

# REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH CATHOLICS

By Our Special Contributor, "Cruz"—Continued.

As I promised to continue this subject in the present issue, and seeing that I have not been able, on account of unavoidable circumstances, to place my hand upon the sources of information on which I purpose drawing, I will merely form a species of hyphen between two sections of the subject, with some more extracts from the sheet of notes to which I referred in the last number. Since last week's contribution was written I have learned that I was right in my surmise, and that the late Mrs. Berlinguet, formerly Miss Pope, was the lady who gathered the information about the Scotch Catholic pioneers which I have been condensing into these columns. I will now proceed to complete what has been written by that lady about the parish of St. Raphael's. I will simply give her own words, without note or comment, and leave for another time the continuation of my own investigations.

### HARDSHIPS AND LABORS.

I quote from the notes before me: "Through great and manifold hardships have these people (the Scotch Catholic pioneers) worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged to work hard and in the face of disheartening obstacles. Their new home was in many parts either swamp-land or else sandy and full of stones; the stones had to be picked up and made into walls to divide the farms, and the swamp-land drained and reclaimed. Often they had to lay roads of logs across the marshes and jump from one log to another, carrying on their backs bags of grain to be ground at Williamstown, where Sir John Johnson had erected a mill. Williamstown is to-day a thriving place, with a fine church and as pretty a church as there is to be found in Canada. All these obstacles they surmounted as became the hardy mountaineers they were, and from their ranks came forth some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first Speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17th, 1792—Colonel John MacDonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Glengarry, and Attorney-General. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles raised for the war of 1812, and was killed while serving under Brock, at Queenstown Heights."

### SOME PROMINENT MEN.

Amongst others of note, sons of the Glengarry colony, to whom the writer of these notes refers, are two or three whose names I cannot omit in this rambling review. The lady quoted says: "Simon Frazer, of the house of Lovat, descended from Mrs. Frazer of Killbrock (the best female Scotch Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Father Fargurson in that language, and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands), was born in Glengarry; he became a partner in the North-west Company, and on one of his exploring expeditions discovered the Frazer River. From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield MacDonald, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield MacDonald was eldest son. He was one of the most brilliant politicians of his time, and Premier of the Canadian Government. His brother Hon. J. A. MacDonald, one of the Crown Ministers of the late Liberal or Grit Government, was Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario for five years." I will here interrupt the manuscript, to say that it can easily be seen this is the work of a lady more conversant with the beauties of literature, the charms of Catholic history in Canada, than with the details and technicalities of politics.

### PLACES OF INTEREST.

I will now return to the manuscript: "Among the places of interest to a Catholic stranger in Canada, West (Ontario), there is none more enlightening than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch, and interweave with the faith that is in them, live on in the hearts of the people. It is difficult of access, so are most poetic places now-a-days." I will continue the description in the words of the lady, who evidently wrote from observation, but I must remark that she is speaking of twenty-five years ago, and that there was no Canada Atlantic, or C. P. R. in those days. "You leave Lancaster in a 'Black Maria' that groans and creaks and bounces over the road in a way that will test your nerves. Your driver is a yellow-haired Gael with a tendency to moralize on the evils of intemperance. As you leave Lancaster a way-side work-shop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its cave depends a sign, upon which is depicted a figure of a man expectant at the most an intimation that festive bugles and neat jaunting sleighs are made within; but no 'A Large Supply of Elegant Collins Always on Hand.' This singular motto sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven mile drive and dismount at Sandfield's Corner, your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. Along the side of the old military road you go under a series of giant height until you reach

Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide. Village there is none; only a post office and store, an inn, a school house, cottages, with a Church, presbytery and college." By the way, I would feel inclined to consider this as a pretty fair description of an ordinary country village, such as any to be found scattered over Ontario before the advent of railways. At all events I knew half a dozen or more villages the quaint old hamlet dedicated to that could neither boast a college, nor a regular post office.

### THE CHURCH.

The Church stands on the brow of a hill, and is remarkably large and lofty for a country Church. On a chiselled slab over the door you read:

Teig De 4.  
LILLECCXXI.

Entering you are struck by the beauty of the vast roof, unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by a screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. Behind this screen is a white marble slab bearing the inscription:

On the 18th of June, 1843, the Highland Society of Canada erected this tablet to the memory of the Honorable and Right Reverend Alexander MacDonell, Bishop of Kingston, (Born 1796, Died 1840. Though dead he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

Under the floor at the Gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the late Father John. On the main altar a statue of the patron of the Church St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich, by Rev. Father Masterson, O.P. The side altars have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the Church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the grave yard are many old tombs; one of the oldest bears the date of 1828, and on it the passer-by is requested, "In the Name of 'God,' to pray for the soul of Mary Watson, spouse of Lieut. Angus MacDonell, Glengarry Light Infantry. The enclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and college, now used as a chapel in which Mass is said daily, and in which the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The garden of the Bishop is still a mass of bloom, and in its centre walks stands a moss-grown sun-dial, whereon we trace:

—A relic of Master Ian. From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old Bishop's portrait looks down on his people, it shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of Sir Walter Scott. The Church, house, college and garden have been much improved by Father Masterson, who succeeded Father John, after being his assistant for many years."

### HARMONY THAT REIGNS.

"The people of Glengarry seem to live on very good terms with their Protestant neighbors, and tell with pleasure of Father John's custom of reading the Bible aloud to those of them who wished him to do so. The Bishop was revered by all sects, and when he received visitors of state in Kingston, the wife of the Protestant minister used to go over to do the honors of the house. All through the country the farms are equal, if not superior, to any others of the Dominion, and are graced by magnificent trees. The roads are bordered with beech, ash, birch, tamarack, maple, butternut, spruce, willow and pine, while the elms in every direction offer studies for an artist in their rugged and graceful curves. A small river called the Beaudette winds through the country. Water scenery is certainly wanting in Glengarry."

Methods I have now quoted enough to form my connecting link, and to furnish a fair idea of the Scotch Catholic settlement as it was a quarter of a century ago.

### FIVE MINUTES SERMON.

#### CHARITY.

The unity of mind which St. Paul would have us individually cultivate and practice as the effect of God's patience, is, without doubt, charity towards one another. For charity induces us to love even our enemies, to show our love for all men by wishing and doing them good, to foster feelings of truly Christian friendship for our neighbor, and by them effecting a lasting bond of charitable union between relations, friends, and strangers, to glorify God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the early Christians glorified Him, with one mind and with one mouth.

But, alas! how often is the harmony inculcated by St. Paul disturbed! How often is the agreement of friend with friend destroyed by petty quarrels and childish disputes! How often, in fine, is the precept of charity violated on account of extreme sensitiveness in taking offence at trifles! If a person, perhaps unconsciously, does us an injury, we are at once enraged, instead of imitating our Lord's patience under said in disparage of us, or at least not altogether in accordance with our wishes, we forthwith take umbrage, cherish feelings of anger and hatred for the delinquent, vow our resolution never to forgive, and thus live in a state of constant and sinful enmity.

Some one says or does something, by way of innocent pleasure, and we immediately feel ourselves ill-treated. We are careful to observe the

# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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conduct of others, and if, perchance, we notice anything that does not accord with our view of things, we but too readily condemn it. We are not scrupulous in making rash judgments by attributing to our neighbor bad motives. We accidentally hear of the sins and misfortunes of those about us, and, instead of commiserating them in their misery and, we are uneasy until we have made known that we were bound in charity to keep secret. We are ever straining our attention with the curiosity of seeing what others do, while we are blind to what we do ourselves. We are, in fact, very forgetful of the record of God's precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

We do not wish others to injure us, why, then, are we guilty of injuring them? We do not like others to speak ill of us; why, then, are we not more cautious never to speak ill of them? We are offended at hearing ourselves judged falsely, on finding that our sins have been revealed and made public, on account of the peevishness and bad temper of our neighbor, by the refusal of friends to speak to us; and yet, with the most utter unconcern for the feelings of those we should love, we ourselves entertain unjust judgments, we ourselves sin by detraction, we ourselves are cross and impatient, we ourselves pass by others in the street or in social gatherings without offering them a sign of recognition.

Do to others what you would wish others to do to you. Be charitable after the example of our Lord Jesus Christ. Remove from your minds all thoughts of hatred and ill-will. Promote charity, peace, and benevolence as far as it lies in your power.

## What the Question Box Reveals.

Rev. Father Sutton's lectures to non-Catholics at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Portsmouth, N.H., attracted wide attention, says an exchange.

This was the first mission of the kind ever known in the district. An observant reporter who has occasion to meet many of the leading citizens of Portsmouth each day says that Portsmouth's chief topic of conversation during the week was these lectures and the Question Box. The answers of Father Sutton to the questions about "Predestination," "Free Thinker," and the Pope, were the sole topic during the mission. Subjoined we give a few to show the direction in which the non-Catholic mind is groping.

Q. Why do Catholics think that Mary has more power than Christ?  
A. We do not think so. All her power comes from Christ. We love and reverence her just because she is the Mother of Christ, and our love for her, therefore, is all on His account.

Q. Why are the Irish people so ignorant?  
A. The last United States census gives native-born illiterates at near two millions, and foreign-born illiterates at a little over half a million. This does not show that the Irish are the ignorant ones. Are not your own Irish neighbors as bright and intelligent as other people?

Q. How can I become a Catholic?  
A. Call upon the priest and he will give you the necessary instructions, telling you how to know the truth and how to live up to it.

Q. What was the name of the first Pope, and in what year did he take his seat?  
A. The word Pope is the "baby" word, "Papa," taken from the Greek. The first man to receive the title was probably Adam, the first father, and there are many popes taking the word to designate the visible head of the Church—the first was Peter, who was so appointed by Christ; and when Christ left this world Peter became the visible head of His Church. He went to Rome about B. D. 43.

Q. What is a Free-thinker?  
A. One who pretends to think as he pleases. And it is a misnomer. The intellect is not free. The object of the intellect is truth; and when truth is presented to it the intellect, or thinking-box of man, recognizes it. When data are given to the mind it must act necessarily. If it act at all, thus, if I say "All men are white," "John is a man"—my mind must say "John is white." The very nature of our minds is such; hence it becomes an authority in the search after truth. So that there are no such things as free thought and free-thinkers. What becomes then of liberty (you say) if there is no free thought? The intellect is not the seat of liberty; those who admit the existence of liberty place it in the will. Liberty consists in the capacity of the soul to will or not to will. Political liberty consists in the right of each one to follow the bent of his will, so long as he does not trench upon the rights of others.

Q. Would a person who has fallen be received in the Catholic Church?  
A. I take the word fallen to mean here one who has departed from that life of goodness so pleasing to God. If such a sinful soul returns with a deep sorrow for his wickedness, the Church would receive him with open arms. How did Christ act? Did He not receive poor sinners with loving condescension? Such is our office,—to raise the fallen, to console the afflicted. Our work is that of Christ, who said: "I have come to call all sinners to repentance."

Q. Why does God, who knows all things, past, present and future, cause to exist persons who, He knows, will lead such a life as must condemn them to hell?  
A. To God all things are present—there is nothing past or future. It

is easier to raise a difficulty often than to understand its solution. Our limited mind can not fathom all the mysteries in God. Father Lambert answers this difficulty in these words: "The first thought that occurs here is that He who has the power to create can not be criticized by anything that He creates. You must admit that to be, to exist, is a good thing in itself. Therefore to cause things or persons to come into existence is a good thing. Then the Supreme Being has a right to call into being by His creative act whosoever and whatsoever He wills. No one can deny this who admits that existence is a good thing or a better thing than non-existence. When I speak of the right of the Supreme Being I simply come down to a low plane of thought, for, strictly speaking, the Supreme Being has no rights whatever, because He is the right, the source, origin and measure of all rights. When we talk of rights we refer to relations between existences, creatures. But the Supreme Being is neither an existence nor a creature. He is simple, infinite, the source of thought and of things. Having no equal and being entirely unique, He bears no relation to anything, except that of cause, and things and thought bear dependence on Him except that of His rights to make the finite intellect, groping, as it is, in darkness, doubt, and uncertainty, the measure of the infinite intellect, the source of existence, certainty and truth. A moment's reflection will show us how absurd this is."

"Existence being a good thing, God has the right to create existence. Intelligence being good, He has the right to create intelligence. Liberty being good, He can give liberty to intelligent existences. Then to create intelligent free existences is good. This settles the question of right. It is just here that comes in the difficulty of your question. How can the Supreme Being create intelligent, free existences when He knows that some of them will abuse their liberty and deliberately and with malice aforethought place causes that of their very nature lead to eternal painful consequences to the placer of those causes? The answer is very simple. It is this: Existence is a real good. Liberty is a real good. But existence and liberty make evil a possible, a mere possibility; therefore the Supreme Being had a right to do a real good, a possible evil to follow. This possible evil happened. You see, it did. But why did God permit it to happen? I reply that in giving His intelligent creatures liberty He had to include the possibility of its happening. He had to deny His intellect the possibility of giving it to them without the possibility of their abusing it. He could not give it to them and hold them responsible for its abuse. But why create a man that He knew would abuse it? Because the existence of that man is in itself a good, and will continue eternally to be a good, even though the man by his own act should make it miserable in reference to himself. His being is God's; his mode of future existence is his own."

In taking up the next question, Father Sutton said that, notwithstanding its length and form, he could read it in full, as had been requested. It is a choice bit of literature:

A parent asked a priest his boy to bless.

Who forthwith charged  
He must first confess.  
"Well," said the boy,  
"What is your charge?"  
"To you it is a shilling."  
"Must all men pay and all men make confession?"  
"Yes, every man of Catholic profession."  
"When do you confess to?"  
"Any day of the year."  
"Any day to charge you?"  
"Yes, a whole thrice year."  
"Then, do the deans confess?"  
"Yes; sure they do; confess to bishops, and that smartly, too."  
"Do bishops, sir, confess? If so, to whom?"  
"Why, they confess and pay the Church of Rome."  
"Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd,—And does the Pope confess?"  
"Oh, yes, to God."  
"And does God charge the Pope?"  
"No," quoth the priest, "God charges nothing."  
"Oh, then God is best. God then is able to forgive, and always willing to God I will confess, and save my shilling."  
"I will not take up your time in answering this charge," said Father Sutton, in an amused but somewhat tired manner, "for it can be answered by any Catholic child in the city of Portsmouth. Any one of them, no matter how limited his knowledge concerning his Church, will tell you that no charge whatever is made to have sins forgiven." The reverend missionary thereupon turned to an altar boy and said: "Come, little man, did you ever pay to have your sins forgiven?"

The little fellow—a bright boy—stood up and in a clear voice replied: "No, Father."  
"Did you ever hear of a priest telling anybody to pay in confession?"  
"No, Father."  
"To whom does the Pope go to confess?"  
"To any priest."  
"Good, my little man; that is right."

Then, turning to the congregation, he said:

### FURS AT RIGHT PRICES.

The certainty of correctness in fashion, a choosing from the richest furs in America, the assurance of right price and credit given to all reliable buyers, these are a few of the advantages offered at Chase, Jardine & Co., the largest retail fur store in the world.

Father Sutton said: "You have the answer, brethren from this side." This incident created a sensation, and no doubt left a deep impression on those present. On the last night of the lectures a large audience was present, notwithstanding the gale and a downpour of rain. The Rev. P. J. Finnegan, P.R., thanked the non-Catholics of Portsmouth for their attendance, and extended a cordial invitation to each and all to come to the church at any time. Unquestionably, great good has been done here.

## CENTENARIANS AND THEIR WAYS.

### A LOUTH MAN.

At the great age of 101 years, says a writer in the Baltimore "Sun," and with three generations of his descendants about him, there died recently Terence Murphy at his home, 1054 West Barre street, Baltimore, Md. To Mr. Murphy a man who had only lived the Scriptural limit of three score years and ten seemed a mere boy. He himself was full of years when he came from Ireland to America in 1863.

With a memory unimpaired almost to the hour of his death, a memory that was the marvel of those who knew him, Mr. Murphy could recall the Napoleonic wars, the days when railroads were unknown in Ireland, the invention of the telegraph, not to speak of such later day events as the Crimean War, the laying of the first ocean cable and the wonders of electricity in recent years.

The remarkable centenarian had lived since the death of his wife, a good many years ago, with his only daughter, Mrs. Annie Conroy, at the address given above. For a long time, and until about fifteen years ago, Mr. Murphy was employed by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and was a trusted and popular employee. Until last summer his health and vigor were remarkable, and he could walk about anywhere alone. His hearing of late years had not been quite as good as formerly, but his eyesight was well nigh perfect up to the time of his death.

Last summer while walking on the street Mr. Murphy had an attack of stroke from which his physicians said it was entirely impossible for him to recover, but he did nevertheless, and was soon apparently as well as before. On the day of Terence McKinley's funeral the old gentleman had a fall which was not thought much of at the time, but which developed into partial paralysis, and from that time on he was confined to his bed and sank slowly.

Up to the time of his death Mr. Murphy kept in bed with him his old walking stick, of which he was very fond. He had an idea that it might be lost if left outside. Naturally Mr. Murphy's health had been remarkable all his life. He never smoked tobacco in any form, and in his old age drank nothing stronger than beer, but he was fond of a glass of that beverage.

Besides his daughter, Mr. Murphy had four sons, two of whom, John and Terence, Jr., are dead. The other two, Patrick and Nicholas, live here. He had 19 grandchildren, 13 of whom are living, and 5 grand-grandchildren, all but one of whom survive.

Mr. Murphy was a native of County Louth, Ireland. His son Terence, Jr., was the first of the family to emigrate to America, and a few years later brought the father and all the rest of the family over. For many years Mr. Murphy was a devoted member of St. Peter's Catholic Church.

### WALKS TO CHURCH.

Mrs. Eileen Coleman, of Hudson, Pa., celebrated her 108th birthday anniversary recently, and nearly everybody in the town congratulated her. She walked to Sacred Heart Church, as she does every Sunday, and received an ovation on the way home. She is as vigorous as many women thirty years younger, and old residents say she has not grown older in appearance in the last thirty or forty years. She reads without glasses, and thinks nothing of a five-mile tramp. When about 70 years old she was partly blind for a month, but her eyesight improved, and she has had no trouble with it since. She was born in County Mayo, Ire., and came to this country in 1820. Her memory is very good, and she recalls many important events in history.

## CATHOLIC NOTES OF INTEREST.

### GOING HOME.

Bishop Clancy, D.D., of Sligo, Ireland, who has been visiting the United States for past few weeks in the interest of educational affairs in his home diocese, has acted on the advice of physicians whom he consulted there and returned home. It appears that the climate here was proving most injurious to him.

Bishop Clancy expressed his great regret at being forced to leave America so soon, as it necessitated his cancelling many engagements he had expected to fill.

The bishop expressed himself as well pleased with the general outline of the free educational system in Chicago. This, he said, was far ahead of any similar public school work he had seen in his own country, while manual training there was absolutely lacking. If this branch of study were introduced, the bishop averred, the industries of Ireland could be developed, where the common people are raised to none but the lowest kind of toil.

### A PRIEST'S INVENTION.

An Italian Jesuit father named Cerretani, has a new invention, which is certain to be far-reaching in its consequences. This invention is known as telegraphography, which means writing by telegraph. The

principle of this new system lies in a mechanical arrangement whereby the motion of the transcribing pen mathematically at right angles to each other. Continental scientists have expressed their wonder at Father Cerretani's invention, which they describe as a marvel of simplicity and astounding in the accuracy of its working.

### VARIOUS DONATIONS.

Mrs. Mary Judge of Salt Lake, Utah, who has already given \$10,000 to St. Mary's Cathedral, Salt Lake City, has also donated two magnificent memorial windows, to cost \$10,000 to \$20,000. On Thanksgiving Eve she sent to Bishop Scamman a letter in which she expressed a desire to establish a home hospital where the aged and infirm should receive proper medical and surgical treatment, to be conducted under the Bishop's management and control. She informed him that he might proceed with the necessary on her for all expenditures in connection therewith. Mr. Judge died in 1892. The inscription will make no distinction in its work between Catholics and non-Catholics.

By the judicial decision about \$80,000 of the estate of John Murphy, late of Philadelphia, is granted to the Philadelphia Proctory for Boys.

The sum of \$10,000 has been given to Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah, by George P. Fenbody and William J. Fenbody of that city.

### WORK OF LAYMEN.

Father Phelan, editor of the "Western Watchman," says: "The activity of lay Catholics should not extend beyond their parish lines. If parishes are to co-operate, let it be through their parish priests. If dioceses are to co-operate, let it be through their bishops. This is order."

Commenting on this the Milwaukee "Citizen" remarks: "This, perhaps, is the correct parochial view. We are inclined to agree with it, except the first sentence. That too parochial and narrow a view for most of us to accept."

### A PRIEST MURDERED.

From the Liverpool "Catholic Times" we clip the following:

The barbarous murder of a French priest, the Abbe Lardet, and his aged housekeeper, Madame Senais, is reported. After the crime the two bodies were placed on the priest's bed, a straw fire being lighted beneath. The door and window being closed, this one smothered. The assassins then robbed the presbytery. Abbe Lardet was a popular and charitable parish priest, and the murder excited horror.

### FATHER CROWLEY'S CASE.

The case of Father Crowley of Chicago, which occupied the attention of our local daily press as an excellent sensational feature, is, we may conclude, from the following correspondence happily settled.

Chicago, Nov. 22.—To His Eminence Sebastian Cardinal Martinelli: May it please Your Eminence, To save the honor of our beloved Church and bring peace and harmony to our faithful Catholic people, I sincerely regret if I have said anything disrespectful to Your Eminence or of the most reverend Archbishop of Chicago. I am willing to co-operate with you in any honorable settlement in the diocese, in the state of affairs existing in this archdiocese. I am, with very much respect, etc.

JEREMIAH J. CROWLEY.

Chicago, Nov. 22.—To His Eminence Sebastian Cardinal Martinelli, Pro-Legate Apostolic: Your Eminence—To save the honor of our beloved Church and to repair the scandal I might have given to our faithful Catholic people, I sincerely regret whatever I may have said disrespectful to Your Eminence and to the most reverend Archbishop of Chicago. I do not retract anything I may have either said or written which could not be approved by the Catholic Church.

JEREMIAH J. CROWLEY.

Ex-Judge Moran, counsel for the pastor of the Cathedral in the injunction suit, is authority for the statement that the trouble has been practically settled. Beyond the signing of the above letters, the details of the settlement have not been given to the public.

### PARISH EUCRES.

Rev. Lawrence C. M. Carroll, pastor of St. Patrick's, one of the largest parishes in Jersey City, declares there is an organized band which makes a business of attending the big eucres parties given in the city for charitable purposes and securing the prizes by dishonorable methods. At these eucres the prizes are awarded in order to the people winning the most games. Each player has a card, which is punched by an official scorer whenever the player wins a game. Father Carroll says these dishonest people have a punch concealed about them and surreptitiously punch holes in their cards for games they never won. At a large eucree held in Father Carroll's parish some of the players were discovered using the punches which they had brought with them, and they were denied the prizes, which their cards showed they had won. In order to circumvent these dishonest persons, Father Carroll has devised a new plan of drawing for prizes at the eucres held in his parish.

### SEE OUR FURS.

That we are doing the business of the town goes without saying—our crowded store—the constantly arriving new goods and the number of customers who go to look elsewhere and then come back here to buy all prove it. There is nothing like them in town and nothing in the world in the way of low prices. Chase, Jardine & Co., St. Catherine St.

# OUR CUL

The word Box English language the fact that they are equally as the western world ally supposed to be of wood or other for the purpose goods. When you a Box it is under the possessor of nature; but when are "in a Box" by any means, within the compass chest; and when the compass work ation entirely suggested by the then if you throw low's ears, you totally different pecton with the ment; again you who has bungled badly, that is things" in had not mean that thing in a Box; wearing a Box-ception of conv your coat is made that it is a coat by designated by Boswood, a tree from a wooden factory who do matches, or other as not perform the as the one who d prize ring. You English Box is a false in least th of various inter quently when, a hear and read so mas Boxes, it is d follow that these presents, consist but, very probab late date accord sanctioned, from fashion, in regard interest, friendsh the word Box is most applicable uage.

I did not set out of analysis words of the peo Box, but as I r immense variety, Christmas present, naturally led to ce of the term "Chri tures, and the h dow, the other d ed at the wonder things that are e cially for this se How on earth su such a mass of ing in front of, could ever tell, are, and despite put there still r never see much l ass any of these is astounding wh money must be Christmas time, nious devices for the little ones. O a costly gentlem der the number o to supply him wi go to meet all o him.

The mention switches me on t this season my always consecuti servations based rule. I have a g that verifiable, e, a driver of rein notice that h used by the men of the twent ment of the thir fact is that child the old-time Clau that rende delightful. When leap back over th twice twenty gals pure up visio Christmas, that ness, such as ne years, render you about one p ever? I may just revival of the e with the spirit of is upon me, an do no injury, if ive of any great

We lived two mil and it was the t mas eve for a is to be prepared to of the house Mass, and incid have any neighbo "have a lift." W sent to bed some der to give the opportunity of prep to the village, an fix up the Christ the stockings. O night I had made Santa Claus, for a belief in the go had in the existen the. The result them all no end could not get m they did persuade the blankets, the me to go to sleep that they decid Mass and to fix stockings, and do Claus on their lady, the nurse o was left at home Well if concluded appeared to be a occur; so I cover pretended to ste of time I can rec tion; my every t it had been last