

## HARMONIES OF THE UNIVERSE.

Bishop Keane's Eloquent Address in Washington.

The announcement of a lecture from the Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, the rector of the Catholic University, is always a guarantee of a large audience. On last Sunday evening the large auditorium of the Academy of Music, Washington, was crowded with those who were anxious to hear the Rt. Rev. Bishop's lecture on the "Harmonies of the Universe." It was a brilliant address and with masterful control he held his hearers spell bound during the evening. He was introduced by Senator White of Louisiana.

The Bishop began by contrasting the moods of nature. Then he said: "We know that there must be a self-existent Creator because He is self-existent and eternal and is the author of all good. We recognize that He must be a being absolute and limitless; perfect, without any mixture of unwisdom; harmony without discord.

"Nature, we realize, must be the mirror of His beauty and love, and the most familiar one of the harmonies of nature is the harmony of sound."

The Bishop set aside the technical details and analysis of sound and proposed to take an exterior view and get through that vista some of its greatest beauties.

### POETRY IN HIS PROSE.

"Sound succeeded the silence that was coeval with eternity," he continued. Then, with gentle undulation, he sketched the dawning of the world, the creation of the angels, of all that preceded the earth. "When God created the angels there was yet no sound, for they were pure spirits," he added. He argued that the strongest, fiercest workings of the human mind are soundless. Sound is necessarily materialistic. "There is no such thing as dead inert matter," he said, with strong emphasis and impressive gestures. "All matter is throbbing and vibrating."

In words of picturesque beauty he enumerated the varieties of sound. He sketched its development and modulation from the time when our earth, a fiery, molten mass, fresh from Nature's furnace, sounded forth with the lungs of Nature the great march of impotence. As time went on, he said, Nature's sounds grew softer. Man was created with all of Nature's sounds intelligible to his ear that he might be the high priest of Nature. Sin entered into the world, and with sin discord. From that sorrowful day the gladness of sound departed from Nature's bosom.

With effective solemnity and a saddened tone the Bishop spoke of the groanings and travails of Nature. Then with sorrows, vivid, imaginary, he sketched the din of sounds, all blending together in the discordant yet not inharmonious music of human progress.

### MORE WONDERFUL THAN ALL.

But the sounds of speech, he said, are more wonderful than those of the elements, than those of animal life, than even celestial sounds. "The music of the spheres is no more wonderful than the first lisping of a baby's tongue, for speech is the music of thought," he continued.

Bitterly the Bishop referred to "scientific, or, I might say, insane efforts to take this gift of God and degrade it to the level of the mere brute." If it were true that speech originated in the attempts at communication between brutes, he declared that language, as traced backward, would be found more and more diversified. But philological investigation proves that all languages spring from one common tongue now no longer existing. "From the beginning God endowed man with speech and thought."

The Bishop concluded this phase of his subject with a scholarly, argumentative sketch of the degeneration in speech accompanying barbaric lapses in manner and corresponding re-elevation of speech with civilization, as shown by the history of all peoples.

"But oh!" he exclaimed, "what sin does with human speech!" He compared sin to a lump of poison in a fountain head. "When sin is in the heart then the voice, meant to be music, is lifted in the horrid brawl and revel. The tongue, turned into a two-edged sword, cuts every link between man and man. All the

beautiful flowers of speech meant to lift us up to heaven are changed into chains and fetters to drag one another down."

### SATIRIZED SOCIETY GOSSIP.

In a reference to certain literature of the day Bishop Keane spoke with deep indignation and bitter scorn of "the music of fascinating style that lures on the reader, poisoning the conscience and planting in the soul the seeds of death." "You know society better than I do," he said a moment later. "You know better than I what a stream of harmonious wisdom glides through the social receptions and parties of the day." He went on to satirize the foolish gossip of society. Then, in warning tones and with out stretched arms, he said: "You must be careful that foolishness does not degenerate into something worse."

Then the Bishop urged upon his hearers the necessity, the duty, of a worthy use of the gift of speech. Changing to the consideration of poetry, he continued: "Yet the highest utterance of human thought is to be found only in poetry and music. Oh, for the poet of the future who will have the power to make all nature transparent to our eyes. Music gives to poetry an utterance fit for its beauty and sublimity."

### GOD'S HARMONY.

In concluding the Bishop said: "We have seen that the universe is full of harmonies and that all come from the beauty of the living God. We have seen also that it is full of discords, all coming from the sin and folly of man. But the blessed God, moved by the trust and repentance of his children, gives a soft solace for all woes.

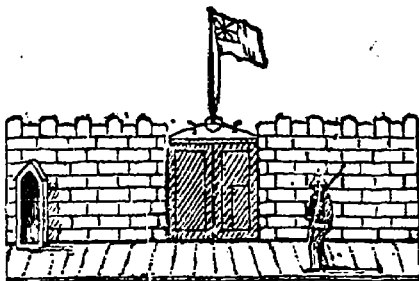
All the jarring sounds of the discords found a focus in the heart of the Crucified One, and, when they broke His heart, they were transformed into the harmony of love.

"Listen to the cry with which the Saviour of the world gave up his life for us. That cry is a battle cry summoning every soul to leave the foolish and rally to the good. A cry of triumph of virtue and honor over cupidity, of peace over strife, of harmony over discord. He is, indeed, the great harmonizer, the Prince of Peace."—*The Mirror*.

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## A NORWOOD MIRACLE.

**HEALTH REGAINED AFTER SEVEN DOCTORS HAD FAILED.**

**The Remarkable Experience of Mr. John Slater Knox—Two Hours Sleep all the Benefit Derived From Six Weeks Medical Treatment—Rescue From Suffering Came After the Doctors Had Pronounced His Case Hopeless.**

Norwood Register.

The readers of the Register will remember having read in this paper during the early part of last year of the very serious illness of Mr. John Slater Knox, who lives on lot 20, in the 3rd concession of Asphodel township. They will remember how in January, 1892, Mr. Knox was stricken down with a grippe, how from a man of about 155 pounds he fell away in flesh in a few short weeks until he was a mere skeleton of his former self, weighing only 120 pounds; how he was racked with the most excruciating pain; how he longed for years to relieve him of his suffering; how he consulted doctors near and far, and how they failed to successfully diagnose his case. In fact they confessed their ignorance of his malady and said he could not recover. But so much for the profession. Mr. Knox is alive to-day. He has recovered his wanted vigor and weighs 180 pounds, and his many friends in Norwood look upon him in wonder. Of course Mr. Knox is questioned on every hand about his recovery, as to what magic influence he owes his increase in flesh, and his answer to each interrogation is "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it," and he is never too busy to extol the merits of his now world famous remedy. This is what he said to a reporter of the Norwood Register the other day when asked about his illness and his wonderful cure:—"I will tell you all about it. In January, 1892, I had a grippe, which was prevalent at that time. It settled into pains in the calves of my legs. I was drawing lumber at the time and thought it was caused by sitting on the load and allowing my legs to hang down. I consulted a doctor in the matter, who told me it was rheumatism. He treated me, but did me no good and I kept getting worse daily. Altogether I had seven doctors in attendance, but none of them seemed to know what my ailment was. Some said it was rheumatism, others that my nerves were diseased, one said locomotor ataxia, and another inflammation of the spinal cord, another inflammation of the outer lining of the spinal cord, and still another said neuralgia of the nerves. I did not sleep for six weeks and no drug administered by the medical men could deaden the pain or make me slumber. I will just say this: at the end of that time some narcotic administered made doze for a couple of hours, and that all the relief I received from the disciples of Esculapius. They said I could not recover, and really I had given up hope myself. My pain was so intense I wanted to die to be relieved of my suffering. From a weight of 154 pounds I had dropped to 120. I was a skeleton compared with my former self. I had often read in *The Register* of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but did not think of taking the remedy. About this time my father purchased some from Dr. Moffatt, druggist, Norwood, and bringing them to me requested me to take them. They remained in the house perhaps a couple of weeks before I commenced taking them, and then I must confess I had not much faith in their efficacy. Before I had finished taking the first box I felt a little better, and when taken two boxes I was convinced that the Pink Pills were doing me good; in fact that they were doing for me what seven doctors had failed to do—they were effecting a cure. I felt so much better after having taken three boxes of Pink Pills that I ceased taking them, but I had not fully recovered and had to resume, and I then continued taking them until now I am as hale a man as you will meet in a day's travel. I am positive that this happy result has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I recommend them to my neighbors and my friends as I am thoroughly convinced of their great curative properties. There is a case a short distance from my place of a man, who has been a cripple for some time, recovering after taking eight boxes of Pink Pills. In December last I could only manage to lift a bag of oats, now I can toss a bag of peas unto a load with ease. Isn't that gaining strength? At one period since I began taking Pink Pills I gained thirty pounds in six weeks. To-day I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have been skidding logs in the bush all winter and can do a day's work with any of them. I believe it my duty to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whenever I can."

"I hear you are making preparations to build a house, Mr. Knox," said the reporter. "Yes," replied Mr. Knox laughingly. "I am about building a house and barn, which I think will demonstrate that I am trying to enjoy my renewed lease of life." Calling on Dr. Moffatt, a druggist, The Register reporter asked him if he knew of Mr. Knox's case, and that gentleman ascribed his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "I have been talking to Mr. Knox and his is certainly a most remarkable cure. But speaking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reminds me of the wonderful sale they are having in and about Norwood. I buy a hundred dollars worth at a time and my orders are not few. I sell more Pink Pills than any other medicine and always hear good reports of them." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom, the after effects of grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substi-

utes in the form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blond builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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