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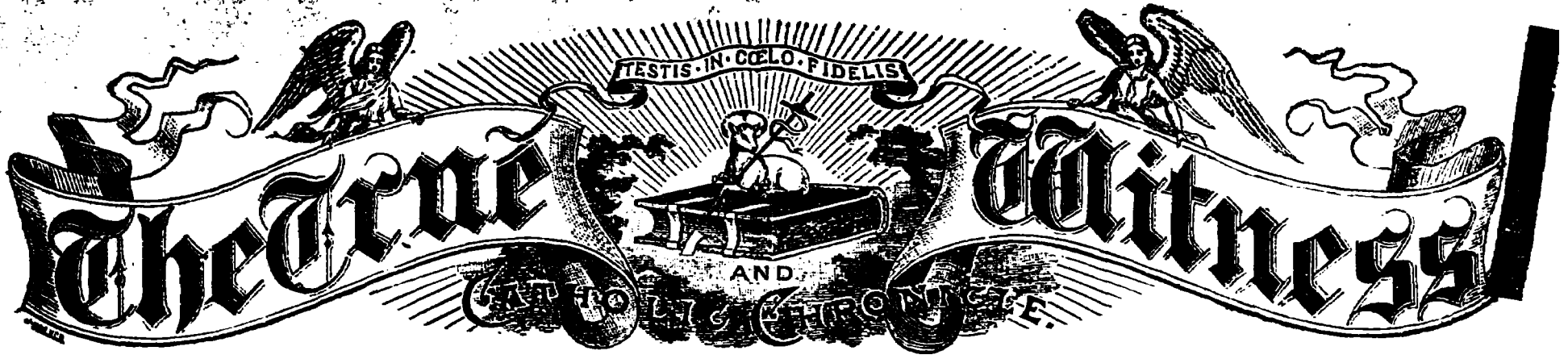
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As this is the first issue of *THE TRUE WITNESS* for 1893, we feel that it is proper to repeat our New Year's greeting and to once more wish our readers, our friends and all our fellow-Canadians a truly and prosperous and happy twelve months.

* * *
 "The Angel's Message or Rosary of Song" is the title of a beautiful piece of music, with accompanying verses upon the Joyful, the Sorrowful and the Glorious mysteries. It is elegantly composed and each part is in harmony with the mysteries celebrated. It is composed by "A Child of Mary," and is lovingly dedicated to Rev. Sister Saint Frances, of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal, on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee. 27th October, 1892." The music is by Prof. Moure, and reflects great credit upon the composer. As a sample of the versification let us take the Fifth Sorrowful Mystery:

"Now the last dread deed is doing,
 Day refuseth earth its light;
 Consummation eat is spoken,
 From the Cross on Calvary's height,
 Mother, let us kneel beside thee,
 Weeping o'er the Crucified;
 Dearest, *Mater Dolorosa*,
 For thy children He hath died."

We sincerely hope that this new work, in the world of sacred music, will meet with success.

* * *
 Recently the *Church Progress* had an able article upon Catholic newspapers. The editor points out many reasons why a Catholic should read Catholic papers. Amongst others we take the liberty of quoting the following:

"Catholics should take a Catholic paper because it is the cheapest way of informing themselves on Catholic subjects, besides being the briefest and most convenient. Moreover it is constant and reiterative. It not only offers much information upon all Catholic subjects, but it reiterates those subjects in many and various forms impressing the chief matter and points indelibly on the mind. It is therefore a constant source of Catholic education. The Catholic who does not read a Catholic paper, is neglecting his or her Catholic education. Catholics should take a Catholic paper because it is a stimulus to their Catholic faith and their pity. Our Holy Father himself says that "a Catholic paper is a perpetual mission in every parish." Therefore should every pastor make it his duty to see that his parishioners take a Catholic paper. If he seeks to enliven and awaken the fervor and piety of his people by occasional missions, all the more reason for him to seek the aid of a perpetual mission in the shape of a Catholic journal. Finally, Catholics ought to take a Catholic paper, for if they don't nobody else will. Without their support the Catholic press would die. The Catholic journal is for them, therefore by them must it live. But first, second and last Catholics should take a Catholic paper because it is Catholic and they are Catholic, and to be Catholic is to be one. In conclusion, a common motto should be: The Catholic journal for Catholics and Catholics for the Catholic journal."

* * *
 After five years absence from the ministry, Dr. McGlynn has been reinstated in all his sacerdotal privileges. This is, indeed, a piece of good news, coming as it did at the festive season, at the time

when peace and happiness should reign universally and the hearts of all men be happy. Estranged from the altar, that he loved as a priest, must have been a grand consolation for the Reverend Doctor to have said the three Masses of Christmas this year. Upon the subject of his disagreement with ecclesiastical authorities, and upon the questions which led to his being censured, we have said nothing, nor do we purpose saying anything to-day upon the causes of his restoration. These are matters that concern Dr. McGlynn and his superiors, and we do not feel competent to give any opinion upon them. But we certainly do rejoice, in full harmony with the spirit of the Church, on the occasion of the return to the bosom of that good mother of one who is certainly gifted with great qualities of soul and mind. May he live to celebrate many another Christmas Eve as he did that of 1892.

* * *
 With its number of the 31st December, the *Catholic Weekly Review* of Toronto announces that it has closed its career, and invites its readers to transfer their support to the new Catholic enterprise, *The Catholic Register*. A few weeks ago we spoke of the good old *Irish Canadian* and expressed our regret on learning that the familiar name was about to pass into the history of Canadian journalism. Although the *Review* has only been with us for six years, still in that time it has done its part faithfully and well. However, there is a sign of future encouragement in the fact that both publications are to combine their best qualities in the creation of the *Catholic Register*. To this new publication we hasten to bid hearty welcome. May its New-Year be happy and successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of its publishers. May its influence increase weekly for the good of the Faith that it is called upon to defend, and for the sake of the faithful whose rights and privileges it shall be ever ready to assert. Combining the sterling characteristics of the *Irish Canadian* and the solid principles of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, may the *Catholic Register* go on ever progressing and expanding in the New Year's greeting of *THE TRUE WITNESS*.

* * *
 SEVERAL of the leading citizens have been speaking to us about our last week's editorial on "Civic Representation," and almost all agree that we hit the nail pretty fairly upon the head. However, some few raised what appear to be very serious objections to the present system and would be glad if any remedy could be found. For example, one gentleman contended that the really responsible man has not the time to give that the position of Alderman requires. It is too great a sacrifice to be called upon to spend money and time, and to receive no remuneration. Therefore, the great majority of eligible citizens seem to shrink from having anything to do with municipal matters, at least in as far as active as representation goes. Consequently men who seek the honors of the council must have some way or other of paying their time and the loss in business in-

terests. This is actually true; and we see only one remedy. Adopt the system that we suggested last week, namely, the formation of electoral clubs to look after the choosing of candidates, to see to the elections and to watch the after career of each alderman and to bring them all to account for their actions. Add to this a reasonable salary. Pay the City Fathers a fixed and sufficient amount, and the city will reap the benefit of it in a very short time. Then there will be no longer an excuse that time and labor are given at a sacrifice, and there will be no inducement for aldermen to seek other means of reimbursing themselves. Even, as in the cases of judges, so low is their salaries that the most eminent members of the Bar cannot go upon the Bench unless at an immense sacrifice, their practice pays them double and often four times or more the salary of a judge; so with the members of the Council, or rather with the citizens, their business is so important that they cannot, in justice, be expected to injure it for the sake of sitting day after day at the Council-board. We say pay them good and adequate salaries and then hold them strictly to account for the work they do in lieu of the payment received.

* * *
 Toronto has a Sun. This new orb in the firmament of journalism is destined to do some wonderful work. It purposes illuminating the minds of benighted Canadians that they will soon be able to understand and see the immense benefits of annexation to the United States. Such, however, the editors of this rising Sun declare to be their intention. Their last issue contained the following editorial. It is about the only approach to a reasonable excuse for advocating such a policy that we have yet read. Referring to the fact that they are often called "Disloyal Annexationists," the article says:

"We admit the charge of disloyalty to any and every nation outside our own borders.

"We esteem the welfare of our own country above that of any other nation under the sun.

"We think more of Canada than we do of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany and the United States. Hence from anyone who wishes to benefit any of these foreign nationalities at the expense of this country, we accept the charge of disloyalty with equanimity.

"Whatever arrangement is made must be for the benefit of our own land; there may be an incidental benefit to a foreign nation; but the chief advantage must accrue to us. That is why we advocate Political Union with the United States in preference to Imperial Federation; wholly and solely because greater advantages along commercial lines will be gained by the one than by the other."

If the advantage is all so one-sided it seems strange that the clever Americans could not see it, and if the *Sun* points it out to them, it appears to us that our Toronto luminary will likely produce an effect upon their cause opposite to that which they seek. Moreover, we always understood that there should be two parties to a contract, and each should

have a say in the agreement. The *Sun* evidently takes for granted that the United States, as a people, and each individual inhabitant of the great Republic are extremely anxious for annexation. If they are, then Canadians should be on their guard; if they are not, then all the *Suns* that ever shone could not bring about the result of political union.

* * *
 "Last week the Imperial authorities directed Scotland Yard to take the spy, Major le Caron, into the employ of the Government for the purpose of tracing out the guilty parties connected with the Dublin explosion." So reads a Dublin despatch of the 29th December last. We have no reason to doubt the correctness of the information above given. It seems to us very strange that the Government would see fit to engage such a character as this le Caron for any work at all. Low as the work of a spy and informer is, still we think that the detective enterprise upon which this notorious character is sent out is too good a work for such as he. Surely the force in Scotland Yard has men sufficiently acquainted with their business as regular detectives to be entrusted with such an important case. Were we le Caron's employers we would hesitate to accept his report, or to proceed against the person or persons he might find, or pretend to find, as connected with that unfortunate event. Judged by his many-sided career, this peculiarly despicable character seems capable of swearing away the life of any one at all—guilty or innocent—provided notoriety and money were to be made by the transaction. Of all the British spies, whose lives are such a series of inhuman and unnatural episodes, this one appears to be the prince. We regret exceedingly that an administration that evidently is seeking to have tardy justice done to Ireland should, even in a minor office, allow the shadow of le Caron's contemptible form to fall upon the path it is destined to follow. Why are such men sent upon earth? We can only answer by asking why was Iscariot born?

* * *
 We have received the catalogue of the famous Gregorian university of Rome. In attendance at the courses of this institution there are more than eight hundred ecclesiastical students; among the names we notice some members of the Canadian College, of the Congregation of the Priests of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Fathers of the Resurrection established in Berlin, Ont., and of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. We are happy to say that they occupy a prominent place in the Roman University, and especially the Oblates, who carried the honors of the day at the solemn Distribution of Prizes,—Nov. 24th last; they won 21 medals out of 69 offered for competition, against 9 merited by the College next in merit. We can most heartily congratulate the Fathers of the Oblate Order, of which community so many worthy and brilliant members are to-day doing the noble work of Christ in Canada.

MOUNT JEROME.

DUBLIN'S PROTESTANT GRAVE-YARD

William Carleton, the Irish Novelist—
His Life—His Works—From the
People Not of the People—
Carved Eulogies.

(Written Specially for the TRUE WITNESS)

(We find it necessary to add the above line. We have now published some two dozen of these sketches; they are written purposely for our paper and the author would not give them to any other publication. They are constantly being reproduced, and in the two-thirds of the cases no credit is given to the TRUE WITNESS. The *nom-de-plume* might be any one, in any country. A Western paper had "College Green" last week, apparently written for its columns. Ed. T. W.)

"So you have three more days to spend in Dublin, Mr. Lecky," said honest keen-witted Mickey.

"Well, yes," I replied, "in that time I will bid good-by to your Ireland."

"Don't you think it's the finest land under the sun, sir?" and Mickey's eyes glistened.

"That, Mickey, I will not say. I fear that every man loves his own land the best, but he it enough that next to my own great land your little Isle lies closest to my heart."

"You're a genuine gentleman," shouted Mickey. "May the Lord preserve your health, and if you ever come here, I'll be waiting for you at Morrissey's. Would you be after going out to-day?"

"Do you know where Thomas Davis is buried?"

"Did I know where my own head is; why, he is buried in Mount Jerome. I'll bring Betsy forinist the door, sir."

I slipped into my big frieze, warranted rain-proof by Crampsc of Derry, and seated myself on the car. Mickey whistled "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and away went Betsy. This drive.

I WILL LONG REMEMBER.

To-day, as I write in this cosy room of mine on San Sebastianello street, with the Pineian and those indescribable beauties around me that so strangely fascinated the melancholy genius of Hawthorne, and the city of the seven hills beneath me, the memory of that day steals over me like a breath of Irish air that has stolen the scent of a dozen clover fields. Oh, had I the wings of a bird, would I not fly from these classic lands, the prey of anarchy unjust and unbearable taxation, to the beauties of Dublin and the witticisms of my Mickey. Something of this longing must have inspired the poet when he asked.

Are Italy's fields more green,
Do they teem with a richer store
Than the bright green breast of the Isle of the West
And its wild, luxuriant shore?

I believe the poet answered his own question by writing

Ah! no! no! no!

You may object to the number of No's, but poets now-a-days must be emphatic to be heard. At any rate, I feel myself, to-day, in the same mood as the poet. If I write No, fifty times you cannot object to the poetry of it, until you have settled Walt Whitman's place in literature. By that time these sketches will be as much read as Tupper's Tales,—a blessing you say; so say I. But listen to Mickey:

"I'll open the gate sir—Mount Jerome Cemetery. This path will take you to the Superintendent's house. They'll charge you a shilling for a guide."

I stuck my hand deep in my vest-pocket, fumbled amid the half-crowns for a shilling, and having found the showing coin, with its likeness of Victoria Regina, that bears no likeness to the original—a curious want to artistic taste in the keeper of the mint—I set out at a brisk pace in the direction of the superintendent's office. Who says Europe is free when they charge a shilling to walk through

A CITY OF THE DEAD?

I was received in the office by a lank, lean, pallid man, with a bulging forehead and cool gray eyes. He seemed a fit man to keep an eye over the dead. One would almost believe that the only part of him that belonged to the living world was his gold-rimmed spectacles and a blue skull cap, that looked fantastic, perched on the bald pate of this melancholy keeper of dead and musty records. I made my mission known, paid my shilling; my only receipt, a cadaverous

smile. A little silver bell rang out a few trembling notes, and by my side there stood a man dressed in a kind of dark navy blue, relieved by huge glistening brass buttons. "Show this man the cemetery," said the man with the blue skull cap.

"This way," said the man with brass buttons, and we were soon treading a gravel walk curiously sided with box-wood and other pretty shrubs. "Turn to your right," said the guide—"a very interesting grave, sir."

"Why is it interesting?" I asked.

"Don't know, sir, that's not my business. The superintendent says so, and what right have I to say against him?"

Here was an honest man paid to do a certain duty, and doing it well. I complimented him on his faithfulness to the superintendent's trust, and gave him a sixpence to show my warm approval of his conduct. The giving of money is the only way you can show your gratitude to a cemetery guide. Although passing their lives amid the wealthiest of our race, it is only the curious, straggling strangers that treat them to the coin of the realm. He was evidently pleased, and to show it, he scraped the faded straw-colored moss from the large awkward letters. While he did so I could not help smiling at the vanity of all things human. If there is anything that can check man's ambition, it is the crumbling monuments with the golden lettered hopes of one generation forgotten and sneered at by the one that follows.

"His memory and fame," we write, "shall be eternal," and fifty years after some obscure traveller pauses before the fast decaying stone, whereon we herald our boastful prophecy, and sadly mutters, "What fools these mortals be." The little monument before me was a plain block of Irish sandstone, cut in the well-known form of an Irish mile-stone. On it was engraved the name of William Carleton, Novelist, and this curious inscription: "One whose memory needs neither carved stone nor sculptured marble to preserve it from oblivion." This stone and its inscription was the work of a sorrowful weeping widow to the memory of a devoted husband, at least these things would come to the charitable critic. The eulogy might have been perfectly natural to the disconsolate lady who mourned a genius dead, and

WHO WILL DENY HER RIGHT,

so long as she paid for it, to carve this eulogy on an Irish mile-stone? She may have cheered the gloom of some poor idle stone-cutter by a week's work and undoubtedly she brought sunshine to the quarry man. For these things, being of their nature good, let us be thankful. The question is, will the world agree with the carved eulogies of friend or friend, and the mural tablets of enthusiastic municipalities? We can hardly say yes in the face of history. The world has been a smasher of tomb-stones. She has ever on her cynical lips "the presiding angel of grave-yards is Fulsome Flattery." And the world,—who will be strong enough to fight against her verdict? What has this dame to say of Wm. Carleton, whose name and fame grace this monument? I confess she has little, and that, to my mind, is a sufficient reason that she has almost finished smashing that which was "to preserve from oblivion his name." That little is easy to remember. He was born of "poor but honest parents," so says a biographer, and as he should know where of he writes the phrase may stand. The date of his birth 1794, the day and month I have forgotten but it matters little. Those who are curious in such things may pull down their encyclopedias and open at Car next letter I and they will find their curiosity satisfied. His parents were thrifty folk as befits the half scotch of "Tyrone among the bushes." They wished to make their son a clergyman. He should study Latin, Greek in ponderous tomes with some far-famed hedge school-master and after the so many quarters, paid for in so many pounds, shillings and pence, he should go to Dr. Drydust's famous omnium gatherum academy to put on the last touch for Maynooth. This was the Castle in Spain of the anxious parents. That this castle was ruthlessly pulled down by their son is another fact that the biographer feels proud of. In truth biographers as a set seem to have little respect for the fourth commandment. At an early age Master Carleton bolted the parental authority, and like many another youth, dreamed that his mission in life was to

undo the things of the world by a goose-quill and a black fluid men call ink. The charm of such men's lives is in the fine disdain with which they treat the ordinary convictions of society. Master Carleton prepared himself for his mission by abandoning a literature that told of the bloody frays of a detestable set of Greek ruffians, men and gods, and plunged into the more exhilarating frays around him. It would be hard to give a graphic picture of the lawlessness of those times. Hunting, whiskey-drinking and duelling were the common occupations of the rich. The poor had unfortunately learned the vices of their masters—they had no virtues to teach.

INTO THIS TURBULENT SOCIETY,

with little ballast to keep him off the shoals, went Carleton. If he had any of those finer qualities that are said to herald a vocation to the sanctuary, he soon lost them, and later became recalcitrant to the faith of his fathers. In this society the young imaginative peasant boy cut a figure. He could drink his toady "at a swallow," that is the curious way they have of expressing it in Ireland. The man that could drain his bumper in this way was ranked among the monks of the screw, the particular screw being a huge pocket one, that would neither break itself nor let the cork go until it knew the neck of the bottle no longer. He could follow the hounds all day over the dreary moorland, and at night pledge "a bumper to Squire Jones." During these years he was taking notes of the strange society that he moved in. After a manner he was peculiarly suited to do so. He knew the atmosphere he was to depict, an indispensable thing for the novelist whose works should live. He was as capable as Scott of entering into the habits and manners of the peasantry, and knew them much better than Scott knew his middle-men or aristocrats. He was not deficient in dramatic grouping, possessed a keen eye for the warps and bores of human nature. His style was not deficient in beauty. It was rich, poetical and by times irresistibly powerful. Nature had equipped few men better fitted to draw for all time, the passing picture of Ireland's peasantry. The canvas was ready, the colors at hand, and the brush in the hands of a great painter. What happened? What happens when men are false to their trust? Speak it by any name you will—there is but one word for it, and that word is failure. The "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" might have been a work to have endured as long as the race it depicted. It might have been a treasure for the exiled countrymen to have borne over the seas to more prosperous lands. In the shelf with such books as Cervantes, Manzoni, Scott's and Lorra Doone, it might have found no unworthy place. It is useless to speculate on the might have been. We must take books as we find them, not as we would have them. We are not the controllers of an author's brain, and if he chooses to give us chaff instead of grain, well he must pay the penalty. We scatter the chaff, while we jealously guard the grain. I do not say, that all that Carleton has written might be termed chaff, there is a little grain mixed, but it is so little, that it would not pay for the winnowing. It is the business of the novelist to depict life as he finds it, to bring men and manners before us, in such a way, that we become one of them, and enter into their joys and sorrows, now condemning a hero, now finding an excuse for a ruffian. Carleton gave us a broad and

UNGENEROUS CARICATURE.

of the peasantry. The people surely had a sufficient number of traducers without their friends joining hands with them. Carleton from the people would not be of the people. He missed the principle of art, telling the truth, and hence when his peculiar and bigotted age had passed his reign was ended. He could not plead guilty to the impulsiveness of youth, as his first book, printed through the efforts of an enthusiastic clergyman, whose hobbies were archaeology and the conversion of papists, appeared, its author was in his thirty-sixth year. With the founding of the *Nation* and its strong appeals to the better natures of Irishmen to rouse from their lethargy and do something for their debased country, Carleton's earlier and better nature was aroused. Was it too late to do something for the land and people that he had so malignantly traduced? He offered his services to the *Nation*, and wrote for that journal

"Valentine McClutchy," an indictment against the cruelties of landlords. It was too late; the hand had lost its cunning. Sickness came, friends were dead, his children emigrated; no wonder the old novelist became sad and lonely. His figure now and then was seen wending its way to the book-stalls; men made way for him, for had he not in "Valentine McClutchy" tried to make amends for other years? One day a funeral cortege passed into Mount Jerome; it was that of William Carleton. A few weeks later his veiled widow brought the milestone and placed it at his head, and what he would have loved more, Lady Wilde begot a poem and printed it in her little green volume. From the first verse may you judge:

Our land has lost a glory! Never more,
Tho' years roll on, can Ireland hope to see
Another Carleton cradled in the lore
Of our loved country's rich humanity.

So with this Wilde flower placed on his grave we pass to one wetted by the tears of a nation.

WALTER LECKY.

As It Ought To Be.

A writer in the *Philadelphia Times*, describing "The American Home," neglects to qualify her praise as she should, and speaking of what, there is too much reason to believe, is rather an ideal than a portrait. This is what she says:

There is nothing a true American has to be more genuinely grateful for than the home, the memories which linger with us wherever we may go, and always bear in their shadowy outlines a color and light that stamps the home life of no other nation.

Our home means a spot where a father dwelt, loved and respected by the children growing up about him. A father whose word governed the little enclosed between the four walls of the habitation, either grand or simple, that lives long in the heart and mind when other memories have passed away.

The typical American home is the throne of the sweet-faced woman whom childhood reverence as mother and whom man fondly loves as wife. She, as in no other land, is the sovereign who rules with the sceptre of her womanly influence. She teaches the children those abiding principles of obedience to law that in after years make them honored and respected citizens. Her counsels are sought, her advice respected. She is a queen, loved, honored and obeyed, and it is just in this sovereignty of woman that there lies the difference between the home life of our own and other nations.

Men cannot make a home. They may pay for its furnishings, but the deft feminine know how to add those touches that transform it into a heavenly habitation. It is the wish of a woman's gown, the graceful pose as she pours the coffee, the fragrance of her own womanliness which she sheds all abroad that makes abode the dwelling place of an angel, whose gentle presence lends to the humblest structure that grace and beauty that marks its present hospitality, its future greatness and its happy memories with the instinctive qualities of the American home.

In Reply to Oft Repeated Questions.

It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

Clara—What shall I sing for you, Jack?

Jack—Have you a song with a refrain?

Clara—Yes.

Jack—Well, then, please refrain.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

When a person gets into hot water you may be sure he furnished his share of the fuel to heat the same.

Dr. A. T. Slocum's
OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD
LIVER OIL. If you have a Cold,—Use It.
For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

The More Precious Article.—Mary, during a moving: The missus is very particular about this bricybac mantel-clock, and says we'll have to carry it; I'll take it. Jane: No; you take the baby an' I'll carry the clock. You might let the clock fall with your awkwardness.

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?

BY REV. RICHARD L. CLARKE, S.J.

It is the fashion at the present day to say that it mattered little what a man believed as long as his life was good and he did no harm to any one. Even those who called themselves Christians sometimes talked as if every kind of religion were true. They told us there were many roads to heaven, and that it mattered not whether a man travelled by the Anglican road, or by the Nonconformist road, or by the Roman Catholic road, so long as he lived a good life. This was not the teaching of Our Blessed Lord, who said: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Light." As there could only be one truth which He taught, so there could be only one way which He appointed as the road to heaven. Neither was it the teaching of St. Paul, who wrote, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," and "If any angel even from heaven teach you any other Gospel than that which you have received, let him be anathema." It was not the teaching of the Catholic Church which said, "Out of the Church there is no salvation." This teaching was a favorite object of attack by Protestants. They told us that it was a narrow, intolerant doctrine, and that it was inconsistent with the Divine compassion and at variance with the mercy of the all-merciful God. His object that evening was to show that so far from this being the case, this doctrine was in accordance with the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles. By faith we meant the acceptance, by God's supernatural help, of those truths which were revealed on His authority, not merely because our reason approved of them, but because we know that God had revealed them. Faith with the Catholic meant the acceptance of every dogma that the Church had defined; but what did it mean in the case of non-Catholics? It did not mean that it was impossible for non-Catholics to please God; on the contrary, there was for all who acted up to their light and in obedience to their conscience full opportunity of leading a life pleasing to God. They now came to the question of what was the minimum, the least amount of faith a man might have and save his soul. We looked out upon the heathen world and saw millions who knew but little of God. They had had no teaching, nothing but the natural light which God had given them, and that mixed up with a thousand superstitions. It was not necessary to go into heathen lands to find practical heathenism; in the slums and alleys of our own city were thousands who had been practically heathens from childhood upward. To say that these people must necessarily lose their souls would be hideous and inconsistent with the character of the God of Justice. Every one in the world had not only a fair chance of saving his soul, but much more than a fair chance, for God had implanted in every one a light which would teach them enough to enable them to find their way to heaven. To develop this point, mankind might be divided into three classes, from each of whom a different kind of faith was expected. The heathens, and the practical heathens of our own country would, if they were faithful to their conscience, learn that there was a personal God in heaven who created us, who would reward us for serving Him and who would punish us for doing evil, and to whom we owed obedience. This was all that God required of those who were brought up in practical heathenism. They might in the course of their lifetime have done an act of charity with a sort of idea of pleasing One above, who required of them charity towards others. We might hope that thousands of those whom the world thought had no chance of being saved would, through God's mercy, be received into the kingdom of heaven. Coming to the second class, the great majority of the people of this country had at least heard the name of Jesus Christ and had read the Bible. Any man of good will who read the sacred words of our Lord could not help being attracted by that figure who stood out most prominently before all the sons of men. No one could read His life without being irresistibly drawn toward Him, if he were a man of good will. When Christ came before us we could not help adoring Him and loving Him as our Lord and our God. But there were some men who

so far from being drawn by the Son of God were either indifferent to or were positively repelled by Him. These latter hated His Divine teaching because it was a contrast with their own lives. For all those who came within reach of the Gospel their salvation depended upon whether they were faithful to that message which our Lord had taught. There were many among the Protestant sects who acted up to the light which God gave them. They might never become Catholics, they were so rooted in prejudice that there was no guilt in remaining where they were. From their hearts they loved our Saviour, and sought as far as they could to carry out His Divine teaching. If they were perfectly certain that the religion in which they were brought up was the right one they could not do anything better than seek as far as they knew the teaching of our Lord to carry it out. That, however, in the present day was the case with comparatively few. There were very few at the present day who had not at some time or other a secret suspicion that perhaps the Catholic Church might be the only true Church of Jesus Christ. When that thought came into the mind of any man he was bound to inquire, and not to sit still and leave the matter doubtful, because our Lord was the Truth and could only have founded one religion on earth. The salvation of this third class depended on whether they carried out an honest search in order to find out what the religion was which our Lord had left here on earth. It was impossible for us to know whether those who had turned away from that secret whisper had deliberately sinned mortally. God was very merciful. There were some who shrank from bringing those they loved into poverty. Many Anglican clergymen to whom that thought had come had reflected that they had only their living to support their wife and children. He himself had known cases in which the conversion of Anglican clergymen had involved heroism on their part which could not be sufficiently praised. He knew of one who was working as a common laborer in a building-yard, and of another who was obliged to take the position of check-taker at one of our London theatres. God required of this third class of people that they should seek out the true Church, and submit themselves to its teaching, for the honest inquirer would, without the slightest doubt, be led into the One Fold and nowhere else. If they drifted off into infidelity or remained in some false religion, it would be their own fault. If other interests turned their thoughts aside from it, it was a dreadful responsibility for those who thus turned aside from Jesus Christ. —Catholic Columbian.

An Autograph Letter.

An autograph letter of Dean Swift has been discovered in an old manor-house in Berkshire. It is very characteristic, bristling with the witty divine's peculiar dry humor. The supposition is that it was addressed to a member of the Earl of Oxford's family. Here are some extracts:

"I have the honor to be captain of a band of nineteen musicians, which are, I hear, about five less than my friend the Duke of Chandos, and I understand music like a Muscovite; but my choir is so degenerate under the reigns of former Deans of famous memory, that the race of people called Gentleman Lovers of Music tell me I must be very careful in supplying two vacancies, which I have been for two years endeavouring to do. For you are to understand that in disposing these musical employments I determine to act directly contrary to Ministers of State, by giving them to those who best deserve. If you had recommended a person to me for a church-living in my gift, I would be less curious; because an indifferent parson may do well enough, if he be honest; but singers, like their brothers the poets, must be very good, or they are good for nothing."

The Duke of Chandos referred to is the man who stood for "Timon" in the poet Pope's satire, and was a patron of Handel, composer of the *Messiah*, first produced at the Fishamble Street Theatre in Dublin. There is a queer letter of the Dean's—not very delicate as we recollect—in the manuscript room of the British Museum.—London Universac.

There are 250,000 words in the English language, and most of them were used last Sunday by the woman who discovered after coming out of church, that her brand new hat was adorned with a tag on which was written, "Reduced to \$2.75."

Still There.—"There's gas escaping," said Bunting sniffing the air. "No," replied Larkin, also taking a sniff; "it seems to be here yet."

HERE'S A TRUE AMERICAN.

The Bigots of Omaha Called to Account by a Protestant.

The following spirited letter has been addressed to the editor of the Omaha Bee:

Sir,—I propose for one as a Protestant, the son of a Protestant minister, married to the daughter of a Protestant denomination, to enter publicly my protest against the reckless, relentless and unreasonable warfare which is now being waged in this city against my Catholic fellow-citizens. No Catholic has appealed to me for sympathy or suggested that I should say a word in his behalf. In fact, outside of my own family no one has a hint of my purpose to antagonize the sentiment which I regret to see so largely prevalent in this community. I am simply moved by my American sense of fair play to revolt against what appears to me to be an unwarrantable persecution of a respectable, law-abiding and numerous order of our citizens.

Nothing is so unreasonable, so bigoted, so virulent and dangerous as religious hatred. No cruelties have ever exceeded those perpetrated in the name of religion. Nothing is more un-American than political partisanship based upon religious differences. No antagonism in a community can so completely estrange neighbors and overturn good order, as that which arises from contentions over church relations. It is, therefore, a source of regret to fair-minded Americans who do not mix their political preferences to find a religious or a semi-religious issue at stake in elections.

In Omaha the anti Catholic society has so grown in numbers that it is in control of the city. Among its members are many persons entitled to confidence and respect, although they have joined an un-American secret political organization. But there are members and leaders in that order and kindred societies who are there for one or both of two reasons. Either they are fanatical anti-Catholics, or they hope for political advantages from their membership. It is unfortunately this class which makes the most noise and gives trend to the public utterances and private persecutions of the organization.

They and their sympathizers, among whom I am sorry to see some clergymen of the Protestant churches, have created a sentiment against Catholics in Omaha, which not only causes worthy people in that denomination personal pain, but affects their business, injures their reputation in the community and shuts off avenues of employment and advancement from their children to which, as American citizens, they are entitled.

This is unfair. Omaha has never suffered any evil from Catholics. Her best citizens are members of that Church. Her largest taxpayers are adherents of that faith. There has never been any attempt, or suggestion of an attempt on the part of that Church, or any of its members, to control the schools, the city government or the county affairs. Whatever may be true in other localities, as far as Omaha is concerned Catholicism has never been a force in politics which attempted to antagonize any public improvement, the public schools, or any well defined public policy. There is in my mind no more reason in Omaha for an anti-Catholic society than for an anti-

Methodist or anti-infidel society. There can never, in America, be any excuse for a secret political-religious organization, and in this city there is less excuse, if possible, than anywhere else.

I am in favor of an amendment to the national constitution, which shall be strong enough to make it impossible for religious issues to have political consequence or importance. I am also in favor of taxing such property belonging to religious bodies as is not used by them for religious, charitable or educational purposes, but I do protest most solemnly against this un-American idea of asking whether a man believes in consubstantiation or transubstantiation, before determining to vote for or against him as a candidate for political office. Not the religious belief, or the nativity of the candidate's parents, but the merits of himself should be the test of his fitness or unfitness for public trust.

I hope that the people of Omaha will see that this antagonism has gone too far, and that the time has come to frown upon those fanatics who would fan smouldering embers of religious hatred into flames of discord. It is high time that the tide were turned. If the ill-will which has been stirred up between two classes of our citizenship is permitted to grow in intensity, it will be years before the good feeling of former times can be restored. We should be manly enough, every one of us, to accord to all our neighbors liberty of conscience, honesty of purpose and personal patriotism, and treat with them as friends and not as enemies of the commonwealth.

T. W. BLACKBURN.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London S. E., England. 30-6

When he is inaugurated next March Mr. Cleveland will lack but a few days of being 56 years old, which is precisely the average age of presidents on accession. The oldest President was William Henry Harrison, who was 68; Buchanan was 62; Taylor, 65; Jackson and Adams, 62; Monroe, 59; Jefferson, Madison and J. Q. Adams, 58; Benjamin Harrison, 56; Hayes, 54; Lincoln, 52; Tyler and Arthur, 51; Polk and Fillmore, 50; Garfield and Pierce, 49; Cleveland, 48 and Grant, the youngest president, 47.

THREE PRACTICAL POINTS.

Three practical points: 1st. Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia by acting promptly on the stomach, liver and bowels. 2nd. Burdock Blood Bitters cures blood by the same specific action combined with its alterative and purifying powers. 3rd. Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases arising from the two first named, such as constipation, headache, biliousness, scrofula, etc., by removing their cause as shown and proved in thousands of indisputably recorded cases.

"Parker's fire insurance policy covered the coal in his cellar, and the other day just for a joke, he put in a claim for all the coal he'd burned." "What did the company do?" "Had Parker arrested for arson."

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

Miss Candour, aged 7, to lady who has been singing with a good deal of tremolo to her mother's guests: I gargle in the nursery.

Holloway's Pills.—Weakness and Debility.—Unless the blood be kept in a pure state, the constitution must be weakened and disease supervene. These wonderful Pills possess the power of neutralising and removing all contaminations of the blood and system generally. They quietly but certainly overcome all obstructions tending to produce ill-health, and institute regular actions in organs that are faulty from derangement or debility. The dyspeptic, weak and nervous may rely on these Pills as their best friends and comforters. They improve the appetite and thoroughly invigorate the digestive apparatus. Holloway's Pills have long been known to be the surest preventives of liver complaints, dreadful dropsies, spasms, colic, constipation, and many other diseases always hovering round the feeble and infirm.

Tom: We always ought to look pleasant. Jack: That's so. We can't tell now-a-days who may have a camera concealed about him ready to catch us.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

The pretender to the Crown—A lady's bonnet.

JUST FULL OF IMPROVEMENTS—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.



To begin with, they're the smallest, and the easiest to take. They're tiny, sugar-coated antibilious granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Every child is ready for them.

Then, after they're taken, instead of disturbing and shocking the system, they act in a mild, easy, and natural way. There's no chance for any reaction afterward. Their help lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're put up in glass vials, which keeps them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in wooden or pasteboard boxes.

And they're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

THE SUNBEAM, a monthly paper for Catholic youth; 50 cents a year, send for sample copy. 761 Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.

THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

Famine and cholera are still carrying off thousands of victims in Russia; and to add to the horrors, of life, in the land of the autocratic Bear, a fearful persecution continues against the unfortunate Jews in that barbaric land. Why Jews should be subjected to in-human treatment simply because they do not believe in the Messiah having come, we fail to comprehend; why they should be made suffer untold injustice at all is something, that seems to us, so alien to the spirit of Christianity and so at variance with the common dictates of human nature, that only a power scarcely better than the brute creation could sanction its execution. But some day or other we may look forward to a gigantic revolution in that land of slaves and tyrants. The volcano may appear extinct, but it only smoulders; and whenever it does burst forth, the world may expect to feel the effects of the convulsion in its quarter.

DeQuincey, the "Opium Eater," tells, in his own inimitable style, the story of a Russian event that occurred about one hundred ago. He calls it the "Flight of a Tartar Tribe," and he pictures, in his graphic and weird phrases, the tortures, persecutions, miseries of that people. Once they came from China, and established themselves on the banks of the Volga. After one hundred years in the land of the stranger, the descendants of that tribe, to the number of six hundred thousand, arose one night and fled back to the home of their forefathers. Desolation behind them, privation and death around them, and uncertainty ahead, they travelled from the middle of January until the end of September. Pursued, harassed by the Tartars and Cossacks, frozen upon the bleak stoppes in the winter months, scorched upon the arid sands in the summer, they left a well-defined track of bones—the remains of camels, horses, men, women and children—extending in an unbroken chain, from the shores of the Volga to the banks of the Ely beneath the shadow of the Chinese wall. That author tells us that the *Anabasis* and *Katabasis* of Napoleon, from the Rhine to Moscow, and back from the ruins of the Kremlin to the Russian frontier, the retreat of the "Ten Thousand," which Xenophon so forcibly describes, and the "Exit of Israel from the house of bondage," followed by the forty years in the desert of Sin, were as nothing compared to the "Flight of the Tartar Tribe."

De Quincey may have drawn somewhat upon his vivid imagination, and we think he has done so, for the only data upon which to base his story seems to be a gigantic monument, just outside the China wall, on the shores of the Ely, which tells the tale of the return and the persecutions of the tribe in question. But whether he exaggerates or not, one thing is certain, that the most harrowing pictures drawn by De Quincey could not be too trilling if applied to the state of the Jews in Russia to-day. We can form no idea of their helplessness and misery. And we would not be astonished if some day the children of the Hebrew race, combining with others as unhappy as themselves, would rise in their united strength and fly from the "land of bondage and the barbarous people." Patience must finally become exhausted and there is a point at which human nature can resist no longer. When such social volcanic upheavals take place they destroy everything. Even as the lavas of Vesuvius have destroyed the glories of fair cities, and a broken column tells to-day of Pompeii, a shattered mosaic speaks of Herculanium, so will it be should the Vesuvian fires of revolt flash up from the great yawning crater of the

Russian social structure. Beneath the debris, the antiquarian of the future may discover the ruined columns of autocratic power and the scattered relics of barbaric government.

But it is in vain for us to plead or to argue. The united voices of all the Western European and American press could never penetrate beyond the walls of the Winter palace, and even were an echo of their protests to fall upon the ear of the Czar it would serve more to harden his heart than to subdue it. Mercy and even Justice, as we know these two spirits, cannot approach within twenty-five Russian *versets* of St. Petersburg; they are kept at bay, and are driven back over the Baltic by "the iron-voiced monsters" that look down upon the outer world from Cronstadt's gray walls.

We see for Jew and Gentile, for Christian and Pagan—we mean in Russia—but one hope. It may sound strange to many, but we feel confident of what we say: the only hope of an amelioration of the unhappy condition of these unfortunate people is the Pope of Rome, the great arbiter of the nations, the sincere and potent friend of the people, the soul of justice and the advocate of universal freedom, Leo XIII. Seated upon the ruins of the autocratic power of the Cæsars, issuing his mandates from the down fallen palaces of barbaric despotism, the Vicar of Christ is looked upon by the nations of the world as the only individual upon earth possessing the power, the tact, the will and the devotedness to intervene on behalf of human liberty, of general emancipation, of universal peace, and consequently, unlimited individual happiness and national prosperity. His great genius and his holy influence can do more to soften the iron heart of Russian despotism, than could all the armies of the world in forcibly subduing that power into reason and humanity. There he sits to-day, "every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another," his home might be a dungeon, his throne might be a shadow, his crown might be broken, still, even as His Master before Pilate, in his suffering and sorrow, he is a king, a ruler, and a judge more potent than any of earth, and is the hope, the consolation and the father of the human race.

Dr. McGlynn Reconciled to the Church.

The Rev. Edward McGlynn, D. D., has been reconciled to the Church.

The Pilot was informed about a fortnight ago that the question of his reconciliation was before Mgr. Satolli. Rumors of all sorts have been rife; but finally, on the night of the 23d inst., Mgr. Satolli authorized the publication of the following statement:—

"To end the many contradictory telegrams sent out to the University for inquiry, it is thought expedient to state that, at 9 o'clock p. m., Dr. McGlynn was declared free from ecclesiastical censures and restored to the exercise of his priestly functions, after having satisfied the Pope's legate on all the points in his case."

Archbishop Corrigan, promptly interviewed on the event, expressed great pleasure. He gave out this statement:—

"The Archbishop has learned with great pleasure the good news published in this morning's papers of the return of Dr. McGlynn to the communion of the Church. At the proper time he will not fail to express to the Most Reverend Delegate Apostolic his thankfulness for the good offices His Excellency has rendered in the premises."

The conditions with which Dr. McGlynn complied before the removal of the censures are stated to have been these:—

First, he gave testimony that he harbored no doctrine contrary to the Church's teaching. Second, he expressed regret that he should at any time have manifested a spirit of insubordination. Third, he promised that at

no future time would he take a course in opposition to that of an ecclesiastical superior.

Dr. McGlynn celebrated privately the three Masses permitted to every priest on Christmas morning in the Chapel of St. John's College, Brooklyn.

On Christmas evening, Dr. McGlynn addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society in Cooper Union. Over 2,000 people were present, including many of his old parishioners from St. Stephen's.

He spoke for some time on the event which has just taken place in his life, and then proceeded with his lecture on "The Significance of Christmas." After the lecture Dr. McGlynn said: "I wish to add that I will address you again next Sunday night in this hall on a subject to be decided upon hereafter. I wish you all good-night and a merry Christmas!"

Mgr. Satolli made through the New York Herald, the following statement, under date of Dec. 25:—

"Mgr. Satolli is gratified by the universal expression of joy with which the restoration of Dr. McGlynn has been received in New York and throughout the country. However, he deplors that some one in a New York paper has seen fit to cull and serve up to Christmas readers certain unguarded expressions of Dr. McGlynn spoken during the years of his excommunication. This proceeding on the day of peace to men of good-will—on this day of the Doctor's first Mass after the estrangement of years—is neither Christian nor gentlemanly."

"The Doctor has been absolved; the past is forgiven and should be forgotten. To recall it is cruelty to him and disrespect to the authority that knows and has done what was necessary before absolving him."—*Boston Pilot*.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Brother Madull Henry.

It is our sad duty this week to record the death of a noble soldier in the ranks of the Church Militant, one whose life, though short, has been a continued rosary of sacrifices and virtues. At the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers, Hochelaga, on Wednesday, the 28th December, the "Feast of the Holy Innocents," Michael, son of Robert Frewen, of the Glen of Aberlow, County of Tipperary, Ireland, passed from earth to his eternal reward. The deceased, in religion Brother Madull Henry, had just reached his 24th year. He came to Canada in company with his widely known and universally esteemed cousin, Rev. Brother Arnold, in 1883. Having had the benefit of an excellent training and education in the world-renowned National Schools of Ireland, he at once entered the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers, on his arrival in Montreal, and after passing through that institution with honor to himself and satisfaction to his Superiors, he entered the teaching field, under the direction of his Reverend cousin, Brother Arnold, of St. Ann's School. He remained for two years and six months, in all the vigor of manhood, teaching and assisting in that splendid Irish Catholic school, when suddenly and unexpectedly he was summoned from the field to which he had devoted his young and spotless life, to that bourne from which no traveller returns. His funeral, which was largely attended, by loving friends and a large concourse of his religious *confreres*, took place, Friday, December 30th, from the Mother house, Hochelaga, the scene of his death, to the Christian Brothers' place of interment, Cote des Neiges cemetery. There in the humble but glorious quarter of that city of the dead, where repose the ashes of many a generous one whose days on earth are over, but whose departure from this "valley of sorrow" was but the transition to the deathless home of God's Beatitude, he sleeps his last sleep. He died on the "Feast of the Holy Innocents," and his spirit fled to join theirs in the mansions above. His holy and pious life, one of great sacrifice and great merit, requires no vain eulogy at the hands of less worthy mortals, but deserves and has certainly won the crown that "from all time" has been suspended in heaven awaiting his arrival. Amongst his friends and *confreres* he was often compared to the young and glorious St. Aloysius. He was the object of the universal love of all who were near to him in life, and his virtues challenged the unstinted admiration of all who knew of his meritorious career. He was the youngest, and, like Benjamin, the

beloved son of his devoted parents. When the voice of heaven called him to a religious life, they allowed their faith to conquer their worldly feelings, and without a murmur, yet with many a natural pang, gave him to God. In extending to them and to good Brother Arnold our heartfelt sympathy, we can but add the consoling reminder that since they freely give the dear, dead one to the Almighty, that all-wise Providence has accepted the gift, and has taken him, from all the worry of life, to the great and glorious peace that knows no ending. Like the presentiment expressed by that other great and noble member of the same order—Gerald Griffin—he found that "His lamp should quench suddenly," and that the "fall of Death" was at "his ear," even as life's sun was in the ascendant. But we are reminded, in presence of such a happy and consoling death, of the lines of that other Irish Catholic poet, poor McGee:

"Naught can avail him now but prayer,
Miserere Domine!"

[We ask the Tipperary *Nationalist* and the *Commel Chronicle* to kindly reproduce these few lines of tribute to the memory of a gifted and holy youth.—Ed. T. W.]

Mr. Michael Carey.

It is our painful duty, this week, to record the death of the late Mr. Michael Carey, who departed this life at his residence in the parish of St. Pudentienne, County of Shefford, on the 23rd of December last. The deceased was a native of the County of Waterford, Ireland, and was in the eightieth year of his age. He emigrated to Canada in 1848, and, two years later, settled in Shefford. There he made a most comfortable home for himself and family. He died respected and beloved by all who were his friends and relatives, and left his surviving family a good name and fond memory to cherish. My his soul rest in peace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—In the course of over sixty years reading, I have never read anything, coming from a man with the pretensions and position of a gentleman and clergyman, more vituperative, more insulting, or possessing so much of the low bigotry and intolerance of the dissenting churches, as the four column diatribe from Doctor Douglas, as appears in the *Montreal Witness* of 24th ult., against Sir John Thompson. If that report be a correct one, the Doctor must have lashed himself into a terrible tempest of anger and hatred against a fellow-Christian man, because, forsooth, that man happens to be a Catholic.

Sir John Thompson became a Catholic from conviction (and according to the code of honor, every man's convictions should be respected), and from no other reason, as many scholars, divines and noble men have done before him, and are doing every day. It is time such bigotry and falsehood should be stamped out, and those who busy themselves in sowing discord should be frowned down. The day is gone when Catholics had to submit to such crude insolence for the sake of peace, and no doubt we are often attacked (as in this case) when the writer calculates on impunity. It is cowardly this striking under the belt, and attacking a man who, from his high position, cannot defend himself; but I hope he has friends enough in this broad Dominion of ours to castigate, with the pen, this defamer, and teach him and all his ilk a lesson to guide them in the future.

Search the land and you'll not find a church of England clergyman to be guilty of such mean and unchristian conduct. They are gentlemen and respect their high position as clergymen too much to forget their Christian duty. Doctor Douglas' object in this attack is to waken up that hydra-headed monster bigotry, that he thought was of late too long sleeping, and the long pole had to be brought into requisition. It is a pity to have disturbed the monster, for we had peace while he slept, and it would be far better let him sleep on to death, and die out of sight for ever; and then man could meet man in the bond of unity and peace, no matter at what altar he may kneel.

This bigotry is a fearful plague on the land; it puts man against man; "it has no head and cannot think, it has no heart and cannot feel, and its decalogue is written in the blood of its victims"—Sober and

considerate men are astonished at the blind malignity of the dissenting preachers of Canada, and they have turned in disgust from the loathsome spectacle of Christian ministers exciting the worst passions and making openly, statements at variance with truths. But this is not to be considered as how you come to learn some of the private rules that govern them: a few samples herewith—I know not, nor do I care, to which of the many dissenting sects Doctor Douglas belongs, but this I do know, they are all united in the condemnation of every man, and everything Catholic. They are continually clamouring for civil and religious liberty, when their object is, to raise unjust hatred and prejudice against Catholics, and deprive them of every liberty, as they are bound in conscience so to do, as I read from the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, which I have before me, and from which I give you a few extracts. The Westminster Confession of Faith, is, I understand, the standard of Presbyterian doctrine. It is claimed by Presbyterians that every doctrine taught by it is revealed by God in the Scriptures. In the National Covenant, page 286, it is declared that Presbyterianism "is the only true faith and religion pleasing to God and bringing salvation to man." And it continues: "Therefore, we abhor and detest all contrary religions, but chiefly all Papistry, in general and particular heads, even as they are now, damned and confuted by God's Word and the Kirk of Scotland." This is a hard sentence from the Holy Kirk of Scotland on over 200,000,000 of people.

Again page 269, "And all Magistrates, Sheriffs, etc., are ordained to search, apprehend and punish, all Papists and adversaries of true religion." And again see National Covenants 260, "That Papistry and Superstition may be utterly suppressed, and to that end it is ordained that Papists and Priests be punished, with manifold civil and ecclesiastical pains, as adversaries of God's true religion." I could give you much more but my letter is getting too long. Is it any wonder then to hear Dr. Douglas and all his ilk, clamouring for the downfall of Sir John Thompson. I am quite willing to admit that among the dissenting clergymen, there are a few of finished education, of delicate truth and courtesy in social matters, but in reference to Catholicity they are not ashamed to utter statements too gross to be told. In Doctor Douglas' four column attack on Sir John, I fail to find any charge of incompetency or inability to fill the high office to which he has been called, and which the entire Dominion proclaims him as pre-eminently distinguished to fill. No doubt there are a few exceptions, who belong to the school of Catholic haters and Equal Righters.

Sir John's only crime is that he left them, and became a Catholic, and had his son educated at a Jesuit College. This is the summum bonum of his offending. Had Sir John remained what he was, Methodist or Presbyterian, I know not which, (for I know nothing about Sir John nor he about me) he would to-day be the white-headed boy, and patted on the back by Dr. Douglas and all the rest of the Rev. Gentlemen of the pack.

It is a humiliating situation for one who would desire to be regarded as a man of truth and honor, to be suspected of bigotry and deliberate misrepresentations.

It is this christian tolerance of Dr. Douglas that has made the pages of history dark with the agonies of men who dared venture to think for themselves. Dr. Douglas states that Sir John Thompson is where he is through Catholic influence; what bosh this is; would not Dr. Douglas support such a man if he belonged to his congregation? Certainly he would, but he left it and hence the spleen.

Sir John owes his elevation to his own distinguished abilities, and to nothing else. Hear the words of the great Sir John MacDonald to his cabinet, when he called Sir John Thompson to a seat therein, and to which some of his colleagues objected (as Doctor Douglas does now) because he is a Catholic.—"Gentlemen there is not a man in the country better adapted to fill the office of Minister of Justice, than is Sir John Thompson, and from his high abilities he may yet drop into my shoes."

How truly these words of the late Premier have turned out.—As this letter is already too long, I'll keep other remarks for another time. J.C.B.

TORONTO Dec. 31th 1892.

Dr. Douglas and Sir John Thompson.
To the Editor of the Gazette:

SIR,—As a Protestant, I am sorry that Dr. Douglas should so far abandon that spirit of tolerance by which he professes to be actuated, as to devote so many columns of the public press to wild and badly founded vituperation of Sir John Thompson.

He admits that Sir John is a man of legal gift and status, and of great foresight, tact and political finesse; but he says that his advent to power as prime minister has created widespread hostility and distrust. And why? Because, says Dr. Douglas, he abandoned the Protestant faith and went over to the Catholic camp, and because when he left the administration of justice in Nova Scotia he came forward as the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien, and was the political creation of Bishop Cameron.

This is the sum and substance of that weighty opinion which occupies nearly half a page of Saturday's Witness, and bears, in heavy type, the attractive heading: "A Douglas! A Douglas!" It is true that knowing how flimsy and narrow-minded such views would appear in the eyes of intelligent and unbogged Protestants, Dr. Douglas bolsters up a weak case by attempting to show that Sir John in his recent legislation in criminal matters, has been guilty of "shameless discrimination between rich and poor." Here are the Doctor's own words:—

"It is to the credit of Sir John Thompson that he came up from humble social conditions and has won high distinction. It is to his abiding dishonor that he seems to forget the interests of the class from which he has risen. In his criminal code we find the most shameless discrimination between rich and poor. For the daughters of wealth there is protection from villains till the age of twenty-one. If the abductor of the heiress be brought to conviction for him there is rightly the penalty of fourteen years in the penitentiary, but for the daughters of the humble poor there is no protection beyond sixteen years. Never, certainly, can a more glaring case of class legislation be found, and the working classes of this country have but little thanks to offer to the gentleman who is appointed Premier in the land."

Now, unfortunately for this part of the Doctor's weighty opinion and attack, the law of abduction, as now contained in Sir John Thompson's Criminal Code (article 281), removes the very distinctions above complained of, and says:—

"Every one is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to fourteen years imprisonment, who (with intent to marry or carnally know any woman, whether married or not, or with intent to cause any woman to be married to or carnally known by any other person, takes away or detains any woman of any age against her will."

I would not like to say that the Doctor intended a wilful perversion of the truth; but if he is so far astray upon this point, what reliance are we to place upon the remainder of his assertions?

JAS. CRANKSHAW.

Montreal, December 26, 1892.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:—

SIR,—I read with great interest your well timed article on "French Evangelization," as it is called by Protestants, but which should be more properly called "French Perversion," carried on by ministers of the different Protestant sects of this country, a corrupting and perverting organization working and speculating on the poverty and ignorance of certain unfortunate French Canadians.

The French speaking people of this country very appropriately call these heretical workers *Suisses*, for according to the old French saying:—*Pas d'argent pas de Suisses*—it is all a question of money both for the workers and their victims; from the beginning, had there not been money in the concern, there would have been no *Suisses* in the country, and to-day there would be none to do the nefarious work.

Of course we all know that the converted, or more properly speaking, perverted Catholics, are already half out of the Church by their moral and spiritual condition, for a good virtuous practical Catholic will never allow himself to be led astray by all the false misrepresentations of the *Suisses*, for if a Catholic gives way to such false preachings, according to the old saying, you may be sure there is a screw loose somewhere. Protestantism is such an easy going

thing that it is a wonder that there are not ten times the number perverted; fancy being free to believe what you please, and only bound logically to do what you believe: what a bait!

But as out of the Church there is no salvation—and that Church is the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, the one only unique Church founded by our Lord—it is a most painful thing for Catholics to see some of their poor unfortunate brethren falling into the snares of these heretical workers, for according to St. Paul, heretics, adulterers, &c., will never enter heaven.

I must conclude as I do not wish to abuse your kindness.

May I suggest to our Catholic Association and Truth Society two moves to counteract the nefast work of the perverters among the people contaminated by the *Suisses*:

1. The circulation of the pamphlets of the Truth Society, translated from English into French, so as to enlighten the ignorant.

2. The establishment of sections of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to relieve the poor.

J. A. J.

IS HOME RULE IN DANGER?

The Duty of the Irish Members in the Coming Session.

It need not be concealed that the difficulties yet to be surmounted before Home Rule can become an actual fact are many.

Should Mr. Gladstone . . . be unable to take a strong attitude, or his subordinates commit any official blunders of importance, the strength of the Government might be so reduced that it would be unable to effect its purpose or be forced to appeal to the country. A Parliamentary session is virtually a campaign in which it is not enough for the leader to have superior strength on his side if he does not also use it to the best advantage in every part of the field. The position of the Irish members calls for the highest that at the present moment as well as the steadiest fidelity to their work. Home Rule is, of course, the great object for which they are in the English Parliament at all, but they must use their position with the utmost prudence in the choice of means to attain it. The greater the strength that Mr. Gladstone can command in Parliament the greater the chances of winning Irish self-government.

There will be numerous subjects to occupy attention besides Home Rule during a session, and on those, common sense, as well as national gratitude, requires that the Irish Nationalists should give every effort to strengthen the hands of the Home Rule Ministry. Some other measures may be brought forward, such as the payment of members, the restriction of voting power to one vote for each elector, or other general legislation deemed necessary to strengthen the power of Mr. Gladstone's party. On such, if he should call for the aid of the Irish members it should be given loyally and fully. The Irish members have no need to merge their existence in that of the English Liberals to do this much. Such a policy would be a direct denial of the necessity of Home Rule itself, but as practical men it is their duty to help by every legitimate means of Parliamentary warfare in maintaining Mr. Gladstone in power, while he upholds the principle of Home Rule. They must avoid frittering away his strength by side issues or personal ambitions and must loyally accept his leadership in the details of the campaign as soldiers obey the commands of a general without demanding an explanation of each movement which he commands. In Parliamentary struggles as in actual warfare, strict discipline, however irksome its restraints, is the first requisite for success. Such a discipline is the most effective aid which the Irish National members can give their country now in the crisis of her struggle for self-government.

It must be confessed that the greatest danger which the cause of Home Rule has lately encountered has arisen from the ranks of the Irish Nationalists themselves. The division which occurred in the Irish Nationalist members when Parnell set his own name against the decision of the majority has been continued after his death by his followers. At a moment when the fate of Ireland as a nation hangs in the balance as never before in the century, a certain number of politicians, professing themselves to be Irish

Nationalists, have attempted to divide the forces of the country on purely personal grounds. In all the utterances of the Parnellite party, we have failed to find a single general principle on which division in the Nationalist ranks could be justified. Their leaders had all been elected to Parliament as advocates of Home Rule, and had pledged themselves to sit, vote and act with the majority of their party for that end. They had accepted Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1885 as a reasonable satisfaction of Ireland's claims, and during four years they had supported him strenuously in Parliament and out of it as the man to whose success meant the deliverance of their country, and had commended him as such to the Irish people.

The action of the nine Parnellite members be the most serious danger that Home Rule will have to contend with. It is not too late for them yet to redeem themselves by joining heartily in the Parliamentary struggle for Irish government, but if they allow their ill-will towards Mr. Gladstone and the desire, which some of them have expressed, to punish him for his attitude towards Parnell, to sway their votes they may impede very considerably the establishment of Home Rule. Fortunately, their numbers are not sufficient to change his majority into a minority, and the pressure of public opinion in Ireland, as well as, it may be hoped, the national sympathies, which cannot be dead in their own breasts, will probably keep them from going over to the ranks of their country's foes.—*Bryan J. Clinch, in the American Catholic Quarterly Review, Oct. 1892.*

New Year's Day.

Monday was New Year's day. There could be no doubt about it. Early in the morning the tinkle of the sleigh bells bearing loads of spruce got up young gentlemen round to make their New Year's calls was continuous. Sleigh load after sleigh load of more or less beautiful young fellows, obviously attired in their Sunday best, and in all the glory of spacious white shirt fronts and button-hole bouquets, whirled past the cynical bystander on their way to cheer the hearts of their respective beautiful young ladies with the information that they wished them a Happy New Year. Forlorn was he who had to walk on foot. Everybody seemed to be driving, or being driven; and, as the average load to a sleigh was four, and in many cases six or seven were crowded in, the lot of the average carter's nag was certainly not a happy one.

As the day wore on, and the New Year's cake and oranges began to get in their deadly work, the sleigh loads passing by assumed a more Anacreontic tinge. The shirt fronts became crumpled, the roses lost their creamy leaves, and their pink flush was transferred to the countenances of their wearers. Signs of conviviality became unpleasantly frequent, and occasionally a sleigh would pass by in which the occupants were getting rid of their superfluous gaiety, by performing solos on penny trumpets, or by some means even more objectionable. Still, everybody was good-natured. There were no quarrels. Everybody wished everybody else a "Happy New Year," and, if the accents were somewhat thick at times, and the good-wishes interspersed with more hiccoughs than the occasion seemed to call for, it was evident that they meant it heartily.

Altogether there seems to have been more calling on Monday than was expected. Not among the upper ten, of course. There, if anything, there was less than ever. But among the comfortable well-to-do middle class, and more especially among the better class of artisans, New Year's Day was celebrated yesterday as it has not been for years. There was an uncomfortable amount of drunkenness on the streets; but the police were merciful, as the majority of the victims were obviously men who were overcome by the social exigencies of the day, and, therefore, they allowed them every latitude. Of course the regimental armories, were the great centres of attraction and a full account of the military receptions will be found in another column, but outside of these Montreal was a very lively city yesterday and the theatrical matinees were packed to the doors.—*Gazette, Jan. 2.*

Dr. Pundit: What do you think of education as a promoter of morality? Mr. O. B. Server: Well, it turns out some mighty intelligent criminals.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XIV.

The "jolly row—very nearly," of which Mr. Mooney informed Mrs. Evans, was very near being an unpleasant affair. When Brian Purcell was cool enough to review the events of the day dispassionately, he congratulated himself upon having escaped the necessity of laying violent hands on Mr. Olivier Grindem. Brian Purcell disliked a quarrel, and kept out of the way of being insulted as much as possible. He did so because he could not help feeling that in the present state of society an interchange of violent language or violent blows with no matter whom, or for what cause had something disreputable about it. It is so easy for any one to call any one else a scoundrel, and tell him he lied. And then it requires no great heroism to give a man a blackeye or lay a cane across his shoulders, when the affair must end in a roll in the gutter and a bloody nose, or in being bound over to keep the peace towards all her Majesty's subjects. Brian dreaded an insult, too, from Mr. Olivier Grindem, because he felt he *should* have satisfaction. And what satisfaction could he have that would not leave a sting behind it almost as sharp as an unavenged insult? The remedy would be almost as bad as the disease. Brian's grand-uncle did horsewhip Mr. Olivier Grindem's father during an election. But that was sixty years ago, and his grand-uncle immediately called upon Frank O'Ryan, of Kilmemanagh, when the following short but pithy conversation took place:—

"I'm after horse-whipping Grindem."

"Very good."

"Have you everything in order?"

"All right."

"Of course, if he sends a friend, I'll refer him to you."

"Very well; I'll stay at home for the evening to prevent disappointment."

"Good morning. And let it be as early as possible, as I must go out to get voters from the mountain."

Brian did not regret these fire eating times. But he could not help thinking that, as a rule, insulting a man nowadays was more or less a cowardly proceeding. Therefore, giving or receiving an affront was a thing which he wished to keep clear of. But when he remembered Mr. Olivier Grindem's ashy face while he uttered the necessary apology, with white lips and glaring eyes, Brian felt that he had a deadly enemy.

"I'm not in his power, thank Heaven," he thought. "I am independent of him."

Yet it was the very independence which made the landlord hate him. His grandfather had given him a large sum of money for a lease, renewable forever, of Coolbawn; and the idea that there was one tenant on his own property whom he could not get rid of or make tremble before him, was gall and wormwood to Mr. Olivier Grindem. Brian's father, however, had no lease, and as his landlord was head and ears in debt, he felt a vague sort of alarm, lest by some unlucky chance his enemy should get possession of the estate of which Bally-corrig formed a part.

"If it does," he thought, "there will be no mercy for us, and my poor father's heart will be broken. However—we are almost tempted to suppress the vulgar adage with which Mr. Brian Purcell dismissed the unpleasant subject—'however, 'tis time enough to bid the devil good morrow when you meet him.'"

The fire blazed pleasantly and the blaze was reflected all round the old-fashioned mahogany furniture. Here we are again tempted to suppress something, for we dearly wish that this young man should stand well with our readers. Mr. Brian Purcell took an ordinary tobacco-pipe from the chimney-piece, and having lighted it, began to smoke. Moreover, at his elbow was a drinking-glass (commonly called a tumbler), with an amber-colored mixture in it that smoked too. And now, having made a clean breast of it, we can proceed with our story with a clear conscience.

That half hour on Knockclough Hill was fruitful of sweet and bitter fancies. He foolishly twisted his neck into a very grotesque and painful position for the purpose of looking at his left shoulder. However, she was so preoccupied with

LABORING MEN'S REMEDY:

ST. JACOBS OIL,

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,

CURES

RHEUMATISM,

Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Soreness, Stiffness, Swellings, Backache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Burns.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

the hunt, might she not have rested her hand on his shoulder inadvertently? Of course she might. But then, when she looked round at one time, he found that her eyes, instead of following hounds and huntsmen, were bent upon him with a dreamy sort of look, as if she was trying to remember something.

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Brian Purcell, putting his pipe to his lips. But the pipe had gone out, and its bowl was quite cold, so that he must have been brooding deeply for some minutes at least. He had recourse to the pipe for the purpose of driving away a thought which kept hovering round and round him, coming nearer and nearer, as if it would nestle in his bosom. The thought was—that Jane Evans loved him still. A thought which, we warn our gentleman, is not to be frightened away with a "bah."

Time has so far healed the old wound that he tries to persuade himself that the pain which it used to give him a few years ago was not real,—was nothing more than a dream.

"Yet, why should I deny it?" he said to himself. "I did suffer. But I have proved that time and an ordinary share of strength of mind can cure the worst cases of this kind. However," said Brian Purcell after another pause, "I begin to fear that a relapse is possible."

We know what would render a relapse impossible in his case; and we have some hopes that he will try it. But he certainly has not tried it yet—that is, so far as he knows.

We know a little maiden with such a true heart.

The mastiff in the yard had been growling uneasily for some time back, and now he bays a deep-mouthed warning, his master thinks, to some intruder. Brian goes to the window, and sees a light moving through the glen towards the river. He watches it listlessly, under the impression that some persons are out for the purpose of spearing salmon. He remarks that the light becomes stationary at a certain angle of the river, near which he knows are the ruins of an old house. He goes out to quiet the watchdog, and after walking round the house to see that all is right, returns to the parlor. On going to the window to close the shutters, he observes with some surprise that the light is still in the same place. "I thought," said Brian to himself, "that it was Matt Hazlitt and Tim Croak looking for a salmon."

For, though Matt Hazlitt was a follower of the gentle craft, and could tie a trout fly to perfection, Brian knew he did not scruple to bear a torch by the river bank on occasion, and would plunge his barbed spear into the upturned belly of a salmon without the slightest compunction. But the light near the ruined house was not moving, and evidently was not the light of either a pine torch or a shief of straw. After puzzling his brains for some time to account for the phenomenon, Brian put on his hat, and, taking a stout stick in his hand, sallied forth with the intention of satisfying his curiosity.

He knew the ground so well that he found little difficulty in making his way to the old house. He got inside the walls cautiously from the rear, and found himself within a few yards of the light. Brian Purcell's nerves were certainly not of the weak sort; but on hearing the delving of a spade and the shoveling up of earth, his heart began to thump unpleasantly against his ribs. He saw the figures of two men, one standing upright, the other kneeling on one knee, looking into what he could not help fancying a deep grave, which a third man was digging. Brian Purcell was as ready as any man to face danger, whenever there was a necessity for so doing. But it is no impeachment of his courage to say that at that moment he wished he had come armed with a better weapon than the stout walking-stick.

The man who was digging stopped for a moment and said:—

"Which of ye has the black-handle knife?"

"I have," replied the man who was standing, in a gruff voice.

"I feel myself getting some way nervous," says the voice from the ground, "and I'd like you'd make sure, for fear of danger."

"There's no danger," replied the gruff voice again; "I did the business right. So go on and be d—d."

The man on one knee started up, and clapped his hand on the mouth of him with the gruff voice.

"Let him alone," says this man, in a low, plaintive voice, "or he'll spoil all. I told you he would, and he will."

"Hold your tongue, you angishore," growled the gruff one, "and give us none of your jaw." Here Brian could see this person throw back his head and elevate his elbow, and an odor of whiskey became very perceptible immediately. The digging and shoveling went on again in silence for some minutes.

"Would I doubt you, Betty?" the man in the ground exclaimed triumphantly.

"What is it?" asked the man with the plaintive voice.

"A cave," was the reply. "I have a cave. The spade is ather running into it."

At this moment a hollow, and even, Brian thought, an unearthly sound, issued from the river, quite close to the group.

"I'm blessed if it isn't a terror," exclaimed the gruff voice.

"There now," says the other sorrowfully, and in the same low, plaintive tone. "There now, all is lost. And didn't I tell you this'd be at the end of it?"

"Josh," says the man below; "Josh, are you able to say the 'Deprafundish'?"

"No," was the reply; "I never committed it to memory."

"There's no use," says the other, "in asking that unfortunate man—"

"What do you mane, blast you?" says the gruff one.

"But, at any rate, maybe ye could manage a few words of the 'Prayers for a sowl departin'."

This was said in a faint, gasping way.

"Curse it, man," growled the gruff one, "try a drop of this. And stooping down he appeared to hold a bottle to the mouth of the man below.

"'Tis rewivin'," says he, evidently after a long pull at the bottle, "'Tis rewivin'; and now if wan of ye had the 'Litany for the Dyin' I'd be able to answer id."

Here the hollow noise from the river was repeated. The gruff voice swore again that it was his sable majesty and no mistake.

"There now, there is more of it," says the man on one knee plaintively. "And now we may as well give it up. Give me your hand, Tim."

"Josh, there's no use. I'm a dead man from the hips down."

"None o' your blasted humbug," says the gruff voice.

"Good luck to you, an' let me die like a Christian," faintly implored the man below the surface. "Like a Christian," he repeated—"an' giver us another dhrop o' that."

Now, the name "Tim," addressed to the last speaker, was a ray of light to Brian Purcell. He began to have a faint glimmering of the real state of things. And he had not long to wait for the full clearing up of the mystery. In order, however, that it may be equally clear to the reader, we must go back a couple of hours, and change the scene to Tim Croak's habitation, among the furze.

A dry fagot blazed and crackled pleasantly upon the hearth. Tim's wife,

Betty, sat upon a straw "boss" knitting, occasionally stopping to listen for her husband's footfall coming up the gley. The door opens Tim Croak enters. He places his long wattle over the fire-place, and pulls off his coat. Tim never wears his coat inside doors, and generally carries it upon his arm outside.

"Come, Betty," placing a sugar-bottom chair in front of the fire, "have you e'er a little rouser for us to-night? Sit down, Josh." The invitation to sit down was addressed to a mild-looking little man in a worn dress-coat and high colored trousers of dubious hue and material; but who was chiefly remarkable for being the possessor of the most wonderful white hat ever seen. The proprietor of this unique article was never known to possess another. It was an old hat which it would be impossible to imagine a new one at any period of its existence. Mrs. Hazlitt was head to declare that it was an old hat the day it came into the world. Dr. Forbi- called it the "last rose of summer," we suppose because it was "left blooming alone." But the idea that it e'er had a "lovely companion" was utterly preposterous. We may as well stop here, for Josh Reddy's white hat was, and is to this day, a thing impossible to be described.

Mrs. Croak produced a small bottle. "As luck 'd have id," says she, "I have a couple." This was in reply to her husband's question as to whether she had "e'er a little rouser."

"Would I doubt you, Betty?" says Tim, taking a small bottle from her hand. Tim filled a glass and emptied it with marvelous celerity. Then handing the empty glass to Josh, he filled it again.

"Tight enough," says Tim Croak, as he turned the bottle upside down and let the last drop drain out of it into the glass.

"Here's luck," says Josh Reddy; and the little rouser disappears in a manner suggestive of the man at the fair who says "presto," and swallows a halfpenny. "And now, Tim," he continued, in his quiet, solemn way, "have you everything ready?"

"All right," Tim replies.

"Mrs. Croak, are you sure about the place?"

"Sure an' certain," Mrs. Croak replies.

"Three nights in succession?"

"What?" says Mrs. Croak.

"Three nights running," says Josh Reddy.

"Yes; three nights runnin'," she replies.

"And, Tim, have you the black-handle knife?"

"Shawn Gow is to bring id. He's to be wud us."

"I apprehend—that is, I'm afraid that's a bad job, Tim," says Josh Reddy, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"Why so?" inquires Tim.

"His propensity to swearing. The cursing, I mean."

"Be gob, I forgot that," says Tim, quite taken aback.

"And wan curse," Tim Croak's wife remarked, "'d spoil all."

"Well, there's no help for id now," says Tim. "We'll warn him. And Josh, as he won't be here sooner than another half hour, give us the 'Fox's Sleep.'"

Josh Reddy was the parish musician. We say the musician. There was Dinny Maloughney "the piper," and Billy Devine, "the fiddler." But Josh Reddy was the "musicianer." The two irregular practitioners were content with what they could do in the way of business among the poorest and most humble, or a chance job of a better sort when Josh Reddy was not to be had. When all three happened to be employed on great occasions like Tom Burke's wedding—for Tom had taken unto himself a wife since we met him the morning he brought Brian Purcell the ring—there was then sure to be discord of the most execrating sort. For Josh Reddy would perform only such pieces as were beyond the powers of his humble rivals, whose epileptic attempts to accompany him were painful to behold. Billy Devine, stopping to screw up his fiddle, would confidentially own to some sympathizing bystander, that he couldn't "compare with him." But, anon—driven out of his wits by some wonderful effort of fingering on the part of Josh—Billy Devine would rush into the midst of the dancers, and with a screech and a flourish of his bow, inform all whom it might concern that "he played by aw," and didn't care for any man." Josh Reddy's contemptuous indifference to these little irregularities was positively sublime.

To be Continued.

THE PRICELESS GEM.

BY HENRY COYLE IN "CATHOLIC UNIVERSE," OF CLEVELAND.

I.
The chemist's skill and wondrous art,
Can change a coal into a gem;
Thus Grace transmutes the blackest heart
To shine in Jesus' diadem.

II.
To shine the youthful heart aspires,
And this the word of God invites,
The gems of earth and all its res
Are dim compared with holy lights.

III.
Christ's gems of varied size and hues,
On earth are polished for the skies;
Dread not the process Grace pursues
To make us shine when nature dies.

GOOD TASTE IN RELIGIOUS ART.

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

When that chivalrous, but somewhat eccentric knight, the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, ran his celebrated tilt against the windmill, he came, as we all know, to complete and utter grief, "a most gigantic cropper." It was, of course, manifestly unfair on the part of the giant to metamorphose himself into a windmill; but that is, apparently, a "little way" that giants have. It is discouraging, doubtless, to chivalrous champions, but—after a few disasters—it comes to be expected.

Therefore—to apply the simile to our present purpose—when anyone,—myself, for example,—undertakes to run a course against popular taste, he is apt to meet the fate of Don Quixote; that is, to say, that the giant of popular "taste" is transformed into the windmill of popular "custom," with results decidedly unpleasant. Briefly, the champion runs his course a gallant knight—in his own estimation, and rises, discomfited, if not discredited. If he gains nought else, he imbibes a firm belief in a well-known proverb, "There is no disputing with taste."

To come to the point: is the religious "art"—so called—in general use, a matter of taste, or a matter of custom? If of taste, it is surely bad taste, to say the least of it, and, therefore, very difficult to combat. If of custom, the task is almost as hopeless as that of the Knight of la Mancha. Unless on the principle of "one custom overcometh another"—that I may induce others to amend the custom of introducing a better one, the matter is "past praying for." If "one good custom" may "corrupt the world," what shall be said of a bad one? It remains to be demonstrated,—if I can,—that the "taste" or "custom" most in fashion is bad, and not good.

Taste, custom, and fashion, form, I must admit, a formidable trio of opponents, if, indeed, they be not—as I maintain—three aspects of the same giant; let us say, three sails of the same metaphorical windmill. If we must specify the fourth sail, let us do so by means of a negative term—"want of training." We can all call it want of interest; if we prefer to do so; whereupon the would-be reformer becomes a "crank," on the principle that "a crank" is a specialist in a subject that does not interest you. Let us hope, however, that it is want of training, and not want of interest.

Art is defined as "the handmaid of religion." Therefore, art, to be faithful to its mission, must "correspond" to the religion it is intended to serve. Science has taught us what is meant by "correspondence"; an exact, fitting, suitable, and perfectly adapted in every part to its proper purpose. As the religion is, so must—or should—the art be also. Obviously, if the religion be perfect, the art in which it is embodied, or by which it is expressed ought to be perfect as well. Is that an impossible requirement; a mere "counsel of perfection"? Surely not.

Take for an example the idolatry of ancient Greece and Rome. Every effort of skill that human ingenuity could desire, the most expensive materials, the most patient labor were freely and ungrudgingly employed. And to what end? The praise and glory of a lie; of a man; of a city. Pass on to Christian times; to the "ages of faith." The same description applies to them, with one infinite difference. Christian art was to the Glory of God, of His Mother and of His Saints.

Christian art was: can we honestly say that Christian art,—again so-called—is to the Glory of God and of his Saints

Judged by such a standard how many churches that we know would be swept bare from end to end? Surely, it is not too much to demand that the art which expresses the religion of God, that symbolizes the Face of God, the faces of His dear Mother and of His Saints should be, at least, as perfect, as the art of heathen Greeks and Romans? Friend, be honest; compare the religious art you know with your own ideal of the realities it is supposed to symbolize; and then say how it bears the test.

Or, are the statues and "objects of art" only so much "church furniture," a mere compliance with a custom which has ceased to have any definite significance? So be it; once more test the "church furniture" with your ideal of what is fitting for the Home of Him who said, "Here will I dwell," and say if it fulfils even that condition.

Is it, after all, a matter of taste; Granted; but let it be good taste. Is it that tastes differ? Granted again; things are manifestly, and invariably, and universally, in bad taste. Is that granted? For the third time, test the religious art that you are familiar with by that canon, and see how far it falls short of it. Shams are bad taste; sham lace, sham flowers, sham jewelry; are they not? Is it that they are "well meant"? Then custom is at fault, and it is time to change it.

Is it a matter of expense, since this is the nineteenth-century-measure of everything? Shams cost less than the realities they counterfeit. Doubtless; possibly, that accounts for their popularity. But they cost more that objects in good taste, which are real if not so showy. That is an aspect of the matter worth considering.

Grant the excuse if you will. Then, once more, go back to heathen Greece and Rome, or go to China, to India, to Burma. For a lie, for a false religion, men and women have given, and will give, their very best. David, the Jew, refused to offer to God that which cost him nothing; the artists and sculptors of the ages of faith spent their lives for art the handmaid of religion; the rich spent vast sums of money on the objects created. Custom, taste, and fashion were good, when there was no universal suffrage and no free education. The "question of excuse" did not occur when men believed in their religion, and proved their faith by their actions.

And now? To sum up the whole matter in as few words as possible; if the custom be strong, fight against it; if the taste be vitiated, try to mend it; if the fashion be general, do not yield to it. The simplest way to accomplish all this, is:—Put your hand into your purse, and be generous.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

The Height of Adam and Eve

I have often wondered where M. Henrion, the French savant, got his data for the curious speculation he gives as to the height and other proportions of Adam and Eve, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. In his remarkable work, "The Degeneration of the Human Race," published in 1718, the learned academician gravely informs his readers that Adam was 123 feet and 9 inches in height, while his disobedient consort was but a paltry 118 feet from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. Of course all who have read very extensively of Talmudic literature, or even Baring Gould's "Legends of the Patriarch Prophets," remember the wonderful stories of how Adam was made; of his gigantic size, and how, after the fall, his stature was reduced by several miles by the offended God Himself. The Talmud has this to say of Adam's height: "He was so tall that he stood with his feet on earth and his head in heaven until after God pressed him down at the time of the fall." Rabbi Jhuda says that when he lay on the earth "his body completely covered it." Another Talmudic story says: "To judge how long he was, understand that his body stretched from one end of the earth to the other, and it takes a man 500 years to walk that distance. . . . The angels were awed with wonder when they saw that gigantic human being and bowed before him crying: 'Holy, holy, holy.' Then God reduced his size by cutting off great chunks of flesh." These are all absurd legendary stories, of course; but where did Henrion get his figures for the 123-foot calculation mentioned in the opening?

A barefaced robbery is frequently committed by masked men,

FOR THE IRISH POET LAUREATESHIP.

Aubrey De Vere the Irish Poet, Favorably Mentioned for the Laureateship.

Swinburne (who is not respectable enough); Morris (who doesn't want it), Sir Edwin Arnold and Aubrey De Vere, have been prominently mentioned for the poet-laureateship, left vacant by Tennyson's death. The post is apt to go to some minor poet to which kind (saying Tennyson, Wordsworth and Dryden) it belongs by custom.

Aubrey de Vere was born of an illustrious family of English ancestry at Curragh Chase, Limerick, in the year 1814. The De Veres were descended from Vere Hunt, an officer in the army of Cromwell, who settled in Limerick and Tipperary in 1657.

The son of a poet, born in a region through which the stately Shannon flows, not far from the Lakes of Killarney, surrounded by scenes that Irish fancy has peopled with fairies, banshees, and will-o-the-wisps, where one almost hears "the horn of elfland faintly blowing," was it strange that he should slip in numbers?

At Trinity College his education was completed, and we can fancy him traveling with delight over all the time-honored points of Dublin that a century before had known the footsteps of Swift.

His conversion to the Catholic Church in 1851 he terms the greatest blessing of his life, and he proves the sincerity of his faith in his exquisite May Carols, which perhaps he shows most plainly in a hymn entitled "Compline," in which occur these beautiful lines:

"How oft her cradled babe beside—
Singing, some mother kneeleth,
While drooping o'er the darkening tide
A ray from Hesper stealth.

"Thus, but with sweeter song, the Church,
While shades the dark hillsumber,
Kneels in the twilight's starry porch
And sings her babe to slumber.

"Die quiet day in blight or bloom,
Sweet anthems round thee ring,
'The bride of Heaven,' above thy tomb
Her compline rite is singing."

The critics have said that the influence of Wordsworth is very evident in the writings of De Vere. His personal acquaintance with the poet lasted four years, and was closest at a time when the mind is most easily influenced to admire without judgment; but the worst result of this intimacy was to give him an over-estimate of Wordsworth's merits. Though De Vere has written many touching and tender songs of Erin's present woe and of her former glory, he has failed to win the sympathies and love of the Irish people, and is far from what might be termed a popular poet. He has not sympathized with their progressive social and political movements. Only recently he contributed an article to the *Nineteenth Century* in favor of the Tory Government.

De Vere is also a dramatist. He has written "St. Thomas of Canterbury," and "Alexander the Great," the second of which is considered by many the finest work of the kind achieved in this age of literary progress, far outranking the poet-laureate's lauded attempts in this line.—*Catholic Standard*.

DR. "BARNEY" SMITH.

Death at Rome of the First Pro-Rector of the American College.

Last week's papers announced the death at Rome, on the 25th Dec., of the Right Rev. Abbot Smith, O.S.B. The deceased, who was familiarly spoken of by those who knew him as Dr. "Barney" Smith, was for many years back one of the best known English-speaking ecclesiastics in the Eternal City, and he was especially well known to American priests, whose theological studies were made at Rome, for the reason that for many years he was a professor at the Propaganda, and for the additional circumstance that he was the first pro-rector of the American college.

Dr. Smith's connection with that institution began Dec. 7, 1859, when the American college was first opened, with thirteen students, among whom were Archbishops Riordan and Corrigan, Bishop Northrop, Dr. McGlynn and several others, who have since attained distinction.

His appointment was merely a temporary one, however, it being understood that he would be relieved of it as soon as the American prelates agreed upon an American rector, which they did the following March, when the present Bishop of Louisville, Dr. McCloskey, was

installed as the first full rector of the College, which post he held till 1865, his successor being Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes.

After being relieved of the responsibilities of the pro-rectorship, Dr. Smith resumed his former place at the Propaganda, and subsequently, in recognition of his long services and many merits, he was elected Abbot of the Monastery of St. Callixtus, Rome, in which capacity the closing years of his long and useful career were spent. Dr. Smith was always a great favorite with the American students in Rome, and on more than one American altar have masses for the eternal repose of his soul already been offered up by his former pupils.—*Catholic Columbian*.

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WEDNESDAY,.....JANUARY 4, 1893

THE EPIPHANY.

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

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

"We beheld His Star in the East and have come to adore Him," said the Kings, these wisemen, from the different ends of the earth. They represented in their three different races all the human family. The one was the descendant of Chem, the second of Ham, and the third of Japheth. They were of the white, the yellow and black divisions of the family of man. They came from different lands, and they were the exponents of all that the old world had of great and of good. They were kings or leaders in their respective countries; they were wealthy beyond all their fellow-countrymen; they were virtuous to a most remarkable degree; they were humble as the lowliest. One came from the classic shores of Greece, where art and science had adorned the civilization of the world and left models for the imitation and examples for the practice of untold generations yet to be. A second hailed from the home of the Mongolian, where laws as old as the memory of man had taught of a Supreme Being and the duties of the creature to the Creator. And a third came forth from that dark and mysterious continent, whose burning heart throbs still in its fevered breast, far away

from the reach of human progress, but on whose confines stand the imperishable monuments, "from the summit of which forty centuries look down" upon the world and tell to the beings of our day that they were old when yet the race was in its infancy and the mists of fable surrounded its existence.

Thus were not only the different branches of the human family, but also the three known continents, represented in that most glorious of all pilgrimages to the shrine of the Divine Infant. The wealth, the wisdom, the power, the goodness of this world travelled with them to pay homage to the Son of God made man for the universal redemption of His creatures.

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

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

Over the face of the world is the human family scattered, and the Son of God became man for the redemption of all, without exception. The different races of men are all bound to turn their steps in the direction of Bethlehem. The wealthy and the gifted as well as the indigent and the lowly are upon an equal footing in presence of the Divine. Standing on the confines of the great desert of life we all are obliged to start out and to

face the countless dangers that surround the path we must follow. There may be, here and there, a resting place along the way, but it is uncertain and under its shade trees and beside its fountains we are not allowed to tarry. The simooms of passion and sin sweep in endless cyclones over the surface of the years before us; it is almost impossible to escape them. There is no map upon the face of the desert, and no land marks to guide our footsteps. But, like for the Magi of old, the Star of Faith shines brightly upon the horizon before us. By following it through all the perils of that journey, it will most certainly conduct us to the land of our promise, to the gates of the "celestial Jerusalem," to the Bethlehem of our existence—the place where the loving Saviour awaits us all.

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

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

OUR SCHOOL GIRLS.

We have reached the third branch in the education of young girls, the *ornamental*. The *necessary* comprised the foundation of an education; the *useful* might be compared to the solid superstructure; the *ornamental* is simply the "finishing touches." All are not able to reach that point, in a complete course of studies, which may be called the graduating step. But the greater number of girls who attend the convents or academies are enabled to go through to the end. It is in the last years that the embellishing process commences, the polishing of the faculties, the addition of those exceptional acquirements which fling a charm around the young person's entry into the world, and which are often taken more into consideration than the more substantial qualifications that are less attractive.

On this important subject we have neither space nor time to say very much this week, but since we have been dealing with the question of the School Girls, we cannot break the chain of articles.

Let us glance at a couple or so of these *ornamental* decorations of the almost completed structure. Music is the first and most universally taught branch.

Very few girls are to be found who have no desire to learn music; fewer still are ever likely to become good musicians. For this week we will confine ourselves to this branch, leaving painting, drawing, fancy needle-work, wax-work and all the other ornamental accomplishments for succeeding issues.

In the first place it is a loss of time and money for a girl to get a few lessons on the piano or harp, just sufficient to say that she can pick out her notes. Like in the general case of instruction, so in music, the foundation should be solid. Let the principles be thoroughly taught, care being taken that the ear is well-trained before it is allowed to ever guide the fingers. Once the first rudiments of music are stamped upon the mind they can never be completely lost. Then the teacher should be able to distinguish, at an early date, between the girl who can never become a player, the one who may be some day a pleasing executionist, and the pupil whose musical talents are exceptional.

In the case of the first one it is the duty of a conscientious teacher to give her to understand that she is only squandering her parents' money and losing her own time in attempting to learn music. In the case of the last one, too much care cannot be given to her first steps on the flowery path of harmony. Then her natural gift, should be brought under discipline, yet not to be so curbed as to stifle all originality. Finally as she progresses her tasks should become more difficult and her lessons more classic, keeping pace with her developing powers—never behind them, never in advance. Some day that young lady may be a star in the sky of the great musical world.

But what about the girls of the second class, who are neither devoid of musical, nor yet are they exceptionally brilliant. A girl of that category may become a most excellent pianist, she may have a pleasing voice, and be one day a source of untold pleasure in her parent's home or in her own future family circle. How are you going to train her? She is of the most numerous class, and consequently the one-ninth which we have most to do. Next week we will speak of the proper training of our girls of the second class of musicians.

GOD AND SATAN.

The annual convention of the New England Christian Association was opened in Boston last December. Prof. L. T. Townsend, of Boston University, read a paper on "A Practical View of Secret Societies." His address consisted in telling the people that he had belonged to some nine or more secret societies, but had not gone to a meeting for years, and had forgotten the grips and passwords. He believed that some secret societies were useful, others were dangerous. The Oddfellows were harmless; the Jesuits were the contrary. After that very sage and highly instructive speech, the Rev. James M. Gray, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, took the spiritual side of the question, and treated most elaborately of "Moral and Spiritual Counterfeits." He concluded his discourse by advising all men "to steer clear of the whole machinery of Catholicism and Freemasonry, as they were contrary to the teachings of Christ. Dr. Gray believed that the two greatest enemies of his religion were Catholicism and Freemasonry.

That must be a peculiar religion that is at war with both God and Satan, Truth and Error, Faith and Infidelity; the Church of Christ is the "pillar and ground of Truth," and the safeguard of Faith; its most deadly enemy is Free-

masonry, which is necessarily the opposite. What are we then to think of the minister of the Gospel who warns his people against both institutions? Ever since its origin, in all its ramifications, the Masonic order has been attempting to undermine the Church of Rome. Ever since the dawn of Redemption the Catholic Church has been working to propagate the doctrines of her Divine Founder. Christ Himself said that if you are not with Him you are against Him. There is no medium, no twilight faith, no compromise between day and night, right and wrong, truth and error. Yet this Rev. gentleman attempts to take a stand midway between the two and to repudiate both. It is only one more sample of the confusion, indecision and hollowness of these different sects. No two agree upon any one point, except in their opposition to the Church of Christ.

If Mr. Gray is afraid of Catholicity, if he abhors its doctrines, and would willingly efface its code of morals, then he must necessarily be in harmony with the aims and methods of Freemasonry. If, on the other hand, he has misgivings about the Masonic society, and believes its objects to be wicked and its means dangerous to the well being of the world, he must be in accord with the Church of Rome. Ransack history, examine the story of every Protestant sect—and their name is legion—include if you will the Jew, the Mahommodan, the disciples of Confucius and the Infidels, and we defy you to mention one against which the shafts of the Masonic body are directed. The only target at which the societies fire their arrows is the breast of the Catholic Church. Therefore, must these two institutions be in mortal antagonism. They must represent principles diametrically opposed to each other; they must form two distinct camps on the field of existence, from each of which issue forth the gladiators chosen to wrestle for supremacy. There can be no communion of thought, no similarity of principle, no unity of aim between Catholicity and Freemasonry.

What are we to conclude? Simply that Rev. Mr. Gray is an illogical and irresponsible preacher; that he does not reason, but declaim; he does not prove, but assert; and that he evidently knows not whereof he speaks. Or else, if he represents the real views, principles and belief of his denomination, the Reformed Episcopal Church is sadly in need of another reformation, otherwise it will find itself, like Mahomet's coffin, midway between the sky and the earth, half way between heaven and hell, a mere erratic body rambling aimlessly through space.

There are many people who are guided simply by a name, and their actions are swayed, not by principles, but by words. For example in the political and religious spheres there are thousands who allow themselves to be carried away by the associations in the past, or of other lands, that cling to and cluster around a name. In the religious, and especially the Catholic domain there are no two terms more improperly employed by the vast majority of people than the words Conservatism and Liberalism. Thousands of men who cheer at the sound of either expression would be sorely puzzled if asked to give a clear and exact definition of the term, or to define the principles that the word represents. We propose, in the near future, speaking of these misapprehensions of words in as far as they are used in the religious and Catholic sphere. There is a principle that we should never lose sight of, namely; that the consistent non-Catholic conforms his religion to his politics, while the consistent Catholic conforms his politics to his religion. This is a grand subject, and if treated impartially, cannot fail to be of benefit to all who study it.

DR. DOUGLAS!

The now notorious Dr. Douglas has made a fresh attack upon Sir John Thompson; it is of course the same list of accusations couched in different language. It purports to be an interview with a *Daily Witness* reporter. The general public might be deceived by this little trick, but no newspaper man will for a moment credit the assertion that this last tirade was an off-hand interview, nor that any reporter ever took it down as it appeared in print. We are very positive that the clever, but malignant Doctor, spent many hours in concocting the three or more columns of abuse and that he dictated, (for he is obliged unfortunately to do so) to his daughter or some other amanuensis. However these fierce and illogical assertions are evidently the result of long and deep meditation.

Elsewhere is published Mr. James Crankshaw's admirable letter to the *Gazette*, and we beg of our readers to peruse it, in connection with this editorial. By the Thompson Criminal Code, the writer proves that Dr. Douglas misrepresented the whole of that compilation of laws, either intentionally or through ignorance of it; thereby the only reasonable accusation brought against Sir John Thompson, as a legislator, falls to pieces. The other accusations may be reduced to these few words. We quote from the same letter: "He (Dr. Douglas) admits that Sir John is a man of legal gift and status, and of great foresight, tact and political finesse; but he says that his advent to power as Prime Minister has created a widespread hostility and distrust. And why? Because, says Dr. Douglas, he abandoned the Protestant faith and went to the Catholic camp, and because when he left the administration of justice in Nova Scotia he came forward as the nominee of Archbishop O'Brien and was the political creation of Bishop Cameron." There is the sum and substance of the whole set of accusations. The Doctor says, "it is to the credit of Sir John Thompson that he came from humble social condition and has now high distinction." One good admission which covers more ground than we could in a column. But he adds: "It is to his abiding dishonor that he seems to forget the interests of the class from which he has risen." To prove this Dr. Douglas quotes from the Criminal Code to show that Sir John makes a distinction between the rich and the poor, in the protection afforded to females against the wickedness of evil men. If the Doctor has read the code he is a deliberate falsifier; if he has not read it he should refrain from condemning that which is beyond his knowledge. Article 281 of that code says: "Everyone is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to fourteen years' imprisonment, who (with intent to marry or carnally know any woman, whether married or not, or with intent to cause any woman to be married to or carnally known by any other person) take away or detains any woman of any age against her will."

So much for the only plausible accusation. What about the fact of Sir John Thompson having, at an early stage in life, left the Methodist Church and joined the Catholic Faith? We were under the impression that every Christian denomination taught—as does our Church—that although we kneel at different shrines, still we all adore the same God, and the same God commanded us all "to love each other." But the course taken by this eminent Methodist Divine would naturally, though wrongly, lead us to believe that his sect taught a different doctrine, and that the canons of

his church dictated "hate your enemy; persecute those who do you good; return evil for good and evil alike;" in fact, his language savors of the old law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Judged by Dr. Douglas' own standard (that a man who conscientiously changes his form of worship or the doctrines of his belief is not trustworthy) what are we to think of Dr. Douglas himself? Last week we read a very interesting volume, "The Illustrated History of Methodism." In the portion referring to Canada we find a picture of the same Dr. Douglas of Montreal, who at the age of twenty-six changed his religion. "After his conversion he entered the Methodist ministry," says that historical work; and we have no reason to doubt its correctness. Dr. Douglas, who for a quarter of a century was a member of the Anglican faith, the nearest to that of Rome, became, of his own free will, and we hope conscientiously, a Methodist. He entered the ministry and rose very rapidly, until he became one of the shining lights of his chosen sect in Canada. His career has not been unlike that of Sir John Thompson, but in the opposite direction.

Very probably the Doctor will plead that when he belonged to the Anglican faith he was somewhat uneducated, his faculties were not developed, he could not see the light; it was only when he threw away the hammer with which he drove nails into the roof of the St. Lawrence Hall that he began to study, and with study came knowledge, and with knowledge he beheld the errors of Anglicanism, and the perfections of the Wesleyan belief. That certainly is his train of reasoning. Will not the learned Doctor grant to others the same rights, privileges and liberties that he demands for himself?

On the same basis of reasoning Sir John Thompson was a young and mentally undeveloped person when he groped in the darkness of the Methodist belief, a darkness into which he was thrust by the accident of his birth and surroundings. It was only as years rolled over his head, and his grand and powerful intellect commenced to grasp the problems of life that he began to discover the absence of real light in the religious atmosphere around him. It was the same powers of reasoning, of foresight, of mental analysis that performed the twofold operation of elevating him to the highest pinnacle of temporal rank and fame, and of bringing him from out the darkness of Methodism and error into the daylight of Catholicity and truth. The argument is simply irrefutable. If Doctor Douglas admits the analogy then his own language condemns him as a man unworthy of confidence, for he has done in one direction, exactly what Sir John Thompson did in another; if he won't admit of the reasoning being analogous, then he is incapable of logical argument, and is merely swayed by fanaticism; in either case no sane man, be he the most bitter political or most positively religious opponent of Sir John Thompson, could rationally place any reliance upon the wild ravings of the irrepressible Doctor.

But in case our reasoning may seem to him prejudiced because we happen to belong to the Church which he so detests, we will quote from the most pronounced Orangeman and opponent of Catholicity in Canada, Hon. N. Clarke Wallace. In his speech upon the occasion of his recent election by acclamation, the following words fell from his lips.

"Some have said that I should not have accepted that position. I did not so view it. I came to the people of West York to ask their approval of my course,

and they have approved it unanimously. I had thought the matter over, and had come to the conclusion that it was my duty to accept the position when it was offered me. Sir John Thompson is the Premier of Canada to-day, and some people have objected to him, not on account of his lack of ability, for he one of the ablest men in Canada; not because of his want of integrity, for no man's reputation is more unblemished; not because of his want of devotion to the interests of the country, but, I will put it plainly, the objection has been raised because Sir John Thompson is a Roman Catholic. I do not view it in that light. I do not consider that an objection to a man's becoming Premier of Canada. Neither in the British North America Act nor in any statute passed since is there any disability because a man is a Roman Catholic. I am pretty well acquainted with the constitution of this country, and nowhere have I been able to discover any hint that a man's religious belief are to be considered as a bar to his political advancement. Therefore, as a loyal Canadian, as one who believes that this is bound to become a great and mighty nation, I say, sir, as a Canadian, loyal to the country, to the constitution and to the law, as I know of nothing to prevent him from becoming Premier of the Dominion, I have given and will continue to give him my hearty support."

Then Mr. Wallace, being asked if he were not an Orangeman, replied that he was and had been one for a quarter of a century. He then continued:—

"I have never regretted my connection with the order. I have read the Orange constitution, and I may say that I am familiar with it. I have been elevated to the highest position within the gift of the Orangemen not only of Canada, but of the world. Their choice was, from first to last, unsolicited, but the position was offered to me unanimously. Therefore, it has been said that, being placed in such a high position in the Orange organization, I should not have accepted a position under Sir John Thompson and should not support his Government. Such was not my view. I remember well the adoption by myself of the declaration of the principles of the Orange Association, and I would not have been true to it had I been so bigoted or so narrow-minded as to read it in that way."

After reading from the Orange constitution, Mr. Wallace proceeded:

"Sir John Thompson is a loyal Canadian. He has the same rights as any man in this Dominion to accept the office of Premier, and as an Orangeman I am bound to support every man in the exercise of his constitutional rights. Therefore I take this ground. I stand here to-day on my obligations as an Orangeman, consistently, squarely, and, I believe, properly."

There is the voice of the Grand Master of the Orangemen. What a pity that Canada should have the misfortune of possessing a few men like Doctor Douglas. We know, as Catholics, that the Orange association is a deadly enemy of our Church, but we also know that there are men, high up in the ranks of that society, who are sufficiently tolerant to prefer a good Catholic to a bad Protestant, an able man—even though he belong to the Church of Rome—to an incapable one, though he might be a howling enemy of our Faith. But men like Doctor Douglas, the most Christian of men in their theory, and the most un-Christian in their practice, are the real causes of religious animosities existing in our public arena. Socially, politically and religiously they are to be guarded against, because their presence is a danger and their contact is death. To quote the words of the *Gazette's* able article of last Friday: "Dr. Douglas is not true to himself when he allows feelings that are prompted neither by religion nor patriotism to get the better of his good sense and good taste." Perhaps the Doctor is like Voltaire when he said: "I am very old; but I enjoy life even as when a child. Then I had a hobby-horse, I loved to ride him; now I have a hobby, and I can only think of it—for I feel I am a child again and have eighty years still before me."

OH! SING ME NOT THAT SONG AGAIN.

[Unpublished poem by the late C. J. Kickham.]

Oh! sing me not that song again,
My lovely Norah, dear,
The defiant tone, the martial strain,
It breaks my heart to hear;
That true, 'twas rapture once, sweet maid,
That song to hear thee sing,
And watch thee while my flashing blade
Thy bright eye rivalling,
And think how myriad blades as true
On Erin's hills would gleam—
That vision fled—I little knew
'Twould prove a fleeting dream.
So sing me not that song again,
My sweetest Norah, dear;
The bold, the proud, defiant strain,
It breaks my heart to hear.

'Tis true that once those words of flame
Could bear my soul away,
Until my spirit proud became
Impatient for the fray—
Ah! then I hoped old Erin's green
Would soon o'er freeman stream,
But that, my fondest wish, has been
A false, a fleeting dream.
Then sing me not that song again,
My sweetest Norah, dear;
The bold, the proud, defiant strain,
It breaks my heart to hear.

Oh! tune me now some lay of old,
Some sorrowing lament,
For gallant hearts for ever cold
And freedom's banner rent—
Or, if you will, some tender tale
Of maiden fair and true,
As true—when shame and grief assail—
And beautiful as you.
But sing me not that song again,
My sweetest Norah, dear;
The bold, the proud, defiant strain,
It breaks my heart to hear.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1872.

A Reminiscence of Old St. Joseph's.

The following narrative was published in "The Owl," the Ottawa University Magazine, and is reproduced at the request of a host of friends:

Twenty golden years have passed, and to-night, seated with my recollections of the days when the present glorious University of Ottawa was the humble but promising St. Joseph's College, I conjure up the shades of former companions and lo! at my mandate, I am back again amongst the "scenes of long vanished joys." It was Christmas Eve, 1872; nearly all those who took part in the scene I am about to describe, have since been scattered like leaves, to the four winds of heaven, and not a few have gone over to the silent majority. It is not of the present imposing structure I would speak; the college was very small compared to the University of this day. Let us try to recall the surroundings.

The west wing, the centre portion, where are now the parlors, and even the extension to the east wing, were not in existence. Brother Cooney kept his tailor-shop near the main entrance, and the parlor was very small. The important event I am about to record took place in the wing that faces Cumberland street and St. Joseph's Church. The ground floor was an infirmary, a refectory, a furnace cellar, and the unexplored region where good old Sister Leblanc played the Delphic Oracle. Over these were the chapel, community room, Father Tabaret's apartments, the "Econome's" office—(Rev. F. Mauroit.)—and a general hall. On the next flat was the study hall; we had only one, and it served as a theatre at times. Father Chaborel held sway, and copied music while his eagle eye scanned the heads of the students. Above this were the professors' rooms, and on the top flat was the dormitory.

The late Father Fafard, who fell a victim at duty's post, when the Indians of Big Bear's camp attacked Frog Lake, was then a Brother, and had charge of the dormitory. In order to better understand the situation, I would remark that the downstairs passage, that ran along the furnace corridor, led into the kitchen and thence into the small yard where the old roan horse and a couple of ancient cows "held the fort."

I believe that I remarked already, that it was Christmas Eve, 1872. At eight o'clock everyone was sent to bed, at eleven the bells rang, and each one jumped up to prepare for mid-night Mass in the little chapel. From the Superior to the youngest student, all had to attend that important feature in the Christmas celebration. Even Brother Cooney locked his doors and moved to the chapel, while the German Brother who took care of the furnaces and the yard, was in his place in the house of prayer. There are two exceptions to the rule; two seemingly sick boys—one, Alec Mallette, of Montreal; the other, he has long since left the college, and he

could not now be brought to account for that night's doings. These two were in the infirmary. Naturally, the clang of the bells awakened them; the hurry of hundreds of feet along the corridors startled them; and it is not wonderful to relate that they sat up, and "held deep and long council" in that infirmary. It was the mid-hour of night, all the lights burned low, the whole community was safe in the chapel, it was a time meet for exploration. Who can blame? Boys will be curious. The two lads soon formed their plans and soon proceeded to put them into execution. They sallied forth and paused at the door of the big furnace to watch the embers, and to listen to the "Adeste" that came down from the chapel overhead. They moved into the refectory, thence into the kitchen, and finally out into the courtyard. There, in the cold of a December night, they found a calf—the poor creature was shivering, and the humane boys succeeded in driving it into the kitchen. By some mysterious spirit driven, they continued to drive the calf, until they had it in the furnace passage. Finally, they reached the infirmary door. By this time the calf felt the heat and gave evidence of a desire to jump about and celebrate Christmas Eve. This did not suit their purpose. But what were they to do with the little nuisance? They had a "white elephant" on their hands.

One suggested to take it up stairs. Up stairs it went. But, when they reached the first floor, there was immediate danger of detection. Up the second, and third, and fourth flights they lugged their prey. Finally the dormitory was reached. The door was open—by good luck—and in they drove the calf. Alec found a chord that was around poor Jim Burns' trunk, and with it he soon fastened the calf to the foot of Brother Fafard's bed. Around that bed and the accompanying washstand, was a blue and white striped curtain that hung from small iron rods. With a portion of this curtain they hid the calf, taen, swiftly, but noiselessly, retired. As they descended into the infirmary the choir was singing the "Sanctus" of the first Mass. In a few moments the two sick boys were in bed and to all appearances very sound asleep.

So much for the first act in this little farce. The second one is somewhat more boisterous. I try to tell it as rapidly and as clearly as I can. Of course, there are a hundred details long since forgotten.

Midnight Mass, like everything else in life, came to an end; and about half-past one o'clock the boys were marched back to the dormitory. By two o'clock everyone was in bed and the lights were all out—all except one that still burned in Brother Fafard's "cell," where he still read or prayed. Just as he was about to close his volume and retire, the cry of a calf resounded throughout the dormitory.—"Bawh! bawh! bawh!" "Silence reigns supreme," and "the boldest held his breath for a time." Again the cry came "fearfully loud," "Silence!" shouted the Brother. "Bawh!" shouted the calf. By this time everyone was sitting up in bed, and, were it not so dark, wonderment might have been traced upon all features. The Brother was nervous; he cried out: "I know you; I know the one that plays the calf."

"Bawh! Bawh!" replied the calf. "You will be expelled," shouted the Brother; "Bawh! ha! ha!" shouted the calf. It was more than human nature could stand. One chorus of yells went up that woke the echoes of that dormitory and resounded in the astonished ears of Father Tabaret, three stories below. Meanwhile, by some means or other, the calf got loose, and with one bound he dashed through the curtains, carrying rope, curtains, iron bars and all with him. Away he rushed, galloped, hopped down between the lines of beds; immediately forty lads, in their night clothes, were after him. The boys cheered, the calf bellowed, and pandemonium was let loose for ten minutes. At last the beast was captured. Then began the work of taking the calf down stairs. The Brother, lamp in hand, led on; two score boys—in white—followed, having the calf in charge. Just imagine that procession at half-past two, of a winter's morning, descending the college stairway! The ecclesiastics heard the racket, and heads, with night-caps on, looked out in wonderment from half-opened doors, as the weird cortege, the noisy crowd, descended from flat to flat. At the parlor floor, poor dear Father Tabaret met the procession. Will I ever forget the look

upon his face! His voice was silenced by the overwhelming force of circumstances, and in mute astonishment he gazed upon the scene. His face resembled a storm-sky at sunset—a scene that Claude Lorraine so loved to paint. The dark clouds of anger swept over his broad forehead; while, from beneath his eyes, shot rays of uncontrollable mirth. Unable to preserve the requisite gravity for the occasion, he turned on his heel, and entered his room.

There was no more sleep that night. The calf was the subject of conversation all next day, in recreation, at table, and even until bed time. Many attempts were made to discover the perpetrators of the joke; but it seems to me that it was so good a one, that enquiry was not pushed to its extreme point. Thus was it that Christmas Eve, 1872, was celebrated in old St. Joseph's. Since then many a change has taken place. Our College home has expanded into one of the grandest Catholic Universities on the continent. Many of the students of that day are pulling against the stream of life; some at one oar, and some at another; and a few have fallen overboard, and have been swept away by the current and have been forgotten; a score, or may be more, remain; and if any of them read these lines, they will probably recall many another reminiscence of the dear old *Alma Mater*. The great, large, fond heart of Father Tabaret has since become dust; Father Fafard fills a martyr's grave in the wild North-West; Brother Cooney sleeps in the quiet of a holy grave; James Burns—afterwards a priest, whose cord served to tie the calf, has years since gone to the bosom of God; several of the students that took part in the nightly possession, are with the silent ones beneath the sod; and with mingled feelings of pleasant recollection and sad souvenir, the writer recalls their names and their faces. If anyone doubts the authenticity of this hurried account of a memorable event, there is yet living a witness whose mind has surely not lost the impress of that wonderful night: Rev. Father Chaborel can vouch for it all.

J. K. FORAN,
Class of '77.

Editor TRUE WITNESS, Montreal, Que.

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Such a Nice Girl, Too.
Jennie and Joe (Companion to Mary and John).
The Old World No Shake-pearle Wrote (parody).
Jays—kisses and marks—tube song.
Between Love and Duty (parody).
The Hero Turned Toward the Wall (parody).
My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon (parody).
Oh, Ta-ra-ra (Lament on Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay).
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The Dago Banana Puddler.
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THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

Have you ever heard of the sugar-plum tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut Eye town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a
hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sweet plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat
And a gingerbread dog prowls below,
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to the gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling propertious attest,
And the chocolate cat goesavoring around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar plums tumble, of course, to the
ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops and pep-
permint candies,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away from the treasure that
rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that sugar-plum tree
In the garden of Shut Eye town.
— Eugene Field, in Chicago News Record.

THE KNOWING CHILD.

**He Takes His Parents to Coney Island
and Asks Questions.**

They were going to Coney Island to
spend the day, the fond father, the doting
mother and the knowing child.

They got on the train at the Union
Depot, and the knowing child began
operations immediately.

"Mamma!"
"Well, darling?"
"Can't I sit on the outside of the
seat?"

"No, dear, you might fall out and hurt
yourself."

"But I want to, mamma. I won't fall
out."

"No, darling, you must do as mamma
says."

A pause of a minute, then taking his
fond father's whiskers in his fists, he
asked:

"Papa, can't I sit on the outside of
the seat?"

"Mamma said you couldn't."

"Oh, but you'll let me, won't you,
papa?" A vigorous pull at papa's
whiskers and he capitulated. The boy
was placed on the edge of the seat, and
the fond parents spent the next half hour
in keeping him from falling from his
perilous position. As the train sped
along the knowing nuisance began tak-
ing observations in the car. A very
stout woman in the next seat first at-
tracted his attention, and he com-
menced:

"Mamma, ain't that lady awful fat?"

"Sh—h; don't speak so loud."

"Well, she is fat, isn't she?"

"Yes, dear; look at the pretty birds
flying over there."

"Mamma!"

"Well, sweetie?"

"What makes fat people fat?"

"It comes natural to some folks to be
stout, dear; don't ask such foolish ques-
tions."

"Golly! she's awful fat, though. How
much do you think she weighs, mamma?"

"I don't know. Keep quiet, now,
dear, the lady will hear you, and she
won't like it."

"Won't like what? to be fat?"

"No, she won't like to hear you talking
about her."

"Well, she has no business being so
fat then."

Another pause, during which the
"knowing kid" made several attempts to
stand upon the back of the seat, much
to his parents' alarm. Finally he set-
tled down and started talking once more.

"Mamma!"

"Well, darling, what it it?"

"Look at the man that's with the fat
lady; isn't he thin?"

"Sh—h!"

"Is he her husband, mamma?"

"I guess so, darling. There, do be
quiet!"

"What makes his nose so red, mam-
ma?"

"It's sunburnt, dear, I guess. Don't
speak so loud."

"He's taken off his hat, mamma.
What a funny little head he has, no hair
on it. Oh, mamma, there's a mosquito
on it. Let me whack it!"

"No, dear, the man can whack his own
mosquitoes without any assistance."

"He don't know it's there, mamma."

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young chickens.

Money can often be made by feeding
cheap wheat to poultry.

When you begin to fatten, push the
fowls as fast as possible.

When the hens stop laying, give them
a start by changing feed.

Select the pullets that look like your
best hens did at their age.

In selecting a number, try to have
them as uniform as possible.

Never select a rooster for breeding
with a drooping or "ewe" neck.

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The dairyman learns many things by
experience.

The cow's milk depends considerably
upon her feed.

Don't use beef cows if you want to
succeed in dairying.

Cows will not do their best unless well
housed and well fed.

Milking should be done as nearly at
the same hour of the day as possible.

Cows do better when trained to regu-
larity in milking.

Nice people do not buy filthy milk or
butter more than once from the same
man. Cleanliness is absolutely neces-
sary to success in the dairy business.

Dairying exhausts the soil of course,
for everything taken from the soil is a
loss to it, but the dairy properly man-
aged—all the manure saved for instance
—never injures the soil.

A large dairyman, whose cows go
above the "350-pound of butter a year"
limit, advises milking all heifers with
their first calf, clear up to the time of
calving. It fixes the habit of milk pro-
duction and they will continue in it.—
Farmer's Voice.

Providence Asylum, corner of St. Hubert and
St. Catherine Sts.—I consider it is my duty
to certify that, being a sufferer from Chronic
Bronchitis for over 22 years, the use of "Doctor
Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine" has given
me great relief. The cough has diminished
and sleep has returned gradually. SISTER
THOMAS CORINT, Sister of Charity of the Pro-
vidence.

A Serious Case of Bronchitis Cured.—Suffer-
ing for a long time from an obstinate cough
which allowed me very little rest, I was ad-
vised to try "Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpen-
tine." After the use of a few bottles the cough
completely disappeared. PHILOMENE ROBERT,
Lay Sister, Providence Asylum, corner of St.
Hubert and St. Catherine Sts.

Montreal, 19th January, 1891, J. C. Lavolette,
Esq., M.D. Dear Sir,—It is my duty to testify
to the excellence of your Syrup of Turpentine.
I have used it for the treatment of an acute
laryngitis from which I suffered for over nine
years. One large bottle completely cured me.
Accept my sincere thanks. Your devoted,
C. A. M. PARADIS, Priest, O.M.I.

At the Seaside.—Husband sarcastically
pointing to donkey, "That's a relation of
yours, isn't it?" Wife: Yes, by marriage.

THE BOYS.—Boys should always have some
quick and sure remedy for sudden attacks of
Croup, Diarrhea, or Dysentery, for a physi-
cian is not always near, and an hour's delay
in cases of this kind often leads to serious re-
sults. Therefore parents should have on hand
a supply of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, which is
as efficacious as it is simple and harmless.
Directions are with each bottle, and one dose
rarely fails to bring relief to a sufferer from
any bowel complaint. New Size 25c. Bottle,
full 2 oz.

Oh, pshaw! it's gone away. Look at the
cute little red spot on top of his head
where the mosquito was. Isn't it funny?"

"That will do, darling; look at the
pretty cows over in the field."

After inspecting the cows the nuisance
looked around and, noticing a young
couple in the seat behind, nudged his
mother and said:

"Mamma, that man behind us forgot
to wash his face; his mamma ought to
look after him."

The doting mother gave a surreptitious
glance backward and replied:

"That's his 'mustache, dear."

"Is it? Ain't it little?" Then, kneel-
ing upon the seat and looking square at
the poor young man, the "knowing" one
began counting:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.
Say, mamma!"

"Well, darling?"

"He's only got seven hairs on one side
of his nose. Why doesn't he—"

A sudden, quick movement of the
train as it swung round a curve landed
the kid in his mother's lap, and silence
reigned for a brief space. He was at it
again before long, however.

"Mamma!"

"Well, my pet?"

"What does 'Tootsy Wootsy' mean?"

"Why do you ask, dear?"

"Cause that man with the mustache
in the next seat called the girl that's next
to him 'Tootsy Wootsy' just now."

"Sh—h! don't be so observant."

"Mamma!"

"What is it, love?"

"Will I have a little mustache when
I'm big? An' will I take a girl to Coney
Island an' call her 'tootsy wootsy'?"

Don't be such a goose, dear; wait till
you grow up."

"Mamma!"

"Well, denrie?"

"What is that man behind us holding
the girl's hand for? Is he afraid she'll
fall off the train?"

"I suppose so. Do be quiet, will
you?"

He did remain quiet after this, and in
a few minutes laid his head in his
mother's lap, and as he went to sleep the
fond parents, the fat woman and her red-
nosed little husband and the loving
"Tootsy Wootsy" couple in the seat
behind breathed a great, large, heartfelt
sigh of intense relief.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

VERY MUCH PLEASED.

Sirs,—I am very much pleased with the
effects of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. Our
family has been greatly troubled with severe
colds, pains in the chest, etc., and have been
promptly relieved by this valuable medicine
which we willingly recommend. Clara A.
McKenzie, Clarendon Station, N. B.

A reporter, in describing the recent
celebration of her hundredth birthday by
an old lady, naively says: "She talked
all day without showing the least signs
of fatigue."

ALTOGETHER DISAPPEARED.

Dear Sirs,—About three months ago I was
nearly wild with headaches. I started taking
E.B.B. and took two bottles and my headaches
have disappeared altogether now. I think it a
grand medicine. Lettice Rodes, Lonsdale,
Ont.

Customer, to Mr. Isaacstein: The coat
is about three sizes too big. Mr. Isaac-
stein impressively: Mine friend, dot
coat make you so proud you will grow
into it.

OUTRIVALS ALL OTHERS.

In curing coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma
bronchitis, sore throat, and all diseases of the
throat and lungs, there is one remedy which is
unequaled by any other. We refer to Dr.
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which has effected
many remarkable cures this season.

**The Theology of the Three Masses at
Christmas.**

The custom of celebrating three Masses
at Christmas dates back to the very be-
ginning of Christianity, and we find the
Holy Pontiff Telesphorus regulating the
hours while giving a reason for the triple
solemnity. The first Mass is to be
celebrated at midnight, the sec-
ond at early dawn and the third in
the light of the risen sun. These hours
harmonize with the liturgical character
of the three-fold sacrifice on this day, but
they are not essential to the interpreta-
tion of its mystical meaning, and hence
three Masses may, for good reason, be
celebrated at any hour between sunrise
and noon, even in immediate succession.
The Breviary, however, which must be
looked upon as a part of the Eucharistic
Canon, inasmuch as its rubrics constantly
refer to the Mass of each feast in the
ecclesiastical cycle, states at the end of
Matins for Christmas that the first Mass
is to be said "post mediam noctem;"
then after Prime, which is to be recited
"summo mane;" the rubrics mention
that the second Mass is to be said "in
Aurora;" and the last Mass follows upon
the recitation of Tierce. The hours are
symbolical, inasmuch as they represent
the successive stages of Christ's coming
into the world, namely, the Patriarchal,
the Jewish and the Christian dispensa-
tions.—*Irish American.*

JUDGE M. DOHERTY,

Consulting Counsel,

SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS,

Montreal.

BURDOCK

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

BLOOD

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

BITTERS

**KEEP
YOUR FEET
DRY.**

Wear a pair of our

**SHELL
CORDOVAN
BOOTS,**

And You

**WILL NOT
HAVE
WET FEET.**

B. D. JOHNSON & SON,
1855 Notre Dame Street

A FRONTENAC MIRACLE.

RELIEF COMES WHEN HOPE HAS ALMOST FLED.

An Ex-Councillor of Oso Township Tells of His Release From Suffering—His Neighbors Verify His Statements—A Marvellous Cure That is Now a Household Word.

Kingston Whig.

The readers of the Whig will remember that our reporter at Sharbot Lake, on two or three occasions last winter, wrote of the serious illness of Edward Botting, a well-known and respected resident of the township of Oso. Mr. Botting was so low that his friends had no hope of his recovery, and although of an energetic disposition and not the kind of a man to give up easily, he even felt himself that life was slipping from him. Later we learned that Mr. Botting's recovery was due entirely to the use of that remedy which has achieved so many marvellous cures that its name is now a household word throughout the land—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Our reporter visited Mr. Botting at his home on the picturesque shore of Succor Lake. Mr. Botting is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, some seventy-five years of age, but looking and acting as smartly as a man twenty years younger. He is probably one of the best known men in this section. He was postmaster at Fermoy for fourteen years, and a councillor of the united townships of Bedford, Oso, Olden and Palmerston for ten years. He gave the Whig representative a cordial greeting, remarking that it was his favorite paper and that he had been a constant subscriber for forty-nine years. Mr. Botting readily consented to give his experience in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he believed it was a duty he owed to humanity to let the public know what they had done for him. "It was about two years ago," said Mr. Botting, "that I first began to feel that I was not my old self. Up to that time I had been exceptionally strong and rugged. My illness first came in the form of kidney trouble, which seemed to carry with it general debility of the whole system, and none of the medicines that I took seemed to do me any good. I am not of a disposition to give up easily, and I tried to fight off the trouble and continued to go about when many another would have been in bed. Things went on in this way until about a year ago when I had a bad attack of la grippe, and the after effects of that malignant trouble brought me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I did not give up myself for that is not my disposition, but when I found that the remedies I tried did me no good, I must admit I was discouraged. I was troubled with severe and constant pains in the back, sensations of extreme dizziness, weakness, and was in fact in a generally used up condition. I had read frequently in the Whig of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last the conviction forced itself upon me that they must have some special virtue else they could not obtain such strong endorsements in all parts of the country. The upshot was that I determined to try them and I bless the day that I came to that conclusion. Before the first box was finished I felt benefited, and I continued their use until I was as strong as ever. I have lately worked hard and find no ill effects therefrom. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine sold, and you may say I would not be without them in the house if they cost \$5 a box. All my neighbors know what Pink Pills have done for me," said Mr. Botting, "and I would just like you to ask some of them."

Your reporter acted upon the hint, and first saw Mrs. L. Kish, a daughter of Mr. Botting. Mrs. Kish said "What my father has told you is quite true. It was Pink Pills that cured him and we are very, very thankful. Father is now as smart as he was twenty years ago."

Charles Knapp, a prominent farmer, said: "I consider Mr. Botting's cure a most wonderful one and I believe he owes his life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Your reporter called at John W. Knapp's but found that gentleman away from home. His wife, an estimable and intelligent lady, said "we are aware that Mr. Botting was very sick for a long time and considering his age thought it unlikely that he would recover, but he is now as smart as he was ten years ago

and he ascribes it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Avery, Reeve of the Township of Oso, and Warden of the county of Frontenac, merchant, told your reporter that he has a large and constantly increasing sale for Pink Pills, and from all quarters has good reports of their curative qualities.

H. W. Hunt, a commissioner and school teacher, said he had known Mr. Botting for a number of years and considered him a well read and intelligent gentleman, who, if he said Pink Pills had cured him, could be depended upon, as he is a very conscientious man who would not make a statement that was not accurate.

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

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

A branch house of the Passionist Fathers will be established at Tasmania.

Archbishop Ryan, of the Philadelphia archdiocese, confirmed 4,713 persons in one county, two weeks ago.

The Hungarian Hierarchy will soon hold a Synod to consider the present situation of religious affairs in that country.

A woman's Catholic building has just been dedicated in one of the towns adjacent to Philadelphia by Archbishop Ryan.

There is some vague talk of A. P. A. conspiracies against Catholic aspirants for office in Ohio. As usual the threats of the dark lantern patriots are anonymous.

A branch of St. Hyacinth's Church, Milwaukee, Wis., will soon be begun. It is to be situated on the corner of Tenth and Windlake avenues, and will cost \$45,000.

At the request of the King of the Belgians, the Holy Father has ordered the Trappists to found a mission in the Congo State. The work is to be undertaken by the Trappists of Westmael, near Antwerp.

The Catholics living in Halbusch, N. Y., are indignant over the fact that Miss Tierney, a Catholic young lady who made application for position as school teacher, was refused on account of her faith.

Mr. Clement Scott, a convert to the Church, has been for over thirty years the most prominent man in London identified with dramatic criticism. He was the subject of a recent character sketch in the London world.

During the recent discussions about the expected comet there were but a few astronomers, nearly all Catholics; and some of them priests, among them Rev. Father Searle, C. S. P., who showed from their calculations that it would not reach us, and they alone were correct. Yet a curious group of ignoramuses and

occasionally an amiable idiot will still talk about the Catholic Church being in some imaginary opposition to "Science."

Many charitable bequests were made to several Cincinnati, Ohio, institutions and societies by Mr. Patrick Peland, a prominent and wealthy Catholic, who died recently in that city.

"The Premier Catholic Layman" is a title bestowed on Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, by Archbishop Ireland, and the title fits him admirably. Mr. Onahan is a man whom any church might be justly proud.

Pope Leo will shortly send to the Italian bishops and the Italian people a circular letter denouncing Free Masonry. His Holiness will declare that the Free Masons are pursuing the Satanic aim of replacing Christianity with naturalism.

Catholicism has made progress of late in Denmark, and the number of conversions is very great. At the urgent solicitations of the Vatican the government has given its consent to the establishment in Denmark of many of the religious orders.

James G. Blaine is undoubtedly an admirer of the Catholic faith. This much has long been known, and it is freely asserted that he was baptized a Catholic years ago, but that he is a member of the Church is positively denied by his family and friends.

A number of Patagonians and Fuegians have arrived in Rome. They are converts from the Salesian missions in South America. They will be presented to the Holy Father before returning to their own country. They are staying at the House of the Salesian Fathers in Rome.

The oldest church in the United States is that of San Miguel, in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This church was built twenty-seven years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, twenty years before the founding of St. Augustine, Fla., and fifty-three after the landing of Christopher Columbus.

Father Ignatius, a monk of the Church of England, is reported as having become a convert to the Catholic Church, and has bequeathed Llantheny Abbey, Wales, to the Pope. The announcement has created considerable excitement in Wales. Father Ignatius was in this country a few months ago, and was much spoken of in the newspapers.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome, who has been named Honorary President of the Papal Jubilee Commission, has in that capacity addressed a letter to the Catholic bishops of the world requesting that they should make known to him any requests they may have to prefer as to suitable times for pilgrimages and other matters concerning the Jubilee celebrations.

When the presentation of new colours to the 18th Royal Irish was determined upon the authorities declared that they might be blessed conjointly by the Catholic and Protestant chaplains—that, in short, the ceremony should be a sort of mixed marriage. Naturally the Catholic chaplain declined the honour, in that obeying discipline like a good soldier, for canons of the Church forbid him to take part in any service of another persuasion. Then the Protestant minister stepped in. Now, the vast majority of the men of the regiment are Catholic. Surely the colours might be blessed by the pastor of the faith. There is a precedent for it. They were on the last occasion. Or when those colours go in action, are the Catholics, who are expected to be brave under their historic inspiration, to be told: "Go on, my lads; fight till you die in defence of the flag which has not been consecrated by a priest of our Church?"

Church Notes.

On Saturday morning the Catholic clergy of the diocese met at the Archbishop's palace to tender their congratulations on the new year to Monsignor Fabre. The address was made by Canon Piche, cure of Lachine. His Grace made an eloquent reply, thanking the clergy for their services to religion during the year.

Abbe Brosseau, of the diocese of Montreal, will succeed as second chaplain to the Deaf and Dumb asylum Rev. Abbe Reid, who is transferred to the diocese of Valleyfield.

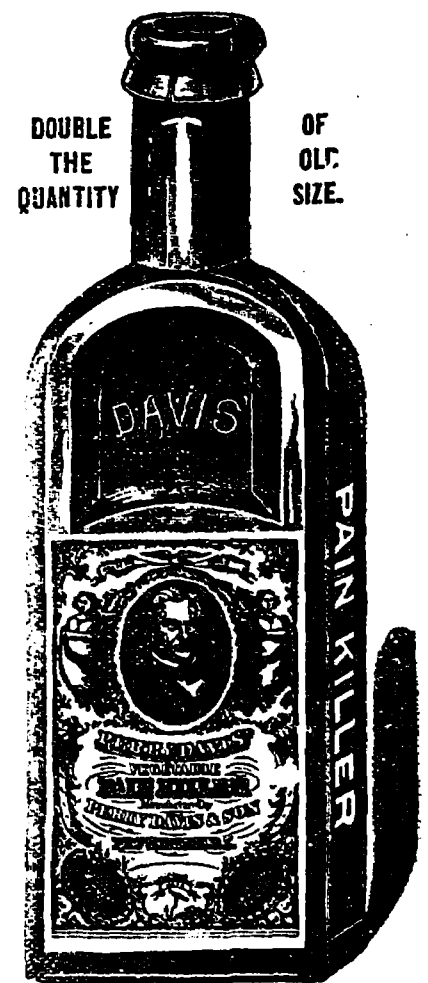
Monsignor Emard, bishop of Valleyfield, accompanied by his secretary, Abbe Allard, will leave for Rome on Friday next. In the meantime the diocese has been divided into three "vicariats-forain," at the heads of which are the cures of St. Louis de Gonzagues, Beauharnois and St. Polycarpe.

JUST OUT!

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

THE BIG BOTTLE

PAIN-KILLER



DOUBLE THE QUANTITY

OF OLD SIZE.

Old Popular 25c. Price.

John Murphy & Co.'s

ADVERTISEMENT.

A GOOD ANECDOTE

Is told of Dean Hole, the author of the celebrated "Book of Roses." At a St. Andrew's Banquet on one occasion he remarked that he believed Scotland had adopted St. Andrew as its patron saint because of the fact that he had discovered the lad with the loaves and fishes. Certainly the Scots both at home and abroad have a keen zest for "the good things of life," and a double zest for a bargain. In prospect of

Hogmanay and New Year

Therefore, we kindly bespeak their attention to the numerous bargains we are offering at present in every Department of our establishment "The best article for the least money," is our motto as well as theirs, and nowhere will they find more suitable mementoes of "auld lang syne" to present to their friends than at

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S.

GREAT MANTLE SALE!

Our offer of 20 per cent. discount off all imported Jackets, Dolmans, Ulsters, and Flush Garments still holds good.

Furs! Furs!

CAPE, \$7.50 and \$11.50, 20 per cent. off.
FUR BOAS, Half Price.
FUR CAPES, Half Price.
All our Furs are reduced 10 per cent. off.
CHILDREN'S WHITE CONEY COATS, 10 per cent. off. Prices from \$5.15 and \$5.95.

COSTUMES!

\$15.00	for	\$10.00
18.00	for	12.00
25.00	for	17.00
18.00	for	11.60

20 per cent. discount off all ready made dresses.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781 and 1788 NOTRE DAME STREET
And 105, 107, 109, and 111 St. Peter st.
TERMS CASH AND ONLY ONE PRICE.
Telephone 2198.

IRISH NEWS.

Messrs. T. Barington and J. C. Blake have been chosen assessors for the borough of Cork.

Nationalist Donegal has the proud boast of not having furnished one single case to the Winter Assizes.

Mr. Daly has been unanimously elected chairman of the Town Commissioners of Carrickmacross.

The parish of Stradbally, of which the Rev. Michael Brennan is pastor, is to have a new Catholic church.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Patrick E. Bourke, John Clune and James O'Mara magistrates for the city of Limerick.

Father Patrick McDonald, of St. Michael's Church, Enniskillen, who was recently announced as recovering from his serious illness, has had a relapse.

A Catholic and National Club, under the Presidency of the Rev. P. J. Scanlan, a Clare priest who is temporarily stationed in the town, has been started at Newtownards.

William Campbell, aged twenty-eight years, and James Rea, aged eighteen, were instantly killed at Belfast on Dec. 6. They were working on a platform at the mill of Messrs. Ewart & Sons, Crumlin Road, when the support gave way, and they were precipitated to the ground, a distance of about sixty feet.

Miss Mulligan, aged about ten years, daughter of Alderman Mulligan, was, on Dec. 5, presented by Sir Thomas Brady, with the certificate of the Royal Humane Society, for saving the life of a little brother who fell into a pond in the Phoenix Park, and who would have been drowned but for her bravery.

The Queen's Bench Division, on Nov. 28, declared an election of Messrs. Thos. Flatley, Thos. Monroe, Martin S. Walsh, James Cummins and Martin J. Glynn, as Town Commissioners of Tuam, held on Oct. 15, void on the ground of irregularities, and ordered the returning officer, Mr. Patrick Culkin to pay the costs.

On Dec. 6, the Queen's Bench Division, at Dublin, on the application of the Lord Mayor elect, Mr. James Shanks, granted a mandamus, directing the Municipal Council to hold a fresh election of Lord Mayor for 1893, that held on Dec. 5 having been in violation of the Acts of Parliament which fix Dec. 1 as the day of election.

An important meeting of the National Federation was held in Tipperary on Sunday, December 4, to nominate a gentleman to act on the General Council as representative of the county. Mr. Nicholas W. Shee, chairman of the Callan Board of Guardians, was unanimously chosen for the office.

A new and beautiful stained glass window has been placed in the Pro-Cathedral, Skibbereen, by Mr. and Mrs. Downes, of Norton, Skibbereen, in memory of their three deceased children, Grace, William and Kate. The window which represents the figure of Our Lord blessing the little children is placed over the altar of the Sacred Heart.

A serious fire broke out in one of the principal workshops of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, in Belfast, on Dec. 3. The workshops were completely burned, and all the contents, including a large number of tools, etc., were destroyed. The damage is estimated at nearly £2,000, but is believed to be covered by insurance.

At the Assizes in Cork on Dec. 6, the grand jury found a true bill in the case of John French, manager of the Benduff Quarries, who was charged with the manslaughter of the victims of the recent disaster at those works. "No bill" was found in the case of Mr. Edward McCarthy, accountant, the liquidator of the Quarry Company, against whom a similar charge was preferred.

The election for the office of Borough Assessors of Drogheda took place on November 26. Mayor Mangan presided. The offices were held by Mr. C. McNamara and Mr. Luke F. Ecock, Redmondites. Both gentlemen were again nominated. Mr. Richard Nulty, Nationalist, was put forward by the National Federation. Mr. Nulty received fifty-six votes, Mr. McNamara ten, and Mr. Ecock one vote. The first two named were declared elected.

A private meeting of Irish Unionist members of Parliament was held in Dublin on Dec. 6 Colonel Waring presiding. It was decided to hold a meeting in

London on the day before the opening of Parliament. An agreement was arrived at as to the means for securing effective discussion in the House of Commons of all measures affecting Irish Unionist interests.

On Dec. 6 and 7 Mr. H. H. Townsend, agent of Mr. Smith-Barry, with the sub-agent, Mr. Sullivan, attended at Donovan's Hotel, Clonakilty, for the purpose of receiving rents of tenants in the Darrary, Ardfield and Barryroe district. In consequence of the depression of the times and the low prices for stock and agricultural produce, a reduction of 20 per cent. was granted to yearly tenants, and 15 per cent to those whose rent was fixed by consent.

The Catholic Church at Milltown, near Killorglin, has for some years been in a dangerous state, with the roof supported by props from the floor. Thanks, however, to the exertions of the Rev. Francis Cummins, the pastor, the erection of a new church has been begun on an excellent site, between the Presentation convent and monastery, given by Sir John F. Godfrey, whose sister, Miss Godfrey, has been a liberal benefactor to the new building. The new church will cost about £1,000.

GARRYOWEN.

The following very spirited verses of "Garryowen" seem not to have been printed before, and the author is unknown:

Oh! Garryowen is gone to wreck,
Her blood is on the outlaw's track;
The night's long, starless, cold and black
Above the shining river.
Yet voices live along the walls,
That ring out like bold bugle calls,
Through lonesome streets and ruined halls,
"Our native land forever."

Then hip, hurrah for Garryowen,
Her grey old walls and Treaty Stone,
We'll live for Ireland's sake alone,
In Garryowen na' gloire.

On those old walls brave Sarsfield stood,
And looked into the Shannon's flood,
And to 'twas flowing red with blood
Of foreign foes to freedom.
Within the good old town is still,
For Ireland's cause some blood to spill,
And hearts to fight with right good will
And Sarsfield yet to lead them.

Then three time three for Limerick town,
And Sarsfield's men of high renown,
Who tramped England's banner down,
In Garryowen na' gloire.

Our good sires met the English hordes,
Their hands forever on their swords,
Their slashing blows the only words
They deigned to give the foemen.
And we will take our fathers' place,
And scowl into the Saxon's face
The haired of a noble race,
Who will be slaves to no men.

Then draw your swords for Garryowen,
And swear upon the Treaty Stone,
To live for Ireland's sake alone,
In Garryowen na' gloire.

Oh, for an hour in Garryowen,
In the crimson light of days long flown
With our banner of green to the gay winds
thrown,
To the chorus of the cannon;
To hear the bugle's thrilling call,
And Sarsfield cry, "Behold the Gaul,"
"Hurrah to leap both fosse and wall,
And pike them in the Shannon."

Then toast the men who fought and won,
Beneath the banner of the sun;
And we can do what they have done,
In Garryowen na' gloire.

Though Garryowen has gone to wreck,
We'll win her olden glories back,
The night long, starless, cold and black,
We'll fight with song and story;
And though her walls are overthrown,
We'll build them yet high stone on stone,
And Freedom shall be queen alone
In Garryowen na' gloire.

Then hip, hurrah for Garryowen,
Her grey old walls and Treaty Stone,
We'll live for Ireland's sake alone,
In Garryowen na' gloire.

—Chicago Citizen.

An Evicted Landlord.

An eviction somewhat different from the ordinary kind took place at Lisdoonvarna on December 6, Mr. O'Donnell Blake Foster, of Ballykeal, being dispossessed of his house and land. The circumstances which led to eviction seem to have been these: When he came of age he found his property heavily encumbered, so that after a time he surrendered it to the courts, and himself became tenant of Ballykeal. Like other farmers, he had difficulty in making land pay, and he fell into arrears. The creditors of the estate gave him short shrift, and the result has been the appearance at Ballykeal House of Mr. Cullinan (the sub-sheriff), Mr. Emerson, and the emergency men. The scene was striking in its way. The sub-sheriff, unaccompanied by any protective force, walked up the avenue between the rows of tall trees leading to the house. On

his arrival he found the parish priest, Father Crowe, and the larger farmers of the neighborhood gathered around Mr. Foster, while a large crowd of people from the surrounding country were removing furniture and other property. On the previous day 500 men, with 300 carts, had taken away the hay, potatoes, and other movable farm produce, and some days previous seventy-five carts had moved the tenant's turf ricks beyond Mr. Emerson's reach. The eviction was duly carried out, as far as the "big house" was concerned. But a difficulty still existed in regard to the land. Near the gate of the demesne, and within the boundary wall a Land League hut had been erected, and here for many years "Andy" Lynch, who had been evicted off a neighboring property, had lived, in view of Mr. Foster's hall door. The evictors demanded that the hut be pulled down and the demesne surrendered without this incumbrance. The sub-sheriff did not think this part of his duty, and said so. Mr. Lynch was summoned to make terms with the new occupants of Ballykeal. He appealed to Mr. Foster, who told him that he would never advise any man to break up his home, and bade him do as he thought best for himself. Left to his own choice, Mr. Lynch refused to enter into terms with the evictors, and his poor chattels were accordingly transferred to the roadside. Six or seven years ago Mr. Blake Foster was removed from the Commission of the Peace because of his sympathy with his distressed neighbors. He built on his own land two huts for the tenants who had been evicted and maintained them there in spite of the denunciations of the class to which he belonged. Immediately after this the Lord Chancellor discovered him to be unworthy to hold Her Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and he was accordingly despoiled of that dignity.

An unprofitable job—Laboring under a delusion.

In our orphan asylum here there is a 15-year-old child that had been suffering for years from nervousness to such an extent that she oftentimes in the night got up, and with fear depleted on every feature and in a delirious condition, would seek protection among the older people from an imaginary pursuer and could only with great difficulty be again put to bed. Last year Father Koenig while on a visit here happened to observe the child and advised the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and kindly furnished us several bottles of it. The first bottle showed a marked improvement and after using the second bottle and up to the present time the child is a happy and contented being. All those suffering from nervousness should seek refuge in Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic.
REV. FATHER HILLEBRAND,
St. John's Asylum,
KENTON, KY., Oct. 9, 1890.
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1874 and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.
Wholesale Price, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.
In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 118 St. Lawrence Street.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

TEASING CHILDREN.

One of the most pernicious practices is that of teasing children. We are familiar with the half-grown boy (usually a genuine coward among those of his own age and size) who gets most of the enjoyment of his life out of teasing and bullying younger brothers and sisters, and all other chance unfortunates (unprotected by older brothers) who fall in his way. He should be severely dealt with until this propensity is overcome. But what shall we say regarding parents whose aim is to take infinite delight in teasing their own defenceless children. We are glad to say it is usually confined to the fathers. We have no word of tolerance or respect for the mother guilty of so great a cruelty, since at her hands a child has a right to expect all gentleness and kindly sympathy.

Some children are not susceptible to the mental torture styled "teasing." One class is of slow-going, naturally happy and amiable disposition, that will bear any amount of imposition and teasing without resentment. Another is the reckless, "let the word wag as it will" sort of a temperament, that under this kind of discipline develops into the most worthless, irresponsible type of humanity, and who in later life demands what he terms his "rights," without any qualification of right or justice. These two classes are not of as high an order intellectually, nor so promising as the sensitive child whose quick resentment causes so much amusement for his tormentors. If a sensitive child have some weak point or peculiarity, the parents sometimes make that the subject of their senseless persecution, thus intensifying the singularity instead of overcoming it, and the poor child's passionate outbursts seem to them most laughable. Let the child resent this treatment to a degree considered "saucy," and in nine cases out of ten he is arraigned for punishment. In either event a tendency to violent outbursts is developed, and the child's anger, whether partially suppressed through fear of freely displayed, is aroused through sheer injustice, a fact as plain to his comprehension as to older minds.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

A scant cup of butter will often make a lighter cake than a full cup.

It is stated that cheese will not mold if wrapped in a cloth wet with cider vinegar.

A good way to clean stovepipes is to rub them well with linseed oil while they are warm.

Neatly worked darns and patches have been discovered in the clothes used in swathing some of the Egyptian mummies.

Cork that has been boiled may be pressed more tightly into a bottle than when cold.

Milk is better for being kept over night in small tins than if a large quantity is kept over in one vessel.

A turkey when well cooked should be evenly browned all over. Cranberry sauce or currant jelly is the proper accompaniment.

It is better to keep baked pastry in a cup board rather than in a refrigerator, as it would be apt to get damp and heavy in the latter place.

If handkerchiefs embroidered in colors are soaked in a pail of water containing a spoonful of turpentine, further washings will not affect them.

To keep jellies from molding cover them over with pulverized sugar to the depth of a quarter of an inch. They will keep for years if this is done.

To keep a high silk hat in fine condition use a pad made of velvet or worsted plush, instead of a brush for brushing it, smoothing it over with a soft silk handkerchief frequently. If any rough spots appear in the nap apply a flatiron, not too hot, and smooth them over, then use the pad and silk handkerchief.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

In investigating the cause of this prevalent complaint, it is found to rest principally in wrong action of the stomach and impurity of the blood. These exciting causes are easily removed by the regulating, purifying tonic and digestive effects of Burdock Blood Bitters, hence the success of B.B.B. in curing dyspepsia in any form, no matter of how long standing or how severe it may be.

A man in a peak of trouble is in a measure to be pitied.

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails the sager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the goods with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

You floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

Some Bits of Dublin's Early History.

We have often heard Dublin called the "cardrivingest city in the world," but, in earlier days than ours, it appears to have been much more so, for, in 1624, complaints were made to the Mayor that by reason of the multiplicity of carmen repairing to the city without license, rule, or order, the pavements were broken, the city commons decayed, and the channel of the river defaced and abused, while the throng to the Wood Quay and the Merchants' Quay was so great that coaches and other vehicles could hardly pass without danger of hurt. Orders were made for the regulation of the car-men, who rode up and down the city streets upon their cars and car horses with such speed that they hurt many children and put some in danger of death. Carmen were, by the new rules, obliged to obtain licenses from the Mayor, and to bear badges with the arms of the city on the fore-parts of their cars, "according to the London fashion."

At this time it was proposed to erect an exchange or "bourse" at Dublin, and steps were taken by the Municipal Council with that object. A site was assigned, a model prepared, and walks were laid out, but the project was not carried to completion.

A custom house was erected on ground in Dame street, "lying on the river," for the receipt of the Crown dues on imports and exports. This was done by the Government of James I. in Ireland. A proclamation from the Viceroy, Oliver Grandison, in 1621, declared that the crane and wharf in connection with the custom house to be the only legal places in the port of Dublin for loading and unloading goods imported and exported.

A judicial inquiry as to the amount of the customs payable to the Crown by maritime towns in Ireland was held at London early in the reign of James I., the result being that the city of Dublin was entitled to receive threepence in the pound on all merchandise entered in its port.

There were many important traders in Dublin at this time, but they had powerful rivals in the merchants of Holland, whose financial resources and shipping arrangements gave them many advantages in the transport of various commodities in general use in Ireland. One particular Dutch merchant, Christian Borr, occupied a leading position in Dublin, where he carried on extensive business. He obtained a patent of naturalization from James I., acted as a banker in London and Dublin, and was a confidential agent of Richard Boyle, the noted Earl of Cork, Lord Justice of Ireland. Borr and his Dutch fellow-traders in Dublin combined to resist payment of imposts demanded on their goods under the municipality. "The threepenny custom" had been levied beyond the memory of man to defray the expenses of keeping the port safe for traffic by maintaining buoys and beacons, and cleansing and scouring the river. The Municipal Council obtained a decree against the Dutch merchants, and the decision was upheld in London after an appeal to the King and Council had been made against it.

In the Assembly rolls reference is made to the great increase of population, and the "multitude of buildings" there in the reign of Charles I. Many gardens

were formed on the banks of the water-course, and a special place was assigned in the city for the sale of "garden ware."

Sir William Brereton, a visitor to Dublin in 1685, admired the city very much, saying it resembled London more than any town he had seen in the King of England's dominions. The buildings he found fair and stately. Every article was very dear. The hire of a horse was one shilling and sixpence a day. Divers commodities were cried in the streets as in London. The city was extending its bounds and limits very far.

While resident at Dublin as Viceroy, Wentworth made endeavors to ensure good style in new buildings, so as to "beautify the city exceedingly." James Howell wrote later: "Traffic increaseth here wonderfully, with all kinds of bravery and buildings."

The Mayor of Dublin was annually installed on the 30th of September before the Viceroy in the Castle, or before the Chief Baron in the Court of Exchequer. In 1636 Wentworth, as Viceroy in the chair of state, received from the outgoing mayor the white staff of office and the city sword, in the presence of the Aldermen in their scarlet gowns. After the oaths were taken the Chief Baron and the Viceroy addressed orations to the mayor of an admonitory character. Wentworth afterwards visited the mayor at his house in Skinner's row, and there conferred knighthood on him.

The allowance to the mayor was doubled in the reign of James I., and in the years in which Parliament met in Dublin further grants were made on the ground of extra expenses entailed on the mayor in extending hospitality to the nobility, gentry, and other persons frequenting the house. Occasionally a condition was made of presentation of gloves to the mayor or his wife, in conjunction with admission to the franchise of the city. In 1633 the city plate, which was much broken and defaced, was changed for plate of the newest and best fashion, with the exception of the "great standing cups bestowed by noblemen," which were mended but not altered.

On every assembly day the great bell of the Tholsel was tolled at five o'clock in the afternoon, and after this hour no new business was to be entered upon.

In those days the election of members of Parliament was the occasion of even more dangerous excitement than it is in our own time, for in 1612 a riot occurred in the Tholsel, so alarming that Nicholas Stephens, a merchant of this city, would have escaped an alarm in the city by ringing the Tholsel bell if he could have found the key. Others offered to lay hands on the King's sword that was before the Mayor, but he took it in his own hand, and went to the Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester. Several Aldermen and citizens were imprisoned, together with Stephens, who for a time was "continually kept in fetters," and warned to prepare for death.

Sir James Carroll, who was Mayor of Dublin in 1617 and 1624, presented, in the latter year, two memorials to the Viceroy, Wentworth, both of which, in the matter of the complaint, suggest a picture of the state of the streets of the city in this time. A grant had been made by the Mayor and Aldermen to a widow named Katherine Strong, which gave her the tolls of the market in conjunction with the office of city scavenger. She re-married with Thomas White, a Dublin merchant, but retained in her own hands the office of scavenger and the right to the tolls, which she and her servants exacted with pertinacious energy. The statement of Carroll's first memorial reveals the manner in which this strong-willed Katherine performed the duty of public scavenger. He says: "She had but only the toll of the market granted to her, yet she doth continually extort on poor people coming to the market with butter, eggs, cheese, wool, fish, roots, cabbages, and almost all things that come to the market, from whom she taketh what she pleaseth, and deposesh the country people ordinarily on a book that she carrieth about her to accuse themselves for the goods which they bring that she may get greater toll and custom from them. She is so much affected to profit, as she will never find sufficient carriage to take away the dung, for where six carts are few enough to take away the dung of the city every week to keep it clean, she did and will maintain but two, which can scarce keep the way from the castle to the church clean, or that from the Mayor's house to the church, neglecting

all the rest of the city, which she cleans but sparingly and very seldom."

Many law proceedings taken against Katherine were successfully evaded by her, and she even set at naught an order made by the Government, and the Viceroy himself was at length appealed to against her proceedings.

During a period of heavy snow in 1635 popular feeling found expression in the erection of a figure in snow of "Kate Strong," bearing in her hand the obnoxious toll measure.—*Rosa Mulholland, in Melbourne (Australia) Advocate.*

NEWS FROM ROME.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

The German Catholic Congress will be held at Wurzburg in 1893 by the decision of Prince Charles of Lowenstein. Mgr. Stein, Bishop of the metropolis of Lower Franconia, has already given his assent to the project.

Mgr. Galinberti has been officially informed that he will be elevated to the Cardinalate. He will remain as pro-Nuncio at Vienna until the second Consistory, which will not be held until next July. The date of the first will be during the first fortnight of January.

The Holy Father has renewed the appointments of Mgr. Corrado and Father Smolikowski, priest of the Resurrection, as Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of the Council.

The Holy Father has received in private audience Mgr. Castelli (Bishop of Tine), Cleri (Bishop of Amelia), and Ouri (Bishop of Dijon). His Holiness has likewise admitted to audience His Excellency the Baron de Farenbach, Resident Minister of San Domingo to the Holy See, with his consort, on his return from a temporary leave. The Pope is still in the enjoyment of excellent health.

There has been a great deal of hubbub touching the immense fortune left by Cardinal Lavigerie. The truth is that the illustrious ecclesiastic has divided his means amongst the Christian families of the villages founded by his own exertions, the missions in the centre of Africa, and the hospitals and schools. In addition, he has lavished money on various establishments in Algeria, Jerusalem, Malta, and Equatorial Africa, and has built a cathedral in Algiers, and started a bishopric and seminary at Tunis.

At the funeral rites of His Eminence at Tunis the natives paid profound respect to his remains, for they almost worshipped him as a grand Marabout. If cannon-firing, the display of flags, and the assemblage of multitudes on the route of the procession could convey any human being to heaven, His Eminence would be sure of a lofty position in the other and higher world. Every official mark of reverence was rendered to him. No less than seventeen decorations were visible around his coffin, and all the exalted dignitaries of the colony were in evidence.

Put to Flight

—all the peculiar troubles that beset a woman. The only guaranteed remedy for them is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For women suffering from any chronic "fema's complaint" or weakness; for women who are run down and over-worked; for women expecting to become mothers, and for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; at the change of girlhood to womanhood; and later, at the critical "change of life." It is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates and cures.

What you are sure of, if you use Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy, is either a perfect and permanent cure for your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case may be, or \$50.00 cash. The proprietors of the medicine promise to pay you the money, if they can't cure you.

Every man should know something of law; if he knows enough to keep out of it he is a pretty good lawyer.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-18-c-o-w)

Over 200,000,000 of railway tickets are printed annually in London. And yet there are fellows mean enough to try to ride without one.

At the Bank.



This is to notify you that your account at the bank of health is overdrawn; at this rate you will soon be bankrupt, unless you take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites to build you up.

It will STOP A COUGH, CURE A COLD, and check CONSUMPTION and all forms of WASTING DISEASES. Almost as palatable as MILK. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, 140 William Street, New York. For sale by all druggists.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

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

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pine syrup.
PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
BOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MOTHERS!

Ask for and see that you get DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS, the great Worm Remedy. 25 cents per box, at all Druggists. Being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, Children never refuse them.

McGALE'S

BUTTERNUT

—PILLS—

25 cents per box.

By Mail on Receipt of Price.

B. E. McGALE,

CHEMIST &c,

2123 NOTRE DAME ST.,

MONTREAL.

FOR . . .

**Sick Headache,
Foul Stomach,
Biliousness,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

THE SOCIAL LIFE.**ARE THERE NOT SOME SNOBS
AMONGST US?**

**Catholic Churches Are Not Social Clubs.
Priests Have No Social Position—Catholics Are Unsocial Among Themselves.**

[Written for the *Catholic Mirror*.]

The next Catholic Congress will devote itself entirely to social topics—social topics which in various forms have shaken the world since the time of Moses; but there is one social topic that is too delicate to be handled; and that is, the social relations of Catholics of a congregation—I presume we may say "parish" now—with one another.

We know that the main strength of non-Catholic religious organizations lies in the strengthening of the social side of their "church relations." Every minister understands that thoroughly. He does not imagine that his eloquence will hold his flock together, nor the beautiful prayers he addresses to them, nor his choir, nor his services of song, nor his Thursday evening meeting. He does not depend on dogma; for to his congregation dogma is

A word of fear
Unpleasant to the pampered ear."

Therefore he must depend on the interlinking of the social chains. He succeeds in proportion to the skill with which he does this. Mr. Lyman Abbott, for instance—Mr. Beecher's successor in Plymouth Church—has succeeded in a most difficult position, because he knows the management of the social wires.

But the Catholic churches are not social clubs. And so far as careful and complete organization is concerned, nothing can exceed the perfection of organization within Jesuit congregations. We have all observed the care with which the Fathers of the Society—God bless them—will create a parish out of nothing and make it flourish through all difficulties. A priest has no time for the little social attentions which occupy so many of the hours of the minister and the minister's wife. Besides, he cannot dine with one member of his congregation, except on special occasions, without exciting the criticisms of the rest of his people.

There is an impression in Catholic congregations that the poor man's corn beef and cabbage is just as good as the rich man's *pate de foie gras*. And the priest must accept this unless he is willing to cause much heart-burning and dissatisfaction.

The consequence is that, from motives of prudence, a priest with every grace of mind and charm of manner must stay at home a great deal. For in this country there is nothing that the body of Catholics resent so much as any seeming partiality on the part of their pastor for the rich. A priest with us has no social position; he is everybody's equal and everybody's superior.

The priest, then, is powerless to rattle the social dry-bones into life as the ministers do. Whatever can be done must be done by the people themselves. Do they do enough of it? Would it add to the strength and the influence of the faith in this country if more of it were done? And how can it be done?

There is a constant complaint that Catholics are unsocial among themselves. There is a constant complaint that good young men and young women drift away from us because they are frozen out of their proper environment. There

is a constant complaint that, while there is the greatest equality in our churches, we are devoted more to the worship of caste outside of them than any other class of people. "God and myself," the sarcastic say, is our motto—and that our neighbours are only helped by us when they are entirely trodden down by the world; that we have no room for equals, and that we are merely tolerant to inferiors. This is not true, but it has an appearance of truth. In Brooklyn once a colored man took a long time in blacking my boots, and it occurred to me that I might do a little evangelizing, in order to distract his mind from the vastness of the work he had undertaken and to strengthen my patience, but he settled me. "If you Catholics," he said, "would make as much of us outside your churches as you do when you go in 'em, you might catch some of us."

There is no analogy between old Ned's speech and the subject in hand—it only reflects a feeling that is common—a feeling that we kneel together at the same altar rail and in the same pew, and then "cut one another dead" outside. Who, for instance, is so adept in the social art of freezing as the eminent woman in a congregation who has a grandfather she is not afraid to acknowledge?—or whose husband can afford to set up a brougham—or who is well received in that Protestant circle for whose recognition so many "fool women" long?

"I'd rather be
Gentlely damned beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company!"

Are there not women in Chicago who, if it were not for certain scruples, would reflect this sentiment where the affable Mrs. Potter Palmer is concerned? And pious creatures in New York who feel that heaven would be hardly heaven without dear Mrs. Van Rousevelt, who sometimes looks in at the sewing society, where frightful flannel garments are manufactured for unknown Catholic children? Have we, in fact, not a great many snobs with us?

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The C. Y. M. Society.

The Catholic Young Men's Society intends to provide for its members a fully equipped building containing an academic hall, gymnasium, library and reception rooms, in which courses of scientific and other lectures can be given. The organizing committee has been formed and a suitable location will shortly be selected.

The Immigration Agency.

Mr. John Hoolahan has been appointed Dominion immigration agent in Montreal in succession to the late Mr. Daley. Mr. Hoolahan has been employed in the immigration office for a long time, understands the duties he is to discharge, and by his past work is recognized to have earned his promotion.

Another Form—"That goes without saying," said Miss Z., in the course of a conversation. "Yes," replied Miss X., of Boston; "it perambulates without articulation."

When is an omnibus the safest place in a thunderstorm? When it has a good conductor.

"What is the first thing you would do, Jones, if you were stung by a wasp?" ask Smith, who had been reading an article on the treatment of stings. "Howl," replied Jones solemnly.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

NOTICE.—Coffee and Cocoa served free all this week in our Refreshment Room.
S. CARSLY.

**ANNUAL
January Sale!****Extensive Preparations**

Have been made in order to make this the most successful sale ever yet held. To give some idea of the genuineness of the same, the whole stock, in all the several departments, has been

Completely Overhauled,

The goods ticketed and re-marked at such prices as to cause speedy clearances.

S. CARSLY.

Notre Dame Street.

Why!

Are these Cheap Sales held in January? is the question asked by numbers of people.

Because!!

It is the desire of all storekeepers to have as little stock in hand as possible at stock taking, and the first two months of the year being the most convenient for the work, hence the reason of the

JANUARY SALE.

S. CARSLY.

Notre Dame Street.

About the Sale.

During the whole of the month Special Bargains will be offered in all departments, and Special Discounts will be taken off all goods.

The Stock

Comprises the remainder of several lines of Novelties and Staple Goods, left over from last season's trade, also a large stock of Boots and Shoes which must be entirely cleared out.

For Genuine Bargains come direct to

S. CARSLY'S,

Notre Dame Street.

About Mantles.

Although the Stock of Mantles is not nearly so large as usually, on account of the splendid trade done during the past season, still we are confident of being able to please all purchasers with Style, Quality and Price of Garments.

Sealette Garments of all kinds.

Black Cloth Garments of all kinds.

Colored Cloth Garments of all kinds.

Tweed Garments of all kinds.

Russian Circular Cloaks.

With Fur and Quilted Linings.

All Specially Reduced.

S. CARSLY,

Notre Dame street.

Dress Goods.

During this sale several very extraordinary lines will be offered, and in our windows will be shown all classes of Fabrics at most popular prices.

All Wool Dress Tweeds at Reduced Prices.

Plaid Dress Fabrics at Reduced Prices.

Figured Dress Fabrics at Reduced Prices.

Blankets & Comforters.

Bona fide Bargains can be procured in these goods during the January Sale. Blankets in all weights and sizes Comforters and Eiderdown Quilts at special prices.

S. CARSLY.

Notre Dame Street.

FLANNELS!

As usual we shall offer some wonderfully Cheap lines in these Goods. The entire stock reduced to Special Prices.

CARPETS.

Having purchased a much larger stock than previous years, we are desirous of reducing the present stock in order to make room for the new.

**BARGAINS IN BRUSSELS CARPETS.
BARGAINS IN TAPESTRY CARPETS.
IN KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS.
BARGAINS IN OILCLOTHS.
BARGAINS IN LINOLEUMS.**

S. CARSLY.

Notre Dame Street.

SOMETHING FOR BOOTS.

It will not be out of place to mention here that the Special Sale of Boots and Shoes is still going on. All genuine reductions; 33½ per cent. discount taken off all imported Boots, Shoes and Rubbers; 20 per cent. discount take off all Canadian Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

The Sale Commences on

Tuesday Morning, January 3rd

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

S. CARSLY,

1785, 1787, 1789, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779,

NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

**KNABE
PIANOS**

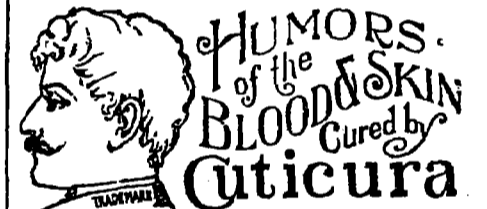
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"I want a dog's muzzle," said a little fellow entering a hardware shop. "Is it for your father?" asked the cautious shopkeeper. "No, of course it ain't," replied the little fellow indignantly; "it's for our dog."

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