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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

ONCE more we are obliged to state that the negotiations regarding the future of the TRUE WITNESS are in progress and nearing a termination. It is yet impossible for us to state exactly how or when they will be completed, but one thing certain is that not more than a couple of days will elapse before we will know exactly where we are. We are very sorry that we are forced by circumstances, that are entirely uncontrollable to keep our readers so long in suspense, but we can only repeat what we said in our second last issue, that "Rome was not built in a day," but once built she became the Eternal city.

REGARDING correspondence we desire to give an explanation to a number of our readers. During the past four weeks all business in connection with the TRUE WITNESS was suspended, the estate was in the hands of judicial curators, and the paper was issued by them, in order not to break the continuity of the numbers. Meanwhile all correspondence was retained and it was absolutely impossible either for ourselves or for any person else, to reply to the letters on business and on other matters. We have no small contract before us this week when we undertake to satisfy all our correspondents. In order to facilitate matters there are forty or fifty to whom we can give general replies, and that will obviate a great deal of extra work. All subscribers who have written to have their addresses changed will be attended to this week, when we hope to make all the corrections required on our lists. Persons who complain about having received only half the issue of Nov. 8th, will find by reading the editorial on the first page of that issue, the reason why only eight pages were printed. As to all the other correspondents we will do our best to give them satisfactory answers during the course of the week.

ITALY has grown famous during the present century, for its secret and anti-Catholic societies; an evil spirit has been abroad in that fair land, and under the very shadow of the Vatican the enemies of religion have conspired to overthrow the institution of centuries. It is full time that Catholic Italy should awaken to a knowledge of the fearful enemy that is slowly but surely undermining the national prospects of the country. It appears that in Calabria, in Italy, a new Catholic association has been started and for its motto it has taken the words "Religione e Patria," "Religion and Country." This is a sign that indicates something better for the future. Like its own Vesuvius, poor Italy is ever the threatened victim of a political volcano; underneath, in the deep caverns of secret, oath-bound organizations, there is a perpetual rumbling and hissing, with periodical outbursts of fiery lava, that menace to destroy the Pompeian pillars and the Herculanean splendors of past glories and national

greatness. The sooner the people are warned against the danger the better for their safety. Religion combined with true patriotism alone can save that country.

LAST WEEK another of those lynching scenes took place in the neighboring Republic. This time it is from Ottumway, Iowa, that the news comes. A young man committed an abominable deed; he was arrested and brought before the court, and while the investigation was proceeding a crowd of about a thousand citizens collected, secured a rope, and led by the father and mother of the injured child, rushed into the court-room, secured the prisoner and hanged him to the banister of the stairway. Now the punishment meted out to the young man may not have been out of proportion to his crime; yet we cannot see wherein the justice lies. There should certainly be some steps taken by the authorities to secure all criminals against the vengeance of frenzied mobs; in fact to save people from the consequences of their own over-wrought passions—for each one who participates in the lynching of a human being is guilty of murder in the eye of God, and no provocation can ever justify the act nor efface the responsibility. This lynching process has gone already too far, and such a relic of barbarism should be checked forever in a country claiming to be civilized.

IT IS WONDERFUL, and at the same time distressing, to read in the daily press of the number of men who are brought before the courts of the city for the crime of wife-beating. It seems to us that no punishment could be considered too severe for the brutal characters that take advantage of their superior strength to abuse the partners of their lives, the women to whom they vowed love and protection. There is something so mean, so low, so unmanly in the conduct of a wife-beater that the very mention of the crime makes one feel a repugnance akin to that which is produced by the presence of or contact with a serpent. We hope sincerely that our authorities will not be anyway sparing in their treatment of these reprobates. We can find no excuse for the man who abuses his wife. It is true that there are certain women who have great faults, and who are a constant worry to their husbands; there are others whose conduct is not calculated to inspire love and devotion on the part of the man. But we must remember that the woman is generally what the man makes her. It is his neglect, his unbridled passions, his utter heartlessness, that often drives the woman to despair. We have no sympathy for the man who is cowardly enough to strike a woman, especially his wife.

A CORRESPONDENT writing in the London Daily Chronicle laments the lack of Catholic writers at the present day. An English contemporary aptly replies that

we have a plentiful supply of Catholic writers, but what is needed is a publishing company or organization amongst Catholics for giving them employment. "Catholic writers," says the same journal, "prefer to write in the interests of the Church rather than for non-Catholic publications, but they require bread for their sustenance like others of their kind, and this can only be obtained by money. Their pens will be prolific if they are paid for their work." We heartily agree with these remarks. Unfortunately there is but scant encouragement for Catholic writers, either in this country or abroad. It is very easy for a reader to sit down and enjoy their effusions and to praise them for their work; but then a reader does not always reflect upon the amount of study, of mental worry, of manual labor—with pen—and weary work with brain that are necessarily the companions of every well-written article. And few, if any dream of the tortures that are the constant companions of poorly paid writers. Let one of those people who think that a word of "praise is as good as dimes" for a writer, attempt to compose an ordinary business, or even common-place letter, while the door-bell is announcing the landlord, and the empty pocket-book tells the story of "no funds." Let us have well paid writers and we will have good writers and many of them.

THE alarming reports about the Pope's health which are being flashed daily across the cable remind us somewhat of the numerous announcements of a similar nature that were scattered broadcast over the world during the last decade of the life of Pius IX. One would imagine that "the wish was father to the expression" as far as these sensationalists are concerned. The Roman correspondent of the Cologne Gazette seems to have an aptitude for fabricating bulletins of the Pope's health. And yet we are at a loss to know how that enterprising writer could become acquainted with the internal workings of the Vatican and the secrets of the Pope's household. There is one thing certain, however, that no reliance can be placed on any of these despatches. They are not official, nor even semi-official; they are rumors caught flying in the cafes and salons of Rome and improved upon by the gentlemen who are paid to furnish news from the Eternal City. The truth is that, according to every authentic report of late, His Holiness is in very good health, far better than could be reasonably expected in the case of a man who is so advanced in years and who has had such a fatiguing summer, as this jubilee year has been.

MR. STEAD, the well known London journalist and founder as well as editor of the Review of Reviews, is now in Canada and has been feasted in different cities of our Dominion. Although Mr. Stead is famed as a journalist, he is becoming still more notorious as a believer in Psychical Phenomena. He has

studied the relations between embodied and disembodied spirits and claims to be able to procure letters from the departed, to hold conversations with the souls that have gone before, and to illustrate the truths of his peculiar spiritualistic theories in a most practical and tangible manner. We understand that he has undertaken to give a few private exhibitions in the homes of the friends with whom he stopped while here. This is very interesting indeed; but it seems to us a great drop in the scale of dignity for a man of Mr. Stead's abilities to take. While in his sphere of journalist he was, after a manner, a great success; but in his role of medium we fear that he has gone beyond his depth and adopted a profession (if we can so call it) that is not his vocation. What seems strangest of all is the fact that these gentlemen who have faith in spirit-rapping, spirit-telegraphy, and all such phenomena, cannot be made to understand or believe in the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory.

UNDER the heading, "A Lesson from Australia," the Liverpool Catholic Times gives the report of a dialogue that is vouched for by a responsible Australian judge. It appears that at an Anglican diocesan festival recently held in the Town Hall, Melbourne, Mr. Justice Hodges assured a large gathering that it had taken place in his own presence in a court of justice. A little girl was being examined, and she replied thus to the questions:

"How old are you?—Ten years and seven months, sir.  
Do you go to school?—Yes, sir; the State school in—street.  
Been going there long?—A little over a year, sir.  
Were you at school before that?—Yes, sir; at the State school in—street three or four years.  
Can you read?—Yes, sir.  
Can you read writing?—Yes, sir.  
And write?—Yes.  
Well, my little woman, did you ever hear of God?—Beg pardon, sir.  
Did you ever hear of God?—Of God, sir?  
Did you ever hear anything about your Heavenly Father?—Beg pardon, sir.  
Did you ever hear anything about your Father in Heaven?—My father's at home, sir.  
Did you ever hear anything about Christ?—Beg pardon, sir.  
Did you ever hear anything about Christ?—I don't know him, sir."  
The Liverpool organ adds to this the following comment: "It might well be supposed that there could not be a more terrible object lesson as to the dangers of a secular educational system, but Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, declares that his experience of the working of the Educational Act in his diocese has made him acquainted with not one but many cases of children of much more mature years fully as ignorant as this child of the fundamental truths of religion."

A GRAND CONCERT.

REV. FATHER O'MEARA'S BRILLIANT ADDRESS

On the "Manchester Martyrs"—The Anniversary of Their Death Celebrated in a Worthy Manner.

On the 20th November, 1892, the first division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the Province of Quebec was formally founded in Montreal. Last Thursday evening this division gave its first annual entertainment in commemoration of the "Manchester Martyrs." The entertainment took place in the Windsor Hall, which was filled from the first to the last row of seats. The first part of the programme consisted of a series of songs and jokes by the Irish National Minstrels, an organization which is deservedly popular among their Irish fellow-citizens. This was followed by an address on the subject of "The Manchester Martyrs, William Philip Allen, Michael Larkin and Michael O'Brien, hanged November 23, 1867," by Rev. Father W. O'Meara, parish priest of St. Gabriel's.

Before giving the text of the eloquent address, we will mention a few of the names of those present: Rev. Father McCallen, of St. Patrick's, chaplain of division No. 1, A.O.H.; Rev. Fathers Pelletier, Bancart, Godts, O'Donnell, Shea, Donnelly, Lachapelle, and several other prominent clergymen and leading citizens.

Rev. Father O'Meara's Address.

The lecturer spoke as follows:

"It is in answer to your most gracious invitation that I have the pleasure and the honor to be with you to-night to deliver an address. Certainly, it must be great, my desire to render myself agreeable to you since I have found time to prepare a lecture, occupied as I have been in various ways, and as you all know, since I have been named pastor of St. Gabriel's parish, I hope that you shall be as indulgent to me this evening as I have shown good will in accepting your kind invitation. To contribute my mite to the development and prosperity of your association will be the aim of my remarks this evening. To-day is the 23rd of November. This date alone tells you sufficiently of the particular object of to-night's grand celebration, the commemoration of the death of the Manchester Martyrs, the first of its kind in the metropolis of Canada. You wish to glorify the memory of the three brave and valiant young Irishmen, who, on the 23rd of November 1867, have been executed at Manchester, England. Three brave and valiant young Irishmen, I say, who, following in the footsteps of a multitude of their predecessors, died nobly on the gallows to prove to the world their devotedness to the land of their birth. Three brave and valiant young Irishmen, who died victims of the thirst for Irish and Catholic blood that shall be felt in England as long as there remains in the ashes of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth an atom of the poison concealed therein. Let us not lament, however, the noble death on the scaffold of Philip Allen, Michael O'Brien and Michael Larkin. For, when, like them, one dies in the sweet embraces of Christian Joy, being innocent of the crime for which they were sentenced, the scaffold is a mysterious ladder which unites heaven to the earth. At the time that Allen, O'Brien and Larkin were executed, it was question of Fenians in England, Ireland, United States and even in Canada, if I remember well. Being considered to be Fenians, those three young Irishmen were sentenced to die on the scaffold, although, as we shall see later on other accusations were brought against them for which they were tried and sentenced. Having mentioned the word Fenian and those three valiant young Irishmen, being considered as such, a few words of explanation are necessary in order that you may not misinterpret my remarks. Three centuries of long and atrocious sufferings in Ireland under the iron rod of England, and the ardent desire of Erin's children to shake off those chains, gave birth to the Fenian organization. Nothing more legitimate than such a desire, and any son of Erin in whose heart such a desire did not or does not exist, cannot be called a true

Irishman. On the other hand, no matter how praiseworthy and legitimate such a desire may be not every means is allowed to carry it into effect.

SOME MEANS ARE BAD,

others, although not bad in themselves cannot be employed with prudence. Now, then, no matter how praiseworthy and legitimate the aspirations of the Fenians may have been, several of the means employed by them to obtain the object of their desire cannot be nor never were approved of by the Catholic church. Let it be well understood, I do not wish to insinuate that the heroes whose memory we commemorate this evening were ever guilty in that respect. In their ardent patriotism, they may have only taken into consideration, the misfortunes of their beloved Country and may have forgotten any other consideration, as it often happens when a person's mind is perfectly taken up with a certain idea and thus act in good faith. To ameliorate Erin's condition of affairs, they are allowed to agitate and to agitate strenuously for their rights, as did the brave and glorious Daniel O'Connell and the true friends of Ireland of our day why so nobly follow in his footsteps. I think it proper to recall to your minds in a few words the doctrine of the Catholic church with regard to the civil powers divinely ordained. The church tells us that every man is obliged to respect the civil authority of his country and to obey its just prescriptions. If it happens that said prescriptions are unjust, but can be obeyed without sin, the church again tells her children to obey them in order to avoid a greater evil.

The church wishes us to consider not so much the individual and the private conduct of bad and perverted princes or kings as the functions with which they are invested. For this reason St. Augustin tells us that the power of those who oppress their fellow subjects comes from God. Christ himself obeyed the law, he consolidated it by revealing more clearly and by promulgating to the whole world the divine titles of this power or authority. Although, being exempt, for more than one reason, to obey the powers of this earth, Christ wished to sanctify obedience by his own example. He did not disdain to be born a subject of a particular prince, He paid tribute to Caesar, He acknowledged the authority of Herod and obeyed the authority of Pilate, knowing that it was given him from on High, when Pilate condemned Him to death after having declared Him innocent on several occasions. It is true that when a government forgets its mission and its duties to such an extent as to become a tyrant towards its subjects, the people can rise in arms against it and try to overthrow it, if no other means are at their disposal to defend their rights and liberty. But before having recourse to this extraordinary means, the exigencies of the situation must be seriously examined, and we must be morally certain:

1. That the powers existing do far more evil than good and consequently are not from God.
2. That the evils arising from such a rebellion are notably less than the evils complained of or existing at the time.
3. That there is no other means given to obtain our rights and liberty.
4. That such is the conviction of those most capable of judging the question, especially of those who have received the mission to govern the church of God.

These principles being stated, let us return to speak of

THE THREE YOUNG IRISHMEN

whose hearts were filled with the love of the land of their birth. They saw nothing laudable in the agitation in which they took part, it being for them a public profession of faith and the crown of their devotedness to their country. For true love of country is a sacred love, a love which renders a man capable of any sacrifice. Christ himself loved his ungrateful country even when He was exalted on Cavalry's Mount. The eve of his passion, while ascending the heights of Mount Olivet, He beheld ungrateful Jerusalem, wept over it and exclaimed, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often have I wished to gather your children under my wings." Knowing this divine action of our blessed Lord, who would dare to accuse the sons of Erin of crime because they shed tears of sorrow when they behold the terrible sufferings of their beloved country. Who, I say, would dare to accuse those noble sons of Ireland

when they beheld their beloved country groaning in chains and its children almost driven to despair, who, I say, would accuse them of crime if they tried to shake off the chains of their oppressor and restore peace and prosperity to their beloved country. They lived with this hope in their hearts; those three noble sons of Ireland, when the police of Manchester arrested Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy. This capture was keenly felt by the Irish of Manchester; to abandon the prisoners helplessly to their fate would be regarded as an act of submission to the laws which rendered patriotism a crime, and as an acceptance of the policy which kept Ireland trampled bleeding and impoverished. There were hot spirits amongst the Irish colony that dwelt in the great industrial capital, impulsive hearts which swelled with a firm resolution to change the triumph of their British adversaries into disappointment and consternation. It was no sooner resolved than done. While Kelly and Deasy, being given in charge of Sergeant Charles Brett, were driven in a van to the borough-gaol, their deliverance was effected. By accident a shot fired into the keyhole of the door of the van for the purpose of blowing the lock to pieces had taken effect in the temple of Sergeant Brett; who died in less than two hours after the fatal shot was fired. When the news of the deliverance had reached the city the excitement was very great. The rescue of Colonel Kelly and the death of Sergeant Brett were described in thousands of conflicting ways. Meanwhile the police, maddened by resentment and agitation, struck out wildly and blindly at the Irish. They might not be able to recapture Kelly and Deasy, but they could load the gaols with their countrymen and co-religionists, they might not be able to apprehend the liberators of Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, but they could

GLUT THEIR FURY

on members of the same nationality, as this they did most effectually. The whole night long the raid upon the Irish quarter in Manchester was continued; houses were broken into and their occupants dragged off to prison, and flung into cells, chained as though they were raging beasts. The yell of vengeance filled the air, the cry for Irish blood arose upon the night air, and before morning broke their fury was somewhat appeased by the knowledge that sixty of the prescribed race—sixty of the hated Irish—were lying chained within the prison cells of Manchester. Fifteen minutes was the time occupied in setting Kelly and Deasy free—only fifteen minutes, but during that small space of time an act was accomplished which shook the whole British Empire to its foundations. Allen, O'Brien and Larkin were captured, and as it was known that they were staunch sympathisers of Kelly and Deasy, it was at once resolved that they should expiate their crime on the scaffold. The occasion was a favorable one. Why Sergeant Brett was accidentally killed and his fatal death could be easily attributed to the heroes of to-night's celebration. Most assuredly so, and by so doing, England would be delivered of three of the hated Irish race. The trial was begun with the outward appearances of justice as much as possible of course. Witnesses were chosen who could swear point blank against the hapless men in the dock, no matter at what cost to truth. A jury and judges prejudiced against the accused were chosen. It was therefore easy to predict the sentence. Condemned to die on the gallows, Allen, O'Brien and Larkin received their sentence, if not joyfully, at least with perfect resignation and noble pride. With eyes fixed on their judges, they seemed to pronounce the following words: "We have never been and we are not wilful murderers, but you are the murderers." Then the voice of the Crown clerk was heard, demanding if the prisoners had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on them. The first to respond was Allen.

"Your question," said he, "is one that can be easily asked, but requires an answer which I am ignorant of. A bler and more eloquent could not answer it. Where were the men who have stood in the dock—Burke, Emmet and others,—who have stood in the dock in defence of their country? When the question was asked, what was their answer? Their answer was null and void."

Michael Larkin spoke next.

"I have only got a word or two to say concerning Sergeant-Brett. As my friend here said, no one could regret the man's death as much as I do. With regard to the charge of pistols and revolvers, and my using them, I call my God as a witness that I neither used pistols, revolvers, nor any instrument on that day that would deprive the life of a child, let alone a man. Nor did I go there on purpose to take life away. Certainly, my lords, I do not want to deny that I did go to give aid and assistance to those two noble heroes that were confined in that van, Kelly and Deasy. I did go to do as much as lay in my power to extricate them out of their bondage; but I did not go to take life, nor, my lords, did anyone else. It is a misfortune there was life taken; but if it was taken it was not done intentionally, and the man who has taken life we have not got him. I was at the scene of action, when there were over, I dare say, 150 people standing by there when I was. I am very sorry I have to say, my lords, but I thought I had some respectable people to come up as witnesses against me; but I am sorry to say as my friend said, I will make no more remarks concerning that. All I have to say, my lords and gentlemen, is that so far as my trial went, and the way it was conducted, I believe I have got a fair trial. So far as my noble counsel went, they have done their utmost in the protection of my life; likewise, my worthy solicitor, Mr. Roberts, has done his best; but I believe that the old saying is a true one, what is decreed a man, in the page of life, he has to fulfil, either on the gallows, drowning, a fair death in bed, or on the battlefield. So I look to the mercy of God. May God forgive all who have sworn my life away. As I am a dying man, I forgive them from the bottom of my heart. God forgive them."

As Larkin ceased speaking, O'Brien addressed the court at some length: Referring to the people of England, he said:—

"They cannot find words to express their horror of the cruelties of the King of Dahomey because he sacrificed 2,000 human beings yearly, but why don't those persons who pretend such virtuous indignation at the misgovernment of other countries look at home, and see that greater crimes than those they charge against other governments are not committed by themselves or by their sanction? Let them look at London, and see the thousands that want bread there, while those aristocrats are rioting in luxuries and crimes. Look to Ireland; see the hundreds of thousands of its people in misery and want. See the virtuous, beautiful, and industrious women who only a few years ago, aye, and yet, are obliged to look at their children dying for want of food. Look at what is called the majesty of the law on one side, and the long deep misery of a noble people on the other. Which are the young men of Ireland to respect, the law that murders or banishes their people or the means to resist relentless tyranny and ending their miseries for ever under a home government? I need not answer that question here. I trust the Irish people will answer it to their satisfaction soon. I am not astonished at my conviction. The government of this country have the power of convicting anyone. They appoint the judge; they choose the jury; and by means of what they call patronage (which is the means of corruption) they have the power of making the laws to suit their purposes. I am confident that my blood will rise a hundred fold against the tyrants who think proper to commit such an outrage. In the first place, I say I was identified improperly, by having chains on my hands and feet at the time of identification, and thus the witnesses who have sworn to my throwing stones and firing a pistol have sworn to what is false, for I was, as those ladies said, at the jail gates. I thank my counsel for their able defence, and also Mr. Roberts, for his attention to my case."

It is useless for me to say anything more in honor of those three martyrs of a noble and holy cause; religion and country. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from reading to you the last solemn messages or declarations of Messrs. Wm. Philip Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin, to the world.

(Continued on page seven.)



(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

A LOWLY MARTYR.

By Miss Emma C. Street.

Colonel Chisholm was angry. Very angry. He had just come in from parade and found that his cash box had been broken open and fifty rupees abstracted therefrom.

Like other hot-tempered, good-hearted Englishmen, the Colonel did not listen to reason when he was angry, and that is how it happened that he had at once accused his new servant of being the thief, although his friend, Major Meredith, who was present, had urged upon him the propriety of making an investigation first.

"I tell you, Meredith," he had said hotly, "there is no one to take that money but that rascally bearer. My English servant is above suspicion, and the chuprassie, Dowla has been in my service for three years, and I have never lost anything before. The other servants were all dismissed when Mrs. Chisholm went to Simla."

"Perhaps some of them who knew your habits paid a surreptitious visit here while you were out this morning," suggested the major.

"Bosh!" was the testy reply. "That fellow Laltah is the thief, and all I am sorry for is that I have no proof. I have dismissed him, and that's all I can do, unfortunately."

"And spoiled his chance of getting another situation in Panigunge," the major reminded him.

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten that. But there, the money is not worth all the fuss we've had about it. What is the latest news?"

Major Meredith's brow clouded as he answered in a troubled tone: "Not good news, Colonel, by any means. The troops in Dum-Dum have revolted. I did not like to say anything on parade lest the men should get wind of it, though we cannot keep it from them very long."

"The rascals!" ejaculated the Colonel wrathfully. "I wish I had to deal with them."

"Do you think our own men are to be trusted?"

"Eh? Why, my dear fellow, you must be dreaming to doubt the Panigunge Irregulars. I'd stake my life on my men."

"You take a more optimistic view of them than I do, then," said Major Meredith bluntly. "I would not trust a man-jack amongst them."

"Tut tut, man; what an opinion you must have of them. It's that very want of confidence that leads them into mutiny; take my word for it."

"Witness Dum-Dum," said the major quietly. "Where they shot down their officers in cold blood when they ventured amongst them."

"They didn't know how to deal with their men," was the obstinate reply. "You don't catch my men mutinying."

"Perhaps not. But I'm glad Mrs. Meredith and my wife are safe in Simla. I wish there were no European women in Panigunge just now."

"What a raven you are," cried the colonel, good humoredly. "Come over to the mess and see if there is any more news, and we might have a game of billiards at the same time."

In the meantime the native servant, who had been accused of the theft of the colonel's money, had made his way out of the bungalow and into a small hut at the back, whence he presently emerged, bearing his worldly possessions in a small bundle. He was a nice looking young fellow, rather more muscular than the general run of Hindoos, and scarcely darker in skin than many Italians are. As he passed slowly through the compound on his way to the gate, a native in livery who had been squatting in the verandah, rose to his feet and hailed him. "Are you going away, Laltah?" he asked, as though in astonishment; but there was an ill-concealed note of exultation in his voice.

Laltah approached and looked him searchingly in the face. "Yes," he said quietly. "I am leaving, and you know what for. The colonel sahib says I am a thief; but you know I am a Christian, Dowla Dass, and no thief. Some day God will judge between me and thee. I leave my cause in His hands."

So saying, he turned and walked away without once looking back; had he done so he would have seen the native in livery looking after his departing form with a grin of triumph expanding his villainous face.

A week later, Colonel Chisholm was confined to his room with a broken leg, the result of a fall from his horse; and the command of his regiment had devolved upon Major Meredith. Late one evening the major entered the invalid's room with a grave face, and signing to the native Dowla, to withdraw, took a letter from his pocket and laid it in the colonel's hand, at the same time asking, "What do you think of that?"

The colonel read the paper through once and then began to re-peruse it, his face gradually growing red with anger. The communication bore no signature, but it purported to be from a Christian Sepoy and was to the effect that a mutiny was brewing among the Panigunge Irregulars, and it ended with a warning to both the colonel and the major that their lives would be the first attempted on the outbreak. The writer further stated that fear of his comrades vengeance alone prevented his signing his name.

"That's a precious production, isn't it?" demanded the colonel, when he had finished reading, handing the letter to Major Meredith, with a contemptuous gesture.

"In my opinion it bears an air of truth," answered the other gravely.

The colonel grew still redder. "Do you mean to tell me that you place any reliance upon an anonymous letter?" he demanded hotly. "Why, man, the very fact that the writer dared not put his name to it is proof sufficient to me that his tale is false."

"But consider, colonel," urged the other earnestly. "This man, a Christian in the midst of fanatical Brahmims would naturally be an object of suspicion if a mutiny were on foot; and if it transpired that their plans were defeated through his agency, his life would not be worth a moment's purchase. I see no reason for the letter unless the information contained in it is true. And another thing—a Christian would naturally be the one who would warn us of such a design."

"Now look here Meredith," cried Colonel Chisholm, irritably, "I have no faith in those canting converts. There is Bingham, our new chaplain, and Father Ambrose of the Catholic chapel, and the pair of them are running a race to see who will make the largest number of proselytes among the niggers. The consequence is that we have a lot of canting humbugs around us who unite all the vice of civilization and paganism without any of their virtues. As a case in point, there was that fellow Laltah whom I discharged last week for theft. He came to me with a recommendation from Father Ambrose."

"You have not yet proved that he was the thief," answered the major, making his point dexterously.

"Pshaw! No criminal invites a witness to look on while he commits his crime. I think the missionaries would do better to attend to the black sheep of their own flocks and leave the niggers alone."

Major Meredith thought differently; but as that was not the question he had come to discuss he changed the subject by asking "do you intend to take any steps or authorise me to take any?"

"On account of that letter? certainly not. I have the utmost confidence in my men," and the colonel's face assumed the most obstinate expression.

Major Meredith knew his superior officer too well to attempt any further argument with him; he merely said with a sigh as he rose to go, "dissatisfaction seems to be spreading rapidly among the native soldiery all over Bengal. It is rumoured that there has been an outbreak in Herit; but I cannot vouch for the truth of the report."

"Depend upon it, half those things are fabrications and the other half exaggerations," said the colonel confidently "the Sepoys would never dare to revolt in earnest."

"I trust not," replied the major soberly, adding under his breath, "for if they do they'll overwhelm us by sheer force of numbers."

"Not they?" asserted the other conclusively, in answer to the spoken words. "So you are going eh? Well, good night, and don't dream of mutineers. Haha," and the colonel laughed cheerfully at the idea.

Major Meredith departed with his mind filled with forebodings. He had not been blind to the fact that the men of the regiment had of late shown a sullenness and delay in obeying orders that argued ill for the spirit prevailing among them. He has drawn the attention of the colonel to it, only to be

laughed at. But for all that he did not allow himself to be cheated into a false security and his first act upon reaching his bungalow was to examine and load a pair of pistols and place his sword within reach as had been his nightly custom for some time past. His last waking thought that night was, "thank God Annie is safe in Simla if anything does happen."

Shortly after the major's departure, Colonel Chisholm's broken leg began to throb painfully and when his English servant, Roberts, came in to help him into bed he declared his intention of passing the night seated in his armchair with the injured limb resting upon a footstool. "Leave me a good lamp and a couple of books, Roberts," he ordered. "This confounded leg is not going to let me sleep I know, so there is no use in going to bed. Get me some lemonade and a cigar too, and leave the door open so that I can wake that punkah wallah if he goes to sleep; Phew! how hot it is. That is all, thanks. You may go to bed yourself now, Good night."

"Good night, sir," Roberts silently withdrew a moment later, and the colonel lit his cigar (in defiance of his physician's orders) took up a book, and began to read.

After a while the silence and the cool air produced by the waving punkah overhead had their effect. The colonel's head sank against the cushioned chair, the book slipped from his hand, and the extinguished cigar fell to the floor. The Colonel slept.

How long he did so he could never afterwards tell, but all at once he awoke and started up in his chair, every sense as keenly alive as though he had never been asleep at all. The room was as still as the grave save for the faint tick of his watch on the table beside him, and he was bathed in perspiration. Glancing up at the punkah, he saw that it had ceased to wave to and fro; and when his eyes naturally sought the cause he perceived that the punkah wallah had disappeared from the dimly lit hall outside the door.

"The rascal must have gone for a drink of water," he told himself half aloud; but there was an indefinable doubt, and a vague sense of impending evil beneath the words that he had never felt before. To be told of the possibility of danger in sunny daylight with friends all around, and to have the same danger suggested to us in the dead of night when we are alone, are two different things; and for the first time the idea of distrusting his men now began to appeal to Colonel Chisholm, though he did not encourage it.

"I must be growing feverish," he muttered irritably, annoyed at the uneasiness he could not rid himself of. "Where the deuce is that rascal of a punkah wallah! I shall be smothered if he stays away much longer."

There was a bell rope close at hand, but the Colonel, who was good hearted despite his faults, hesitated to disturb his servant in the middle of the night; so he contented himself with turning a news paper into a fan and fanning himself



**THE WEAKEST SPOT** in your whole system, perhaps, is the liver. If that doesn't do its work of purifying the blood, more troubles come from it than you can remember.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts upon this weak spot as nothing else can. It rouses it up to healthy, natural action. By thoroughly purifying the blood, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system.

For all diseases that depend on the liver or the blood—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so unfailing and effective that it can be guaranteed.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

On these terms, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

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vigorously, anathematizing the delinquent punkah wallah at the same time. But in spite of those resolute proceedings, he could not banish the vague presentiment of danger that had seized upon him. Quite absurdly, as it seemed to him, the disappearance of his servant associated itself in his mind with the old adage, "Rats desert a sinking ship," and it recurred to him again and again with a persistence that was exasperating to one of his temperament. The very stillness of his surroundings seemed to isolate him from all sense of human companionship, though by stretching out his hand he could have summoned his household in a moment. But he was too obstinate to do that for what he considered a fancy, and he continued to fan himself and fume over his helplessness for some time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FATHER HAMON'S DRAMA.

Produced by Students in New Brunswick College.

Father Hamon, of the Society of Jesus, in this city, and who last Sunday preached a powerful sermon against theatre-going, is the author of a play entitled *Exil et Patrie*. It was produced on Thanksgiving day at Memramcook, N.B., by the students of St. Joseph College there. It is of singular interest, not only to the Acadians of the Maritime Provinces, but to their fellow-religionists, the French-Canadians of Upper Canada. The drama was written in order to put plainly before the eyes of the young French-Canadians and Acadians the evils of emigration to the United States. An Americanized Canadian comes into a prosperous French-Canadian village and persuades one of the habitants to sell his farm and cross the border. The expatriated Canadian and his family secure employment in a factory and make a few dollars in the beginning. In less than a year one of his sons turns his back on his old religion and eschews his mother tongue. The mother dies of chagrin, the eldest daughter is losing her health by overwork and the stifling air of the smoky and dusty factory; another of the sons gets shot while trying to go to work during a strike, and, finally, the father, having invested the remainder of the proceeds of the sale of his farm in stocks, loses and is left penniless, and the landlord evicts him for non-payment of rent after everything had been sold to buy bread for the starving family. The play finishes up by the return of the exiles to Canada, where they resume their peaceful farming operations, poorer but wiser Canadians.

**Armies of the World.**

China has a regular army of 300,000 men, and a war footing of 1,000,000.

Turkey has a regular army of 355,000 men, a war footing of 610,200, and the annual cost of the army is \$19,642,000.

Italy has a regular army of 736,582 men, a war footing of 1,718,938, and the annual cost of the army is \$42,947,268.

Japan has a regular army of 36,777 men, a war footing of 51,721, and the annual cost of the army is \$6,151,000.

Spain has a regular army of 90,000, a war footing of 450,000, and the annual cost of the army is \$24,802,930.

Russia has a regular army of 974,771 men, a war footing of 2,738,305, and the annual cost of the army is \$131,812,502.

France has a regular army of 502,764 men, a war footing of 1,492,041, and the annual cost of the army is \$114,279,761.

Germany has a regular army of 445,402 men, a war footing of 1,492,041, and the annual cost of the army is \$98,330,429.

Great Britain has a regular army of 131,686 men, a war footing of 577,906, and the annual cost of the army is \$74,901,500.

India (British) has a regular army of 189,587 men, a war footing of 308,000, and the annual cost of the army is \$84,481,195.

Austro-Hungary has a regular army of 289,190 men, a war footing of 1,125,838, and the annual cost of the army is \$58,386,915.

The United States has a regular army of 25,745 men, a war footing of 3,175,000 men and the annual cost is \$40,476,640.

No other Sarsapilla has equalled Hood's in the relief it gives in severest cases of dyspepsia, sick headache, biliousness, etc.

AN ABLE ADDRESS

ON THE LIFE AND WORKS OF T. D. MCGEE.

Delivered by Mr. E. J. Duggan, of the Law Firm of Quinn and Duggan, before a Large Audience in the Windsor Hall, at the Annual Concert Given by the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society.

Rev. Fathers, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—When I see the very attractive programme that I am about to interfere with, I feel very reluctant, indeed, to take up any part of your time, more especially after my very flattering introduction to you by the Rev. Father Callaghan. When I was first asked to address your society, I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, I accepted it in fear and trembling. I felt very guilty indeed. I felt I was putting myself in the position of those who have honors thrust upon them without any particular merit of their own; and now that I am facing my audience, sandwiched between such very choice and inviting morceaux of music and song. I tell you what, ladies and gentlemen, I begin to have a pretty good idea of what it is like to be a square peg in a round hole. I have, however, one faint hope left. As an indifferent musician may sometimes succeed in exciting interest by touching the chords of an old melody, so I venture to hope that in selecting a subject, I may have been fortunate enough to choose one which, even under unskillful treatment, will appeal to your sympathies. No doubt many of you, ladies and gentlemen, have known the subject of my sketch this evening,

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE,

and have listened to his oratory; but to the greater number, I am sure, although but twenty-five years have elapsed since his voice was heard in our midst, his figure must loom mistily out of the past as that of some mighty shade which once played a fitful part on our political stage and then suddenly and tragically disappeared. Though, in his youth, an agitator ripe for revolt, D'Arcy McGee became in his mature years a staunch supporter of the British Crown. No doubt the softening influence of the working of British institutions in Canada, where we are free from creed or class privileges, and enjoy the rights our countrymen are fighting for at home, was the great factor in this change of feeling on his part, he in fact simply experienced that revolution in sentiment, which a fair and equal treatment under the British constitution, a fair and equal application of its principles to all alike is bound to produce among Irishmen—as it has in this country among French Canadians—no matter how alien to English sentiment and how opposed to everything English in politics we may have been under the old order. And no observer can ignore the fact that of late years, now that the great British democracy shows signs of active sympathy without national aspirations, that change of sentiment is rapidly making itself more and more felt. A very interesting study could be made of the various gradations of Irish public sentiment towards England, from the fierce wild hatred that once prevailed, born of despair, to the no less resolute but confident and hopeful spirit which the genius and stubborn will of Parnell brought into life and which now animates our race in its struggle towards the light.

That story of our race, ladies and gentlemen, is filled with tears. Famine and the sword have left their imprint on every page. Gallant but hopeless struggles against wholesale confiscations, penal laws, and coercion laws make a sad story, rendered more pathetic still, by the genius and faith of the people which ever shone steadily throughout the gloom. Hunted and proscribed in their own land, many of our country's noblest sons had to choose between a felon's fate at home and what laurels they could wrest from fortune abroad; and the Scottish bard Campbell was inspired by their misfortunes to deplore their fate in the most plaintive lines ever written:—

Sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild wolf and deer to a covert can flee,  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not for me.

To this policy of ostracism on the part of England, France owes the brilliant

services of McMahon; Austria the statesmanship of her first minister, Count Taaffe; Spain her O'Donnell; Mexico and Chili, in the New World, their O'Donoghue and O'Higgins; and to it also are our colonies indebted for Sir Charles Gavin Duffy and our own D'Arcy McGee. Mr. McGee was born in Ireland, in 1825. In his boyhood he emigrated to the United States, and at the early age of seventeen, when the repeal movement was in full strength, we find him addressing an American audience on the 4th of July, and even then evincing that power of oratory which was destined later to make him famous. When O'Connell went broken-hearted to jail, the cause he was forced to abandon fell into the hands of the young Ireland party. McGee was invited by Gavan Duffy to assist him in editing the Nation; and in that body of young men, as brilliant a band as ever pleaded a nation's cause by his essays, articles and poems, he contributed powerfully to the success of the movement they had at heart. No better tribute to his abilities need be required than the words of Gavan Duffy: "Who," he asked, "has served his country's interests with such a fascinating genius. His poetry and his essays touch me like the breath of spring and revive the buoyancy and chivalry of youth."

THE YOUNG IRELAND MOVEMENT

shared the fate of its predecessors. The sturdy John Mitchell, the son of an Ulster Unitarian minister, was condemned to fourteen years' transportation; Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher were condemned to death, but their sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation for life: Gavan Duffy was tried three times but could not be convicted: and McGee was arrested and released, and to avoid fresh arrest had to flee from his country in disguise. Meagher escaped to the United States, where he soon rose to prominence and distinguished himself as general of the Irish Brigade during the civil war. Gavan Duffy left Ireland, a corpse on the dissecting table, as he himself described it, for Australia, and as first minister led the destinies of that giant young colony. McGee fled to the States, but soon afterwards, at the invitation of the Irishmen of Montreal, settled in this city. It is with his subsequent career we are more particularly interested, for it was in Canada he made his mark as a public man and met his untimely death. Against great odds, Mr. McGee was returned in 1858, before he had been a year in our midst, as one of the members for Montreal in the Canadian Parliament then sitting at Toronto. No aspirant to Legislative honours in this country was ever more virulently attacked. His connection with the Irish revolutionary party at a time when among the great majority of the more influential classes, any sympathy with Irish national sentiment was a crime and carried with it social as well as political odium, excited the bitterest opposition, personal as well as political, to his candidature. The English, Irish and Scotch Protestant vote was almost solid against him; to the French-Canadians he was but little known; but the Irish Catholic electors sank all political differences to unite in supporting one in whom their instincts recognized a leader, and they returned him by thirty of a majority. From that day onward Mr. McGee was the most interesting figure in Canadian politics. There were some very clever politicians in those days. The stage was small, but the jealousies of race and creed were all the more intense, and adroitness and tact in combining out of the various elements a Government sufficiently strong to command the support of both houses was required rather than broad statesmanship. It was in this school that Sir John Macdonald acquired the suppleness and tact which afterwards contributed so powerfully to his success; and it was here, too, that the nimble-minded Sir George Cartier agitated for the rights of his countrymen with all the shrewdness and pertinacity of the Gaul, and with a dexterity which prompted McGee to describe him, in the early days of opposition, as

THE LITTLE POLITICAL THIMBLE-RIG.

The names of Lafontaine, Morin, Baldwin, Sanfield McDonald, George Brown, Dorion and Hincks, conjure up visions of men strong in purpose, subtle in fence, and keen of wit, who struggled, agitated and intrigued to such effect, that in the course of a few years neither party could

secure a working majority, government became impossible, and the only way out of the difficulty lay in Confederation. It was among these men that our curly-headed Irish youth was thrown; and by the end of the first session he showed that he too and the people he represented would have to be reckoned with. Upper and Lower Canada were then united, each with an equal number of representatives, but like a badly broken in and restive team, they were continually kicking over the traces and pulling different ways. In Upper Canada the reform party became divided into two sections. The more moderate of which was led by Baldwin and Hincks, and the more extreme by George Brown, who rode the Protestant horse and advocated representation by population and down with French domination. The Protestant horse, by the way, proved baulky and threw its rider, and it will be interesting to learn whether the lighter weight of to-day, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, will turn out a better jockey. And it might be well for him to guard against accidents by securing in advance the services of Professor Gleason. A coalition was afterwards formed between the moderate Reformers of Upper Canada and the Conservatives of Lower Canada, which brought into office the first Liberal administration. This was defeated by the extreme or clear grit Reformers and the Lower Canada Rouges, but the new cabinet only held office for the brief period of two days, when it was succeeded by the Cartier-Macdonald administration in 1858, the year Mr. McGee was first elected. Mr. McGee at the outset supported the Reform party then in opposition; and in 1862, on the defeat of the Cartier-McDonald government, was given the portfolio of president of the Council in the Sanfield McDonald administration. It soon became evident, however, that he could not long remain in sympathy with a party inspired by George Brown and the *Globe*, even though that party did not deem it politic to embody its extreme views in any ministerial measure; and on being passed over and the people he presented ignored, in the reconstruction of the cabinet, he consulted his constituents, and with their consent joined the Liberal Conservative opposition; and in 1865 on the defeat of the Sanfield McDonald cabinet, he became minister of agriculture in the Cartier-McDonald administration, and until confederation remained a member of that cabinet. Mr. McGee was admittedly

THE MOST MAGNETIC SPEAKER

of his day. Though by no means an Adonis, his appearance was striking and would attract attention in any assembly. A massive head crowned by thick curling dark locks, and set on a well knit, rather burly frame, slightly under medium height, and a countenance, rather heavy in repose, but mobile and fascinating, when lit up by play of fancy or earnestness of purpose, indicated an abundance of energy and resource. Personal prejudices soon took flight before his natural charm of manner and fund of humor; his ready wit and well stored mind commanded the respect of his most bitter opponents; and in public speaking, by the magic of his eloquence, he charmed his hearers and made them realize

"What spells of infinite choice  
To rouse or lull as the sweet human voice!"

His prolific brain was never idle. While discharging the duties of his office and actively engaging in the strife of political life, he contributed any number of essays and reviews to various periodicals and newspapers, delivered lectures on an infinitude of subjects all over the country, and wrote a history of Ireland. Nor did he ever go back on his early faith and his early love. When taunted in the Canadian legislature for his early connection with the Irish revolutionary party, he replied that if the same state of things existed here he would be a rebel in Canada as he had been a rebel in Ireland in 1848; and his memorable letter to the Earl of Mayo, written a few days before his death, pleading earnestly the cause of his motherland, was quoted by Mr. Gladstone as a "prophetic voice from the dead, coming from beyond the Atlantic."

As in the case of all born leaders of men, there was Mr. McGee's nature a dreamy, poetic strain which lent a charm to his treatment of even the most prosaic and practical subjects; and in the midst of more serious matters, he still found time for an occasional flirtation with

the muses. Time will not allow me to treat at any length this branch of my subject, and I will simply quote one of his charming lyrics which breathe the true spirit of poetry:—

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,  
My Heaven by day, my stars by night—  
And, twin-like, truth and fondness lie  
Within her swelling bosom white.  
My Irish wife has golden hair—  
Apollo's harp had once such strings—  
Apollo's self might pause to hear  
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

But a dark cloud, pregnant with fate, was gathering on the horizon. The sympathy shown by England to the Southern cause and her recognition of Southern belligerent rights, had excited an intense feeling of bitterness in the North, which showed itself at the close of the war in the indirect encouragement given by the American Government to the Fenian flubusterers, who conceived the criminal project of striking England through her Colony and avenging the wrongs of Ireland by shedding innocent Canadian blood. Mr. McGee had just returned from a visit to the old country and the continent. He had represented Canada at the great Paris exposition, he had gone to Rome with a deputation from the St. Patrick's congregation in this city, he had written a series of charming letters from Paris, Rome and other cities of the continent, he had lectured in Ireland, and, with some of his colleagues in the cabinet had taken a leading part in laying the plan of confederation before the Imperial authorities in London. On his return here he found the Fenian secret societies in full blast and the informer plying a thriving trade. He proceeded at once to denounce vigorously the whole conspiracy. For this a faction among his countrymen called him a renegade and a traitor, and he had to meet an opposition at the polls as bitter as that which he overcame in the first instance, and infinitely more bitter and mortifying to himself because it came from those whose gratitude he deserved the most. But this time found elsewhere a sufficient loyal support to counteract the defections among his own compatriots; and the very element which had sought to defeat him in his first appeal now won for him the closing victory of his political life. The advice of Mr. McGee then gave, and the stand he took, time has since fully justified. No argument is now required to show what silly dupes were those who allowed their honest sympathies for our motherland to be played upon and set their own weak, passionate judgment against the wise, calm counsel of

THEIR TRIED AND GIFTED LEADER.

But frank and fearless in the extreme, Mr. McGee made statements on the platform and in the press—statements his own friends warned him against as rash and injudicious—which set some of the conspirators trembling for their own safety. I shall not attempt to harrow your feelings and spoil a pleasant evening by going into the sad details of the tragedy that followed, but will simply say that on the night of the 6th of April, 1868, at Ottawa, after he had delivered one of the noblest speeches ever heard within the walls of a Canadian parliament, on the cementing of the lately formed union by bonds of mutual kindness and good will, the great orator, to use the words of Mrs. Sadler, "the preacher of peace, the sagacious statesman, the gifted son of song, the loved of many hearts, met his death at the hands of an assassin." Only 43 years of age when struck down. With his magnificent gifts, I think I am warranted in saying that had he lived, he would in all probability, in the fruition of years, have reached the highest position in this country a public man can hope to attain. Setting aside all question of the greatness of the loss and looking simply to its effects on our city alone, I can only compare the murder of McGee, in its folly and malignity, to that other outburst of stupid fanaticism,—the burning of the Parliament buildings, which deprived the city forever of the seat of Government.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, poor McGee has gone to his last rest on that couch of which he himself spoke in his farewell to a friend.

Old friends, the years wear on, and many cares  
And many sorrows both of us have known;  
Time for us both a quiet couch prepares—  
A couch like Jacob's, pillow'd with a stone.  
He was but ten years among us; but in  
all that time he was one of those grand  
central figures around which events re-  
volved. His last speech was an eloquent



plea for tolerance, mutual kindness and good will; his last ministerial act was one of self-effacement in accord with that plea; his last essay was an article written for the Catholic World on one of our mother country's great men, "Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop and Martyr," and I may add, that one of the last acts of his private life was to join the St. Patrick's Temperance Society. I may say further, ladies and gentlemen, that Mr. McGee never took advantage of his position as Minister of the Crown to enrich himself at his country's expense, but died as he had lived, a poor and an honest man.

I have said that his last public act was one of self-sacrifice. The diversity of interests to be recognized in the formation of the first Dominion Government was most perplexing to the leader of the ministry, Sir John Macdonald. A place in the Cabinet had been offered Mr. McGee. No one was better entitled to it, for no one had done so much with pen and tongue for Confederation, and his title was undisputed, yet he sacrificed his own personal feelings and voluntarily resigned his claim to make way for a representative of Nova Scotia, in the person of Mr. Kenny, an Irish Catholic, like himself.

I have given you, ladies and gentlemen, as briefly as I could, the broad lines of Mr. McGee's life. I shall not take up more of your time, but cannot conclude without quoting a couple of stanzas written by our Canadian poet, Mr. John Reade, on the subject of a sketch for one of the annual Hallowe'en celebrations by the St. Andrew's Society of this city:

"Ah, wad that he were here the night,  
Whase tongue was like a faerie lute,  
But vain the wish; McGee thy might  
Lies low in death—thy voice is mute.  
He's gone, the noblest o' us a'—  
Aboon a care o' wardly fame;  
An' wha sae proud as he to ca'  
Our Canada his name?"

"The gentle maple weeps an' waves  
Aboon our patriot-statesman's head;  
But if we prize the licht he gave,  
We'll bury sneers of race and creed.  
For this he wrought, for this he died;  
An' for the love we bear his name,  
Let's live as brithers, side by side,  
In Canada, our name."

**An Act of Expiation.**

No more impressive sight could have been witnessed than that exhibited in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris on Sunday, 12th November, when a special service of expiation, adoration and homage was offered to the offended majesty of God for the frightful scenes of sacrilege and desecration which took place there one hundred years ago: when the statue of the Blessed Virgin was trodden under foot, and a woman representing the Goddess of Reason sat in the sanctuary; when hideous songs and obscene dances received the applause of the people; and when it was officially decreed that there was no God in France, and that the Catholic Church no longer existed. The defeat of Napoleon and the restoration of the Legitimist Sovereign prepared the way for the immediate re-establishment of the Church, and not all the efforts of Communists, Orleanists, or Extremists, have availed to bring the Faith so low again. On Sunday the vast Cathedral was crowded, when in the presence of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, and the Bishops of Vannes and Bayeux, accompanied by numbers of priests, monks, and members of the Religious Orders, a solemn chanting of the psalm *Miserere*, followed by an *amende honorable*, pronounced from the pulpit, and by a procession and veneration of all the relics recovered at the Restoration, took place. All heads were bowed and all knees bent, as the relics in their richly-chased and ornamental caskets were borne through the building; and again when the Benediction was given by the Cardinal Archbishop. The lesson of this public act of expiation is not difficult to read. It is to be hoped that the Governments of France will see in it proof positive of the inutility and danger of tampering with that Church which will endure all days, even to the consummation of the world, despite their most malignant efforts at persecution and oppression. That such a happy end may yet be in store under a moderate and stable Republic is no less the Pontiff's wishes than the wish of a growingly strong body of Catholics.—*London Tablet*.

New Girl: What does your papa like for breakfast? Little Mable: He always likes most anything he hasn't got.

**IRISH NEWS.**

Thomas Whelan, Redmondite, has been unanimously chosen chairman of the Athy Town Commissioners.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Lucas D. Gray, of Ballibay, to the Commission of the Peace for County Monaghan.

It is announced that Mark Cooney, of Killoggan, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Wexford.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Lieut.-Col. William Lynam, of Warrenpoint, Clontarf, to the Commission of the Peace for County Dublin.

Henry Owens, of Beragh, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Commission of the Peace for County Tyrone on the recommendation of Earl Belmore, Lord Lieutenant of the county.

An excitement contest took place in Boyle for the election of Town Commissioners. The voting for the successful candidates was: Clarke (Nationalist), 67; Bridges, (Tory), 48; Cunningham, (Nationalist), 40.

There was no contest in Thurles this year at the annual election of Town Commissioners, the outgoing board, Timothy Shetley, Benjamin Jackman, Patrick O'Mara and Joshua L. Johnson being returned unopposed.

The voters of Fermoy have elected these gentlemen members of the Town Commission Board: Edmund Byrne and James Aherne, Nationalists; Henry Barry, Thomas Coughlan and William Eagan, Redmondites.

The outgoing commissioners of the Ballinasloe Town Board—J. Ward, J. P.; J. Cogarin, L. Conroy, J. Rigney, and T. F. Meagher—were re-elected without opposition. John Rigney was chosen chairman for the seventh time without opposition.

The death of Charles Barden Hely, the well-known stationer of Dame Street, Dublin, at the age of seventy-two years, is announced. He founded and established an extensive and prosperous business. Mr. Hely was a Justice of the Peace for the city.

Alderman Dillon, the newly-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, is a practising solicitor, and has been in the thick of the political battle in Ireland since the initiation of the Land League. He acted as solicitor for the accused in nearly all the famous State trials in which members of the Irish Parliamentary parties have been defendants.

There is a hardy veteran named Tom Bradley living at Murrisk, who has attained the patriarchal age of 102, and is still so hale and active that he works in the field, and walks every Sunday to hear Mass at Lecanvey—a distance of two and a half miles, says the *Connaught Telegraph*. He frequently comes to the market at Westport, and cares little for the journey of eight miles in and out.

**Erection of a "Cross of Jerusalem" in the Vendee.**

The people of La Vendee are the descendants of a race of heroes many of whom died for their faith just a hundred years ago. This year is therefore for them a centenary. The whole country has been astir with the last few days, twenty thousand persons turning their steps toward Rabasteliere. Rabasteliere is a small commune of less than six hundred inhabitants and is already a site of pilgrimage because of its church of Our Lady of La Salette. The planting of a cross of Jerusalem in this church was the occasion of the recent gathering. It was not only Vendean who were present, but people from different parts of France. The great cross, twenty-seven feet high, had a history. It had been made of wood cut down on the estate of the Catholic Mayor of the place, the Comte de la Poeeze. It was at Jerusalem last year with the members of the Eucharistic Congress. Carried by pilgrims under the direction of the Fathers of the Assumption it had made the stations of Our Lord's Passion. After being thus hallowed, it was the object the other day of the veneration of an entire population. The church to which it was to be borne is on a hill. The twenty thousand persons assembled covered the ground below and around, the greater number of these being dressed in national costume. Religious ceremonies succeeded each other for three hours. Then the procession of the Cross began, preceded by military music. A line of young girls

followed dressed in white; then women, and then men with rosaries in their hands and singing hymns. When the cross appeared in sight, borne on the shoulders of thirty stalwart Vendean, a discharge of fire-arms proclaimed the fact. The multitude were on their knees in a moment with faces to the earth. "Vive le Croix! Vive Jesus!" arose as from one voice. When the Cross had made the ascent of the hill as of another Calvary, a monk came forward and addressed the people. His dress, beard, and leathern girdle bespoke him one of the Fathers of the Assumption. It was the eloquent Pere Joseph Maubon, charged by the Holy Father to give the Papal blessing on this occasion. "I am the least worthy of God's servants," he said, "to be charged with such an office by His Holiness." Then followed an address of thrilling earnestness. People listened on their knees, peasants and people from the towns, kneeling side by side with bearers of some of the noblest names in France. At the end, foreheads were bent to the earth as, in the person of the humble monk, Leo XIII. bless the crowd.—*N. Y. Catholic Review*.

**National Council of Women**

The Countess of Aberdeen will preside in the Victoria Rifles' armory on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock at a meeting of ladies representing the various charitable and benevolent associations of the city, both Catholic and Protestant, with the view of forming a branch of the National Council of Women of Canada for the province of Quebec. Such an organization has been in existence in the United States since 1888, and similar organizations have done good work in both England and Scotland. This council is founded on the broadest basis, and aims at promoting women's work of every kind for the sake of the helpless, the unfortunate and the distressed, without distinction of race or party or creed. Luckily for society, it is possible in this last decade of the nineteenth century to contemplate suffering and misfortune from the broad stand-point of humanity, and to treat the alleviation of these in a purely humanitarian way. It is hoped that the broad spirit of Lady Aberdeen may be reciprocated by the ladies of Montreal, and that a branch of the council will be initiated on Thursday, and demonstrate to our citizens the immense superiority of a broad, public-spirited treatment of all charitable and benevolent enterprise.

**A PROMPT CURE.**

GENTLEMEN,—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache. *ETHEL D. HAINES, Lakeview, Ont.*

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.—Landlady: Why, sir, I was honly sayin' to Mary Hann as 'ow the very gentleman what 'ad your rooms on'y last year, sir, 'e painted this very view what you're doin', sir, that 'e did. Artist: Indeed. He was an artist, then? Landlady: 'E, sir? No, sir. 'E was a puffick gentleman, 'e was, sir.

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a lady to her servant. "Because I didn't hear the bell." "Hereafter, when you don't hear the bell, you must come and tell me so." "Yes'm."

He: I think you love me. Am I right? She: No, sir; you are left.

**DIED.**

GEHERTY.—In this city, on Tuesday, the 21st November, Mary Geherty, aged 62 years and 5 months. May her soul rest in peace.

**HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN**

Desires a full attendance of the Ladies engaged in every educational, charitable and benevolent enterprise in the city (both Catholic and Protestant) to be held in the Victoria Rifles Armory, Calvert street, on THURSDAY, the 30th inst., at 3 o'clock. The object of the meeting will be to consider the practicability of forming in Montreal a branch of "The National Council of Women of Canada." Her Excellency will preside and explain the constitution and aims of the above council.

M. McDOUGALL,  
Vice-Pres. for the Prov. of Que.  
November 27th, 1893.

**Requiem Mass.**

This morning a solemn *Requiem Mass* was chanted in St. Patrick's Church for the departed members of the C. M. B. A. The service was largely attended by members of the Association, as well as by a goodly number of parishioners. It was a worthy and a Catholic deed and illustrative of the true spirit of Faith that animates the organization. We have only time to notice briefly the event, as our forms are ready for press, but we could not allow it to pass without at least a word of recognition.

SPITEFUL.—Miss Passey: That's a photograph of myself, taken when I was two years of age. Miss Spoonbill: I didn't think photography had been invented so far back as that, dear.—*Funny Folks*.



Mrs. H. D. West of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

**\$200 Worth**

**Other Medicines Failed**

**But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.**

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with

**Erysipelas**

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

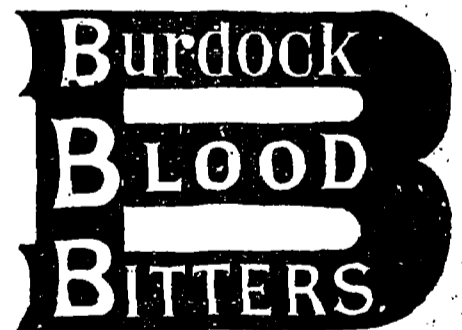
**Walk Two Miles**

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Four bottles has done more for me than \$200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known." Mrs. H. D. West, Church street, Cornwallis, N. S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache. 25c.



UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOGGED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRADUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKENING THE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECTING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY YIELD TO THE CURATIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

**FURNITURE AND PIANOS.**—Our new Illustrated Catalogue of Furniture and Pianos will be sent free all through the Province on application, with a price list. Please mention if it is a Catalogue for Furniture or Pianos that you wish for. F. LAPOINTE, Furniture and Piano Dealer, 154 1/2 to 155 1/2 St. Catherine St. 19-11

[From the Catholic Union and Times.]

A REPLY

To Mgr. Coxe, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York.

MONSIGNOR: I grieve to see that you have again broken loose from the dignified restraint which your episcopal office demands; and that you have indulged in another of those periodical tirades that have long so wearied and mortified your co-religionists in this community. What has been the immediate cause of the present outbreak I am at a loss to discover, unless it be an unworthy irritation on your part at the general jubilee joy and enthusiasm with which this entire city has just honored the modest and retiring Bishop of Buffalo on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Episcopal consecration.

With the same assurance that once prompted you to foist your petty personality upon the attention of Pius IX., you now wantonly impose yourself upon the personal representative of his successor; and in a manner so grotesque and irrelevant, that amusement would be the only result, were it not for the impertinence of your action and the untruthfulness of your statements.

You say that Mgr. Satolli, for the past twelve months, has posed before the American people in an aggressive and offensive manner. The only fraction of the people falsely calling themselves "American," who would endorse that statement are your friends the Orange Aposts—aliens to the spirit of American liberty and criminal conspirators against the Constitution of the United States. The fact is, that few men, if any, ever came to these shores who have so rapidly risen in popular esteem as the Apostolic Delegate. Whithersoever he has journeyed over our land, he has been received with acclaim; for he has been recognized by the American people as the special herald of the great Pontiff, who wants to clothe the Church in the Republic with the garments of justice, liberty and peace.

Indeed, Mgr., I beg to assure you that the only notes of discord which arose in the hymn of thanksgiving with which the Delegate was received, came from your friends the Jesuits, German priests and bishops, and a few English-speaking prelates who wanted to cling to their Czar-like power.

Your taunt that Archbishop Satolli is ignorant of our institutions and system of government, because, as you allege, he does not know English, is a pitiable subterfuge. You, Mgr., if I mistake not, love to pose among innocent people as a great authority on the history and formation of Continental governments. How much Italian, or Spanish, or Portuguese do you know? Must a man know Greek in order to understand the system of government in ancient Athens or the Peloponnesus? Or is it necessary to be familiar with the guttural speech of Red Jacket to know the polity of the Five Nations? As a matter of fact, however, the Papal Delegate does know English, and has long been a deep student and ardent admirer of our American system of government.

Apart from your insulting attack upon a gentleman who never did you wrong, your recent tirade in the New York Herald is nothing but the same old bundle of oft threshed straw that you have flailed away at since you turned back from the threshold of the Church of Rome. Forgetful of the saying of St. Augustine, you still try to steal the name of "Catholic"; and adroitly pretend that the term "Protestant" was assumed for a "civil" purpose. Mgr., you know you are not ingenuous in this explanation. You know very well—and so does every tyro in history—that your co-religionists were all disloyal to the American patriot cause. Your Bishop Seabery spent his time in invoking blessings on England's blood-stained flag; and you know, too, that all the Tories of your Anglican Creed had to fly from the wrath of the Revolutionary heroes, who gave them the choice of "hell or Halifax." As a temporary selection they went to Halifax. And still in the face of those facts you are not ashamed to talk unctiously of the American loyalty of your Anglican forefathers!

Nor can I help admiring the characteristic modesty which impels you to exclaim that you "will speak for America as Bossuet spoke for France." This pre-eminent distinction may, however, be denied to you by your abler Episcopal

brothers, especially since they may uncharitably regard you to be in that doing age when preparations for the tomb may be more fitting your condition than the fierce warfare of the Eagle of Meaux.

As to your kindly offer to "champion" the cause of Catholics in this land against the wiles of the Jesuits, we will ever gratefully remember this friendly disposition in our behalf. But really there seems to be no occasion to invoke your aid just now. Truth to tell, there hasn't been much life in the Jesuits since you gave them the last terrible drubbing; and now that you are going to have another whack at them, you will doubtless finish them entirely. Then we shall all have peace. The millennium will have arrived; and who knows, Mgr., but that you may become a very Paul in the Church-Roman and Apostolic and yet kneel for the blessing of the Pope's Delegate.

Your sincere friend in Christ,  
PATRICK CRONIN.

Protestantism in France.

From the London Tablet.

M. Sabatin, holding the official position of Professor of Protestant Theology at Paris, has published in a Genevan newspaper, a curious study of the actual state of French Protestantism, from which we learn that the number of its adherents does not exceed 650,000, and that amongst these the annual number of deaths exceeds that of births to the extent of 2,350 in three years. Many churches in Normandy and the Gironde district are about to be closed, owing to the gradual extinction of their congregations. In the large towns where Protestantism appears to have increased, it is probably referable to emigration thither from the country districts in which there is a corresponding decline. These figures are surprising in view of the quite disproportionate number of Protestants holding office as public functionaries. Notwithstanding that Protestantism has given to France such men as Calvin and Guizot, it is a recognized fact that it cannot claim a high intellectuality as its distinguishing feature. Hence, the reason of the favour it receives in high places must be sought in its attachment to the present Republican government, which has systematically opposed religion and oppressed the consciences of Frenchmen during the last twenty years. This form of government has been served devotedly by Protestants, who have occupied the highest positions as prefect ministers, teachers, and administrators of the hospitals, where they have been found the most willing instruments in the work of secularization.

Their connection with commerce and speculation has made them the allies of the Jews, and given them thus an enormous influence with the government, to which the fact that very many Protestants are Freemasons, serves also to contribute. M. Sabatin does not hesitate to reveal the internal dissensions which obtain among the French Protestants, who are divided into the Official Church, of which pastors and professors are paid by the government, and the free churches, which include the partisans of a stricter orthodoxy. Even the State-paid Church is further sub-divided into two groups—the Orthodox and the Liberal—between which centennial strife has raged for years. The Liberal border on absolute unbelief by their advocacy of a latitudenarianism which excludes belief in the Divinity of Christ, and is devoid from Channing and Renan; while among those who pretend "Orthodoxy" and assume us of their wish to save Christianity from shipwreck, the low-water mark of evangelicism is so variable that at the end of a few years it will be scarcely discernable. Even in the synods themselves the prevalent desire is to sacrifice, in the name of charity, all dogma to the exigencies of their brethren's consciences. At the present various disputes divide the Churches in different parts of the country. At one it is whether the Apostle's Creed shall find a place in the middle or at the end of the Liturgy; or whether it shall not be altogether omitted. At another, Pastor Monod has raised a theological hurricane by questioning the infallibility of the scriptures; and when the new orthodox demanded his persecution, the Synod compromised matters by affirming its purpose of maintaining the fundamental truth of the

Confession of Faith intact, while permitting to each the liberty of holding his private opinion on individual points thereof. Even M. Sabatin is amused at these quarrels. He winds up by saying that Protestantism always was divided against itself and always will be. Of that who can have any doubt?

GIFTS OF HIS HOLINESS.

Treasures of the Vatican to Remain in America by the Grace of the Pope.

The board of trustees of the new Columbian museum have been anxious to obtain some of the treasures of the Vatican for their new museum. With this object in view, a request was made of His Holiness Leo XIII. to allow some of the treasures now in the convent of La Rabida to remain. The following from the Chicago Herald, shows that the request has been granted:

"A messenger in a dusty uniform of blue, with stripes down his trousers and clutching a large envelope in his hand, came to Director General Davis' office yesterday afternoon and inquired for James W. Ellsworth or one of the other trustees of the Columbian museum. None of the trustees chanced to be in, but a clerk in the office accepted the envelope. It contained a long cablegram from Rome announcing that Pope Leo, whose interest in Chicago had not ended with the close of the fair, had decided to make a number of temporary contributions of great value to the new museum. The cablegram was in Italian. It was delivered to Dr. Bertollette, the United States naval officer on duty in Col. Davis' office, who made a translation and delivered it to the director general. Mr. Ellsworth, at the suggestion of the museum, had cabled to Cardinal Rampolla, asking that a number of treasures sent from the Vatican to the monastery of La Rabida, down on the lake shore, should be left to the museum. Cardinal Rampolla's reply was most gracious. He said the request had been laid before the holy father, who was most anxious to help the museum. Its purposes impressed and interested him, yet it would not be possible to grant all that the museum trustees asked. Many of the relics sent to Chicago had fixed places in the Vatican and were needed to complete collections of great historical value. The separation of the collection, Cardinal Rampolla said, would greatly impair its value. He added, however, that, as evidence of the holy father's interest in the museum, it had been ordered that the famous portrait of Alexander VI. and the large collection of photographs of Columbus' manuscripts should be held in the new museum for an indefinite period.

"The news that came from Rome more than pleased those who are searching for material for the museum. While they only hoped that Pope Leo would grant the full measure of their request they are entirely satisfied with the result of their endeavors and will make proper acknowledgement of the Pope's generosity."

CONSTIPATION CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I suffered for a long time with constipation and tried many medicines without success. I then tried Burdock Blood Ritters and very soon had great relief, so I continued its use and am now completely cured. JOSEPH PHIL-LION, Quebec, Que.

Cynical Editor: Ah, it's the way of the world. We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

GENTLEMEN,—We have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our house for over three years, and find it an excellent remedy for all forms of coughs and colds. In throat and lung troubles it affords instant relief. JOHN BRODIE, Columbus, Ont.

A Paris clothier's sign announces: "Don't go somewhere else to be swindled; walk inside."

A PROMPT CURE.

GENTLEMEN,—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache. ETHEL D. HAINES, Lakeview, Ont.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Father Kneipp, the well-known cold water doctor, of Worishofen, has received from Leo XIII. the dignity of Papal Privy Chamberlain.

A house of the Good Shepherd had been established in Worcester, Mass., under the direction of Sister Lillian. Five other Sisters constitute the community.

Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., will take his departure in a few days for Rome, where he goes upon an official visit to the Pope. He will remain abroad about one year.

The name of the Dominican Father Bertrand Wilberforce, is mentioned as one of the probable successors to the late Dr. Clifford in the See of Clifton, England.

Mgr. Combes, Archbishop of Carthage, who is now in Rome, has had several interviews with the Pope, who repeatedly told him of his desire to aid in the consolidation of the French influence in Tunis. Mgr. Combes will be made a cardinal at the consistory which the Pope will hold in February next.

The first diocese erected in the New World, known then as the Indies of the West Indies was that of an archiepiscopal See of Mexico, established in the year 1535, under Pope Clement VII. The first bishop of the See was a Franciscan monk named Zumarrago.

The Globe House at Church Point, Digby, N. S., and residence of the professors of St. Ann's Catholic College, was burned last Sunday night, together with the college library and valuable historical documents. The priests, professors, and lay brothers, ten in number, escaped in their night clothes. The loss is about \$10,000; partly covered by insurance.

There is a strong movement in favor of the restoration of the religious Orders in Portugal. One of the most popular deputies in the Parliament is Father de Maximinios, the representative of the district of Braga, who has made this question specially his own, and took the lead in an important debate upon it in the late session.

The bulls of appointment of Rev. Edward J. Dunne, rector of All Saints' Church, Chicago, to the See of Dallas were received by him Friday, November 3rd. The time for his consecration has not yet been fixed, but it is that the event will take place before Christmas.

A series of interesting and well-attended missions to non-Catholics have been begun by the Paulist, Father Elliot, in the Detroit Diocese. They will doubtless be productive of great good.

A convention has just been signed between France and the Holy See withdrawing Tunisia from the ecclesiastical government of the Propaganda, and placing it under the immediate jurisdiction of the Pope. This fact is regarded as an additional proof of the sympathy of Leo XIII. for France.

The famous Jesuit college in Mons, Belgium, was destroyed by fire on the 8th inst. All the students escaped injury, but the splendid libraries and halls were burned. The Roman chapel and facade were saved. Three firemen were badly injured. The fire is known to have been incendiary, but the man who started it has not been caught.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the Hospital of St. Hedwige, which is attended by the Sisters of Charity. Its reports, lately issued, shows that during last year 5,640 persons were admitted to the hospital. The majority of these were non-Catholics, the exact number being 2,248 Catholics, 3,311 Protestants, and 59 Jews.

Professor Cuming, M. D., to whom Mr. Gladson has offered a baronetcy, is one of the most eminent of Irish physicians. He has already declined the lesser honor of knighthood. He is an Ulster Catholic and a Nationalist in politics, and practices at Belfast, where he is a professor in the Queen's college. His daughter is married to a son of Sir Charles Russell.

The church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, in Flint village, Mass., was destroyed by fire at 1 o'clock Monday morning. Loss, \$39,000; insurance, \$16,000. The church was the place of worship for thousands of French Canadians and was to be supplanted by a church now in process of construction to cost \$300,000 and accommodate from 4,000 to 5,000 persons.



IRISH LITERATURE.

A SCHEME TO REVIVE THE "SPIRIT OF THE NATION."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's Plan Criticised  
 —The Cheapness of Literature To-day  
 —A Few Gems of Poetry—We Want New Writings, Not Reprints—Build a Literature "on Irish Lines Alone"  
 —"Finn and His Companions."

A few months ago the Irish papers were full of schemes as to the best way to develop a distinct Irish literature. Many plans were suggested, and the one proposed by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, to my mind is hardly a feasible one selected as the best. This scheme, it is as yet but in theory, will found a limited stock company in Dublin, with branches in the other great English speaking cities, to publish reprints of the long neglected writers of the Nation. It is natural that the aged Sir Charles should fondly nurse the writings that appeared in a journal that was as dear as the apple of his eye, writings that came into being under his fostering care. The glasses of old men are not always the best medium for gauging the present. Old men as a rule are always comparing the past with the present to the disadvantage of the latter. They will not learn that what was gold in the hey day of their manhood, is but as tinsel to the generation that follows. The Nation was well in its day, but that day has past, and with it the intrinsic value of most of the writings that once made it a winged arrow. What would Sir Charles reprint? The writings of Davis have been ably edited by that thorough scholar Rolleston, brought out by Walter Scott in his famous Camelot series they are within the reach and pocket of

THE MOST HUMBLE.

There is no living Irishman that can improve on Rolleston's works. The poems of McCarthy have been edited by his son and sell for less than a few shillings. It would surely be an injustice to Irish literature to reprint all the poetry that appeared in the Nation. A capable editor could find amid the chaff enough poems to make a handy meritorious volume. "Such a lyric as McGee's Irish wife is not speedily forgotten," says Stedman; the same might be said of "Caech the Piper," and "The Dying Girl." A book of such lyrics would find ready sale, not only in Ireland, but in America and Australia, wherever was found the footprints of the wandering Celt. Mangan, ably edited would make an enjoyable reprint. What other barding would Sir Charles foist on an over-satiated public? As a young country man told him he reads not aright the sign of the times. It is not reprints that we want, but writings from men of our own day, a helping hand to a living land of Irish writers that are far more capable of producing a distinct Irish literature than the men of '48. This literature must be produced

ON IRISH LINES,

drawn from Irish sources. In other words, it must be an Irish literature written in English. To quote Dr. Hyde, Irish writers "must set their faces against the habit of constantly running to England for new fashions in art and literature." Nor does the writer miss the mark when he repeats and emphasizes that "On Irish lines alone could the Irish race become what it had formerly been—the most originally literary, artistic and charming race in Europe." "On Irish lines alone," the phrase would have been absurd in the days of the Nation, when ancient Irish thought was a sealed book. German scholarship, that hardy pioneer in the unknown lands of literature, taught Irish scholars that the thousand octavo volumes of the ancient literature of their country was well worth exploring. Since then the thought and manner of our hardy ancestors have been daily unfolding themselves, through the dainty volumes of Irish scholars. Each volume but adds to our zest of knowing all that can be known of those bronzed warriors who would gain in comparison with the better known hero of classic lands. What the Reliques gathered by Percy was to his time, or what the tales of the Grimm Bros. was to young Germany will this opening of ancient Irish literature be to the writers of

NEW IRELAND.

In it they will find the material at hand

to build, as Dr. Hyde has it, "on Irish lines alone," a literature that shall embody for all time the lights and shades of the "most charming race in Europe." Of the volumes culled from ancient Irish literature, one of the most recent and charming is "Finn and his Companions," by Mr. Standish O'Grady. It is pleasant to think that while Sir Charles' scheme hangs fire, such a book as Finn comes to us from the press of Carsel, and with a promise of more. The book is published in "The Children's Library," but it is of that rare class that touches a responsive chord in the breast of young and old. No Irish American boy should be without it; it will make him feel proud of his race, and be a sure antidote against the slurs that superficial writers love to hurl against it. The illustrations are by Jack Zeats, a young Irish artist, whose clever pencil has added to the beauty of the text. The stories of Finn are told by Caelta, a cousin of Ossian, to St. Patrick in his little church made of straight trees interlaced with osiers on the plains of Meath, at place near the river Boyne, westward from Tara.

"Long, long ago, beyond the misty space,  
 Of twice a thousand years,  
 In Erin old there lived a mighty race,  
 Taller than Roman spears."

It is of this race and their great deeds that Caelta regales the saint by the evening fire. Caelta and his companions had been preserved in an enchanted palace to the coming of St. Patrick. What manner of men these remnants of the Finns were may be seen from the following description:—

"The tallest of the tansured Gaels and Britons who were with Patrick would not reach to their shoulder blades, and hardly to the waist of the man who walked before the others and seemed to be their captain. They wore shields and swords, and in their hands carried spears proportioned to their size and strength. Each man's mantle, blue, green, or scarlet, was folded round his shoulders and fastened on the breast by brooches and rings of which were like wheels of gold and silver. Their knees were bare and their hair, escaped from the brazen helmets, fell in dense curling masses on their shoulders. Their port was majestic, and the meaneast of them carried himself like a king. The greatest warrior of this gigantic race was Finn, the son of Cool, the son of Tremnor, high captain of the Fianna of Erin."

His marvellous feats on the hunting field and battle ground are charmingly told in the pages of Standish O'Grady.

The description of Finn whets the appetite: "He was dressed in the skins of wild beasts, and wore over his shoulders a huge thick cloak of wild boars' skins, fastened on the breast with a white tusk of the same animal. He wore a shield and two spears. Though of huge stature his face was that of a boy, smooth on the cheeks and lips. It was white and ruddy and very handsome. His hair was like refined gold. A light seemed to go out from him, before which the candles burned dim." That this sturdy Pagan warrior was not only great in stature, but also in character, may be gleaned from a few of the rules used in his training of his favorite nephew:—

"Pursue mildness, son of Lewy. Don't beat hounds without good cause.

"Don't censure high chiefs.

"Keep two-thirds of thy politeness for women and humble people.

"Don't rage against the rabble.

"Strive to hold others in esteem and to like them; so the host will not be offended though thou art loud and noisy.

"Trust not in thy courage and thy great strength, but consider well thy arms and thy armour. Then with confidence bend thy knee to the battle and thy brow to the pale, fierce fight, etc."

I am almost tempted to quote a tale of Finn's encounter with the enchanter, whose ball of fire spit from his mouth every hallow'een destroyed the palaces of Tara, but the cheapness of the book, placing it within the reach of all, forbids me from snatching a tale from so lovely a setting. Art nowadays wants the setting as well as the picture to be enjoyed. If this sketch will introduce "Finn and His Companions" to the homes of the exiled Celts, it will have fulfilled the writer's wish.

W. LECKY.

**NO OTHER** Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which makes **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself.

A BRILLIANT CONCERT.

Address on the "Manchester Martyrs."  
 (Continued from page two.)

DECLARATION OF WILLIAM PHILIP ALLEN.

"I wish to say a few words relative to the charge for which I am to die. In a few hours more I will be going before my God. I state in the presence of that great God that I am not the man who shot Sergeant Brett. If that man's wife is alive, never let her think that I am the person who deprived her of her husband; and if his family is alive, let them never think I am the man who deprived them of their father. I confess I have committed other sins against my God, and I hope He will accept of my death as a homage and adoration which I owe his Divine majesty, and in atonement for my past transgressions against Him."

"There is not much use in dwelling on this subject much longer; for by this time I am sure it is plain that I am not the man that took away the life of Sergeant Brett. I state this to put juries on their guard for the future, and to have them inquire into the characters of witnesses before they take away the lives of innocent men, but then, I ought not to complain. Was not our Saviour sold for money, and His life sworn away by false witnesses? With the help of the great God, I am only dying to a world of sorrow to rise to a world of joy. Before the judgement seat of God there will be no false witnesses tolerated; everyone must render an account for himself. I forgive all the enemies I ever may have had in this world. May God forgive them. Forgive them, sweet Jesus, forgive them: I also ask pardon of all whom I have injured in any way. In reference to the attack on the van, I confess I nobly aided in the rescue of the gallant Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey. It is well known to the whole world what my poor country has to suffer, and how her sons are exiles to the world over; then tell me where is the Irishman who could look on unmoved, and see his countrymen taken prisoners, and treated like murderers, and robbers in British dungeons? May the Lord have mercy on our souls, and deliver Ireland from her sufferings. God save Ireland."

DECLARATION OF MICHAEL LARKIN.

"Men of the World—I, as a dying man, going before my God, solemnly declare I have never fired a shot in all my life, much less the day the attack was made on the van, nor did I ever put a hand on the van. The world will remember the widow's son's life that was sworn away, by which he leaves a wife and four children to mourn a loss. I am not dying for shooting Brett, but for mentioning Colonel Kelly's and Deasey's names in the court. I am dying a patriot for my God and my country, and Larkin will be remembered in time to come by the sons and daughters of Erin. Farewell, dear Ireland, for I must leave you, and die a martyr for your sake. Farewell, dear mother, wife and children, for I must leave you all for poor Ireland's sake. Farewell, uncles, aunts and cousins, likewise sons and daughters of Erin, I hope in heaven we will meet another day. God be with you. Father in heaven, forgive those who have sworn my life away. I forgive them and the world. God bless Ireland."

DECLARATION OF MICHAEL O'BRIEN.

"I have only to make these few remarks: I did not use a revolver or any other firearms, or throw stones, on the day that Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey were so gallantly rescued. I was not present, too, when the van was attacked. I say this not by way of reproach, or to give annoyance to any person; but I say it in the hope that witnesses may be more particular when identifying, and that juries may look more closely to the character of witnesses, and to their evidence, before they convict a person to send him before his God. I trust that those who swore to seeing me with a revolver, or throwing stones, were nothing more than mistaken. I forgive them from my heart, and likewise, I forgive all who have ever done me or intended to do me any injury. I know I have been guilty of many sins before my God; in satisfaction for these sins I have tried to do what penance I could, and having received the sacraments of the Church, I have humbly begged that He

"would receive my sufferings and death, to be united to the sufferings and death of His innocent Son, through whom my sufferings can be rendered acceptable. My Redeemer died a more shameful death, as far as man could make it, that I might receive pardon from Him and enjoy His glory in heaven. God grant it may be so, I earnestly beg my countrymen in America to heal their differences, to unite in God's name for the sake of Ireland and liberty."

Let the officers and members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians work in harmony and never forget that the promotion of friendship, unity and true charity is the noble aim of their association. Let them always be true to their religion and staunch supporters of the sacred cause for which Allen, O'Brien and Larkin died so nobly on the scaffold. Let them always remember that British rule in Ireland could deprive the Irish people of their homes and property, but never—no, never, could it deprive them of their love of country and religion; their *soggarth aroon*.

It remains for me, ladies and gentlemen, to thank you for your kind attention, and to ask you to often repeat those three dear words of Allen, O'Brien and Larkin—"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

The Reverend lecturer resumed his seat amidst great applause.

Mr. Birmingham also made a few remarks on the history and objects of the Order of Hibernians.

Ald. Nolan moved a vote of thanks to Father O'Meara, and this was seconded by Mr. T. Catlin, of Kingston.

The entertainment concluded with selections by Prof. William Sullivan, solo violinist; Mess. Ed. Watt, jig dancer; Geo. P. Holland, Frank Drew, Hayes and Pearson.

Rev. Brother Arnold.

Montreal's popular educator, the Rev. Brother Arnold, is in town on a short visit. We were delighted to find our good friend in such fine spirits and robust health. Brother Arnold is residing for the term of his visit with Rev. Brother Denis, Superior of the Archbishop Academy on St. Margaret street. We learned with pleasure that this is probably only the first of numerous visits that the most beloved of all teachers, will pay to the city. Needless to say, that we voice the sentiments of thousands in wishing Brother Arnold long years of health and activity in the exercise of the duties which his life-labor demand.

ITALIAN CABINET RESIGNS.

The Ministers Decided That Their Usefulness Was at an End.

ROME, November 24.—A meeting of the Cabinet was held this morning. The situation arising from the reading yesterday in the Chamber of Deputies of the report of the committee appointed to investigate the bank scandals was most thoroughly discussed, and the ministers decided that their usefulness was at an end. In accordance with this decision the cabinet tendered its resignation as a whole to King Humbert.

The members of the party of the extreme Left will meet to-day and debate the question of impeaching the Cabinet.

Among the many things contained in the report of the committee on the bank scandals, is a statement that the charges made by certain newspapers that Prime Minister Giolitti used money of the Banco Romano to advance the interests of his party at the last election, are not proved by the evidence, but the committee declined to say they were disproved.

PREVAILING SICKNESS.

The most prevalent complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, inflammations and congestions. For all these and other painful troubles Haggard's Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy.

Teacher: What tree is noted for longevity? Little Boy: The family tree.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c and 50c, at all druggists.



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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1893

## THE DEVIL VS. THE CHURCH.

In recent numbers we gave a few of the evidences that incontestably prove the divine origin and mission of the Catholic Church; amongst others we pointed out the perpetual antagonism between the World and the Church, also between the Flesh and the Church; in this issue we desire to call attention to the war that has been ever waged between the Devil and the Church. The subject is so vast that hundreds of volumes would not exhaust it; we will, however, try to present, in a few words, the story of that wonderful struggle.

There was war amongst the heavenly beings; long before the creation, a spirit of insubordination entered a section of the celestial hosts, and Lucifer, "Star of the Morning," conceived the idea of usurping God's power and raising a rebellion in the abode of happiness. *Non serviam*, "I will not obey," cried out the archangel; and immediately, quicker than the flash of thought, as rapid as the movements of Divinity, God's mandate went forth, the caverns of eternal torture were excavated from out chaos, and with the thousands of the rebel followers—to use the sublime words of Milton—

"Him the Almighty Power,  
Hurled headlong flaming, from the ethereal  
sky,  
Amidst horrid ruin and combustion,  
Down to bottomless perdition, there to dwell,  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

War; eternal war was then and there declared between the leader of Infernal Powers and God, between Evil and Good, between Hell and Heaven.

Mark the sequel! In the gloomy recesses of his dreary prison-house the Devil groaned in his anguish and twisted and turned in his vain efforts to escape the punishment of his crime; and when it dawned upon his mind that all hope was forever extinguished, he held deep and long council with his fellow-demons, and they plotted and planned an impotent vengeance against the Almighty. Meanwhile strange and unheard-of mysteries were taking place around and above him; in his memory—that of an angel even though fallen—he could not find anything to compare with the wonderful prodigies he beheld. And with the quiet power of the Infinite God challenged him to understand. To replace the hosts that were eternally lost the Omnipotent formed plans that not even the keen intelligence of the Devil could grasp. From his dark abode of woe and pain the fallen angel beheld vapors arising out of space, matter assuming form, planets rolling into existence, suns rising from nothingness, earth becoming rounded and hardened, waters assuming limits, huge signs of a vegetable life springing up only to fall back into carboniferous formations, grasses and plants coming out of the land, creeping things upon the soil and living creatures in the deep, and finally—after all this mysterious panorama was over. Man appearing upon the scene, a being beautiful in his likeness to the Creator, perfect in body, majestic in mind, combining the mortal that must perish with the immortal that cannot die. All this the

Demon beheld, and he could not understand it. What new tortures was God preparing for him? Who was this rival that was one day to replace him in heaven? And in his rage and torture the Infernal Monarch cried out: "Oh! God, Thou has conquered! I cannot destroy Thee; but I can and will frustrate Thy plans; I will destroy Thy creature man; I will rob Thee of this grand creation; I will drag Thy favorite down to the Hell of my abode; yes, God, I will have my revenge!" And immediately the battle-field is changed; the struggle that was carried on in the chancel of heaven, is now to be renewed on the great battle-ground of humanity. The soul of man is to become the object of strife, and the Powers of Hell and the Powers of Heaven are about to begin once more to wrestle, and this time the trophy of victory will be the soul of man.

Let us not lose time with the well-known story of the fall of Adam, the ruin of human happiness, the expulsion from the garden of Eden, the condemnation, when the voice of God hurled the curse of death at the unfortunate victim of the Demon's cunning. All our readers know the history of the crime, the triumph of Satan, the destruction of man, and the countless ills and woes that have been the consequences of that original sin. God in His just anger, was about to hurl the thunderbolt of perpetual destruction at His creature, when—wonderful to conceive—the voice of the Second Person of that Most Holy Trinity, speaking to the Father in the accents of a mercy and the tones of a love that know no limit, said: "Strike not yet, O Father! Let the image of ourselves suffer the penalty of his sin, but do not crush him. His offence is infinite, for it is against an Infinite Being; I, Thy Son, will go; I will take on My shoulders the crimes of that unhappy race; I will offer a sacrifice meet to propitiate Thy offended majesty; I will be the Saviour, the Redeemer of man." And lo! a new dispensation began. The Demon had, as he imagined, triumphed; he had frustrated God's plans; he had ruined God's creature; but still, away behind the mystic veil of Infinite greatness there were designs being formed and executed, while the Demon reposed in the almost perfect assurance that God's power had been exhausted. Little did he suspect what was being done.

Ages rolled on; prophets arose and foretold the wonders of a coming salvation; patriarchs preached; great leaders conducted the chosen people; laws were thundered from Mount Sinai; the tents of Israel appeared in the desert; the temple arose glorious upon the heights of Mount Zion; and finally, when the day came, when four thousand years had vanished into the past, the hour of God's mercy rang loud in the eternal halls, while on the dial of time the hand of Omnipotence pointed to the moment of Redemption. The Star shone over the crib at Bethlehem, and the first faint cry of the new-born infant sounded throughout all Heaven proclaiming the commencement of that work of love, and it reverberated throughout the caverns of Hell, announcing to the Demon the failure of all his plans and the ultimate triumph of God.

Wonderful as the appearance of man must have been to the dark Spirit that sought to comprehend God's purposes, still more astounding was this new miracle of combination. It was only now the Demon learned how inexhaustible are God's resources. He now discovered, for a first time, that the masterpiece of God's work was not "man made to the image and likeness of God," but it was "God taking the form and nature

of His creature man." Four thousand years before the mortal and immortal were united in man; but now it is the human and the Divine, the creature and the Creator; the mortal and the Eternal that are united in one Being; and that one is the Redeemer of man, the Conqueror of Hell, the Confounder of the Demon. After four thousand years of watching and planning, once more Lucifer beholds the evidence of his impotence and the proof of the Almighty's all-conquering and unconquerable power. With a shriek of rage, the fierce enemy of heaven and of man, rushes down distracted, confused, defeated into the black and miserable state of his misery.

Three and thirty years pass over; and upon the summit of Calvary, with His blood pouring down in torrents and His death wounds gaping in fearful suffering, consumed by a flame of superhuman love, and in the midst of human agony, the Son of God fulfilled the promise made to the Father; He carried man's sins upon His shoulders; He offered up an Infinite sacrifice of expiation; He redeemed man from the grasp of Satan. More than all this; He established His church and gave to man all the sacraments and graces requisite unto salvation. Lucifer failed to destroy God in Heaven; he failed through Christ's mercy, to destroy man after the fall in Eden; he now has one more chance, one more means of vengeance against heaven! He has rapidly conceived and rapidly arranged his plans. "Henceforth! O Christ!" cried out the baffled Demon, "I will dedicate my time, my power, my resources, my every energy to frustrate Thy work; I will destroy Thy Church; I will tear down Thy great legacy to man; I will smash to atoms the handiwork of the One who has pursued me with such vengeance and such success." And immediately the field of battle is again changed. It is true the soul of man is still the trophy for which Hell and Heaven contend, but the arena of the struggle will henceforth be the Church of Christ. From the day of Redemption until the fiery night that will precede the last judgment, the Devil will array all his forces against the Church of Christ; he will leave no stone unturned to frustrate the designs of heaven, he will follow with unrelenting and ever increasing vengeance the adherents of that Faith of salvation.

In our next issue we will continue this subject, and trace the struggle between the Devil and the Church.

## PURGATORY.

Here we are at the end of November, the month specially consecrated to the suffering souls in Purgatory. At the commencement of the month we spoke of the importance and necessity of prayers for the dead. We feel confident that the greater number of our readers have not been neglectful of the dear departed ones, and that many a link has been struck off the chains which bind the blessed ones in their prison house of waiting. If so, we may be sure that in gratitude they will remember all the good done for them, and repay it a hundred-fold, when comes our time to require their services. Meanwhile, we hope that the good practices of this month will be continued on through the remainder of the year. Before saying farewell to November of 1893, we desire to present a simple argument in support of the doctrine of Purgatory and to prove, in an unanswerable manner, the reasonableness of that dogma. By Purgatory, of course, we mean a third, or intermediate state, between heaven and hell; a

place of expiation where the not mortally sinful, yet, not perfectly immaculate, are detained for a time, before being permitted to enjoy the Beatific Vision.

It is generally admitted that what has taken place can possibly occur again; if a locality once existed there is no reasonable ground for stating that it cannot continue to exist; much more is it so when we refer to matters in which the power of the Divinity is concerned; if God created a world there is every rational reason to believe that He can support that world or even create another one. Take the well-read Protestant of any denomination, and Protestants are generally well versed in the Scriptures, and he will tell you that he cannot believe in Purgatory, that it is a Papist error, that there is no evidence of the existence of such a place or such a state, and that it is ridiculous to pray for the dead. If the same man will turn to the Old Testament he will find therein the very significant passage, which says: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be released from their sins." Now there must have been some reason for these words. Evidently they refer to the dead who are detained in some place of waiting. When Christ died "He descended into Hell." Is that the Hell of the damned? Any good Protestant will tell you that it was into Limbo that Christ went; and He went there to fulfil the last act in the drama of redemption, Limbo, he will tell you, was a place of detention, where the souls of the Patriarchs, Prophets and Holy Men of old, were abiding, until the coming of the Messiah. They were tainted with original sin—and although their lives were otherwise perfect still they could not enter heaven until Christ came and opened its gates for them by His death. Immediately after redemption the portals of Limbo were opened and, with Christ, the thousands therein confined ascended into heaven.

Now, Limbo was a third state, or place, a locality of detention and expiation. The words of Macabees most certainly have meant the dead in Limbo, and the prayers for them were prayers that asked for the speedy coming of the Messiah that they might be released from the chains bound round them by original sin. It would be absurd to say that these just men were sent to hell, for "out of hell there is no redemption;" it would be equally wrong to say that they could have entered heaven, because "nothing defiled shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven," and they were defiled by original sin. Both the Protestant and the Catholic admit the existence of Limbo. As far as the name goes we will not quibble about that. Is there anything more extraordinary in the existence of Purgatory than in that of Limbo? If a Limbo existed under the old dispensation, why should not a Purgatory exist under the new?

Take down the sign "Limbo" over the doorway of that prison-house, and replace it with the sign "Purgatory," and you have the Catholic idea. It matters not to us what you call the place; the name is merely conventional, meaning a place of expiation; as long as you admit the dogma and pray for the souls suffering in that locality, we do not object to the name—meanwhile we continue to call it Purgatory. What original sin had done to the just men of old, venial sin does to the just men of the Christian era. Under the new law original sin is effaced by Baptism, a sacrament instituted by Christ for that purpose; but after Baptism people commit other sins. The one who dies without mortal sin on his soul cannot be sent to hell. And if he is guilty of even one

venial sin, he cannot enter heaven, until the price is paid, until the blot is forever effaced. He must undergo the purgatorial process before he can rise to God. The result is that where the saints of old were detained until Christ came to deliver them, the venial sinners of the present are held in chains until their souls are made pure enough to enter heaven. If there was a Limbo, there must be a Purgatory.

### THE MASS.

Before the consecration the priest takes possession of the victim, by extending his hands over the bread and wine; during this ceremony we must consider ourselves as victims and offer ourselves to God. The priest then asks for the greatest of miracles, the change of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus Christ; he has the right to ask it and the power to obtain it. Christ Himself gave him this power when after consecrating the bread and wine He said to His apostles and their successors, *Do this in commemoration of Me*. Then the priest rehearses what the Saviour did at the last supper, and then he pronounces in a simple, uninterrupted tone, as used by Jesus Christ when He performed miracles, the words of consecration. He elevates the host and chalice for the adoration of the Saviour, who has first been immolated. Then comes a prayer in which the priest offers Christ to God the Father in the memory of His passion, resurrection and ascension. He asks the Father to receive favorably the victim which he presents to Him, and with it the hearts of the faithful, which he offers at the same time. The *Memento* for the dead which follows, is a prayer by which the priest asks for the souls in purgatory admission into the heavenly Jerusalem. During all these prayers we should be animated with an ardent desire to become victims worthy of God in order to attain heaven, the end for which the sacrifice is offered, and to obtain which we must confide fully in the infinite merits of our Lord. Here ends the fourth part of the Mass, and here we shall pause for a few moments to consider the great importance of that central point in the sacrifice, the consecration, and to refer to some false statements made about it, and some wrong ideas which certain people have upon the subject. Heretofore we have taken the explanation of the fourth part of the Mass from the "Catechism of Perseverance," Chapter XX and XXI. Henceforth we shall have other writers to call to our aid.

A Protestant writer states that, "In tracing the doctrines of Popery through the third and fourth ages I have reserved the most important of them all, that relating to the Eucharist, for separate consideration. In the two first centuries I say clearly that I must give up as desperate, the idea of attacking the meaning of the words *This is my body*, the language used by Ignatius, Justin Martyr and Irenæus, having abundantly convinced me that in those apostolic times the literal or Popish interpretation of the words of consecration was the accepted doctrine." Here is a Protestant seeking to overthrow the sacrament of the Eucharist, yet stating that he must begin in the third or fourth age to do so. In the first centuries it was true; then why not in the following ages and in our day? This author seeks to prove that the expressions "Type," "Antitype" and "Figure," used by ancient writers, were evidences that the bread wine were not the body and blood, but the symbols of the body and blood of Christ. We will just trouble the reader to reflect upon the following few quotations which, at

random, we make from those authors to whom our Protestant friend appeals. The great catechist, Cyril, of Jerusalem, who, in his doctrine concerning the Real Presence, goes the full length of all that Rome has ever asserted upon the subject, yet applies to the Eucharist the word "type." "In the type of bread" says Cyril "is given to thee the body, and in the type of wine is given to thee blood." So in one of those liturgies which go under the name of St. Basil, we find the bread and wine offered under the name of Antitypes, which, in the prayer that follows, the Holy Ghost is invoked to come down and bless the gifts and "make" the bread the body, and the wine the blood of Christ. Bullinger, the reformer, using a MS. of Origen, gives the following remarkable quotation: "He did not say" observes Origen "this is a symbol," but "this is my body," indicating thereby that nobody must suppose it to be a type." Another passage, still more strongly to the same purport, is quoted by the same eminent Protestant, Bullinger, from the writings of Magnes, a priest of Jerusalem, who lived in the third century: "The Eucharist is not a type of the body and blood—as some men, defective in their understanding, have babbled—but rather the body and blood."

In the bread and wine offered by Melchisedek they saw a figure of that sacrifice which we have. "That the blessing given to Abraham," says Cyprian, "might be properly celebrated, the representation of the sacrifice of Christ, appointed in bread and wine, preceded it, which our Lord, perfecting and fulfilling it, himself, made offering of in bread and wine; and thus he, who is the plenitude, fulfilled the truth of the prefigured image."—*Ep. 63, ad Cæciliam*. St. Jerome says "There is as much difference between the loaves offered to God in the old law and the body of Jesus Christ, as between the shadow and the body, the image and the truth."—*Comment in Ep. ad Lit.*

What, says Pascal the great French writer, when commenting upon the Fathers? "We believe that the bread is completely changed into the flesh of Christ, and the wine into his blood; and we also believe that this sacrament is a figure of the cross and the glory and a commemoration of both." Such is the Catholic faith.

St. Chrysostom says, upon this subject: "How much greater holiness becomes thee, O Christian! who hast received greater symbols than the Holy of Holies contained, for you have not the Cherubim, but the Lord of the Cherubim, dwelling in you. You have not the Urn and Manna, and the Tables of Stone, and the Rod of Aaron, but you have the body and blood of our Lord."—*In Psalm 133*. Again, *Hom. 46*, he says: "This blood, even in the type, washed away sin. If it had so great a power in the type; if death were so affrighted by the shadow; tell how it must be affrighted at the verity itself. Truly tremendous are the mysteries of the Church! Truly tremendous are our altars!"

"We have an altar," says St. Paul, "whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle." "And yet," observes St. Thomas Aquinas on this passage, "those who served the tabernacle had the figures of Jesus Christ in their sacrifices. Where, then, would be the advantage that the law of grace professes to have over the synagogue? If the manna of the desert and Eucharist are both alike, but the image of his body, wherefore does the Saviour make out that essential difference between them that the former was but a food miraculously formed in the air, which gave not life, while the latter is the bread which

cometh from Heaven," and which, if any man eat of, "he shall live for ever."—*John VI.* (See *Conferences sur les Mysteres*, 2, p. 279).

In fact the words "type," "figure," "sign," &c., as applied to the Eucharist, are not to be found in the scriptures. In the scriptures the Eucharistic elements are usually denoted by the words "body and blood;" and the same language descended from the apostles to their successors: "to offer," "to receive," "to eat and drink the body and blood of Christ," were as familiar phrases as to "receive the sacrament," or to "administer the communion" are amongst ourselves.

With Tertullian may be said to have commenced that charge in the public language of the fathers on this subject: that circumlocution and not unfrequent ambiguity, of which before there had been no examples, and of which the Protestants have, in their despair, taken advantage, as affording some shadow of plausibility to their argument against the true Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist. The system of secrecy to which such ambiguities may be traced, forms so remarkable a feature in the annals of the early church, and is indeed too closely connected with the history of this and other Christian doctrines to be dismissed without receiving some further consideration.

We have reached the limit of our present article, but in our next number we shall continue the question of the Eucharist from another stand-point, before going on with the fifth part of the mass.

LOUIS KOSSUTH—the Hungarian patriot—is said to be dying. Kossuth is a very old man, and one who certainly made a noise in the world in his day. Especially toward the middle of the century, in the memorable forties, he played no insignificant part in the politics of Europe, his name was upon every lip, and not a move was made upon that great chess-board without that the hand of Kossuth was seen in it, or the form of the enthusiastic advocate of liberty stood behind the player. But like thousands of others, Kossuth has outlived his time, he dwells now with his memories of the past; he has noticed the changes of the years and the mutations in the world's affairs, but he cannot grasp the situation in our day; he is not of this generation. There is a history that belongs to that old man, and it will form a pebble in the great historical mosaic of this nineteenth century. Individually Kossuth has been alive, but to all intents and purposes he might as well have been amongst the millions that have gone forever. Long since has he ceased to be a factor in the public affairs of the world, and when he departs the announcement of his death will be like the reviving of a memory that he once had lived.

MICHIGAN seems to be smitten with famine, at least in the forest regions of that great wooded state. We are informed that at a place called Ironwood, which is the centre of a vast mineral range, some five thousand miners have been out of employment since June last. Eight hundred wood-choppers, who went to the lumber camps, have been idle, and over twenty thousand people are on the verge of starvation. They live only on beets and potatoes. Typhoid fever broke out, during the summer, in Ironwood and added considerably to the distress. It is said that not less than one thousand children are not only hungry, but cannot leave the miners' cabins on account of lack of clothing. Whether these reports are exaggerated or not, there is still sufficient truth in them to give us a painful idea of the prospects

for laborers in that region. We remember a few years ago when we had serious difficulty to secure choppers and timber-makers for the shanties of the Upper Ottawa; every agent at the Capital had the same complaint: "the men have gone to Michigan; they get big wages out there." A few stragglers that returned had only most glowing pictures to present of the *el dorado* beyond the lines. Yet it seems strange to us that, since Michigan was such a paradise of lumber men, these men did not remain there. Comparing these facts with the reports of to-day, and we may fairly come to the conclusion that as far as work, wages and prospects are concerned "there is no place like home."

WE CALL special attention to a paragraph and an advertisement which appear elsewhere in this issue, regarding the meeting to be held in the Victoria Armory on Thursday afternoon, and at which Lady Aberdeen will preside. It is the ardent desire of Her Excellency to stir up in Canada a lively interest in behalf of the poor, the unfortunate, the homeless. There is a broad spirit of philanthropy perceptible in every one of Lady Aberdeen's movements, and that noble attachment to the well-being of the less fortunate members of society has followed her into every land. We trust that the present call will be heartily responded to by our ladies of Montreal.

### ST. ANN'S Y. M. S.

#### General Annual Communion.

It has been a custom with the members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society to have a *Requiem* Mass sung each year for the repose of the souls of the departed members of the society. On last Sunday morning, in St. Ann's Church, that praiseworthy and sacred duty was performed, and all the members of the society received Holy Communion in a body. It was a most edifying spectacle to witness such a number of promising young men giving a public and solemn evidence of the deep and strong faith within them. There is great hope for the future of the St. Ann's Y. M. S., and while its past record is most encouraging we see every sign of greater progress as the years go by.

#### St. Ann's Night School.

At last, after months of work and unremitting exertions, a night school has been granted to St. Ann's parish. No thanks can be too great for the members of the Trades and Labor Council for the energetic manner in which they strove to secure this boon for the people. After several delegations which waited upon Hon. Mr. Hall, and our local representative Mr. P. Kennedy, M. L. A., also Mr. Frank Hart, our energetic and popular representative on the School Board, as well as upon other parties in authority, a promise was given that this year a school would be established in that section of the city. The Hon. Mr. Hall, and Ald. Kennedy exercised their influence in a worthy manner and succeeded in securing the realization of that promise. The Principal of the school will be Rev. Brother Prudent, Director of St. Ann's School. We must, however, remark that the St. Ann's school this year will be necessarily handicapped to a great extent. Already two months of the term have elapsed, and until the other day we had no assurance of the school being established; consequently scores of pupils who would have found it more convenient in every way to attend St. Ann's, have given in their names long ago to other schools. So that if the attendance will not be as large as the locality guarantees it is due to the fact that the school was granted two months after the term was commenced, and no assurance was ever held out that it was to be established. However, we are thankful for the boon and we repeat our gratitude toward the honorable gentlemen who represent the English-speaking population in Cabinet and in Legislative Assembly, also on the School Board, as well as to the Trades and Labor Council for the weight of their powerful influence.



## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton the Guardsman," "Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragon," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"There are scores of things you can do while I am away. You'll have to study the county in all its baronies and subdivisions: there my sister can help you; and you'll have to learn the names and places of our great county swells, and mark such as may be likely to assist us. You'll have to stroll about in our own neighborhood, and learn what the people near home say of the intention, and pick up what you can of public opinion in our towns of Moate and Kilbeggan."

"I have bethought me of all that—" He paused here and seemed to hesitate if he should say more; and, after an effort, he went on: "You'll not take amiss what I'm going to say, Mr. Kearney. You'll make full allowance for a man placed as I am. But I want, before you go, to learn from you in what way, or as what, you have presented me to your family. Am I a poor sizer of Trinity, whose hard struggle with poverty has caught your sympathy? Am I a chance acquaintance, whose only claim on you is being known to Joe Atlee? I'm sure I need not ask you have you called me by my real name and given me my real character?"

Kearney flushed up to the eyes, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder—"This is exactly what I have done. I have told my sister that you were the noted Donogan, United Irishman and rebel."

"But only to your sister?"

"To none other."

"She'll not betray me, I know that."

"You are right there, Donogan. Here's how it happened, for it was not intended." And now he related how the name had escaped him.

"So that the cousin knows nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. My sister Kate is not one to make rash confidences, and you may rely on it she has not told her."

"I hope and trust that this mistake will serve you for a lesson, Mr. Kearney, and show you that to keep a secret it is not enough to have an honest intention, but a man must have a watch over his thoughts and a padlock on his tongue. And now to something of more importance. In your meeting with Walpole mind one thing: no modesty, no humility; make your demands boldly, and declare that your price is well worth the paying; let him feel that, as he must make a choice between the priests and the Nationalists, that we are the easier of the two to deal with: first of all, we don't press for prompt payment; and secondly, we'll not shock Exeter Hall! Show him that strongly, and tell him that there are clever fellows among us who'll not compromise him or his party and will never desert him on a close division. Oh, dear me, how I wish I was going in your place!"

"So do I, with all my heart; but there's ten striking, and we shall be late for breakfast."

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE MOATE STATION.

The train by which Miss Betty O'Shea expected her nephew was late in its arrival at Moate, and Peter Gill, who had been sent with the car to fetch him over, was busily discussing his second supper when the passengers arrived.

"Are you Mr. Gorman O'Shea, sir?" asked Peter of a well-dressed and well-looking man, who had just taken his luggage from the train.

"No; here he is," replied he, pointing to a tall, powerful young fellow, whose tweed suit and billy-cock hat could not completely conceal a soldier-like bearing and a sort of compactness that comes of "drill."

"That's my name. What do you want with me?" cried he, in a loud but pleasant voice.

"Only that Miss Betty has sent me over with the car for your honor, if it's plazing to you to drive across."

"What about this broiled bone, Miller?" asked O'Shea. "I rather think I like the notion better than when you proposed it."

"I suspect you do," said the other; "but we'll have to step over to the Blue Goat. It's only a few yards off, and

they'll be ready, for I telegraphed them from town to be prepared as the train came in."

"You seem to know the place well." "Yes. I may say I know something about it. I canvassed this part of the county once for one of the Idlers, and I secretly determined, if I ever thought of trying for a seat in the House, I'd make the attempt here. They are the most pretentious set of beggars, these small towns-folks, and they'd rather hear themselves talk politics, and give their notions of what they think 'good for Ireland,' than actually pocket bank-notes; and that, my dear friend, is a virtue in a constituency never to be ignored or forgotten. The moment, then, I heard of M——'s retirement, I sent off a confidential emissary down here to get up what is called a requisition, asking me to stand for the county. Here it is, and the answer in this morning's Freeman. You can read it at your leisure. Here we are now at the Blue Goat; and I see they are expecting us."

Not only was there a capital fire in the grate, and the table ready laid for supper, but half a dozen or more of the notabilities of Moate were in waiting to receive the new candidate, and confer with him over the coming contest.

"My companion is the nephew of an old neighbor of yours, gentlemen," said Miller; "Captain Gorman O'Shea, of the Imperial Lancers of Austria. I know you have heard of, if you have not seen him."

A round of very hearty and demonstrative salutations followed, and Gorman was well pleased at the friendly reception accorded him.

Austria was a great country, one of the company observed. They had got liberal institutions, and a free press, and they were good Catholics, who would give those heretical Prussians a fine lesson one of these days; and Gorman O'Shea's health, coupled with these sentiments, was drunk with all the honors.

"There's a jolly old face I ought to remember well," said Gorman, as he looked up at the portrait of Lord Kilgobbin over the chimney. "When I entered the service, and came back here on leave, he gave me the first sword I ever wore, and treated me as kindly as if I was his son."

The hearty speech elicited no response from the hearers, who only exchanged significant looks with each other, while Miller, apparently less under restraint, broke in with: "That stupid adventure the English newspapers called 'the gallant resistance at Kilgobbin Castle' has lost that man the esteem of Irishmen."

A perfect burst of approval followed these words; and while young O'Shea eagerly pressed for an explanation of an incident of which he heard for the first time, they one and all proceeded to give their versions of what had occurred; but with such contradictions, corrections, and emendations that the young man might be pardoned if he comprehended little of the event.

"They say his son will contest the county with you, Mr. Miller," cried one.

"Let me have no weightier rival, and I ask no more."

"Faix, if he's going to stand," said another "his father might have taken the trouble to ask us for our votes. Would you believe it, sir, it's going on six months since he put his foot in this room?"

"And do the 'Goats' stand that?" asked Miller.

"I don't wonder he doesn't care to come into Moate. There's not a shop in the town he doesn't owe money to."

"And we never refused him credit—"

"For anything but his principles," chimed in an old fellow, whose oratory was heartily relished.

"He's going to stand in the National interest," said one.

"That's the safe ticket when you have no money," said another.

"Gentlemen," said Miller, who rose to his legs to give greater importance to his address, "if we want to make Ireland a country to live in, the only party to support is the Whig government. The Nationalist may open the jails, give license to the press, hunt down the Orangemen, and make the place generally too hot for the English. But are these the things that you or I want or strive for? We want order and quietness in the land, and the best places in it for ourselves, to enjoy these blessings. Is Mr. Casey down there satisfied to keep the post-office in Moate, when he knows he could be first secretary in Dublin, at

the head office, with two thousand a year? Will my friend Mr. M'Gloin say that he'd rather pass his life here than be a Commissioner of Customs, and live in Merrion Square? Ain't we men? Ain't we fathers and husbands? Have we not sons to advance and daughters to marry in the world? and how much will Nationalism do for these?"

"I will not tell you that the Whigs love us or have any strong regard for us; but they need us, gentlemen, and they know well that, without the Radicals, and Scotland, and our party here, they couldn't keep power for three weeks. Now why is Scotland a great and prosperous country? I'll tell you. Scotland has no sentimental politics. Scotland says, in her own homely adage: 'Ca' me and I'll ca' thee.' Scotland insists that there should be Scotchmen everywhere—in the post-office, in the Privy Council, in the Pipe-water, and in the Puzjaub! Does Scotland go on vamping about an extinct nationality or the right of the Stuarts? Not a bit of it. She says burn Scotch coal in the navy, though the smoke may blind you and you never get up steam? She has no national absurdities: she neither asks for a flag nor a Parliament. She demands only what will pay. And it is by supporting the Whigs you will make Ireland as prosperous as Scotland. Literally, the Fenians, gentlemen, will never make my friend yonder a baronet, nor put me on the Bench; and now that we are met here in secret committee, I can say all this to you, and none of it get abroad."

"Mind, I never told you the Whigs love us, or said that we love the Whigs; but we can each of us help the other. When they smash the Protestant party, they are doing a fine stroke of work for Liberalism in pulling down a cruel ascendancy and righting the Romanists. And when we crush the Protestants, we are opening the best places in the land to ourselves by getting rid of our only rivals. Look at the Bench, gentlemen, and the high offices of the courts. Have not we papists, as they call us, our share in both? And this is only the beginning, let me tell you. There is a university in College Green due to us, and a number of fine palaces that their bishops once lived in, and grand old cathedrals whose very names show the rightful ownership; and when we have got all these—as the Whigs will give them one day—even then, we are only beginning. And now turn the other side, and see what you have to expect from the Nationalists. Some very hard fighting and a great number of broken heads. I give in that you'll drive the English out, take the Pigeon-house Fort, capture the Magazine, and carry away the Lord Lieutenant in chains. And what will you have for it, after all, but another scrimmage among yourselves for the spoils? Mr. Mullen, of the Pike, will want something that Mr. Darby M'Keown, of the Convicted Felon, has just appropriated; Tom Cassidy, that burned the Grand Master of the Orangemen, finds that he is not to be pensioned for life; and Phil Costigan, that blew up the Lodge in the Park, discovers that he is not even to get the ruins as building materials. I tell you, my friends, it's not in such convulsions as these that you and I, and other sensible men like us, want to pass our lives. We look for a comfortable berth and quarter-day; that's what we compound for—quarter-day—and I give it to you as a toast with all the honors."

And certainly the rich volume of cheers that greeted the sentiment vouched for a hearty and sincere recognition of the toast.

"The chaise is ready at the door, counselor," cried the landlord, addressing Mr. Miller; and after a friendly shake-hands all round, Miller slipped his arm through O'Shea and drew him apart.

"I'll be back this way in about ten days or so, and I'll ask you to present me to your aunt. She has got above a hundred votes on her property, and I think I can count upon you to stand by me."

"I can, perhaps, promise you a welcome at the Barn," muttered the young fellow in some confusion; "but when you have seen my aunt you'll understand why I give you no pledges on the score of political support."

"Oh, is that the way?" asked Miller, with a knowing laugh.

"Yes, that's the way, and no mistake about it," replied O'Shea, and they parted. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ROMAN NEWS.

His Holiness has named Mgr. Ferdinand, Prince of Croy, one of his private chamberlain *participante*.

The Holy Father continues to admit numbers of strangers to his Mass, and at its conclusion they are allowed to speak a moment with the venerable Pontiff.

A deputation of the order *Pro Ecclesia e Pontifice* will present the Holy Father with a cross, set with precious stones, and a magnificent album, containing the names of the donors.

There has been a rumor of a consistory being held toward the end of December, at which two new Cardinals would be created, but as yet it is still uncertain, and the names are not for the present known.

Leo XIII., wishing to give a testimony of deference to the Czar, has sent him a sumptuous copy of the ancient Slave missal which, by concession from the Vatican, has been admitted as liturgic language in Montenegro.

There is a talk of Leo XIII. going down into St. Peter's for the purpose of assisting in public at the end of the year at a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving for the episcopal jubilee, but it is not as yet quite certain.

We have excellent authority, says the Roman correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times, for stating that the General of the Jesuits is not likely to take up his headquarters at Rome, as so many newspapers have erroneously stated.

The situation in Sicily must be very perturbing, since it has caused the Italian Government to have it announced through the Havas Agency—the French Reuter—that the Pope is on the point of launching an Encyclical agreeable to Italy in the shape of a "Pontifical letter" addressed to the Bishops of Sicily, containing exhortations to the peasants to return to a respect for the law.

## A Warning to Dynamiters.

La Minerve, after condemning in unmeasured terms the conduct of the three young men who attempted to blow up the Nelson monument, says: "We have too many men who are disturbers of the peace. We have too many people who, without knowing it, perhaps, are veritable plagues, and who foster unreflecting and dangerous Chauvinism. Certain personages who 'eat Englishmen' on all occasions, have become very harmful, and if we are partisans of the liberty of the press that liberty must not at any cost, be allowed to degenerate into license and appeals to sedition. Such escapades discredit us, and do us incalculable damage abroad, as can be easily seen by the tone of the English and American press. Let us denounce this present one with such energy that some hair-brained individuals may not compromise the interests of a whole race, noted for its orderly spirit and its peaceful sentiments. So much the better if in this case it is only an escapade of some youths, but we warn the dynamiters, young or old, that they cannot fool with fire or powder with impunity."

## The Catholic Truth Society.

Last evening the annual meeting of the Montreal branch of the Catholic Truth Society took place in the Academic Hall, under the Gesu. The meeting was largely attended, and the annual report was submitted and adopted unanimously. In our next issue we will give the report in full, and our readers will find it most interesting as an evidence of what can be done by men who have the "will" and who consequently make the "way."

## Build Up.

When the system is run down a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption or Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

SNACKY.—Nellie: Jennie Boulter is back again. Alice: Is she. How does she look? Nellie: Just the same as ever. Alice: How unfortunate for her.—Fun.

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

**YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.**

**THE PRIEST'S REVENGE.**

One day, in the year 1793, the inhabitants of Fegreac, France, and the surrounding hamlets were assembled together to celebrate one of the solemn feasts of the Church. The Abbe Aurain, was at the altar; the holy words of consecration had been pronounced; the God of Heaven was now present in that rustic temple. The pious crowd was engaged in silent adoration, when suddenly the dreaded sound of the alarm bell resounded through the building. Instantly all the men in the church sprang to their feet; the women huddled trembling together; the priest alone showed no emotion. "My friends," he said, "the Sacrifice is begun, and it must be finished. God is with us; let us pray. Pray, my brethren."

Then, bending over the altar, he humbly struck his breast, and consumed the consecrated Elements: Meanwhile the tumult outside increased; some of the peasants had hastily left the church, when a child rushed in, crying, "O, save him! save the pastor." The blues have entered the village; they are following close after me." The priest took off his chasuble, stole, and alb. Two dragoons of the republican army came to the door of the church; the priest, seeing them, quickly descended the altar steps, and passed through the sacristy. In the churchyard he met two other soldiers, who attempted to seize him; but he dexterously eluded their grasp, and, scaling the low wall of the cemetery, reached the open country. The republicans followed. As he was strong and active he leapt over the fences and enclosures of the fields. His pursuers followed, and were rapidly gaining upon him, when he found himself on the precipitous bank of a river. Without pausing to consider, he plunged into the water and swam across. When he reached the opposite bank he looked behind him and saw one of the two soldiers rushing into the water after him.

Continuing his flight, the abbe ascended the hill that rose before him; he increased his speed, and never paused until he had reached the summit. And now he is out of sight and reach of those who sought his life; he is saved. But scarcely had he reflected with deep thankfulness on his escape from his pursuers when a cry of distress struck his ear. He paused, and listened, and again he heard the same piercing cry. Hastily retracing his steps to the brow of the hill, he saw one of the soldiers struggling in the water, and on the point of sinking to rise no more. The priest, who had ever inculcated lessons of charity and preached forgiveness, who had taught men to return good for evil, was not deaf to the voice of an enemy in distress. With the same speed with which he had fled from his pursuer did he now hasten to his rescue. When he reached the bank of the river, the soldier had disappeared; but he plunged into the stream and dived again and again to seize the drowning man. At length he reappeared above the water, bringing back to land the senseless body of the dragoon, which he continued to chafe with his hands until animation was restored.

In a few moments the soldier opened his eyes, and recognizing the priest of Fegreac, he gasped in faint accents, "What! it is you have saved me—you whom I was pursuing, and whose life I had sworn to take?"

"It is so," said the priest calmly; "and now I am your prisoner; I have now no power to escape. Do you still wish to kill me?"

"I would rather die first," replied the soldier. "I will not touch a hair of your head. But how we have been deceived! We have always been told that the priests were our most determined enemies; that they thirsted for blood, and breathed nothing but revenge."

"My good man," said the abbe, "you now see whether we thirst only for revenge. Every priest, nay, every Christian is bound to forgive his enemies, and to requite evil with good. In being able to save your life, I have been more than usually fortunate; that is all, and I thank God for it. Do you thank Him also; and cease to persecute those who believe in God, and serve Him."

"Go, go quick!" said the soldier; "here come my companions; we soldiers can only obey. Fly while you can. I will go and meet them, and tell them you

have escaped. They may not share my feeling. Farewell! I shall never forget you. Here they come; save yourself! They separated never to meet again.

**DON'T'S FOR WIVES.**

The Rhyme and the Reason are Both Good, and Katrine Gets the Prize.

From the many letters sent in to the Woman's page of the New York Recorder, in response to the call for the best set of "Don'ts for Wives," and for which was offered a prize of five dollars, the following was selected as the prize letter:

- Don't "nag."
- Don't brag.
- Don't fret.
- Don't bet.
- Don't go in debt.
- Don't wear your hair in papers to the table.
- Don't place your faith in "bargains" all unstable.
- Don't fail to modulate your voice.
- Don't forget you were a lover's choice.

- Don't "preach."
- Don't screech.
- Don't "teach."
- Don't lie.
- Don't cry.
- Don't sigh.
- Don't mope, but hope to make home very happy.
- Don't rail—love will pale if you are ever snappy.
- Don't expect to get a human man that's aught but clay.
- Don't refuse to lure and lead him to the way.

- Don't whine.
- Don't dine with other men without "him."
- Don't scold.
- Don't hold to jealous talk about "him."
- Don't vegetate.
- Don't exaggerate.
- Don't know too much about the "Suffrage Question."
- Don't execrate.
- Don't rum-in-ate.
- Don't object to wifely, womanly subjection.

- Don't fail to give the little one's the sunshine of a mother's heart;
- Don't think life holds in any field a dearer nobler part;
- Don't make yourself a household drudge, because you do some cooking;
- Don't think yourself a beauty, nor a fright but just good-looking;
- Don't wish that "hubby" was perfection—you would hate him;
- Don't be "downtown" when he comes home, but, smiling, wait him;
- Don't wish you had a larger sphere—fill that you're in;
- Don't think you're past improvement—now begin;
- Don't think that life would better be were you a man;
- Don't doubt your province, but best be what you can;
- Don't think because the world knows not your name—
- Don't think you've failed in life, and long for fame.
- Don't let discordant creeds your soul affright;
- Don't lose your trust in God, nor in His might;
- Don't lose your sweetest joys in petty strife;
- Don't think man needs not most his wife.

KATRINE.

Purely vegetable—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a compound of refined and concentrated botanical extracts. These tiny, sugar-coated pellets—the smallest and the easiest to take—absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, indigestion, Sick and Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

They cure *permanently*, because they act *naturally*. They don't shock and weaken the system, like the huge old-fashioned pills. And they're more effective. One little pellet for a corrective or laxative—three for a cathartic.

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.

**DOMESTIC READING.**

He will never go to heaven who is content to go alone.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices—Emerson.

How sweet it is to suffer in doing God's will.—St. Teresa.

A new universe is created every time a child is born.—Richter.

True religion is to do good and be good, and seek diligently after truth.

Self-denial is one of the surest staffs on the narrow and rugged way of virtue.

There is no false religion which does not contain some elements of truth.—St. Augustine.

With self-interest man must begin, he may end in self-annihilation—Hartley.

To call in question God's power to perform a miracle is not blasphemous only, but idiotic.—Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Can the pious heart not find in each new faith of human kind some grace that wins, some ties that bind, for God sees faith in all?

If the person who comes to worship is wicked at heart, he will not be heard, the oracle will fail.—The great thing is to be good.—Confucius.

It is a man's duty to have books.—A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.

To know oneself is the true; to strive with oneself is the good; to conquer oneself is the beautiful.

Above the cloud which casts its shadow upon us is the star that sends its light towards us—Victor Hugo.

Little girl, you may never know how much you gladden your mother's weary heart by your daily love tokens.

To hunger no more and to thirst no more is but to have our ever-returning need perpetually satisfied, and from the overflow of our blessedness to become wells of the water of life to other souls—Lucy Larcom.

Be charitable towards your neighbor, liberal to the poor. Regard God alone in your actions; seek Him in simplicity, purity and humility of heart, desirous only of pleasing Him and of attributing to Him the glory of everything.—Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.

**The Advertising**

of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world, would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Why cannot two slender persons become great acquaintances? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

While the spoon is an insignificant article to look at, it has caused more stir in the world than any other one thing.

Daughter: Papa, don't you think I ought to have my voice cultivated? Papa: I think you ought to have something done to it.

She: O George, what shall we do if the boat sinks? He, very pale: Never mind about that, Sarah, it's not our boat.

Holloway's Pills.—Indigestion, Stomach and Liver Complaints.—Persons suffering from any derangements of the liver, stomach, or the organs of digestion should have recourse to Holloway's Pills, as there is no medicine known that acts on these particular complaints with such certain success. Its peculiar properties strengthen the stomach, increase the appetite and rouse the sluggish liver. For bowel complaints it is invaluable, as it removes every primary derangement, thereby restoring the patient to the soundest health and strength. These preparations may be used at all times, and in all climates by persons affected by biliousness, nausea, or disordered liver; for flatulency and heartburn they are specifics. Indeed no ailment of the digestive organs can long resist their purifying and corrective powers.

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Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "no funds." Take

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil & Hypophosphites to increase your energy and so make good your account at the bank of health.

IT CURES CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS and all forms of Wasting Diseases. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

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**THE SULPICIAN.**

**A Defence of the Order Against the Attacks Made Upon It.**

"The attacks directed against the order of St. Sulpice," says La Semaine Religieuse, the organ of Archbishop Fabre, "by a Montreal newspaper have awakened a strong feeling of indignation, which the press in general—we are pleased to see—re-echoed. Our readers have no doubt followed that sad debate in which certain acts of the Seminary were taken to task and more especially the subscription given by it at the time of the war against Napoleon I. We hardly deem it necessary to enter into the debate now. It has been proven, and that suffices, that in handing in this subscription the gentlemen of the Seminary merely acquitted themselves of a disguised tax, from which it could not very well escape, and which mostly all French-Canadians had to pay. That subscription, moreover, was destined to protect Canada against an invasion, which from the historic documents, was quite possible at that time. There was therefore no treason in their act. The complaints were not fortunate and their odious campaign turned against them. Did they really intend abusing the Canadians on the sentiments and conduct of this order to which Montreal owes its creation and development? If such was the case they must have forgotten that sad period of 1763, when there only remained in Canada, to defend and protect the country, but its priests and missionaries. If the clergy, and the Sulpicians in particular, had followed the great families, the agents of the Government and the traders who returned to Europe after cession, what would have become of the French Canadian nationality? History has answered this question in a most peremptory manner and public gratitude was not betray, when, it at all times recognized the importance of the

SERVICES RENDERED TO OUR FAITH, our institutions and our language by the priests who came from the Seminary. Who created in Montreal a few years after the defeat of Montcalm, a classical college for the French youth? Who, but a priest of the Seminary, the Abbe Currateau, aided and supported by the Seminary. Who, in spite of the ever rising difficulties created by the English Government, completed the list of professors of this college, recruited among the *emigres* priests, men versed in the higher studies, former directors of French religious institutions? Who, but the Seminary. Who created the primary school when the population came to increase? Again the Seminary; again the Sulpicians. Ah, certes, the English, on the morrow of the cession, would have been glad to see the old settlers leave the country and their lands to the new settlers. It took them a long time to reorganize that this French Canadian people could ally the most energetic loyalty with an unchanging respect for its religious faith and its languages. Is this conduct, so worthy of praise, not due to the influence of the clergy who received their education and direction from St. Sulpice? This is what the authors of these impassioned attacks which we all regret have forgotten? Nothing is sadder than ingratitude. And this is what we most sincerely regret in all this debate. But at the same time we are truly consoled at the unanimity of the press in protesting against such imputations. The gentlemen of the Seminary have every reason to feel proud of this token of unanimous sympathy. That testimony was only legitimate; but at this present time when so many are troubled by sophisms and errors falsified by disrespect and passion, it is a meritorious act to worthily fulfil one's duty. The press of Montreal has behaved well and we congratulate it."

**WELL ADAPTED.**

The effective action on the glandular system and the blood, and the general regulating tonic and purifying action of B. B. B. especially adapt it for the bilious, nervous, costive or scrofulous. From three to six bottles will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

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Every TUESDAY.

**CHICAGO, ILL.,**  
Every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,  
THURSDAY and SATURDAY.

**BOSTON, MASS.,**  
Every MONDAY, THURSDAY and  
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DENTIST.**

*Teeth without Plates a Specialty.*  
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HAVE FURNISHED 35,000 BELLS  
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Compound light-spreading  
ever-plated Corrugated Glass  
**REFLECTORS**  
A wonderful invention for  
lighting Churches  
Halls, etc. Satisfaction  
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BAILEY REFLECTOR CO.  
508 Fern Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Do you cough? Are you troubled with Bronchitis,  
Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, etc.?

Read what the



**SAY**

And you will know what you should use  
to cure yourself.

"I certify that I have prescribed  
the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR  
for affections of the throat and  
lungs and that I am perfectly satisfied  
with its use. I recommend it  
therefore cordially to Physicians  
for diseases of the respiratory  
organs."  
V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V.C.M.  
Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

"I can recommend PECTORAL  
BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition  
of which has been made  
known to me, as an excellent  
remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis  
or Colds with no fever."  
L. J. V. CLAROUX, M. D.  
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.  
Sir,  
"Having been made acquainted  
with the composition of PECTORAL  
BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think  
it my duty to recommend it as an

"excellent remedy for Lung Affections  
in general."  
N. FAFARD, M. D.  
Prof. of chemistry at Laval University.  
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

"I have used your ELIXIR and  
find it excellent for BRONCHIAL  
DISEASES. I intend employing  
it in my practice in preference to  
all other preparations, because it  
always gives perfect satisfaction."  
DR. J. ETHIER.  
L'Epiphanie, February 6th 1889.

"I have used with success the  
PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR  
in the different cases for which it  
is recommended and it is with  
pleasure that I recommend it to  
the public."  
Z. LAROCHE, M. D.  
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

Lack of space obliges us to omit  
several other flattering testimonials  
from well known physicians.

For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.

**The Highest Standard of Excellence**

... IN POINT OF ...

**FLAVOR, NUTRITION AND DIGESTIBILITY  
HAS BEEN ATTAINED BY**

**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.**

The public have a positive guarantee that they are getting the best possible  
form of concentrated nourishment.

**REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.**

WANTED—FOR THE MUNICIPALITY OF  
Leeds, East, P.Q., two Roman Catholic  
female teachers, with elementary diplomas.  
For further particulars apply to the undersigned,  
JOHN F. SAALL, Sec. 18-8

AGENTS who work for us make MONEY  
fast. Send your address on  
postal card for particulars. THE ROYAL  
SILVERWARE Co., Windsor, Ont. 11-G-88

**SPECIAL NOTICE!**

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

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed  
Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau  
with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Wash-  
stand with Brass Rod Splasher Back; both  
Marble Tops, \$35; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own  
make.

We will in a few days show some very nice  
medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large  
Show Windows, and the figures will counter-  
act an impression left on the minds of many  
that imagine from the very fine display made  
the past few weeks that we are only going to  
keep the finest grades of goods.

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

**Large Sales and Small Profits.**

**OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,**  
1849, 1851 and 1853  
*Notre Dame Street.*

**Carpets.**

The place to get them right, and fullest  
selection, is at  
**THOMAS LIGGETT'S.**

**Curtains,**

Shades, Portieres and Window Mount-  
ings—new, pretty, and splendid value,  
at  
**THOMAS LIGGETT'S.**

**Oilcloths,**

Cork Flooring, Linoleums and Inlaid  
Tile Cork, well seasoned and from cele-  
brated makers, at  
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**Mats,**

Matting, Rugs and Parquet Carpetings,  
immense quantities to select from, at  
**THOMAS LIGGETT'S,**  
1884 Notre Dame Street,  
And 53 and 55 Sparks Street, Ottawa

**Marble and Granite Works**

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**J. BRUNET,**

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**NIPPLE : OIL.**

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore  
nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three  
months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

**COVERNTON'S**

**Syrup of Wild Cherry.**

For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bron-  
chitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and  
Lungs. Price 25 cents.

**COVERNTON'S**

**Pile Ointment.**

Will be found superior to all others for all kind  
Piles. Price 25 cents.

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 111  
Bisby street, corner of Dorchester street.

**WEDDING PRESENTS.**

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate,  
Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery,  
Spoons and Forks, All quality,  
Choice Selections and  
Low Prices.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED

**WATSON & DICKSON,**

1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter.  
[Lots 23 St. Sulpice.]

**GREAT ENGLISH JESUIT.**

**The Sudden Death of Rev. John Morris, S. J.**

Rev. John Morris, S. J., a distinguished writer and preacher, died suddenly in his pulpit at Wimbledon, on Sunday, Oct. 15. He was stricken with apoplexy in the midst of a sermon and died before he could be taken to his home or to an hospital. Father Morris was born on July 4, 1826, at Octacumund, a hill station in southern India, now in the diocese of Coimbatore. His parents were members of the church of England. In 1834, when he was 8 years of age, he was sent to England, and for four years was a pupil at a private boarding school at East Sheen. At the age of 12 he was sent to Harrow, but only passed one year in the great public school. In 1839 his parents sent for him, and after the long voyage round the cape, he rejoined them in southern India. During the three years that he spent there with them he continued his studies under a private tutor. It was decided that he should complete his education at the University at Cambridge, and accordingly after three years in India he returned to England, where he was prepared for Cambridge by Rev. Henry Alford, afterwards dean at Canterbury. He entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, a college which has been the alma mater of so many distinguished men. His tutor was Frederick Paley, who later on himself became a Catholic, and won a high reputation as a Greek scholar and critic.

Soon after joining the Catholic church, he resolved to enter the service of God as a priest, and he proceeded to Rome to pursue his studies. He was ordained in 1849, and he returned to England to begin his missionary labors. He was assigned to duty in the diocese of Northamptonshire. After three years of pastoral service he went back to Rome, where he became vice rector of the English college, in which he had finished his theological studies. In 1856 Father Morris again returned to England, this time to the diocese of Westminster. He did duty in several districts in and around London, one of them being the new parish of St. Thomas, Fulham.

**ITALY'S PERIL.**

**The Frenzied Government of King Humbert Tempted to Provoke a Rupture.**

The London correspondent of the New York Sun cables as follows: There is more truth than I supposed in the extraordinary story which I cabled from Paris a fortnight ago about the Italian plot to begin a war against France during the Toulon fetes. There is now ample confirmation from official sources of the reports of the Italian military preparations for a possible coup de main on the Alpine frontier. A prominent French officer of the Fourteenth Army Corps, commanding the region around Briancon, writes that during the first ten days in October he and his comrades believed war was imminent. They clearly perceived from the heights the intense activity of the Italian troops, and an attack was daily expected. More than 8,000 men were assembled by the Italians in the mountains opposite Briancon, between Clavieres and Orsanne. The French had only 800 men to hold Briancon and the adjacent forts.

Every French post has now been fully garrisoned on a war footing. General de Boisdefre, chief of the general staff, was sent from Paris to complete arrangements for the fullest defense of the French frontier in the Alps.

The announced policy of last summer for reducing the force on the southeast boundary has been reversed. The same

**Precaution Has Now Been Taken Against Surprise**

as though war was already declared. The indications are that the Italian government has abandoned, for the present, such desperate plans.

The situation has not improved in that country. Indeed, it has grown worse, so far as the prospects of outside financial assistance goes. Berlin has been compelled to close her purse on account of home difficulties. The hope of aid from England may as well be abandoned. No considerations of sympathy or international expediency will send British gold to Italy in the present situation. There is nobody else to help her. Meantime popular discontent in the country is rapidly growing.

It is interesting to know that the Vatican has made complete preparations

for anything that may happen. The information comes to me from a high Church authority in Rome, to-day, that every safeguard has been provided for the protection of persons and treasures at the headquarters of the Church. The details of the arrangements are, of course, withheld, but Catholics throughout the world may rest assured that in the case of a revolution or other calamity nothing valuable except the buildings will be exposed to the fury of a mob.

The question of the Pope's leaving Rome is not openly discussed in that city, but it may be assumed that even that contingency has been provided for. A Spanish asylum would probably be considered.

There is a strong impression in Rome that the Vatican will really welcome a crisis in Italian affairs. Many accuse the Papal followers of trying to hasten it. Certainly the Church has little to lose and great possibilities to gain in the reconstruction of the government by any agency.

**Oldest Irishman in America.**

In a comfortable farmhouse near Fairfax, Va., a merry, good-natured Irishman with a well authenticated record of 111 years upon this earth is passing quietly and peacefully to the grave, each day wearing perceptibly on his previously rugged frame. Born in 1782, he is just beginning to succumb to the wear and tear of existence. That certainly speaks well for the quality of constitution that they grow in County Clare. James Magnar was originally a County Clare man and came to this country in 1848. Since then he has lived as a laborer, contractor, and finally settled down as a farmer in "Ole Virginny," and is now spending his last days in the care of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren on his trim farm near Fairfax, in Fairfax county. Mrs. Magnar, the life-long partner of the old man, is almost a centenarian, but she is still hale and hearty and goes about the household duties at the farm with regularity that age seems to have only settled into a deeper and more accustomed groove. Like her husband she is from the County Clare, and she bids fair to rival him in length of life.

**Cottolene**  
**A SHORTENING.**

Down the street through the busy way  
A lady passed on marketing day.  
Who, pausing at a grocery store,  
Stepped quickly in at the open door.  
With bated breath and anxious mien  
She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work,  
Interrogated every clerk;  
But none up to that time had seen  
An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame,  
"That answers to this curious name.  
What is it made of? What's its use?  
My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dimes,  
I see you're quite behind the times.  
For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know,  
Is now the thing that's all the go,  
An article of high regard;  
A healthful substitute for lard.  
Its composition pure and clean;  
For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled,  
The grocer gently scratched his head—  
On his next order, first was seen,  
"One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

Ask Your Grocer for it.

Made only by  
**N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,**  
Wellington and Ann Streets,  
MONTREAL.

**Castor Fluid** Registered. A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, 123 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

**COMMERCIAL.**

**FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.**

**Flour.**  
Patent Spring.....\$3.85 @ 3.00  
Patent Winter.....3.60 @ 3.85  
Straight Roller.....3.00 @ 3.20  
Extra.....2.70 @ 2.90  
Superfine.....2.45 @ 2.65  
Fine.....2.15 @ 2.30  
City Strong Bakers.....3.40 @ 3.60  
Manitoba Bakers.....3.25 @ 3.40  
Ontario bags—extra.....1.35 @ 1.40  
Straight Rollers.....1.40 @ 1.45  
Superfine.....1.15 @ 1.30  
Fine.....1.00 @ 1.10  
**Feed.**—Bran at \$14.50 to \$15.50. Ontario would cost more money, probably by \$1 per ton. Shorts are firm at \$16.50 to \$17.50, as to grade. Mouille quiet at \$20 to \$22 as to grade.  
**Outmeal.**—Rolled and granulated \$120 to \$130. Standard \$3.85 to \$4.10. In bags, granulate and rolled are quoted at \$2.05 to \$2.10, and standard, \$1.85 to \$1.95.  
**Wheat.**—Nos. 2 hard Manitoba wheat is purely nominal in this market, although buyers say they would not pay over 60c. Nominal we quote 60c to 71c. At Fort William there have been further sales of No. 1 hard at 60c and a shade under.  
**Corn.**—Prices are nominal at 48c to 50c in bond, and 60c to 62c in car lots duty paid.  
**Peas.**—It is said that sales of No. 2 peas have been made in the Stratford district of 52c to 54c per 60 lbs on a through rate to Liverpool of 24c per 100 lbs. In this market, sales of car lots have been made at 6 1/2c per 60 lbs. in store.

**Oats.**—Three cars of No. 3 were sold at 34c. The market in the West is easy and about 1c lower.

**Barley.**—About 30,000 bushels have lately been sold to brewers at about 50c, and a little over for No. 1 Ontario, and more can be had at the same figure. Feed barley is quoted at 42c to 43c.

**Malt.**—At 70c to 72c, and we quote 70c to 72c.

**Buckwheat.**—About 50c to 5 1/2c.

**Rye.**—There have been sales in the West of about 35,000 bushels during the past few days at 45c to 4 1/2c, which is remarkably low. Here the market is nominally quoted at 50c to 51c.

**Seeds.**—Advices from points west of Toronto state that a few lots of red clover have been marketed at \$5.35 to \$5.50, but that farmers are bringing very little out as yet. In this market red clover is quoted at \$3 to \$6. Western Timothy at \$2 to \$2.25, and Alsike at \$6.50 to \$7 per bushel.

**PROVISIONS.**

**Pork, Lard, &c.**—We quote:  
Canadashortcut pork per bbl.....\$19.00 @ 20.00  
Canada clear mess, per bbl.....18.00 @ 19.00  
Chicago clear mess, per bbl.....19.00 @ 20.00  
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....17.00 @ 18.00  
India mess beef, per tierce.....00.00 @ 00.00  
Extra mess beef, per bbl.....00.00 @ 00.00  
Hams, city cured, per lb.....12 @ 14c  
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....11 @ 12 1/2c  
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....8 @ 8 1/2c  
Bacon, per lb.....11 @ 12 1/2c  
Shoulders, per lb.....10 1/2 @ 11c  
**Dressed Hogs.**—Car lots have been offered from Essex county at \$7.10 delivered here, but buyers will not operate. Here prices may be quoted at \$7.35 for jobbing lots.

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**

**Butter.**—per lb.  
Creamery, August.....22c to 22 1/2c  
Creamery Sept. and Oct.....22 1/2c to 23c  
Eastern Townships.....22c to 23c  
Western.....18c to 20c  
For single tubs of selected, 1c per lb may be added to the above.

**Cheese.**—We quote prices here as follows:—  
Finest Western colored.....10 1/2c to 11c  
Finest Western white.....10 1/2c to 11c  
Finest Quebec.....10 1/2c to 11c  
Underpiced.....10c to 10 1/2c  
Liverpool cable white.....5 1/2c to 6c  
Liverpool cable colored.....5 1/2c to 6c

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

**Eggs.**—Sales of held fresh eggs having been made at 16c to 17c, and of strictly fresh stock at 18c to 20c.

**Dressed Poultry.**—Turkeys sold well at 9c to 10c as to quality. Geese were also enquired for, and sales of a number of cases were made at 6c to 7c. Chickens, however, were rather slow sale, a few lots selling at 6c to 9c. Ducks went off pretty well at 9c to 10c.

**Game.**—Venison sellers are rushing off sales at 11c to 12c, and carcasses have sold at 7c to 7 1/2c per lb. Partridges have sold at 50c to 55c per brace.

**Honey.**—Comb honey has met with fair enquiry during the week, with sales reported at 13c to 13 1/2c. Buckwheat and mixed honey in comb have sold all the way from 10c to 12c. Strained honey is quiet at 7c to 8c for new, and 5 1/2c to 6c for old.

**Hops.**—We quote at 17c to 21c as to quality and quantity.

**Beans.**—Round lots at \$1.25 per bushel, and we quote \$1.25 to \$1.35, and other grades from \$1 to \$1.10.

**Maple Products.**—Syrup at 4c to 5c in wood, and 6c to 6 1/2c in tins. Sugar is dull at 6c to 7c per lb.

**Baled Hay.**—No. 2 shipping hay or track at \$9.50 to \$10. In the country sales have been at \$8 to \$8.50 for through shipment to the American seaboard. Straw is steady at \$3.50 to \$5.

**FRUITS, Etc.**

**Apples.**—No. 1 selling at \$3.25 to \$3.50 in car lots, and No. 2 from \$2.00 to \$2.50 for winter varieties.

**Grapes.**—Malaga grapes set \$4.00 to \$6.00 per keg as to weight and quality.

**Grape Fruit.**—Quoted at \$6.50 to \$4.00 per crate.

**Oranges.**—Floridas oranges are about the same as last week and in good demand at \$2.25 to \$3 per crate. There was about eight carloads sold at the Montreal Fruit Auction Co., at very satisfactory prices.

**Lemons.**—We are quoted from \$2.50 to \$3 per box and \$6 per case.

**Onions.**—Spanish is in better demand from 85c to 90c per crate.

**Potatoes.**—The potato market is improving, car lots selling at 60c to 65c per bag and small lots at 70c to 80c.

**Sweet Potatoes.**—There is good demand for sweet potatoes and the prices obtained are \$3.50 to \$4 per bbl.

**Bananas.**—There are a few bunches in the market, and are selling from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per bunch.

**Cranberries.**—Prices are from \$5.50 to \$6.50 as to quality. We believe that prices have advanced \$1 in New York.

**Pears.**—Are selling from \$3.00 to \$3.25 per box.

**FISH AND OILS.**

**Pickled Fish.**—Herring, and sales of shore fish have been made at \$1.50 to \$4.00, and we quote Labrador at \$5.00 to \$5.25. In green cod there are fair stocks of No. 1 which sell at \$1.50, large being quoted at \$5.50 nominally, although more money could be got for the few last may be on spot. Dry cod is scarce, with sales at \$5.00 to \$5.25 per 112 lbs. Labrador salmon in tierces are quoted at \$21 for No. 1 and \$18 for No. 2; in bins \$12.50 to \$13.

**Oils.**—Newfoundland cod oil is quoted at 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c, and steam refined seal oil at 40c to 42c. In cod liver oil there is very little business, and prices are quoted at 55c to 60c for new and 45c to 50c for old.

**Dried Fish.**—Boneless cod is quiet but steady at 6c to 6 1/2c per lb, and ordinary dried fish at 4c to 5c. Smoked herring 12c to 15c per box. Yarmouth blotters \$1.25 per box of 60 fish; new haddies 1/2c to 7/8c.

**Canned Fish.**—Lob-ters \$6.00 per case for tails, and \$3.50 to \$9.00 for tails. Mackerel \$4.00 to \$4.50.

**Oysters.**—The market is firm. Malpeques selling at \$3.50 to \$4.50, the latter price for choice hand picked.

**Fresh Fish.**—Haddock at 3 1/2c to 4c, British Columbia salmon at 12c to 18c, and white fish at 7c per lb.

**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. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pine syrup.  
**PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.**  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**An Important Point of Merit.**  
**MILK GRANULES**

is absolutely free from starchy matter, which is present in barley flour, and other infant foods, and contains no Glucose and no Cane Sugar.

It is a scientific fact that infants under seven months of age cannot digest starchy foods.

Don't Accept a Substitute.

**JOHNSON'S - FLUID - BEEF**

—IS UNEQUALLED—

**IN FLAVOR, NUTRITION, and DIGESTIBILITY.**

THE BEST TONIC IS

**STAMINAL,**

—BECAUSE—

the moment the tonic does its good work it carries with it a food to answer to the effect of the tonic.

Can any combination be more happy?

**JUDGE M. DOHERTY,**  
**Consulting Counsel,**  
**SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS**  
**Montreal.**

**DOHERTY & SICOTTE,**  
[Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY,]  
**Advocates; and; Barristers,**  
**180 ST. JAMES STREET,**  
**City and District Bank Building.**



## THE WORLD AROUND.

The London Times has learned from private sources that the leaders of the Brazilian rebellion have decided to hoist the imperial flag.

Emperor William, as King of Prussia, has summoned the Prussian Landtag to meet on January 16th.

The Czar has, through Baron Morenheim, specially thanked the Archbishop of Paris for having ordered a "Te Deum" in the churches on the occasion of the visit of the Russian squadron.

A French journalist, who was sent to interview Prince Bismarck, was expelled from Friedrichsruhe by order of the prince's secretary.

Upon being informed of the fact that her husband had been buncoed out of \$4,500, Mrs. Adam Bright, of Piqua, Ohio, dropped dead Monday.

It is reported in Brussels that President Piexoto's plans for crushing Admiral Mello's fleet are completed.

John D. Rockefeller has again opened his purse to the institution he founded and given \$50,000 to the Chicago University.

The eastern elevator, at Buffalo, the largest in the world, considering its working capacity, was completed Saturday. It has three marine legs, giving it a capacity of 45,000 bushels an hour.

The State Department has refused compliance with the request of Mello, the Brazilian insurgent leader, asking for formal recognition.

Governor Atgeld, of Illinois, says the Chicago anarchists were pardoned unconditionally. He added that there are no anarchists in Illinois.

Count Kalnoky, Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs, is travelling slowly southward to Monza, where he will confer with King Humbert and Admiral Brin, Italian minister of foreign affairs.

The wreck of the schooner Ripple, in which two Swedish scientists made a voyage to Baffin's Bay, has been discovered. The explorers are believed to have perished.

Gorham Abbott, of Winsted, Conn., has surprised his friends by beginning to talk, after being dumb for thirty years. He was made deaf and dumb by an attack of scarlet fever in his youth.

Lady Burton is to have a fine memorial stained glass window prepared in memory of her husband, the late Sir Richard Burton. It will be placed in the chapel at Mortlake adjoining his mausoleum.

The British Government has submitted to King Humber the name Sir Francis Clare Ford as successor to the late Lord Vivian as British Ambassador at Rome. Sir Francis Clare Ford is the present ambassador at Constantinople.

Warren T. Putnam, president of the National Granite State bank of Exeter, N.H., was arrested in Boston, on Saturday, by Deputy Marshal Galloup, on the charge of embezzlement from the funds of that institution. It is said that the amount of his embezzlement will reach \$30,000.

A special despatch from Melilla says that shortly after the forts and gunboats opened fire on the Rifians, the latter having declined to accept the terms of Gen. Macias that they surrender. War has now been definitely opened, and it will not end until Spain can dictate her own terms to the Sultan of Morocco.

Mr. K. Georgievitch, the Servian Minister to France, was stabbed Monday evening while dining at the Bouillon Duval restaurant in Avenue Opera. His assailant is a crank named Lauter, who committed the murderous attempt with a shoemaker's knife. Immediately after committing the crime he ran away, leaving his hat behind him, and delivered himself up at the other end of Paris, at the Roquette police station.

The Navy Department has received information of the result of the trial of the armored cruiser Olympia off the California coast. The horse power developed on the run was 15,700, this being subject to correction. The indicated horse power was 13,500. The speed made during a continuous run of four hours was over twenty knots an hour with revolutions at the rate of 134. The Olympia is of the protected cruiser type, her keel having been laid in 1890.

"The weigh of the world"—The pound sterling.

## GALLANT IDA LEWIS.

## America's Grace Darling, the Brave Woman Who Keeps the Lime Rock Light.

Her Boat, "The Rescue," Exhibited at the World's Fair—The Heroine Who Has Saved 18 Lives, Tells How Her Own Life Was Saved—Congress Gives Her a Gold Medal.

NEWPORT, R.I., Nov. 24th.—America's Grace Darling, the heroine of 18 life-saving exploits, the woman for whom the American congress has cast a gold medal of the first class, the first of the kind ever given to a woman, keeps the Lime rock lighthouse.

It was when the Russian warships were lying at peaceful anchor in Newport's beautiful harbor, that a small company from the hotel Aquidneck went out in a sail boat to pay a visit to this brave

world is Paine's celery compound.

"I have always been miserable in summer, and I believe I should have died this season if I had not taken Paine's celery compound. I began with it last February, and this summer I have been splendid," and her eyes flashed as she warmed to her subject. "And I am delighted to tell it," she continued, "for it is the truth. I have had so many doctors and so many doctors' prescriptions that I had lost faith in them, and I

the credit to Paine's celery compound. I have faith in it because there is nothing like it. I know so many people that have been helped. I am so much improved that my friends do not know me this summer. I have taken eight bottles since February, and the longer I take it the better I get. I have to live economically, and I do all my own housework, washing and ironing, and even the painting of the woodwork outside. I enjoy doing it now, but I believe



THE HOME OF IDA LEWIS, LIME ROCK LIGHT, NEWPORT, R. I.

woman, whose life-boat, the "Rescue," has been one of the much talked-of exhibits at the world's fair. The story told by Mrs. Lewis of how her own life was saved, amply repaid the visitors for their journey.

Lime rock lighthouse, the home of this world-famous heroine, is within the harbor and is a short sail from the New York yacht club's house. At high tide an ordinary cat-rigged sail boat cannot land at Lime rock, and a row-boat must be used, from which a landing is effected by climbing up the face of a perpendicular rock upon a ladder lashed with fetters of iron to the stone.

At low tide the rowboat is guided toward a pebbly beach through the sword grass that cuts against its sides like slashing martial blades.

The lighthouse—this saving station of wrecked mariners—is the blessed symbol of peace on earth and sea, saying good will to men. The fair woman to whom the visitors listened told a true narrative for every other brave and good woman in the country—a narrative for every woman in the country to heed and profit by.

Ida Lewis looks to be in her thirties as to age, with a highly nervous temperament, slight figure, bright eyes, with a dash of color in her face.

"It is 35 years since we came to Lime rock, six in family, and now there are but two of us left, my brother Rudolph, who helped you up the rocks, and myself," said she. "My father was a cripple for 17 years, in which time he never cut a mouthful of food for himself; my mother died 10 years ago of a cancer, and my sister six years ago with consumption.

"I have never been well in my life until now. My trouble was in my chest and lungs, and I have always had a cough from a child. What has done me more good than anything else in the

have tried so many patent medicines that I dreaded the summer. But I read about Paine's celery compound and went to see the gentlemen who testified, and they were loud in its praise. My brother Rudolph said that I had better not try it, as I would be disappointed again, and then I would feel worse than ever, but I went ahead; it seemed as if the Lord directed me, and I received benefit from the very first bottle.

"O, you should have seen me last summer. I was short of breath, easily

I should be dead if I had not taken Paine's celery compound."

Besides the gold medal presented to her by the United States of America, a silver medal was presented by the humane society of Massachusetts: "To Ida Lewis, the heroine of Lime rock, for the many heroic and successful efforts in saving human lives." Another, also of silver, was presented by the life-saving benevolent association of New York: "To Miss Ida Lewis, as a testimonial of her skill, courage and humanity in rescuing two men in the harbor of Newport, R.I., during a severe storm."

Not only on these several special occasions, however, has Miss Lewis shown the courage and fortitude that have made her famous, but also in the faithfulness and regularity with which her daily round of duties have been performed, for they are not few. No lighthouse on the coast is better kept than hers, and not one has a better record.

"People think, when they come and find things in perfect order, that there is nothing to do here," she said. "But they do not know how early we start in the morning and how many little things there are to be done. The lamps have to be cleaned every day, the lenses kept clean, and the brasses polished, to say nothing of keeping the house in order."

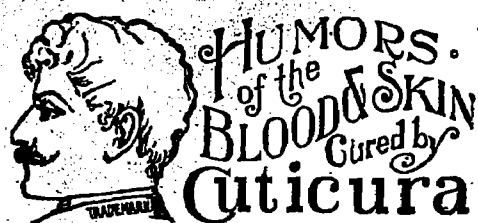
Not alone are the "brasses polished" on the light, but the shining copper pump in the kitchen and the row of brass candlesticks on the mantel behind the stove all testify to the success and industry of the thrifty champion of life and strength.

Ida Lewis is called the bravest woman in America. But there are many brave women who have suffered as she has done, who are nearly broken down, who need to-day a true food for the brain and nerves, and whom Paine's celery compound will make well again. Thousands of women have been saved by this wonderful remedy.



IDA LEWIS.

tired out, and had a cough and night sweats, and my doctor told me I had heart trouble. I was so thin and I was wearing black, and my friends said I looked like a little ghost. Now I am excellent, and feel proud to tell it and give



**HUMORS OF THE BLOOD & SKIN**  
Cured by  
**Cuticura**

**HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP** whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 50c; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

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I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days.

Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application.

ADDRESS:

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**HOME RULE!**

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

**ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.**

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt, Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

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**NOTICE.**

JOSEPH LEVEILLE, Gentleman, the Rev. F. X. JOSEPH LEVEILLE, Priest, CHARLES ALPHONSE LEVEILLE, Notary, and JOSEPH DULOS, Merchant, all of Montreal, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for the ratification of certain sales of real estate and of certain transactions entered into between them.

LAMOITHE & TRUDEL,  
Attorneys for Petitioners.  
Montreal, 2nd October, 1893. 12-5

**The Testamentary Executors of the late Francois Xavier Beaudry**

Will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law defining more clearly their powers to alienate the properties bequeathed for charitable purposes, and acknowledging that the proceeds of such alienations may be employed in improvements or buildings on unproductive immovables or others in their possession before acquiring any new ones; acknowledging, moreover, that they may remit that part of the Estate to the Seminary of St. Sulpice or to another religious Corporation before the expiration of the period of twenty-five years mentioned in the Obedience of the Testator, and for other purposes.

BEIQUÉ, LAFONTAINE, TURGEON & ROBERTSON,  
12-5 Attorneys for Petitioners.

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Commencing on May 31, the steamers will leave the Canal Basin, Montreal, daily (Sundays excepted) at 10 o'clock a.m., and Lachine on arrival of the noon train, and Coteau Landing on arrival of the 4.45 Canada Atlantic train.

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Steamer "Saguenay" will leave Quebec every Tuesday and Friday at 7.30 a.m., for Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Chicoutimi and intermediate ports.

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Leave every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m. For sailings of steamer "Terrebonne" and ferries see local time table.

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Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

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

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

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 For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others  
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 Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal,  
 MONTREAL, 19th July, 1893.  
 DEAR SIR:—With reference to "Buffalo"  
 Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last  
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 Yours respectfully,  
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 Special novelties in Ladies' Opera Cloaks, \$10 to \$50  
 Colored All Wool Serges, 13c yard  
 Fancy Shot Dress Tweeds, 44 in., 40c yard  
 All Wool Costume Tweeds, 57c yard  
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 Children's Fur Caps, 55c each  
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 Ladies' 4-Button Kid Gloves, 35c pair  
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 Bleached Table Damask, 25c yard  
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**LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER.**  
 DIVIDEND NO. 56  
 Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent has been declared on the paid-up capital of this institution for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office in Montreal, on and after FRIDAY, the First of December next.  
 The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of November, both days inclusive.  
 By order of the Board,  
 A. DE MARTHIGNY,  
 Managing Director.