as it were, part and parcel of the mental system, and never can be forgotten. And that being the time when the young mind is most ready to receive impressions, greater care should be taken in choosing the seeds that are then sown upon that virgin but luxuriant soil. As to the absolutely necessary in the matter of training, or education, they consist in general and practical knowledge of the elements of domestic economy: without these—and all teachers should know what they are—all the fancy work and ornamental acquirements of maturer years must be worse than useless, harmful in the extreme, as we will have occasion to point out in succeeding articles. It would be as wasteful and as foolish as to expend money, precious paints, time and artistic talent in producing a masterpiece of fresco upon a wall unprepared for its reception: the first dampness would efface every trace of the grand work.

No matter what may or may not be done later on in the matters of the useful and ornamental, let the necessary, the foundation, the elements of instruction, and the rudiments of education be solid and lasting. Upon that foundation, if it be genuine, any species of superstructure may be afterwards raised. Beware then of the pernicious habit of giving *all* attention and *all* time to the advanced pupils to the detriment and neglect of the little ones. The proper cultivation of the latter is far more important than the giving of finishing touches to the former.

SELECTING A LIBRARY.

For the last week or ten days we have not heard any more about the "Free Library" that has been proposed for the city. However it is a subject of such an importance that it is not likely to be let drop. Last week we spoke about the utility and the necessity of public libraries; we now propose saying a few words about the selection of a library. This is no ordinary easy task. Some may think that it is merely necessary to purchase a certain number of volumes—in accordance with the means at one's disposal—to arrange them upon shelves, to make a catalogue, to classify them and the library is complete. What is true of a private collection of books stands equally true of large and public one; the same knowledge is required, the same judgment, taste, and foresight. We will quote once more, upon this subject, from one of Thomas Davis' admirable essays. It is thus that learned and wise man writes: "Just as many men are bewildered and lost from want of guides in a large lib-

rary, so are others from an equal want of direction in the purchase of a small one. We know from bitter experience how much money it costs a young man to get a sufficient library. Still more hard we should think it for a club of young men to do so. But worse than loss of money, are the weariness from reading dull and shallow books, the corruption from reading vicious, extravagant, and confused books, and the waste of time and patience from reading idle and impertinent books. The remedy is not by saying "this book you shall read, and this other you shall not read under penalty;" but by inducing students to regard their self-education solemnly, by giving them information on the classification of books, and by setting them to judge authors vigorously and for themselves."

These are wise and healthy remarks and they find their application in our days as well as they did in the early forties when Davis' wrote. To select a library is no child's play; nor is every man who can claim a liberal education, able to lay out the money for a library in such a manner as to have it turn to the greater advantage of the public. Books are most costly; once purchased they cannot be returned; the selection therefore demands care and skill. The value of a library does not consist so much in the number of volumes, as in the usefulness of them. For the man who has more money than literary taste, the finest library will be represented in the binding and general appearance of the books—as well as in their number and variety. For the man of literary habits and little money, the contents of the volumes are more important than the exterior, or appearance. For the professional man, works upon his particular branch must hold a first place in his selection of a private library. And so it goes on for each one; there is no rule; every person is guided by the particular circumstances by which he is surrounded in life. But when it comes to a public and free library, we must pause. The rich or poor, learned and unlearned, professional and non-professional people have all to be equally well served, and each with what is best adapted to his position.

It is in this case that great skill and taste are required in selecting the material for a library. In a city like Montreal we do not hesitate to say that there is scarcely any individual, who is competent to give general satisfaction, were he chosen to pick out eight or ten thousand volumes for the free use of the general public. In the first place we should have both French and English works; we would require sufficient material for the different professions; then volumes for the scientific; technical works; and most important of all, in a public library, fiction, poetry, history, light literature for the multitude. Think of the gigantic task before the man who would attempt to please everybody in selection. To have a proper library, a useful one, it should be selected by a most select committee of men.

The *Gazette* of last Friday had a very admirable editorial under the heading of "Tolerance." It is encouraging to find that the broad and liberal spirit, religiously as well as nationally, that should hold sway in a country like ours, is finding its way into every avenue of our cosmopolitan society. It is pleasant to notice the press of Canada taking up the subject and striving to propagate on all sides that spirit of "give and take," or "live and let live." The election of London's Catholic Lord Mayor is a sign of the times and a hopeful one. The fact of Sir John Thompson's advent to the Premiership of Canada being hailed

with universal approbation, is a harbinger of peace, happiness and prosperity for all true Canadians. The day has gone past when a man's creed can be a barrier to his advancement, politically, socially or commercially.

A Miss Rosetti has published a commentary upon St. John's Apocalypse. Her commentary is in verse, which is a new method, and it will probably be followed by others. It is a most attractive way to profane the Sacred Scriptures. However, we cannot object to Miss Rosetti becoming a publisher of the gospels with her own comments. She has just as much right as any other heretic to do so, but no more. In fact, her edition of the Apocalypse cannot be less reliable than any other unauthorized one, and it certainly will be more attractive than all others put together, for it will be in passable verse and abominable prose, to judge from extracts given.

On Saturday the City of Liverpool, England, was the scene of a grand ovation to the Hon. W. E. Gladstone. He was presented with the freedom of the city. It is said that fully a quarter of a million people thronged the streets as the G.O.M. passed on his way to the town hall. In his address the Premier praised up all municipal institutions, and particularly that of Liverpool. What a wonderful man! This month he will be eighty-four years of age, and yet he moves around in public, as he would have done almost half a century ago. May his days be yet many and happy in the land of the living!

Last week we spoke of the electors paying dearly for their carelessly cast votes. If that applies to legislative representation it equally, if not more so, applies to municipal matters. We believe that, as far as the elections of mayor and aldermen go, all provincial or federal politics should be left out. Otherwise it will be impossible to secure sincerely honest representation in the city council. Goodness knows that no institution in Canada requires more purification than does our civic government in Montreal to-day. But time works wonders, and the change is now inevitable.

Evidently the British Tories are desirous of obstructing the working of the Evicted Tenant's Commission in Ireland. Mr. Carson, Q.C. started the business in the interest of the notorious Lord Clanricarde. We learn that Lord Lansdowne has refused to allow his agents to appear before the Commission. Which will be the next Irish landlord to continue these tactics? "When the recommendations of the commission are embodied in a report the old cry of confiscation will not serve to recall the past." We cannot well guess which will be the third Irish Lord to create obstruction; but we are ready to wager that he won't wear a man of Lord Dufferin's stamp.

By the way, we should remind our Catholic School Commissioners that we have not lost sight of the fact that we are totally unrepresented upon their Board. There are so many questions arising every day, and our weekly issue affords so little opportunity of treating them all, that we are reluctantly obliged to allow some of them to rest for a moment. But, if so, it is merely to come at them again with renewed vigor. This question of representation on the School Board is one, however, that we cannot let rest. We must have a layman and a clergyman as well on that Commission.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

Last week we closed our article upon this subject with the statement that we would continue it in future issues; for the present number we will say a few words about the general excuse for not attending the parish church, viz., that other churches are more attractive. That may be so, and in some cases it is so. For example, there is generally grander music at the Gesu, the church is brighter, the frescoed walls are more beautiful. So many attractions that are really wanting in St. Patrick's. There is no doubt of it, the sombre aspect of that temple is not of the most inviting. Again, you can get a seat in other churches (by paying for them), while in St. Patrick's, if you go into a pew, in nine cases out of ten, you will be ordered out of it by some individual who probably is the lessee of that seat, but who has no one except himself in a pew that holds three. Still this does not exactly apply to regular parishioners—for they have their own pews.

However, we are on the question of attractiveness. We stated last week that this had to do with the pastors. It certainly should be their work to see that, in as far as is possible, the different elements that constitute the attractiveness of other churches should find place in their temple. As a matter of fact we know that it is the intention of the good priests of St. Patrick's, in the very near future, to renovate, polish up and brighten the appearance of the edifice. They also contemplate steps towards the improvement in the other attractive elements—singing, music, ceremonies and so forth. Of this we are very glad to hear; but justice suggests some remarks on the point.

When the fathers took the church in hands it had a debt of \$174,000 upon it. A nice sum indeed to undertake liquidating. By great efforts and economies that debt is considerably reduced; still, over the building hangs a debt of between \$60,000 and \$70,000. It will take some time to pay off that amount with its interest. It would be very unfair to ask of these pastors the same embellishments and attractions in a church as they certainly would have were it free of such a load. And this brings us back to our argument of last week. Surely the honest parishioner, who has a care for his own church, should be the last to shun it because it did not present frescoes and classic music to greet eye and ear, but struggled to clear off the weight which prevented it from rising to the level of, or even superior to others. The church of the parish does not belong to the individual priest who happens to be in charge of it; it belongs to the members of the congregation. Each one is a child of that great family, and the temple is their father's home. We might illustrate our meaning by a comparison.

Here is a young man whose father is a well-to-do workingman, or mechanic. That father has a large family, and in order to educate them and see them safely upon the road of life, he is obliged to raise some money upon his property. Meanwhile his sons grow up, and as they begin to earn they bring in their shares and thus help to pay off the debt contracted for their sake, and resting upon a property destined to be one day their own. Some fine morning one of the sons chances to gain admittance to a splendid residence; let us say into Sir Donald A. Smith's. He is struck with the wealth of attractiveness that fills the place, flashes from the walls, and hangs from the ceilings, covers the floors and decorates the tables. The young man is dazzled. He asks if he may come there from time to time; he is told he may, but it can never be his home. He then

decides to offer all his earnings to the owner of that palace, to buy pictures or costly ornaments, or to aid in paying the caretaker of such wealth. He forgets his father's more humble and mortgaged home; he leaves the other brother to pay off the debt; he squanders his small earnings where they are not wanted; but when he finds that some day in the millionaire's palace he is not wanted, he turns to the ransomed home, since made beautiful and attractive by the labor and savings of his brother; and he has the audacity to ask that he be taken in to enjoy it. Study this well; it is no fiction.

THE JESUIT ESTATE CLAIM.

Mr. Baylis, at the meeting in the Academy, last week, saw fit to allude to the \$400,000 paid for the Jesuit Estate claim by the late government of this province. Last week we said that this tax should be a lesson to electors from which they may learn that it is the business of every voter to study well for whom he uses his franchise. But as far as the question of these four hundred thousand dollars is concerned, it is one of the few praiseworthy and publicly beneficial acts of the Mercier administration. The debt was a legalized one; and moreover, it was even subject to bear interest. Had it not been such, why was it not legally contested? The courts of the land were there, and could have been used were the claim unjust. In the next place, the Protestant element, in accepting the \$60,000 from the same source, and on the same grounds, was a tacit admission that the debt was legally due and was rightfully paid.

Had Mr. Mercier not paid that just debt, it would have still remained upon the list of our provincial liabilities, and either this government or some future one would have to pay it. Eventually it should be settled, as a just claim; and the payment of the amount by Mercier relieved the province of so much more of a debt for which taxes would have to be imposed. Again, had he not settled that matter, the money would have gone where all the other thousands went, and the present tax would be still necessary. So that instead of the payment of the Jesuit Estate claim being a cause of the tax against which so much outcry is heard, it actually leaves the province \$400,000 less in debt than it would be had the amount been squandered by the ex-Premier. We must be just, and "give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar." Mr. Baylis' argument, which he imagined was a bright hit, was actually the most illogical statement made by any one of the speakers upon that important occasion. Let the Jesuits alone, attend to your votes, and your pockets will be the fuller in the long run.

By a vote of twenty to nine the city fathers accorded the contract for lighting the city to the "Royal"; this contract is granted without public tenders being called for. In spite of every protest, in spite of resolutions passed, letters sent, deputations heard, in spite of public opinion the majority of the aldermen established a precedent that is an outrage. We have no hesitation in saying that as each one of the twenty five cast his vote he virtually voted himself out of the council at the next municipal election. Never, perhaps, before in the history of the city hall transactions was such a general interest taken in a question that so deeply affects the public interest, and never before was the public (which elected these aldermen) so boldly set at defiance. They would do well, between this and the end of their present term, to vote away everything they can, for their chances of re-election are decidedly slim.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

In the grandest temple of the universe, in presence of the assembled Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops of the world, over the spot where the Prince of the Apostles suffered martyrdom, in the heart of eternal Rome, surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of the immortal Church of Christ, seated upon the throne of the Popes, gorgeous with the accumulated dignity of ages, with every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another, on the eighth day of December, 1854, the majestic figure of the great Pontiff Pius IX. appeared to the eyes of the world and before the gaze of the generations, past and to come, as he proclaimed *ex-cathedra* the consoling, loving, lovely dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Heretofore our reason, as well as our Faith, taught that the Mother of the Son of God must have been conceived without sin; but henceforth not only "all generations shall call her blessed," but all the Catholic world must accept the truth of that most beautiful and most rational of all the dogma of our immortal Faith. The news reverberated among the seven hills and across the Tiber; the news resounded from the Adriatic eastward to the Jordan, from the Pillar of Hercules westward over the Atlantic, around the world; the words flashed back through the ages, forward through the cycles of time; the diapason struck, by the Pontiff, with the keys of Peter upon the Rock of Ages, sounded away beyond the starry dome into the regions of eternal glory, and the choirs of heaven joined the chorus of the universe, as they chanted:

Immaculate! Immaculate! Loud swells the angel's song;
Immaculate! Immaculate! The heavenly aisles prolong;
Immaculate! Immaculate! Like lark above the sod,
The chorus wings its flight to the very throne of God.
Immaculate! Immaculate! The virgins raptur'd sing;
Immaculate! Immaculate! Now the universe doth ring!

With Catholics we will not pause to argue the reasonableness of that splendid belief; with real Christians it is unnecessary to go into the evidence that the Divine One must have come to us through the most perfect of created beings; with the one who believes that the Saviour of men is the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, co-Eternal with the Father, it would be superfluous to bring evidence to show that His Mother must have been free from all taint of sin. No! From cold reasoning, on such an occasion, we turn to the unalloyed contemplation of the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven, the Tower of Ivory, the House of Gold, the Comforter of the Afflicted and the Help of Christians, seated upon a throne, only a degree below that of the Eternal, Her Divine Son placing upon her brow the crown of undying glory, and her purity, like a jewel of untold value, glistening, radiating, flashing the scintillations of its perfection and matchless brilliancy upon the chancel of Heaven, and "like the light that left the distant stars ten thousand years ago," stealing through infinite space and lending to frail humanity the less intense, but yet wonderful aid of its sheen, to guide the race of man through all the darkness of sin and all the blackness of temptation, safely to God.

Such is the picture that all Catholics should contemplate upon to-morrow's feast! Painted with the pencil of the imagination upon the canvass of the mind, and lit with the perfect light of Truth, that grand fresco of Faith should hang in the gallery of the soul, and the heart should kneel before it, to admire, love, and adore; admire the beauty of Mary's

perfection; love her as our Mother for all the graces she ever obtains for us; and adore the Creator in gratitude for the boon of such a resplendent creation as that of the Blessed Virgin.

Let Masses be sung and hymns resound; bring out all the beauty and splendor of the Holy Sacrifice; let flowers adorn the altar, and let censers fling their wreaths of vapor around the deep-pealing organ; it is a feast when all humanity should rejoice, and join with all pure created beings in their hymns of jubilation.

"Triumphant the Church, all thy glory revealing;
Militant the Church is wrapped in thy fame;
Suffering the Church, all thy beauty is feeling
Mary, we hail thy Immaculate name!
Pius, our Pontiff King,
Unveils the Jewelling,
Gloriously set in thy bright diadem;
Mary, thy Holy Face
Mirrors the Saviour's grace,
Mary, our pure, our Immaculate gem!"

May this grand dogma of our Faith be the means of bringing thousands into the fold of Christ, as it has already attracted many to the Faith of Ages! And on this eighth of December, may all our readers rejoice; may they participate in the heavenly joys of that great day, and may Mary, conceived without sin, shed the rays of her maternal love upon their earthly path and guide them to the home of the blessed that surround her throne in Heaven.

HOME RULE.

Elsewhere we publish an account of the meeting held in St. Patrick's Hall on the 29th of November, to push forward the movement recently set on foot to raise a fund to assist the Irish Home Rule Party. Some weeks ago the TRUE WITNESS suggested this move and called upon the societies to take it up. The St. Patrick's society set the ball in motion, and we understand that the efforts of Mr. Curran the President, and the members of the society, are having effect. The meeting held a week ago Tuesday night was very successful under the circumstances that surround the project. We know it is a hard season and that money is scarce; still the response to the appeal made has been very satisfactory, and it is expected that the final result will be worthy of Montreal's proverbial patriotism and generosity.

But there is always a tear to blend with the smile when the cause of the grand old Land is on the tapis. We regret, and regret most bitterly the unfortunate, the infatuated course of men at home, who seem to reck not how they jeopardize the cause for the sake of party ends. This unfortunate contestation of seats is something that we cannot understand. Why men who pretend to have the Home Rule cause at heart can possibly seek to unseat Home Rule members of Parliament, in face of the inevitable crisis that is hourly approaching, is beyond our powers of comprehension. Surely it must be patent to every man—provided he is not blinded by the dust of prejudice, the fumes of passion, or the pangs of jealousy—that every stone placed in the path of an Irish nationalist member is liable to become a block in the monument over Ireland's defeated hopes! But the case is one that can allow of no argument. All we can do is to pause, to look on and to pray that no national catastrophe may be the result.

Meanwhile what is the duty of every generous Irishman in this city? We think it is to continue on the work; to collect all that can be got; to swell the fund; to send it to Hon. Edward Blake, for the purposes of the cause; and it, through the folly of others the parties cannot be contented, if the hands of Gladstone are disarmed, then, at least, no blame will be attached to the Irishmen of Canada and of Montreal in particular. They will have done their share nobly and despite all personal differences, and Ireland will owe them a debt of gratitude, be her cause a lost one or a glorious triumph.

COLLEGE GREEN.

THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Now the Bank of Ireland—Reminiscences of the Men and Days when that Structure Was the Scene of Great Debate.

In the drive to the hotel, as on former drives, I could not discover a single memorial tablet telling of the residence at one time or another of the many great men who had spent their early lives in Dublin. The world rings with their fame, and many a commemorative tablet in far foreign lands arrests the traveller's attention, but the city of their birth has forgotten them and her citizens know nothing of the haunts of genius. With the single exception of Dean Swift, not the Dean as he was, but a straw man, one of the Irish myths, there is nothing known of Ireland's illustrious dead by the average Dubliner. You will ask in vain where young Burke lived, where Goldsmith dined, or, to come to later times, where the real founders of New Ireland, two Trinity undergraduates, and a wild-eyed young journalist, started the Nation. The name of the streets are un-Irish. A few years ago an attempt was made to change Sackville street into O'Connell street. The attempt was a failure. In the future, when the dead city comes to life under a distinctively national parliament, and new streets are mapped out, we may expect that their sponsors will not forget the names of Emmet, Grattan, Curran, etc. As we passed College Green, I saw through a large window a great number of men young and old, comely and otherwise, some with pens in their hands, others with pens behind their ears, sitting or leaning against huge oaken counters. Their faces wore a grave air, and their motions like a series of automatic figures were dignified in the extreme. The building that housed them was a noble specimen of Irish enterprise. It covers an area of five acres, and with its strange, sad history, makes it by far the most memorable structure in Dublin. The name of the architect whose genius planned it, like that of the Cathedral of Cologne has been forgotten. Peace to his ashes, he had a great soul for the country, and time he lived in. The building is called the Bank of Ireland, and was formerly the House of Parliament. The bank directors if they have to vacate as they will soon by command of their old foe Gladstone, to more modest quarters will not leave the building as they found it. The fine hail for hearers was by these asinine men torn down and converted into a cash room. Had their been a spark of patriotism or beauty in their little souls this act of vandalism could not have taken place. Of that noble pile, once the home of eloquence, there only remains the House of Lords in its original condition.

Where Grattan stood and denounced the union, where Flood poured out his sarcasm, where the hypocrite Plunket was convincingly eloquent is but a matter of conjecture. No sooner had it passed into the hands of the banking fraternity, than they made up their minds that the work of consolidation done by Castlereagh was perfect and fit for all time. What use then for a House of Parliament? They had no love for Irish patriotism and they were not going to have a museum in Dublin to keep that monster alive. So with crowbars and other instruments indigentous to the island, they destroyed what should have been sacred to the Nation, and made of the nursery of genius a home for five per cents and reeking mediocrity. How finely has Burns said

The best laid schemes of mice and men,
Gang aft agley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joys.

The want of foresight in these bankers might be forgiven. Human ken is but very limited at best. Prophets now-a-days are scarce, and without their inspired aid it could not have been known that the "young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories," should write, in the year 1886, this paragraph: "So, then, we may fairly say of the policy which aims at giving Ireland an Irish Government, not only is it a policy broad, open, trustful, popular, and, therefore, liberal, but also is a policy which, instead of innovating restores; which builds upon the ancient foundations of Irish history and tradition; which, by making power local, makes it congenial,

where hitherto it has been unfamiliar, almost alien; and strong, where hitherto it has been weak." To the Bank of Ireland this paragraph can have but one meaning—a notice to quit—and that in the near future. Let us hope that in the sweeping out of the House of Parliament ever cobweb that might well up a memory of the old House before the Union will be swept down and thrown into the Liffey. It is a common thing on both sides of the Atlantic for demagogues, totally ignorant of Irish history, to make pathetic allusions to the Old Parliament in College Green. Some Irish writers pretend to weep when they touch upon its glories. I have little respect for Irish writers of history in Ireland and none for the merry convivial crew who write on this side of the Atlantic. They write with one design—to capture dollars from the uneducated Irishmen and Irish women who toil and moil their lives away in a strange land for a scanty pittance. Such history is a curious compound of myth, bigotry and prejudice. What Jeffrey said of Irish history is true even on our own day. "A good history of Ireland is still a desideratum in our language:—and would not only be interesting we think but invaluable." From numerous authentic family documents however, we can have an adequate picture of Ireland's last parliament. For corruption, bribery of the most audacious kind, ignorance and intolerance we may search history in vain for its equal. To those who have cheered that jolly band of orators, whose ignorance couched in bad English is one of the features of the festivities of the 17th of March, it should be sufficient to point out that the Penal-laws were in full force and vigor under this parliament, and that Ireland under her present form of government has a thousand times more representation than she ever had at College Green. It was not by genius nor by crafty statesmanship that Castlereagh forced the union. The most prosaic mind could have done so, provided his purse was filled with guineas, and his hand was lavish in bestowing them. The majority of the members were drunken rowdies, who has no thought of their country's good. Their days were spent in low grogeries, drinking and gambling, their nights were given to legislation. If it smelt of Irish-toddy and was a mandarin piece of work the people had quietly to swallow it. Caesar was not equal to an Irish M. P. as a dictator. He horse-whipped a peasant and then passed a bill to send him to Botany Bay for complaining. There was the most despicable kinds of taxation, and not a whit of representation. The majority of the people were outlawed disfranchised and faith-persecuted Catholic clergymen were hunted down with the same mercy they gave a pack of wolves. Protestants of honor and truth were shamefully put to death for passing censure on the corrupt legislation that came from College-Green. "The Irish-Parliament was notoriously corrupt and notoriously ignorant" writes Dunlop. Of the members he writes, "blind to every interest except their own; tenacious of their own privileges; the leaders of a noisy and intolerant faction they resisted every moderate scheme of reform." One can scarcely feel surprized at the Union, when the character of the ordinary member of those days is clearly

drawn. "That a majority of the Irish Parliament was obtained for the Union by purchase, by places, pensions, peerages, and compensation for suppressed seats, there is not the slightest doubt" writes a unionist-historian. It was the first time in history that the prerogatives of a nation were publicly sold. Lawless tells us that these men "preferred the government of a desert, to that of a happy contented people; and the constitution in church and state was pronounced secure against its enemies, when the people of Ireland were stripped of every privilege and every right which separates humanity from the brute creation." Another witness tells us that "private manners were debauched, public sentiment debased, and every faculty of the mind enervated." Such was the ill-fated country, governed from College Green. Castlereagh, one of its members, "undistinguished," as Barrington remarks, although he had been prior to his treachery a member of seven years' standing, found it an easy matter to rob his country of her independence. He may shudder at the means, but who will gainsay that he knew his men. "History, tradition, or the fiction of romance contain no instance of any minister who so fearlessly deviated from all the principles which ought to characterize the servant of a constitutional monarch, or the citizen of a free country." No Irishman that has a gleam of sense will wish such a parliament to be resuscitated. In truth, no human effort could do so. Men have grown wise since the days of Castlereagh, and governments more chary of gaining constitutional privileges by bribery. From the close of that farce called an Irish Parliament, from which a majority of the people, and that the natives were excluded by cause of their religion down to our own day, some of the greatest and most beneficial reforms have been enacted. The power of the Crown has passed into that of the people. Classes are disappearing, an education, enabling the masses to have an intelligent say in the government of their respective countries. The press, the most powerful weapon of modern times, stands as a menace to governments encroaching on the people's liberties. It is not to be thought of that the people of Ireland, during this long period of reforms in Europe have been idle spectators. Even their enemies admit that in politics they are apt pupils. It may be taken for granted that their earnest men in those reforms, and wisely noted the benefits that have accrued from them, in order to apply them to their own land. The Union has signally failed. The professed object was to unite in strong bonds of love the islands. No writer—not even Froude in his historical romance—will admit that this object has been attained. What can be done for poor Ireland? used to be the yearly cry of British statesmen. Some answered a tenant right-bill, more Coercion. Both have signally failed. As Moses of old led the Israelites from darkness and bondage, so does Mr. Gladstone propose to dispel the darkness from England, the bondage from Ireland. His scheme is the only one feasible. Tersely put, it amounts to this. Bank of Ireland and its army of dullards removed to some less pretentious building, a real live 19th

century parliament established in College-Green, and the affairs of Ireland conducted by her own people. Taxation to mean representation, and representatives to be neither Parnellites nor McCarthyites, but honest sensible Irishmen who will calmly deliberate what is best for their country. This scheme will chase away that hydra mouthed monster the Irish question, that poor Hood found necessary to warn his subscribers that he knew nothing of its existence. It will ease the weary brain of many a journalist. It will cure the insomnia of Goldwin Smith, James A. Froude, Edward Dicey and T. W. Russell. It will allow the Times to reduce its size, and become less sensational. It will kill Irish-oratory in America and end the reign of 100,000 sweet singers of Ireland. It will save the virtuous, sensitive daughter of Erin many a hard earned dollar. The itinerant patriot will become a rarity, and leeches valued a trifle. The dripping wound will have been healed and bandages, medicines, doctors sent about their business. For such blessings let us Americans chaunt "Te Deum," the New Ireland will sing the "Amen."

WALTER LECKY.

JUDGE M. DOHERTY,

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Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER X. Continued.

"Hallo!" shouts Doctor Forbis. Miss Evans looks round, and sees Brian Purcell walking away as if he had not recognized them. He turns round now, and waves his hand to the doctor. But the doctor beckons to him with his whip, and Brian has nothing for it but to come and join them. He shakes hands with the doctor, and raises his hat to Miss Evans, whose horse becomes restive.

"Why are you not mounted?" inquires the doctor, pointing down towards the assembled foxhunters.

"Well," Brian replied, "I don't care for it unless I can keep my place: and I have sold the only good horse I had to Captain Dawson."

Miss Evans, on hearing this name, turns quickly round, and fixes her penetrating look upon him. But he is quite unmoved—has not even glanced toward her: and her horse becomes restive again.

"I wonder what's delaying them," said the doctor.

"It wants five minutes to eleven yet," said Brian, referring to his watch.

"Begging your pardon," observed the doctor, with his severe look, "begging your pardon, Mr. Purcell, 'tis three minutes and a half past eleven."

"Probably you are right, doctor."

"Probably I am right! Positively I am right, you mean."

The doctor's faith in his own watch was not to be shaken. With his eyes fixed on the dial, he continued:

"Are—you—not—standing—by my side?"

"Yes," replied Brian.

"Are we not in juxtaposition?"

"We are."

"Well, as sure as you and I are in juxtaposition, it is now—Here the doctor paused until the second hand had moved five seconds. "It is now, at this identical moment"—waiting for the hand to move three seconds more—"five minutes past eleven." And the doctor returned his watch to his pocket with a look indicating that the question was settled beyond further controversy.

"And by the way, doctor, there they go."

The scarlet coats were seen moving from the lawn towards the rear of Grindem Hall. They caught a glimpse of them again crossing a narrow field, after which hounds, horses, and horsemen were concealed from them by a wood—except the "bosheen men," among whom was Mr. Oliver Grindem, who might be seen stealing away through open gates and byroads towards Thubbermore. Now their attention was attracted to Tim Croak, who came running up the glen, through the furze, towards his own domicile near the fox-earth.

"Are we to see any more of the hunt?" Miss Evans asked.

"Oh! yes," replied Brian; "it is merely as a matter of form they go through the new cover. We shall have them up in this direction immediately."

Soon the pack, followed closely by the whole field—the "bosheen men" excepted—left the wood and turned directly towards Coolbawn. But Miss Evans could not help paying more attention to Tim Croak's movements than to anything else. Tim wound up through the furze from the bottom of the glen, never altering his pace till he reached his own door. He remained in the house for a few minutes and then appeared again. Down through the furze and up the opposite side of the glen went Tim Croak, having stopped for a moment at a clump of brushwood near the bottom. On through the fern along the side of the hill, then across two or three small fields, then through a thick plantation, on to the bank of the river—and now, apparently for the first time that day, Tim Croak begins to walk. Miss Evans remark that he is taking the path to the cottage—the same that Brian Purcell took, without knowing it, the day his steps were arrested by the privet hedge. But now the hounds are scouring the glen in every direction, appearing and disappearing among the furze. An old white hound dashes at full speed by the clump of brushwood at which Tim Croak had stopped for a moment. The old hound checks himself so suddenly that he falls and tumbles over and over. Before he had time to recover himself two other hounds bear down upon the

clump, and the moment they reach it give tongue. Immediately the whole pack are in full cry. The "melodious discord" is borne upon the wind, and echoed by the woods, and goes pealing along the hill, till Miss Evans feels her pulse beat quicker, and Brian Purcell takes hold of her bridle rein, her horse having tossed her head wildly, and shown other symptoms of becoming unmanageable. Even Doctor Forbis' remarkable mare tossed her head, or rather moved it up and down, and reared her forefeet two several times fully two inches from the ground. At which Doctor Forbis pulls the rein tight and says: "Steady now, old lass!" Brian Purcell is excited, too; but not so much so, we should think, as not to be aware that a small hand is resting on his shoulder—and with considerable weight for so small a hand. On go the hounds up the side of the glen, through the fern on the oill, through the fields the plantation, to the river. Here there is a full stop and evident confusion. The horsemen pull up, and begin to move slowly towards the spot where the hounds are at fault. The old white hound tries back to the clump of brushwood in the glen, and returns, with his nose to the ground, to the river. And now both Miss Evans and Brian Purcell remark that he has followed every turn of Tim Croak's track, which makes Brian shrewdly suspect that Tim, for some purpose of his own, has played his patrons a trick.

When Tim Croak reached the cottage for the second time that morning, he brightened up on seeing Matt Hazlitt, who was absent when he had called before.

"Blur-an-agers," he exclaims, "where is Button?"

"Why so?" says Matt Hazlitt.

"Right well you know. Kerryman is in the quarry."

"Humph!" says Matt Hazlitt, but make no move indicative of an intention to produce Button. This rather astonishes Tim, who, heretofore, found Matt Hazlitt very ready to afford Button an opportunity of distinguishing himself.

"The fox is not in the quarry," said Matt.

"Where the duce else would he be?" Tim asks irascibly. He was sittin' forinst the door when I opened it at the fust light; an' glad I was to see him, for I was in dhread of my life he'd give us the slip, on account of the marquis' horses comin' yesterday. But as luck happened, they come be the back gate, an' me, lad never suspected anything."

Matt Hazlitt pulled a large basket from under a table, and began tossing dead ducks one by one on the floor. Tim stood aghast at the number. "He bet the devil," said Tim Croak. "But what wondher he to kill your ducks when he killed mine. I thought you used to lock 'em up in the fowl-house?"

"But it was after lettin' 'em out in the morning he did this."

"As sure as you're born," Tim observed, after duly considering the matter, "twas reving for the skelping he got from the gander."

"They have a fox!" said Matt Hazlitt, on hearing the cry of the hounds.

Tim shook his head, and told Matt confidentially that to prevent disappointment he ran a drag from the cover to the river. "An' now," continued Tim, as he lighted his pipe, "let 'em make id out be their lammis, and go look for a fox at Rathcoppie."

Captain Dawson rode up to the cettage. A score of gentlemen, without well knowing why, rode after him. Even the hounds beat up in the same direction, and Matt Hazlitt's house was soon invested on all sides. Matt made his appearance with an armful of dead ducks, and was greeted with a storm of laughter.

"Is't that purty work?" he exclaimed, flinging the ducks at his feet.

"We'll give you satisfaction, Matt, never fear," said Captain Dawson, still laughing.

"What satisfaction?"

"We'll hunt that fox to-day as he was never hunted before." Another general roar greeted this pleasantry, which so nettled Matt Hazlitt that he darted into the fowl house, and returning holding the Kerry fox by the hind leg.

"You may spare yourself the trouble," he exclaimed, swinging the "varmint" round with the intention of throwing him over the hedge to the hounds. But Tim Croak, with tears in his eyes, snatched Kerryman from him.

"As long as the fox runs he's caught at last," said Tim; "but I never thought

this is the way he'd die. An' begob, Matt, you'se the last man in Ireland I'd suspect for sich a thing."

"Between ourselves, Tim," replied Matt, is an under-tone, "I had no hand in it. I chanced to look into the fowl-house, and there had him pinned. I only called the dog and shut the door, an' that's all I know about it. But I don't want to give those fellows any satisfaction."

Horror struggled with incredulity in every face in the red-coated throng. They could not believe their eyes. Matt Hazlitt—a loyal Protestant—to be guilty of such a crime! Miss Evans was just then approaching the scene of the tragedy, and her other admirer becoming dangerous to every one in his vicinity, a diversion was created in Matt Hazlitt's favor. The huntsman dismounted, and was opening the rustic gate, knife in hand, with a view of appropriating Kerryman's brush, when Captain Dawson called to him to come back, and told Tim to get the old fox stuffed. The huntsman touched his cap sulkily, while Tim was evidently consoled by this mark of respect to the remains of his favorite. The hounds proceeded to Rathcoppie, and Matt Hazlitt asked Tim to "come in and sit down."

CHAPTER XI.

Tim Croak laid the fox gently on a bench by the fireside, and drawing a chair so that he could rest his foot on the hob, lighted his black dhudeen for the twentieth time that day, resolved to have a smoke this time. Matt Hazlitt took a long, new pipe—quite a contrast to Tim's—from a shelf, and made himself comfortable on the opposite side of the fire. Button sat between his master's legs, winking at the fire, but showing by occasional twitches of the nose, as his eye turned towards the bench, that his hatred of his old enemy had not died with him.

"There's not an honest fox in Munster," says Tim.

"Nor a bigger rogue, you mean?"

"Well, stay aisy till I tell you now. Wan mornin' durin' the hard frost I missed my two white ducks, and though I knew 'twas hard for him to get a chance, the people wor on their guard so much, the foxes got sich a bad name sence the money got scarce wid the club, and they stopped feedin' 'em reg'lar, still the not a wan of me suspected him for takin' the ducks. Any way, I see somethin' white over to the right of the elder bush—where you shot the rabbit the day"

"I know the place," says Matt, giving Button, who began to snarl at his defunct enemy, a smart rap on the head with his knuckles.

"Well," Tim continued, "down I went, an' there was the two white heads of my two white ducks, and the wings and feathers in a heap. I thought it was wan o' the Kill foxes that chanced to come serenadin' over this way. I see somethin' movin' through the furze, an' I made a dart, thinkin' to have a pelt at the strange fox, as I thought, at any rate, when he'd be passin' the open. I was just risin' my wattle, when he turned round and looked at me. If it was my own father that robbed me, I couldn't be more surprised."

(To be continued.)

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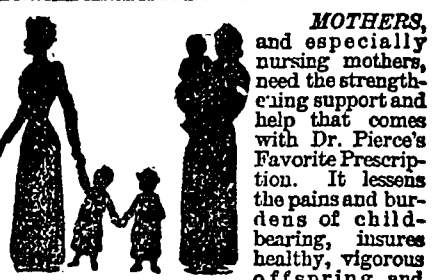
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IRELAND.

BY SISTER MARY COLUMBA.

I.

Eastward a land is lying
On the breast of the sunny deep;
And round it the winds are sighing,
And o'er it the rain-clouds weep;
Patriots died to save it
From the grasp of the foeman's hand,
And sages and saints have loved it,
This glorious eastern land.

II.

Brave are the hearts which ever
Throb with a love sincere,
For that Emerald Isle which never
Bore son who was slave to fear;
Strong in her years of sorrow;
Calm in the long time pain,
She hopes for a brighter morrow
To dawn on her hills again.

III.

Ever our thoughts are turning
Eastward to where she lies,
And our patriot hearts are burning,
For the dawn glow on Freedom's skies,
We cling to this life still hoping
Its roseate light will break
In all its soft effulgence
O'er valley and stream and lake.

III.

This eastern land is Ireland,
The land of the Gael and green,
Our grand and glorious sireland,
The nation's matchless queen;
She has borne the weight of sorrow,
Deep in the emerald heart;
She waits for a better morrow
That will bid all her woes depart.

THE TRUE WITNESS APPRECIATED.

Encouraging the Mother Tongue.

In the November number of *The Owl*, the ably edited and universally admired Ottawa University Magazine, we find the following rather flattering appreciation of THE TRUE WITNESS. We reproduce it, in order to again call the attention of our colleges and universities to the offer made some time ago, in these columns, and advantage of which we hope will be taken by our Catholic Educational institutions. Thus speaks *The Owl*—

In THE TRUE WITNESS of October 26th, an editorial entitled, "For College Students," has attracted considerable attention among the professors and students of the University. And for two good reasons does it not only deserve their attention but also their serious consideration: First, because it shows that at least one Catholic journalist has found space in its editorial columns to say a word concerning Catholic colleges. Secondly, because the editor therein offers to reserve a column each week for well written essays from college students. We have often wondered at the silence of our English-speaking Catholic journalists on college matters and have come to the conclusion that unless they consider this beyond their scope, they are to be charged with grave negligence. At any rate, they seem to devote all their energies to the cause of Catholic education in the lower schools, while the most they can do for our colleges is to notice the commencement exercises in some out of the way corner of their paper. Judging, however, of the kindly offer of THE TRUE WITNESS, that paper seems willing to make amends for the past, and proceeds in the same issue to make good its promise by publishing an essay entitled a "System of Education" written by a student of the University. Now, this offer to publish good English essays from college students, cannot be too much commended, for it encourages that practical work in English, which, we are sorry to say, is neglected by too many students in both Catholic and Protestant institutions. We are aware that there are those who will not appreciate the proposal made by THE TRUE WITNESS, but there are those who do not understand the necessities of the age; they are those who consider not what a student *knows* but what he has *studied*. From these the editor of the TRUE WITNESS will not even receive a *thank you* for his liberality. Had he offered a scholarship in every Catholic college in Canada for the best Latin essay on some philosophical subject, his action would have been lauded throughout the length and breadth of the land, and his name would have been placed among those of the foremost benefactors of Catholic education. But we are of the opinion that he has done something far more commendable. He has done something to encourage the practical study of English. For too long have our college students devoted themselves to foreign languages at the expense of their mother tongue, and too long have our college graduates boasted of being

equally conversant with English, French and Latin, when in reality they were unable to write a good sentence in any one of these languages. This is certainly a very undesirable state of affairs and one which calls for the immediate action of our Catholic educators. It is our intention to return to the subject in the near future, when we shall deal with it at some length. Meanwhile, we can only say that the editor of the TRUE WITNESS has made a move in the right direction and has shown that he not only sees the defect in our higher education, but that he is willing to practically aid in its removal.

A Disturbance

Isn't what you want, if your stomach and bowels are irregular. That's about all you get, though, with the ordinary pill. It may relieve you for a moment, but you're usually in a worse state afterwards than before. This is just where Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do most good. They act in an easy and natural way, very different from the huge, old-fashioned pills. They're not only pleasant, but there's no reaction afterward, and their help lasts. One little sugar-coated pellet for a gentle laxative or corrective—three for a cathartic. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Dizziness, Sick and Bilious Headaches, are promptly relieved and cured. They're the smallest, the easiest to take—and the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest from which the bird has flown.

"IT CURED MOTHER."

GENTLEMEN.—My mother was suffering from dyspepsia and had no appetite. Everything failed to cure her until one day while visiting a friend's house, I saw a bottle of B. B. B. on the table; on inquiring what they used it for, I soon found out what it cured, and when I when I went home told mother that she should try it, she said she had no faith in anything and objected to try it. Notwithstanding her objection I went in the evening and brought home a bottle but it was in the house for a week before we could induce her to take it. At last, as she was getting worse all the time she consented to try it, and on taking half the bottle found it was curing her. Another bottle cured her, and we believe, saved her life. We are never without B. B. B. now. It is such a good remedy for headache as well. E. WESTON, 15 Dalhousie, St., Montreal.

Talkativeness has another plague attached to it, idle curiosity; for praters wish to see much that they may have much to say.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Gentlemen.—About five years ago I noticed on my hands a great number of soft, spongy warts, very painful, and which bled when touched. I never witnessed anything like it, and was quite alarmed. We are never without Huggard's Yellow Oil, and one evening my little girls applied it to each wart. They did this several nights and in the morning the pain and itching were so bad I had to cool my hands with snow, but finally the warts dropped out and I have never been troubled since. MRS. WM. CRAIG, Brighton, Ont.

A Quebec banker complaining that the news sent him per cable by his correspondent in London was not fresh, the latter asked: "How can you expect news that comes through so much salt water to be fresh?"

BLOTCHES CURED.

DEAR SIRS.—In 1890 my body was covered with blotches and I was at last induced to try Burdock Blood Bitters; by the time I had used 34 bottles of it I was completely cured, and I cannot speak too highly of it. MRS. JAMES DESMOND, Halifax, N.S.

The country is lyric; the town dramatic. When mingled they make the most perfect musical drama.—Longfellow.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. (12-13-cow)

Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling.—J. Ruskin.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London S.E., England. 36-c

TOOTHACHE Positively Cured in two minutes, by The Wonderful Remedy, "NERVOL."

ONE APPLICATION ON THE CHEEK OUTSIDE IS SUFFICIENT.

CURES ALSO HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA

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HOW THEY ENJOY IT.



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

Is a good food for children, supplying as it does the material that forms "FLESH," "MUSCLE," "BONE."

Painting.

J. GRACE, 51 University street, House and Sign Painter and Paper-hanger. All orders promptly attended to. Keeps in stock ASPINALL'S & DEVOIS' ENAMEL PAINTS, as also an assortment of prepared Paints ready for use. Gold and plain Wall Papers, Window Glass, Glue, Paint Brushes, Paris Green, Kalsomine and Varnishes, which will be sold at the lowest market prices.

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YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

MACARONIC LATIN.

A Specimen of it as Written by Dean Swift.

Certain phrases of the style known as Macaronic Latin have had some circulation of late, as "I sabilli hares ago—fortibus es in aro." This stands for: "I say, Billy! here's ago—forty buses in a row."

Dean Swift and his friend, Dr. Sheridan, wrote many such "Latin" squibs, and one of the Dean's reads as follows:

"Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti.
No lasso finis;
Molli divinis.

"O mi de arnis tres
Iam in dis tres;
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver!"

This reads in this way:

"Molly's a beauty,
Has an acute eye;
No lass so fine is,
Molly divine is.

"O my dear mistress,
I am in distress;
Can't you discover
Me as a lover?"

Old Straw Rethreshed.

Definitions of Pluck.

A London journal asked for a definition of "pluck," and the following are some of the answers received:

Silent endurance coupled with cheerful energy.

The bow from which are shot the arrows of heroism.

Pluck is that spirit in man which fails to understand the meaning of despair.

Fearlessness free from foolhardiness.

The chivalry of nature's knighthood.

That which enables one when fighting against adverse circumstances and knocked down to rise and try another round.

The heart of a lion in the body of a man.

The best remedy for despair.

The force which converts an ordinary man into a hero.

Honest daring without caring.

An iron tonic for invigorating the nerves.

The absence of fear in the presence of danger.

The stuff that heroes are made of.

The courage to do the right thing at the right moment.

Irrepressible stout heartedness.

The indomitable "I will," before which the mountains of fear become molehills.

That which keeps a man up when he's down.

The pulse of enterprise.

The offspring of courage and the mother of success.

Bottled energy, opened by the cork-screw of emergency.

To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Be sure it is a mistaken devotion which interferes with the duties of your natural state in life.

Dr. A. T. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Asthma—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

It is always better to pass a dozen intended insults without recognition than to take offence at a single unintentional neglect or reflection.

LADIES need have no objection whatever in using Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, as it will not soil the most delicate head-dress, on the contrary, it is a most favorite toilet dressing, imparting a pleasant perfume and gloss to the hair. No toilet table should be without it. Sold by all chemists.

If you love the people of God, sign the pledge; for drunkenness is the worst enemy the true faith has this day to contend with.

LITTLE JENNIE WAS CURED.

DEAR SIRS.—My little Jennie was very bad with La Grippe which left a bad cough. I gave her Hagar's Peppermint Balsam and it soon cured her. MRS. MCARTUR, Copleston, Ont.

WASTING

Diseases are often difficult to remedy.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

will restore a lost appetite, lost flesh, and check wasting diseases, especially in children, with wonderful rapidity. Coughs and colds are easily killed by a few doses of this remarkable remedy. **PALATABLE AS MILK.** Be sure to get the genuine, put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Happy Orphan. XI

St. John's Asylum, KENTON, KY., Oct. 9, 1890.

In our orphan asylum here there is a 15-year-old child that had been suffering for years from nervousness to such an extent that the oftentimes in the night got up, and with fear depicted on every feature and in a delirious condition, would seek protection among the older people from an imaginary pursuer and could only with great difficulty be again put to bed. Last year Father Koenig while on a visit here happened to observe the child and advised the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and kindly furnished us several bottles of it. The first bottle showed a marked improvement and after using the second bottle and up to the present time the child is a happy and contented being. All those suffering from nervousness should seek refuge in Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free by any address and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1870, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Solely by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. G. & C. Co. Montreal, 113 St. Lawrence Street.

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NOTICE

It is hereby given that at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, application will be made for an act to incorporate the society known as "The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada," the objects of which society are to unite fraternally all persons entitled to membership under the constitution and by-laws of the society; to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and disburse a benefit and a reserve fund, from which a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars shall be paid to each member in good standing, his beneficiary or legal representatives, according to the constitution and by-laws of the society.
Ottawa, October 20, 1892.
LATCHFORD & MURPHY,
Solicitors for Applicants.

Personal.

Last week we had a visit from Mr. J. A. McCarville, of Toronto, who has come to Montreal to establish a branch office of his business. Mr. McCarville is a manufacturer's agent for dry goods, and has his headquarters in this city at the Glenora Building, 1886 Notre Dame street. He represents several of the leading dry goods firms in Europe, as well as many of our best manufacturers in this country. Amongst other European firms that Mr. McCarville represents we might mention that of Alfred Louis, of 15 Mayor street, Manchester, England; also that of Don & Duncan, of Scotland; and the firm of Aubin, Sauvage & Co., of Belgium. We hope that Mr. McCarville will enjoy all the success that his energy and great business qualities so well deserve.

Immaculate Conception Tridium.

The Catholic Young Ladies' Association of St. Patrick's held a solemn Tridium in honor of their patroness, "The Immaculate Conception," in Our Lady of Angels' chapel, corner of Chenneville and Lagachetiere streets, last Sunday evening at 7.30. It continued Monday evening and Tuesday evening. The closing exercises will take place Thursday, the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The members are provided with admission cards by Rev. Director Father James Callaghan.

Corde Ville-Marie.

There was a very large audience present at the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissial Friday night to hear Lieut. Chartrand, of the French army, review the condition and reorganization of France's military forces since 1870. Some humorous details were given of the inner life and habits of the French soldier. The entertainment closed with the one act operetta "A Chely." Senator Tasse presided.

Retreat.

The Archbishop's household, and all the priests connected with the Cathedral, have been on their retreat during the last eight days. The retreat closes on the eve of the Immaculate Conception. In consequence of the retreat there was no reception, as is usual on the first Sunday of the month, at the Archbishop's Palace.

Forty Hours.

To-day the exercises of the Forty Hours commence at St. Jean de Matha; on Friday, at St. Leonard de Pointe-aux-Lac; and on Sunday next, at Notre Dame de Bon Conseil.

Pontifical Services.

To-morrow being the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Archbishop Fabre will pontificate at High Mass and at Vespers in the Cathedral chapel.

Confirmation.

On Sunday morning last His Grace the Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at the Cathedral chapel, before the 7.30 o'clock Mass.

"The Sunbeam."

Thus speaks *The Owl*, the Ottawa University magazine, about our little publication for children:—
"THE SUNBEAM, of Montreal, is now in existence for about a year. The number before us is the first we have seen of this journal. Its general appearance prepossesses one in its favor and its contents prove well worth reading. The object of its author is to supply the youth of the country with suitable reading matter and to counteract as much as possible the evil done by the modern novel. We are glad to hear him say that his past efforts have been crowned with abundant success."

C. Y. M. S.

At a special meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Society, held in their hall Friday evening, the following motion was proposed:—
That the society learn with regret of the death of Miss Teresa Sarah McDonald, sister of our beloved officer, Mr. L. F. McDonald, and extend their heartfelt sympathy to the family in their sad bereavement, also that the members attend the funeral in a body and accordingly meet at the hall at 2 p.m. on Sunday, December 4th.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.


NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla.

JUST OUT!

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

THE BIG BOTTLE PAIN-KILLER

DOUBLE THE QUANTITY OF OLD SIZE.



Old Popular 25c. Price.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.

PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessaries of Life

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully yet soothingly, on the LIVER, KIDNEY and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN-SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impeded or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of **Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.**

This is an infallible remedy. It is actually rubbed on the neck and chest, a salt in omelet, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA for ulcerated swellings, abscesses, Piles, Rheumatism

Gout, Rheumatism

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at **583 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,** and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

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

Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 583 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

THE SONG OF STONE.

[FROM THE BOSTON PILOT.]

Before the beginning of Time,
Before there was earth or sky,
When the seas smoke and flame and brime,
In the midst of chaos was I.

And lo! at the spoken word,
When the winds and waters fled,
Through the rush and roar my dull heart
heard,
And I lifted up my head.

I arose in mountain peaks,
Like towers old and gray;
I stand unmoved when the thunder speaks,
And I laugh at the lightning's play.

I hide neath the foam-capped waves,
And I hear the storm birds cry;
I mark the place of the drowned ones' graves,
When the wrecks have drifted by.

I am crown of the stately arch,
The chancel and street I pave;
And it matters not that above me march
The king or the peasant slave.

For the feet that pass are dust,
With a leaven of blood and tears;
A crown is wasted by war and rust,
But I live a million years.

I treasure the sculptor's dream,
Till his hand has cunning grown;
Then he disappears like a sun-dried stream,
But I live, for I am Stone.

MARGRET HOLMES BATES

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Use sal-soda to clean jugs and pitchers.
A little milk added to the dishwater is
better to use than soap in cleansing
china.

Glass in oven doors, which enables
cooks to watch the food without opening
the door, is a late contrivance.

In carrying a lighted match it is much
less likely to go out if it is carried with
the lighted end away from the person.

New earthenware should be soaked for
twenty-four hours in cold water before
using, as it will then be less liable to
crack.

When there is danger of frost in the
cellar during cold weather, carry down
several pailsful of hot water and sprinkle
the contents all over the floor. Even if
this should form into ice there will be
less danger of freezing fruit and vegeta-
bles, for water in freezing takes the frost
out of the air.

QUAKER CURE FOR COLDS.

For colds, an old-time remedy with a
ridiculous name, is a stewed Quaker
molasses posset. It is a very soothing
and pleasant drink, made as follows:
Let simmer slowly for a half hour one
half pint of best molasses, one dram of
powdered white ginger and a lump of
butter. This should be stirred frequently
and should not come to a boil. After
removing it from the stir in it the juice
of two lemons or one ounce of good vine-
gar, cover and let it stand five minutes.
It may be used hot or cold, but must not
in the latter case be kept in tin.

ATMOSPHERE OF HOME.

The home atmosphere, says a writer in
the Brooklyn Eagle, is so largely depend-
ent on the character of the mistress
that she ought often to think of how she
can increase her influence right in her
own family circle. How many homes
are totally ruined by a faultfinding, tem-
pestuous, discontented woman, a type
altogether too common, even in very
well-to-do abodes. Why, I spent a day
last summer in a family where the
fretful peevishness of the mother, never
restrained, had permeated her whole
manner, her voice being the most dis-
agreeable I ever heard. When some-
thing unusually annoying happens, the
rest of the family sneak off in different
directions to avoid the stormy scenes
which they know will follow.

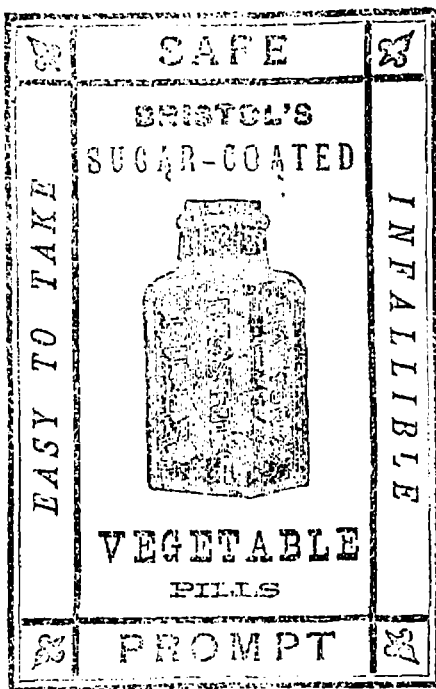
Envy, temper and discontent are in-
consistent with every day or common-
place happiness, and it is such a sad
sight to see what might be a happy
circle ruined by a disposition of one per-
son. The envious, disgruntled type sees
nothing ever in her own surrounding to
cause happiness. She is always compar-
ing her lot with another's, and wishing
she might have the belongings of larger
wealth. The only way to have a happy
home is for the presiding genius there
to learn to make most of all it offers,
to make the home interior as comfortable
and charming as means will allow, to so
live herself as to draw out the best traits
of her husband, her children and her
friends. To do this day after day she
must try herself to be a lively character,
to guard against those common faults—
discontent, lack of self-control and
peevishness.



Found out

the best and easiest way to
keep your house and clothes
clean. Use *Pearline* and do
less scrubbing. Save your
strength, and have everything
look the better for it. *Pearl-
ine* is the one thing that washes
all things thoroughly. It never
injures the finest; it never
slights the coarsest. Find it
out for yourself by trying it.
You try the imitations at your
own risk.

Never peddled by JAMES PYLE, New York.



Castor Fluid. Registered. A delight-
fully refreshing prepara-
tion for the hair. It
should be used daily.
Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff,
promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing
for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B.
GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Mon-
real.

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Regulates the Stomach,
Liver and Bowels, unlocks
the Secretions, Purifies the
Blood and removes all im-
purities from a Pimple to
the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

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DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS.
CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE.
SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA.
HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH.
DIZZINESS. DROPSY.
RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES.

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MME. BAILEY'S SURE HAIR Grower

is guaranteed to produce a Thick, Soft and
Beautiful head of Long, Flowing HAIR
in 8 to 12 weeks. A purely vegetable and
positively harmless compound. Endorsed by
leading physicians. Two or three packages
will do it. Price, 50 cents per package, or three
for \$1. Sent by mail, pre-paid. Bailey Sup-
ply Co., Cooperstown, N. Y.

ST. ANN'S DISTRICT.

AN INDIGNANT PROTEST AGAINST BEING
DEPRIVED OF A NIGHT SCHOOL.

At a meeting of the River Front Lodge
K. of L., held on Saturday evening, the
following resolutions were passed:

"Whereas the action of the Board of
School Commissioners in refusing to
establish a night school in St. Ann's divi-
sion, which is largely composed of work-
ingmen, thereby depriving them of their
just rights and opportunity to improve
their social condition;

And whereas such action on the part
of the Board of School Commissioners is
detrimental to the best interests of the
workingmen in this part of the city,
thereby losing all benefits that accrue
from the night school;

Therefore, be it resolved that River
Front Assembly, K. of L., do hereby pro-
test against the unjust treatment receiv-
ed at the hands of the Board of School
Commissioners, by unjustly depriving
them of the benefits of the night school,
which were established to benefit the
working classes; and that copies of these
resolutions be given to the press for pub-
lication."

From La Somaine Religieuse.

During the month of November last
the collections in the Lachine church,
for the purposes of Masses for the souls
in Purgatory, amounted to two hundred
and sixty-two dollars.

The work of the Holy Infancy has
collected during the exercises of 1891
1892, 3,527,116 francs, or 93,000 francs
more than the year previous. It is the
largest sum they ever succeeded in ob-
taining.

Remarkable words of a Protestant
minister in Winnipeg, before an assembly
of Presbyterian clergymen: "The min-
ority in Quebec is treated with justice;
why should we, in this Province, use our
power to perform an act of ingratitude
towards the fellow-countrymen of those
who could subject us to all kinds of in-
justices?"

On the 30th October ten missionaries
of the Society of Foreign Missions left
Paris for Tonquin, Cochinchina and
Japan, and on the 30th November six
others left for China and India. In these
two out-goings the Seminary of Foreign
Missions of Paris has furnished, this
year, forty-eight new recruits for their
missions in the far East. What an
amount of sacrifices these forty-eight
young men represent in their sublime
vocation, giving up everything, parents,
friends, country, to carry the blessings of
Redemption into distant lands. Here
is about the official statement for
1891, giving the united figures represent-
ing these missions: 38,101 baptisms of
adults; 462 conversions of heretics; 182-
376 baptisms of pagan children. The
38,101 adults baptized in 1891 give them
the number of 1,009,265 Christians. It
is the first time the Society of Foreign
Missions has had the happiness of count-
ing so many neophytes. Glory to God
and blessings in the associates for the
Propagation of the Faith.

Old Catholic Customs.

Oh! for the old Catholic family cus-
toms—by which grace was said at meals,
prayers were offered in common at night,
novenas were made together for special
graces, the "Angelus" was regularly re-
cited, a fixed portion of the household's
income was set aside for the poor, and
frequent communion made the Lord a
welcome guest of all.

Even if you wish to speak in pi-
vate to a man who has artificial arms
and legs, do not ask him if you may
take him apart for awhile. He may
misunderstand you.—Truth.

"You were always a fault-finder,"
growled the wife.
Yes, dear," responded the husband,
meekly; "I found you."

San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.—I have
been a sufferer from dyspepsia for sev-
eral years. Diamond Vera-Cura has
effectually cured me. Considering it a
duty to make known the fact, I take
pleasure in adding my testimonial to the
many that you will undoubtedly receive.
Diamond Vera-Cura tablets are certain-
ly the most convenient, clean, and, I
might say, inviting form of medicine
that I have ever known. Yours appreci-
atively.

E. F. BASSETT.

At druggists or sent on receipt of price,
25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the
Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S
SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scro-
fulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand,
which got so bad that the doctors cut the
finger off, and later took off more than half my
hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm,
came out on my neck and face on both sides,
nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also
on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

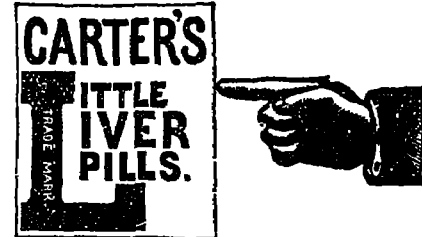
Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five
years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Gradually I found that the sores were begin-
ning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten
bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a
return I got for that investment! A thou-
sand per cent! Yes, many thousand. For
the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not
what to say strong enough to express my grati-
tude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect
cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Gal-
way, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid
digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inci-
dent to a bilious state of the system, such as
Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after
eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most
remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
are equally valuable in Constipation, curing
and preventing this annoying complaint, while
they also correct all disorders of the stomach,
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.
Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those
who suffer from this distressing complaint;
but fortunately their goodness does not end
here, and those who once try them will find
these little pills valuable in so many ways that
they will not be willing to do without them.
But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where
we make our great boast. Our pills cure it
while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small
and very easy to take. One or two pills make
a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do
not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action
please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents;
five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ECCLESIASTICAL GLASS—CHURCH BELLS.



ADDRESS—20 UNIVERSITY STREET, MONTREAL

W. H. D. YOUNG,

L.D.S., D.D.S.

Surgeon-Dentist,

1694 Notre Dame Street.

Preservation of the Natural Teeth and pain-
less extraction. Dorsenia Laughing Gas,
Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial
work guaranteed satisfactory.
TELEPHONE 215. (G-17-90)

GRAND MAMMOTH DRAWING! OVER ONE-HALF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.



Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes...

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING take place Semi-Annually (June and December)...

WANTED FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR INTEGRITY OF ITS DRAWINGS AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF PRIZES.

Attested as follows:

Notary Public... I do hereby certify that the signatures attached are genuine...

Ed. J. E. ...

J. E. ...

Commissioners

The undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery...

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank. PIERRE L'ANAU, Pres. State National Bank.

MAMMOTH DRAWING

WILL TAKE PLACE

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1892.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$150,000

LIST OF PRIZES

Table listing various prize amounts and their frequencies, including \$150,000, \$40,000, \$20,000, etc.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

Table listing approximation prizes such as \$200,000, \$120,000, \$80,000, etc.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole Tickets at \$10; Halves \$5; Fifths \$2; Tenths \$1; Twentieths 50c; Fortieths 25c.

Club Rates. 11 Whole Tickets or their equivalent in fractions for \$50.

IMPORTANT.

Send Money by Express at our Expense in Sums not less than Five Dollars...

Give full address and make signature plain.

Congress having lately passed laws prohibiting the use of the mails to all Lotteries...

The official Lists of Prizes will be sent on application to all Local Agents...

ATTENTION—The present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company...

COVERNTON'S

NIPPLE: OIL.

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples.

COVERNTON'S

Syrup of Wild Cherry.

For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

COVERNTON'S

Pile Ointment.

Will be found superior to all others for all kinds of Piles.

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121 Henry street, corner of Dorchester street.

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,

Dates of Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1892: - - - Dec. 7 and 21.

PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. - CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00

LIST OF PRIZES

Table listing prizes from \$3,750.00 down to \$1.25, including Approximation Prizes.

TICKETS, TICKETS,

25 CENTS 10 CENTS

Tickets can be obtained until five o'clock p.m. on the day before the Drawing.

Head Office, St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. - S. F. LEFEBVRE, Manager.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Department of Crown Lands.

WOODS AND FOREST.

Quebec, 15th October, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that conformably to sections 1334, 1335 and 1336 of the Consolidated Statutes of the Province of Quebec...

Upper Ottawa Agency.

- List of land parcels with details: North No. 10, 2nd range, block A, 25 sq. m. - South No. 10, 2nd range, block A, 25 sq. m. - etc.

Saint Maurice Agency.

- List of land parcels: Saint Maurice, No. 18 west, 50 sq. m. - Saint Maurice, No. 14 west, 50 sq. m. - etc.

Lake Saint John Agency.

- List of land parcels: No. 135, rear Outatchouan, west, 16 sq. m. - No. 138, rear Outatchouan, west, 20 sq. m. - etc.

Saguenay Agency.

- List of land parcels: River Malbaie, No. 1, 64 sq. m. - No. 3, 34 sq. m. - No. 4, 32 sq. m. - etc.

Montmagny Agency.

- List of land parcels: River Noir No. 56, 23 sq. m. - No. 53, 13 sq. m. - Limit township Roux, 184 sq. m. - etc.

Grandville Agency.

- List of land parcels: Limit township Parke, 61 sq. m. - Limit township Pohenegamook, 214 sq. m. - etc.

Rimouski Agency.

- List of land parcels: Limit township Neigette No. 1, 80 sq. m. - No. 2, 124 sq. m. - Limit township Macopes, 12 sq. m. - etc.

Gaspé Agency.

- List of land parcels: Limit township Cap Chat East, 23 sq. m. - Limit township Cap Chat West, 381 sq. m. - etc.

Bonaventure Agency.

- List of land parcels: River Patapédia, 31-65 sq. m. - Township Patapédia, No. 1, 8 sq. m. - etc.

The above timber limits at their estimated area, more or less, will be offered at an upset price to be made known on the day of sale...

E. J. FLYNN,

Commissioner of Crown Lands.

P.S.—According to law, no newspapers other than those named by order in council, are authorized to publish this notice.

MOTHERS!

Ask for and see that you get DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS, the great Worm Remedy.

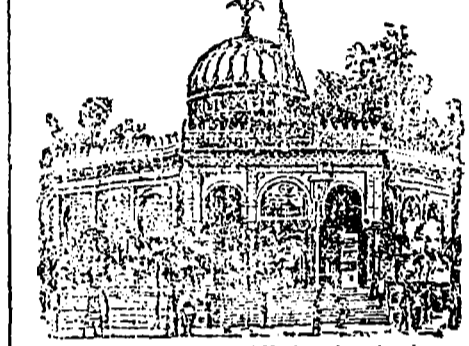
HARDWARE.

House Furnishing and Building Hardware, Plated Ware, Cutlery, etc. Prices very low.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Under the care of the Irish Christian Brother. This College affords, at moderate expense excellent advantages to students.

MEXICAN



LOTTERY

OF THE Beneficencia Publica (PUBLIC CHARITY) ESTABLISHED IN 1878 IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING

WILL BE HELD IN THE Moresque Pavilion in the City of Mexico THURSDAY, DEC. 15, 1892.

ANNUAL EXTRAORDINARY - DRAWING.

THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING \$120,000.

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme before selling tickets...

PRICE OF TICKETS—U. S. Currency. Wholes, \$8; Halves, \$4; Quarters, \$2; Eighths, \$1.

Table listing prize amounts and their frequencies, including \$120,000, \$40,000, \$20,000, etc.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

Table listing approximation prizes such as \$120,000, \$40,000, \$20,000, etc.

2788 Prizes amounting to \$567,20. All Prizes sold in the United States fully paid in U.S. Currency.

Remit by ordinary letter, containing MONEY ORDERS issued by all Express Companies, or New York Exchange.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

as THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it: all others are imitations.

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S

—CELEBRATED—

ALES - AND - PORTERS

Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE."

INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER. XXX PALE ALE. STOUT PORTER.

If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery. Telephone 1168. THE MONTREAL BREWING Co., Brewers and Malsters, corner Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN.

McGALE'S

BUTTERNUT

PILLS

25 cents per box. By Mail on Receipt of Price.

B. E. MCGALE, CHEMIST &c, 2123 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

Still a few more of those Dress Patterns left at \$6.95, at S. Carsley's. Further Reductions have been made on the entire stock of Boots and Shoes at S. Carsley's, for the special sale.

A TEN DAYS' TREAT.

Beginning on Monday morning, December 5th, and continuing for the following ten days, we hold a grand cheap sale of

Winter Mantles and Jackets,

All at Reduced Prices. Every Mantle in the Store is reduced in price for this ten days' sale. Every Jacket in the Store is reduced in price for this ten days' sale.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame Street.

COME EARLY IN THE WEEK COME EARLY IN THE WEEK

To this ten days' Clearing Sale of Winter Mantles and Jackets,

AND PLEASE REMEMBER

That even at regular marked prices our Mantles are about as cheap retail as most stores pay for them wholesale.

MAKE NO MISTAKE

About where to buy Mantles, but come direct to

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street

ANOTHER GRAND TREAT

During the ten days' Mantle Sale. ALL MILLINERY GOODS, HATS, CAPS AND BONNETS

Will be offered at greatly reduced rates, with a view of selling the entire stock of both our own make and all the imported models.

WORTH NOTICE.

It is especially worth noticing that as we never send millinery out on approval, our stock is in perfect condition.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street.

S. CARSLY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

One-fifth to One-third Off

From Monday morning the above discount will be taken off all

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

In order to clear our stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, we will take a discount of not less than Twenty per cent. and not more than Thirty-three and a-third per cent. off all goods in the Boot and Shoe department.

DONE IN THIS WAY.

The goods are marked in plain figures, and the bill will be made out at the price marked, then the discount taken off.

EXAMPLE:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes 1 Pair Boots, Less one-fifth, Another Example, 1 Pair Boots, Less one-third, Still Another Example, 1 Pair Men's Rubbers, Less one-fifth.

COME ON! COME NOW!

For Bargains in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street.

DRESS GOODS SALE.

DRESS GOODS SALE DRESS GOODS SALE

Thousands of Dress Patterns are being offered at Reduced Prices

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Six yards good Double Fold Winter Dress Goods for \$1.25.

One large lot Useful Dress Patterns at \$1.70.

Another large lot Useful Dress Patterns at \$2.95.

Three lots Beautiful Dress Patterns at \$3.95, \$4.95, and \$5.95.

Two special Lots at \$6.95, \$7.95.

The above Dress Goods are newest styles and altogether below regular prices

S. CARSLY, Notre Dame street.

FURS.

LADIES'

Seal and Persian Lamb Cloaks, Capes, Caps, Muffs, Boas, Storm Collars, etc.

GENTLEMENS'

Seal, Persian Lamb, Racoon Collars, Cuffs, and all other kinds of Fur Coats and Caps; Musk Ox, Buffalo and Fancy Sleigh Robes Twenty per cent. cheaper than any other house in town.

O. A. WILLIE,

1790 Notre Dame Street, Cor ST. PETER.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Trains Leave Bonaventure as follows:

WEST.

9.30 a.m.—For Toronto, Chicago, &c. 8.00 p.m.—" " " " " " 10.85 p.m.—" Limited" for Toronto (9 hours) Chicago (23 hours), &c.

EAST.

7.55 a.m.—For Portland, Point Levi, [Que.], St. John and Halifax. 3.55 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Island Pond. 10.15 p.m.—For Portland and Point Levi, [Quebec].

SOUTH,

8.30 a.m.—For Boston and New York via C.V.Ry. 8.40 a.m.—For New York via D. & H. Ry. 4.30 p.m.—For " " via St. L. & A. Ry. 5.30 p.m.—For " " and Boston via C.V.R. 5.40 p.m.—For " " via D. & H. Ry. 5.40 p.m.—For " " and Boston via C.V.R.

*Daily, all other trains daily, except Sunday.

CARPETS!!

The large quantities sold during the past few weeks is an assuring evidence of the popularity of our prices and patterns.

STILL OPENING.

Novelties in BRUSSELS, with Borders and Stairs. Novelties in WILTON and KILMORNER, with Borders and Stairs. Novelties in TAPESTRY CARPETS, Borders and Stairs to match. Novelties in WOOL and KID, BERMINSTER CARPETS.

CURTAIN AND SHADE DEPARTMENT

Has never shown greater activity. SHADES to all sizes of windows. SHADES for Churches and Convents, schools and Public Institutions. SHADES for Store and Office Windows, plain or lettered. KENNINGTON and ANGLO-INDIAN CARPET SQUARES. In various sizes. Moderate Prices. Mail Orders filled. Samples forwarded.

THOMAS LIGGET, 1884 NOTRE DAME ST. GLENORA BUILDING.

KNABE PIANOS

The Recognized Standard of Modern Piano Manufacture.

BALTIMORE. WASHINGTON. NEW YORK. WILLIS & CO., Sole Agents. 1824 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 13-3m

FARMS MILLS AND HOMES

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:— Patent Spring.....\$4.20 @ 4.35 Patent Winter.....3.95 @ 4.15 Straight Roller.....3.50 @ 3.75 Extra.....3.10 @ 3.25 Superfine.....2.75 @ 2.95 Fine.....2.45 @ 2.60 City Strong Bakers.....4.00 @ 4.10 Manitoba Bakers.....3.45 @ 4.00 Ontario bags—extra.....1.50 @ 1.55 Straight Rollers.....1.90 @ 2.00 Superfine.....1.30 @ 1.45 Fine.....1.10 @ 1.15 Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.05 to \$4.19; Standard \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated \$2.05 to \$2.10, and standard \$1.90 to \$2.00. Mill Feed.—We quote \$13.50 to \$14.00 as a fair range of values. Shorts are quoted at \$14.50 to \$15.00, and middlings at \$15.50 to \$16. Moultrie \$20 to \$24. Wheat.—Quotations for No. 2 hard Manitoba for May delivery range from 82c to 83c, and on this basis No. 2 hard on spot would not be worth over 78c to 79c. Car loads No. 2 hard Manitoba are quoted at 80c North Bay, No. 1 frosted is quoted at 60c North Bay, No. 2 frosted at 51c to 55c and No. 3 do 48c to 49c. Corn.—The market is quiet at 60c to 61c in car lots duty paid. Peas.—73c is about all that could be realized in store, and we quote 72 to 73c per 60 lbs. Sales have been made at 50c North and West of Stratford with 50c and 57c now asked. Oats.—Sales at 31c to 32c in car lots per 34 lbs. Oats are freely offered at near by country points at 28c to 29c per 34 lbs. Barley.—We quote malting grades 45c to 60 as to quality and feed 30c to 44c as to quality. Buckwheat.—Sales being reported in Ontario at 42c with a 17c freight rate to New York. Here prices are quoted at 50c to 51c. Rye.—Prices are nominally quoted at 55c to 56c.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:— Canada short cut mess pork per brl. \$17.50 @ 18.00 Canada clear mess, per brl. 16.50 @ 17.00 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl. 00.00 @ 00.00 Mess pork, American, new, per brl. 00.00 @ 00.00 India mess beef, per tierce. 00.00 @ 00.00 Extra mess beef, per brl. 11.50 @ 12.50 Hams, city cured, per lb. 11 @ 12 1/2 Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 9 @ 9 1/2 Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 Bacon, per lb. 11 @ 12 Shoulders, per lb. 9 1/2 @ 10 Dressed Hogs.—Sales of jobbing lots at \$0.75 per 100 lbs. for nice bright butchers' hogs, and we quote \$0.50 to \$0.75.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows: Creamery choice fall. 22 1/2 c to 23c do good to fine. 21 1/2 c to 22c Eastern Township dairy, choice fall. 21 1/2 c to 22c do do good to fine. 00c to 20c Morrisburg & Brockville. 18c to 21c. Western. 17c to 19c. Roll Butter.—Sales of Western having transported at 19c to 20c, choice small packages bringing 21c. Cheese.—11c is the lowest some holders will entertain for their finest Western goods. The Liverpool public cable has advanced to 53c, but private cables quoted 54c. to 54s. 8d. a week ago.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Montreal lined are bringing 10c to 17c, the latter prices for single cases. Fresh held stock of selling at 18c to 20c for good September packing. Beans.—The market is quiet at \$1.35 to \$1.45 per bushel for hand picked at and at \$1.25 to \$1.30 for other kinds. Game.—Venison is in fair demand in whole carcasses at 60c to 70c; saddles 10c to 11c.

Hay.—Sales of pressed hay in car lots at \$10.00 to \$11.00 for No. 1. Other kinds have sold at \$8.50 to \$9.50. Straw is steady at \$3.50 to \$3.50 Honey.—Extracted 7c to 8 1/2c; choice white clover in comb, 12c to 13 1/2c; other kinds, 8c to 11 1/2c. Dressed Poultry.—Chickens have gone off fairly well at 6 1/2c to 7c for choice stock poor quality selling at 5c to 5 1/2c per lb. A good demand is expected between now and Christmas. Geese are rather slow sale at 5c to 7c, as to quality. Ducks steady at 8c to 9c. Hops.—Sales, good to choice Eastern Townships hops at 17c to 20c. Yearlings are quoted at 18 to 15c, and old 5c to 9c, as to age.

FRUITS.

Apples.—Sales of round lots reported of winter fruit at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per barrel. Lemons.—Sales have taken place at the following prices:—Cases \$7.00 to \$7.50; boxes \$3.00 to \$4.00. Oranges.—Jamaica in barrels selling at from \$7.50 in \$8.00 according to quality of fruit; Florida boxes \$3.00 to \$3.50. Bananas.—Prices remain firm at \$1.75 to \$2.50 per bunch. Cocoanuts.—Bag of 100 selling at \$3. to \$4. Cranberries.—Sales at \$8.50 to \$9.00 per barrel according to kind and quality. Sweet Potatoes.—Choice selling at from \$3. to \$3.50 per bbl., held over stock \$1.75. to \$2. Chestnuts.—At from 8c to 10c per lb. in large lots. Figs.—Sales reported at 9c to 12c per lb. Crystallized in 6 lb boxes \$1.00. Nuts.—We quote:—Pecans 10c to 12 1/2c per lb. Tarragona almonds 14c to 15c; Grenoble Wal-

nuts 13c to 14c Filberts 9c to 10c. Ivica 12 1/2c to 13c. Bordeaux 9c to 10 1/2c. Peanuts No. 1 roasted 9c. Brazil 11c to 12 1/2c. Marbots 1 1/2c per lb. Dried Fruit.—Dried apples 5c to 5 1/2c, evaporated 6c to 7c. Dried Peaches steady and meeting with good demand at 14c to 15c. Apricots, demand good at 14c to 15c. Evaporated vegetables in large cases at \$4.00. Evaporated peaches are selling at from 18c to 14c per lb. Dates.—Sales have been made at 5c to 5 1/2c per lb. Onions.—We quote Spanish onions in crates at from 80c to 85c, yellow and red in barrels at \$1.75 to \$2. Potatoes.—Sales of car lots of choice early rose, at 8 1/2c to 8 1/2c per bag of 90 lbs., other qualities at 70c to 75c.

FISH AND OILS.

Oils.—Newfoundland cod oil is quoted at 35c to 36c. Gaspe at 34c, and Nova Scotia at 32c to 33c. In seal oil there is no change, prices remaining at 35c to 36c. Newfoundland cod oil 60c to 65c. Pickled Fish.—Green cod is firm, with sales reported at \$4.37 1/2 to \$4.50 for No. 1 and at \$4.75 to \$5. for large, but prices are now 25c higher. Dry cod is steady at \$4.25 to \$4.75 per quintal. Genuine Labrador herring are scarce and firm at \$5.25 to \$5.50 per bbl., but there are so called Labrador selling at \$4.75. Cape Breton are firm at \$5.50 for July catch. Shore herrings are selling at \$4. to \$4.50 as to quality. Fresh Fish.—Sales reported at 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb. Smoked Fish.—Yarmouth boats \$1.25 per box of 60; smoked herring 12c per box; boneless cod fish 5 1/2c to 7c, and fish 5 1/2c to 4c.