

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.
Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?
Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.
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easier on the mother and preferable to the modern succedanea, pacifier, or paregoric."—Scientific American, November 25.

The entertainment which the Union Sainte-Cecile gave last week in the large new octagonal hall of St. Boniface College was a great success. There was a large attendance of laity and clergy with his Grace the Archbishop at their head. Both the musical and dramatic aspects of the evening were greatly relished, the former being provided by a fine orchestra and chorus, by a tasteful piano solo, Haydn's Sonata played by Mr. Betournay, by a violin duet, Messrs. Grivaut and Bleau, and by Mr. Le Gouarguer's inimitable comic songs; and the latter by "Le Homard et les Plaideurs," a judicial farce, the actors in which were Messrs. Clement, Deny, Grivaut, Molurier, Le Gouarguer, L'Evêque, Lavoie, Joyal and Gay; and "Tete Folle," a really clever comedy of Antony Mars, played by Messrs. Molurier, Potvin, Gay, Goulet, La Riviere, Buisson and Clement. Amid so many excellent actors perhaps the most remarkably natural and laughter-provoking were Mr. Molurier, who seemed born to the character he represented, Mr. Goulet, whose acting recalled his college days when he was the star performer of St. Boniface, Mr. Potvin, who looked every inch the hectoring military man, Mr. Le Gouarguer, whose facial action was marvellous, Mr. Buisson, the willing but perplexed valet, and Mr. Joyal, whose pantomime as a hopeless stammerer kept the audience in explosive merriment.

Last Sunday evening in the Cathedral Professor Buell gave a series of lime-light views that were highly appreciated by the audience which crowded the church at a dollar a head for the benefit of St. Boniface orphanage. The views were of unusual merit and the light extremely good, and although the lecturer's geography was sometimes at fault, as when he located the Kremlin in St. Petersburg and seemed to consider St. Pierre and Miquelon as one and the same place, whereas they are two distinct islands, the spectators felt thoroughly satisfied with the high-class entertainment.

Regular winter weather set in last Sunday. The Mercury has already sunk to 18 below. These are normal and therefore healthier conditions for this season.

The St. Boniface car service is just as bad this winter as it was last, except that the cars are supposed to run every thirteen instead of every twenty-five minutes; but, not infrequently one has to wait twenty minutes or more at one point before the car passes. The cars are invariably the smallest, the dirtiest, the stuffiest when full and the coldest when half full, that the Company can find to dump upon this line, although there is more regular and constant traffic on this line than on any of the Winnipeg lines. In and hanging to a car made to seat 24 at most there are

often 60 people, who are so tightly packed standing and sitting that they fortunately need no hand straps, most of which are broken and never replaced. The ventilators cannot be opened. The conductors are sometimes the most incapable and ill behaved in the Company's service. Many of them do not know the names of the streets, and many of the motormen, even when warned, in time, cannot stop the car at the crossing but let it slide on till ladies have to step down from the very high steps into the mud or snow. With the Winnipeg and St. Boniface councils both afraid of the Car Company, there seems to be no redress in sight, especially as the daily papers, we are told, refuse to publish any letters of complaint.

On December 2 a bazaar or fair will begin in the new church of St. Charles, and will last all the following week. Father Thibaudeau, O.M.I., the zealous pastor who has done such wonders in so short a time, deserves the cordial financial support of all his many friends in and near this city. The Very Rev. Father Provincial of the Oblates, who has so generously seconded the efforts of the pastor, has also every reason to expect that the coming St. Charles bazaar will be liberally patronized in order to help pay off the debt on the new church. We need hardly assure prospective visitors to the bazaar that the pastor's well known skill as an organizer and the zeal of the ladies of the parish are sure to make the display of choice and dainty articles unusually fine. Owing to the distance of St. Charles from the city, special attention will be bestowed upon the gastronomic aspect of the brilliant affair, and the healthy appetites sharpened by our bracing Manitoba winter will be amply catered for. The electric car for St. Charles, which leaves passengers at the church door, passes the corner of Main street and Portage Avenue in the afternoon and evening at 1.05, 3.35, 6.05 and 8.35. The last car to return starts from St. Charles at 11.05 p.m. On Dec. 12 the "Union Sainte Cecile" will give a dramatic entertainment in aid of the new church.

Our St. Boniface subscribers have been this week the victims of a blunder by a Winnipeg Post Office clerk. The entire parcel for St. Boniface must have been put into the wrong bag, for, although the Winnipeg Postmaster assures us that it left his office, it never reached the St. Boniface office. The Post Office Inspector is making enquiries, and we hope the parcel will be returned by the office to which it was wrongly sent. Meanwhile we regret exceedingly that we have not enough extra copies to send a fresh supply to all our St. Boniface subscribers.

THAT STOLEN COPE.

Bishop Wants Morgan's Purchase Restored to him.

Bishop Ortolani of Ascoli, Italy, has enlisted the aid of the Vatican in his efforts to have the famous cope which was stolen some time ago, sold to J. P. Morgan of New York, and by him returned to the Italian authorities when he discovered evidence of the theft, returned to the city of Ascoli. Since the government secured it from Mr. Morgan it has been on exhibition in Rome in the Gallery of Ancient Art, and efforts to regain it have failed.

The government officials claim that the cope must remain in their possession pending investigation of the theft, and they also claim that Rome is a safer place for the garment than would be a provincial town like Ascoli. As the cope is acknowledged to be the property of the canons of Ascoli Cathedral, it is probable that the Pope will use his personal influence with the government authorities to secure its restitution to its rightful owners.

It is said that both the Bishop of Ascoli and the cathedral chapter are willing to give a formal guarantee that better care will be taken of the relic in the future.

Are You Costive?

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THE POLICY OF THE NEW WORLD

By Rev. Thomas E. Judge, recently appointed editor of the Chicago "New World."

The appointment of a new editor does not imply any substantial break in the continuity of the policy of "The New World." Like every Catholic newspaper conscious of its mission it will touch Catholic life at every point of its circumference. There is no question of public interest, into the heart of which it will not plunge for the purpose of illuminating and interpreting it by the light of Catholic faith. Comparatively few persons realize that Catholicity, besides being a divine system of doctrine and worship, is also a system of ethics, metaphysics, sociology and political philosophy. There is no opinion or movement, therefore, theoretical or practical, for which it does not supply a standard of valuation and interpretation. And, so far as Catholics are concerned, not only can they find, but it is their solemn duty to seek in their holy religion, the standard by which they are to measure and estimate the significance and value of every social, political and philosophic movement of their times. To adopt the words of a great English statesman: "The flowing tide is with us." Modern society is becoming de-vitalized. The individual cannot live without faith and hope. Faith is being rapidly eclipsed, hope gradually extinguished. The human family cannot endure when the sanctity of the marriage tie is profaned. Divorce is blasting this corner stone of the social fabric. Political society can only cohere by the principle of authority, and authority without reverence springing from a religious conscience is a delusion. Commerce is based on justice, and justice has yielded to greed and expediency. We are now almost where humanity was when Christ was born. The universities have deliberately undertaken to supply the place of the Church in the modern world, but they have no solid and harmonious system of truth to present to humanity. Read the reports of the addresses delivered, and the discussions carried on, by those who are regarded as the greatest thinkers of our country and age during the jubilee celebration at Urbana last week, and discover, if you can, a single unifying or harmonizing principle that pervades the confusion. They were all engaged in ploughing the quicksands of evolution in the vain effort to find some rock bottom. Morality without religion was their only common cry. Under one aspect it is ludicrous, under another pathetic, to see men of great learning engaged in the childish task of endeavoring to make a pyramid stand on its apex. The truth is, that universities act more as solvents of venerable traditions than as constructive agents of a truly spiritual and lofty civilization. They demolish ancient institutions, but they leave behind them ruins, being as incapable of establishing anything enduring as Julian the apostate was of re-erecting the

temple of Jerusalem. The great fortress of the Alhambra, situated upon the heights overlooking the city of Granada, "a pearl set in emerald," as the Arabian poet sang of it, must have seemed to the Moors an emblem and a guarantee of their triumph over the Church. The gorgeous splendor of its halls, its marble pillars and fretted ceilings, its airy lightness and grace of its filigree carvings, the odoriferous gardens in which the orange and the myrtle bloomed amid sparkling fountains must have convinced the voluptuous caliphs of Islam who ruled in that sunny land that the crescent had triumphed forever over the cross. To consolidate this marvellous material civilization, the Moors had elaborated a stupendous system of philosophy, far more coherent than any system of thought endorsed by our American universities of to-day. Yet the time came when from the Torre de la Vela the Christian flag was unfurled, and the Moors, their religion and voluptuous civilization disappeared forever from Spain, the Alhambra remaining in its ruins, as a monument to the vanity of human schemes and enterprises undertaken against the divine decrees. The Catholic Church, therefore, waits patiently at all times, knowing that she alone is the divinely constructed ark of civilization for individuals and society. In the course of history, again and again, her enemies declared that she was perishing from senile decay; she renewed her youth like the eagle. When powers and principalities thought that they had extinguished her life, she rose like the fabled phoenix from its ashes. It is in this faith and in this spirit that "The New World" in this wonderful cosmopolitan city of Chicago, which numbers more Irish Catholics than the city of Dublin, more German Catholics than the city of Berlin, more Polish Catholics than the city of Warsaw, more Bohemian Catholics than the city of Prague, proclaims its intention to advocate, and apply to the problems of the modern age the great principles of the faith once committed to the saints. Moved by a truly Catholic impulse, "The New World" will know no distinction of race, but will be zealous with a single eye for the common heritage of all the household of the faith.

THE HORSE IS KING.

Stock in automobiles is at a discount this week in Chicago. Once more the noble equine's star is in the ascendancy and gay "sassiety" is worshipping at his shrine. While most of the strongest patrons of the horse show are owners of automobiles, their love for a good horse has not waned, and it probably never will. Machines may come and go, fads may live and die, but the horse will stay and always remain popular with those who love an animal of intelligence and beauty. Strange as it may seem, the advent of self-propelling machines and the trolley car has practically had no effect in cheapening the price of horses. In fact the best, high-bred, stylish driving horses are higher than they have been in a long time, and are too scarce to fill the demand.—Live-stock World.

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