

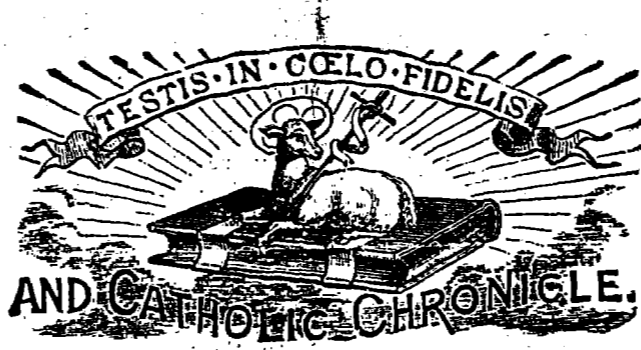
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## 1877. THEN AND NOW. 1899.

[From the Files of the "True Witness," Aug. 18, 1876.]

"To labor then as we have commenced; to be true to our mission in season and out of season; to stand by our Church and sustain it; to be with our people and defend them; to be ever ready at the call of duty, no matter for the suggestions of self-interest; to be Catholic first, last and all the time, and Irish whenever the legitimate native longings for native land call for sympathy and support. These are the main principles upon which we appeal to our old friends and solicit new; these the ideas that shall guide and influence the words and the works of our twenty-seventh volume."

[("True Witness" December 2, 1899.)

Every honest journal has a mission in its publication. The particular mission of the "True Witness" is the advancement of the interests of the Irish Catholic population of Canada, always amenable to the guidance of the Church. The "True Witness" knows no political party, has no axe to grind, but has as its lodestar a vision of the time when the Irish Catholics in Canada united as one man, will wield the influence in the councils of the country which their numbers and ability demand as of right. Political patronage is not the idea here expressed. The demand is that our religion and our nationality should have their full measure of representation and no more.

## FATHER HOGAN'S POWERFUL SERMON, AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

On Wednesday evening, Rev. Father Hogan, C.S.S.R., one of the missionaries, preached a powerful sermon, on intemperance, to the married men of St. Ann's Parish, whose week of Mission opened on Sunday last. The sacred edifice was crowded to the doors, and as the zealous and eloquent priest drew picture after picture of the drunkard's home the vast congregation was visibly affected. Father Hogan took for his text:

"Who hath wine? Surely they that pass their time in wine and study to drink off their cups." (Pro. 23, 29, 40).

We read in the Book of the Apocalypse of St. John, chapter 18th, that the Evangelist was once taken in spirit to the sea-shore; that as he stood there, a hideous beast came out of the death of the sea. The beast he tells us, was like a leopard, and its feet were like the feet of a bear, and its mouth like the mouth of a lion, it had seven heads and ten horns. And the dragon of Hell gave to this beast his own form; and it waged war against the children of God. Brethren, how great would be your terror, if this horrible monster were to appear among you! and yet, would you believe it? There are many who have been for years, carrying such a monster in their own hearts—Yes, a monster, so horrible, that, could they but behold it in its true form, its mere sight would freeze them with terror. And would to God that none of you were of the number of these unfortunates! The beast—the monster that I allude to, is the vice of drunkenness. Yes, the vice of drunkenness constantly changes human beings into so many horrible monsters of the Apocalypse; it makes them cruel like leopards; savage like bears; cruel like lions; it has seven heads and ten horns. For it is the accursed mother of the seven deadly sins and of sins against the whole decalogue; and the devil has...

but simply to show that this is not a sin; and to prove that certain modern hypocritical pharisees are very wrong when they condemn the use of all intoxicating drink as sinful and wish to oblige all to be or become teetotalers. They seem to consider teetotalism a kind of religion itself, and hence not unfrequently looked down with pharisaical pride, upon all who are not teetotalers like themselves. Now, teetotalism is no religion at all; it is not even of itself a virtue unless it be practiced with a good intention, and even then it is no part of the virtue of temperance, which moderates the use of food and drink, but simply a mortification, just as a man would practise mortification who would abstain from the use of any other kind of food and drink. So, understand me well, it is not against the moderate use of intoxicating drink that I am going to speak this evening, but against its excessive use, against abuse, or drunkenness.

I will endeavor to show you first, that the vice of drunkenness is most abominable in itself; secondly, that it is most disastrous in its consequences; and lastly, I shall point out the means necessary to keep from it, or rid one's self of it, if one has been its slave for the past...

### DRUNKENNESS IS MOST ABOMINABLE IN ITSELF.

That is to say, it is very common, especially at the present day, that people look upon drunkenness as a pardonable weakness. But this, like many others is one of those false views of a wicked world; for it is in direct opposition to the word of God, and to the Doctrine of the Church. The Holy Ghost expressly and most emphatically declares in several places of Sacred Scripture that...

Drunkenness far from being a pardonable weakness, is on the contrary a most grievous sin. Thus we read in the Book of Isaiah the Prophet: "Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and start men at drunkenness." (5:22). And do you wish to know what this woe signifies? It signifies an eternal and eternal damnation, as the Doctors of the Church explain. Hence drunkenness must be a most grievous sin. Again the inspired apostle emphatically declares that drunkenness excludes from the Kingdom of Heaven. "Be not deceived," says St. Paul, "Drunkards shall not possess the Kingdom of God." (Cor. 6, 9-10). Now, whatever excludes from the Kingdom of God, must be a mortal sin; you see then that far from being a pardonable weakness, drunkenness is a grievous mortal sin, excluding from heaven and deserving of eternal damnation as is evident from Sacred Scripture.

And no wonder that it is a grievous mortal sin; for drunkenness obliterates in man the image of God. Man is created to the image and likeness of God in this, that his soul is a spirit like unto God, endowed with intelligence and free-will. Now I ask you: Where are the intelligence and free-will of the man that is drunk? Can you recognize any trace of them? Intelligence! Indeed! Go up to him and ask him a sensible question. Will you receive a sensible answer? Ask him to read or to write something, or to work out the simplest problem in arithmetic. Will he be able to do so? Why, he does not even know what you mean, or what you want of him. Where then is his intelligence? It is all gone, for he is drunk! and as to his free-will this seems completely vanished. For when he has got over his spree he is told hundreds of things that he said and did and which he solemnly swears never to have intended saying or doing. Where, then, let me ask again, where is the image of God to be found, or recognized in that unfortunate drunkard? It is obliterated—vanished, gone! and who could look at that drunken wretch and say at that drunken wretch and say without blasphemy: There is an im-

ago of God! No, he is no longer an image of God, he is no longer a man;—a human being—he is sunk to the level of the brute! Yes, he has made an animal of himself; for he has deprived himself both of reason and free-will; both qualities which alone raise man above the brute. He grunts like a hog, growls like a dog, and wallows in the mire like a swine, he is cruel like a leopard, savage like a bear, and furious like a lion. In short drunkenness has made a brute of him in the full sense of the word. But what do I say? a brute, an animal! No, it would be an insult to the whole animal kingdom to call that being a brute. And I would not insult one of God's creatures by comparing it to a drunken man. And what right have we to insult "his" creatures, even those of the animal kingdom? We have a right to employ them, or to take them to the slaughter house, and to put them to death, but no right to insult them or to degrade in any degree the humblest creature that crawls on the earth, and hence I would not insult any such by comparing them to drunken men. Why? Because that poor creature or four-footed dumb beast, you can lead into the slaughter house, or put him into the shafts to draw us around or put him into our service any time of the day or night; and you will find him such as God made him, with every faculty that God has given him. But the drunkard is not as God made him, he is therefore not equal to, but below the brute. Such a man has ceased to be a man, and he has fallen beneath the level of the brute. The brute can give forth signs of pleasure or of sorrow, of joy or of pain, the drunkard cannot. The brute can give intelligent signs, by the law of nature, to his fellow beasts, in the field. The drunken man cannot converse with his fellow men. The brute can see and hear and feel, the drunken man cannot. The brute can walk and labor, the drunken man can do neither one or the other. How, then, can any one dare to compare man to the brute and thus insult the whole animal Kingdom? No! there is only one of God's creatures to whom we can compare him without insulting his Creator, and that creature was once seated upon a throne in heaven, and now sits in the depths of hell. Yes, we can compare the drunken man only to the devil; though even the devil might complain of this comparison, by saying that he never was drunk. No wonder then, let me repeat that, drunkenness is a mortal sin, a most grievous mortal sin, excluding from heaven and deserving of hell; for it obliterates in man the image of God, lowers him to the level of the brute man, sinks him even far below that level.

the drunkard become guilty of all sorts of sins in consequence of his excess in drink. Nay, he not infrequently falls into most criminal excesses. Go to our jails and penitentiaries and ask for the worst criminals, they will point out to you nine out of ten who committed the most atrocious crimes in consequence of drunkenness. Take up the daily papers and read the long catalogue of robberies and murders and nine out of ten were committed by drunkards. Ascend our prison scaffold and ask why these unfortunates condemned to die so disgraceful a death and come out of ten will tell you: "It is because I was addicted to drink." His lust becomes at times so utterly monstrous that it knows no bounds; the drunkard will not even respect his nearest relatives, no, not even his own flesh and blood, so that the words of the psalmist are literally true of the drunkard when he says: "He is become like the horse and the mule, who have no understanding." (Ps. 31, 9).

### CONSEQUENCES OF THIS VICE.

Having thus far seen how abominable drunkenness is in itself let me now proceed to the second point, and consider how disastrous are the consequences of this vice. But these evil consequences are so numerous, that for want of time I shall be obliged to pass over many of them, while I must be very brief in describing the few that I shall mention. The consequences, then, of drunkenness are most disastrous first, for the drunkard himself, secondly, for his family; thirdly, for the Church...

And lastly for society at large. I say first for the drunkard himself, I will say nothing of the ruin of his health, which takes place by degrees, in consequence of the gradual weakening of his physical strength by excessive drink; nor of the loss of his reputation for who can respect a man who walks the streets like a veritable flower-pot, his legs full of whiskey blossoms, like a two-legged whiskey barrel? Nor will I dwell on the ruin of the natural faculties of his soul, the memory of which is gradually weakened, and the intellect becomes dull, and the will powerless in consequence of drinking to excess; nor will I show you that the drunkard becomes gradually unfit for any kind of labor, corporal or mental, nor for any office or profession, for this is self-evident from experience. Passing over these or other evil consequences of this vice leads its victims into all sorts of sins, and not infrequently to the most criminal excesses, and how it renders his conversation next to impossible. I say drunkenness leads its victims to all sorts of sins. Need I prove this? Tell me, brethren, who is it that curses, swears, and blasphemes most frequently and most shockingly? It is the drunkard. Who desecrates the Sundays and Holy days of obligation, and misses Mass on those days most commonly? It is the drunkard. Who dishonors parents by insults and even blows? It is the drunkard. Who is most shameless in the use of filthy language and in the commission of the vilest sins of impurity, of adultery, fornication, and other crimes which I forbear even to mention in this sacred place? It is the drunkard. Who is it that most frequently steals, cheats and robs his neighbor of his temporal property? It is the drunkard. Who cannot live in peace with his neighbor nor even with his nearest relatives? It is the drunkard. Who is it that neglects his Annual Confession and his Easter Communion? It is the drunkard. Who is it in fine, that breaks and tramples under foot the whole decalogue, all the Ten Commandments, all the precepts of Holy Church and defies his soul with every one of the seven deadly sins? It is the drunkard; yes,

the drunkard become guilty of all sorts of sins in consequence of his excess in drink. Nay, he not infrequently falls into most criminal excesses. Go to our jails and penitentiaries and ask for the worst criminals, they will point out to you nine out of ten who committed the most atrocious crimes in consequence of drunkenness. Take up the daily papers and read the long catalogue of robberies and murders and nine out of ten were committed by drunkards. Ascend our prison scaffold and ask why these unfortunates condemned to die so disgraceful a death and come out of ten will tell you: "It is because I was addicted to drink." His lust becomes at times so utterly monstrous that it knows no bounds; the drunkard will not even respect his nearest relatives, no, not even his own flesh and blood, so that the words of the psalmist are literally true of the drunkard when he says: "He is become like the horse and the mule, who have no understanding." (Ps. 31, 9).

His fury becomes at times so utterly horrible, that he will not shrink from imbruing his hand in the blood of his own brother and sister. Witness the execution of the paricide, Patrick Morrison who, years ago, ascended the scaffold with his own mother's blood red upon his hands for the drunkard has taken a big carving knife from the table and plunged it to the hilt into his mother's heart. Yes, there is no crime so wicked and atrocious into which the vice of drunkenness is most liable to plunge its unfortunate victims. But the worst consequence of drunkenness for its victim is the fact, that it renders his conversion next to impossible, yes, a real confirmed drunkard is scarcely ever converted. It requires a miracle of God's grace to convert such a man. Why? Because the drunkard gradually loses all moral strength, he loses all control of himself, energy and determination abandon him altogether, and his future once thoroughly infected with liquor, constantly longs for more. He will take the pledge, nay, he will swear by all that is sacred in religion to abstain from drink but scarcely have a few days or weeks elapsed and he is drunk again. He cannot make up his mind to keep out of the company of drunkards, to keep out of the gin-shop, away from those of his companions and false friends, and hence, he must relapse into his former state. He might obtain strength and grace from God, by prayer and frequenting the Sacraments, but this is precisely what he cannot make up his mind to do, prayer is disgusting to him, confession an insupportable burden. The sight of his temporal or spiritual misery, the thought of a bad death and the rigors of divine judgment, or the torments of hell eternal though he knows them to be—all, all vanish like smoke at the mere sight or sound of the accursed liquor. He is a physical and a moral wreck, and his conversion is next to impossible. Truly, then, the consequences of drunkenness are most disastrous for the drunkard himself, since it leads him into all sorts of sins and not infrequently into the most criminal excesses and renders his conversion next to impossible.

### THE DRUNKARD'S FAMILY.

But the consequences of this vice are also most disastrous for the drunkard's family, if he be a parent. First of all, he impoverishes his family, for either he does not work for them, being unable or unwilling to do so; or, if he does work for them he throws away the money for drink, which God places in his hand for the support of his wife and family. Nay, he not infrequently sells or pawns the property, the house and even the clothes of his poor wife and children. Thus his family once, perhaps comfortable is gradually brought to destitution; his wife and children are ragged, they go half naked and are starving for want of food. But this bad as it is, is only the least of the many evils which the drunkard brings upon his family. He robs his family not only of food and raiment, but also of peace and happiness. This needs no proof, for what peace or happiness can possibly reign in the family of the drunkard, since he fulfills neither the duties of a husband, nor those of a father, cursing, brawling, quarreling, fighting and abusing one another is the order of the day in that family, no one regards the feeling of another, every one seems on the contrary anxious to annoy and to abuse the other, and who is the cause of all this? It is the drunkard father. He ought to be a king, a prince of peace, in his family to whom all the members should look up to with respect and reverent submission. But who can respect a man who lowers himself below the brute? Finally after robbing the family of their property, of their peace and happiness he is the cause of their entire spiritual and temporal ruin. Look at the drunkard's unfortunate wife! what a spectacle! Misery is depicted in every movement of her haggard face. She is unable to practice her religion, for the drunkard has stolen and pawned her clothes, so she cannot decently appear out doors, she finds no happiness in her desolate home, surrounded by a number of half naked children. No wonder, then, that at last she gives up in despair, nay, turns to drinking herself, or seeks to gain a livelihood by a life of sin and shame. And this is the woman, whom a few years ago, that unfortunate man

### ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE BIGOTS.

intelligent Americans drank it in eagerly and lauded the Admiral's name with epithets. "It was religious bigotry which poisoned the shafts against the Admiral. The story which spread everywhere in Washington on Monday and still alive was that the house which the American people had given to Dewey was to become the property of the Roman Catholic Church. "This story reported with the utmost circumstantiality, accounts for all the subsequent events by ascribing them to the greed of the Church and its desire to obtain the Dewey house for a parsonage and to get hold of the property as soon as possible. The influence of this religious bigotry was felt as soon as the Admiral's engagement became known, and especially after the marriage. There was a distinct cooling off in the enthusiasm for Dewey. People who had been shouting for him became lukewarm and suspicious. "It only needed the transfer of the house to give edge and point to this latent animosity. The fact that Mrs. Dewey was not a born Catholic, but a convert, inspired additional hostility. "The newspaper which printed the abuse of Dewey did not let this underlying sentiment get into type, and it had no publicity outside of Washington until its appearance in the Southern Journal referred to. Its widespread and general acceptance indicates the extent to which public opinion can still be formed by word of mouth, even in these days of newspapers. "The general outburst of wrath from the rest of the country has silenced this city so far as public expression is concerned, but in street, shop and private house, slander and rumor are still busy. A fine illustration of the patriotism of the anti-Catholic spirit that prevails in certain strata of American society. Where is their boasted liberty of conscience, and equal rights to all freeborn citizens?"

## FAREWELL TO TALLON AND REDMOND.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

New York, December 6.—The farewell given to Lord Mayor Tallon and Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., as they embarked on their return to the old land, by the Irish Americans of New York, was as enthusiastic as their arrival in this Empire City two months ago. In the morning the corridors of the Hoffman House, where they were staying, were crowded with Irishmen who shook hands with them and bade them God-speed. They were followed by large crowds to the pier at which they got on board the Campana.

On behalf of the Lord Mayor and himself, Mr. Redmond, before he left the hotel, gave the reporters a statement in which he said that the result of his visit had exceeded, justified the expectations of the committee. Over \$30,000 had been collected, and more was still expected. That very morning several thousand dollars had reached them from Boston. It is calculated that \$75,000 would be required altogether, \$5,000 for the Parnell Monument in Glasnevin Cemetery, \$20,000 to pay of the debt on the Parnell estate at Avondale and \$50,000 for the Parnell monument in Dublin. Mr. Redmond added:

"I may say for myself that unless as I would have desired to remain in America and work for our mission, matters at home made it absolutely necessary for him to return."

For several days before their departure the distinguished visitors were tendered receptions by several organizations of their compatriots in this city. The First Regiment, Irish Volunteers, held a drill exercise, a dress parade, a review, and a reception in their honor. Colonel Thomas F. Lynch conducted the drill. After the review Miss Nora Maloney, of the Clare Ladies' Association, banded the Lord Mayor an Irish flag, requesting him to present it to the regiment on behalf of the association. She said that she had worked a whole year on the flag, and that it had been to her a labor of love.

Mr. Tallon then presented the flag to Col. Lynch. He had never felt so proud, he said, as when a few days previously President McKinley had assured him that the Irish Volunteers in the United States were the first to respond to the nation's call for arms. He also felt proud to see such a fine body of his countrymen as that regiment, well drilled and equipped and ready at any moment to fight for the great Republic in which they were citizens.

## THE CENTURY MISSION.

In St. Patrick's Parish the work of mission for the unmarried women commenced under most promising auspices last Sunday. The work has been exceedingly encouraging and the influence of the mission on this important section of the population cannot fail to extend to all other sections and produce beneficial results on the other side of the street. Those who participate in the exercises, it is to be regretted that the Rev. Father, who is the ablest and most energetic of all the mission preachers who spend his mission week here, has been unfortunately called away, and departed with regret. When he is back again, the cause of his absence is the death of his brother, to whose funeral he was summoned.

The young men of the parish will avail themselves, as have their mothers and sisters of the grand week of grace reserved for them. In St. Ann's parish the mission goes on most advantageously. The work for the married men has been carried on by most encouraging and vigorous efforts. One of the features of the mission, which shall long remain in the memories of the parishioners, was Rev. Father Hogan's ably assisted and energetic sermons on intemperance, a record of which we publish in our columns. In connection with that course a most enlightening incident took place in order not to interfere with the progress, and effectiveness of the good work, the parishioners who had been signed a promise, publicly made, to refrain under all circumstances from selling any intoxicants during the time, or hours of mission services.

It had been originally announced that the last week of Advent would be reserved for the retreat of the young unmarried men, but Father Quinnivan and the preacher of the mission came to the conclusion that such a course would bring them too close to Christmas, a time when young men engaged in various employments would be prevented in attending the exercises. Therefore, it has been decided to commence the young men's mission on Sunday next. It is to be hoped that the attendance will be in accord with the splendid opportunity offered, and

The missions in St. Anthony's and St. Gabriel's will commence on Sunday evening. In St. Gabriel's parishes will be Rev. Fathers Connelly and Turgeon in St. Anthony's Rev. Fathers O'Brian and Kelly. The mission in St. Mary's has been postponed until after Christmas, owing to the church being closed for renovation and repairs. The work, it is expected will be finished at one for the celebration of Midnight Mass.

## ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE BIGOTS.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of his triumphant return to New York, Admiral Dewey was presented by the people with a \$500,000 house, in recognition of his great services and as a mark of national appreciation. A few weeks later the Admiral married a distinguished Catholic lady, and, as a wedding gift, transferred the house to her. For weeks the press, of a certain class, was alive with abuse of the house, and on the face of it this widespread hostility was ridiculous. If the people gave him a house, or anything else, was it not with the right to use it, or dispose of it as best suited to him? The Washington correspondent of the New York Times, has come out squarely on the subject, and his exposure is so interesting that we give the leading features of it. He writes:

"Now that the Dewey incident is closed there is naturally a good deal of speculation as to the origin and cause of the sudden storm of wrath which came up, apparently from a clear sky, and began to beat on the Admiral's head within an hour after the first report of the transfer was known. It came principally from Washington, and reached its worst degree of vituperation and violence here."

"The fact is, that in the tide of abuse that set so strongly toward Dewey in the beginning of the week there was an undercurrent of the existence of which was so discreditably to American intelligence that nobody liked to make it public. The edge of the wrath against Dewey was sharpened and poisoned by an incredible story which sprang up from nowhere and spread like wildfire, and was eagerly accepted and implicitly believed. It bore no marks of authorship; it was accompanied by no proofs, yet presumably

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# IRISH GENIUS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

Dr. Dr. Hickey, of Maynooth College and Vice-president of the University College Library and Historical Society, of Dublin, delivered an address on the occasion of the inaugural meeting of the association. It is not often that we meet with anything so new, so spirited, so logical, and so true as what we find expressed in that speech. While we skip much of the introduction and the generalities contained therein, we must give in full the body of that masterly effort. By habit we have come to speak of the works of Irishmen, published in English, as Irish literature, the mistake thus made is forcibly pointed out by Dr. Hickey. Mr. Arthur B. Clery, Auditor of the Society had spoken of the works of Irishmen in English. In moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, amongst other things Dr. Hickey said:

"With his view as to the merits of our old-time poetic literature when compared with Anglo-Irish poetic literature, I am in thorough sympathy and agreement. His remarks on the subject have, I believe, been true, just and judicious. Nor do I think that he has over-rated the prose of Burke, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Swift, Steele, and Berkeley. In English literature—nay, in world-literature—his place is undoubtedly high. But how can it, in any sense, be called Irish literature, or its creators Irish writers, passes my comprehension. Irishmen they undoubtedly were, and Irish, too, was their genius, as far as blood, race, and heredity can influence or determine genius. Few will be found to condemn the auditor's perfectly natural indignation and resentment at the cool, impudent, and cold-blooded appropriation of so many of our men of genius by the predominant partner. To say, however, that they were Irishmen, that their genius was too largely of the outcome of Irish influences, racial or otherwise, is one thing; to say that they are Irish writers, to assert that their works are Irish literature, to contend, as the auditor has done, that they are the lineal descendants of our ancient lyricists and epics, the products of their genius, a natural development of their olden poetic literature, is quite another matter. I fail to see how we can in any sense regard them as Irish writers, or their works as Irish literature. I wish it were otherwise; but I have to face the facts as I find them, not as I could wish them to be. By no means do I admit that the works of the so-called Celtic Revivalists are Irish literature, but for them it seems to me quite clear, a very much stronger case could be made out than for Burke and the other great literary luminaries to whom the auditor has directed our attention. Whether literature produced by Irishmen in the English language is in any sense or under any circumstances Irish literature has recently formed the subject of fierce and protracted controversy. That controversy I have no intention of reversing on this occasion. I fully agree with those who held that such literature never is, never can be, Irish literature.

But just now that is not my point. My contention is that, even though it were admitted that such literature could in certain circumstances and with certain limitations be fairly described as Irish literature, the works of Burke and his great contemporaries cannot be held to satisfy in any sense the required conditions. It is idle to say that the authors were Irishmen, that their writings are the products of Irish genius. How far will this carry us? Let us see. In the last century a countryman of ours, Dr. Thomas O'Hearn, lived in Belgium, and made valuable contributions to Flemish poetic literature; so at least the Belgians themselves think. The author of those poems was an Irishman, the poems themselves were the offspring of Irish genius. Literature they undeniably are, for otherwise they would not be rated so highly. But are they Irish literature? Just as much as "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The School for Scandal," and "Reflections on the French Revolution"—no less and no more. What better case can be made out for the great writers whom Ireland gave to English literature in the last century than for the Hiberno-Flemish poet? Their subjects were hardly ever Irish—in case of most of them never. Their education and training were not Irish. Their formative influences and environment, at least during by far the greater part of their inspiration were not Irish. They lived in the main out of Ireland. Their interests were in the

main not Irish. Their works were produced in almost every case out of Ireland. The audiences whom they addressed, the public for whom they wrote, were hardly ever Irish. In their works there is no Irish coloring and scarcely ever an Irish note or undertone. The utmost that can be said is that a few of them retained strong Irish sympathies of a political kind. How, then, can they be regarded as Irish writers, or their works be acclaimed as Irish literature? Whatever claim may be set up for writers of the Neo-Gothic school, none, it seems to me, can be set up for them. They are simply great names donated by Ireland to English literature. Their works, high as we may rate them, and much as we may pride in them as the products of Irish genius, are English literature pure and simple, unless where now and again they attain to the position and dignity of world-literature.

But what of the theory of development which the auditor has propounded? "It is a well-observed phenomenon," he has told us, "of all literature that a period of great poetry is succeeded by a period of prose-writers." Be it so, I need not contest or pause to examine that statement; it is not necessary to my argument. But assuming that Plato and the Greek orators are a natural development of Aristotle and the tragedians; that Voltaire and Rousseau are a natural development of Corneille and Racine; that Addison, Richardson, and their contemporaries are a natural development of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists and poets, how does it appear that Burke, Swift, and the others are a development, natural or otherwise, of our ancient lyricists and epics? In my opinion there is absolutely no analogy. Where you have no continuity there can be no development. In Greece and France and England there was continuity and perfect continuity—continuity of language, and therefore continuity of literature and literary tradition. The later writers were acquainted with the works of those who preceded them. Their education was largely based upon them. Their thought was largely shaped by them. They formed their mind from them. They were to a large extent the agents of their intellectual culture and training, and the fountains of their inspiration. Furthermore, the later as well as the earlier writers dwelt in the same lands, worked in much the same environment, addressed the same people. Under such circumstances I can quite understand natural development and lineal descent.

But how does all that has been said fit in with the Irish case? Burke and his great contemporaries owed nothing to the ancient Irish poets. They knew nothing of our olden literature, for they were ignorant of the language in which it was written. Their education was carried on without the slightest reference to it. In the main they lived and wrote in an alien land. Their environment and substantial interests were not Irish. Their formative literary influences were not Irish. How, then, I ask, can their works be held to be in any sense a development of our ancient poetic literature, or they themselves be regarded as the lineal descendants of our ancient lyricists and epics? The real fact is that, like Addison and Richardson, they were rather a development of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Although I have been obliged to joust with the auditor on these points, my admiration for his paper is not on that account a whit the less. I sincerely congratulate him upon it, and I thank him for having selected such a subject. Such subjects are the most suitable and useful for societies composed of young Irishmen of ability and education. They appeal to them as no other subjects can. They arouse their sympathies, speak to their hearts, fire their imaginations, and after all, let doctors say what they will, such subjects as naturally awaken interest, fire the imagination and enlist its aid in the work of education, are the truest, best, and most effective agencies of culture and intellectual development. For this reason it is gravely to be deplored—is nothing less than a national calamity—that native subjects and national features find so little place in Irish education. To the members of the society, and, indeed, to all young Irishmen, would I therefore, appeal to interest themselves in the past of this old nation of ours, in its language, literature and history."

## WAR'S AGONY AND SORROW.

Private letters from a resident of Turban, depict the horrors of the Transvaal war in vivid colors. The writer quotes a fellow-German refugee, Heinrich Auar, forced to leave Johannesburg because, as husband of an English woman, he was suspected of British sympathies, had visited the battlefields of Glencoe:

"I judge there were about 1,000 dead and wounded on the battlefields of Glencoe, when we passed it on October 21, in the afternoon. I shall never forget the sight, for I haven't slept a second since then.

"Picture to yourself heaps of bodies, some stretched out beyond their own length, it seemed, as if they had grown longer with the infinity of torture; others curled as if, in dying, they had been searching for a friendly hand, and in their anxiety had, perhaps, caught hold of their own limbs.

"There were rows of Boers who died kneeling in the trenches in a natural position.

"Several bodies I found standing boldly upright, leaning against trees or other impediments that had prevented them from falling. They were

all shot in the head, and their faces were black from powder, dust or the beginning of putrefaction.

"And all over this living grave rose the gurgling wailing of wounded and expiring men, who groaned and sighed for help, or for death to come, while their hands and nails clutched at the earth and grass.

"Ah, that one night, by a ministering angel, dispatch some of those unhappy ones by a beneficial dose of poison! I caught myself running away howling and blubbering from the side of a Boer, who was vainly trying to stop the flow of his blood. There a brave rifleman, who had bitten off his tongue while seized by spasms. I saw three or four men die within arm's length of me. One suddenly rose, jumped high in the air and fell back dead.

"Outside the hospital tents I found Boers lying on cots flitting with their arms and murmuring: 'What's the use—let's retreat and back at them.'

"Here was a whole row of sharpshooters disposed in excellent order, with their officer in the centre, evidently struck by a volley as they were obeying a command to shoot themselves.

"An overturned battery there, the piece of ordnance buried in the sand, parts of human and horses' bodies mingled indissolubly, swimming in a pool of blood. Many of the dead had their faces turned in the direction of the sinking sun. Their spirits were sinking at the same time, I reckon.

"Over the lying hospitals hung the awful smell of chloroform. Saws were buzzing over bones, knives sharpened and draughts concocted in the open air. The sentinels and outposts shot vultures by the dozen without driving all away. Thank God, the human hyenas of the battlefield were missing, though, there are not enough people in this neighborhood to yield these outcasts that in civilized Europe abound.

"One of the English sanitary officers showed me a basket full of letters which his men had gathered on the battlefield. Wounded to the death, despairing of timely rescue, many English officers and men had scribbled a word of farewell to their loved ones, or, else, pressing to their lips some lines received from mother or father, wife, sister, bride or intended. I myself ran across some of these messages. One or two seemed stained with tears, all had blood spots on them. Several were beyond deciphering.

"A hospital nurse told me that he found many dead Englishmen stretched on their backs, knapsacks under their head and photographs in their uninjured hands. Maybe they had been dying for hours, having had just strength enough to make themselves comfortable and take the picture from their pocket."

## ZOLA ON HIS OWN WORKS.

Recently an Austrian gentleman found his son reading Zola's infantile novel "Nana," and he was so anxious about the effects that such a work might have upon the youth, that he wrote to Zola and asked him plainly if he—the author, thought that his works could be read without danger, by young people. The following is Zola's answer:

"Sir,—I do not write for young girls and I do not think the reading of all of my works can be good for minds that are yet in a state of development. You are perfectly right to direct, as you see fit, the education and instruction of your children and they owe you obedience in such matters. Later on, when life will free them from control, they may read what they like. Accept, sir, the expression of my deep regard.

EMILE ZOLA."

Nothing could be more significant, and at the same time sophisticated than this answer from the pen of the man who has written some of the most admirable works of the century. According to him it is only fully developed, or fully educated brains that can attempt to digest with safety the works of Zola. This is, we say, a significant admission on the part of an author, and suffices of itself to justify the placing of his writings on the index. The first line, however, of the letter is a sophistical statement quite characteristic of Zola. He was not asked specially about the young girls, but about young people—the case being that of a boy. Yet he takes the trouble to say that he does not write for young girls. This is false. Possibly while Zola is composing a book he has not the young

girls before his mind as readers; but he writes for publication, and publication is for all readers—including girls and boys. He does not write for girls, but he takes every means necessary and within his power to have his writings circulated—which means amongst girls as well as amongst full matured people. If his works are of such a character that he is obliged to excuse them by stating that they are not for young girls, he should either take effective measures to prevent them from coming under the eyes of these young girls, or else not publish them at all. A man sets fire to a house and the conflagration extends to such an extent that half a city is reduced to ashes, it is no excuse for him to say that, in setting the fire, he had no intention that it should burn any other houses than the one which he wished to destroy. A man calumniates his neighbor to half a dozen friends, the calumny gets abroad and is taken up and repeated by hundreds; it is no justification for him to say that he did not tell the story for the hundreds he had only mentioned it for the benefit of a few. The house-burner should not have lit the fire at all, since it was certain to go beyond his control; the calumniator had no business to state, even for a few, the calumny, since he could not prevent them repeating it. Zola is unjustified in writing for mature minds that which is unfit for undeveloped minds, because once his words are printed he can no more recall them, nor prevent them from reaching those whom they must injure, than he is capable of gathering together last summer's leaves, or preventing this winter's snow from falling.

## IS IT A MIRACLE?

"It shows that God is very near to us." Such was the comment made by one of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart yesterday after she had been speaking of what is said to be a miracle at the Convent of the Sacred Heart Order in Maryville, Missouri, and hidden from the public gaze as are the nuns of all communities, and especially, retiring as are those of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of the Maryville Convent made every effort to keep secret this remarkable event, which took place a month ago. Gradually, however, it has become known. It was learned by the children of the convent school; it reached the ears of parish priests at an ecclesiastical gathering and has been told to the Archbishop. The lack of boasting and the pious quietness which kept the event unknown for many days after it happened have tended to increase credence in the miraculous character of the cure which has been accomplished, recalling the while the words Jesus, who, after healing the leper said unto him: "See that thou tell no man."

The subject of the miracle for such it is believed to be by those who witnessed it—was Mme. Burke, a Sister of the Sacred Heart, who lay sick, almost to death, at Omaha early this fall. Her trouble commenced with a pain in her side and gradually a lump developed, which a physician in Omaha pronounced a tumor. About this time the Rev. Mother Burke, of the Maryville convent, visited the House of the Sacred Heart in Omaha. She was greatly distressed over Mme. Burke's condition, and after consultation with the authorities in the Omaha Convent it was decided that the reverend Mother should bring Mme. Burke to St. Louis for treatment by a physician of this city. This was done, Dr. Adolphe L. Boyce was requested to attend Mme. Burke and it is said that when he saw the case he pronounced it cancer and advised an operation. Dr. Boyce was ready for the operation, but the Sisters asked him to wait nine days till the patient might be fortified by a novena which they would offer in her behalf.

the intercession of Mme. du Chesne were presented was recently held at St. Charles, Mo.

The intercession of Blessed Mother Barat was constantly prayed for by the Sisters at the Maryville Convent; a garment which had been worn by Mother Barat was worn by Mother Burke; but even with all this devotion and tender care she continued to grow worse. A malignant cancer develops rapidly, and when the nine days were ended it was too late for an operation. All hope for assistance through human agency seemed to have vanished. The patient lay on the verge of death. She expressed no fear of death, but said that for the honor of the Blessed Mother Barat she had hoped that she might live. Such a miracle as this would have greatly benefited the cause of canonization of the revered Mother. There was nothing more to be done for the suffering nun but to administer the last sacraments.

One Friday morning she received Holy Communion. Propped up by pillows on the bed; this small exertion seemed almost beyond her strength. All in the convent were now prepared to hear of her death.

But in the sick room suddenly there was a change. The emaciated look was gone from the face. The eyes became bright. In a few moments Mme. Burke arose—the lump was gone. She dressed herself and, unaided, walked out of the room and down stairs. When the doctor came it was his patient who opened the door for him. She was entirely cured, and from that time, one month ago, until the present, she has been well and strong.

The Mother Superior of the Maryville Convent, when asked concerning the authenticity of the story yesterday, said that it was true, but she earnestly requested that it be unannounced through the public press, as the nuns had no desire to be known save through their silent influence. Dr. Boyce also admitted the remarkable occurrence, but desired to discuss the matter without the permission of the Mother Superior.

His Grace Archbishop Kain was seen last night and gave a short resume of the reported healing as he had learned it while on a visit to the convent. He seemed much pleased over the occurrence, but said that he could not say whether it was a "real" miracle or not. "It happened to be down to the Convent a day or so ago," His Grace said, "and I was told the circumstances concerning the cure. Of course, of my own knowledge I know nothing about it, and am not prepared to say whether it was a miracle or not. One thing I do know—that Mme. Burke talked with me and told me all about it. She seemed perfectly well at the time. You must understand that I have no right to say whether it was a miracle. That is for Rome to say. If the Sisters want this occurrence made an authenticated miracle, it will have to be gone about in a systematic way. First they will have to gather every iota of proof;

sworn statements will be taken from the physicians, the Sisters who knew of the case and from the patient herself.

"When this is done I will sit in judgment, as it were. With me will be several advisers. After weighing those proofs, if we think they are sufficient they will be forwarded to Rome. There they will be scrutinized closely. So closely is this done that the man who has charge of 'testing' the validity of these miracles is called 'The Devil's Advocate.' He is a sort of Prosecutor, and if there is the slightest flaw in the proofs, the occurrence will not count for a miracle.

"I was told at the convent that they would make no effort to have this purported miracle authenticated. They told me that it would in no way help toward the canonization of the Blessed Mother Barat, the head of the order. There have been a number of miracles performed in her name and to her glory which have been well authenticated by Rome. The addition of another would have no possible effect. It will be only a matter of time when the head of the order will be canonized. This takes a long time. Before it can be done proofs of extraordinary virtue must be added. Miracles performed in her name and with her aid are supposed to be a proof of her virtue. There must be at least three of these to constitute undeniable proof.

"What do I think about this purported miracle? I told you that was not for me to decide. If it can get past the 'Devil's Advocate' at Rome, provided it is ever sent there, it will be plenty of time for me to give an opinion of its genuineness. No authenticated proofs have been given to me, and all that I know about it is what the members of the order told me. They think that it is a miracle without doubt, and I know the Sister looked well when I was speaking with her." St. Louis Globe-Despatch.

**A Woman's Opinion of a New Invention.**

The following story told by an American exchange is at once amusing and instructive:

Have you read about that new arrangement called the phototypewriter? asked the business man of Miss Blank, his private secretary. "It's something to do away with you women in the business world," he went on. "It's very simple. Strange nobody ever thought of it before. You just sit and talk into a receiver like the phonograph, and the type writer writes your letter. Simple—simplest thing ever offered for patent. I shall order one just as soon as it is on the market.

"I'm sorry for you girls who are here in the great world all alone, fighting along, but you must get married—you must get married. I believe the phototypewriter will do more than revolutionize the present conditions of the business world. It will restore women to their proper sphere.

"What's this?" the business man exclaimed, later in the day, as he picked up a letter on his desk.

"Oh!" said the private secretary. "I thought that as you intended to do away with my services as soon as the phototypewriter was patented you would like me to begin to do some work like that which it will probably turn out so you could be used to its arrangements."

The letter had been dictated soon after the conversation about the wonderful invention and read:

"Mr. William Jones—no, his name isn't William, it's James. Mr. James Jones. Have you got that? You must work quicker. Well, Mr. James Jones—no, William. Did I say William or James? James? Oh, yes. You have his address. No? Well, you'll find it in the directory. Look under 'J'—Jones, you know. It's somewhere down town. Wouldn't wonder if he was in Wall street. Always did like Wall street. Well, can't blame him. Lively street. Where was I? Mr. Walter Jones—um—um—um—My dear Sir. No, just make it 'Sir.' I don't want to be too familiar with a man like Jones. Nice fellow, but rather—oh! you know what I mean. You've got that, 'Sir?' Yours

The Ave Maria says it may be a long time before there is a daily newspaper in the English language devoted to Catholic interests. But let us not lose sight of the need of such an organ, especially in our own country. There is nothing like agitating a thing, and sooner or later some man of brains and of means will take up the idea and carry it into execution. Possibly before the end of the next century it will be generally understood that the honor and glory of God may be promoted in many other ways besides erecting magnificent churches; and that since the printing press is a gigantic power for the spread of error and crime, it may as well be made a gigantic power for truth and justice and righteousness.

The amateur detective is as humorous a character as any of Shakespeare's clowns, or even old Dogberry himself. He finds the most astonishing clues, and generally follows them until he brings up about as far away from the solution of the mystery as mortal well may be. But the specialist in the detection of crime, Sherlock Holmes, is a man who reads clues, as the Indian reads a trail. Every step he takes is a step to success.

It's much the same way in the detection of disease. While the amateur is blundering along over misleading symptoms, the specialist goes right to the real cause and puts an arresting hand upon the disease. It is in such a way that Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., succeeds in hunting out and arresting diseases where the less experienced practitioners fail. More than thirty years of special study and experience have enabled Dr. Pierce to read symptoms as easily and as truly as the Indian reads a trail which is without a hint for a less acute vision than his. Any sick person can consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without charge. Each letter is read in private and answered in private. Its contents are held as sacredly confidential. It is answered with fatherly feeling as well as medical skill and the reply is sent sealed in a perfectly plain envelope, that there may be no third party to the correspondence. Thousands have taken the first step to health by writing to Dr. Pierce. No writer ever regretted writing. Ninety-eight in every hundred treated have been positively cured. If you are afflicted with any old obstinate ailment write to-day, you will be one day nearer health. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

of the 26th proximo just received. Now be sure and begin with a capital. You must be careful of your capitals. If there is one thing I am almost cranky about it's my spelling and punctuation and diction. Diction, yes, I'm great on diction. Did I say proximo? You know I meant ultimo. You mustn't wait for me to tell you these little things. Now, new paragraph.

"In regard to that little affair—ur—ur—that business deal to which we spoke—of which we spoke—I would suggest that you visit the proper authorities—no, scratch that out. I would suggest that you call and confer with the authorities with whom we—I mean I—have had correspondence; spell correspondence with one 'r.' I had a young man once who always insisted upon spelling it with two. Another paragraph.

"I should not be at all surprised if you found everything satisfactory in such a case, for everything is pretty sure to be satisfactory when, whom—everything is pretty sure to be satisfactory when—when. What did I say? Oh! yes, when it is satisfactory. No, cross all that last paragraph out. I don't believe in writing a long letter when a short one will do. I'm like a Pascal in that. Believe it's harder to write a short one than a long one. That'll do. Yours, respectfully—no, truly, yours, that'll do."

Then the business man changed his mind about the value of the new invention.

This may be all an invention and merely told as a joke, but it is suggestive of very many peculiar considerations. Every day we read in the press reports of speeches delivered at banquets, at political meetings, at concerts, and under various circumstances. These speeches are admirable in print. But if the reporter, in any one case, were to take down the exact words of the speaker, with all the hitches, hesitations, repetitions, and peculiarities, of phraseology, and to give the same in the columns of the press, what would be the result? How many of the gentlemen, who are reported to have delivered "able," or "eloquent," or "appropriate," or "splendid" addresses would feel flattered? It would be amusing to subject every speaker—let us say during one week—to this test. We are afraid that many a learned doctor, or brilliant graduate, would feel the necessity of revising the proofs before his words would be made public.

There is no uncertainty about Pynchon's Pectoral. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25 cents of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry-Davis' Pain-Killer.

The Ave Maria says it may be a long time before there is a daily newspaper in the English language devoted to Catholic interests. But let us not lose sight of the need of such an organ, especially in our own country. There is nothing like agitating a thing, and sooner or later some man of brains and of means will take up the idea and carry it into execution. Possibly before the end of the next century it will be generally understood that the honor and glory of God may be promoted in many other ways besides erecting magnificent churches; and that since the printing press is a gigantic power for the spread of error and crime, it may as well be made a gigantic power for truth and justice and righteousness.

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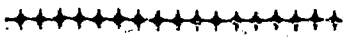
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Notes of Irish News.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.



KILLARNEY NOT SOLD.-- No event of a similar nature has aroused so much interest in these countries as the sale by auction of the famous Lakes of Killarney, says the "Irish People." The sale was fixed for Tuesday last, and so numerous were the applications for admission that the auctioneer, Mr. James H. North, had to secure the Antient Concert Rooms. It was a strange turn of fortune that brought the loveliest, fairest place on the earth under the hammer of an auctioneer. The uniqueness of the occasion, and the extraordinary interest aroused by the protracted controversy regarding the sale that has been waged ever since the Muckross Estate was known to be about to change hands, invested Tuesday's proceedings with something in the light of an entertainment for the fashionable throng that crowded the Antient Concert Rooms. With a more than customary display of the auctioneer's skill, as befitted the occasion, Mr. North unfolded the attractions of the "Beauty's Home." Bidding started at £35,000, and being confined to three solicitors, ran after a time to £50,000. The latter sum was received with loud applause. No one was inclined to go higher than this amount, which the auctioneer declared altogether too low for the property. The solicitor for the vendor thereupon bid £51,000 the auction proving abortive. Killarney's new owner is still to be found.

A RELIC OF PENAL DAYS.-- At the meeting of the Finance and Works Committee of the Sligo Corporation, the Mayor, Mr. E. J. Tighe, presiding, Alderman McCarrick, gave notice to move the following resolution at the next special meeting of that Council: "That this Council call upon all the Irish members of Parliament to use their best endeavors to have a clause in the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, dealing with Jesuits, friars and monks, revoked as soon as possible, as that clause holds every Jesuit, friar and monk in the kingdom criminals in the eye of the law of England. That copies of this resolution be sent to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and to Mr. John Dillon, M. P."

A PETTANSE IN OLD AGE.-- Our sympathy is with Mrs. Julia Leary of Tralee, remarks the "Irish People." She is destitute in her old age--quite destitute. She applied for relief to the local guardians and they granted her a shilling a week. Now Mrs. Leary has two sons in the army. They are at present in South Africa, fighting the Boers; therefore we may safely assume that they are strong, healthy young men. We are all proud of the fact that filial affection and generosity are distinguishing traits of the Irish race. In tens of thousands of cases throughout Ireland young men toil from daybreak to dusk all the year round, summer and winter, in the open fields beneath the burning summer sun and the winter's frost and rain, or in crowded factories or noisy city streets, that the loved ones at home may not see the face of hunger. We have known of many a brave, earnest fellow who, to keep a widowed mother and his little brothers and sisters from the workhouse or the relief list, spent the best days of his youth in unremitting wearying toil, and never for a moment deemed he had done more than his duty. Thank God, the love for parents and brothers and sisters in Ireland is no mere profession. It is an ineradicable instinct of the Irish heart. It displays itself in the case of the young agricultural laborer who, on a pittance shilling a day earned by honest work, keeps a humble household for the widowed mother and the little ones without ever thinking that his was a life of heroic self-sacrifice of which the English workers, two-thirds of whose aged people die within the walls of workhouses, as are incapable as they are of appreciating the Irish character. And it displays itself in the case of the poor girls from valley and mountain side who

leave their quiet valleys And cross the Atlantic's foam, To board their hard-won earnings, For the helpless ones at home.

A WEXFORD FAIR.--The Emancipatory Fair was attended by dealers and agents from England and Scotland, and business was very active. The reason is assigned to the demand for horses created by the war in the Transvaal. Messrs. Widger, Waterford, bought a large number of troopers at £50, £55, and £60. Mr. Maguire, of Clonah, bought eight troopers at figures varying from £30 to \$40. Mr. Nugent, of Dublin, bought four hunters at £40 to £60, as well as a big number of animals which would serve as cavalry remounts. Mr. Thomas Doyle, Dublin, bought 20 cobs at from £20 to £30. Mr. Meleady, Dublin, secured a large assortment of troopers at from £26 to \$40. Mr. Bentley, of London, bought 60 cob horses at from £20 to £25.

AN EXILE'S PLACE.-- One of the interesting personalities of Cork County Council is Mr. Michael Barry, the genial representative of Newmarket. A returned Irish-American, shrewd, level-headed, and practical, with the go-ahead ideas of the Yankee grafted on the finer qualities of the Celt, the Irish-American element adds the writer, is certain to play an important part in the Ireland of the future.

A MEMORIAL.-- In recognition of his services rendered to religion by the late Rev. Monsignor Maguire, and his life-long labors for the advancement of the best interests of

all classes of the community, a public meeting of the citizens of Cork, decided to open a fund for the erection of a suitable memorial to the distinguished ecclesiastic.

THE CROPS.-- Reports from all parts show that the Irish potato crop of this year has been an excellent one. The "Farmers' Gazette" states that notwithstanding the very general prevalence of the blight throughout the country during the late summer and autumn months, the potato crop is at present reaching the market in uniformly prime condition and selling at extremely moderate rates, while but few complaints are heard from any quarter, and these only from poor and remote mountainous districts principally in Connaught, regarding injury from disease. The crop almost entirely over the country has "dug out" considerably better than was at one time anticipated, and it is added that both in the matter of quantity and quality the season's yield of tubers bears a very favorable comparison with the best for a number of years.

THE UNITED LEAGUE.-- It is well to recur again, and even yet again, to underlying principles of the United League, says the "Irish People." For it is these principles that largely account for the hold it has taken of the popular imagination and popular affection. In these roots lie its strength, its hopes of enduring, its prospect of saving the country by restoring its unity.

First root principle: The reunion of its members. Second root principle: That the new organization must be independent of every question as to individuals, and, above all, as to what are supposed to be personal rivalries for leadership. Third root principle: That the controversies of the past are to be regarded as belonging to the past.

SISTERS OF MERCY.-- At a recent meeting of the Strabane Board of Guardians, says the Belfast "Irish News"--Mr. James Stewart, J.P., presiding--Mr. D. McCaffrey moved the following resolution: "That the board ask the Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy, Strabane, to be good enough to allow the Sisters to visit the workhouse hospital, and that there be a committee appointed to arrange with the superior and the doctor as to the days and times of the visits."

At the outset before Mr. McCaffrey had read his motion, Mr. David Craig made some remark, to him about letting the Salvation Army visit the workhouse. Mr. McCaffrey resented the remark, and said, although it might not have been altogether meant, it was, nevertheless, an improper remark to make. Preceding he said he did not wish to refer to the motion at length, because he considered it of little importance, but because he believed every member of the board had had ample time to consider the matter. If each of them had considered it he thought they would be willing to pass the motion at once, not by a majority of the board but unambiguously. By doing so they would be conferring a boon on the sick inmates of the hospital. In his opinion the poor inmates confined to sick beds would derive more benefit from one visit from the nuns than from all the medicine sold in chemists' shops.

The chairman said there was no objection to the nuns visiting the workhouse at any time. Mr. McCaffrey. We have had enough of that indefinite rule in the past. We don't want to have more friction in the future, and must have a specific understanding arrived at. Mr. P. O'Kane seconded the motion.

Mr. D. Craig here explained his observation about "including the Salvation Army." He said he did not intend to insult Mr. McCaffrey. Neither did he intend to insult the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. James Lapsley opposed the motion. He said he had been credibly informed there was a resolution on the books of long standing prohibiting these very ladies (the Sisters of Mercy) from visiting this house.

Mr. Burns. Why do you oppose the motion? Look at the work these ladies are doing at the present time in the Transvaal. There is no use in talking ridiculous nonsense.

Mr. Lapsley--I move that things remain as they were. I don't believe it would tend to the harmony of the house or of this board to pass the motion.

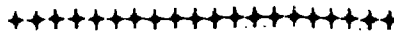
Mr. Henderson seconded the amendment. Mr. W. J. A. Wray, J.P., said the proposer of the motion should not ask the Protestant side of the house to invite the nuns to visit the house. Mr. Toorish. The amendment is to prevent them altogether from coming here. We, the Roman Catholics of this board ask, and insist upon asking the Sisters to come here. If we are defeated we will bring up the matter again and again.

Ultimately, Mr. McCaffrey agreed to the motion being amended by eliminating the words "ask the Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy, Strabane, to be good enough," so that the motion would read: "The Board allow the Sisters of Mercy to visit the workhouse hospital, etc."

But no less than 11,275 people left the country during the period, showing a net decrease of 3,145 in the population. Thousands of soldiers and army reserve men have been sent away to South Africa since September 30th, and many of them will never return. But far more serious from the point of view of those who are striving to win Ireland for the Irish

race is the never-ending drain by emigration. The wonder is where do the young people come from year after year, when we remember that for half a century generation after generation have grown up to early manhood and womanhood only to fill the emigrant ships and give all their energies and talents to the building up other nations.

FATE OF FATHER WHELAN IN NEWFOUNDLAND.



It has been the privilege of the "True Witness," from time to time, during the course of half a century, to bring into public notice writers whose verse or prose has become later on, part of our Irish Canadian literature. It is with pleasure that we place before our readers the following poem and explanatory letter, both from the old colony of Newfoundland.

To the Editor of the "True Witness," Sir.--The accompanying narrative poem claims space in your widely circulating journal. It is the production of a highly gifted priest, of the diocese of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, who has quite recently attracted public attention by the charming effusions of his pen. He bids fair to be "The Poet Priest of the North." The poem is historically true, though no printed page records the facts; unfortunately, the historian of the Church in Newfoundland is yet to come.

Father Whelan was an Irish priest whose mission extended from the parallel of Harbor Grace to the recumbent regions of the North. During the summer months it was customary to proceed to the Northern Settlements, and on the approach of winter, to return to headquarters. South. In the fall of the year 1799, just one hundred years ago, the "Fate of Father Whelan" was enacted near the storm-swept cliffs of Baccalieu. The body was carried to Harbor Grace a distance of forty miles, and now lies buried in the "Old Irish Cemetery" back of the gas house, where a monument marks the spot.

The poem will be a welcome Christmas guest in the homes of your many Newfoundland readers. I remain yours truly,

Just one hundred years ago, I look far back into other years, And lo! thro' my unbidden tears, I see in sight of old-folk lore, A fishing smack leave Foggy shore, And Southward steering for many a mile, The wind abate the beam the while, Rattle of oarage, clank of chain, "Ready?" "Aye, aye," and loud refrain "Heave away lads" and "yo heave ho." Just one hundred years ago,

And on its deck with visage bright Stands one of middle age and height, A man in garb of cleric dressed, Returning from his mission blessed, Who ere that morn had decked the sky, Did sacrifice to Him Most High, In lowly hut with turf clove laid, While women, men and children prayed, Whispering, weeping, bending low, Just one hundred years ago.

He knew that when bright spring returned He might feed again the light that burned; Might see once more, if God so willed, The vineyard rich that he had tilled, The flock that he had daily fed, The people whom his voice had led, To worship God and do the right, So his thoughts till fell the night, Dark and dreary, threatening snow, Just one hundred years ago.

The scene is changed, so too the wind, Lo! folk lore brings before the mind, A fishing smack, like frightened steed, Hastening South at wondrous speed,

With sails thrice reefed and helm lashed, As o'er the waves she madly dashed, Each man on deck was at his post, Silent like a sphynx or ghost, Across the sky the lightning sped, In angry flashes path, now red, While fierce North wind a gale did blow.

That night one hundred years ago, Crash! Boom!! the mighty thunder roars, Hark! from sea to heaven nowsoars, A cry: "O God, we're doomed, we're doomed!"

As high above in air they loomed, The frowning heights exposed to view, The towering cliffs of Baccalieu, Crash! crash! she strikes the flinty rock,

She plunges--reefs--sails from the shock, Loud screams, low gurgles--all is o'er, And the night wind shrieked as it shrieked before,

One hundred years ago, The scene is changed, At break of day, One morn lo! in Concepcion Bay, At Grate's Cove wild, down by the sea,

As fisher lads came o'er the lee, They espied an object floating by, Unto the shore, deserted high, With hurried steps, each questioning each,

They hie them towards the shingly beach, Where skiff they launch and seaward row, That morn one hundred years ago,

The flotsam reached, their oars be still, And o'er their hearts doth pass a thrill,

Thrill, not of pleasure but of awe, For there each eye in wonder saw, A priestly form, breast high thro' drowned,

As asking place in holy ground, Reverently they bare it to the shore, Those Irish lads in days of yore, And women's tears and men's did flow, That day one hundred years ago,

The consecrated hands they join-- As orbed did the Lord's Divine-- Place at his head a crucifix, But touch they not the sacred pyx, Wherein the Ruler of the waves, Reposed, while gentle hand now laces,

The cold white brow, the placid face, That 'ere in death reflects God's grace, Then waked they there God's power here,

One hundred fleeting years ago, But yet another day appeared, Ere that cold form in death encased, Enclosed in coffin of the poor, Was carried from the fisher's door, Then o'er the waves again 'tis borne, And soon another people mourned, Ye ancient men of Irish race, The pioneers of Harbor Grace, There Father Whelan was buried low, Just one hundred years ago,

There lies he now amid the dead, While round the spot the town has spread, Unknown to wealth and worldly fame,

He lived, known only is his name, And the sad fate that him befall, His age and birth-place who can tell?

It, eighteen hundred and eight years, Old John of Belvedere told to me, This tale that's ended now, of woe, Of just one hundred years ago,

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A DIVORCE REMEDY.

An American exchange says in regard to the divorce evil:

"That the evil exists, that it is demoralizing, that it ought to be abolished, is true enough, but there is only one remedy possible under our institutions, and that is education and public sentiment."

This is good advice, and sound, very well; but it is not practical, or practicable. There is only one system of education that can pretend to struggle at all successfully with divorce--it is the Catholic system. Every other one tends directly to the encouragement of divorce. It is the Protestant denial of the sacramental character of marriage that has opened the avenue which has subsequently led to the divorce courts. In all systems, other than that of Rome, the union of husband and wife, is reduced to a mere human contract. Social standing, the conventionalities of life, the respect of the good, have all no influence to check the current of divorce. Even in its worst stages in the higher than in the middle circles of society. The higher education of the day tends to the same end. In fact the more educated the non-Catholic the less restraint is there upon his conscience in regard to the marriage state.

It is the Catholic Church alone that preserves the sanctity of marriage, and therefore presents a barrier to the rising tide of divorce. It is only of the Catholic sacrament of matrimony that it may be said: "It is the joy of the present, the promise of the future, the innocence of enjoyment, the sanctity of passion, the sacrament of love, the slender curtain which shades its sanctuary, has for its purity, the whiteness of the mountain snow and for its protection, the bosom of the mountain adamant."

It is within the order of things that this deterioration, called divorce, must eventually cease, but that time will only be when the solid Christian-inspired principles of Catholicity once more sway the world.

Children will go shivering. They return covered with snow, Hat is teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent all effects. A cold substitute, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25 cents, and 50 cents.

EPISCOPAL ARBITRATION.

"La Semaine Religieuse" of last week gives a very interesting account of a peculiar trial which has just taken place in Montreal, it says:

Our readers have not forgotten the general sensation caused some months ago by the news of the falling of the Nicolet Cathedral. That church, which promised to be one of the most beautiful religious monuments in Canada, was not quite completed, when one of the pillars gave away, carrying down with it a substantial portion of the edifice. Every effort was made, in vain, to discover the cause of this accident. Everyone was questioned, but there appeared no means of coming to a satisfactory conclusion. The matter was about to be brought before the courts, when Mgr. Meunier, the venerable bishop of Saint Hyacinthe intervened and suggested an arbitration tribunal composed of the Archbishops of Ottawa, Quebec, and Montreal. The proposition was accepted by the both parties--the episcopal corporation of Nicolet and the contractors, Messrs. Pappet and Goubois. They bound themselves by notarial act to abide by the decision of the arbitrators.

Legal assistance was secured by both parties, and it was agreed that should any one of the parties pretend to contest the judgment of the arbitrators it would forfeit \$10,000. During two weeks, with two sessions of three hours each per day, the arbitrators listened to the witnesses and the arguments on either side. The facts and evidence of the case are now in the hands of the Archbishops and they will communicate in writing their judgment to the parties.

This singular proceeding marks a new epoch in the ecclesiastical history of our Province. It is a fresh proof of the union and mutual confidence which exists in this country, between the clergy and the various classes of the laity, even the most select. It indicates a spirit which we trust to see propagated.

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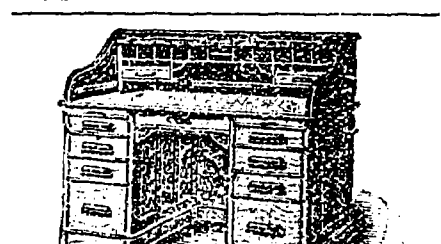
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EPICOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....DECEMBER 9, 1899.

News of the Week.

As will be seen by our New York correspondent in another column, the Mayor of Dublin and Mr. John E. Redmond left for home on Saturday last.

Some weeks ago we published extracts from the letter of Rev. Mr. De Costa, to the Anglican Bishop of New York, in which the former announced his resignation from the ministry of that Church.

According to the annual report of the secretary of war, in the United States Government, we find that: "The total expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1899, were \$225,797,262.32; the appropriations for the current year were \$86,810,290.03, and the estimates for the year ending June 30, 1901, are \$118,170,583.51."

A gigantic financial scheme is thus announced in a New York despatch: "Reports that have circulated in the city freely for a year or two, connecting the National City Bank with undertaking the formation of a large banking corporation of vast capital, were fully confirmed to-day in the announcement that the directors of the institution had unanimously voted to recommend to the shareholders an increase of its capital stock from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000."

Mr. Dillon has declined to serve on the committee appointed recently to carry on the unity negotiations. He claims no possible reconstruction of the party can be brought about by actual members of Parliament.

Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, once the recipient of a great deal of public attention in New York, has taken seriously ill and his malady is causing his physicians considerable alarm.

There is no longer any doubts as to the looting of Catholic Churches in the Philippines by American soldiers. The proofs have been ample. Catholics think the president could have prevented this had he issued an order against pillage.

The programme for the Holy Year inauguration festivities at Rome, may now be considered as definitely arranged. The ceremony of opening the Porta Santa will take place at midday, instead of midnight, on Christmas Eve, as the Pope's physicians did not consider it safe for the Holy Father to expose himself to the cold night air.

It will have struck the three customary blows with a golden mallet. This precious mallet, the gift of the Catholic Episcopate, is being prepared by the Papal Jeweller, De Angelis.

The large majority supporting the Walleck-Roussier government in France, seems to be an immediate menace to Catholic institutions in that country. Because the scheme elaborated during the last two months, which takes the form of an attack upon the religious congregations, ill conceals the war upon religious interests in France to the limits of the possible which is being meditated. The projected law on the right of association presented by the Government at the opening session of the Chamber of Deputies consists of seventeen articles. Those bearing upon religious association contain measures far more stringent and subversive than anything devised against religious Orders in the great upheaval of a hundred years ago.

The Duke of Abercorn, speaking at a Chrysanthemum Show in Belfast, said: "He did not know whether a plant he had in his mind was exhibited there. Possibly there were a few pots of it somewhere in the show—he referred to the shamrock, the emblem of Ireland's nationality. And when he referred to the shamrock he thought of those gallant fellows now fighting their battles in South Africa. Let them not be forgotten in the time of their sore distress. If any of those present had either friends or relations in either of those regiments he asked them to pick a little bit of shamrock, put it in a small box and send it by post to the front. When they received that from home at Christmas or New Year's Day it would be a most acceptable gift, a loving tribute of affection from the old country."

A year ago it was against the law for an Irish soldier to wear a sprig of green—

"Old times are changed, Old manners gone."

According to dispatches a cabinet crisis in Newfoundland was caused on Monday by the withdrawal from the cabinet of Mr. Morine, Minister of Fisheries, after a disagreement with Premier Winter. The situation has caused much financial and commercial feverishness.

Why should Scotchmen not be Home Rulers? The upper classes in Scotland seem to have it all their own way, says the London Universe. Talk of the landlord monopoly and injustice in Ireland that we have heard so much about during the whole of the just-expiring century! Affairs in Scotland seem to be not very much better. Nearly the whole of the land "across the border" is in the hands of a few titled families and the worst of it is, those high-up personages exercise the power at times to turn those enormously-broad acres into exclusively family preserves for the benefit and enjoyment of their private particular friends.

The "Church News," of Washington gives us information upon a subject about which we were uncertain. The explanation is as satisfactory as the positive information. We suspected the state of ostracism to which bigotry has consigned our co-religionists and we are pleased to be made pos-

tively aware of it, while being any but pleased with the existence of such a state. The "Church News" says:

The "True Witness," of Montreal, Canada, says, "It has frequently been asked us if there were any clause in the American Constitution as there is in the British one—that deprives a Catholic of the power to ever become President of the Republic? We could not answer the question." In view of the almost unanimous sentiment of the American papers relative to the impossibility of Admiral Dewey becoming President since he married a Catholic wife, we can not be surprised that our Canadian contemporary can not answer the question. Of course there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent a Catholic from filling any office in this country. The difficulty in the way of electing a Catholic to the presidency is caused entirely by the deep-seated bigotry in the hearts and minds of the people. We have reason to believe that this bigotry is being uprooted, but there is sufficient of it left to defeat a candidate for that high office who is either a Catholic or who has a Catholic wife. And at the same time we boast of our civil and religious liberty.

THE MAYORALTY.

Twenty-two—nearly twenty-three—years ago, on the 16th February, 1877, the "True Witness," gave expression to very emphatic sentiments regarding the Mayoralty question.

The unwritten convention of to-day regarding the alternating terms existed at that time. It is an agreement, a mutual understanding consecrated by many decades of practice.

Then, even as to-day, it was sought to break through that, fair and just law; then, even as to-day, the multiplicity of the Irish-Catholic element—the same staunch old organ—spoke out with no uncertain sound and supported the respecting of that unwritten, but mutually accepted, convention—irrespective of the nationality whose rights were menaced. We repeat: twenty-two years ago, on the 16th February, 1877, the "True Witness" contained, in the first column of its first page, these remarks:

It is an understood custom that the Mayors of Montreal shall be alternately an Irish Catholic, a French Catholic, and a Protestant. This has been the unwritten law which has guided municipal elections for years past. But a new departure was attempted this year. By virtue of the unwritten understanding next year a French Canadian would be mayor. Two of them Hon. J. L. Beaudry and Alderman David have been for some time canvassing their friends. But this year a third stepped forward, in the person of Mr. Stephens. He is a Protestant, and his friends thought that they might succeed in wriggling him into office, if the Messrs. Beaudry and David had not come to terms. Bitter counsels, however, prevailed and Mr. Stephens withdrew from the contest. As he made the "amende" we shall refrain from comment.

Thus spoke the "True Witness" nearly a quarter of a century ago. It was only the other day that we announced the death of Captain M.W. Kerwin, editor at that time, of this paper, the one whose pen traced the above lines. That those expressions echoed the sentiments of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, in 1877, no person can dispute; and, to-day, our readers need scarcely be told that the same old organ animated by the same spirit of fairness, occupies exactly the same attitude, on the very same question. The sole difference is this: in 1877 it contended for the maintenance of the pact as an act of justice towards the French-Canadian element, while in 1899 it advocates along the same lines for the same respect of the rights of the Irish Catholic element.

If the "True Witness," in this last year of the century, raises its voice as it did in 1877, it is with the self-same object in view—to secure the perpetuity of an order of things that equally and equitably distributes higher representation amongst the various predominating elements of our community. It is not only because it is the turn of an Irish-Catholic—since the same course has been and would be again adopted in the case of any other nationality—but because the entering of the thin edge into the block would soon shatter it to atoms. Being the only Irish-Catholic organ—while each of the other elements has several daily mouthpieces—it may possibly be that we are much more pronounced, determined and persistent in the defense and in the maintenance of our own

rights; yet we do not lose sight of the fact that we are carrying out to-day what was the policy of this paper twenty-three years ago, its policy mapped out on the day when its founder George D. Clark first launched it upon the tide of journalism.

In view of these facts it cannot be made a matter of reproach to us that we should dedicate column after column, week in and week out, to the solution of this very practical question. If reproach there be, when the coming term shall have begun, it will not be upon our shoulders it will fall. If our rights are not main-

tained, if our privileges are bartered or lost through indifference, apathy, or stubbornness, the blame and the shame must lie at the doors of the people who, with eyes open, permitted their opportunity to pass unheeded, and of the leading citizens, who, for one reason or another, declined to come forward in a moment of grave crisis. If a little of the spirit displayed, in 1876, were still abroad, we need not appeal for candidates nor beg of our prominent men to rescue our people from a danger which menaces their future municipal strength and civic influence.

FATHER HOGAN'S POWERFUL SERMON AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

conducted to the altar of God and there solemnly swore to render happy to the best of his power! It were better for you not to have seen the light of day, than to be obliged to look upon such a man to behold that he is your father. For what does it matter to that drunkard of a father whether his children learn and practice their religion or not? What cares he whether they learn a trade by which they may earn a livelihood or not? For all he cares, they may grow up like animals, like pigs in a pig-sty! This he raises a set of vagabonds, who will as soon as they can manage to earn a living for themselves, honestly or no, abandon their miserable home which they never could love, and become in the end worse than their father. Having grown up without any religious principles or training, having never walked the path of virtue, and hence never learned to love it. What else could you expect than that they should recklessly abandon themselves to every vice and crime and finally end their miserable life in the dark dungeon or even on the scaffold! Thus the drunkard ruins his entire family and drags them with himself to temporal and eternal destruction. And, in all probability they will meet again in the abyss of hell, to curse, to torment one another for an endless eternity! Oh! how truly disastrous are the consequences of drunkenness for the drunkard's family!

Furthermore not only for the drunkard himself and for his unfortunate family are the consequences of this vice disastrous. They are also for the Church of God. For not only is the drunkard himself a blot upon the Church, but his entire family is brought up in direct contradiction to all her laws and principles. And yet they will persist in calling themselves Catholics whithersoever they go, and thus bring disgrace upon their holy religion. Nay, in his drunken state, that man will not infrequently boast of being a Catholic, and even insult the priest, the minister of God, by calling him by name as he passes along the street to administer the Sacraments to the dying! How often must we notice the priest hang his head in shame on such occasions, while those outside of the Church will look upon him with mingled pity and scorn. Ever and anon the Church is blamed for so many drunken men, that profess to belong to her Communion, and she is positively despised on that account by many outsiders, hundreds of such are convinced of the truth of her divine institution, but refuse to enter her communion on the plea of not wishing to associate with such low degraded drunkards. And while we can give the lie to the infidel world for its slander against the Church as to her teachings, we cannot deny the fact at least, in this country that many Catholics are drunkards. And though no one can reasonably blame the Church for the vice, still less remain outside her communion on this account; yet, the fact is, that our drunken Catholics are a scandal to the children of our holy Mother the Church, and a stumbling block to those outside her pale. Behold, then, the disastrous consequences of drunkards for the Church of God!

DISASTROUS FOR SOCIETY.

Lastly the consequences of drunkenness are most disastrous for society at large. For, just in proportion as the drunkard becomes useless, or rather burdensome to his family, in the same proportion he becomes a burden to society at large; for society is made of individuals and of families, both of which are ruined by this vice of drunkenness. Drunkenness endangers the temporal property, the honor, and even the life of others, having reduced its victims to the level of the brute, nay, sunk them even below that level, it makes them utterly unfit, physically and morally, to live in the society of their fellow men, no wonder then, that they are chained and start up like beasts, like madmen. It is still worse for society if the drunkard be the father of a family; for his poor children are degraded creatures, already from their mother's womb. Infected with disease, weak-minded, often down right idiots. These are then thrown upon the world, as a real burden, or what is worse, they become in turn the progenitors of families worse than themselves. Then one drunkard may be the origin of an entire generation of low, degraded and immoral beings who are a pest to the world. You see, then that to society at large, the consequences of this vice are most disastrous. Such, then, are some of the disastrous consequences of the vice of drunkenness, no wonder that the wholly Ghost exclaims "Who hath woo?" "Surely they that pass their time in wine, study to drink of their cups." Yes, they bring woe upon themselves, woe upon their families, woe upon the Church, and woe upon society at large. Such being the case, what shall I say of those who are the cause or

the culpable occasion of the prevalence of this terrible vice, at the present day? 2nd. What shall I say of those who lead others into liquor shops, who have the abominable practice of treating others and above all those who make a living by giving drink to drunkards. Woe, a thousand times woe, to such as these, and especially to the last named; for the Holy Ghost Himself, says of them: "Woe to them that giveveth drink to his friend, and maketh him drunk." (Habac. 2. 15). But you will tell me, perhaps, why, father it cannot be a sin to sell liquor since you said in the beginning of your sermon that it is no sin to drink it with moderation. Very true, since it is no sin, simply to take a glass of wine or of beer or of brandy, provided one does not drink to excess, it follows that one may sell those drinks to others since they cannot be had for nothing. Very true. But let me ask you candidly: How many liquor dealers could make a living if they were to sell unadorned liquor, and sell it only in such a way as never to give a man too much? certainly very few. I dare say not the one half of the present number would make a living on such conditions. Hence what is the natural conclusion? Why that the greater part of them sell adulterated liquor and give drink to drunkards, but some one will say: "Well that does not concern me. I keep a respectable place, I don't like to see the sign of liquor on a man." I have been on many missions and I have spoken to very many grog shop keepers on this subject, and how many of them do you think acknowledged that they gave drink to drunkards, that is give drink to a man until he has too much? How many? Not one. Not a single one that I could remember. They all keep a respectable place, none of them ever made a man drunk! And though I have given missions in some of our large cities, in parishes where you could count, as many as 6, 8, or 10 grog shops in one block, all kept by Catholics too, and where you could not walk for five minutes without meeting some staggering drunkard, yet they all kept a respectable place, not one made a man drunk, not one liked even to see the sign of liquor on a man! Now if this is not a miracle, I know not what a miracle is! But I don't believe in miracles worked by liquor dealers, or grog shop keepers and I am sure you don't either. What then is the conclusion? It is that they do make people drunk, drunk upon stuff that is rank poison.

I do not wish to insult any one, not even a grog shop keeper. In there are some, though precious few indeed, who make an honest living in that employment. But by far the greater majority of them are dishonest men, who make a living by stealing and robbing for they steal poor people's hard earned wages; they rob the families of their food, clothing, peace and happiness and bring them to temporal and eternal misery. Their grog shops are so many poison fountains, so many plague shops so many pest houses of the neighborhood in which they live, and they themselves are like so many leeches and vampires that suck the blood, that feast and grow fat on the tears and misery of the wives, mothers and poor children of their fellow men. "Woe, then to him that giveth drink to his friend, or maketh him drunk!" Yes, woe to such as give scandal in this way; for those beyond others Jesus Christ says: "Woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh! It were better for him that a mill stone were hangd about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matt. 18. 6). These are hard words, I know; but they are Gospel truths: "Woe is unto me" I must say with St. Paul, "if I preach not the Gospel." (Cor. 9, 16).

And now I have done with the grog shop keepers! I have not spoken of the drunken woman of the drunken mother of a family in particular; though all that I have said of the drunken man applies with far greater force to the drunken woman and more especially to a mother of a family addicted to this degrading vice. I will not speak in particular on this degraded creature, I feel ashamed to deprecate this sacred place, to defile my lips and to soil your ears by speaking of a human swine! No, let that low, degraded creature, the shame of her sex pass by unnoticed, for she is scarcely better than a harlot, scarcely better than a common strumpet. Having now shown you the malice of the vice of drunkenness and its disastrous consequences, let me by way of conclusion say a few words on the remedies or preservatives to be employed against this vice.

REMEDIES AGAINST THIS VICE.

As to the regular confirmed drunkard, that is, a man who gets drunk or takes too much, once a week, or even once a month, for this is already a regular drunkard, and if he has done so for many years he is,

moreover, a confirmed one; as to him I say, it is almost useless to prescribe remedies for he will not employ them at least in 99 cases out of a hundred. But there may be such a one here to-night, one who really has a genuine good will to rid himself of the abominable vice. To him then I say, my poor friend, if you really want to get rid of this degrading vice you must employ the following means: First you must keep out of that grog shop or drinking saloon entirely, and entirely avoid the company of those who are drunkards. Secondly, for you it is necessary to take a total abstinence pledge, at least for a year or so. Thirdly, you must say our Our Father and Our Hall Mary every morning and night to obtain the grace to keep that pledge, and lastly you must go to confession once a month, or at the very least every two or three months. If you faithfully employ those four means you will get rid of drunkenness, if not, you won't. And lest you might forget them I will repeat them for you. Now as to those who are not regular drunkards, that is such as either do not drink intoxicating liquor at all, or who do so with moderation. I will state a few of the principal means which will preserve them from becoming victims of the horrible vice. They are these: First, let them avoid the causes and occasions of drunkenness. Secondly, let them practice prayer and lastly let them frequent the sacraments.

First as to the causes or occasions of drunkenness which they should avoid, there are many such; I will state a few of the principal ones: The first is to avoid the company of idlers, since idleness is the mother of all vices, especially of drunkenness. Another such cause or occasion is the company of persons who are addicted to drinking to excess, or who have the bad practice of treating as it is called. Unless you avoid such companions you will be long before you get them. "Tell me with whom you go, and I will tell you who you are," and the inspired apostle tells us that "evil communications corrupt good manners." (Cor. 15. 33). Another such cause or occasion is visiting the grog shops or drinking saloons, such places should only be visited only if necessarily so, as we should visit a place infected with small-pox. Another such cause is pride which induces some to drink in order to show that they have money and can drink like others; or human respect which makes some give away to the whims and fancies of their companions who would deride them as being singular, or grief and disappointment which make some seek consolation in liquor as though it could be found there.

As to the practice of holy prayer, be careful to say your morning and evening prayers with devotion, especially when you are tempted to drink to excess always invoke the assistance of God by some little prayer. In fine, as regards the frequentation of the Sacraments be careful to go to confession once a month, or at least once in two or three months. If you faithfully employ those three means you will keep sober even without a total abstinence pledge, but if you neglect them all the pledges in the world will not preserve you from being a drunkard, sooner or later. Hence, let me repeat, be careful to shun the causes or occasions of drunkenness practice holy prayer, and frequent the Sacraments and you will never become a slave of drunkenness.

And now brethren, I must hasten to a conclusion. I have shown you that the vice of drunkenness is most abominable in itself, since it grievously offends God, obliterates in man the image of God, brings him down to the level of the brute and even far below that level. I have shown you secondly that the consequences of this vice is most disastrous for the individual whom it brings into all kinds of sins not infrequently into the greatest excesses and whose conversion it renders next to impossible for his family which it robs of its temporal property, peace and happiness and brings to temporal and eternal misery. For the Church to which it is a disgrace and society to which it is a curse an every respect. Finally, I have briefly pointed out the means both corrective and preventive against this abominable vice.

Let me now in conclusion exhort you, one and all in the words of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles: "Brethren be sober and watch, because your adversary the devil, especially the demon of drunkenness goeth about seeking whom he may devour." (1. 5. 8.) Oh! may that good Jesus who suffered so excessive and painful a thirst when dying on the Cross, for our salvation, grant to all of you the grace to avoid the terrible vice of drunkenness and all that may lead to it, and may He grant you all the grace faithfully to employ the means to preserve you from it! May our Dear Mother Mary obtain these graces for you, by her powerful intercession that until your last breath you may persevere as sober and fervent Christians and followers of Her Divine Son! A blessing which I wish to all. Amen.

THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS.

The elections in Manitoba were held on Thursday and the returns are coming in just as we are going to press. It is said that the Conservatives have won 22 seats out of a total of 40 seats.

LACHINE CONVENT.

For the occasion of the "Jubileé Celebrations" of the Sisters of St. Ann, to be held August next, the Mother General requests each of the former pupils of the Mother House to send her address as soon as possible. Lachine, November 28th, 1899.

The death is announced of Dr. Busch, whose biography of Bismarck attracted some attention last year. A good job for him that Bismarck was not alive when he wrote the biography, or he might have died much earlier.



THE CONNAUGHT RANGER'S CORNER.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS



OF HIBERNIA QUÉBEC

County Officers for 1899 and 1900. Wm. Rawley, County President; 75 Mansfield Street. J. S. Fitzpatrick, Vice County President, 159 De Montigny Street. Jas. McIver, County Secretary, 329 St. Antoine Street. Humphrey T. Kearns, County Treasurer, 51 Gain Street. Board meets third Friday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame Street, 8 p. m.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.—The regular monthly meeting of the Hibernian Knights on Friday evening was largely attended and considerable business was transacted. Captain Kane presided. In opening the meeting he congratulated his command for the creditable display made by them at the annual Church Parade in commemoration of the Manchester Martyrs. It was decided to suspend the regular weekly drills during the missions in the various parishes. Private Birmingham spoke for considerable length on the proposed visit to Boston next May. He read several communications from leading Irishmen of the neighboring Republic, expressing a hope of meeting them drilled in the fine old language of the Gael. A Cazoathia will be held during the month of April, to help defray the expenses of the trip, and every Irishman and Irishwoman will be asked to contribute to the same, as Mr. Birmingham pointed out it is not the Ancient Order of Hibernians the Knights will represent in Boston Common, but the Irish race in the Dominion of Canada. The committee which has the direction of the annual entertainment, on the 15th of January, reported that the Windsor Hall was secured for the occasion, and that they had also secured the services of one of Ireland's most distinguished sons to deliver an address. It is therefore to be hoped that a bumper house will be the result, and that the self-sacrificing efforts of the members to maintain their present efficient standing will be thoroughly appreciated by the Irish people of this city.

PARNELL MEMORIAL.—Mr. P. E. McCaffrey, Secretary of the Parnell Monument Committee of this city, forwarded during last week the first instalment amounting to \$500 contributed by the admirers in Montreal of Ireland's dear chief, to help to perpetuate his memory as well as save the old homestead from going into the hands of the stranger. Mr. McCaffrey has received a letter of acknowledgment from Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., in which that gentleman states that their visit to America has been very successful and regretting their inability to meet the Irishmen of this city. There is yet a few hundred dollars wanting to complete the amount promised by the executive of the local committee and those who have been furnished with books for that purpose should at least exert themselves a little in the matter. Erin and her scattered children owe something to Parnell. I have as much right as any one in Montreal to speak on this matter, and probably more than many who cry for union amongst Irishmen.

DIVISION NO. 9, the youngest Branch of the Ancient Order in this city, and claiming to have the youngest president in the Dominion

of Canada is making rapid strides to obtain the senior branches. President Hummel and his cabinet are indefatigable workers, and the York Chambers are crowded to their utmost capacity at every meeting. At their last regular meeting nine new candidates were initiated and seven proposed. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a concert in February. County President Rawley was present and delivered an appropriate and instructive lecture to the new members.

THE BAND PROJECT.—I am informed that steps will be immediately taken to organize the A. O. H. Band. I believe such a project ought to be a success notwithstanding the cold water theories advocated by some members. There were many such "dampers" thrown on the dramatic section when it was first spoken of. But inside of three months the promoters proved themselves to be gentlemen fully qualified for such an undertaking and a credit to the A. O. H. Let us have the band and less criticism.

GAELIC CLASSES.—The attendance at the Gaelic classes on Thursday evening and the enthusiasm manifested by the members demonstrate in a most emphatic manner that the good work is progressing well.

A PERSONAL NOTE.—I regret to announce that Mr. Charles Doonan, a member of the Hibernian Knights, has been ordered to go to Ste. Agathe, on account of his health. I sincerely hope Mr. Doonan's recovery will be speedy.

DIVISION NO. 8, A. O. H., held a lively and interesting meeting on Wednesday evening in their hall on McGill Street, President Lavelle in the chair. Two new members were initiated, and nine applications received and referred to the committee on investigation. Several visiting members were present, including President Hummel and Secretary Clarke of No. 9.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of Branch No. J. C. M. B. A. Grand Council of Quebec, on Wednesday evening was very numerously attended, and the greatest interest manifested in the nomination and election of officers for the ensuing term. The following officers were elected: President, J. L. Gervais; Vice President, J. L. Gervais; 2nd Vice President, M. O'Sullivan; Rec. Sec., C. Curran; Asst. Rec. Sec., J. Groomer; Fin. Sec., J. Curran; Marshal, J. Hughes; Guard, D. Young; Board of Trustees, J. H. Howard, Jas. Dooley, and G. Pugas. Representative to Grand Council Jas. Dunlop.

ST. ANN'S T. A. B. SOCIETY.—At the last regular meeting of St. Ann's T. A. B. Society, a resolution of condolence was tendered to the family of the late Mr. O'Rourke, who was for a long time an energetic member of the Society and was an able worker in the cause of temperance.

BRANCH NO. 10, C. M. B. A., Grand Council of Quebec, held its annual meeting on Wednesday evening for the reception of reports and election of officers for ensuing term. Almost every member of the Branch was present, and the keenest interest manifested in the election of officers. The following being the result: President, A. Duggan; 1st Vice President, J. Morgan; Rec. Sec., Jas. McIver; Asst. Rec. Sec., J. J. Holland; Fin. Sec., Wm. Ryan; Treasurer, C. J. Flanagan; Guard, John Dwyer; Marshal, J. Corbett. Trustees, J. J. Holland, Thomas F. Mace, and D. P. Flannery. Delegate to Grand Council, Thomas F. Mace, alternate A. Duggan.

I have been obliged owing to a lack of space to hold over until next issue, a number of important matters. CONNAUGHT RANGER.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Every person likes to recall earlier times, for the memories of happy events and of faces long vanished arise, they live over, in pleasant retrospect the hours that have gone down to comparative oblivion. Its clouds and its tears are worth evening's best light. Since it has become a fashion for newspapers to record, from time to time, the events of twenty and thirty years ago, it flashed upon us that many of our old subscribers would be glad were we to present them each week with a pleasant retrospect. We have, therefore, resolved to commence this week a column in which extracts of interest will be given from the pages of the old "True Witness." We will not go back to the earlier years—the "True Witness," will celebrate its golden jubilee next summer—because there are few survivors whose memories can reach so far back—but we will commence with our twenty-fifth volume, and it will be interesting to note the incidents of those days and contrast as well as compare them with current events. We do not bind ourselves to any special line of subjects; but will simply take, at hazard, that which we consider to be of the greatest interest to our present readers.

one cent of the revenues of the Fabrique were applied to that purpose.

In those days of sanitary reform, when papers, aldermen, physicians, and the whole city are anxiously discussing the ravages of small-pox and other epidemics arising from impure air, want of ventilation and improper drainage, it is astonishing to see the city authorities issuing a mandate for collection of arrears, which if carried out logically would create all the evils we dread so much; we mean the cutting off of the water from delinquent tax-payers. If there be any remedy and preventative for disease, it is cleanliness, and how can we have it, if the poor be deprived of water?

We regret to have to announce the death of Brother Scivilian, of the Christian Brothers. His spirit departed on Saturday night, November 10, at the Mother House of the Order, Cote Street. Deceased became a member of the Order about 14 years ago, and he has ever since devoted his youth of this city, endeavoring himself to all by his kindness and genial disposition. His funeral was attended by thousands of Irishmen who deplore his loss.—R.I.P.

A committee has been appointed at a public meeting of the citizens of Montreal, with a view to look into school matters and lesson if possible the city taxation.

A meeting of St. Patrick's Society was held on Monday, December 16,

in their rooms, corner of St. Alexander and Craig Streets, the President, Mr. H. Devlin, M.P., in the chair. The meeting was for the purpose of seeing what steps could be taken to increase the funds of the Society, so as to meet the wants of the poor during the winter. It was finally resolved to send a deputation to the Revs. Fathers Dowd and Hogan, to ascertain the best means of carrying out the idea.

A concert was given on Wednesday, December 9, by the members of St. Patrick's choir, in the Mechanic's Hall, in aid of St. Patrick's Orphans' Asylum. It was under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler.

The ladies who conducted the St. Patrick's Bazaar for the benefit of St. Patrick's Orphans' Asylum, and the St. Bridget's Refuge, are happy to announce that the net sum of \$5,120.45 has been realized by the bazaar.

THE LATE JACK STINSON

The Shamrock Lacrosse Club has lost one of its shining lights by the death of Jack Stinson, which sad event occurred a few days ago after a brief illness. Stinson was one of the cleverest exponents of the national game in Canada. His genial manner and manly bearing towards his opponents during his long association with the Senior Shamrock team had won for him a host of friends, in all the leading cities of Canada, who will receive the news of his premature death with feelings of sorrow. The funeral which took place on Thursday morning was attended by the patriotic boys of St. Ann's Cadets' Band, Captain O'Connell and the members of the Senior Shamrock champion team, the officers and members of the S. A. A. V., and a large concourse of citizens. A solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by the Rev. Father Scallan, C.S.S.R., and the choir under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, rendered the national portion of the services in a most impressive manner. Captain O'Connell, on behalf of the S. A. A. V., took charge of the funeral arrangements. Deceased was a great favorite of the warm-hearted captain of the seniors, and the manner in which Mr. O'Connell and the "boys" from St. Ann's Parish honored their dead comrade has won all hearts. To the grief-stricken widow and Mr. Jean Stinson son, the "True Witness" offers its profound sympathy.—R.I.P.

A thing of beauty is joy forever, and all the beauties that adorn humanity, there is nothing like a fine head of hair. The surest way of obtaining that is by the use of LUBY'S Parisian Hair-Rewener. At all druggists. 50c a bottle.

MORE IMPROVED PROPERTY.

It takes little in the way of artificial light to run away with a dollar, and it takes but little time working under artificial light to injure the eyesight permanently. It costs little to get the necessary daylight by means of Luxer Prisms, and this cost is not a running expense. This improvement is permanent and re-

quires no outlay for repairs, while the prisms are always furnishing daylight. As an investment, Luxer Lights give a greater return than any other building material and the first cost is the only cost. They are put together so as to make them as indestructible as plate glass, and more strong. Many a time Luxer Prisms have effected the renting of vacant property. —Gazette, Feb. 27th.

Dreaded Diphtheria.

ITS AFTER EFFECTS FREQUENTLY SMATTER STRONG NERVES.

Mr. S. McDougall Suffered for Years and His Doctor Told Him Recovery Was Impossible—Again Strong and Healthy.

Farmer and "jack of all trades" is what Mr. Salter McDougall styled himself when interviewed by the News recently. Mr. McDougall resides at Alton, about ten miles from Truro, N.S., and according to his own statement has been made a new man by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When interviewed by the News man, Mr. McDougall said: "I am only too glad to give you any information you may want. Anything I can say will not be too good a recommendation for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the year 1888," continued Mr. McDougall, "I had always enjoyed good health. At that time I had a severe attack of diphtheria, the after effects of which left me in a deplorable condition. I was troubled with a constant pain in my left side, just below the heart, and at times, dizziness would cause me to throw up my hands and fall on my back, or side. My face, hands and feet would swell and turn cold. In this condition I could not move hands or feet and had to be moved like a child. My appetite all but left me, and I got very little sleep. I was under the care of a doctor, but got nothing more than occasional temporary relief. Finally I got so low that my friends wrote for my father to come and see me for the last time. This was in January, 1895. That night the doctor told my friends he could do nothing for me, and he doubted if I would live through the night. That night I took a severe fit of vomiting, and raised three pieces of matter, rough and leathery in appearance, and each about three inches long. The vomiting almost choked me, and it required two people to hold me in bed, but I felt easier after it. I was in this deplorable condition when I was urged by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a hopeless case, but I decided to try them. When I told the doctor I was taking the pills he said they would do me no good; that I would never be able to work again. But he was mistaken, for the effect was marvellous. By March I was able to go out of doors, and could walk quite a distance. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken seventeen boxes, and they have made a new man of me. My health is better than it has been for twenty years, and notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, I am able to stand any amount of hard work. I attribute my new manhood and regained health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gratefully recommend them to others in poor health.

CHRISTMAS WINES.

100 Dozen SAUTERNES, \$3.50 per dozen quarts. We offer 100 dozen of Choice SAUTERNE WINE. Bottled by FRASER, VIGER & CO. (In quarts only.) At \$3.50 Per Dozen. Now ready for our Holiday Trade. FRASER, VIGER & CO

TO OUR COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

We would say don't delay sending in your orders for CHRISTMAS STORES. Now is the time to have your orders promptly and carefully attended to before the great rush sets in with our city trade. FRASER VIGER & CO.

CHRISTMAS, 1899, and NEW YEAR'S, 1900. We have the goods and we mean to do the business. For the balance of the month our stores will be open every evening later than usual, putting into stock our Christmas goods and filling town and country orders.

CHRISTMAS CASES OF WINES AND LIQUORS.

We Have Prepared Special Christmas Cases At Special Prices, to Meet the Wants and Purves of All. All our Liquors are guaranteed pure and genuine.

- CHRISTMAS CASE No. 1. At \$6.00. Containing: Pale Cherry Wine, 2 bottles; Port Wine, 2 bottles; Claret Wine, 2 bottles; Walker's Rye Whiskey, 2 bottles; Brandy, 1 bottle; Scotch Whiskey, 1 bottle; Gin, 1 bottle; Holland, 1 bottle. 12 bottles in all for \$6.00.
- CHRISTMAS CASE No. 2. At \$9.50. Containing: Champagne Wine, 1 quart bottle; Table Sherry, 2 bottles; Tawny Port Wine, 2 bottles; Superior Claret Wine, 2 bottles; Walker's V. O. Rye Whiskey, 2 bottles; 1875 Brandy, 1 bottle; Diamond Blend Scotch Whiskey, 1 bottle; Holland Gin, 1 bottle. 12 bottles in all for \$9.50.
- CHRISTMAS CASE No. 3 FOR \$12.75. Containing: Champagne Wine, 2 quart bottles; Very Superior Port Wine, 2 bottles; Superior Claret Wine, 2 bottles; Walker's Extra Old Rye, 1 bottle; 1865 Brandy, 1 bottle; V. O. Scotch Whiskey, 1 bottle; Bois' Liqueur Holland Gin, 1 bottle. 12 bottles in all for \$12.75.

In order to meet the wants of customers in town and country we will prepare the freight charges to any station in the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, on any one or more of the above Special Assorted Cases for the Christmas and New Year's Holidays. Remit in Cash, or by Express Money Order or Post Office Order. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

ANOTHER SPECIAL HOLIDAY CASE. A CASE OF MAGNIFICENT STILL AND SPARKLING BURGUNDY WINES FOR \$11.90.

Delivered anywhere, freight prepaid, in the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. THE CHAUVENET WINES, 12 BOTTLES IN ALL FOR \$11.90. 2 Quart Bottles: Macon, Beaujolais, Beaujolais, Pomard, Chablis (White), Ultra See Champagne.

FRASER, VIGER & CO., Italian Warehouse, 207, 209 and 211 St. James Street.

CHS. DESJARDINS & CIE., Largest Retail Fur House in the World. 1533 TO 1541 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.

While cordially inviting all and every one, at this important season in the Fur Trade, to visit them and inspect their immense assortment of Fine Furs of all descriptions, beg to draw special attention to the fact, that on account of the very heavy stock on hand, WHICH MUST BE DISPOSED OF WITHOUT DELAY, They have decided to sell at such low prices as will surprise everyone who may honor them with a visit. OLD FURS re-dyed, re-made and repaired with neatness and despatch. Our SEAL and PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS are world renowned.

HENRY MORGAN & Co. COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

Are now showing the Latest Novelties in every Department and an almost endless variety of Attractive and Useful Articles.

THE TOY DEPARTMENT

is Making a Splendid Display on the Ground Floor, and in the Toy Gallery, of an immense collection of attractions for the children in TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, CARDS, CALENDARS, MECHANICAL TOYS, SOLDIERS, FIREWORKS, GUNS, SWORDS, TRUMPETS, DRUMS, etc., etc. Special line of BOYS' COASTERS, GIRLS' CUTTERS at 50c, 75c and \$1.00. These are extra good value. DOLLS' SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, GO-CARTS, etc., etc. Games of every kind and price. An immense collection of NOVELTIES arriving in this department, and children of all ages will be charmed by the variety and splendor of the show. A beautiful selection of DOLLS, both dressed and undressed, from the lowest price to the most expensive. Sleighs and Cutters for Boys and Girls, cheap and good. Arrivals of a large purchase of Children's Sleighs and Cutters, better in finish and quality than usual and lower in price. Splendid value.

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Thomas Ligget,



A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESION.

A TRUE STORY.

By REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

An Unexpected Visitor.

In the meantime Father Montmoulin and the trial that excited so much interest in Aix, were well nigh forgotten.

On a cold stormy evening in February, 1891, the solicitor Meunier was working by lamplight in his office at a law suit concerning some right of way, a tedious and tiresome litigation, which he had to bring into court a few days later.

"A stranger at this time and in this weather!" Meunier exclaimed in surprise. "What is his name?"

"He would not tell his name, Sir," the boy replied. Then he added "If I were you, Sir, I would not let him in. He is fairly well-dressed, but there is something so strange and wild in his manner."

"Show him in," he said to the servant, "but do you stay within call, in case I should want you."

The stranger entered in an evident state of excitement. As he advanced into the room, and the light fell upon his countenance, the solicitor started involuntarily.

"I believe you are the lawyer who defended the priest of Ste. Victoire, in the law courts three years ago, are you not?" the stranger inquired, as he stood twisting about a grey felt hat nervously in his hands.

"I am, Sir, at your service. And I fancy I know who you are, although as far as I am aware, I have never seen you before," Mr. Meunier replied.

"I daresay you do. The sabre-cut across my face makes me a marked man. Yes, I am the sacristan Loser, whom you vainly endeavored to trace."

The solicitor did not utter a syllable. He looked at the pale, agitated face of the man before him, and saw from the working of his features the force of the struggle that was going on within his breast.

"You wish to tell me something, Mr. Loser, I think," he said gravely.

"Yes, that is what I have come all the way from Valparaiso in South America. And now that I am here, I cannot bring myself to say it."

"The man stopped short, and wiped the perspiration from his temples. Then in a hoarse voice he jerked out the words: 'The priest is innocent. It was I that did it.'"

It cost him an immense effort to utter these words; as soon as the strain was removed, he burst into convulsive sobs. Mr. Meunier pushed a chair towards him, and Loser dropped into it utterly broken down; it was a long time before he could recover himself sufficiently to answer the questions addressed to him.

"In fact the solicitor felt some doubt as to whether he was in his right mind."

"Have you come over from South America with the purpose of making this confession? What was the motive that induced you to do so?" he inquired.

"To make reparation, to make atonement," groaned Loser. "It leaves me no peace!"

The solicitor thought of the terrible fate which he had been unable to avert from the innocent priest, and the members of his family, merely through his inability to trace this man, who now sat before him, and who, as it appeared to him, had done his very utmost to cast the guilt of his bloody-crime on one who was blameless. His heart swelled with just indignation. Then again he could not resist a feeling of sincere compassion for the wretched criminal, tormented by the stings of conscience, who declared himself desirous to make all the reparation in his power. These two feelings struggled for the mastery within his breast. At length he said, not unkindly, but with an accent of reproach: "Unfortunately, you come rather late with your self-confession. How will you atone for all the misery that you have brought upon the unhappy Father Montmoulin and his aged mother?"

Loser sprang to his feet and wrung his hands. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "is not that what I say to myself by day and by night! I have pity on me, Sir. I know that I cannot undo the past, but I can expiate my crime by laying my head upon the block."

Compassion got the upper hand in the solicitor's mind. He stretched

out his hand to his visitor, and said: "Pardon me, I did not mean to wound you. Besides, you can make satisfaction in what is most important. Father Montmoulin was not executed, thank God! As far as I know, he is still alive in New Caledonia. His mother and sister are also both living. And the terrible scandal that the whole affair caused by the shame attaching to Father Montmoulin's name will be removed by your confession. If only you could have resolved to do this act of justice sooner, when the innocent man was undergoing his trial!"

"Indeed, it never occurred to me at that moment that the suspicion of murder would fall on Father Montmoulin," Loser replied. "I was on board ship, on the way to Buenos Ayres, while the case was being tried here. Besides I thought for certain, that he would at any rate, when it came to that, say that he had seen me, or even that I had been to confession on his behalf; in fact I believed it most likely that he would not consider the seal of confession binding on him in regard to a penitent who had sought safety in flight. And for the matter of that, I persuaded myself that what the clergy preached about the secrecy of the confession was all idle talk, and confession itself only invented by them as a means of obtaining influence. I had read so much of that sort of thing in bad books and infidel papers. That is what I thought then, and I blamed myself for having been such a fool as to go to confession in the first access of terror and agitation produced by the fatal deed of which I was guilty."

"Then it was as Father Regent and I surmised. Father Montmoulin was made a victim of the seal of confession!" Mr. Meunier exclaimed.

"Yes, he was a victim to the seal of confession," Loser replied in a sorrowful tone. "It was the knowledge of that fact that brought me to a better mind, and made me resolve to offer reparation and make amends for my crime. I will tell you how it came about."

Then Loser began a lengthy narrative, to which the lawyer listened with ever increasing interest. He told how he had made good his escape, taking his passage on board a vessel bound for Buenos Ayres. On arriving at the port, he was sorely afraid of being recognized by the scar on his face, and arrested by the police; for he had little doubt that Father Montmoulin would, either directly or indirectly, have indicated him to the authorities as the probable murderer.

But to his astonishment no one said a word to him, and he at once joined a party of Italian emigrants, who were going across the Pampas to the silver-mines of Potosi in Bolivia. Phenomenal luck attended him; the funds wherewith he started were multiplied ten-fold, but no accession of wealth brought peace and content to his mind. After journeying to and fro he crossed the Andes, and purchased a hacienda near Valparaiso; for he felt satisfied that his crime, of which he had heard nothing more, was long ago passed out of mind, and thus he could under an assumed name, enjoy the proceeds of his theft without dread of a sword hanging over him. He was however mistaken; the blood he had shed cried aloud for vengeance, and gave him no rest.

Nothing afforded him any pleasure; not the fine estate, charmingly situated with a view of the beautiful bay of Valparaiso, and the snow-crowned summits of the Andes; nor the splendid horses reared on his pastures, nor the money his manager brought in to him, nor the large dividends he received on the sums he had invested in the saltpetre mines of Atarapaca—in none of these things could he take real pleasure. After a time, he betought himself of a plan whereby he could learn the truth concerning the consequences of his crime, in order, as he told himself, to set his mind at rest once for all.

Accordingly he wrote under a false name to a well-known house of business in Aix, ordering a box of the dried plums for which Provence is famous, to be sent out to him, at the same time requesting that copies of the "Provence Gazette" for the last three years might be enclosed in the chest, and charged for with the goods. He wished, he wrote, while enjoying the delicious fruits of his native country in a distant land, to

revive many happy memories of the past, and learn what had occurred during his three years of exile. The merchant to whom he addressed the letter was pleased to comply with the request, as he believed he was doing a kindness to a fellow-countryman on the other side of the Atlantic.

Two days before Christmas, Loser went on, "the case arrived. I locked myself into my room with the bundle of old newspapers and soon looked out the date of the momentous 20th February. In the next number there was the first report of the murder at Ste. Victoire, and the arrest of the parish priest. I hid down the paper in consternation. In the following issues columns after columns were filled with mockery and abuse of the zealous pastor of Ste. Victoire, the chief grounds of suspicion against him were enumerated. The arrest of his mother and sister was also mentioned. Presently I came upon the most important part of the proceedings, the trial—it occupied twelve closely printed columns—with trembling eagerness I looked for the verdict—there it was. Condemned to death! My head swam; my senses seemed to desert me.

You cannot conceive Sir, how this sentence cut me to the quick. I do not know how long I paced up and down the room before I could collect myself sufficiently to read through the trial. Midnight struck before I laid the paper down. So it was actually true; Father Montmoulin had not uttered a syllable that might reveal what I confessed to him, he had not so much as let it be known that I had been to confession to him, nay, he did not even own to having seen me that night! And all this because of his excessive conscientiousness, he feared lest he should in the slightest degree violate his duty as a priest. It appeared to me that he never attempted in any way to shift the suspicion from his own shoulders to mine. He kept silence, although his silence entailed ignominy and death on himself the cruellest grief of his mother, and would he the occasion of terrible scandal to untold numbers! All this forced itself on me, as I read through the long account of the legal proceedings. When I had finished, I felt positively crushed with shame and remorse; I cried bitterly.

Presently I turned to the newspapers again, in order to read the end of the matter. There were endless articles about the trial, and a great deal that was uncomplimentary was said of you, Sir, as the counsel for the defence, and the failure of your attempt to exculpate your client by suggesting that he was probably pleased to secrecy by the obligations of the confessional, as had been recently the case with a priest in Poland. And after all you were correct in your surmise! Other articles followed, making up to serve the affair at Ste. Victoire, a description of the conduct of the prisoner, who had to exchange his priestly cassock for a convict's jacket, and of his embarkation on board the Durance for his life-long exile. I read it through to the end. By the time I had finished day was breaking, and I heard the cocks crowing in the grey dawn. I resolved to act promptly. I selected the newspapers which gave an account of the trial and the pardon, and folding them up carefully, I put them in an envelope and slipped them into the breast pocket of my coat. Then I took two thousand gold pesetas out of my cash-box, called the manager, as soon as I heard him stirring, gave him my orders, and without losing a moment mounted my horse and rode over to the Jesuit's House in Valparaiso. I asked for the rector, who I knew understood French, and to him I acknowledged my crime, begging him to assist me in expiating it. He entered into my feelings most kindly and compassionately; he helped me to examine my conscience and prepared me to make a general confession of my past life. This took a long time, but it brought ease to my conscience, and the hope of forgiveness; and this hope in the mercy of God encouraged me to persevere in my determination to do all within my power to make amends for my dreadful crime. The priest of course made no promise to spare no effort to get the unjust sentence reversed, and the innocent prisoner liberated, and his name cleared; to restore the stolen money, and make compensation as far as possible to the relatives of the priest for all they had suffered. Above all the sad scandal that had been given must be removed. Not until I made a formal deposition in writing concerning the murder of Ste. Victoire, and signed it in the presence of a notary, did he give me absolution. Immediately after Christmas, which I passed in the House of the Fathers, I made my will, disposing of my property in case of my death, and started on my home, choosing the overland route as the quickest and safest. I reached Buenos Ayres just in time to catch the steamer which was leaving for Bordeaux. Yesterday we landed, and I came straight here by train; my first inquiry was for your residence, Sir, as I had seen your name as the counsel for the unhappy priest. So here I am, ready to make amends and atonement to the utmost of my power."

Mr. Meunier had listened with rapt attention to this lengthy narrative. At its close, he pressed Loser's hand and said: "In spite of your past errors, I cannot help respecting you for what you have done. I regard you now as my client, and I assure you your confession will be safe with me. You did well to come to me first of all. We will certainly have all amends made as far as possible, but more need not be done

than is necessary. You shake your head? Just hear me out. It will be quite easy to make restitution of the stolen money and compensate the Montmoulin family for the pecuniary loss they have sustained, you have only to write a cheque on the Valparaiso bank and leave it in my hands. A reversal of the sentence can also be obtained, by means of which Father Montmoulin will regain his liberty, and be acquitted of all stain on his character, without your appearing in court in person. You simply have to sign a confession of your crime, which I will draw up. As a precaution I will have your signature attested by two witnesses, but they need know nothing of the contents of the document to which you append your name. As soon as that is done, you can return to Chile, by the next steamer, sell your estate and go off to North America or to Australia under an assumed name. I will see that you have time to get clear off, out of the reach of the law before your deposition is laid before the authorities. The case will then be tried again, and the second hearing is certain to result in Father Montmoulin's acquittal."

Loser smiled sadly, as he answered: "My confessor in Valparaiso said just the same to me. He expressly told me that I was by no means bound to give myself up to justice at the risk of being sentenced to death. It would be quite enough if I consented that my declaration, witnessed by the notary, were sent in to the judge. Father Montmoulin acted most generously towards me, though he was only fulfilling the obligations of his office. And then I thought the blood of the poor defenceless old lady, which I shed in such a brutal way, called for a more complete expiation of my crime. Besides, would not my personal evidence, given in public, do far more to obtain the acquittal of the prisoner who was so unjustly condemned, and by making a greater impression, contribute more to reinstate him in public opinion, than any written confession could do? I said all this to my confessor, and he agreed with me. Therefore I begged him to keep my deposition and in case I should repent of my resolution, or any accident should happen to me, after a fixed time to forward it to Aix. Then I set out on my journey hither."

"Have you ever since that time repented of your resolution?" the solicitor inquired.

"I cannot deny that I have wavered several times. But reading the trial over again always confirmed me in the determination I had taken."

"There is very little doubt that the verdict against you will be wilful murder, and you will be sentenced to death—"

"I expect nothing else."

"The most favorable sentence we could look for would condemn you to the hard lot of a convict—penal servitude for life."

"Through my sin Father Montmoulin has had to endure that lot for nearly three years; it is high time that I get his chains taken off, so will if you please, not delay a single day longer."

"This is then your free, deliberate determination?"

"I had time enough and to spare, to think it all over on the voyage. I beg you not to put my constancy to a fresh and painful trial, nor to postpone Father Montmoulin's release for one hour longer than can be helped."

"You are right. So let it be. My God give you strength to bear the weight of expiation which you have voluntarily taken upon yourself."

Mr. Meunier himself accompanied the repentant to the police station, where he gave himself up to the astonished Commissioner of Police who was on duty at the time. By a curious coincidence, this man happened to be one of the police agents who had gone with the examining magistrate to institute the inquiry at Ste. Victoire, and who had apprehended Father Montmoulin.

"Mr. Superintendent," Meunier said to him, "I am sure that you will treat this gentleman, who has come all the way from South America to deliver himself up to justice, with the utmost leniency that the law allows."

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"Mr. Superintendent," Meunier said to him, "I am sure that you will treat this gentleman, who has come all the way from South America to deliver himself up to justice, with the utmost leniency that the law allows."

The gentlemen, who had risen to depart, looked at each other and at him with questioning surprise. The new-comer apologized for intruding upon the president at so unsuitable an hour; he did so, he said, because he had something of great importance to communicate to them. The other gentlemen would perhaps kindly remain and hear what a singular thing had occurred. He then repeated the story he had just heard from Loser's lips. The lawyers listened with profound and growing interest, as was shown by the attention they

paid to the narrator, and the questions which now and again one or other of them addressed to him. The Public Prosecutor remembered how ruthlessly he had pilloried the unfortunate criminal, and reproached his sharp speeches. "You are quite convinced of the man's sanity?" he inquired, when Meunier had ended his narrative.

"As sure as I have ever been of any man's was the reply. "Heaven be thanked," exclaimed the President, "that I bestirred myself to get a pardon for Montmoulin. We can now hope to be able to do something for him. That is to say, if the poor fellow has not succumbed to the horrid climate, and the fearful hardships of a convict's life in the penal settlements."

"At any rate the case must be tried over again on account of this confession," said one of the Judges.

"Yes, of course," Joubert replied. "To-morrow morning I shall examine this fellow Loser, and by my report recommend a revision of the proceedings."

"And after looking through it I shall instantly apply to the Home Secretary, to have the man who was so wrongfully condemned cabled for to New Caledonia. In how long could we expect to get him back?" said the President.

"It would take several months at any rate," Meunier answered.

"The telegraphic communication stops short at Brisbane in Australia. The telegram would have to be carried to Port de France by the next steamer touching at that port. Our unhappy friend may be at one of the farthest stations on the larger island, and the journey back would take five or six weeks."

"Well, that will give us abundance of time to get everything ready, so that the case may be brought for a second time into court immediately upon his arrival, and the wrong which unfortunately has been done him may as far as possible be set right. The fatal thing was that at the first judicial inquiry circumstances all seemed to point to him as the perpetrator of the crime, so that despite the able defence of our talented colleague here, there was from the outset little hope of an acquittal."

"If the unhappy Priest had either when before the examining magistrate or in Court, given the least hint that the sacristan had been with him after the crime was committed!" exclaimed the Public Prosecutor.

"As the man went to confession to him, he considered himself bound to deny having seen him," Meunier answered. "Father Montmoulin is truly a victim to the seal of confession."

(To be Continued.)

To put the brake on the wagon going down hill is a help to the horse, when the wagon is heavily loaded. But what driver would think of applying the brake to a loaded wagon going up hill? If he did, his sensible horses would probably balk. Many a man is in the condition of pulling a load up hill with the brake set against him. When his strength is out of order, and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition impaired, in their functions, a fraction is set up which has to be overcome in addition to the performance of daily duties. A foul stomach makes a foggy brain, and the man with a disordered stomach has often to grope his way through the day's business like a man in a fog. He forgets appointments. Problems seemed presented to his mind "wrong end to." This condition is entirely remedied by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Cider Medical Discovery." It puts the stomach and digestive and nutritive system into a condition of perfect health, and gives a clear brain, a steady hand and a light step for the day's duties. When constipation clogs the channels of the body, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will work an effectual cure of that disastrous disease.

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Michael Tracy was born in county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1812. He came to this country in 1838 and married early.

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[From the St. John's News, Nov. 10.] Many homes have been made bright and cheerful, and many erring sons have been restored to happiness, and many husbands brought back to enjoy the blessings of their promise of the altar by using The "Fix-a-Cure" for the drink habit and the writer was astonished when in the office of the Company, on the 16th Oct., to be shown the many letters from mothers and wives, also men patients, who testified that their sons or husbands or men themselves had been entirely cured, and the cost is much less than most cures.

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RANDOM NOTES

For Busy Households.

Under the heading of "Home Thoughts" a correspondent in the New York Evening Post, expresses some very significant views concerning the ways in which matters in houses of mourning should be conducted. While much that he (or she) states is decidedly true and exact, yet there are omissions of a very important class to which we will refer, after giving our readers a few extracts from the article. It thus commences: "How would I best like to be remembered? In what way would I desire that my memory should be kept green?" But very rarely is this a matter of speculation, and yet more rarely of direction, and when death enters the door the first effort of all who are bereaved is to show zealously that they are sorry, without any further thought. And in many cases the home is plunged into a gloomy isolation which deprives it of all its natural charm. "Many widows see with alarm the quick reaction of the young hearts of their children, and find in every spontaneous revival of happiness among them a sign that the head and father is forgotten. Out of this comes an artificial form of life and an unreal conduct of family affairs which, like unreal things, is inherently without value. "Every sorrowing mother in the world has felt an indignant fear arise in her heart that the one out of sight is forgotten, because a jolly brother and bright girl sister are ready to laugh again and feel the old spirit of rhythm moving their young feet. But we may not turn the course of life out of its deep groove because one human heart has fled from earth; the stir of the pulse, the joy of youth and strength are happily made to surmount the waves of sorrow as surely as a swimmer comes rejoicing out of the strong surf, and this does not mean distasteful or heartlessness. "These extracts constitute about the half of the article, but they express the thoughts of the writer. They contain very fine sentiments and perfectly reasonable advice. With what is thus advanced we have no dispute, but we feel that there is a great lack of something that appeals more strongly to the Catholic mind. We possess—we of the olden church—a system or mode of remembering the dead, which not only serves to preserve green the recollection of the departed, but is a practical utility to the one whose loss we mourn. Moreover, we attain the two-fold object of benefiting the dead and of encouraging the living. Our hope in a union hereafter, and faith in the communion of saints, our association with those gone before us—through the means of prayer—all enable us to perpetuate the memory of the dead in a manner that is neither calculated to engender neglect, nor yet to produce unnatural and useless misery for the survivors. It is this lack that we notice in all the article, otherwise admirable from a mere human standpoint.

"There can be no more beautiful and vital way of honoring the dead than by making others happier for their dear sakes, and the selfishness which yields to the demand of personal loneliness and grief, by losing interest in everything outside its own narrow limits, can neither make a memory strong and faithful in the world whence the man has departed, nor kindle new desire that he were once again alive. "Especially do I believe it is a wholesome custom to make the birthdays of the dead as in their lives, days of honor and quiet cheerfulness in which the young should keep the remembrance of those whom they have lost, as among the sources of their happiness and pride. "Friends too, have claims not to be ignored. Grief must have time to take its long breath of sustaining oxygen in its own lonely place a part before it can come down into the world's path again; but it becomes simply an exaggerated form of selfishness when it wounds and sets aside those who have made brighter years delightful and are ready to do what in their lies to cheer those of present gloom. "The joyfulness of childhood, the eager interests of youth, the ambitions and hopes of manhood have each their rightful places in every home, and they are doubly orphaned who find that grief for the loss of one parent has made the other ignore their claims and neglect to share their lives. Many a time the loss of one child has been made the unreasonable cause of its sisters and brothers, and, indeed, the life of the whole family has been sacrificed to emphasize the affection felt for one taken out of its encircling arms. "I have taken Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for the last two months, and I am pleased to recommend this remedy as the best and cheapest remedy known for women's diseases. "I have taken Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for neuritis and general debility. I was in a wretched condition when I began to take this remedy and I am now feeling well. I would not advise any sick woman to begin taking these pills at once. "I cannot recommend Dr. Coderre's Red Pills to brighten up a female's troubles. I was very sick, had female weakness in all its forms. I took Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and they restored me entirely to health. They are the best and cheapest remedy I have ever known. "After reading these testimonials, any woman who is sick, and who is possessed with the slightest intelligence, will not let a moment

As the very primal point from which to look forward, we want the living to remember the dead lovingly. "It would seem both rational and sensible to revert to the judgment of those we would honor by our mourning. Take a family left fatherless; would it not be a wholly reasonable procedure to endeavor to honor the lost head by carrying out his views? Yet in how many households out of which has gone a genial, sympathetic, cheerful father follows a reign of darkness? In the home of a man whose nature had been marked by love of social merriment, whose cordial interest had endeared him to his kindred and neighbors, and who felt hospitality to be a positive duty, we are sometimes shocked to find a once open door closed to all except the few nearest relatives, and a pervading coldness and silence, which it would have been impossible for him to endure, filling the rooms he had loved.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

POULTRY FEEDING.—Without wishing to load our column with all that Mr. Gilbert had to say concerning minor points of poultry raising we cannot allow the information that he gave the Committee concerning the feeding of hens, to pass unnoticed. This is certainly one of the most important phases of the question. In answer to questions made by the various gentlemen mentioned in the report the expert gave the following instructive replies. "What to feed and how to feed it. "By Mr. McGregor: "Q. Have you anything to say for the general information of the farmers as to the feeding and care of fowl along the usual lines. Have you got any hints to throw out before leaving the subject? "A. Yes, sir; our experimental work has proved that two rations per day will do much better than three. "By Mr. McNeill: "Q. Winter or summer? "A. Winter or summer, particularly in the former season, when the fowls are artificially housed and fed. "By Mr. McGregor: "Q. You go in for mixed foods? "A. Yes, but to take the place of the noon ration vegetables must be kept before the fowls all the time, as well as grit and oyster shells. These points have been described in my reports at length. We want to use in the morning as much of the farm waste as possible in shape of mash, and that is a matter of some importance to farmers. If you have plenty of vegetables, grit and oyster shells before the hens all the time our experience so far shows that they will do more egg-laying than if fed with grain at noon. It is necessary to their well-being that laying stock should eat a quantity of green food. It is also an important factor in winter egg production. Grit and bone are important factors also. The fowls would not likely eat so heartily of green food and grit if they are fed on grain at noon. The afternoon ration should be fed early and thrown into the litter on the floor, so as to induce the hens to scratch for it. It is also a good plan after feeding the morning ration to throw a few handfuls of grains into the pens, so as to excite the fowl to scratch for it and so get the necessary exercise. There are three important factors in the winter feeding of fowls, viz.: Meat in some shape or form, green stuff and exercise. "Q. Do you feed the meat raw or cooked? "A. I prefer to cook it. "Q. Is your mash mixed with warm water? "A. Yes.

By Mr. Feather: "Q. Have you used green clover for green food? "A. We use Java clippings, dried and put away in summer and stored when we want them in winter. They come out almost as green as new grass, and the hens eat it with avidity. We feed it sometimes at 11 o'clock a.m. In fact we feed as much green food as possible. "Q. Where do you keep your Java clippings; you get them off the lawn? "A. Yes. We put them in oysters after thoroughly drying them and store them for winter use. "By Mr. Sproule: "Q. Did you try cutting clover and feeding it to the hens? "A. Yes, we have tried cutting and mixing it in the mash, and good it is, too. "By Mr. Featherston: "Q. Do you use mangels? "A. Yes, we have mangels before the fowls all the time, and find them one of the cheapest and most wholesome forms of vegetable food. We use all the unmarketable vegetables and grains we can. We try to do nothing but what the farmers can. "By Mr. McGregor: "Q. Do you use milk? "A. Yes, sometimes. "Q. Mixed with the mash? "A. Yes. "By Mr. Featherston: "Q. Is there a possibility of the fowl getting too much to lay well? "A. Yes. The rations must be carefully fed. You will find one pound of mash to fifteen hens, or one pound of cut green bone to fifteen hens, and a little grain thrown on the floor immediately afterwards to keep them in exercise a good morning ration. No noon ration; but have plenty of vegetables, grit and oyster shells before the fowls. With the lawn clippings steamed and an afternoon ration of sound grain the fowls will not get too fat if fed in the proportions I have named. "By Mr. McNeill: "Q. Instead of grit could you not use ground granite? "A. That would do. "By Mr. Henderson: "Q. What do you suggest instead of oyster shells where they cannot be obtained? "A. A good substitute is old mortar or lime in some shape. Clover supplies lime in small quantities, and bone in the shape of beef's head, sheep's heads all broken up are beneficial forms in which lime can be given. "By Mr. McNeill: "Q. How much feed do you give to fifteen hens? "A. One pound of mash, one of cut green bone.

FEMALE WEAKNESS. What a meaning this word "Female Weakness" has for every woman. Who does not understand that expression? Female Weakness means that women suffer from diseases peculiar to themselves, and it means that they suffer a good deal. How few remedies can help these women, how few doctors can cure them, but how many thousands of women have been cured by the use of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women. In almost every case, a woman who suffers from female weakness, has been humbugged by cure alls and old-fashioned liquid remedies; because she has been duped by these remedies, she has lost confidence and she will try nothing else. She is angry and she ought to be. But she should not be discouraged until she has given Dr. Coderre's Red Pills a faithful trial. This is a remedy which has been made for her ailments and hers alone and if there is any good in medicine to-day, it should be in Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women, and it is; for they cure just as sure as there is a sun. The following ladies will be pleased to tell you that what we say is true. Write them, their full names and addresses. Mrs. Jennie Cowen, 829 Granger St., Saginaw, West Side, Mich. "I have taken Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for the last two months, and I am pleased to recommend this remedy as the best and cheapest remedy known for women's diseases. Mrs. M. Conway, 1324 Third Street, Detroit, Mich. writes: "I have taken Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for neuritis and general debility. I was in a wretched condition when I began to take this remedy and I am now feeling well. I would not advise any sick woman to begin taking these pills at once. Mrs. Lucille Savage, 194 Walker St., Manchester, N. H. writes: "I cannot recommend Dr. Coderre's Red Pills to brighten up a female's troubles. I was very sick, had female weakness in all its forms. I took Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and they restored me entirely to health. They are the best and cheapest remedy I have ever known. After reading these testimonials, any woman who is sick, and who is possessed with the slightest intelligence, will not let a moment



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The will of Patrick Calhgan, a former New York lawyer, who died at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., last week, has been filed in the office of the Surrogate of Dutchess County. The estate consists of \$100,000 of personal and \$100,000 of real estate.

After bequeathing about \$25,000 to his relatives, the rest of the estate is to be divided among the following institutions: Society for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children; Ursuline Convent, Morrisania; Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, New York; Home of the Good Shepherd, New York, and St. Mary's Church, Poughkeepsie. Should any of the legatees fail, such legacy is to go to Archbishop Corrigan. Everett Smith of Schenectady, N.Y., is the executor of the will.

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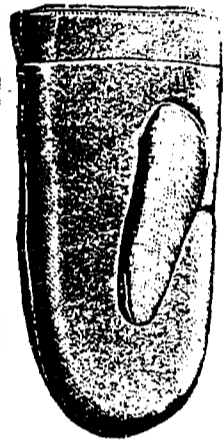
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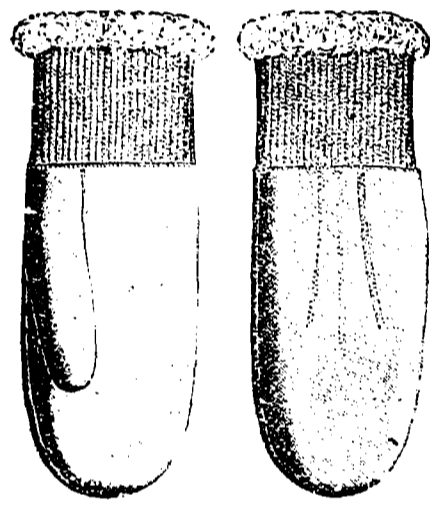
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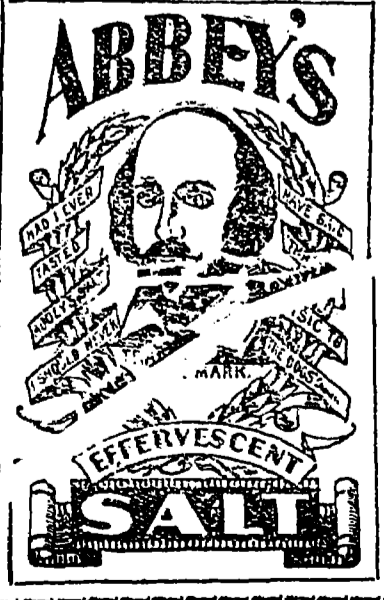
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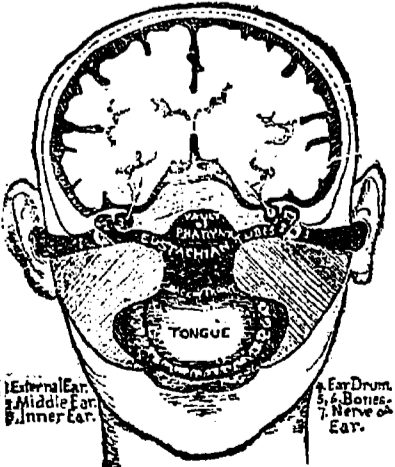
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