

Our Philosopher

I have never met a man who would not, in the first place, be a philosopher. Each one seems to imagine that to do so would deprive him of the respect of those whom he considers his friends. Most people will admit that the fifteen puzzle is too deep for them; that a child's questions are sometimes unanswerable; that a mother-in-law is a good thing to have, without knowing the reason why; and some people will even confess that they have not the least idea why a duke carries a cane with a large handle; but human nature—ah, there's the rub! You may accuse a man of not knowing how many beans count five; you may tell him that he bears a strong resemblance to your neighbor's donkey; and you may go so far as to inform him that for a number of years you have looked upon him as one who has reached the third and final stage of idiocy, and still retain his friendship; but, if he be all right on the cigar question, don't tell him he lacks knowledge of human nature; if you do you will find it necessary to buy your own cigars.

I, like my fellow-men, used to imagine that what I did not know about human nature was not worth carrying around, but now, alas! I must admit with a sigh and a lump in my throat that I know very little about it. And it came about in this way. A few years ago I had a friend. There is no harm in having a friend. Lots of people have them and are not a whit the worse for it. In fact, a man can have fifty friends and still be happy, which is explained by the fact that he cannot hear what they say about him behind his back. But that is neither here nor there, and has nothing to do with human nature—it is beyond it. As I have said, I had a friend, but, unfortunately, his bump of philanthropy or benevolence or whatever they call it, was too fully developed, and made his life a daily round of misery. The misfortunes of others weighed heavily upon him. He was a philosopher and knew in his heart that wealth brings, or rather breeds, trouble. He had a tender heart, which was pierced as by an arrow upon sight of wealthy people. The latter did not appear to be groaning beneath their weight of trouble, but my friend, being a student of human nature, knew perfectly well that men do not wear their troubles on their faces. It was enough that they had wealth, which meant trouble, and he, good man and benevolent, decided to relieve them of some of it.

He became a civic official. He had heaps of friends. He was a very benevolent man—all benevolent men have friends—and lay awake nights planning how best to relieve his wealthy fellow citizens of their superfluous trouble. But, alas! his efforts were not appreciated. One day he approached a wealthy contractor. He considered that the latter had altogether too much trouble, so demanded that he be allowed to bear some of it; but, unfortunately, he asked for more than the contractor was willing to part with, and so had to go away without any of it. The contractor—shrewd fellow—afterwards remarked that a man need not expect to get along in this world without plenty of trouble. This was the first rebuff my friend had met with, but it did not daunt him. He looked around him and discovered that various people—gas, electric-light and such like—had lots of trouble in their endeavors to obtain certain franchises upon which they had set their hearts, so he made up his mind that he would bear some of their trouble. And he did. And the gas and electric light people got the franchises upon which their hearts had been set. Now here comes the funny part of it. The very benevolence of which he was so proud, and of which he had so often spoken on the hustings, was the cause of his downfall. The people who had elected him, and who had plumed themselves upon their knowledge of human nature, now smote him for his benevolence—his love for the dear people and their troubles; they deposed him and he fell—to building houses for the poor? He claimed that the poor could not live without houses, so he built houses for them. His benevolence had taken another turn. He understood human nature.

I met a man the other day in a very excited condition; I mean that the man was excited. His eyes were blazing, his hair was disordered and he had lost his hat. As soon as he came within speaking distance he shouted: "They've gone and done it!" I waited till he came a little nearer, because a policeman was passing at the time, and then I asked: "What have they done?" "They've given it away!" he howled. I was but slightly acquainted with the man, and although I had never seen him until now in his present state, yet I decided that some of his ancestors must have been lunatics, so I made up my mind to be cautious. "What have they given away?" I asked, as mildly as possible. "Why, Victoria square of course!" he replied, and a look of savage ferocity crossed his face at a slow walk, and his hair bristled up just like the tail of an angry grimaldin. I saw at once that the man must be no other, and as I had none of Mrs. Winslow's specific in my pocket at the time (being a bachelor), I began to ougel my wife for a remedy. At last I remembered that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and I thought: "It's worth trying, so I said: 'My dear sir, you must be mistaken. Only you'll find the square has not been given away.' I passed it a few minutes ago." He was at the point where we were standing on the Wellington Bridge at the time, and a villainous grin spread itself over his face. He looked at me with one eye while the other was fixed on the Grand Trunk offices. He was placated by my

...and been successful. His ... and he produced ... I thanked him and we began to smoke. O tobacco! thou art indeed a blessing to man, and a healer of all his ills! Here was a man whose ferocity had appalled me a moment ago, but whose countenance, thanks to the weed, now wore a delightfully idiotic expression. He even took his left eye off the Grand Trunk offices, and fixed it, with the right, upon me. He looked as pleasant as a young wife when she asks her husband for fifty dollars for a new "duck of a bonnet."

Finally his gaze wandered from my face and fastened itself upon the classic stream which flowed beneath our feet, and which is known as the Laohine canal. Doubtless his mind travelled or wandered—whichever you like—to beautiful Venice, its gondolas and lovely maidens. It may have, but I don't think it did. I imagine he was still thinking about the square, because he now began to speak of it. One can sometimes learn the bent of a man's thoughts by his words. Not always, but sometimes. "Those Grand Trunk fellows are a sharp lot," said he. "There is no doubt about that," said I. "They know a good thing when they see it," he continued, "and no doubt they will get there."

Now, I had not the faintest idea of what he was driving at, but I agreed with him, telling him that I was fully convinced that they would get there as soon as possible. I was quite ignorant of the "square" business, having made a vow to let all newspapers alone until murder should have become unfashionable. "I am sick of the whole business," said he after a few more puffs at his cigar. "And so am I," said I, but if I had been put on the rack I could not tell the nature or cause of my malady. As a rule I do not like to agree with people, but what could I do? I was smoking one of this man's cigars, and consequently was compelled to appear weak-minded. A few more puffs and then: "They'll get the whole city yet," he said. "Without a shadow of doubt," said I. Suddenly a remarkable change came over him.

"But I tell you they will not!" he shouted, all his mildness vanishing. His cigar was finished. What was I to do? Agree with him, of course. So I said: "They will certainly not get it!" "No, sir; I'll see them in Jericho first!" said he. "So will I!" said I. He was again a maniac. He glared at me and ground his teeth. "Who are you talking about, anyhow?" he roared. "The Grand Trunk folks, of course," I replied, trying to look indignant. "Well," said he, "I'd have you know that I am not. It's those confounded aldermen I am talking about!" "The very people I had in my mind," I returned, doing my best to look like one who knew where he was at. "Then why did you say it was the Grand Trunk?" he queried. "Oh, just a slip of the tongue," I answered.

"Well, I'm glad you agree with me," said he, "for I like to meet a man who will stand up and condemn such a rascally piece of business. Isn't it disgraceful?" "It certainly is," said I, "most disgraceful!" "And villainous!" I echoed. "My cigar was not yet finished. Not quite." "The people are asleep!" This was more than I could agree to. But I looked at the cigar and met the man half way. People asleep at 10 a.m.! I couldn't believe it, so I said: "Yes, night watchmen may be." He gave me a queer look and blurted out: "What have we to do with night watchmen? They have nothing to do with the question!" "No, I dare say not," said I, "but I know one or two and they are very decent fellows."

...as poor as a church mouse, but it can be generous—like the poor for generally, they can't afford it. Great Caesar, man! There's a square that would bring a hundred thousand dollars, and it's to be given away! But let me tell you that the aldermen won't succeed! Do you hear? They won't succeed! In their eagerness to give away what doesn't belong to them they have managed to give themselves away! Do you understand?" And he walked away in his wrath while I stood on the bridge like one in a dream. And ever since I have been trying to find out what he meant by the words: "They have managed to give themselves away," but it is useless. I cannot do it.

J. M.

Random Notes

Culture is said to be the butter of the well-bred. How do you do, Sir Knight of Columbus?

If your enemy is too big to whip, you should forgive him.

When a woman says she'd just like a man to tell her what she may or may not do, she means it.

"If you love me, trust me," is the title of a new song. A good thing to warble to the grocery man, perhaps he might act on the suggestion.

"If you don't get what you like, like what you have got," is a very sensible Spanish proverb, and we freely recommend it to the world at large. No thanks necessary.

If the proposal to put a glass covering over the first floor of the City Hall is carried out, our City Fathers should commit to memory that old adage about glass houses and stones. It would be a mighty useful thing to remember.

Say, did any person observe if the Star's exclusive settlement, or rather rejection of the Liberal party's settlement, of the Manitoba School Question has been confirmed? No; well that's strange. Must be a mistake somewhere.

Did you ever notice that about this season of the year how attentive young ladies are to various young men. Scientists have not yet been able to thoroughly explain the reason of this, but it is generally understood that the approach of the Christmas season has some bearing on the matter.

By this time the irrepressible small boy has demonstrated that the ice between the wharves and the Guard Pier is a good thing, and is now busy cutting it with keen skates, while his elders stand on the dyke and pray for his safety, which is unnecessary for the small boy is wise enough not to break the ice.

Oh, what are we coming to? Just read this, taken from a local daily paper: WANTED—General Servant. One that can cook. Nurse looks after children. References required. Bedroom has a y chairs, sofa and piano, street.

Think of it, easy chairs, sofa and a piano, and all in one room, too. Verily, things are not as they used to be, and the servant is a dominant power.

What the Chicago Record man has to say will be appreciated by the magazine readers:

We scan the covers, turn the leaves With eager interest, but The very thing we want to read Is on a page uncut.

And then humanity in general has another grievance.

Again the Kentucky gentleman comes to the fore. Miss Nettie Standford is to receive \$125,000 from her father's estate when she is of age, but in the meantime her allowance is proportionately small. Recently Miss Nettie sent a petition to the Court at Louisville saying that she desired to follow an imperative Kentucky custom and give a grand ball on her "coming-out night," but, alas, the fair debutante was too poor with her slender allowance and wished the Court to order the trustees of the estate to pay her \$2,500 that she might be enabled to uphold the honor of the family. The gallant judge swallowed his Chitty and sat on his Blackstone and made the order. Now everybody concerned is happy.

Writes the Marquis de Fontenoy: To day no reputation is safe in Paris. To day no one, even though his life be blameless and his reputation the most spotless, can feel himself secure from the attacks of the blackmailers. Once the human vultures have pitched upon him as a likely prey, they easily surround him by means of astoundingly clever forgeries, false testimony and persecutions, with such an inextricable network of conspiracy that no matter how innocent, not alone his friends, but even he himself end by becoming convinced of his guilt. When harassed and driven almost out of his senses by constant persecution, a man readily will say some word or do some act that is capable of being misinterpreted, and of course those who are preying on him are only too delighted to take advantage thereof.

Bishop Doane, the leader of the United States Episcopals, has made a remarkable discovery; nothing more nor less than this: Roman Catholics place obedience to the Pope above obedience to the President of the United States, and for this reason he, apparently, considers Catholics dangerous people. Now run along like a deer, good little bishop and attend to your own little flock and are if the President does not worry through some way or another, and, as for the Catholics—well, the Catholic Church will occupy its place at the head of Christianity when the memory of Bishop Doane will have been a long forgotten past.

The days of chivalry have not passed away so entirely as some croakers would have us believe. An incident which occurred last summer at the University of Georgetown, and which has just come to light, causes this reflection. A poor young man who had worked his way through college passed his examination and had alluring prospects of employment; as soon as the graduating exercises were over a few weeks hence he went out with a party of students for a lark one night and got into mischief, as young men often do. It was not a disgraceful act, but it was a violation of one of the most serious rules of discipline, and expulsion was the penalty. The culprit was unknown except to his companions, and they being scrupulous in the observance of the code of college honor, sealed their lips. But the Jesuit Fathers, who compose the faculty, were unusually energetic in their investigations and the evidence was closing around the poor young man in a manner that made him tremble, when Robert A. B. Walsh, a sophomore from St. Louis, entered the office of the president and said: "I did it."

Walsh was a quiet, well-behaved boy, popular with the faculty and with the students, and his confession created a sensation, for he had not been suspected. Nevertheless discipline must be enforced, and with reluctance and regret he was expelled from the institution. He left Washington, escorted to the railway station by a large body of students, returned to his home at St. Louis, and this fall entered Princeton university, where he is now a member of the sophomore class. The poor young man received his diploma and went his way rejoicing, but it was noticed that he never spoke of Walsh without emotion.

As the young men are no longer students at Georgetown there is no necessity of preserving the secret, and the faculty and the students are all aware that Walsh, being an under class man, and the son of wealthy parents, and having nothing at stake, voluntarily offered himself as a sacrifice to save the reputation and the prospects of his friend, who otherwise would have been turned out of the institution in disgrace. The act was done without consultation and without the knowledge of the student, who was saved, and has received absolution, and Walsh can return to the university whenever he desired. He prefers to remain at Princeton, however, and the publication of the story now will not injure his reputation.

"There isn't as pitiful a sight in the world as a tobacco who has once got the idea that tobacco smoke sticks in the lace curtains," reflected the bachelor, as he lazily watched the rings float away. C. J. H.

OVER-ENTERPRISING SECULAR JOURNALS.

A Timely Warning to Catholics to be Guarded in Accepting Their Statements.

His Holiness Had Not Prepared the Alleged Document in Connection with the Manitoba Schools—Mgr. Bruchesi and Other High Authorities on the Subject.

The Catholic Times of Liverpool, in referring to the recent sensational despatches which have been published by over enterprising secular journals in this country, in relation to the final declaration of His Holiness upon the Manitoba School question, has the following pertinent and timely remarks, which go to further illustrate the great necessity for Catholics to be guarded in accepting the statements emanating from such sources:—

The Manitoba schools question has been the source of much discussion this week owing to the publication in English and Canadian newspapers of what purported to be the substance of the Pope's decision in the controversy. Undoubtedly the presence in Rome of Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, had some influence in reviving the question. It was reported a few weeks ago that the Holy Father had a document on the matter ready, and that he deferred publishing it only until he should have seen in person the Canadian dignitary, who was then on his way to Rome. It will easily be understood that no small sensation was afterwards caused

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." Mrs. H. F. PAINE, Degraded Street.

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by the announcement that previous to its publication in Rome the foreign press had already cognizance of the alleged Encyclical which the Holy Father proposed issuing. I have had the favour of conversing more than once within these last days with the Archbishop of Montreal, and have learned from him that the reports on this matter were not founded on precise fact. The Archbishop's audience with the Holy Father was of the most satisfactory kind, but it brought him absolutely no information regarding the promulgation of a Pontifical decision. Furthermore he was informed from the Vatican that, in spite of all journalistic assertions to the contrary, no Papal document had been given to the press. I may add that from other well informed sources I was assured no such document has ever been prepared. More than this it would be mere conjecture for the moment to assert.

JUBILEE SMOKE CONSUMER. OUR ATMOSPHERE WILL BE PURE AND HEALTHY.

The public will be glad to know that there is every reason to hope the city will be purified from the effects of smoke and dangerous gases, which do so much damage to property and do materially affect even the most robust constitution. In a word, after many repeated experiments and test of our new "Fumivore," recently made in the presence of numbers of persons, it has been clearly proved that this contrivance will consume any kind of smoke. This smoke consumer can be attached to every kind of steam furnace and will always most effectively consume everything that now escapes by the chimney; this fact is established beyond a doubt. All those who have exposed themselves to the risk of being prosecuted for a smoke nuisance could not do better than to procure one of these Jubilee Smoke Consumers in the interest of the public health as well as for their own personal advantage. It may be remarked that the contrivance is fully guaranteed not to require repairing for a number of years.

GIRLS WHO USE SLANG.

(From the December Ladies' Home Journal.) If the common usage of slang were confined to a particular order of girls, it would, perhaps, serve as an indicator of character and pass unnoticed. It would, at least, not touch the sensibilities of the genteel folk. But it is not so confined. Slang is invading the very nicest of circles; it is beginning to influence the talk of our most carefully reared girls. And this is why the habit should receive closer attention. Girls are forgetting that slang phrases and refinement are

absolutely foreign to each other. A slang phrase may be more expressive than a term of polite usage, but it is never impressive, except to impress unfavorably.

It is high time that our girls should realize that they should speak the English language in their conversation, and not the dialect of the race track, nor the lingo of the baseball field. A girl may cause a smile by the apt use of some slang phrase. But, inwardly, those who applaud her place her at the same time in their estimation.

No girl ever won an ounce of respect by being slangy. On the contrary, many a girl, unconscious of the cause, has found herself gradually slipping out of people's respect by the fact that her talk was dotted with slang phrases. "Oh, she is clever," said a woman not long ago of a girl who could keep a company constantly amused by her apt use of slang. "She amuses me greatly, but I should not care to invite her to my home nor have my girls know her." It is a poor popularity for a girl which has as its only basis the cap and bells of the jester. The life of the jester is never long.

FAVOR RECIPROCITY.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON MERCHANTS PASS RESOLUTIONS.

New York, December 8.—At a meeting of the Board of Trade Transportation in this city to-day, the committee on ocean transportation presented a report in favor of deepening the channels of New York harbor. The report was adopted.

A resolution regarding Canada was presented in response to a request from the Merchant's Association of Boston and read in full, as follows:—

"Resolved, that the New York Board of Trade and Transportation regards with deep interest the overtures made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Government of Canada, looking to better relations between that country and the United States. The spirit of comity, equity and good feeling demand that peace and concord shall prevail between this country and our nearest neighbor. The interests of humanity, civilization, commerce and progress on the American continent, and the common welfare of these people demand that such overtures offered in good faith shall be received with good will."

ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

He will tell you that Scott's Emulsion cures poverty of the blood and debility of the nerves. He will say that it is the best remedy in the world for delicate children.