A. AND B. SO. the second Sun h in St. Patrick's ittee of Manage ne hall on the r Rev. Jas. Kn. Kelly, 13 Vallee

& B. SOCIETY,

—Rev. Director,
til; President, B. .. J. F. Quinn, ne street; M. J. 8 St. Augustia the second Sun h, in St. Ann's DA, BRANCE

8th November meets at St. St, Alexander nday of each ar meetings fee business nd 4th Mondayr p.m. Spiritual Callaghan; Chany; President, W. Secretary, P. C. isitation street; , Jas. J. Cosain street; Trea. Medical Advisers n, E. J. O'Com 111

RCULAR. Falls, N.Y., July 3 special Act of the ture, June 9, 1879, o,000 paid in rears. mber 25th, 1904,

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LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY IN THE MODERN BABYLON

THE CHILDREN OF LONDON.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905.

(By Miss May Quinlan, in London Tablet.)

> (Continued.) JACKY.

In a huge ward of the London Hos pital lay a wasted little cripple. He was so small that it was rather diffeult to find him. But just then he waved a thin little arm in my direc-

"I see'd yer afore yer see'd me," was his greeting, and his eyes spark.

led with pleasure. "Ain't yer got no books fer me?"

he asked presently. I held up a volume, whereupon his eager hands closed over it. When he left the hospital he took the books home with him, and in the little back room of the tenement he used to read them to his mother, who could not read, and to the little

brown-eyed Mary whom he loved. I remember the tiny back room where they all lived, the father and mother, Jacky and Mary. And the bed wherein they all slept, and in which the cripple lay all day. Many an hour have I spent in that stifling tenement room with the window tight shut and the vermin crawling across the ragged coverlet.

When I did not go the mother used to send for me with the apology-"the child do be askin' fur yer." "Yuss," she continued, "an' 'e sez 'Mother,' sez 'e, 'think as she'll come to-day ?' "

'Mebbe,' sez I, jes' ter quiet him like, 'an' when the days goes by an' yer ain't come, e's broken-'earted. see," she used to add, "theer ain't nuthink fur 'im ter look at, 'cep' the walls, an' times 'e's in pain -pore Jacky," and the mother's eyes would fill with tears. So I used to sit by his bedside with a sketch-book on my knee.

"Now, Jacky, what shall I draw?" The question always brought a light into the tired childish eyes.

"Kin yer-" then he would pause to think. "Kin yer dror another nigger ?"

"What sort ?" I'd ask. "'E were playin' the bones yuster he'd say meditatively, "now make 'im dancin' a jig;' which I obediently did. Time was when studied art in foreign studios, when my artistic vision was bounded by Greek ideals, and I worshiped Hellenic models, even though they were only in dull plaster. Therefore when first I was asked in the back room of the tenement to draw a modern nigger in checked trousers and a top hat it seemed to me like a desecra tion of art. But when I had once looked up from the page of the sketch-book and caught sight of a small, pinched face aglow with pleasure and the teams amusement trickling down the little wan cheeks, I began to think there might be more virtue in the outline of a nigger

than in the masterpiece of a Phidias. At other times when the light was fading in the tenement and little Jacky looked frailer than usual, the sketch-book would be laid aside and the conversation would drift into other channels. Then the mother used to steal up from the street and

stand in the half-open door.

"Yer don't mind me listenin' while yer talks to the boy?" she would "Fur Gawd 'elp us, it's many a day sence I 'eard tell o' religion." She would sit on the rusty fender with her arms clasping her knees and in her eyes there was a hungry expression as if a starving soul look And presently her gaze would rest on the tenement bed where drawn with pain.

'Don't cry, Jacky," she'd say softly; "ver'll be better arter this." For her thoughts had crossed the borders of earth and had passed into that other land beyond, where the crooked are made straight and the voice weeping is no more

Shortly after this I left the neighborhood, and Jacky used to write to Quaint efforts in lead pencil they were, full of scratching out and literary amendments. For it was when a word was past all help

that the small scribe would that the small scribe would entiously wet his finger—leaving me a legacy of pencil smudges. But now the letters have ceased, for Death has claimed—not Jacky—but both his parents. And the only information to be elicited is the fact that the children were last more hand in BILLIE

I saw a woman coming along the street one day. She was crying.

"An' it ain't no manner o' use talkin' ter the boy," said she, be tween her sobs, "fur 'e's that 'eadstrong ! an' now that 'e's took up with them 'ooligans, 'eaven 'elp 'im? W'y! 'e stopped aht two nights las' week, an' 'e don't say wot 'e done wif 'isself."

Therefore I pictured this widow's son as one of the local roughs, with his hair combed over his eyebrows.

But, as it turned out, Billie was like no other Hooligan of my ac quaintance. To begin with, he was only about two feet high, and his years numbered seven all told. Besides this, he had a pair of bright eyes, and a dimple in one cheek.

At the sight of this reputed mons ter I laughed. "So you are the unmitigated ruffian, are you?" Whereupon Billie blinked his eyes and gave a little inward chuckle. That how it began. For it took but short time to discover that we owned many iniquities in common, and the sense of proprietorship which Billie assumed in my regard was particularly soothing to my feelings.

I was talking to a group of women late one afternoon when I be came conscious of a small figure leaning against a neighboring lamp post.

"You seem busy," I said, address ing this small boy in the shadow.

"Yuss," was the response. "What do you think you are doing ?" I asked.

"I wus waitin' fur yer," he ans-Billie's self-possession being not the least of his charms. "What for."

"W'y ! abaht them frogs," said he "Yer said as yer wanted ter 'ave a frog race, didn't yer ?" "Of course I do. Have you the

frogs ?" "They're on the leads," said he "in a jar. Come an' see?"

"How do you get there?" I asked "Yer know where we lives? Well yer goes up the tenemen' stairs an inter the fust floor back. Then yer gets aht o' the windy, an' the frogs, he repeated, "is in the jar."

But to climb up the tenemen stairs and clamber through the window of the first floor back, just to examine three frogs in a grimy jar seemed to me entirely a work of supererogation.

"I don't think." I said, diffidently, "that I like 'leads' much." "S'pose yer thinkin' o' the baby,"

said he "What baby ?" I asked

"The baby wot rolled orf. Lord, uss!" he continued, "it were next door to us. An' the lady 'ad jes' come 'ome from a day's charin', so she puts the baby aht on the leads while she cleans up the room a bit. An' next time she looks aht the windy, the baby was gorn-fell dahn inter the nex' yard; theer ain't no railin's ter the leads." he explained. "Was it killed?" I asked in hor-

"Killed!" reiterated Billie with eeming satisfaction. "Not 'alf!" Then dropping satire, he remarked solemnly-"dead as yer like."

"SNEAKING" WALNUTS.

Several children were playing together at a corner. One wee person aged three and a half was doing the cakewalk before an admiring audi-

"Shall I show yer 'ow ter sneak walnuts orf a coster's barrer?" Whereupon the tiny child gathered herself up for the effort. First she gave a the eyes of her audience and partly to impress upon them the necessity of caution. Then she located an imaginary barrow of walnuts, and, having tucked her grimy little hands into her pinafore, she smiled with an assumption of disinterested gaiety and so sidled along. It seemed the brushed against it. And as she continued her stroll she hummed a gay air from a music hall. The act now over she turned with a quick move ment to the group of children and triumphantly extended her pinafore. 'That's 'ow me mother does it, said she.

WEE WILLIE.

his parents. And the only information to be elicited is the fact that the children were last seen hand in fland—the little cripple boy and his about his person, and, instead of a short, his costume was completed by the dreaded workhouse.

Report for week ending Saturday. 21st January, 1905:

The following had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish 258: French is dreaded workhouse.

Report for week ending Saturday. 21st January, 1905:

The following had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish 258: French is dreaded workhouse.

it ought to have reached to the waist. But the voice of fashion is silent in Stepney; throttled by the stern hand of necessity. So Wee Willie wore his mother's hug-metight, and it covered his knees. But his face was radiant. Vesterday had been a day of days, for having wandered further afield than usual some one had given him a sixpence. Asked

how he had spent it, Wee Willie gave

the initiated as a "hug-me-tight."

According to the dictates of fashion

detailed account. "Theer were a 'alfpenny fur milkthat wer fur little Joey wot's sick," he interpolated, "an' a pennyworth o' coal. Then another penny went sugar. After that we bought a pen-

"And what then ?" "Three 'alfpenny buns," was the

response, and his eyes glistened at the recollection thereof.

(To be continued.)

STOMACH TROUBLE

The Agonies of Indigestion Can Be Cured by Dr Williams' Pink Pills.

All over the land there are people whose lives had been made miserable through the pangs of indigestion, who have been restored to the enjoyment of health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One of these is Mr. Wm. Moore, of Welland. Ont. Mr. Moore is the manager of the electric light plant in that town, and stands high in the estimation of the citizens. He says: "It is really a pleasure to speak in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For four years prior to 1903 I suffered great torture from indigestion and stomach trothle. I could not eat solid food without experiencing great agony, and for over two years I had to re sort to a milk diet. I had grown emaciated and was almost unfit for active work. I was treated by doctors and took advertised medicines, but without any lasting benefit. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began their use, but I must confess that it was without much hope that they would cure me. After taking a couple of oxes I could see an improvement. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I was completely cured and able to eat any kind of food I desired. I shall always praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they saved me from such misery as only a despeptic knows. I might add that my wife has also used the pills for troubles that afflict her sex, and has been fully restored to health."

Bad blood, poor blood, watery blood, is the cause of nearly every ailment that afflicts mankind. It is because every dose of Dr. Williams Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood that they have such wonderful power to cute such ailments as indigestion anaemia, rheumatism, nenralgia, St Vitus dance, heart troubles, kidney and liver troubles, and the special ailments of women, young and old But you must get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams" Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockwille, Ont.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION FOR NE GROES.

The address of Booker T. Washing ton in the churches of Providence, ence. Then tiring of the dance she R.I., show him to be an educated man and a gentleman besides, says which gave its rough shelter to the cast about for other amusement.

"Tell yer wot!" she ejaculated. the Visitor. No man in the country. perhaps, should naturally be indignant at the treatment of his race by the whites; and yet while Washington spoke on her cripple child lay with his face hasty glance around partly to collect grounds, told facts as he knew them, and spared not condemnation where he thought it was needed, no part o the country, be it north or south could take any offense at what he said. He had praise for the south and the north; he had blame, too which he spoke fearlessly; and with al there was not a single harsh say merest accident that she should have ing in all his speeches. It was Booker T. Washington, also, who said of the colored man was in the Ca tholic Church. Here we have an example of what education and Chris tianity can do for the colored man

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

ST. MARY MAJOR.

The Basilica of St. Mary Major, at Rome, is one of the most celebrated shrines in the world. It is most renowned because of the miracle of the snow, which is annually commemorated on the day of the founding of the Basilica by a Pontifical High Mass in the Borghese Chapel, when at the Offertory showers snowy rose leaves are scattered from the dome on the marble floor beneath, until this is covered with a fragrant summer snowfall, pure and spotless as the miraculous snow by on kindlin' wood, an' a penny fur means of which Our Lady vouches. on that burning August day of A. 'alfpence.''
'alfpence.'' by its beautiful title of "Our Lady of the Snow."

In after times this church was added to and improved, and it was entirely rebuilt in the fifth century by Pope Sixtus III in commemoration of the Council of Ephesus. Century after century various Pontiffs have enriched the grand Basilica with stupendous works of art; for all that was fairest in art was brought to Our Lady's feet, but it was left the age of the "Renaissance" to place the costliest gems of decoration in its crown in the shape of two splendid chapels, the "Borghese" and the "Sistine," which rise in stately beauty on either side of the apse.

Again even the people who are not much given to churchgoing at other times turn out at Santa Maria Maggiore; and all through Christmas afternoon the stately Basilica re-echoes to the glad strains of music and the steady hum and ceaseless movement of a great crowd coming and going, passing and repassing, looking at the church and listening to the Vesper music; but one and all pausing to say a few prayers in the quiet Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. where, inclosed by the iron gates from the throng outside, the Prison er of Love is with us truly in His royal state. It is one of the most characteristic and thoroughly cos mopolitan crowds in Rome that assembled in Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas Day, and all classes of society are represented, rich and poor, gentle and simple, prince and peasants; strangers from afar-off lands, near country people in Roman costume; priests and prelates, friars and soldiers-literally "all sorts and conditions of men," and our native land is represented in the throng. Inside, the church has the form of

a true Basilica, in its most pure and severe form of architectural beauty, and the sensation of perfect harmony is the one which strikes the eye most on entering it; a marvellous thing as one realizes its proportions as the largest Church of Our Lady in the It certainly has not such glowing, triumphant beauty, such floods of light, and such splendor of sparkling marbles as the Basilicas of St. Peter, St. John Lateran, and St. Paul Outside the Walls, but it possesses a solemnly rich magnificence of its own, and the faith and glories of the past seem to linger in those solemn precincts, where grand mosaics of the walls testify to the great antiquity of the shrine. By reason of the light, it is a good thing to visit Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas Day, for the sombre gloom of its aisles is relieved by candles and electricity.

Here is preserved the great relic of Bethlehem, the crib or manger of our infant Saviour; this is why the good Romans flock in crowds to pay their devotions at the hallowed shrine which speaks to them so eloquently of the Divine Infant, for nearer Bethlehem they cannot be than kneeling beside the wood of the manger pitiless cold of that first Christmas midnight. Touchingly beautiful is the association, that in the largest church in the world dedicated

Blessed Mother, the relics of the crib of her Divine Child should be pre served: and our hearts turn with loving devotion to the spot where Mo er and Son are alike honored that beautiful human tie which hinds the Babe of Bethlehem so near to

The church is situated in one of the highest parts of Rome, in a fin-'piazza'' or square, with a beautiful olumn before it, crowned by an exquisite statue of the Blessed Virgin hich seems to be watching over th city and the Basilica so specially dedicated to her honor.

The facade of the church, with its wo fine towers, which from their ommanding height are seen all over ome, is particularly massive imposing, a befitting approach to the splendors of this gorgeous Basilica. Following the usual lines of architec-ture on which Basilicas are erected,

the Popes used to give the Papal Benediction on certain feasts of the year), adorned by mosaic pictures of the fourteenth century, most of which have reference to the history of the building of the Basilica.

The legend or history of its foundation may be interesting to repeat here, for it is a singularly beautiful one, and will interest many of our readers who may perhaps have wondered why the titles of "Santa Maria ad Nives" (Our Lady of the Snow), or the "Liberian Basilica," have been bestowed on the Church of St. Maria Maggiore; but the names are more than sufficiently explained by the legend, which runs thus:

In the month of August, in the year 352, a miraculous fall of snow covered the ground on the Esquiline Hill in one particular spot, and that same night, the 5th of August, the Blessed Virgin appeared in a vision to a holy Roman patrician, one John the Patrician, ordering him to erect a church in her honor on this spot. where the miraculous snowfall was found. He revealed this vision to the reigning Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Liberius, who thereupon decided immediately to lay the foundation we see to-day.

The Basilica's most striking feature is its vast nave, stretching away into far distant vistas of space, and divided into aisles by long rows of magnificent columns, said to be of Greek marble from Mount Hymettus. The "Confession," in the centre of the church, to which one descends by a flight of marble steps, is surmounted by a Papal Altar and a grand canopy or "baldaquin" of bronze, a marvellous work of art, borne up by four porphyry columns enriched with raised gilt work, and lovely marble figures of angels at the four corners

Under the splendid Papal Altar in the "Confession," rich with marbles and precious stones, is the shrine where the relic of the crib is usually preserved, but the day before Christmas eve the relic is removed and carried by the chapter of the Basilica to the sacristy, where, on an alta specially prepared for it, and enclosed in a magnificent silver and crystal casket, it is publicly exposed the veneration of the faithful until early on Christmas morning, when it is brought back and placed on the Papal Altar for the whole day, only to be taken down when it is carried in solemn procession around church after Vespers.

A FAMOUS IRISH OFFICIAL.

The retirement of Master Pigot from the position in the Four Courts Dublin, which he has held for upwards of forty years, will remove a link with an historic past. Master Pigot has been so long known as a Master of the Court that it is almost forgotten that his career at the Bar, first on the Connaught and subsequently on the North-East Circuit, was highly distinguished, and that he at a time when County Court Judges were allowed to practice, filled with success the office of County Court Judge in two coun tries before he compounded in accepting the post of Master of the Court of Exchequer, of which his father was Lord Chief Baron from 1846 till 1873.

Lord Chief Baron Pigot was O'Connell's bosom friend, and one of his most enthusiastic admirers. So far back as 1834 O'Connell recommended Pigot for the post of Attorney-General. Pigot was one of O'Con-nell's counsel in 1835 on the petition against his return to the House of Commons. Some old briefs of paper store, and in the folds of one the function promises to be one cheque for a hundred guineas in settlement of Pigot's professional services at this time. Pigot became at on the fall of the Melbourne Government in 1841. On the return of the Whigs to power he was not rewards, by the influence of O'Connell. motion of Sir Maziere Brady to the Lord Chancellorship.

Pigot's eldest son Mr John Edward Pigot, was one of the foremost members of the Young Ireland Party, but owing to family ties which he regarded as inseparable, he retired from public life, left Ireland, and practised at the Indian Bar. where he made a large fortune, coming home in the prime of life to Ire his father to try and sentence to long periods of transportation John Mitchell and John Martin his son's intimate political and personal public conduct knew had his son's sympathy. and it has a portice with columns and would but for a father's entreaties open gallery or "loggia" (from which have had his co-operation.



Newfoundland Correspondence.

The Mount Cashel School of Industry seems to have had a very prosperous year. The large list of donations given during the year, and especially at Christmas is a proof that the good people of the whole island supporting it nobly, and the work of the Christian Brothers for the cause of the orphans is appreciated. Under the direction of Rev. Brother Slattery, the school has accomplished a great deal of work, but during the coming summer it will be enlarged.

The Benevolent Irish Society building Committee recommended to the Society the tender of Harris and Phippard for an addition to Patrick's Hall. The building will be fronted with Don Valley brick at a cost of \$17,553. The new wing will be known as "The O'Donel Wing,'

Bell Island parish is building up rapidly. A new church now adorns the place, also a large hall and fine school. A bazaar is now being held in aid of the church fund. Rev. Father James McGrath has accomplished a great amount of work since being appointed pastor of the historic little island

The winter so far has been a severe one. Snow storms of unusual severity prevailed at the beginning and now intense frost with the thermometer down to thirty degrees below zero is on the programme. The bays and ports around the coast frozen over and navigation is a thing

His Grace Archbishop Howley was invested with the Pallium at Rome last month. His Grace will not return to St. John's before March.

The herring fishery in many parts of the Island has been a great success during the year. American vessels have taken large supplies Gloucester and other places.

LEARNED WHAT MADE HER FAT.

Of a young doctor who had just opened an office-his first one-in the vicinity of Rittenhouse square, and is fond of using the largest words he can find while practicing his profession, his friends tell a little story. He was visited recently by a woman who is wealthier than she is wise, but whose patronage he was anxious to secure and retain.

"The trouble is not serious," he said, after examining the patient, 'and due principally, I think, to an excess of adipose tissue.'

"My goodness," said the woman, awed and alarmed "perhaps it's that that makes me so awfully fat!" and the doctor was hard put to explain without giving offense

THE IRISH IN LONDON.

Apropos of the National ceremony, in connection with the feast of St. Patrick, which is to be held at the Westminster Cathedral on March 19. the Rev. Michael Moloney, who is actively concerned in its organizar tion, writes that the Archbishop of Westminster has-kindly consented to officiate on the occasion, and that the musical director of the Cathedral has taken charge of the musical arrangements. The Bishop of phoe will preach the sermon. It is intended to have original Irish hymns of great beauty sung to their traditional airs, and both from the na-Pigot's lately turned up at a waste tional and artistic points of view great interest. Father Molonev adds -"There is now but one difficulty. The committee needs a considerable working fund before it can commit last Attorney-General, but resigned itself to the final preparation, and it is for this fund that I appeal. submit that the appeal should have special claims on the Irish people in appointed, but he was shortly after- London, who are better off and better educated. Are there not among made Lord Chief Baron on the pro- the many Irish lawyers, doctors and merchants of London fifty persons who will give a sovereign each towards the holding of a service so well suited to the feast of their na tional apostle, and so honorable to not during the next few weeks find that there are, then I fear the project will have to be abandoned, Probably such an opportunity as this will never again recur of establishing land to die. It fell to the lot of in London the tradition of an annual service, by which the general world, as well as the Irish people themselves, could be made aware of the dignity and value of the intellectual inheritance of Gaelic Ireland, I have hope that fifty such can yet be found and I beg them without delay to rai-ly to the project and save it."