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## THE PREMIER DEAD.

### Sir John S. D. Thompson No More.

He Expired at Windsor Castle after having been Sworn in as Privy Councillor of the United Kingdom.

### A GRAND CAREER SUDDENLY ENDED.

Canada Mourns a Statesman, an Orator, a Most Gifted and Distinguished Son.

### LATE DETAILS OF THE SAD EVENT.

When the news of the sudden death of Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, flashed across the Atlantic, on Wednesday last, our issue for the week was already mailed to our subscribers. The despatch then received ran as follows:—

LONDON, December 12. — Sir John Thompson, the Canadian premier, died suddenly at Windsor castle at 1.45 this afternoon. At the time he was lunching in the Octagon room of the palace in company with the Marquis of Ripon, colonial secretary; Mr. Henry Hartley Fowler, secretary, of state for India; Mr. Arnold Morley, postmaster-general; the Marquis of Breadalbane and some other ladies and gentleman.

He left Paddington station in a special train at 12 o'clock to-day in company with the gentlemen mentioned above, for Windsor, for the purpose of attending a meeting of the Privy council, to which he was to be sworn. He had also been invited to dine with Her Majesty and to spend the night at Windsor.

After the meeting of the council, lunch was served in the Octagon room. The last moments of Sir John's life are thus related by the Marquis of Breadalbane: I saw Sir John on the platform at Paddington to-day and travelled to Windsor in the same saloon with him. He appeared to be all right then, and afterwards at the meeting. After he was sworn, he retired to the luncheon room, and while we were sitting there he suddenly fainted. One of the servants and I, each took an arm and got him into the next room, and placed him beside the window. I got some water, and sent the servant for brandy. In a short time he recovered somewhat and seemed much distressed at having made what he regarded as a scene, remarking: "It seems too weak and foolish to faint like this."

"I replied: 'One does not faint on

purpose; pray do not distress yourself about the matter.'

"He then begged me to return to my luncheon, but, of course, I would not hear to this. I remained with him until he seemed to have completely recovered, and he rose to accompany me back to the luncheon room.

"I offered him my arm, but he walked unaided.

"He cheerfully remarked: 'I am all right now, thanks.'

"Dr. Reid, the Queen's physician, whom I had sent for, arrived.

"Within two or three minutes after Sir John's return to the luncheon room, and, I believe, before he tasted his cutlet or whatever had been placed before him, I saw him suddenly lurch over and fall almost into Dr. Reid's arms.

"At the request of the doctor the ladies at the table all went out. The doctor, I and some servants alone remained. We did all possible, but felt his pulse and

and sympathy with his widow when the news was announced to her. Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian high commissioner in London, was summoned to Windsor by a special courier shortly afterwards. He arrived at 7 o'clock this evening, rode directly to the castle, and was received by Her Majesty at once. He had a long audience, during which the Queen is understood to have communicated to him several messages of grief and sympathy.

The news of Sir John's death spread rapidly in official and political circles in London, and many Canadian and English politicians called at Sir Charles Tupper's office between four and six o'clock to express their sorrow. Several members of the American colony also left cards. Telegrams were received from Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and Edinburgh, also innumerable messages of profound sorrow, all gratefully acknowledging the eminent

exemplary character. Both Canada and Great Britain have lost a most capable administrator, on whom they might have relied for many years to meet everything with coolness and sagacity. It was only on December 2nd he was telling me of the great satisfaction he felt in finding the result of the arbitration to be a practical solution of the Behring Sea difficulty. He was most sanguine that the Paris award would prove to be the permanent settlement of all the disputed questions. He mentioned to me that he was suffering somewhat from ill-health, but he said there was nothing to indicate more than temporary indisposition. I am sure that the recognition of his services expressed by his appointment to the Privy Council was hailed with as much pleasure in Canada as in England. The shock produced by his death cannot now be intimated as regards its final effect."

#### The Court Circular.

The Court Circular, on Sir John Thompson's death, says:—To the Queen's very great regret the Hon. Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., P.C., Premier and Minister of Justice in Canada, who had just been sworn in as a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, died suddenly of syncope, a few minutes after leaving the Council room. Sir John had mentioned that he was suffering from heart affection, for which he had been undergoing medical treatment and he was feeling unwell upon his arrival. Dr. Reid was present at the moment of his seizure and rendered every possible assistance.

#### Sir John's Last Speech.

At Tuesday evening's meeting of the Colonial Institute, at which Sir Charles Tupper presided, and where the Hon. Henry Wrixon read a paper on the Inter-Colonial Conference at Ottawa, Sir John Thompson was present. He sat in the rear of the hall, and appeared to be in low spirits. When he arose and addressed the meeting it was noticed that he spoke in a husky voice, and he apologized for the brevity of his remarks, saying that he was indisposed.

#### THE PREMIER'S LAST SPEECH.

Sir John Thompson said: "I wish the strength at my disposal this evening would enable me to express all I feel in sympathy with the Colonial Institute and my appreciation of the paper we have just heard. The Ottawa conference had for its primary and significant feature the appreciation of the whole people of the Dominion. It was impossible to have exceeded the enthusiasm felt with the objects of that conference even in the most remote parts of that country. A good deal had been said about meetings of that kind being characterized by a display of sentiment and sentimentality. For my part, I look upon it as one of the great achievements of the conference, one of the great justifications for the conference that the sentiment of the people of Canada responded instinctively at the first mention of the preparations for that assembly. (Cheers.)

Continued on second page.

The French Chamber of Deputies have voted to adopt the proposed commercial arrangement with Canada.



RT. HON. SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON, P.C., K.C.M.G., Q.C.  
Premier, Minister of Justice, and Attorney-General of Canada.

felt confident that no aid would avail him. The doctor held the same view, which unhappily proved to be but too true. So far as I could see Sir John had been in good health up to the first seizure, but I believe he told Dr. Reid that he had pains in his chest. The cause of death undoubtedly was the sudden failure of the heart's action."

The Morning Post is informed that Dr. Reid gave a certificate of death from syncope: therefore, no inquest is likely to be made.

#### Her Majesty Deeply Affected.

All reports agree that the Queen is deeply moved by Sir John Thompson's death. She expressed profound regret

services rendered to the Empire by the deceased statesman.

#### A Tribute From Sir Richard Webster.

Sir Richard Webster, ex-attorney-general, whose close acquaintance with the late premier was both personal and political, said in an interview Wednesday evening:—"I have long regarded him as a most remarkable man. In the Behring Sea arbitration in Paris, last year, he discharged his functions in a dignified and judicial manner, giving a striking example of firmness and impartiality throughout the proceedings. Everybody who had a part in the arbitration was convinced of his high ability and sound judgment. He had a most upright and

## THE PREMIER DEAD.

[Continued from first page.]

"Nothing could have exceeded the enthusiasm aroused upon the arrival of our fellow-colonists, and the Earl of Jersey as representing Her Majesty's Government. It was felt by our people that in Australia, New Zealand and in Cape Colony, millions of our fellow colonists were as interested as we were in the development of the empire and the mutual trade of the colonies with each other which development has been all these years without the slightest touch of our approach to kinship. One of the great objects of the conference, apart from the question of trade and trade arrangements was to avail ourselves of the opportunities presented by rapid communication, and to lessen the distance and time separating us from each other. Already, as you know, tenders have been called for by the Canadian Government for laying the Pacific cable, and it is a gratifying fact that these tenders place the cost of the work within a million dollars less than the estimate previously formed. We can judge by that fact of the possibilities of good results attending the conference. The carrying out of the undertaking must in a great part depend upon the action of Her Majesty's Government, as the project is too great for any one colony to materially aid it. But, when I mention the fact that Canada stands ready to support it by a liberal subsidy, and that, I believe, the Australian colonies stand in the same position, and seeing, also that the cost has been already lessened by a million dollars you will realize how completely within our grasp that undertaking is at the present time. (Cheers.)

"Another undertaking was the establishment of a British line of steam communication between North America and Great Britain. Within a few weeks after the conference a vote was carried in the Canadian Parliament by which £150,000 a year were pledged for the services and the feeling of the Canadian people has been so thoroughly aroused from one end of the Dominion to the other that although in parts it needs the assisting hand of Her Majesty's Government, the accomplishment of that object is as certain as any on the programme that has been laid down, and it is also completely within our grasp. The establishment of that service is a thing assured, and a thing assured within a very short time. (Cheers.) These are the results which have followed the assembling of the Conference so far.

The possibilities with regard to trade with all these colonies, at the Cape of Good Hope and in Australia and New Zealand are very great. I have not the opportunity or strength to deal fully with them this evening, but in common with Lord Brassey, I venture to hope that the influence of this meeting and the influence of all who sympathize with our projects will be liberally extended to us and that the feeling may be increased here as it exists in the most distant portions of the empire, that the day may come not only when the colonies should be united more closely together, but when they should have a more practically useful connection with the heart of the Empire itself." (Loud cheers.)

When the representative of the Associated Press saw Sir John after the meeting he looked very unwell and appeared to be experiencing difficulty in breathing. But in a kindly manner, he said: "I wish I could oblige you with my views upon the copyright question, the importation of Canadian cattle into England and other subjects affecting my country. But, until the conference with the Marquis of Ripon, (the Colonial Secretary) is closed you will understand that my lips are sealed. Come and see me on Thursday and I may then be able to talk."

### HIS LIFE.

A Sketch of His Life—A Very Successful Career.

No other man out of all that have set their names high in the roll of Canadian public men ever made his way to the front in so few years after his entry into the field of Dominion politics as Sir John Thompson.

When he was called to Ottawa by Sir John Macdonald, towards the end of the year 1885, and made Minister of Justice and Attorney-General for the Dominion,

he was all but unknown outside of his own Province. Whatever reputation he had won did not go far beyond the bounds of Nova Scotia.

The ordeal he had to face in making his first notable speech in the House of Commons might well have dismayed a less courageous man. It was during the memorable debate on the resolution introduced by Mr. Landry of Montmagny, declaring the deep regret of Parliament that the sentence of death passed upon Louis Riel, the leader of the revolt in the Northwest, who had been convicted of high treason, was allowed to be carried into execution. The debate had lasted more than a week, and the mover of the resolution had been followed by Sir Hector Langevin, Lieut.-Col. Amyot, Mr. Royal, Mr. Gigault, Mr. Clarke Wallace, Mr. Cameron of Huron, Mr. J. J. Curran, Mr. Coursol, Mr. Wood of Brockville, Mr. Charles Langelier of Montmorency, Mr. Rykert, Mr. Becharf, Mr. Laurier, Sir Adolphe Caron, Mr. Desjardins of Hochelaga, Mr. Landry of Kent, New Brunswick, Mr. Gray, Mr. MacIntosh and Mr. Edward Blake, the last of whom had spoken during the afternoon and evening of Friday, March 19th, 1886. It was past midnight when the leader of the Opposition brought his powerful and eloquent denunciation of the Government to a close, and the new Minister of Justice moved the adjournment of the debate. On the afternoon of the following Monday the galleries around the chamber of the House of Commons were crowded, and the most intense expectation awaited the taking up of the debate. When the new Minister of Justice arose, he had before him the task of justifying the Government in having allowed the execution of Riel. In the debate on the Speech from the Throne not many days before Mr. Blake had remarked that Mr. Thompson—he had not yet received the honor of his present title—had "entered Federal politics, as the French would say, by the great Gate," and that "for him there had been no apprenticeship in Parliament." In what manner the Minister of Justice acquitted himself on that day needs not to be recounted here.

When he made his speech in the great Riel debate Sir John Thompson was in his forty second year. He was born in Halifax, November 10th, 1844. His father, John Sparrow Thompson, who had come to Nova Scotia from Waterford, Ireland, his native place, and was for a time Queen's Printer and afterwards Superintendent of the Money Order system of the Province, had him educated in the public schools of Halifax and the Free Church Academy.

Of his skill in debate the young man gave early indications in the debating clubs of Halifax, where he gained a reputation as one before whom greater triumphs lay when he should seek distinction in wider fields. In 1859 he was articled as a student-at-law in the office of Mr. Henry Prior, who was afterwards stipendiary magistrate in Halifax. He had already made himself a skilled stenographer, and he now turned his skill to account in reporting the debates in the Nova Scotia House of Assembly. In the official reports of the debates of that Legislature for the year 1866, Mr. John George Bourinot, now the learned Clerk of the House of Commons, who was the official reporter, makes acknowledgment in his preface of the assistance of Mr. John S. D. Thompson. In the following year the preface to the official debates has the signature of Mr. Thompson, who had succeeded to the place of reporter-in-chief. During the four following sessions he continued to report the debates. These years of service on the floor of the Legislative Chamber of his native Province were of advantage to him in giving him a thorough and ready knowledge of the procedure of Parliament and a complete acquaintance with the politics and political leaders of the time, which stood him in excellent stead when he himself became a member of the House of Assembly.

He was called to the Bar in July, 1865, in his twenty-first year. Five years later he married Miss Annie Affleck, the daughter of Captain Affleck, of Halifax. A year later he became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. In the practice of his profession he was notably successful from the beginning, and before many years he held the place of acknowledged leader of the Halifax Bar. In December, 1877, after having served as an alderman and as chairman of the Board of School Commissioners in Halifax during several previous years, he was

elected at a bye-election to represent Antigonish in the Provincial House of Assembly. He brought a great accession of debating strength to the Opposition, and when the Liberal Government was overthrown in the general election of the following year—in which he stood again for Antigonish, and was re-elected by acclamation,—the portfolio of Attorney-General went to him as a matter of course in the new Government of which Mr. Simon H. Holmes was leader. It was known as the Holmes-Thompson Government. On the eve of the next Provincial election he was left at its head by the retirement of Mr. Holmes, who had held the portfolio of Provincial Secretary. The Government went before the people to stand or fall by the judgment to be passed by the Province upon Mr. Thompson's Municipal Corporations Act, which incorporated each county in the Province and provided for local municipal self-government, instead of the old system of government by sessions of the Peace and by the grand jury, vesting the power of expenditure of the road and bridge moneys in the municipal councils, and making extensive reforms in the method of disbursing such public grants.

After a hotly contested campaign the Government was defeated at the polls in July, 1881, by a majority of five members. Mr. Thompson was himself again returned for Antigonish. A Liberal Government came in, and a month or two later he was, to the great acceptance of the Bar of the Province, appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. When he went out of the House of Assembly he was in his thirty eighth year.

His father was a friend and associate of Joseph Howe, and thus, though his strongest predilections have always been for the study and administration of law, there is something to be said on the score of heredity for his having become a politician. When he accepted, however, the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia in the summer of 1882, it was said of him that he fulfilled then what has been his chief ambition since he was a young man. More than that, he restored strength to a tribunal which had been losing somewhat of its old prestige. It is said by a friend of Sir John Thompson, that when he was made a judge of the Supreme Court, he formed a resolution to which he adhered faithfully while he was on the Bench, not to allow any day to pass without at least five hours' study of law. These three years of quiet, continuous thought and study we may well believe were more to his desire than the preceding years which had been filled with the noise of politics. Among the permanent results of his work while he was on the bench is the Judicature Act, which became law in 1884. It was drafted by him, and it simplified greatly the practice of the courts. He also found time to deliver a course of lectures on "Evidence" in the Law School at Dalhousie.

The Minister of Justice owed his knighthood to the services which he rendered during the negotiation of the Chamberlain-Bayard Fishery Treaty, 1887. He, in company with Sir Charles Tupper, went to Washington as the legal adviser of the British Plenipotentiaries, and prepared for them their briefs. The voluminous reports he had previously prepared upon the various questions of an international character which had arisen in connection with the Atlantic fisheries had already received high commendation from Her Majesty's Government. In recognition of his valuable assistance on this occasion, Her Majesty conferred on him the Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in August, 1888. It should be said also that he was appointed Queen's Counsel in May, 1879, and that he was called to the Bar of Ontario in 1890.

It is not needed that mention should be made in this place of the many statutes prepared by Sir John Thompson, which have become law under his supervision, to the great benefit of public and private interests. Every session as Minister of Justice he brought before Parliament a large volume of new legislation. His amendments to the banking law, and his constant revision of the criminal law, may be specially noted as a great public advantage.

When the Dominion Government needed him at Ottawa he loyally allowed his own inclinations to weigh less with him than necessities of former political friends. He resigned from the bench of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia on September 25, 1885, and was immediate-

ly afterwards appointed Minister of Justice of the Dominion. In a leading article in the Mail at the time of his appointment, when all Western Canada was curious about the new minister from the East, appeared the following passage regarding him: "Starting like nearly all young men of his time, as a follower of Howe in the anti-Confederation period, more from personal fondness perhaps than from a profound conviction, he gladly acquiesced in the acceptance by Howe, in 1867, of the 'better terms' which by the wise determination of Sir John Macdonald were made the sign and seal of Imperial as well as of Canadian politics. Since 1869 he has been a most faithful, high minded, unselfish and respected advocate of the policy of the great chief of the Liberal-Conservative party of Canada. As a lawyer his success has been remarkable. He has the faculty of initiative, and is really 'learned in the law.' As an orator his style is usually subdued but effective, and in due season on proper provocation he can exercise a power of declamation remarkable in one who is not effusive in manner. His gift of accomplished sarcasm has been the secret terror of a good many bumptious gentlemen. Every success he has won; and all the popularity he has preserved, and all the authority he has attained, are due in part to the fact that his high and unstained personal character has obtained for him a position which no one has ever attempted with any hope of success to assail."

He did not come to Ottawa without the experience which should qualify a man for high office. He had borne the heat and the burden of the vigorous labors of the press, of the Law Courts, of the political arena, of the Legislature and of the Bench. The story goes that when Sir John Macdonald entrusted his present portfolio to him, several Ministerial members of Parliament went down to Earncliffe to declare their dissatisfaction. The Premier, after listening to their complaints, made answer, with that oracular waggling of his head which those who know it will never forget: "Gentlemen, wait until six months have passed before you form your judgment of the new Minister of Justice. Come to me then, if you will, and tell me that I have made a mistake." When the six months were passed no voice was raised from the Ministerial ranks against the new Minister's ascendancy.

At the last general elections on March 5th, 1891, he was again returned to represent Antigonish in the House of Commons. The election campaign, which was destined to be the last of the many through which Sir John Macdonald led his forces to face the fortunes of political warfare at the polls, was contested stubbornly in all parts of the Dominion, and Sir John Thompson, who had come to be regarded as among the strongest in strategy of the old Field Marshal's generals, bore a distinguished share of its hardships and labors.

In 1891, upon Sir John Macdonald's death, he was chosen as leader of the House of Commons, and in the fall of 1892 he succeeded Sir John Abbott as Premier of Canada. He was sworn of the Imperial Privy Council immediately before his death.

The above sketch of Sir John's life is a liberal adaptation of the biography in Tache's Men of the day, by W. J. Healy.

### Last Words in Parliament.

Sir John Thompson's last words in the House of Commons were delivered on the 21st of July. Immediately before announcing that the business of the session had been concluded, he rose and, seconded by Mr. Laurier, moved that "the House do concur in the address from the Senate to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen to tender to Her Majesty their cordial congratulations upon the birth of a son to His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York."

### Last Address in Canada.

Sir John Thompson's last public address was made in Toronto on the 18th October last, the occasion being the unveiling of the monument to his predecessor in the premiership, Sir John Macdonald. After referring to the loyalty and patriotism of the man whose memory they were met to honor, he closed in a peroration that may well apply to his own case. Referring to the monument he said: "May it speak of one who was great because he loved Canada much,

and loved and served the Empire well, and of whom it was well said, in recollection of what he had accomplished for his country and the example he had set for his countrymen:

"He nothing fears  
The long to-morrow of the  
Coming years."

Sir John Thompson left Ottawa for England on the 29th October.

**A SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS**

Chanted in London over Sir John.

LONDON, December 14.—Funeral services over the body of Sir John S. D. Thompson, late premier of the Dominion of Canada, were held in the Chapel of Our Lady, in Spanish Place, this morning. The services, which consisted of a solemn Requiem Mass with the usual antiphonal chanting, began at 11 o'clock, at which hour the coffin arrived at the west entrance to the chapel. Upon the coffin was a solitary wreath of bay and laurel leaves, with white streamers. This was the wreath which had been placed upon the body at Windsor by the Queen herself. The coffin, the outer shell of which is of mahogany, bore a heavy brass shield with the inscription:—

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON,  
P.C., K.C.M.G., M.P., Q.C.  
Premier and Minister of Justice of Canada.  
Died at Windsor Castle, December 12th, 1891.  
Aged 50 years.  
R. I. P.

As the coffin entered the chapel it was covered with a heavy pall of rich black velvet, upon which was a large golden cross. Beneath the cross were inscribed in golden letters the words, in Latin, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A procession was formed at the west door and the coffin was carried to the altar. Preceding the coffin were a number of acolytes, one of whom carried a cross and the others bearing lighted tapers. The procession marched up the aisle to the altar, where a catafalque had been erected upon a line with the altar, standing upon a rich carpet of purple and gold velvet. Upon each side of the catafalque were six immense candelabra, which shed a weird light around the space in front of the altar, greatly adding to the impressiveness of the scene. The mass was celebrated, at the command of the Queen, by the Rev. Father Longinoto, the pastor of St. Edward's church in Windsor. He was assisted by Canon Barry, of the chapel of Our Lady. Although the weather was cold, damp, foggy, and in every respect disagreeable, there were a considerable number of persons in the church.

Among those who were present were: Sir Charles Tupper, the Marquis of Ripon, secretary of state for the colonies; Lord Hawkesbury, representing the Queen; Baron de Courcel, French ambassador; Lady Russell, Hon. Cecil Rhodes, premier of Cape Colony; Senator and Mrs. Sanford; Sir J. A. Garry, Sir J. Osborne Morgan and Mr. Edward Winfield, C.B., of the Colonial office; Mr. J. C. O'Halloran, secretary of the Colonial institute; Mr. Hargreaves, of Toronto; Baron Tennyson, Major Jameson, the administrator of the British South Africa company; the Earl of Jersey, who was the representative of the British Government at the Intercolonial conference recently held in Ottawa; Baron Mount-Stephen, formerly president of the Canadian Pacific Railway company; Charles Lennox Peel, clerk to the Privy Council; Sir Saul Samuels, agent-general for New South Wales; Sir Robert Herbert, agent-general for Tasmania; Sir Charles Mills, agent-general for the Cape of Good Hope; General Laurie, the Hon. Thomas Playford, and many others, including all of the permanent officials of the colonial office.

Miss Thompson, the daughter of the dead statesman, was accompanied by Senator and Mrs. Sanford and occupied a seat in front of the altar immediately facing the coffin. The young lady was deeply affected throughout the service. After the coffin was placed upon the catafalque two additional wreaths were placed upon it. One was a wreath and cross composed of white flowers from Lady Tupper, and the other was the offering of the dead man's daughter. At the conclusion of the services, which ended with the chanting of the absolution, the friends of the dead Premier passed around the coffin and looked upon the face of the dead. When the mourners had dispersed the coffin was taken into the private chapel of the church and

later conveyed to the private mortuary of Messrs. Wm. Garstin & Sons, No. 5 Welbeck street, where the body will remain until it is removed for the purpose of transportation to Canada.

**An Exceptional Honor.**

Yesterday, the 18th December, the remains of the dead Premier were placed on board H.M.S. Blenheim to be conveyed to Halifax. This honor is most exceptional and certainly one of the highest works of respect that the British Government could pay the Canadian statesman.

**PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD PREMIER.**

Expressions of Sorrow in all the Churches of Canada.

Countless are the resolutions of condolence that have been passed. Almost every society, club and organization in the Dominion sent up a note of grief in the mighty chorus of sympathy.

**The Sir John A. Macdonald Club.**

One of the largest meetings of the members of the Sir John A. Macdonald Club was that held Saturday to pass resolutions of regret at the death of the late premier. The large hall in the St. Lawrence Hall was filled to overflowing when President F. S. McLennan called the meeting to order.

Senator Murphy moved the first resolution, which read as follows: "That the members of the Sir John A. Macdonald Club having heard with profound regret of the sad and lamentable death, at Windsor Castle, of Canada's Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., at a moment that he had achieved the highest honor that has ever been bestowed upon a Colonial statesman, desire to record their sense of the incalculable loss sustained by his political party and his country, and to express to his afflicted widow and children their deep sympathy with them in a bereavement the sadness of which, they trust, may be mitigated by the universal sympathy of the peoples of two continents, and by their possession of the splendid heritage transmitted to them by the honored dead—a name spotless in private life that shall ever be illustrious in the history of this country."

Senator Desjardins seconded the resolution, which was spoken to by the Hon. J. J. Curran, A. W. Morris, M.P.P., R. M. England, M.P.P., E. E. Spencer, M.P.P., M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., A. W. Atwater, Donald Macmaster, Q.C., R. L. Gault and H. B. Ames.

All the speakers spoke most feelingly and particularly the Hon. Mr. Curran, whose tribute was one of the deepest and most touching, perhaps, that was ever paid by one Canadian to another.

**IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCHES.**

In every Catholic Church throughout Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver, prayers were offered up for the repose of Sir John's soul, and from every pulpit came eulogistic expressions such as few men have ever been the object of.

**ST. JOSEPH'S, OTTAWA.**

In St. Joseph's, which Sir John attended, the Rev. Father Constantineau said: "Since last Sunday God, in His infinite wisdom, had asked a great sacrifice from the people of Canada. By Sir John Thompson Canada had lost her greatest statesman. In religion he was a loving child, and of the parish of St. Joseph a devoted and conscientious member." He did not propose to refer to Sir John's political career, but it must be a source of consolation and pride to all who loved and honored his memory to know that political friends and opponents were unanimous in honoring and testifying to his noble character and high attainments. The preacher said he was unequal to the task of pronouncing an eulogy upon Sir John as a private citizen; as a true member of the Catholic Church, as a statesman, as one who had loved his country sincerely, Sir John Thompson will always be remembered, and his name would shine forth through pages of the history of Canada. Sir John was remarkable for his devoted attention to his religious duties. On the Sunday immediately before his departure for England he was present at that sacred altar to receive the consolation of the Holy Communion. To his bereaved family this should be a source of supreme consolation in this hour of their affliction. They had the full and perfect

hope derived from the knowledge that the duties which Sir John Thompson had to perform in every walk of life were well and faithfully done.

At St. Patrick's church Rev. Father Whelan also paid an eloquent tribute to the deceased Premier, in the course of which he said: "I know, because he told me so himself, that Sir John Thompson's favorite character in British history was Sir Thomas More, and in truth there are many points of resemblance between the two, though it be presumption for me to say so. The biography of Sir Thomas More showed him to be a plain, unselfish, high-minded man, and a Catholic by religion, who, taking the position in the world to which God had called him, had worked out for himself by his own energy and talents a career that would satisfy the most ambitious. He rose from a simple citizen to a high subject, and by steady application to the duties of his office had earned for himself a distinguished reputation. His life was marked by an ardent devotion to family and with a special regard for his daughter. He was a thorough Catholic and it was his customary habit before undertaking any matter of importance to confess. Had we not in that biography a faithful history of the life of him who on Wednesday last within a few minutes answered the gracious summons of his Queen and then the awful summons of his God. When his spirit had fled, the electric wires and the printers' types were straining themselves in spreading the news that in Windsor castle lay the body of one of the brightest and most brilliant men in the world, the body of Canada's Prime Minister, with the crucifix upon his breast. He had been devoted to the last in the faith that had been ostracized from those Royal walls and which it had long been considered treason to profess."

**IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES.**

At Christ Church Cathedral the Dead March in Saul was played, and Rev. Canon Norton, D.D., delivered a most touching tribute. In St. George's Church the same solemn music was heard, and Rev. Mr. James preached upon the departed. In the Church of St. James the Apostle, Rev. Canon Eilegood delivered a very eloquent funeral oration. At Trinity Church, Rev. Canon Mills spoke feelingly of the Premier. At St. Stephen's Church Ven. Archdeacon Evans pronounced a most pathetic and powerful sermon from the text "Our Hope." Rev. Dr. Ker, in Grace Church, asked for the prayers of his congregation for the comfort of the bereaved, and spoke highly of the illustrious deceased. It is well known that Sir John had been a member of the Methodist Church before becoming a Catholic, and consequently the glowing sermons delivered in St. James Methodist and Dominion square Methodist churches, come with a special and promising significance. Rev. Dr. Hunter in the latter, and Rev. S. P. Rose in the former, spoke in terms so characteristic of Christian charity that many moist eyes were in their respective churches. In the Calvin Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Smyth preached on the subject in a very feeling strain, and at Erskine Church a tribute was paid by Rev. A. J. Mowatt. In St. Andrew's Church, Rev. J. Edgar Hill, M.A., B.D., in the course of his sermon said:

"Our Premier was at his best and highest estate that mournful day at Windsor, and behold it was altogether vanity. The occurrence, itself so appalling was no chance stroke of an evil fate, and no direct blow of a divine hand. Our dead Premier lies in his coffin today, the victim of fell disease operating by natural laws, bringing round tragic but natural results. Only in that understanding of the laws of life and the causes of death can any one learn a lesson of wisdom from his sad fate. His doctor at Ottawa diagnosed a disease which is probably as much the product of what we call worry as any other disease. It is not hard work that kills a man at 50, especially a man who lived so sensible as Sir John Thompson. But worry has killed the strongest man and wisest lives at 25. A man of Sir John Thompson's level head should have stood and would have stood the ordinary and legitimate worry of his high office for many years without suffering from the strain. It is a shame to worry our public servants because of concerns that lie outside the range of their public duty. It is a crime against our country to embarrass a minister of

the Crown in the discharge of his duty by attacks on his ecclesiastical connection and insinuations against his sincerity and conscientiousness. People are far too ready to take up such matters and magnify them by the exaggerating glass of their own shallow minds. Time and again I have felt my indignation rise to white heat at the unfair and uncharitable assaults made upon Sir John Thompson, because in a matter of ecclesiastical opinion he happened to differ from his assailants. And if his untimely fate should lead the bigots to pause and consider many a good man may be spared much unnecessary worry and many a good life may be spared to do better service to our country. Sir John Thompson's untimely death will not then have been in vain. The loss Canada has sustained is very great—so great that we cannot just yet estimate it. Canada's loss is greatest of all in the death of a true and unselfish patriot. His ambition was to serve his country, and he did serve her honestly and unselfishly. The self-seeker is too much in evidence in modern politics. For his country he gave his best effort; for his country he gave himself. What patriot can do more? What patriot has ever done more? Where is the Canadian who is not proud of the honors paid to our dead Canadian? What more could the Imperial Government have done for the best and bravest and most exalted of Briton's sons? No price of the blood could have more princely carrier to convey his remains to his native shore. That splendid battleship of significant name as she bounds her way across the ocean will teach a great object lesson to the onlooking world. God help that broken hearted widow and her fatherless children. They are the best to us of a father who earned your undying gratitude for his noble services. They are laid upon our national bosom and they should be cherished to the day they die. They are ours and we shall bear with them the burden of their sorrow. We shall also care for them as for our own, and they shall bless their father's memory all the more that they bless us who love them because we loved him so much.

**IN MONTREAL.**

In all the Roman Catholic churches of the city, as in fact all over the Dominion, special prayers were asked for the repose of the soul of the late Premier, Sir John Thompson. In St. James' Cathedral Rev. Father Racicot, before delivering the sermon at Grand Mass, referred to the death of Sir John Thompson and the great loss sustained by the people of the Dominion in his death, and earnestly requested the congregation to pray for him.

At High Mass in St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Quinlivan, the parish priest, spoke in feeling terms of the late Premier. The moment he mentioned Sir John Thompson's name the large congregation became visibly affected. Father Quinlivan, in asking the prayers of the congregation for the dead statesman, said:—

"I feel that more than a passing mention is due to the memory of this distinguished man. Altogether, apart from politics, the people of Canada, without distinction of class or creed, sincerely mourn the loss of one whose equal seldom appears. But great as he was by his ability as a statesman he was greater still by his moral worth. Sir John Thompson was not merely an honest man in the best sense in which the world understands it, but he was more over a fervent Christian, an humble, faithful Catholic, who valued his Faith and his conscience above all else. In his early manhood he became convinced of the truth of Catholicity and allowed no obstacle to deter him from embracing the truth. He was proud, as he ought to be, of calling himself a Catholic, and was never afraid or ashamed, when duty required it, to proclaim his unswerving allegiance to the Holy Catholic Church. Notwithstanding, his arduous duties, I have been told, on reliable authority, that he went every month to his confession, and those who knew him in the intimacy of personal friendship bear testimony to his scrupulous delicacy of conscience. He was the soul of honor, of honesty, and the highest of noble principles! What a lesson for those Catholics who imagine they can further their worldly interests by keeping their Catholicity conveniently out of sight, by forgetting and ignoring many of its strictest obligations, by keeping their religion,

I like their best clothes, for Sunday use only! Everybody knew that Sir John was a practical Catholic, and yet we see how completely he won the admiration and respect not merely of his colleagues of the International Conference at Paris, not merely of the foremost men in England, in France and America, but also the confidence, the respect and admiration of his Sovereign herself, who in his person bestowed the highest honours to a son of Ireland, of the Catholic Church and of Canada. Thank God, the day is past when, under the British flag a subject is debarred on account of his religious belief from positions of trust and emolument. The life, the memory, of Sir John Thompson is more than an eloquent sermon to remind Catholics of their duty and give them courage to perform it in the face of all obstacles. But it is our duty to pray for the repose of his soul. Tho' we have every assurance that he departed this life in the peace of God, yet, as some minor debts may be yet due by him to Divine Justice, we will implore the Divine mercy in his behalf, and pray that he may be soon admitted, if he does not already enjoy it, to the blessed company of the saints."

At St. Anthony's Church on Sunday morning, in his sermon, Rev. Father Donnelly made a very feeling reference to the death of the late Premier, whom he said was a man that should be upheld as an example to the youth of the country. He also spoke of the national testimonial and said that he hoped that every member of St. Anthony's congregation would give all that they could, for in these days it was more than a pleasure to see and hear that a leader of the people had died a poor man, and when he did his family should be provided for.

#### OBITUARY.

##### THE LATE MR. JOSEPH A. McCANN.

During the past few weeks we have been called upon to place on record the death of a number of well known young Irish-Canadians. In this issue we have to announce that of Joseph A. McCann, a young citizen well known to the rising generation as being an earnest and industrious worker in the cause of promoting the prosperity and advancement of many of our religious and national societies. The deceased, while having devoted many years of toil to the objects of young men's associations, found time, however, to assist in other religious undertakings, and notably amongst the members of St. Patrick's choir. Mr. McCann was an active member of the latter organization for a period of more than a decade, and during that time performed yeoman service in the direction of creating a spirit of enthusiasm in all the projects which it had undertaken. The writer has many pleasant and bright recollections of the generous and kindly expressions of advice and good-will which have fallen from the lips of the deceased upon the occasion of the annual dinners of the choir, as well as a lively appreciation of the nobleness of the sentiment of love and affection which he gave expression to in answering one of the toasts on these occasions. Mr. McCann was a sterling young Irish Catholic; proud of his religion and his nationality, fearless in defence of the principles which they taught, and ever ready to display his love for the one and his attachment and fervor for the other. While he was proud of the land of his birth and a true Canadian he never forgot to remember with pride and courage the land of his forefathers. Mr. McCann was engaged in the publishing business up to the time of his death, and had been spared he would have undoubtedly achieved a grand success, as his particular talents, inclinations and energies were well fitted for the task. The funeral, which took place a few days ago, was largely attended by leading citizens. St. Patrick's choir, under the kindly direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, assisted at the Solemn Requiem Mass over the remains of their former member and associate.—R.I.P.

##### MISS NELLIE CLARK.

The people of Cote des Neiges learned with deep sorrow of the death of a bright young girl in the person of Miss Nellie Clark, daughter of their worthy and esteemed townsman Mr. Patrick Clark. Apparently in the best of health until very recently, the deceased caught a severe cold, which, despite all medical aid and fond care of parents and relatives, proved fatal on the 2nd of December.

She was a most promising young person, beloved and esteemed by all who knew her, and her early death has cast a deep gloom over her home and over the whole community. The goodly number that surrounded her in the last moments, and the large concourse that followed her remains to the grave, indicate the deep sense of loss and the great feeling of sympathy amongst all the population of Cote des Neiges. May her soul rest in peace.

##### THE LATE MR. EDWARD McCALL.

With deep regret the citizens of Montreal, and the general travelling public, have learned of the death of our esteemed co-religionist and fellow-countryman, Mr. Edward McCall. For a quarter of a century the deceased was connected with the St. Lawrence Hall, as head porter, where, under the present popular proprietor, Mr. Henry Hogan, he served what might be called a long apprenticeship. Of late years his large form and pleasant face were familiar to all the frequenters of the Windsor Hotel, where he has been engaged in the same capacity of chief porter. A short time ago he caught a severe cold at the Windsor Station, yet his powerful constitution was considered equal to the task of shaking it off. But, unfortunately, he grew worse, and finally, as the end approached, he prepared for the inevitable. Finally the end came, and amidst his sorrowing friends and bereaved family, sustained by the Church's consoling rites, the spirit of the good man went forth to its reward. We sincerely and deeply sympathize with those he has left behind, and when we say with the Church, "may his soul rest in peace," we are confident that from all Montreal and from thousands of the travelling public, who knew and honored the deceased, will come a solemn and universal "Amen."

##### THE LATE MRS. MICHAEL SHANAHAN.

Died, of typhoid fever, at her residence, on December 8th, in Brockway, St. Clair County, Michigan, in the 48th year of her age, fortified by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, Mrs. Michael Shanahan. The deceased was a thoroughly practical Catholic, and leaves a family of eight children to mourn her loss. The funeral took place December 10, from Kenockee, Mich., where a Requiem High Mass was sung, Rev. Father Loughran being celebrant. We extend to the family and relatives our sincere sympathy, and we join in the consoling prayer that the soul of the departed may rest in peace.

Typhoid fever is raging in that section. From the township of Greenwood alone forty cases are reported with many deaths.

#### THE ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

The crimes committed against civilization by the Turkish barbarians in Armenia are too fearful, and some of them too abominable to relate. It is a crying shame that Western civilization does not invent some means of taming the inhuman brutes who set at defiance the laws of God, the laws of the world, and the laws of nature. It would be a Christian work, of the highest order, to teach these scoundrelly soldiers a lesson that they would remember. Until this is done there can be no security for Christians or honest people of any persuasion in the land of these modern savages. Is it any wonder that crusades took place in the Middle Ages? We need another Peter the Hermit, and a few more rulers and leaders like Godefroy

#### GOOD SPIRITS



Follow good health while low spirits, melancholia, impaired memory, morose, or irritable temper, fear of impending calamity and a thousand and one derangements of body and mind, result from pernicious, solitary practices, often indulged in by the young, through ignorance of their ruinous consequences. Nervous debility, and loss of manly power, not infrequently result from such unnatural habits.

To reach, reclaim and restore such unfortunate to health and happiness, is the aim of an association of medical gentlemen, who have prepared a treatise, written in plain but concise language and treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. A copy of this useful book will, on receipt of this notice, with 10 cents in stamps, for postage, be mailed securely sealed in a plain envelope. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

de Bouillon, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Bhemund of Tarrentum. The red cross is now transferred from the shield of the warrior to the cover of the ambulance. But in Armenia, and wherever these Turks hold lawless and cruel sway, it would be well if the Christian defenders sprang into armies of strength—there would be less need of the ambulance to carry away the victims of barbarity. They respect neither age nor sex; the domestic hearth and the sacred altar are alike profanated and immorality of the lowest class flows in upon the track of heartless murder and robbery. Surely there will come a day when the world will register an emphatic protest against these crimes.

Silence is only golden when you can't think of a good answer. Every singer in a quartette can give three good reasons why the organization isn't absolutely perfect.

Hazleton  
Mason & Hamlin  
Dominion  
Berlin  
Newcombe  
Reimers  
Ennis  
Pratte

Pianos

Organs

Aolian  
Vocalion  
Mason & Hamlin  
Dominion  
Berlin  
Transposing

New Pianos from \$175 to \$1000.

New Organs from \$35 to \$1500.

Secondhand Pianos from \$50.

Secondhand Organs from \$20.

TERMS OF PAYMENT—From \$3 monthly.  
Liberal discount for cash.

Over 100 Instruments  
in stock just now!

The largest and most varied assortment in Canada.

One price only and the lowest.

No agents.

Old Instruments taken in exchange.

Tuning and Repairing.

Visit and correspondence solicited.



H. HICKS. E. O'BRIEN.



M. HICKS & CO.  
AUCTIONEERS,  
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St.

[Near McGill Street.] MONTREAL.

Sales of Household Furniture, Farm Stock, Real Estate, Damaged Goods and General Merchandise respectfully solicited. Advances made on Consignments. Charges moderate and returns prompt.

N.B.—Large consignments of Turkish Rugs and Carpets always on hand. Sales of Fine Art Goods, and High Class Pictures a specialty.



DENT'S  
TOOTHACHE GUM  
STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY.

Ask for DENT'S; take no other. Sold everywhere, or by mail 15 cts. C. S. DENT & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Dent's Corn Gum Cures Corns, Bunions, Warts.

Society and general Job Printing at The True Witness office.

# WALTER PAUL,

## Family Grocer,

Takes pleasure in wishing all good citizens a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and at the same time he would like it to be known that he has the largest and the best stock of Groceries, Fruits, Provisions, Confectionery, etc., that is to be found in the whole Dominion. His stock is simply immense, and has been all specially imported by himself or for his own Family Trade. Nobody can make a mistake in buying their Christmas Goods from him, as the quality of everything is guaranteed.

Mr. Paul will not, in this advertisement, attempt to enumerate anything, as his stock can best be described in one word—Complete.

The public are invited to call and see the store. Whether they buy or not they will be made welcome. They will find it to be a matter of education just to examine the wonderful variety of fine goods.

Holly and Mistletoe given gratis to all purchasers.

All Orders Promptly Delivered to all parts of the City and Suburbs Free.

#### COUNTRY ORDERS

Carefully Packed and Placed, F.O.B., according to instructions.

No Wines or Liquors sold.

Business Conducted on Strictly Temperance Principles.

# WALTER PAUL,

## CORNER

Metcalfe and St. Catherine Sts

22 2

SMILES.

"What are the relations now between your wife and yourself?" "Oh, only her mother, two uncles, a sister, and a few cousins."

Coroner—"You swear positively you were not to blame for the man's death?" Dr. Tyro (haughtily)—"Certainly, sir; they did not call me soon enough."

Mr. Bacon—"When is the cook to be married?" Mrs. Bacon—"Oh, she is not to be married. She's broken her engagement. What, broken that, too?"

"There's a bonnet," said the editor's wife, "that is a perfect poem." "Yes," he replied, absent-mindedly, "but we never pay for poetry."

"I may tell you at once that I can put up with everything except answering back." "Oh, madam! sure that's just like myself. We shall get on splendidly."

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."

Stuffer—"You know that girl who refused me? She has just insulted me by inviting me to dinner." Dashaway—"What are you going to do?" Stuffer—"Swallow the insult?"

Willie—"Maw, we're going to have a little masquerade party over at Tom Stapleford's. How'd I better fix up so they won't know me?" His mother—"Wash your face, dear."

**OUR ADVERTISERS.**

It is Christmas time, the festive season of enjoyment and good will. We desire that all should participate fully in all the blessings of these happy weeks. Above all do we owe a debt of gratitude to the practical friends who have helped us along so steadfastly by means of subscriptions and advertisements. We will now call the attention of the thousands who make this a busy season of purchasing, in different lines, to kindly look over our columns and to favor THE TRUE WITNESS by patronizing the merchants and dealers whose names and firms they find announced in our paper. In no better way could they please us, and certainly they would thus be assisting us to recognize the benefits conferred upon us by the advertisers who give us their patronage. Despite the very mild weather we have been enjoying, still it is a season of cold, a time when furs are most required. Why not be supplied with these at O. A. Willies, 1790 Notre Dame street? It is a time of glorious song, melody and mirth; secure then—if you can afford it—a first-class piano or organ, and before doing so look over L. E. N. Pratte's column in our paper; his emporium is 1876 Notre Dame street. It is a time when every one requires good shelter—don't forget that the Montreal Roofing Company has offices on the corner of Latour street and Busby lane. Above all do the husband and wife require first-class supplies of groceries, of Christmas fruits, of good wines, and of all the necessaries to make "good Christmas cheer," go then to Fraser, Viger & Co.'s Italian Warehouse, 207 to 211 St. James street. Before going look at our double column advertisement. For first-class cooking secure the N. K. Fairbank's Company's Cottolene, and thus have healthy pastry for the young and old. You wish to make holiday presents in the form of cups, mugs, silver-ware or rich yet not dear articles—they are to be had at Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co., 1794 Notre Dame street. Perhaps it is a stove, steel-range, or other heating apparatus that is needed, F. H. Barr, plumber and gas-fitter, 2373 and 2375 St. Catherine street, will supply you. For family linen and drapery, Messrs. Jas. A. Ogilvy & Sons, at 203 to 207 St. Antoine street and 144 to 150 Mountain street, has splendid inducements in every department. Then there is John Murphy & Co.'s splendid new store on the corner of St. Catherine and Metcalfe streets. The Christmas bargains in dress goods are such that no person desiring to make sensible presents should neglect calling in and examining the stock. At 219 St. James street is the famous and time-honored confectionery, the name of "Alexander's" is enough; the purchasers of candies, cakes and pastry require no further comment from us.

It is probable that your callers will be so numerous this season that your electric bell may get out of order; if so telephone J. K. Macdonald, 762, 764 Craig street.

Take a glance at our column of business cards: J. J. Keating & Son, the temperance grocery, 257 Bleury street; Dufresne & Bros, Sculptors on wood and stone, 1273 Notre Dame street; Doyle & Anderson, wholesale tea merchants, 564 St. Paul street; E. Halley, general contractor and plasterer, 126 Park avenue; G. H. Pearson & Co., first-class tailoring establishment, 22 Chaboillez square; Daniel Furlong, choice beef, veal, mutton and pork, corner Prince Arthur and St. Dominique streets; Gallery Brothers, bakers and confectioners, corner Young and William streets; Joseph O'Brien, stenographer and typewriter, 185 St. James street; Lorge & Co., one of the most highly recommended hat and fur establishments in the city; T. C. O'Brien, fancy boots and shoes, all guaranteed, 231 St. Lawrence street; John Markum, plumber, gas and steamfitter, 35 St. Antoine street. Surely in this list you will find some one to accommodate you with whatever you desire to purchase, or in whatever work you wish to have done.

If not, then it must be something exceptional in the dry goods line that you seek; you can still be fully accommodated, for in our column of announcements, by S. Carsley, there is every imaginable inducement offered to purchasers. The Carsley emporium, corner Notre Dame and St. Peter streets, is so widely known that we need only to call attention to the list in this week's column.

For books, stationery, prayer-books, objects of devotion, and for everything

in the line of Christmas and New Year gifts, don't forget the old, reliable, and world-wide known house of D & J Sadler & Co., 1669 Notre Dame street. If your insurance has run out or you want to secure your stock or home, call upon Walter Kavanagh, 117 St. Francis Xavier street. Table delicacies of the freshest and best are to be found at D Stewart's, 206 St. Antoine street; the best Hiawatha flour and the choicest of butter may be had, morning, noon or evening, at J. L. Crevier's 809 St. James street. No matter what illness you may suffer from, you are sure to find the proper remedy amongst our different advertisements. If you are in the vicinity of Bonsecours market, call on Mr. Danray, stalls 54 and 56. If you want self-raising flour Brodie & Harvie will supply it. Should you require a good horse and rig for a Christmas drive, go to the Waverly Stables, 90 Jurors street, or to A. Byrne, 23 Bleury street; and should the horse cast a shoe Mr. C. McKiernan, 8 Hermine street, will replace it; should he fall sick, Mr. Mullin, 22 St. Urbain street, or Mr. M. Kannon, 106 Colborne street, will look after him.

But with all these things that certainly should suffice for every Christmas want, you need new furniture of choice designs, full sets or separate pieces—all of the newest and best. Go then to Renaud, King & Patterson, 652 Craig street. Whether you are immediately in need of something handsome and good for your house or not, you could not spend a more profitable hour than in the inspection of their stock.

We trust we have not given any one a toothache with our long list; if we have, let them step in and see Dr. Fitzpatrick, 54 Beaver Hall Hill, and if any person feels that they cannot walk to all the places mentioned, Mr. Wm. Gamble will supply him, at 748 Dorchester street, with boots and shoes that will carry him along.

Persons anxious for every assortment of groceries can find ample opportunity of being well supplied upon St. Catherine street; there is Mr. Walter Paul's splendid establishment, known all over the city, and Mr. W. J. Delaney's first-class store with its choice stock that is creating so much favorable comment. Coffee, spices, and Baking Powder—most necessary articles at this season, can be had of No. 1 quality from Messrs. J. J. Duffy & Co., Bleury street. That great thoroughfare, along which so many hundreds of our readers daily pass, has not a better stocked establishment than that of Mr. E. Elliott. Every one knows where it is. Stop in as you go past. For silver platedware, and every species of hardware, there is a popular wholesale emporium, where everything is guaranteed—Jas. Hutton & Co., of St. Helen street, are the proprietors.

Now, should it happen that after visiting all these you find you have more goods on hand than you require, go to M. Hicks & Co., Notre Dame street, and these famous auctioneers will get you value for them.

**CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.**  
The regular meeting of the Catholic Truth Society will take place in the library under the Gesù, on Friday evening next, 21st inst. The members will pass a vote of condolence with Lady Thompson in the sudden and sad bereavement she has sustained. The members are particularly desirous of making this expression of their sympathy as the late Premier was Hon. President of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa.

Is it not a curious circumstance that none of the magazines or papers especially devoted to fiction ever publish weather reports?

# CHRISTMAS GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

A Word of advice to our country customers and the public in general about Supplies for the Holidays.

If You Want to Save Money Call at

## E. ELLIOTT'S

And You Will be Convinced-

EVERY ARTICLE GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED.

We quote a few of our principal lines:—

**Raisins and Currants**  
16 lb. Raisins.....\$1 00  
16 lb. Currants..... 1 00  
Sultana Raisins, 3 lbs. for..... 25

**Candied Peel**  
JUST RECEIVED  
Mixed Peel.....20c per lb  
Lemon Peel.....20c per lb  
Orange Peel.....20c per lb  
Citron Peel.....20c per lb

**Evergreens. Evergreens.**  
Special Quotations to the trade, Churches, Socials, etc.

**Flour. Flour.**  
Ocean, per barrel.....\$4 00  
Ocean, per 1/2 barrel..... 2 10  
Ocean, per 1/4 barrel..... 1 15  
Ocean, per 1/8 barrel..... 60  
Silver King, per barrel..... 3 50  
Silver King, per 1/2 barrel..... 1 90  
Silver King, per 1/4 barrel..... 1 00  
Silver King, per 1/8 barrel..... 90  
14 lbs. for 30c.

**New Buckwheat Flour**  
100 lb. bags.....\$2 50  
50 lb. bags..... 1 25  
25 lb. bags..... 65

**Rolled Oats. Rolled Oats.**  
FRESH DAILY.  
25 lbs. for.....70c  
14 lbs. for.....40c

**Canned Vegetables.**  
Corn and Peas and Tomatoes, Best Brands, \$1.00 per dozen.

**California Canned Fruits**  
JUST RECEIVED.  
Yellow Free Peaches, Pears, Black Cherries, White Cherries, Greengages, Gold Drop Plums.  
All at \$3 25 per doz.; or 30c per tin.  
Evaporated Peaches, Pears and Apricots, 20c per lb.

**Potatoes. Potatoes.**  
I have just received a carload of fine potatoes, large, sound and mealy. Only 65c per bag.

**Quebec Turnips,**  
1 carload just in from the St. Foy district, 45c per bag; 90c per barrel.

**Teas. Teas.**  
I can give you a Tea for 25c per lb., Black or Japan, which cannot be beat at 40c elsewhere. Try it and be convinced.

We have the best assorted stock of Wines in the City for \$1.50 and upwards.

**Rolled Butter.**  
1 ton of Eastern Townships Rolled Butter 21c per lb.

**Granulated Sugar.**  
24 lbs. for \$1.00.

**Newman's Sweet Apple Cider.**  
25c per gallon.

**Mince Meat. Mince Meat.**  
12 1/2c per lb.

**Pure Maple Syrup.**  
90c per tin. Just in from Hillhurst.

We quote Liquors as follows:

**Brandy. Brandy.**  
"JOCKEY CLUB."  
Carte Blue, Blue Diamond...\$0 90 per bot.  
V.O..... 1 00 "  
V.S.O..... 1 25 "  
V.S.O.P..... 1 40 "  
W.V.S.O.P..... 1 75 "

**HENNESSY & MARTEL.**  
One Star...per case, \$14.00; per bot. \$1 25  
V.O..... " 18 00; " 1 60

**Gin. Gin. Gin.**  
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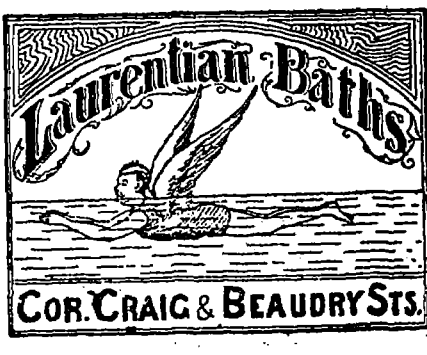
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RUSSIAN, PRIVATE, TURKISH.

Have you a Rheumatic Friend? Have you a Gouty Friend? Send him a ticket for eight Baths and set him up for enjoying the Xmas Holidays. It will cost you only \$5.00, or \$4.00 if tickets are used after 6 p.m.



The BIG SWIM is always kept at SUMMER TEMPERATURE. Boys Tickets, 10 for \$1.00. If your boy can't swim, make him learn; it may likely be the means of saving his life at some time.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Converts are coming into the Catholic Church steadily in all parts of the United States.

The Emperor of Germany has contributed 30,000 marks to the new Catholic Church in Berlin.

Sister Angelina, known in the world as Miss Fannie Carroll, died Tuesday night, November 26th, at the Convent of the Visitation, Clinton avenue, Brooklyn.

The Count de Chacon, first secretary of the Spanish Embassy at the Vatican, has given the salary of his office for this year to the Little Sisters of the Poor in Rome.

The order of the Mayor of St. Denis, France, prohibiting priests from going to the cemetery with funerals, has been reversed by a decision of the Council of State.

Rev. Brothers Justin, provincial of the New York province of Christian Brothers, and Paulian, provincial of St. Louis province, on their return from France, where they were attending a general chapter of the order, were given a public reception by the students of Manhattan College.

Arrangements for the annual sessions of the Western Catholic Summer School were completed at a meeting of the executive committee held at Columbus Club last week. The school will be in session during the months of July and August of next year, and the meetings will be held at Madison, Wis.

In view of the probability that the crown of Wurtemberg will pass to the Catholic branch of the reigning family through the failure of male issue, the Protestants decided to submit to the Diet a bill providing for the transfer, in that event, of the religious prerogatives of the crown to an ecclesiastical commission.

Prince Hohenlohe is the first Catholic to be not only Chancellor of Germany but Premier of Prussia. Leo XIII. has openly expressed his pleasure in the most marked and effective way by sending his private secretary, Mgr. Angeli, to Cardinal Hohenlohe to convey his congratulations for the high position just assumed by his brother.

The authorities at Rome are daily expecting the arrival of the American ship bearing the Vatican exhibits, which the Holy Father loaned to the Columbian exposition. It is said that the commander of the vessel will deliver to the Pope an autograph letter from President Cleveland, and will be received at the Vatican with such honors as are reserved for the reception of extraordinary ambassadors from the great powers.

## THE REV. THOMAS HEFFERNAN

WILL CELEBRATE HIS FIRST MASS.

The Rev. Thomas Heffernan, of St. Mary's parish, will be ordained on Saturday next, 22nd, and on Sunday will celebrate his first Mass. The indulgences granted to those who receive Holy Communion and pray for the intention of the Pope, and afterward attend the first Mass of a newly ordained priest, are very great, viz.: The celebrant gains a plenary indulgence; all relations to the third degree, inclusive, that is the children of first cousins, are entitled to the same privilege. A partial indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for all faithful who assist at the Mass after fulfilling the necessary conditions.

## "THE FLIGHT."

There is a magazine, "The Flight," which comes to us from Baltimore. It is published in aid of the Community of "Mission Helpers" and has for object the carrying on of the noble work done by these nuns for the colored children of that city. These devoted ladies usually go about in the morning begging their daily bread from door to door. In the afternoon they teach the girls industrial work, visit the poor in their homes and the sick in the hospitals. On Sunday they teach Sunday-school, visit prisons, and urgent cases in the homes of the poor. It is wonderful with what great patience these poor people suffer the countless privations that Providence

imposes upon them. Many of them stirred into gratitude by the kindness show them turn to God and to the Faith for consolation. This is truly a noble, a Catholic work, and would bespeak a well-earned encouragement for the organ of those devoted "Mission Helpers." The soul of the negro is precious in God's eyes, and "The Flight" should be encouraged by every means.

## SANTA CLAUS.

ONE WEEK MORE and we will all hang up our STOCKINGS. In the meantime send them along with the balance of your ... ..

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## RHYME AND ROUNDELAY.

We have just received a neat, tastefully designed little book of poems, entitled "Rhyme and Roundelay," published by W. Drysdale & Co., of Montreal, and written by the clever and promising young Canadian litterateur, Mr. Hugh Cochrane. The volume is tiny and elegant. There are sixteen small poems, each occupying a page to itself, and ornamented and set off with well-printed and cutely pencilled illustrations. It is a little casket of sixteen brilliant gems. Mr. Cochrane well describes his own mind in a few lines upon "The Post."

"His mind is one of sympathy and pain,  
Of memories and mirth, of grief and hope;  
A mind where many moods may reign;  
Where with each passion divers passions  
cope.  
His thoughts are glad, but turn with holy  
awe,  
Sad as that round of sprites that Dante  
saw."

In this little volume are truly poetic expressions of most varied sentiments—and all of them are sweet and touching, be they gay or sad.

Mr. Hugh Cochrane is a sweet singer of delicate notes; we trust that he will not be satisfied with warbling his lively rhymes and roundelays, he has a gift that, if he so desire, may bring forth mightier melodies—perchance a monumental poem.

## HE EXCHANGES HIS CROSS WITH THE POPE.

An interesting incident is reported to have recently taken place in Rome. Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, who is now in the Italian Capital, on being received by the Pope presented a number of objects which he wished to be blessed by His Holiness. Among these was a bishop's pectoral cross of exquisite design. The Pope examined it attentively and expressed his admiration for the artistic piece of work. Seeing this, the Canadian bishop ventured the remark that, since His Holiness admired the cross, he would feel most happy and honored in offering it to him. Leo XIII. replied that he would accept on one condition only, and that was that Mgr. Emard should himself accept his own pectoral cross in exchange. As may be imagined, the bargain was soon concluded and when the Bishop of Valleyfield returns his diocesans can admire the pectoral cross that once adorned the breast of Leo XIII.

## ELOCUTIONARY COMPETITION.

We notice that on Friday evening last, in Ottawa, a most instructive entertainment was given in the College of Music and Oratory. It consisted of an Elocutionary Competition. It seems to us that this is one of the most interesting, instructive and useful forms that an entertainment could possibly assume. Amongst others, whose success was marked, might be mentioned a bright young lad of six years—Master Anson Howard—who delivered in a real masterly manner Everett's composition, "The Infant Orator." The young exemplification of the piece, for he is truly an infant orator, is the only son of Mr. J. P. Howard, of the Post Office Department. We would like to see similar entertainments given in our schools in Montreal.

## PERSONAL.

## A NEW BANK PRESIDENT.

We learn from Printer's Ink that Mr. F. W. Ayer, the head of the Philadelphia Advertising Agency, has been elected President of the Merchant's National Bank of Philadelphia. We can congratulate Mr. Ayer, as well as the financial establishment which has the good luck of having him for President. There is no doubt that he will make a grand success of the business, judging from his past achievements in the institution with which he has been so prominently connected.

A BRAVE GIRL.—"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes; she stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me. Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No; nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but Sis got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."

TRACES OF TRAVEL.

DOWN THE TIBER.

An Interesting Sketch by Charles Warren Stoddard, on the Roman Campaigna.

Only to think of steaming down the classic Tiber in a little tub that has seen its best days; only to dream of going to sea in a bowl,—that is what it really amounted to,—nothing more, nothing less. The boat in question was once upon a time one of those slim, swift iron Thames boats, that whiz under the great Victoria Embankment like vicious water-wasps. This particular wasp having grown grey and decrepit, was banished from the Thames and sent into exile; and now she steams up and down the "golden Tiber" at very uncertain intervals, and it always seems little short of a miracle when she gets back to port again without let or hindrance. Her voyages are voted holidays of the first class; not to have survived at least one of them is to have lived in vain.

On a certain occasion about two hundred of us—landsmen all, with a sprinkling of wives in summer dress, and of children in something a little short of that—gathered on the narrow deck of the wingless and stringless Wasp, bound for Porto d'Anzio, at the mouth of the Tiber. There was something very jolly in the anticipation of our two hours' voyage between the narrow banks of the winding stream, followed by a brief cruise in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, and a return to the Porto of hoary memories. We were quite content to stand for six or eight hours, under the circumstances—there were not seats enough to go half way round. We were quite content, I repeat, under the circumstances; for the Italian dawn is a delicious revelation, and we were to set forth after sunrise.

Down under the river-bank, in the lower edge of Rome, the Wasp, laden to the water's edge, fumed and fretted with a vigor worthy of her youthful days. Everybody was in the best of spirits; everybody always is—to begin with. Sea-going friends shook wine-flasks and ominous and almost edible-looking packages in the faces of stay-at-home friends who came to say a fond farewell upon the deck. A little colony of stranger idlers watched us in silence from the opposite shore. The Tiber is so narrow at that point we might have held a conversation with them, had we been so disposed; some few enthusiasts could hardly refrain from so doing, the excitement of a new departure so intoxicates a fellow. But blame them not; they merely wished to share their gayety with the whole wide world.

A fleet of barges, each with one great sail closely furled, and a long, slim ribbon-like streamer at the masthead meandering in the breeze, added much to the picturesqueness of the scene; it must be confessed we were not picturesque ourselves. Yet it was a dead and alive picture, after all; the Tiber is so excessively ugly to look upon; its waters as sluggish and as muddy as those of a California river, but with no gold-dust mingling with them; narrow, tortuous, flowing always between low, flat banks; full of strange, mysterious currents, and dimpled with a thousand little whirlpools; it is almost of a color with its banks; it looks not unlike lava, or a mud flow boiling and borrowing its dreary way to the sea. He who cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" must have been a poor swimmer, or the river was flooded at the time; for there are plenty of modern Romans who swim it twice or thrice every summer's day and make no note of it.

Off at last! The shore-line was cast off; everybody cried "Addio!" The Wasp drifted out into the stream, swung slowly round; and when her bow was pointed right between the two yellow banks, the wheels began to whirl, the boat to quiver and rock gently in the tide; and, aided by the current, we passed rapidly beyond a bend in the river, and straightway forgot all about old Rome.

On either side of us the muddy banks were thinly shaded with trees. Now and again a country house, with its grey, prison-like walls, was visible. Peasants drove antique looking cattle with marvelously wide horns. Sometimes we passed a yoke of Roman buffaloes—the most uncouth-looking beasts imaginable; they were lazily dragging great loads of frag-

rant new-mown hay. The scent of it came to us like a breath of honey, mingled with a fair proportion of dust as white as lime.

The banks of the river grew lower and more barren. We could look for miles across the level campagna, already burnt brown in the summer sun. A family of goats or a wolfish-looking sheep dog sometimes strayed down to the shore to stare at us. The trees were gone; even the low brush that flourishes in some parts of the great prairie land of Italy was wanting here. There was nothing visible but the short sweep of the river ahead of us and behind us, cut off at both ends by a sharp and sudden turn. Beyond us there was no mysterious country, no hidden vale lying within the shadow of a bluff; no rocks, no ruins—in short, no surprise of any sort in store for us poor voyagers. Even the sea we were so rapidly approaching gave no token; and the solitary watch-towers, those solemn monuments of the past that stand by the river-bank above the Roman walls—even these were wanting here. The gay youths who disported themselves so conspicuously at the beginning of the cruise and seemed so like old travellers, began to wilt under the thin, fluttering awning and the fervid sun; and the blustering fellow who, when he leaped upon the low bulwarks and swung his legs overboard with a very decided air, impressed us as one having been born at sea, and rocked in the cradle of the deep for the greater part of his life, and nowhere so much at home as in the teeth of the tempest,—even this brave and nonchalant individual drew in his extremities; for the sun was scorching his shins. We all grew hot and uneasy and silent, or a little peevish, while the world went by in two seemingly interminable slices of utterly uninteresting landscape—one on each side of us.

Thus passed two mortal hours,—two mortal hours that, to a certain extent, have become immortal; for we shall never, never forget them. But at the expiration of these two hours, with one accord, we sniffed the salt fragrance of the neighboring sea. We had, somehow, lost interest in the classic stream; we were thirsting for a sight of the blue waters into which we were shortly to be plunged. The sun was hotter than ever; it was a living flame overhead; the wind—the oppressive sirocco—was rising; a blast from a furnace, and with it we all proceeded to wither as the flowers of the field. This weird African visitor—the bane of Italy, that carries with it a kind of blinding light that burns one's eyeballs, as if it were freighted with desert dust; this nerve-killer, this consumer of the blood, that crosses the sea with such fiendish energy that it sweeps clouds of small African quail into the waves, and even deposits some of them on the Italian coast,—this was our unwelcome companion.

When we came at last to the mouth of the Tiber one thing was evident: the Wasp would have a tough time of it wrestling with such waves as had come up to buffet the sirocco; but we had paid for a passage to Porto d'Anzio, so the captain held the bow of the little craft to wind and wave, and we literally pitched in. It was a festa day; we were bent on having a good time at Porto d'Anzio, just around the corner from the mouth of the Tiber. The Porto is rather seldom visited; our advent was likely to go down to posterity with the local history. Meanwhile the sea heaved, and the Wasp heaved with it, but not always in season to escape a small deluge that was making the flush deck uncomfortably damp. Women grew pale and miserable; children cried aloud; men looked hopelessly about and wondered whither we were bound.

The golden Tiber shoots its muddy flood into the sapphire depths of the Mediterranean, and, with a reserve worthy of so great a celebrity, refuses to mingle its "gold" with any such a sea,—or is it the sea that eschews the Tiber, preferring to keep its pellucid waters salt and clear? At any rate, there is a spot in the sea where the amber wall of the river lies against the crystal wall of the sea, and not one drop seems to mingle with another.

Man is not a fly; no more is woman. When the Wasp stood on her head—as she did at intervals—we, the unlucky two hundred, sifted like sand down into the bows of her. When she was reversed, we sought a change, and in so doing stood not upon the order of our going, but went in every which way. Feas in



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an agitated bladder, corn in a hot corn-popper,—indeed, many things in this varied life resemble the predicament we were in.

But why linger upon this point? A wail of despair went up from various quarters of the vessel. The captain delivered a brief and spirited address. He said it was evidently unwise to go any farther to sea than could be helped; he would therefore refund two-thirds of the passage money, and at once endeavour to return. He held himself responsible for our lives, and consequently he would "bout ship" and seek safety in retreat. This spirit of benevolence impressed us favorably, as we wobbled about in the tumultuous wave, expecting every moment to founder. We turned as soon as possible and headed for the shore. Any port in a storm, you know, even if it isn't D'Anzio.

Once more we sought the classic Tiber, but when about to enter it we turned too short a corner. A sea struck us amidships, the sirocco scooped up our flighty awning, we went over on our beam ends, and the last hour was at hand. From beneath the cart-load of men, women, and children, where I had sought shelter from the elements, I saw our captain wringing his hands and tearing his hair. He wildly implored us to return to our places and retain them, as we hoped for safety. But we didn't hope for safety—we were quite beyond that,—and so we didn't return to our places; we simply lay in the lee-scuppers as if it were a pleasant and a proper thing to do, while our poor lop-sided Wasp winged its unhappy way back to smooth water, looking as forlorn and discomfited as if all the sting had gone out of it.

The steamer came to a halt at Fiermicino, a spot desolate beyond expression. Here there was a halt of four hours,—the captain insisted that the boat "needed rest." In the heat and the wind two hundred souls bemoaned a fate that merely prolonged their agony. Ostia was but two miles distant,—ancient Ostia, which was once a port of great importance; where the Apostles themselves are believed to have established a church; where St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, died. This was too much for me: I left the one hundred and ninety-nine to return at their pleasure, as sought the sketchy ruins of Ostia.

How little there is to be seen in these ruins, even the best of them! Sunshine kills them; without faith they are "nothing to nobody." The memories of the dreary spot are many. It was hither that Aeneas hastened, charmed by the loveliness of the land. He "descried a spacious grove, through which Tiberinus, the god of the pleasant river Tiber, with rapid whirls and quantities of sand, discolored, bursts forward into the sea. All around and overhead various birds, accustomed to the banks and channel of the river, charmed the skies with their songs and fluttered up and down the grove."

O Virgil! If you could only see it now, would the fine frenzy of your rolling eye conjure up such poetic pictures as you were wont to paint? Alas, no birds now! No river-god, no groves; nothing but beggars and bull-frogs.

St. Angus first landed here, in Italy, with his sainted mother. It was here also that St. Ignatius, the disciple of St. John, debarked when he came from Antioch to be massacred in the Florian Amphitheatre. To Ostia Marius fled when overcome by the troops of Scylla. Ostia was the summer watering-place of Roman emperors. On this same Tiber they moored their splendid barges; and when they sailed, the whole country was decked for their delight.

It is but two miles to Castle Fusano, in the midst of its forest of pine. From the desolation of Ostia to the solemn beauty of this spot the transition is al-

most heavenly. Here was the site of Pliny's Laurentine villa, now covered by a more modern castle that looks as if it might be enchanted. Surely one should sleep a century in such a place. There is a moan as of far-away seas in the tree tops, and plentiful shade and seclusion. Shall I end with a page out of these old note-books,—an impression penned on the spot? Here it is:

I am in no haste to quit Castle Fusano. Why should I be? I have taken my oath to quit Rome, and I must first wear myself from it. Here I shall stay until I see my path clear to some new shrine, even though I am in danger of being devoured by *ennui* and mosquitos. Beyond this pinewood there are long, low sand-hills lying between it and the sea; they stretch southward even to the Pontine marshes, and all the music of the water is blown over them, and all the glimmer of the wave is hid from view. Imagine a moonlight night in a place like this! There is a sighing in the air so vague one knows not whether it be voice of wave or wood; it is the two in harmony. In every breath you breathe the incense of the sea; and while you meditate your thoughts recur to the still-flowing Tiber; and the royal spirits of the past, thronged in their cloud-like barges, drift slowly in solemn procession down the current of the sacred stream.—*In the Ave Maria.*

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WEDNESDAY,.....DECEMBER 19, 1894.

## THE DEAD PREMIER.

In Windsor Castle, the historic, beneath the roof of Royalty, fresh from the reception of the highest honors that the Sovereign could confer upon a subject, amidst princely surroundings, having reached the top-most step on the stairway of success, suddenly, unexpectedly, the Angel of Death appeared upon the scene, and in the shadow of his wing the grand spirit of Canada's Premier—Sir John Thompson—went forth from this world. At noon he knelt before the glorious Queen whom he loved, honored and served, while receiving from her hand the grandest token of a monarch's appreciation of merit and distinction. An hour later he stood before the throne of that Eternal Sovereign, whose Faith he had accepted, whose commandments he had followed, whose laws he had obeyed, awaiting the undying, imperishable reward that is promised to every "good and faithful servant." There is something sublimely tragic in the contemplation of that scene and almost bewildering in the consideration of the extraordinary circumstances surrounding that closing of a virtuous, a noble, a useful, a patriotic and a truly Catholic life. Even now, eight days after the world-reverberating event, it is difficult to hold a steady pen when attempting to pay an humble tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead.

"It is not Death alone," wrote Gavan Duffy, "but Time and Death that canonized the patriot." We are yet too near to see his proportions truly; we must await the calmness that follows the first burst of deep sorrow, before attempting to express any opinion upon the wonderful, the comparatively short, and yet most remarkable career of Sir John Thompson. During the past week the whole British Empire has been alive with panegyrics of the dead statesman, jurist and patriot. In such a magnificent, harmonious and universal chorus—unmarred by any discordant note—it may seem difficult for us to make our humble voice be heard; yet we, too, wish to come and place a flower in the wreath which the hands of united admiration and affection have twined for the early bier of Canada's dead Premier.

When the news of the great blow was flashed across the ocean, we irresistibly found our lips murmuring those prophetic lines of Ireland's sweet singer:

"That even in the hour when enjoyment was keeneest,  
My lamp should quench suddenly, blessing in gloom;  
That even when my honors were brightest  
and greenest,  
A blith should rush over and scatter their bloom."

How truly great Sir John Thompson was did not dawn upon even his most intimate friends, until the curfew from Windsor tower gave the key-note of a

solemn knell that was carried along on the wings of sound from steeple to steeple and belfry to belfry until the remotest sections of the British Empire caught up the strain and sent it rolling back in answer across the wilderness of the Atlantic. What other colonial subject was ever so honored both in life and in death! Flags floated at half-mast from the central turret of the Royal Castle as well as from every public edifice in this Dominion of ours. The hand of the Queen raised him one day to the rank of a Privy Councillor and extended to him the exceptional honor of the hospitality of the Sovereign's palace; that same hand, on the next day, placed a wreath upon the mortal remains of the respected, beloved and honored subject. From out the portals of Windsor, through the gate of Henry VIII, amidst the most striking marks of mournful respect, with guards of the household presenting arms, and with the eye of the sorrowing Queen, dimmed with a sincere tear of grief, watching the funeral procession depart, the dead Premier of Canada was carried, like a leader who had died in the arms of victory on the field, bearing on his brow the laurels of earthly triumph, and surrounded by the evidences of unstinted, unprecedented respect.

Back to our Dominion they carry him, across the ocean on a British man-of-war; a final evidence of Royal favor. Well may Canada do him the honor of a state funeral; in so doing Canada but honors herself. In presence of such calamities as the death of this exceptional man political parties forget their strife, opposing battalions stack arms, on the field, and friend and opponent join in the sad but noble duty of burying the fallen and in recalling the virtues and grand characteristics of the dead. But while the country is paying honor to the memory of the great man whose life was consecrated to her advancement, glory and prosperity, it must not be forgotten that in the narrower circle of his immediate relatives, by the domestic fireside, where weep the members of his bereaved family, there is a shadow of grief too deep, too sacred for the world to intrude upon. For them no Merry Christmas in 1894; for them no joyous New Year, when 1895 comes smiling in. The most that sympathy and condolence can do is to pray that they may have the strength and the courage to withstand the shock, and that they may truly feel how universally the people of Canada are linked to them in the hour of terrible affliction.

Apart from the domestic life of Sir John Thompson—a life adorned by every ennobling virtue and set in a jewelling of the brightest examples,—apart from his public life, of which it is now superfluous to speak—for it is already one of the fairest chapters in the history of our young Dominion,—apart from these, there is another life, one that may more truly be called his own: it is the spiritual life of the great departed. The world knows that nearly half of Sir John Thompson's span of years was reached when he became a member of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. No matter how men may differ on questions of religion or politics, all concede that he must have taken that momentous step after careful study, due preparation, and as a logical consequence of the sincerest convictions. Pre-eminently remarkable for his judicial and impartial mind, his whole life since, whether on the bench, in the turmoil of political strife, as Minister of Justice, as Premier of the country, or even as a citizen, has most emphatically proven that his action was the result of honest conviction. While never ostentatious in matters of religious

practice, in the sanctuary of his soul he offered up a perpetual incense of prayer, and in his living example he preached an unceasing, silent, and potent sermon to the world.

In 1887, a few days prior to his departure for Washington on the mission that subsequently became so famous, the writer had a conversation with Sir John, and in the course of different subjects that came up, the attractions of the American capital were discussed. In speaking of the many great cities of the world—a subject that naturally sprang from the original topic of conversation—Sir John said: "There is only one city I would like to visit before I die—it is Rome." It was easy to see that his great Catholic heart longed to beat, were it only for a few moments, inside the walls of the Eternal City. Wonderful to say; it was granted to him as he desired. Only a few days before the sudden closing of his earthly career, Sir John Thompson stood in the centre of Christendom, he walked the Corso, he gazed upon St. Peter's cross-crowned dome, he rambled by the historic Tiber, he knelt at the central shrine of that Faith which he had accepted with a courage and a determination, even as did Saul of Tarsus, when from God's heaven it flashed upon him.

Did he know at that hour, when his soul drank in the delicious sensations so long desired, that the shadow of doom was hovering over him? We know not. What feelings possessed that bosom; what thoughts flashed through that mind; what pulsations agitated that heart, as he beheld the triumphs of Faith exemplified in the grandeur of the Vatican, and in the stupendous ruins of pagan glory? We cannot say. But we feel assured that he was no mere idle sight-seer, nor did he depart from Rome without registering a confession of Faith such as the world, in all its din and confusion, cannot comprehend. Be that as it may; in his religious as well as in his political life, he seemed to act upon the maxim, *nunquam non paratus*—never unprepared.

It is true that the summons from the Supreme Sovereign of the Universe came with a rapidity of the thunderbolt, that no time was allowed for the desired consolation of priestly assistance; but the great and good man was always ready. He was prepared to obey the command of his earthly sovereign; equally so was he prepared to answer the message from the Infinite Judge. It is not to awaken any question of Sir John's religious faith that we touch upon this matter; rather is it, as a Catholic journal, that we wish to point out to our co-religionists the magnificent lesson that both the life and the death of the lamented Premier teach. As children of the Church we have reason to be grateful to God for the model he has given us; as Irish Catholics we may well feel proud of the two-fold honor that the life just extinguished conferred upon our creed and race; and as Canadians we can but participate in the glory that he shed upon our country.

In Windsor Castle, on the night that was to have seen him a special guest of the monarch, by command of the Queen the Catholic chaplain of St. Edward's sang a *Libera* over the remains of Sir John. Of all the honors conferred upon him this seems to us the most significant and grand. The elevation to the post of Privy Councillor, the invitation to the palace as a guest, the royal sorrow, the wreath from Her Majesty's hand, the grandeur of imposing ceremony as the sad pageant departed, the warship detailed to convey his remains to the land of his love—great as all these appear, there is yet something more exceptional in the tribute paid to the Faith of the dead statesman. There, in the palace

from which during long centuries Catholic worship was excluded, with his crucifix, image of Christ, and rosary, that were found upon him, the departed received the last ceremonies that the Church performs over her dead. What a lesson! In his lifetime there were not a few, who through professed devotion to the Sovereign assailed the one who had become a member of Christ's Catholic Church, in presence of death that same noble-minded Sovereign gave an example to the world, that were it only taken to heart would result in blessings untold to humanity. Even there, from his death-couch, under the roof-tree of Protestant royalty, the departed statesman preached a sermon of tolerance and respect for honest religious convictions. May all subjects learn to imitate their monarch!

But all is now over! Sir John Thompson's career has passed into Canadian history. The first four years of this century's last decade will be sadly memorable as far as this Dominion is concerned. In rapid succession three Premiers have passed away, and all within the span of one parliament. And of the three, considering the years of public life of each, and the circumstances that surrounded them all, we doubt if Sir John Thompson was not the most remarkable. His sorrowing family will receive the sympathy of all—from the Queen to the humblest subject; the public, whom he served, irrespective of political divisions, will pay him the highest honors that a people can confer upon a departed statesman. But for us—who belong to the Ancient Faith—there is another and a more imposing duty to perform. We believe, as did the one we lament, that there is a mystic chain of sympathy between the living and the dead, that Prayer binds the soldiers of the Church Militant to the army of the Church Triumphant, while combining the forces of both in aid of the Church Suffering. Our sympathy stops not at the grave; our spiritual union leaps the confines of time. Let us then follow the dead Premier into the realms beyond, and uniting our voices with the Church of God, let us ask in her sublime words that his "soul may rest in peace." In thus closing our humble tribute, in twining this poor garland upon the memory of the departed, truly can we apply to him the words that fell from the pen of another of Canada's Irish Catholic statesmen—McGee:

"His Faith was as the tested gold,  
His Hope assured, not over-bold,  
His Charities past count, untold,  
*Miserere Domine.*

"Well may they grieve, who laid him there,  
Where shall they find his equal? Where?  
Nought can avail him now but Prayer,  
*Miserere Domine.*"

THERE are certain orders of religious in the Catholic Church, the members of which have performed wonders in the cause of Christ and have reaped immortal renown even in this world for their communities—if not for themselves individually. Of such is the Order of St. Benedict. Out of the 256 successors to St. Peter, not less than forty-nine were members of the Benedictine community. The first one to ascend the throne of the Popes was Benedict I., A.D. 578. Amongst the others were Gregory the Great, Calixtus II., St. Peter Celestine, Innocent II., Leo III., and Gregory VII. Twenty-three of the Benedictine Popes have been canonized and fourteen have been beatified. In this century two of the Popes were Benedictines: Pius VII. and Gregory XVI. During all the period since the dawn of Catholicity the Church has been governed for 387 years by members of the Order of St. Benedict. Truly might it be styled the Order of Rulers,

**CHRISTMAS COMING.**

In a few days Christmas will be at hand, the season of joy and peace. Before Santa Claus makes his rounds it would be well to remember that there are two classes of people for whom much should be done—because they both naturally expect much at that season. They are the children and the poor. Each one should strive to make this a really merry and happy Christmas—merry for the children, happy for the poor.

Alas, that the little ones are becoming too cute, in our day, to believe in the grey-bearded old man, who drives the reindeers, and comes down the chimney with all sorts of gifts to fill the stockings of good children. Nevertheless, these young innocents love the Christmas time, they long for the Christmas tree, they expect gifts of toys, *bon bons* and all kinds of picture books. In the hurry and bustle of this electric age, when every person seems carried away in the rush of competition, men have scarcely time to pause and to think of the children. But the mothers, who are constantly surrounded by the future men and women, the now tiny plants confided to their care, know all the little wants, longings and whims. If it is a question between a new dress for the mother and gifts for the children, for goodness' sake let the children have their toys, their Christmas tree. Years fly rapidly by and soon these young ones will become youths and maidens, then men and women. Let them have a happy recollection of their childhood's days! Let them recall the nursery, the mother's loving care, the father's strong affection, the yearly visits of Santa Claus, the happy scenes of the age when their lively imaginations built up wondrous castles inhabited by giants and fairy beings. Happy children make virtuous, devoted, parent-loving youths. It is especially at Christmas time that the parents can impress the young hearts and mould them under the touch of delicate attention to all their little wants. So don't forget that this must be a merry Christmas for the children.

But still of greater importance than the happy, cherished little ones, are the poor. The Saviour who comes to us, by way of Bethlehem, was a child and He afterwards commanded that children should be allowed to go to Him; but also He said that He would not be always in our midst, while the poor we should constantly have with us. In proportion to the festive joyousness of the season do the poor feel the pangs of privation. For them the snow and frost are colder, the tempests roar and shriek more loudly, the sense of misery is increased in the contrast between their pains and the enjoyment of millions. How many are there not, who have no shelter on Christmas Eve? The worn rags flutter in the biting air and the famished forms shiver in their scantily protected hovels. The city windows are ablaze with light, the shops and stores are crowded with evidences of happiness for thousands, while out on the pavement the honest poor glide hurriedly past, scarce daring to look upon the signs of enjoyment for others, the reminders of misery for them.

Surely at Christmas time there is some poor family that you can aid. If not, you must know of some individual worthy of your assistance. There is nothing that makes one feel so happy at this time of the year as the consciousness of having done some good, of having made some poor being comfortable, of feeling that on that holy eve there are prayers of gratitude ascending to heaven calling down blessings upon a benefactor. And most certainly these sweet recompenses far exceed all the pleasure that

could be derived from selfish enjoyment. God knows that the poor are ever with us, and He has, in His wisdom, given each and all favorable opportunities of gaining a hundred-fold reward at Christmas time. Let each of our readers resolve that this will be a really festive Christmas for all—the young and old, the rich and poor. Do not allow the Christmas greeting to be a mere expression from the lips—let it be accompanied by some tangible evidence that you mean what you say when pronouncing the words—"Merry Christmas, and many happy returns of the season."

**ST. PATRICK'S RENOVATED.**

In our next issue, which will be our Christmas number, shall appear a complete and detailed account of elaborate and artistic changes to be made in St. Patrick's Church. We will give an appreciation of the plans and designs, of the decorations, paintings, woodwork, new galleries and organ, as well as of the monumental windows now being made. Added to this will be a history of the parish, and particularly of the church, since 1847, when it was first open for public worship. We are positive that thousands of our citizens will be pleased to have this souvenir, especially at Christmas time. Almost every family has some friend or relative abroad who would like to read of the great changes about to take place and the improvements to be made in the good old church. There are numbers to-day who are linked to Montreal and to former associations, by the memories that twine around the church in which they were baptized, or made their first communion, or were married; yes, in which they wept over the remains of dear ones long since silent in "God's acre." It will bring back, at Christmas time, recollections of the past; and for this reason, amongst many others, have we prepared an exact and complete account of the proposed work and of the progress made by the parish during the last half century.

**MIDNIGHT MASS.**

**ST. PATRICK'S.**

At the Midnight Mass at St. Patrick's there will be no specially grand music on account of the decorations going on in the church and the alterations that are being made in the organ.

**ST. ANTHONY'S.**

The Midnight Mass at St. Anthony's will be Riga's Messe Noel; Miss Donovan will preside at the organ and the choir will be assisted by a full orchestral accompaniment.

**ST. MARY'S.**

At St. Mary's Church, on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, Concone's Mass in F will be sung. There will also be an *Adeste Fideles*, solo and duet, composed by Prof. J. Wilson. The soloists will be C. Hamlin, J. B. Paquette, J. R. Neom, J. Phelan, A. Allard and M. Quinn. Leader of orchestra, Prof. W. Sullivan; conductor, J. B. Paquette; organist and director, Prof. Jas. Wilson.

**THE GESU.**

Midnight Mass at the Gesu will be a grand musical ceremony. More than 150 voices will take part in the singing of Gounod's Mass. The Offertory will be sung by Mr. S. Pierre and will be from Neidermeyer. A solo, Noel, from Gounod, will be sung by Mr. A. Comtois. The whole to be supported by a full orchestra.

**ST. ANN'S CHURCH.**

At midnight Mass at St. Ann's, on Christmas Eve, Faucornier's Mass will be rendered by a choir of fifty voices composed of thirty men and twenty boys, assisted by an efficient orchestra under the able direction of Prof. Cathart Wallace. The soloists of the Mass are Messrs. J. Morgan, T. C. Emblem, W. J. Murphy, M. Mulrky, E. Quinn and E. Finn. "Adeste Fideles" will be sung at the Offertory, with Master F. McCrory, Mr. W. Murphy and Ed. Quinn as soloists,

and at the Communion the "Noel," with Mr. T. C. Emblem as soloist. At the conclusion of the service the orchestra will perform a new March composed for the occasion by the organist, Mr. P. J. Shea. Rev. E. Strubbe will conduct, and Mr. P. J. Shea, Musical Director, will preside at the organ.

A very beautiful March, composed by Mr. P. J. Shea, will be performed publicly for the first time. The March is entitled the "The Three Kings' March" and has been very eulogistically commented on by musical critics.

**THE LORETTO LITERARY CLUB.**

In the eastern section of the city, in St. Mary's parish, on Monday evening, the 10th instant, a new reading circle was established. This praiseworthy organization is to be known as "The Loretto Literary Club." Rev. Father O'Donnell, the popular and beloved parish priest, who has been instrumental in the establishment of the club, was elected honorary president. The meetings will take place on Monday evenings for readings, discussions, and divers methods of literary improvement. The club is in connection with the St. Mary's Young Ladies' Sodality, but is not confined to members thereof; it is open to all and will be pleased to have its membership increased by any or all lovers of literature. The first move of

the society, in electing Father O'Donnell as honorary president, speaks well for its future; and the election of Miss Emma C. Street, as president, instances at once the value of the organization. In all the range of its membership—be it large as it may—there could not be found one more energetic, zealous, talented, and in every way highly qualified to be the first president, than Miss Street. Our readers already have a fairly good idea of her ability as a writer, and we are confident that she will bring strength and prosperity to the club. In choice of secretary the new literary club has been equally happy, for the selection of Miss Rita Jones is about the very best that could be made. Miss Jones is admirably equipped for the duties, and her work will certainly add another guarantee of the society's success. We need scarcely add that we wish the Loretto Literary Club all manner of prosperity, and we hope that in other sections of the city the good example thus set will be imitated.

Constable, the artist, once expressed his opinion that a certain landscape painter's pictures looked like putty. This criticism came to the latter's ears, and some time afterwards, on meeting Constable, he said: "I am told you say my pictures are like putty." "Well," replied Constable, "what of that? I like putty."

**The St. Johnsbury Sausage Meat,**

From Fairbanks', St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

The first supplies for the season came to hand by express on Saturday. Weekly supplies from this out. There is nothing finer for use with Game, Poultry, etc., and as a breakfast delicacy it is unexcelled. Fairbanks' St. Johnsbury Sausage Meat in large and small sacks and by the pound.

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# THE PRIOR OF HOLY CROSS ABBEY.

Tim had been "making the Mission," and we found him on the Sunday evening following its conclusion on his knees beside his little cot, saying the rosary on an immense pair of beads, from which hung a brass crucifix of unusual proportions. He quietly waved us away with a flourish of the beads, which was not lost on any of the company.

"He wants us to know he has a new rosary," whispered Hugh, as we tiptoed out of the room to wait until he should have finished.

"Sh!" answered Mary, the guardian angel of the group. "Even if he does, it is something to be quite proud of. Mamma says those Mission beads have a special blessing."

Further remarks were silenced by Tim's voice bidding us to return, as he had finished his prayers.

"You have a new rosary, Tim," said Hugh, as we quietly arranged ourselves—two on the cot, two on the floor, Mary, by reason of her advanced age, in the rocking chair, and the baby on Tim's lap.

"Yes, and 'tis a fine one," was the reply; "and the crucifix beats all. If I'd happen to be in a strange place, and I dying, or among Protestants—which God forbid!—I'd have all the indulgences on this."

"That's nice," said Mary. "But don't you think it is a little large to carry about, Tim?"

"One can't have too much of a good thing, avourneen," said Tim. "There'll be lashings of room for it in my left pants pocket. I always carry my little one in the right, and I'll do it still—not to be making myself vain-glorious dragging this out and I walking along of a night."

"Do you say the rosary sometimes walking along the street, Tim?" asked Mary, admiration in her voice.

"Sure, I do," answered Tim, simply. "Where would be a pleasanter or more profitable occupation?"

We all exchanged glances. Tim was even a better Christian than we had thought, and we certainly had given him credit for a large share of virtue.

After kissing the crucifix with great reverence, and making us all do the same, Tim replaced the beads in his pocket and assumed the retrospective look he always wore when about to relate a story.

"Now, what'll you have this evening?" he mused. "Of a Sunday one should be recollected. Maybe you'd like some of the examples the Paulist Fathers told us at the Mission?"

"Were they funny?" inquired Hugh, quite innocently.

"Funny!" indignantly replied Tim. "Was it a place for fun, think you, and he drawing down all the horrors of hell fire?"

"Mamma said he spoke beautifully of heaven," ventured Mary.

"So he did, child, in the proper place," said Tim, adding cheerfully, after a short pause, "I'm thinking you're too young for them kind of anecdotes, anyhow. Whist! I have a story that'll please you."

We sat in an attitude of expectancy, while Tim ran his fingers through his sparse locks, cleared his throat, and began:

"Did you ever hear tell of Holy Cross Abbey?"

"Is it in Kentucky?" ventured Hugh, though the quick, scornful glance of Tim's eye in his direction made the boy repent his temerity as soon as the words were spoken.

"Kentucky! The original part of it was a mass of ruins before there was any talk of Kentucky. Where would it be but in Tipperary?"

"I might have known it was in Ireland," murmured Hugh, by way of apology.

"Well, that's where it is, anyhow, whether you knew it or not; and a beautiful place it was long ago, when 'twas full of holy monks, and the whole country side for miles around it a paradise of verdure and content and happiness. Quite convenient to it there lived a pair of gentlemen with two sons—twins, by the way—that were so wrapped in each other they were as one soul and as like each other in feature that they seemed to be one body. When they

came to the years of one and twenty, the father and mother were for sending them to foreign parts; and everything was in readiness for the journey when one of the boys fell ill, and in less than twenty-four hours after he was dead. Greatly as the father and mother grieved, their sorrow was joy beside that of the remaining twin. They had great fears of his going mad; and the worst feature of all was that he gave up praying entirely, and would have nothing to say to the holy men that had taught him all he knew, both reading and religion. The parents were in despair; but the Abbot of Holy Cross, a devout and sensible man, said to them: 'Let him have his fling of grief, and don't mind him, nor take notice of his vagaries. Whatever he may have against the God that gave and took his brother, the Lord can't cast him off; for He never forgets His own. And the angels and the Blessed Mother will be watching over him in spite of himself.'

"So after that they said no more to him, but only kept on praying themselves and had the monks praying. They were good, solid Christians, the two of them; and knew well that the God who made and died for us all never tried anyone, saint or sinner, beyond his strength. As for the poor young man, he did nothing from morning till night but walk up and down, up and down, with his two eyes on the floor. So it went on for a twelvemonth, and they feared his wits were leaving him.

"But of a fine spring morning he walked in to his father and mother, sitting in the drawing-room, and said he:

"Father, do you think there's such a thing as happiness for me in this world?"

"I do, my son," said the father. "You are young yet; and if you'll only give yourself a lift, you will find there's a happy life before you, instead of always moping this-a-way, and making ducks and drakes of your fresh youth as you are."

"With that the boy turned to the mother.

"Mother," said he, "I've been a bad son to you of late; but if you will give me leave to go out into the world in search of happiness I will be grateful to you, for here I can never find it. Father and mother both, I ask you will you give me leave to go, with your blessing."

"After consulting together, thinking the diversion of travel would be the best way of bringing him back to his proper state, they gave him leave and their heart's blessing. 'And,' says the old tale, 'he went forth the same hour.' He spoke to no one until after he had passed the Abbey lands, and that was a day's travel. Night was falling when he caught up to an old man, trudging along like himself, with a stick in his hand.

"God save you, sir!" said the boy, with due respect to the crooked shoulders and white hairs of the man beside him.

"God save you kindly!" returned the old man, lifting up his head and looking at him very friendly.

"May the smile of the Virgin Mary light you to rest this night," said the young fellow. "And can you tell me the road that leads to happiness?"

"The old man shook his head with great sadness, and said he: "The smile of the Blessed Mother of God be your lamp three times over, my son; but the road to happiness I can not show you. Old as I am, and often as I have sought it, I have never yet found it."

"With that he passed on his way; and the youth, looking up at the sky, saw the first star, and bethought him it was time to eat and drink. Unstrapping the bag from his back, he took out bread and meat and wine; and after that, with his knapsack for a-pillow, he lay under a tree for the night.

"All the next day he continued to walk, without opening his mouth to those he met on the road; looking straight ahead, with his head bent and his eyes cast down, till they all thought him witless. When it came twilight again, he made bold to glance about him, and then he saw one coming toward him; and who should it be but a poor, sad-looking woman.

"God save you, sir," she said.

"God save you kindly," said he. "And can you tell me in what direction I'd find the road to happiness?"

"She stood looking at him, with a tear in her eye.

"Young man," she said, "you must ask another; for I have never known it."

"She passed on; and, after eating and drinking the same as the day before, he slept under a hayrick till the morning. The next day, in the evening, it was a young fellow like himself he met, a pack on his back and a stick in his hand.

"God save you, friend!" said the man.

"God save you kindly!" said he. "And can you direct me to the road that leads to happiness?"

"Said the other, gazing at him with great gravity: 'Once I knew the way, but now I have forgotten it; and the only road I know leads through the Valley of Sorrow.'

"And he passed on likewise.

"The following evening the stars were shining in the sky when he met a 'colleen' about his own age, and she leading a little child by the hand.

"God save you, sir!" said she, dropping her eyes modestly, and curtsying for him to pass.

"God save you kindly, my pretty maid!" said he. "And will you tell me—for you surely must know it—where is the road that leads to happiness?"

"But when he saw her let go the child, and bury her face in her two hands with the dint of crying, he wished he hadn't asked her.

"That night the wanderer slept under a willow by the side of a stream; and the sighing of the wind through the branches was like the echo of sadness in his heart. The next evening he fell in with a number of teamsters going home; some of their wives had been in the fields along with them, and two or three little children were dancing and skipping behind them. One, a bright little 'colleen' with eyes like the corn flowers, looked up at him laughing, and said he:

"Tell me, innocent child, where I can find the road to happiness?"

"Happiness?" said the child. "What is that, your honor? 'Tis a word I never heard in my life, and I am six years old and over."

"And you? And you?" he asked of the others, one by one, and they all gathering round about him.

"He's crazy said one. 'Come away, or he'll hurt us,' said another. And they ran like a flock of young deer to their mothers.

"That night he lay on the beach, and the waves sung him to sleep as one might a child in the cradle. Evening fell again and he still walking, ever walking. The sun was setting when he came to a churchyard—a weary old churchyard filled with graves. A woman sat beside one newly made, crying and lamenting.

"God save you, my good woman!" said he; "and I'm sorry for your trouble."

"God save you kindly, sir!" said she; "and thankful I am for your sympathy. But for my sorrow there's no cure but death, that may unite me again to him that made my happiness on earth."

"Happiness!" said he, stepping forward brisker than ever since he started out. "Happiness! Then it's not unbeknown to you? Where shall I find it?"

"The poor woman, rooting to and fro in her grief, cried out, 'Here, by the hand of death, it has been buried forever.'

"With that he flung himself out of the place, threw his knapsack on the ground, and his stick after it, and tore his hair like one demented.

"Oa! oa!" he cried, and that's my case exactly. In the grave only can I find what I'm looking for, and 'tis only through death it can come to me. There's nothing left for me but to kill myself some way or other, for I'm in no way ailing."

"The moon was flooding the grave-stones with a golden light when he came back from his mad race along the road. It looked so quiet and holy that he opened the gate and stepped softly through the tall grass till he came to the newly-made grave once more. The woman was gone. There was a clump of larches near by, and the poor boy flung himself on the ground behind them.

"Here I'll lie, and here I'll die," said he; "and maybe they'll give me a grave yonder a-near the willows."

"With that he lay down and stretched himself out for death, like one that would be all ready. The scent of the hay from the newly mown meadows put him in mind of the fields at home; the breath of the sweet-brier was like that in his mother's garden. Oh, but his was

the sore heart as he lay there in the moonlight! It might have been an hour, or two or three—he never knew—when he heard the clink of the gate, and then a step creeping softly, softly through the path between the graves. With that he leaned upon his elbow, forgetting that he had stretched himself for good and all to die, and peeped out from behind the low-hanging boughs. At first he thought it was a spirit he saw, it looked so white in the moonbeams. But it wasn't long till he knew it for a fair young girl, with a face so kind that he thought it must have been the Virgin Mary. Another look told him he was wrong there as well; for she stopped foreinst a grave facing the larches where he was lying. 'Twas queer he hadn't seen it before, it was so well kept and different from the others round about, and right in his way as he came to the trees. The young girl knelt down, and, said she, in the voice of an angel:

"Oh, my darling, my darling! the night was so beautiful that I could not lie in my bed, so I thought to come out and sing to you a bit."

"With that she bent down, tenderly kissing the grave, and then she opened her lips and let out a strain so soft and angelic that the boy behind the larches thought it was heaven. When that was over she lay her purty white cheek to the grave, and she saying the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. When she rose up her face was like that of one out of Paradise, so calm and content and innocent; and the poor, distressed fellow watching her could stand it no longer.

"Oh," said he, springing into the full of the moonlight, "if ever one knew the meaning of happiness and tasted the fill of it 'tis you, angelic creature. Tell me, where did you find it, and how have you kept it even in spite of the sorrow of death?"

"Smiling, she pointed to the mound foreinst her, and said: 'There lies one who was my other self, my twin sister, my heart's core, Alleen. She was my happiness on earth; and that God has given her the joys of Paradise, that happiness is only taken from here to wait for me in the delights of heaven. There she is looking down on me; and, there, by the same token, if I prove deserving of it, I will find, when my turn comes, what can never be taken from me—everlasting happiness. There only should it be sought, there only can it be found; and human ear has not dreamed nor human soul conceived the wonderful happiness of heaven.'

"When she spoke the words the worn and weary young man fell back in a deep swoon. When he came to the young woman was gone, and he made his way out of the church-yard. That night he never stopped till he had walked ten miles of the homeward journey; for that was the place he set his steps to now. 'Twas several days before he got there, footsore and tired. His father ran out to meet him.

"And did you find what you went looking for, my son?" asked he, putting his arms around him.

"I did not, father," said the boy; "but I'm put well on the way to it. And whether it was by a spirit or a creature of flesh and blood like myself, I can never tell you, but you'll have it all as I know it."

"So he told the whole long tale of his journey to the father and mother, and when that was done said he:

"From this hour, with your consent and blessing, I will devote the rest of my life to preparing for the happiness of heaven, where the other half of me is waiting till I come. And as I know of no better way of doing the same than by joining the holy men in yonder Abbey, I'll make my way there the first thing in the morning; though I misdoubt will they take me in, in regard of the great scandal I've given."

"His humility was grand, poor boy! and, as you'd expect, they took him, and were glad to take him. The father and mother were loath to lose their only child, of course; but in those days 'twas considered a privilege to give a son to the Lord. He began at the bottom and went up step by step on the ladder of holiness till he was made head over all the rest, and 'tis said he was the saintliest prior that ever ruled over Holy Cross Abbey.

"And now be off with you, children, to bed. I hear the clock striking nine, and your mother will be talking. Run away! Run away! And goodnight to all, and God bless you! And strive all of you to be up betimes in the morning."—*The Catholic Standard.*

**COL. RICHARD M. JOHNSTON.**

The Genial Southern Catholic Talks About Himself.

"My first entry into politics was as a Democrat against a Knownothing," says Col. Johnston, as reported by Walter Lecky in The Reading Circle Review. "I was made president of Mercer University; that appointment carried with it a house and a salary of \$8,000 a year. Finding my faith in the tenets of the Baptist Church weakening, I could not loyally accept this offer." It was during this interesting period that he married the one who has been the sweetest part of his life.

The refusal of the presidency of his own college must have caused the ambitious young lawyer no ordinary pang of sorrow. He was not the man to live at the sacrifice of truth and sincerity. "Shortly after," he continued, "I was made professor of English Literature in Georgia University. I held that until the beginning of the war; then I started my school at Rocky. More scholars came than I could receive—I had six hundred applicants, although the board and tuition were four hundred and fifty dollars.

"At Rocky I lost my daughter Lucy, a girl of fifteen. It was a great blow to my wife, who could no longer bear to live amid scenes that were constantly reminding her of Lucy and other days. After the war I went to Baltimore, carrying with me forty pupils from Georgia. A great many more desired to come, but I had no accommodation for them. It was strange how so many of them wished to come." There was a halt, and for a moment the sunny-hearted old romancer watched the twisting smoke. "Strange," I muttered, "not strange when such a man was their teacher, a gentleman who lived justly and considerately among men and humbly before God." "I followed my dear wife in the Catholic Church in 1875." "By what mental process," I asked, "did you successfully scale the encircling gloom?" "Let me tell you that in my own way," said the Colonel. "My grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Johnston, was a leading Episcopal minister, who came from Dumfries, in Scotland, to wage war with the dissenters. His oldest son went to Georgia, but dying early, his son Malcolm, my father, was brought up in the Baptist Church and became one of its ministers and a strong partizan. I was brought up strictly in my father's faith. I imbibed the usual prejudices against the Catholic Church.

"There were few Catholics in Georgia, in fact, I was thirty when I saw for the first time a Catholic priest. That impression was not a favorable one. The poor church, the squeaky organ and the few worshippers but confirmed my early prejudice. It was not until the Knownothing campaign, in 1855, that my prejudice suffered a blow. In that campaign it was necessary to offset the violent diatribes of my opponent against the Catholic Church. For this purpose I was forced to consult Catholic books. Now, it happened that the most cultured woman in Georgia was a member of that Church. She was a Miss Casey of Sparta, afterwards Mrs. Bird, a life-long friend of my wife. To her I went, saying, Miss Casey, give me something to fight these scoundrels with." She put in my hands the works of Bishop England. These works not only furnished me with arguments against Knownothingism, but dispelled much of my early prejudice.

"Under the signature of 'Valdes,' furnished with arguments drawn from Bishop England, I was able to show how absurd were all the current opinions of Catholicity. It was, however, at a later period of my life, that I more fully studied the Catholic religion. My wife was the leader. She had procured books from good Father Lyman. Before returning these books she passed them to me, with an injunction to read them. I was glad to do so, ever in quest of the truth. It was soon evident that my wife was convinced of the falsity of her position and the truth of the Catholic Church. I put no hindrance in her way. I told her that if she were convinced, she was bound to make the step, no matter how much pain and anguish I might feel. A few days after I was invited to a dinner at Mr. Abell's. There I met Father Lyman. After dinner I told him that Frances had a message for him. He came, instructed her, and in January, 1875, she was received into the Church. "That parting was hard, but it was in the line of duty, and I could not but

submit. I continued to read. Bishop Ives' 'Trials of a Mind' made a deep impression. This was followed by Milner's 'End of Controversy' and the masterly answer of Newman to Gladstone. The life of the Cure d'Arx produced a lasting effect. As an antidote I read the works of Laud and Hooker. They were no longer convincing. I was filled with agony and depression. I could not banish from my mind the thought that 'these Catholic writers have got the argument.' While reading Balmes I was convinced that my wife had followed the true path. I remember well that day. I sat in my garden beneath the shade of a chestnut. I had read only sixty lines when a calmness came to my mind. The journey was almost done. I had come to the edge of the encircling gloom and could see, beyond, the land of truth. I closed the book and walking into the house greeted my wife with the happiest salutation of my life, 'I am going with you, my dear.' In July, '75, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, I found that peace which I had long sought and prayed for, in the bosom of the Catholic Church."

**DREARY DECEMBER.**

The following beautiful paragraph appeared in last week's issue of The Earth. It is by "L." in the contribution "The Passing Show":

Saddest of all months, December is the decrepit old man, who, pale and bloodless with age, with thin white locks that blow pitifully in the merciless gale, with withered heart which has been the sepulchre of many darling hopes, falters on that weary road of which the end is now in view. Listen: the gale shrieks and whistles—that hissing, sinister whistle which tells the poor that it is all in vain, they would keep out snow and wind with the paper stripes across chink and crevice—the naked pines on the mountain shiver in the cutting blast, and below in the valley, the snow makes white coverlets for those who, clasped forever to the bosom of mother earth, sleep well in that dreamless sleep which is broken no more by the poignant memory of grief and loss. Fine as powder, the snow banks itself against doorstep and window, whirls in passionate eddies in the street, surges against railings, and breaks as the waves break the shore. It covers up all noisome things; and the pure, white flowers of God as they kiss the cheek, recall the morning of purity and innocence. And yet welcomed by the careless and the happy, every snowflake is a grief to the poor and desolate. Lighter than eider down, softer than the kiss of mother or wife, it falls upon the heart of the bereaved like clouds upon a coffin. For amid the vast silence which falls upon the earth with the falling snow, one hears a rustling of the wings of the angel of death. I had a flower once, which grew strong and beautiful, O lovingly I tended it; with pride I watched it bloom in grace and sweetness. I grudged that the air should stir its leaves. For every caress, for every touch of care, my flower repaid me with richer blooms. Friends praised the gracious thing; offered homage and love, envied me my possession. And as my flower grew its tendrils twined themselves about my heart, so that it became a part of my very self. A day came—My God—a day came, when the wind and the snow and the desolation smote my flower. Love nor care nor tears availed; and I buried my flower amid the first snow storm of the winter. That is why I like the snowflakes to kiss my cheeks, fondly hoping that God, who transplanted my flower to his garden, might let her, in the touch of the snowflake, send me a message. That is why, too, December days seem to me the saddest in the year.

**THE CHILDREN'S ENEMY.**

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of disease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

Judge: You are acquitted. Prisoner to the jury: Very sorry, gentlemen, to have given you all this trouble for nothing.

"Call him a veteran joke writer? Why he is not more than twenty years old." "That is so; but his jokes are veterans all the same."



**SURPRISE SOAP**

LASTS LONGEST GOES FARTHEST.

See This Dress?

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

Thousands use it. Why don't you?

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

READ the directions on the wrapper.

**THE MEDAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.**

Nearly a quarter of a century before the definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Our Lady appeared to one of the daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul, and ordered her to see that a medal be struck in honor of her Immaculate Conception. The supernatural origin of the medal is recognized by the following Decree of the Congregation of Rites, establishing a solemn feast commemorative of it:

The Very Reverend the Superior-General of the Congregation of Missions of Saint Vincent de Paul has humbly supplicated His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. that he would regard with favor the extraordinary propagation among the Christian faithful of the holy Medal called that of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God; that he would also view with favor the growth of filial piety as well as the superabundant blessings, both spiritual and temporal, resulting from the use of it in Christian society, as is credibly witnessed to. Therefore he petitions his Holiness to intrust the investigation of this matter to the Congregation of Rites, in order that the authentic documents which establish the supernatural origin of so wonderful an event being examined, the Congregation, subject to him, may be allowed to celebrate a solemn festival, with proper Mass and office, as a double of the second class, in honor of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, of the "Miraculous Medal." This petition was presented by the undersigned Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, and promoter of the cause, at an ordinary meeting of the aforesaid Congregation, held in the Vatican on the day named below. The Most Eminent and Reverend Fathers appointed guardians of the Sacred Rites having examined all particulars carefully, and having heard his Eminence Cardinal Caprera, "promoter" of the holy faith, decreed that the favor be granted both as to the office and the Mass: "Pro gratia et quoad officium et Missam ad Emum Ponentem et Promotorem fidei. Die 10 Julii, 1894." Wherefore I, the undersigned Cardinal, with his Eminence the promoter of the faith, having submitted, in accordance with the decree, a suitable Mass and office, his Holiness, on the report which I have given, deigns to approve and authorize a festival, under the title of "The Immaculate Virgin Mary of the Miraculous Medal," to be celebrated every year by the priests of the Congregation of the Mission under the rite of a double of the second class, and under the rite of a double major by the Ordinaries of places, and by religious communities who may have asked this privilege.

Given July 23, 1894. (Signed) C. CARD. ALOISI MASELLA, S.R.C. Pref.

Aloisius Tripepi, Secretarius.

A great deal has been said as to the slowness of the turtle's movements, but all we can say is, he generally arrives in time for soup.

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Four of the large, rich Stained Glass Windows in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, which do not harmonize with the others, are for sale cheap. The pattern is such that they could be easily divided into eight windows, each of about twenty feet in height and about five feet in width. May be had after a month's notice. Apply to: J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor.

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**FAINTED IN CHURCH.**

**THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY IN BROCKVILLE.**

A CASE THAT CREATED MUCH INTEREST—WFAK. ALMOST BLOODLESS AND FREQUENTLY CONFINED TO HER BED—AGAIN ENJOYING COMPLETE HEALTH.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Readers of the Recorder have no doubt followed with interest the many instances related in these columns of recoveries—sometimes of a very remarkable nature, of persons affected with diseases of different kinds, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Apart from the marvellous recoveries, the accounts were interesting to the people of Brockville and vicinity from the fact that this town is the home of the Dr. Williams' Co., and the place where the celebrated medicine is made.

The family of Mr. Thomas Humble, residents on Park street north, furnish a case of such recovery no less notable than many previously published, that will be of particular interest in this community. Mr. Humble is an employee of Bowie & Co., brewers, and is well known and highly respected by many of our citizens. The member of his family whose cure we have mentioned, is his eldest daughter Carrie, a girl of about nineteen years of age. The facts in the case were first brought to the notice of the Recorder by Mr. Wm. Birks, a well-known merchant tailor, who on one occasion assisted in removing Miss Humble, who was attacked with a fit of extreme weakness while attending service in the George street Methodist Church. The other evening a reporter visited the home of the family in question, and upon stating his mission to Mrs. Humble, the story of the case was briefly related, not, however, with any desire for notoriety, but rather a determination on her part that it should be given if it might in the least be of benefit to others similarly afflicted. According to her mother's story, Miss Humble's illness dates back to the summer of 1889. Her trouble was extreme weakness and exhaustion, caused by weak and watery blood. She was subject to severe headaches, heart palpitation, and other symptoms which follow a depraved condition of the blood. Often while down street on business the young lady would become so exhausted by the walk as to be scarcely able to get home, and she was frequently confined to her bed for weeks at a time, and had to have her meals carried to her. For a period of over three years she was almost continually under medical treatment. The doctors' medicine would prove of benefit while being taken, but as soon as the treatment was discontinued, the patient would become worse. Her friends were much discouraged and feared she would not recover. In the winter of 1893 Mrs. Humble read of a similar case where a cure was brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This prompted her to give them a trial in her daughter's case, who was at the time so weak that she could not leave her room. The result was remarkable. There was soon a marked improvement, and by the time two boxes were used Miss Humble appeared to be so much recovered that the treatment was discontinued. But it later became evident that the patient had not been fully restored for after a few months there was a return of the trouble. Miss Humble was sent on a visit to some friends in the United States in the hope that a change of air would prove beneficial, but she returned to her home worse than when she went away. Her mother was then determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a further trial, and the result proved most gratifying, as the girl's health has been completely restored, and she is to-day as well and strong as any girl of her age. Mrs. Humble told the story of her daughter's illness and recovery with an impressiveness that carried conviction of its absolute truthfulness. Miss Humble also corroborated her mother's statements, and they can be vouched for by many of her friends in the church, the Sunday school and others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail,

post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

**A Protestant Poet's Catholicity.**

No modern writer has rendered more brilliant service to the cause of Catholic truth than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A Catholic poet is expected to laud the Church of his baptism. What loyal son would not sing the praises of a beautiful and virtuous mother, and when these songs of praise are echoed and even excelled by the stranger without the gates, in common gratitude, he should be considered an alien no longer but welcomed with grateful brotherly love. Longfellow's early education by no means tended to his being imbued with love of Catholic themes, brought up and educated as he was in an atmosphere as cold and unbending as the Plymouth Rock itself.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage (from a Catholic standpoint) of this early training and influence, he turned with noble scorn from the Rehans and Voltaires and journeyed on to the holy land of song in the sweet companionship of St. Augustine, St. Francis and St. Theresa. He was a missionary, paradoxical as it may seem, an earnest missionary, though he wore not chasuble nor cope, but robed in the white alb of charity his gentle muse caused many hearts to beat in sympathy with high and holy aims. His Protestantism procured for him an entrance to homes where Catholic poet, priest or teacher would never dream of seeking or gaining admission, thus rendering his non-Catholic readers familiar with the grandeur of our holy faith.

Who can tell how many were influenced to seek truth and find it in the Church whose beautiful devotions inspired the poet's muse. How reverently Longfellow writes of the Immaculate Mother. Her statue was to him the "Blessed Image of Mary." Italy was indeed the "Blessed Virgin's Land." The desert was "illuminated" by her pilgrimage of Hope and Love and Faith, and what can be more touchingly beautiful than the prayer of Elsie's Mother. "Virgin who lovest the poor and the lowly, If the loud cry of a mother's heart Can ever ascend to where thou art, Int. thy blessed hands and holy Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving. Let the hands that bore our Saviour Hear it into the awful Presence of God, For thy feet with holiness are shod And if thou hearest it, He will hear it.

This prayer alone is sufficient to refute the accusation made by an eminent writer that Longfellow was not a believer in the Divine Nature of Our Lord. His heart must have gone out lovingly to the Son or he could not have written thus of the Mother.

"All hearts are touched And softened at her name." "And if our faith has given us nothing more Than this example of all woma hood So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good, So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure, This is enough to prove it higher and truer Than all the Creeds the world has known before."

Even his "Judas Maccabaeus," although a pre-Christian theme, has an under-current of tenderness, as if the writer's mind dwelt on the memory of another heroic mother of whom the mother of the Maccabaeus was but a figure, a type; whose heart holy Simon prophesied would be pierced by sorrow's dart, through the sorrows and sufferings of her Child. And yet Longfellow is accused "of unbelief: he who wrote of the Mystery of the Redemption—

"No mortal but a God-made Man Can ever carry out this plan— Achieving what none other can, Salvation unto all."

These are scarcely the themes in which an unbeliever would take delight.

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This gentle poet looked on Nature with Catholic eyes, and saw therein new beauties to admire. The Mountains were "hooded friars kneeling to receive the benediction of the Sun." The tall pines were "Cathedral spires that pointed to the sky." The Moon "was some fair saint, serenely moving on her way." Even the clouds "told their beads in drops of rain."

The Church was to him "The House of the Prince of Peace, where blessings fell from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower." For him the church bells "sprinkled holy sounds in the air as the priest sprinkles his congregation with hyesop." The convent walls "enclosed the peace that passeth understanding," and the Confessional was the "perfect pardon and the perfect peace."

It has been said that Longfellow's Catholic sentiments were not those of a lover, but an artist's for scenic effects, but why did he choose Catholic themes? Was there no beauty in Puritanism to extol? Was there nothing in Reformation days to inspire his beauty-loving soul? It would seem not for he goes back to the middle ages, to the ages of Faith. True poet that he was, he could not do otherwise than go to the days "when art was religion and religion art." Another argument against his claim to eminence as a Catholic writer is that he wrote "Torquemada." Well, and if he did! What great musician has not at some time or other struck a false note? and do we appreciate him any the less for that! There are some people who cannot bring themselves to enjoy the beauty of a lovely day in summer, simply because of their knowledge of the spots on the sun. In the same category could be placed those who would lose sight of "The Legend Beautiful" and the "Divine Tragedy of Christus," because the same writer was responsible for "Torquemada."

If by the sweet cadence of his music, and the Catholic spirit of his writings, he caused but one soul to look on Holy Church with eyes of faith, great indeed must be his reward. For is it not written that "those who instruct others to salvation shall shine like stars in the firmament for all eternity," and putting aside his undoubted claims to pre-eminence as a Catholic writer, if he allayed error, calmed prejudiced, thereby causing the members of two great religious families to think more kindly of each other and to dwell side by side in Christian charity, who will say that he lived in vain, or deny him a place near the Sacred Person of the Divine Teacher, who said in the Sermon of sermons, "Blessed is the Peacemaker." S. SUTHERLAND.

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is the result of a healthy physical condition. "Beauty is but skin deep" yet it greatly depends on a clear complexion, free from wrinkles and hollow cheeks.

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A woman who neglects to take proper exercise is particularly prone to excessive congestion, debility and a sluggish circulation. This is the time we advise the "Prescription." In all derangements and displacements of the special organs which result in "signs of inflammation," in catarrhal discharges from the lining membranes, and in distressing irregularities—this medicine is guaranteed to cure, or the money will be returned.

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Our \$1.00 line is as good as sold elsewhere for \$1.25—our price is \$1.00; and our \$1.50 line made of Howick's M 2, is as good as sold elsewhere for \$2.00.

Our price for Best Howick's M 2 Shirt is only \$1.30.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. ) SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. ) No. 1581.

Dame Georgiana Corriveau, wife of Narcisse Vermette, Manufacturer, of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to sue, Plaintiff, vs. Narcisse Vermette, of the same place, Defendant.

An action of separation of property has been instituted this day.

Montreal, 5th December, 1894. VILLENEUVE, FONTAINE & LABELLE, Attorneys of the Plaintiff.

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

AN IMPROVED STEAMER.

To warm over gems and rolls dip them in cold water for an instant. Drop them into a paper bag, twist the top together to exclude the air and put them into a hot oven for five or ten minutes.

NEW ENGLAND CORNBREAD.

Three eggs well beaten, one cup of wheat flour, two cups of yellow meal, into which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been placed. Sift all together. Then add one pint of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter and one of molasses. Bake half an hour in a quick oven.

LEMON MACAROONS.

One pound of powdered sugar, four eggs, juice of three lemons, rind of one, one cupful of flour (heaping full) one-half teaspoonful nutmeg. Butter your hands lightly, take up small lumps of the mixture, make up into balls the size of a walnut, and lay on buttered paper more than two inches apart.

CIDER JELLY.

Take one-half package of gelatine, a scant measure, one-half pint of sugar and one and one-half pint of cider. Soak the gelatine in half a pint of cider for two hours. Heat the rest of the cider to the boiling point, and pour it on the gelatine. Add the sugar and place the bowl in a pan of boiling water. Stir until the liquid is clear, then strain, pour into a mould and set away to harden.

RUSSIAN TOAST.

A very fine breakfast dish may be made with stale bread. Cut the loaf in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; dip in cold milk, and fry a light brown in sweet beef "dripping." Serve very hot. Or you can make a simple dessert by dipping the slices of bread in milk in which an egg has been beaten; then fry, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and serve hot.

LEMON SPONGE.

Half a pint of water, half an ounce of gelatine, whites of two eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, juice of one large lemon. Soak the gelatine in enough warm water to cover it until it is perfectly soft. Heat the half pint of water and pour over it. Add the sugar and lemon juice, beat in the egg, it being first well beaten. Let the mixture get very hot, but not quite a boil. Pour into the dish in which it is to be served.

FASHION AND FANCY.

In winter outer garments this season come two distinct novelties—one direct from London, and the other direct from Paris. It is almost needless to add that the former, like most English fashions, is becoming only to a few, while the latter, because of its femininity, fits every woman down to the ground.

With the game of golf England has sent us the golf cap. It is very English, not becoming, is decidedly inelegant and very ungraceful, and makes every woman under six feet look short. Consistent people appreciate that originally in England it was to be worn while playing the game of golf, and they only wear it here either for the same purpose or for riding, travelling or country walking. However, judging from the number already seen on the streets, and the vast army of women eagerly buying them for general wear, consistent people are in the minority.

This season's novelty direct from Paris is something without which thirty years ago no woman of fashion considered her wardrobe complete—a velvet coat. And all commendable ideas of economy must be waived here, for there is nothing like velvet to show almost to the penny how much has been paid for it. Indeed, in the matter of extravagant richness of material for her velvet coat, every woman with money may console herself that it is simply impossible to overdo it.

Fur is the reigning favorite for trimmings, and feathers are much used. Royal ermine is to be very fashionable, and some of the very handsomest coats have revers, collars, cuffs and edges of

that costly fur. Chinchilla is another favorite. Persian lamb is always popular.

For those who do not care for fur trimmings there is fine thread lace, ranging from a quarter to half a yard deep, and elaborately cut jets that glitter like diamonds. For colors, steel trimmings with deep fringes and fine designs in black net are effective.

The coat which gives promise of being more popular than all the others is well below the knee in length, but still not reaching to the bottom of the skirt. It is single breasted, fastening a trifle below the waist line with a single button. A vest, which can be either of fur or passementerie, has on either side great box shaped revers or lapels, which lie well over the tops of the sleeves. A pointed cuff of velvet is edged with the trimming. The collar is very high and rolls up, flaring at the top.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Conform to the customs of the house, especially as to meals.

Let no member of the family intrude in the guest chamber.

Do not make unnecessary work for others, even servants.

Be courteous, but not to the extent of surrendering principles.

Do not gossip—there are better things in life to talk about.

When several guests are present, give a share of attention to all.

Introduce games and diversions, but only such as will be agreeable.

OUR DARLING.

She came with the blossoms in May;  
God's gift to our home of a year;  
Like to bright summer skies  
Was the blue of her eyes,  
An azure, calm, tender and clear.

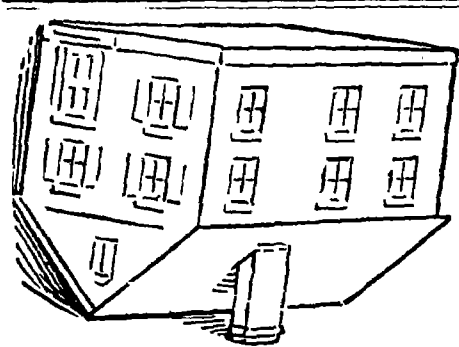
Her smile was a heavenly beam,  
The light and the life of our home,  
While the gold of her hair  
Could with amber compare;  
Her brow, with the mid-ocean foam.

The wild rose might envy the blush  
That tinted her cheek when she smiled;  
Each dimple a cherry,  
Sweet lips ever merry,  
Won many a kiss for our child.

The flowers were weeping one morn,—  
O sorrowful, sorrowful day;  
With the shadows of night  
Came an angel of light  
And carried our darling away.

Deep in our heart baby's buried,  
And green will that grave ever be,  
Till with angels above,  
In the realms of love,  
Our darling again we shall see.

ANDIX



**Turned Upside Down**  
Is your home in this sad plight  
—many are and house-cleaning  
does it. Cold meals and  
no comfort, sour tempers and  
aching backs, hard work and  
too much of it, tired women  
and "mad" men—all from  
house-cleaning. And it's all  
needless. Don't make such  
a fuss over it. Take a little  
Pearline, and have it done  
easily, quickly and quietly.  
You'll have it done better, too  
—you won't have to rub the  
paint off to get the dirt off.  
You can save half your labor  
and half your time, if you'll  
clean house with Pearline—  
and everybody in the house  
will be thankful for it. Mill-  
ions use nothing but Pearline  
for washing and cleaning.

**Turn the Key**  
On the peddlers and grocers  
who tell you "this is as good  
as," or "the same as" Pearline.  
IT'S FALSE, besides  
Pearline is never peddled.  
307 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.



People Who Weigh and Compare

Know and get the best. Cottolene, the new vegetable shortening, has won a wide and wonderful popularity. At its introduction it was submitted to expert chemists, prominent physicians and famous cooks. All of these pronounced

Cottolene

a natural, healthful and acceptable food-product, better than lard for every cooking purpose.

The success of Cottolene is now a matter of history. Will you share in the better food and better health for which it stands, by using it in your home?

Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails by all grocers.



Made only by  
**The N. K. Fairbank Company,**  
Wellington and Ann Sts.,  
MONTREAL.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

A WHALE ON LAND.

Once while watching the excavation of a street through one of the steep hills that constitute a feature of the city of Los Angeles, I saw something projecting from the soil, which, when uncovered by the workmen, proved to be the skeleton of a whale that had been lying there for untold ages; its huge length stretched across the street, its tail lost beneath the fashionable houses of the vicinity.

Having had this slight experience with whales on dry land, I was not surprised when a friend related a similar experience to me. He was an old resident, and in former years had been a prospector, and at times the old fever for discovery came upon him, upon which he would wander off on the edge of the desert or up among the mountains of southern California in search of color.

On one of these expeditions he followed up a dry wash. On the north side the mountain had been cut down vertically, and from where he stood it looked as though a gigantic knife had cleft the mountain-side, leaving the edge bare and the red earth filled with great boulders ready to roll down after each winter rain.

This ledge and the deposit at its base attracted the attention of the prospector, and coming to the latter he found among the heaps of stone a huge bone, which might have passed for the limb of a tree, imbedded in the soil. Following up the slope he raised his eyes to the cliff and saw protruding from it other bones. Gradually, to his amazement, they took shape, and he saw the skeleton of a gigantic whale stretched along the side of the mountain, standing out in strong relief against the red earth. Some of the bones had fallen down, but the greater number stood in the natural position, as the monster had died, and the whale that had once swum over this spot and showed its enormous length to the hot sun, now lay stretched along the ancient sea bottom. It had been lifted by some mighty cataclysm 2,500 feet into the air, the roots of the great trees clasping its bones, the winter rains undermining it, while the sea that was once its home had receded and lay blue in the summer haze twenty miles away.

The old prospector could hardly realize for a moment that the skeleton of the monster was before him, then taking his

pick and attacking it, he became a whaler, literally, among the pines of the Southern Sierras.

I have since seen portions of another whale in a branch of the coast range near San Juan Capistrano; and not far distant, in a quiet sand, was discovered the remains of a large elephant, allied to the mammoth, while ten miles from San Juan I visited a bed of large shells that covered acres of country, so closely packed together that they were shovelled out in solid masses and ground up into lime.

Along the southern Sierras, especially in the coast range, it is possible to go whaling, fishing, and shell hunting from one to three thousand feet above the present level of the ocean, and with a positive assurance of finding the remains of some of these stranded animals. That this extraordinary convulsion of nature did not occur so very long ago is evident from the good preservation of the bones, and on the seashore shells are found, forty feet above high-water mark, almost identical with those living below them.

Several thousand years ago came the birth of the coast range of mountains; they were forced upwards and with them the entire coast was elevated. Previous to this the ocean undoubtedly plowed over the orange groves of Southern California, and the great desert may have been arms of the sea from which projected isolated peaks.

The Island of Catalisa probably appeared at this time, and upon its summit are found great deposits of shells, two thousand feet above the sea. With them are found the gigantic sharks that must have been nearly one hundred feet in length, capable of attacking the largest whales.

The entire country of Northern California presents the details of its history in stone, and one familiar with those evidences may turn the leaves and read them as a book. Among the hills that contained the bones of these leviathans I found deposits of fine clay, the beds of an ancient lake in which were the remains of myriads of fishes that had been left by the water and buried in the bottom, to be found in after ages to tell their story.—Charles Frederik Holder.

The Optimist: Now, as to woman, generally speaking — The Disagreeable Man: Yes, she is generally speaking.

J. H. CROSS,

IMPORTER,

Manufacturers' Agent

AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Brushes, : Brooms, : Woodenware, : &c.

365 & 369 ST. JAMES STREET,

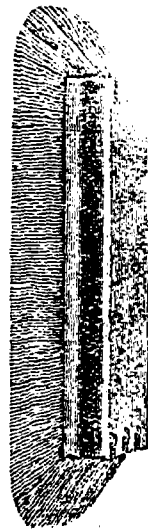
MONTREAL.

I have the largest and most complete stock of

Brushes, of all kinds,

Brooms, and

Woodenware,



Pat. March 14, 1893.

kept in the city. Merchants, Religious and Charitable Institutions will study their interests by purchasing direct from me. Our Brooms, "Britannia," "Satanita" and "Vigilant," are the handsomest in the market, and admired by all who see them. The

Handy Patent Brush,

of which I am Sole Agent, is the only Scrubber that will clean the corners with the same ease as a plain surface, having the ends projecting beyond the block (see Cut), thus preventing the ends of the block from scratching the paint. Give them a trial.

J. H. CROSS.

Telephone 1237.

MONTREAL.

City and District Savings Bank

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Eight Dollars per share on the Capital stock of this institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Wednesday, the 2nd day of January next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

HY. BARBEAU, Manager.

Montreal, 28th November, 1894, 213

## For 20 Years

the formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. No secret about it. This is one of its strongest endorsements. But the strongest endorsement possible is in the *vital strength* it gives.

## Scott's Emulsion

nourishes. It does more for weak Babies and Growing Children than any other kind of nourishment. It strengthens Weak Mothers and restores health to all suffering from Emaciation and General Debility. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Blood Diseases and Loss of Flesh.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists 50c. & \$1.

### PATRIOT AND CATHOLIC.

The Religious Life of W. J. O'Neill Daunt's Life Pictured by His Daughter.

The daughter of W. J. O'Neill Daunt, the famous Irish patriot and agitator, contributes this interesting sketch to the Ave Maria:

In a recent number of the Ave Maria appeared a kind mention of my father, Mr. O'Neill Daunt; and his daughter thinks it possible that a few lines about the religious side of his life might possess some interest for the readers of our lady's magazine.

When a child of 5 or 6, living in and amid the most Protestant surroundings, my father yearned for the happiness of being a Catholic. He has left it on record that at that early age he lay awake at night praying for the conversion of his family and friends to the one true faith. In his researches among the books in his grandmother's library, at the age of 10, he found a Douay catechism. He read it over and over, comparing its teachings with the text of his Bible. He was delighted to find that the Catholic doctrine was thoroughly scriptural. The sentiments of Irish nationality in which he had been reared also made him look on the Catholic church as the church of the Irish people; and for that reason, too, he longed to enter her fold. In the Douay catechism he found the "Hail Mary," which he committed to memory, and thenceforward recited daily in secret.

When he was a growing lad the country became convulsed with the struggle for Catholic emancipation. His father's family professed Tory principles, as did the majority of "county" families in those days—and, for the matter of that, all those who had claim to any degree of gentility. In the hot discussions that were held on this topic at his father's table, O'Neill Daunt, and Feargus and Arthur O'Connor of FortRobert, were the only advocates of the Catholic claims. My father's heart throbbed with indignation at the wrongs so long endured by the people, and he longed for some opportunity of redressing their grievances.

In 1826 his father died—killed in a duel and his son was free at last to follow the inspirations of grace. He made his abjuration to Father Mathew, and was by him baptized conditionally. A few days subsequently he was confirmed by Dr. Murphy, bishop of Cork, in the Blackrock Convent Chapel.

From that hour he ever showed himself a determined and efficient champion of Catholic truth. His numerous letters and pamphlets in defence of the church show the fervor of his faith and the vigor of his mind. His well-known controversial work, "Saints and Sinners," made a stir at the time of the publication, and, under God, brought many strayed sheep into the fold.

Only those who lived with my father and knew him intimately can form any adequate conception of the beauty of his character. His faith ruled all his actions. His simplicity and humility were those of a child. Willingly, he would believe evil of no one; and if the evil were really proved he was as reticent as possible. His patience, under the diverse crosses with which his life was burdened, was extreme. He was naturally of a hot,

impetuous temper; but he had schooled himself to the utmost meekness and gentleness. His humility made him grateful for the most trifling services. His charity was bounded only by inability to give more. In the dreadful famine days he gave his last shilling to a poor starving woman, when he himself was suffering keenly the pangs of hunger.

Latterly his infirmities prevented his leaving the house, and the parish priest came from time to time to give him the sacraments. One could perceive their influence on him by his increased gentleness and sweetness. If he deemed that he had offended any one he would wait an opportunity of apologizing, which he did with the utmost frankness and simplicity.

The end came quickly, but not unprovided. Every day for many years he had repeated prayers for a good death. He kept the thought of it constantly in mind, and often spoke of it.

No one thought that his last hours had come, when, on June 29, he felt slightly ill in the morning; but he quickly grew worse, and realized that he was near his end. He had received the sacraments three or four days previously, and said simply: "I have tried to be good since then, and I don't feel anything troubling my conscience." About 3 o'clock in the afternoon he grew unconscious, and passed away almost without a struggle; surrounded by his family, to whom he has left the memory of his virtues and unselfish life as a precious heritage.

C. M. B. A.

BRANCH 226.

The officers of Branch 226, Grand Council of Canada, for the ensuing year are:—Spiritual director, Rev. A. Brault; president, A. T. Martin; first vice-president, F. X. Payette; second vice-president, Edward Kennedy; recording secretary, J. H. Beyer; assistant secretary, T. J. Evers; financial secretary, J. Rinaham; treasurer, A. Therien; marshal, E. Tourangeau; guard, F. X. Dumontier; trustees for the term of two years, James Drew, A. Lecour and Elz. Fortin.

## JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Open till 9 o'clock every night until Xmas

## Santa Claus Is Happy . .

All day long in our Xmas Department dispensing Holiday Gifts to the immense crowds of delighted visitors to his Kingdom of Good Cheer. He is kept busy, busy; but with lightning rapidity he is able to select at a glance "just the right thing for everybody." His magnificent collection embraces all the Christmas Novelties, and his assortments are especially large, and choice in

## Christmas Cards, Christmas Booklets Art Calendars . . . Picture Books . . .

And  
Toys of Every Description  
Given Away Free . . .

At our Glove Counter, a copy of the Xmas Number of Montreal's Society Journal, THE METROPOLITAN, price 25c., is given away free with every pair of Kid Gloves of the value of \$1.25 and upwards.

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.,**  
2343 St. Catherine St.,  
CORNER OF METCALFE STREET.  
TELEPHONE No. 3883.



### A Missionary Recommends It Heartily. 5

St. PAUL'S MISSION,  
CHOTEAU Co., MONT., Dec. 15, '30.  
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in checking asthma or any nervous diseases caused by nervous debility or over exertion. Three children of my school had falling sickness; the use of the Tonic stopped the paroxysms at once and cured them. In all cases of weakness it strengthens the system without fail. I recommend it most heartily. FRED. EBERSWEILER, S. J.  
Streator, Ill., Oct. 26, '31.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the only medicine that ever helped one of our sisters who was suffering from nervousness and sleeplessness for ten years, we also recommended it to many others and it always had the desired effect. A lady in Ohio was suffering from epileptic fits for several years and found no relief, until she used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; three bottles cured her entirely. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.  
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878, and is now under his direction by the

**KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.**  
49 S. Franklin Street.  
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.  
Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.  
In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence street.

**T. FITZPATRICK, L.D.S.,  
DENTIST.**  
Teeth without Plates a Specialty.  
No. 54 BEAVER HALL HILL.  
MONTREAL. 469

## KENSINGTON MILLINERY.

Annual  
Clearing Sale  
Now Going on.  
Every Article  
Reduced in Price.

2350 ST. CATHERINE STREET,  
Corner Metcalfe Street.  
GEO. MORRIS, Proprietor.

TWO TURKEYS.  
Said a jolly turkey gobbler to another,  
"Our dinners are most plentiful and good,  
And it grieves me to the heart, my dearest brother,  
To see you don't enjoy them as you should.  
You pine away, I fear you'll die!  
Oh, tell to me the reason why!"  
"You're a stupid-headed fellow!" cried the other,  
"That you don't perceive the farmer's little plan.  
He is feeding us against Thanksgiving,  
brother!  
Oh, bear the trial bravely, if you can.  
The dreadful time is drawing nigh,  
The day on which we're doomed to die!"  
And on Thanksgiving morn the farmer's mother  
Had both the turkeys butchered, so I heard;  
The skinny one went to the farmer's brother,  
With "Best Compliments"—to make up for the bird  
The fat one, flanked with sauce and tart,  
Warmed the cockles of the farmer's heart.

Little Boy: Tommy Wing's mother is awful good and kind to him. Mamma: What has she done that is thoughtful? Little Boy: Let him have measles just the day school began.

## Business Cards

**J. J. KEATING & SON,**  
TEMPERANCE GROCERS,  
237 BLEURY STREET.  
Lowest Prices for Best Goods.

**DUFRESNE BROS.,**  
SCULPTORS on WOOD or STONE.  
Office: No. 1273 NOTRE DAME STREET  
Orders promptly attended to.

**C. A. McDONNELL,**  
ACCOUNTANT AND TRUSTEE.  
186 ST. JAMES STREET,  
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Personal supervision given to all business Rents Collected, Estates administered and Books audited.

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WHOLESALE  
TEA & MERCHANTS.  
DIRECT IMPORTERS.  
564 ST PAUL STREET, Montreal.  
P. S. DOYLE. | R. J. ANDERSON.

**E. HALLEY,**  
General Contractor and Plasterer,  
126 PARK AVENUE,  
MONTREAL.  
Jobbing a specialty.

**G. H. PEARSON & CO.,**  
FINE TAILORING.  
22 CHABOLLEZ SQUARE.  
G. H. PEARSON. | J. P. CLARKE.

**DANIEL FURLONG,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK  
Special rates for Charitable Institutions.  
Cor. Prince Arthur and St. Dominique Streets  
Telephone 6474.

**GALLERY BROTHERS,**  
BAKERS: and : CONFECTIONERS,  
Bread delivered to all parts of the city.  
Cor. YOUNG & WILLIAM STREETS,  
TELEPHONE 2895.

**GALLERY BROTHERS,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
34 - Chabollez - Square,  
(Next Door to Dow's Brewery.)  
Shirts and Underwear a Specialty.

**JOSEPH M. O'BRIEN,**  
Stenographer and Typewriter.  
ROOM 90, TEMPLE BUILDING,  
185 ST. JAMES STREET,  
Telephone No. 2326. 50-3 m

**LORGE & CO.,**  
Hatter and Furrier.  
21 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,  
MONTREAL.

**T. C. O'BRIEN,**  
FANCY BOOTS and SHOES,  
231 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,  
MONTREAL.

**JOHN MARKUM,**  
PLUMBER, GAS & STEAMFITTER,  
TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKER.  
35 St. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL.  
Telephone No 9224.

**TRADE AND COMMERCE.**

**FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.**

**Flour.**—We quote:  
 Patent Spring.....\$2.50 @ 3.65  
 Ontario Patent..... 3.20 @ 3.40  
 Manitoba Patent..... 3.60 @ 3.65  
 Straight Roller..... 3.00 @ 3.10  
 Extra..... 2.70 @ 2.80  
 Superfine..... 2.50 @ 2.60  
 City Strong Bakers..... 3.50 @ 3.55  
 Manitoba Bakers..... 3.35 @ 3.50  
 Ontario bags—extra..... 1.35 @ 0.00  
 Straight Rollers..... 1.45 @ 1.50

**Oatmeal.**—We quote jobbing prices as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Standard, \$3.60 to \$3.75. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.80 to \$1.85, and standard at \$1.80 to \$1.75. Pot barley \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.50 to \$3.60.

**Bran, etc.**—Sales of car lots of Ontario reported at \$18 to \$15.50, but it is doubtful if anything could now be had under \$16.50. Shorts are also \$1 higher at \$18.00 to \$19.00, and Mouille \$21.00 to \$22.00.

**Wheat.**—Here spot business is nil, and prices are nominal, namely, 70c to 71c for No. 1 Manitoba wheat and 64c to 65c for No. 2 red winter.

**Corn.**—Market rules quiet at 65c duty paid, and 58c to 59c in bond.

**Peas.**—We quote 68c to 70c. Sales have been made north and west of Toronto at 53c per 60 lbs.

**Oats.**—Sales of car lots No. 2 at 36c per 34 lbs. It is said that oats could not be brought in from the West and sold at 36c.

**Barley.**—A few cars of malting barley have been sold at 51c to 52c, and we quote 50c to 53c.

**Malt.**—At 65c to 75c as to quality and quantity.

**Buckwheat.**—Car lots quoted at 46c to 47c on spot.

**Rye.**—The market is quiet and steady at 51c to 51c for car lots.

**Seeds.**—Alsike \$4.50 to \$5.50, and red clover \$5.25 to \$6.00. Timothy \$1.90 to \$2.25.

**PROVISIONS.**

**Pork, Lard, &c.**—We quote prices as follows:—

Canadashort cut pork, per bbl..... \$15.50 @ 16.00  
 Canada short cut, thin, per bbl..... 14.00 @ 14.50  
 Extra plate beef, per bbl..... 10.50 @ 11.00  
 Hams, per lb..... 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2  
 Lard, pure in pails, per lb..... 8 1/2 @ 9c  
 Lard, com. in pails, per lb..... 8 1/2 @ 7 1/2c  
 Bacon, per lb..... 10 @ 11c  
 Shoulders, per lb..... 9 @ 9c

**Dressed Hogs.**—Prices have ranged from \$5.35 to \$5.50 per 100 lbs. Some holders are asking \$4 for car lots of choice packing laid down here on track.

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**

**Butter.**—We quote prices as follows:—

per lb.  
 Creamery, October..... 21c to 21 1/2c  
 Creamery, early made..... 18c to 19c  
 Eastern Townships dairy..... 15c to 18c  
 Western..... 14c to 18c

**Roll Butter.**—It is difficult to get over 17c for Western rolls, although a few small packages of prints have brought 18c; but a fair range of prices for Western rolls is from 15 1/2c to 17c.

**Cheese.**—We quote:—  
 Finest Western, colored..... 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c  
 " " white..... 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c  
 " Quebec, colored..... 9 1/2c to 10c  
 Under grades..... 8c to 9 1/2c  
 Cheddar..... 50s @ 5d

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

**Eggs.**—Lined at 13c to 14c, held fresh at 13c to 15c, and fine fall eggs at 17c to 20c. Culls range from 10c to 12c.

**Game.**—Venison carcasses 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c, and saddles at 8c to 9c. Partridge in better demand at 50c for No. 1 and 30c for No. 2.

**Honey.**—Extracted old at 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c per lb. New 7c to 8 1/2c per lb in tins. Comb honey 10c to 13 1/2c.

**Baled Hay.**—The market is dull. No. 2 shipping hay \$6.25 to \$6.50 in round lots; No. 1 straight Timothy scarce at \$8 to \$8.50 as to quantity.

**Beans.**—Good to choice hand-picked from \$1.80 to \$1.45 per bushel, and poor to fair \$1.10 to \$1.20.

**Hops.**—At 6 1/2c to 8c as to quality.

**Dressed Poultry.**—Supplies are large, but the demand is good, large sales being made of choice turkeys at 8c to 8 1/2c, down to 7c for ordinary birds. There is a fair demand for choice young chickens which sell at 7c and 7 1/2c; but old fowls sell at 5c to 6c. Geese 5c to 6c. Ducks are quoted at 7c to 8c, and poor 5c to 6c.

**FRUITS, Etc.**

**Apples.**—Stocks on hand are more than ample to supply the present demand at \$2.00 to \$2.50 per barrel.

**Oranges.**—We quote: Floridas 126s \$2.00 to \$2.25; 160s \$2.50 to \$3; 176s to 200s \$3 to \$3.25, and Jamaica \$4.50 to \$5.00 per barrel.

**Lemons.**—Messina lemons are quoted about 50c per box lower than last week. The demand still continues good at \$2.50 to \$3.50 per box and Malagas, \$7.00 to \$7.50 per chest.

**Pine Apples.**—At 10c to 20c each.

**Pears.**—California pears are in more demand this week, but Canadian pears are still uncalled for at \$3.00 to \$4.00 per barrel, and \$2 to \$2.75 for California pears.

**Cranberries.**—Are still very scarce, and prices are quoted about \$1 per barrel higher than last week, good sound stock bringing as high as \$1 to \$1.25 per barrel, while frozen stock can be had at \$8 to \$9 per barrel, according to quality.

**Dates.**—At 4 1/2c to 5c per pound.

**Grapes.**—Are still selling well at \$5.00 to \$5.50 per keg for ordinary Almeria stock, and \$6.00 to \$6.50 for heavy weights; Catawba, 23c to 25c per basket.

**Potatoes.**—Several cars have been sold on track at 58c to 64c per bag, and jobbing lots have sold at 60c to 62c by the load and 65c by the single bag.

**Onions.**—Canadian onions are meeting with fair sales at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per barrel, while Spanish onions are in good demand at 90c per crate, and \$2.25 to \$2.50 per case.

**Nuts.**—We quote prices as follows: Walnuts, New Naples, 18 1/2c per lb.; Grenoble, 14c to 15c per lb.; Almonds, New Tarragona, 18 1/2c to 14c.; Alberta, 8c to 9c; Brazil, 11c; pecan, small 10c, medium 13c, extra 15c; peanuts, roasted 7c to 8c, raw 6c to 8c.

**FISH AND OILS.**

**Salt Fish.**—Dry cod is nominally quoted at \$4.00 to \$4.50. Green cod \$4.00 to \$4.50. Labrador herring \$4.25 to \$4.50 and shore \$3.75 to \$4.00. Salmon \$1.10 to \$1.15 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$1.50 to \$1.60 for No. 1 large. British Columbia \$3 to \$10.

**Canned Fish.**—The market is steady. Lobsters \$5.75 to \$6. Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4 per case.

**Oils.**—The market remains steady, supplies light. Cod oil firm; Gaspe 38c to 31c. Newfoundland in round quantities at 32c to 33c. Jobbing lots are 32c to 33c for Gaspe, and 34c to 35c for Newfoundland. Steam refined seal oil 32c to 33c in round lots and 34c to 35c in jobbing lots. Cod liver oil at 60c to 70c.

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**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Bridge Abutment," will be received at the office of the Superintendent Engineer, Montreal, until five o'clock p.m. on Monday, the twenty-fourth December next, for the re-building of the north abutment of the Canal Swing Bridge at the Village of Grenville.

Plans can be seen at the Superintendent Engineer's office, Montreal, on Monday, the tenth December next, when specifications and forms of tender can be obtained. No tender will be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the form supplied.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque to the amount of Two Hundred Dollars to the credit of the Receiver-General, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into contract for the work when called upon to do so, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
 By order,  
 (Signed) ERNEST MARCEAU,  
 Montreal, 10th Dec., 1894.

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The Pews of St. Patrick's, Montreal, which have been removed from the Church, may be bought very cheap. There are three hundred of them, made of the best clear pine, with neatly paneled ends and doors. The book rests and top bead are of black walnut; each pew is six feet long by thirty-eight inches wide. Apply to

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Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais,  
Lavaltrie.

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

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.  
Lavaltrie, December 29th, 1885.

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

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

G. DESROSIERS, M. D.  
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