

UNITY OUR GIFT TO CHRIST.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

In our keeping of Christmas, one thing above all others we must not forget, namely, the precise gift that God Himself wants of us on Christmas Day,—what he asks of the men for whose sake He came to earth.

What is this gift? Let us look over the so-called Christian world. Are these divided and disagreeing sects that compose it, are these His wish, His will? for this did He come? No. He asks for unity, for love. Yet we have, alas! only to take up our own daily papers to find what an astounding and singular variety of sects, under the name and guise of religion, invade our own land; and the worse than inutilty of such discord and disunion is plainly seen in heathen countries where the Pagans themselves ask, scornfully, why and how they are to believe in a new creed that is divided against itself. If these warring and disunited sects are in fact Christendom, why should men desire to enter its fold.

The answer, for us, is plain. This chaotic conglomeration is not Christ's Church. Christ, the Head, is one. The Church, His body, is one. Jesus Christ has left, as His own gift to earth, His one, true, holy, visible Church, His Catholic Church; and it remains visible today, founded on rock and set on a hill, plain before the eyes of men.

Sects, divided against each other, unite in this one thing, namely they contravene, dispute, oppose this visible Church, with its visible centre, in a visible city, the old Roman city where Peter's see has stood throughout the Christian years. There she stands, however, Christ's Church; claiming to be His Church, and His Church alone; gathering into her embrace all nations of the world, claiming them, calling them, as sects, denominations, schismatical organizations, she can receive none as her sisters, or her equals, or ought else but antagonistic to the unity that Christ demands of His spotless Bride. The men and women in those sects, however, the souls Christ died for, these she loves, claims, calls; for them she hopes and prays.

And they, too, feel the vast attraction; they know the cry of the spouse of Christ; the desire for unity stirs within them; one day they will hear, and answer, and return. For this is Christ's desire in Bethlehem and on Calvary; this, the gift above all gifts for us to bring Him, next, to our own heart's holiness,—souls, souls, they are what Jesus wants. In a little settlement in New York State, what we might almost regard as a new sect is forming, but it is one whose central work is for unity, even though, with eyes still blinded, its members seek for unity in their own way. They labor, they suffer, they pray,—strange and almost incredible as it may seem,—to teach Catholic truth and the Pope's supremacy, while still determined to remain outside the fold to which He himself calls them, for they say they can not yet see their way. They say that arguments are to their ears "like far-off tinkling symbols;" yet they are themselves as loud bells ringing to attract men's eyes and ears to the one, visible, world-wide Church, with a visible centre and an infallible voice, that the Holy Spirit guides.

What, then, is left for us to do? What Christ did on Christmas night when first His mother saw His face—we must love souls, and we must plead with God. Let us beg of God to make all people one in His true fold—not Anglicans only, but souls everywhere, of whatever name, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, all who call themselves Christians, let us beg of God to show them that the one true God must have His one true Church, and that it can never fail.

Christ, the Head, has promised to be with "His body," the Church, "all days, even to the consummation of the world." But He has also said, in speaking of this flock so dear to His yearning Heart: "Not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their world shall believe in Me; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."—(St. John XVII. 20, 21.)

AN EAGLE ATTACKS A TURKEY.

A big turkey gobbler, owned by George Saams of Fairfield, Ill., held its own in a fight with an eagle on July 23rd. The eagle swooped down upon Saams' farmyard and got a hold on the gobbler without delay. It

started to lift the turkey and carry it off, but the gobbler balked. The great American bird was surprised to have the farmyard strutter attack it, and was so taken up with the fight that it did not see Saams approach, rifle in hand. When the farmer saw that his fowl would get the worst of it in the end, he laid the eagle out. From tip to tip it measured eight feet.

LEGEND REGARDING ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH.

(By Nora Tynan O'Mahony, in Donahoe's for September.)

A pretty legend is told in the Book of Armagh (800 A.D.) regarding the site of the church first built there by St. Patrick—the site of the present Protestant Cathedral of St. Patrick.

"Get thee northward," said God's angel to the saint, "to the height of Macha (Ard-Macha—Armagh): there shalt thou build to God the Fortress Temple and Great House of Christ." St. Patrick seemingly found the rulers of that time as grudging of a site as those of late days; but at length the Saint's force of character and the renown worked by his miracles succeeded in obtaining from King Daire, great-grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages, the necessary plot of land. "Give him," said the grim old pagan king, "the Ridge of Willows, that he may build a church unto his God."

On the solemn foundation-day, as St. Patrick made a circuit of the ground, with bell, book and aspersory, marking out the sacred precincts, a frightened doe, with a fawn by her side, fled from out the willows, and after running a few paces, stood bewildered at the great throng of people. St. Patrick took this as a good opportunity of inculcating to his flock the virtue of kindness.

"Here," he said, pointing to the spot where the deer had lain, "shall God's altar stand," and taking up the fawn in his arms he carried it across the valley to an eminence on the northern side, and laid it gently down beside its dam. To-day, the spot where the deer had lain, and where St. Patrick built his first church, is the site of the Protestant Cathedral, while on the "northern eminence" stands the newly-finished and beautiful Catholic Cathedral dedicated to Ireland's patron Saint.

ANOTHER OF YEATS' PLAYS.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

In mentioning the plays of William Butler Yeats last week we said: "Yeats is a writer all of whose works we do not find it in our heart to praise or commend, but his 'Cathleen ni Houlihan' as given by Miss Margaret Wycherly and her company is deserving of all praise." Now another play by Mr. Yeats is being produced this week by the same company which was the subject of a great deal of criticism, particularly from Catholic priests, on its first presentation in Dublin. This is his "Countess Cathleen." Such a play as this it would be very difficult indeed to praise or commend. "Cathleen ni Houlihan" is a piece of Irish patriotism pure and simple, but "Countess Cathleen" is described as a mystery play, and it is indeed a mystery to know what the author is driving at. It is false historically and racially to Ireland and the Irish people. There is nothing essentially Irish in it. Its scene might have been laid anywhere else on earth. It is as far from Ireland and Irish ideas of Christianity as it is possible for anything to be. We deem it only fair to our readers to make this comment on this one of Yeats' plays in view of the praise which we bestowed—and it was well deserved—on "Cathleen ni Houlihan" last week. Not everything emanating from the "Irish Renaissance" can be taken on faith.

HOW THE PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES WORK IT.

A rare specimen of missionary charlatany was offered the public on the closing day of the St. Louis World's Fair, says Father Phelan in the Western Watchman. A small army of colporteurs invaded the Filipino villages and scattered Bibles and pamphlets in the greatest profusion. It was their last chance to make an impression on them before they returned to their distant homes. The Bibles were neatly bound, with a gilt cross ornamenting the cover, and printed in Spanish. The Visayans are reputed the most civilized among the people whom the government sent over to the Fair;

and they received the most attention from the tract and Bible distributors. These Filipinos received the proselytizers very courteously and accepted the present of books and pamphlets graciously, especially as the cross on the books satisfied them that the gifts were well meant. After they had received armfuls of this literature they were requested to stand in line to be photographed. This they willingly submitted to. A Catholic who had witnessed the whole proceeding stepped up to these people after they had been photographed, and asked them if they were not Catholics. They all said with quick reply that they certainly were. He then told them that those books were not Catholic; that the men who had given them were not Catholics and that they should throw them away. In a moment all the Bibles and the tracts were in the ash barrel, where they are still.

The object of the colporteurs was to get pictures of the Filipinos with Bibles in their hands to show the contributors to the missionary funds that work was actually done and their money was bearing good interest in the saving of souls from the slavery of Roman superstition. Such methods are beneath contempt and only show to what extremities the devil is reduced in his Filipino campaign.

FRENCH COMEDY AT ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

By special request the clever seventeenth century Comedy, "Le Groudeur" (The Grumbler), which was first presented on Dec. 22, was repeated last Monday evening by the students of St. Boniface College. The select audience, among which the clergy, local and provincial, was well represented, would have been much larger, had not the weather been so bitterly cold and the St. Boniface cars so uncomfortable and irregular.

The play, which is full of life, brilliant repartee and side-splitting situations, went off with a crispness that kept the spectators alternately laughing and applauding. Mr. Grichard, a wealthy physician and a widower, is always at cross purposes with everybody. He is angry with his son, Terignan, who wants to marry Clarice, because he himself, having noticed that she knows how to scold, wants her for his second wife. The son and the servants conspire to outwit the old man, of whom they are all the while terribly afraid. They pretend to desire the contrary of what they really wish, and he in his cantankerousness forces them to do what they secretly long for. Thus, when Terignan pretends that he is in love with the daughter of a rival physician whom Grichard despises, the latter, who has been turned against Clarice by false tales of her extravagance and gay tastes, obliges him to marry her.

All the actors were letter perfect, lively and, barring a few slight exaggerations of manner on the part of one or two, extremely easy and natural, and the French pronunciation of all was faultless. A Beaupre played Grichard to the life, a veritable hedgehog, bristling and snarling at everything, hectoring his inferiors and snubbing his brother, Ariste (J. Mondor), a prosy lawyer, who preached in season and out of season. The scene between Grichard and his valet, (A. Bernier) disguised as a dancing master, who suddenly draws a sword hidden in his doublet and drives the enraged and trembling tyrant into abject fear, was intensely dramatic and at the same time highly comic. Of the other actors, viz., A. Lambert, J. Bertrand, J. de Beaudrap, J. B. Tremblay, G. Lavack, D. Mansean and A. Jeannotte, the first three were especially remarkable.

Before the first act the college orchestra, directed by Father de Mangeleere, S.J., and Professor Couture, gave De Suppe's "Marche de Bocace," and after the first act, the singing choir, directed by Father G. Robichaud, S.J., sang Lavalée's "O Canada!" This was followed by the orchestra rendering Jehin's "Meditation". After the second act Harold Conway recited, with much tact and feeling, "The Auctioneer," after which the orchestra played Wellesley's "Fleurette." All the musical numbers were particularly good. Four youths in red Jerseys—J. B. Lanzon, J. Picard, A. Mansean and P. Descosses, went through, in perfect time to the accompaniment of soft music, complicated Indian exercises, which showed their skill and grace.

Next came one of the most charming features of the evening. Some twenty lads in Chinese costume, one half of them dressed in yellow, the other in white, with celestial caps and pig tails, performed a series of evolutions, singing a simple, wordless lilt as they bowed and twisted and flopped with the childlike blandness of the "Heathen Chinese." The audience went wild with sheer glee and recalled them enthusiastically.

After the third act of the comedy, Ed. McReown, Jr., dressed as a solemn negro, speaking with pretentious correctness, delivered a bombastic oration aptly styled "Much ado about nothing," although not exactly in the Shakespearian sense. The absurdity of his sonorous nonsense and the earnestness with which he emphasized that nonsense, coupled with the fact that there was no vulgarity in the piece, delighted the audience, and the stalwart Ed. was twice recalled. The entertainment closed soon after ten with "God Save the King."

BURNING OF MGR. RITCHOT'S HOUSE.

Early on Monday morning the residence of the venerable parish priest of St. Norbert, Monsignor Ritchot, P.A., V.G., caught fire from an over-heated furnace pipe and was burned to the ground in a very short time. Mgr. Ritchot, who is eighty years old and was then confined to his bed by serious illness, was with difficulty rescued, and is now under the care of the Grey Nuns in their convent on the opposite side of the church. The church itself would also have fallen a prey to the devouring element, had it not been about a hundred feet away from the presbytery. From the burning house was saved nearly all the furniture, though much of it was sadly battered in the hasty removal. It was at first feared that some important documents had perished in the flames, but it is now known that all Mgr. Ritchot's papers were conveyed safely to the Trappist monastery a mile off. Father Cherrier hastened to St. Norbert on Monday. On Tuesday His Grace the Archbishop and the Very Rev. J. A. Dugas, V.G., visited the afflicted prelate and found him most edifyingly resigned to God's holy will. It must be a terrible blow for him to see himself burned out of the home where he had spent more than forty years, some of them most eventful. To all old timers who ever travelled that way and enjoyed Father Ritchot's generous hospitality and curiously original and instructive conversation the wiping out of that large and commodious presbytery will come with the sense of personal loss.

YOUNG LADIES, READ THIS.

If you are bothered with pimples, rashes or ugly blotches on your face, if your complexion is sallow, it's an evidence that you require Ferrozone to tone up your blood. One Ferrozone Tablet taken at meals makes the complexion like peach bloom, cheeks soon become rosy, eyes bright, you'll be the picture of health. Thousands of ladies keep up their youthful appearance with Ferrozone, why not you? Price 50c. at druggists.

J. Erzinger

TOBACCONIST

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Goods of Good Value.

J. ERZINGER

McIntyre Block Opp. Merchants Bank

Keep Posted About

U.S. Steel Corporation

The White & Kemble Atlas Map and Volume of Statistics should be in the hands of every stockholder. Nowhere else is the same amount of information accessible to the public. This volume shows by a five-color-map the location of plants, ore lands, railroad and steamship lines, and gives official statements of earnings, distribution of capital, division of securities, incorporation certificate, full text of by-laws, complete legal digest of mortgages, etc., etc. corrected to October, 1903.

Price \$5 net, to accompany each order,

FOR SALE ONLY BY

DOW, JONES & CO.,
44 Broad St., New York.

The oldest News Agency of Wall Street and Publishers of The Wall Street Journal.

Investors Read The

Wall Street Journal

IN THE HOME

There Should Always be on Hand a Case of

DREWRY'S Refined Ale

(REGISTERED)

It is a most healthful beverage for family use, being absolutely pure and well matured.

TRY A CASE OF HALF PINTS.

E. L. DREWRY,
MANUFACTURER, - - WINNIPEG

W. JORDAN

Telephone 750.

Fort St., cor Portage Ave.

By the hour, 7 to 20.....\$1 00
" " 20 to 7.....2 00
One hour and 5 minutes.....1 50
One hour and 35.....2 00
To Depot.....1 00
From Depot.....1 00
Weddings.....\$3 to 5 00
Christenings.....2 00
Funerals.....3 00
Church and Return.....2 00
Ball and Return.....3 00
No order less than \$1.
Carriages charged for from time they leave the stable until return.
No trunks carried.
No collector, pay the driver.

PATENTS

promptly obtained. NO FEE. Trade-Marks, Caveats, Conventions and Labels registered. TWENTY YEARS' PRACTICE. Highest references. Send model, sketch or photo for free report on patentability. All business confidential. HAND-BOOK FREE. Explains everything. Tells how to obtain and sell patents. What inventions will pay. How to get a Patent, explains best mechanical movements, and contains 800 other subjects of importance to inventors. Address, H. B. WILLSON & CO. Patent Attorneys 782 F Street, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOYD'S CHOCOLATES

are most appreciated by those who have a thorough knowledge of chocolate quality.

Sold at Boyd's Stores, and everywhere. If your dealer has'nt them write to

BOYD'S, Winnipeg

Phones 177, 2015, 419, 1918, 3386

PATENTS

IN ALL COUNTRIES
HAVE YOU AN IDEA?
If so, write for a copy of our book "The Inventor's Help" (128 pages) which will tell you all about patents, how to procure them, our charges and terms, etc.
We have ten years experience in transacting patent business by correspondence. Communications strictly confidential.
To any one sending a rough sketch, photo or model of an invention, we will give our opinion free of charge as to whether it is probably patentable.
Patents secured through Marion & Marion receive special notice without charge in over 100 newspapers distributed throughout the Dominion.
Representative Clients as References:
The Frost and Wood Co. Ltd., Smith's Falls, Ont.
Pillow & Hersey Mfg. Co. Ltd., Montreal.
The Canada Hardware Co., Montreal.
The Duplessis Shoe Machinery Co., St. Hyacinthe, Que.
(Over \$14,000.00 worth of work since 1900.)
We have a fully equipped Branch Office in Washington.
MARION & MARION
Registered Patent Attorneys
Engineers and Patent Experts.
New York Life Building, - MONTREAL.
(Long Distance Telephone.)

Improved Farm and City Property for Sale

Estates economically and judiciously managed. We give special attention to the sale of property listed exclusively with us.

DALTON & GRASSIE
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
Phone 1557 48 Main Street

J. THOMSON & CO.,

THE LEADING UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
501 MAIN STREET,
TELEPHONE 1. WINNIPEG.